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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

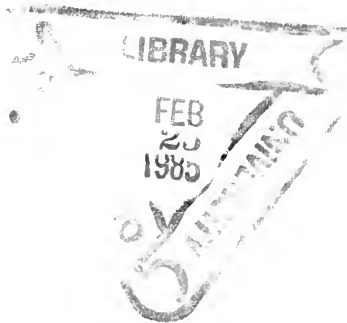
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ONCE A WEEK.



THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XV. THE SHADOW DEEPENS.

THE time had passed so quickly—for much had happened in it—that Theo only felt astonishment and no particular uneasiness when the truth dawned upon her one morning that it was just six weeks since Harold French had appeared before her and asked her to let him carry away with him the conviction that she would become his wife on his return. Just six weeks since that day, and during the whole of that time he had made no sign, had written no word!

Still she only felt astonishment, no uneasiness mingled with the sensation as yet. She had had plenty to think about and plenty to do during these six weeks. She had had to bear her share in the family rejoicing consequent on this long-looked-for appointment, and in the packing-up and unpacking that it involved. Bodily activity does away with the possibility of much mental bemoaning. Theo had been very busy, too busy to nurse idle fears and doubts that time alone could realize or dispel.

The place was pleasant to her, for it was in summer weather that Theo came to her new abode, and the quarters that had been assigned to Mr. Leigh had an out-look over the river. It was all new and strange and eminently satisfactory to her father. Therefore was the place pleasant to Theo, and she did not know the people yet.

But when they had been resident about a month, and were considered to have shaken down and to have adapted themselves to their niches, their existence began to be socially recognised in due form. People called upon them with rigorous solemnity, and made them welcome after the decorous fashion of the place.

They were merely names to her as yet, she had no idea as to their relative importance, or of what station they took in the rigid scale of

the place. Indeed she did not know that the place had a scale at this time. She learnt that in company with much else that was pleasant and beneficial by-and-by.

About a fortnight after the calling commenced Theo came into the big drawing-room, whose proportions had been kept intact when the building was apportioned into quarters, and found her mamma entertaining an elderly lady and her daughter, to whom Theo was forthwith introduced. They were Mrs. and Miss Scott, and the elderly lady had no peculiarly distinguishing traits about her, but the girl, her daughter, had.

She was sitting on a couch far away from her mother and hostess when Theo entered; looking not exactly out of temper or contemptuous,—her face was naturally too brightly frank and good-humoured for that,—but wearily fatigued at the repetition of that which she had heard so many times before. For her mamma was giving the new comer Mrs. Leigh a history in outline of the faults and follies of the denizens of the establishment, and Sydney Scott was sick of the subject.

She was a pretty girl with great deep-grey eyes, a broad brow, and a very fair delicate complexion,—a short plump girl with tiny white hands, and a well-cut laughing mouth. But her greatest charm lay in that aforesaid expression of frankness and in her apparently effortless *bonhomie*.

She had walked to the window and seated herself upon an ottoman which was there, after rising to meet Theo. As Theo followed her and took a place by her side, she commenced the conversation abruptly by saying:—

“Are you glad you’re here, Miss Leigh?”

“I hardly feel as if I were here yet,” Theo replied.

“I asked, because it’s the regulation speech, only I don’t put it in the proper words; I’m glad you were not impostor enough to say you

were glad, and that it was delightful; newcomers and outsiders are always told that it's a little heaven, and they pretend to believe it; after a time they rush to the other extreme and think it a little something else."

"I suppose it's very much like other places," Theo answered with as much interest as she could throw into her tone. She was feeling that in a short time probably it would matter little to her individually whether this place were paradisaical as a residence or not.

"No," Miss Sydney Scott replied, shaking her head resolutely, as if such a supposition were not to be admitted for an instant, "that's just exactly what I complain of; it is not like other places, it's unlike anything the imagination of those blest enough not to live in it can conceive. Let me see, your father is a lieutenant, isn't he?"

Theo nodded.

"Ugh!" the girl exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "Well, you know—but are you up in the grades already?"

"I have heard very little 'service' talked; it doesn't make much difference to a man when he's on shore whether he's an admiral or a lieutenant (except so far as the pay is concerned) so long as he's a gentleman."

"Oh, does it not! well, I hope you will retain your illusions. If you do you will be more fortunate than I have been. It makes this difference here, in the one case you are admitted to the blessings of intimacy, in the other, the sun of patronage occasionally irradiates your path."

"And who is big enough to patronise? Granted that I am very small indeed, still, the patronage isn't a necessity. I can keep out of the way of it."

"Then you'll be cleverer than I have been, and I ain't at all addicted to the virtue of humility. I abominate people who give balls and ask me to them in a sort of merciful manner, as if I were not quite up to the mark but should be granted the inestimable privilege of curvetting and capriolling about their rooms. I can't help their asking me, you know, or their manner of doing so either, worse luck."

"But you could help going, couldn't you?" Miss Sydney Scott and her outspoken sentiments were beginning to interest Theo.

Sydney made a grimace.

"Ah! there it is; I am but human, and I like dancing. Now don't look as if you thought me weak, it's one of the effects of the place; you're not a snob now, but you'll be one if you stay here long. If you get the conviction into your mind that in every other house in the place the girls are reorganising their wreaths and dresses for some particular ball you will

want to go to that ball, and you won't think about the manner of the invitation till after it's over."

"Oh! won't I! if the manner's unpleasant that's just the first thing I should think about. But you haven't told me yet who are your big people and who are your little people."

"Where ignorance is bliss," &c.," Miss Sydney quoted. "It's hard to say, such a mere accident sends them up. There was a sweet little woman here once, I forget whose wife she was, few of them knew anything about her, or where she went, or who were her friends, for she never talked large; she was regarded as very insignificant, for she didn't visit the magnates here. But one day the Duchess of ——'s carriage was seen at her door, and then she went up like a rocket. She told me the story herself."

"Unfortunately a duchess's carriage is never likely to be seen at our door; if that is the price of admission into the regions of the select I can never pay it; but do you know" (and she laughed), "I think I can survive my inability."

Miss Sydney Scott looked at her curiously.

"Do you go in for common sense?" she asked dubiously.

Theo shook her head, by way not so much of negative as of evading the question.

"Ah! I'm glad you don't, because if you did I should fight shy of you; and as it is I have rather taken a liking to you, because you're not a bit of a humbug, at least,"—Sydney hastily corrected herself,—"you don't *seem* a humbug, but then I've been awfully deceived in women," the frank-faced cynic continued, "and latterly I have been surrounded by such precious queer specimens."

"I suppose we're all humbugs, more or less," Theo answered. She was thinking of Kate's charm and Kate's easily-shifted friendship. Her new acquaintance combated the notion.

"No, no, we are not; I am not, for instance. I always say what I think, and do as I like."

"Except when you smile and suffer and go to balls where you fancy you are asked on sufferance," Theo interrupted.

"Ah! that's exceptional; besides that isn't all humbug even. I go for a reason; I go well-dressed, and all the men like me, and that puts my entertainers and their daughters out wonderfully."

Some very real, true, and not unnatural vanity flashed up into the fair frank face as she spoke. Theo could readily enough believe that this girl was "liked," ay, even more than that by many.

"Come and walk with me to-morrow," Miss Sydney said, rising, as she saw her mamma

getting under weigh for departure, "and I'll show you all our purgatorial places of promenade. Oh, yes, and the South Road; it's a great institution, the South Road."

"I shall be very happy to come. Why is it a great institution?"

"We all see each other there, and pass each other with little surprised bows, and—oh! well, you will soon discover for yourself why the South Road is affected beyond all other outlets from this refuge for the destitute. Do you ride?"

"Yes."

"Will you ride with me?"

"Yes, if I can hire a horse."

"That's right," heartily; "don't mind what I have said. If you'll ride with me I shall drop into my old habits again, and not brood over my grievances here. I have only got into the way of growling because I have been cut off from my old occupations. Come tomorrow and we'll arrange." With that Miss Sydney Scott departed, after having administered the most cordial and impressive shake to it that Theo's hand had ever received.

The fair face had wrought its usual charm. Theo was very much taken with it and its off-hand possessor, although she felt that the frankness was partly affectation, and the rebellion against the order of things considerably exaggerated. Still the frankness was pleasing, and the exaggeration was in no wise offensive. Added to this Sydney had seemed to like her (Theo) very much; and there is a subtle flattery in such seeming, though we may feel all the while that it will soon break down.

They went out for the proposed walk the next day, Miss Sydney armed with a big key, by means of which she procured for herself and companion the inestimable boon of ingress to a park through a door that was closed to the public. To be sure they had to go slightly out of their way in order to avail themselves of this privilege. But then it *was* a privilege, and as such to be enjoyed. The big key was heavy also, and Sydney soon palpably tired of carrying it. As a badge of office, so to say, it was a pleasure, in itself simply a burden and a mistake. However, Sydney had volunteered to do the honours to the new arrival, and she was resolved to do them with all the attendant glories.

I am afraid that Theo was chiefly familiar with this place to which she had come through the medium of novels. She had visions of the Virgin Queen coquetting over her ruff with Leicester on the terrace, and riding a-hawking through the sylvan shades of the park with ever so many more. It was disappointing to come suddenly on to a flat outside the schools

connected with the establishment and find kiss-in-the-ring going on, and a general atmosphere of orange-peel pervading everything.

"So this is the park?" she asked.

"Yes; haven't you been here yet? odious cockney place! and I don't know whether the common is not worse; isn't it dummy?" Sydney asked, suddenly seating herself on a bench and motioning for Theo to sit beside her.

"There is a view that makes up for the 'dumminess' in a measure," Theo said, pointing as she spoke away through a vista that admitted a view of the river.

"Does it make up for it indeed? I wish it did, that's all; oh! it is stagnation and nothing else in this place, Theo; the very worst of its kind, too, pretentious stagnation; we all make believe to be rather garrison-towmy than otherwise, and we get up such surprising animation about such uncommonly small excitements."

"Why do you make believe about it?"

"It would be duller than it is if we didn't, and I do it because the rest do; you'll be the same before long."

"It won't seem dull to me," Theo said, leaning back and looking away over the river. "I have lived nearly all my life in a little country village, away on the east coast; and you know a life in a country village isn't one of dissipation precisely."

"You'll go to the *soirée* next week?" Sydney asked, without vouchsafing any notice to Theo's last speech.

"I have heard nothing about it. I have had no invitation."

"It is not a case of having an invitation: your father will subscribe, and so you'll go there with a fraction of a share in the honour of the entertainment; you have the privilege of taking friends with you too, which is something if you have a grudge against anybody," Miss Sydney said, with a laugh of the most affable nature. "The wretched friends get it both ways," she continued merrily, "they have to be grateful to you for giving them some hours of unhappiness; it's great fun!"

"I'll keep my friends away, then, till I have found from experience that you are painting the lily."

"My remark applies only to lady friends. We admit of no rivalry on our own peculiar ground; this is our special territory, you know; and as we're quite enough to hold it, our name being legion, I think that it's only fair to depress and so drive away interlopers. I only tell you this, in order that you may give any lady against whom you've a mild spite a ticket for the next. Now I have been candid;

don't peach upon me ; if you do I will never tell you anything again. Everyone would indignantly repudiate the idea of there being any truth in what I have said, may be (I'll be charitable) they would delude themselves into the belief that there is no truth in it. But you take some girl there attractive enough to rival the daughters of the land, and make all the best men visibly eager to inscribe their names on her card, and see if you like what will be said about her afterwards."

"I don't think I should mind what was said, if there was really nothing to say," Theo replied. Then the two girls got up and walked away through the park and over the common, and into a grove, with detached villas on either side, called Rockheath Park.

As they walked along they fell to discussing, with the usual absence of relevancy and reason in such cases, appearances and slander, and their own immaculate conduct and other people's ill-nature. At least it was Sydney who discoursed upon these two latter things—Sydney who looked so bright and cloudless, but who, according to her own account, had been the butt at which countless shafts of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had been let fly. It was not until she had listened to energetic and repeated disavowals of being either, that Theo came to the conclusion that her new friend wished to be considered fast and a flirt.

"I am called a *fac simile* of 'Kate Coventry,' just as if I were anything of the kind ; isn't it absurd ?"

"Very absurd, unless you're like her, which you say you're not," Theo answered carelessly.

"Ah, but one can hardly judge of oneself ; I don't think it's any bad compliment to be told so, is it ? Hargrave, of the ——th said it first, and since then I've heard it till I'm sick of it."

"I don't think it is either a bad or a good compliment ; but if I were sick of it I would tell people so, especially Hargrave of the ——th, who as he set the ball rolling can probably stop it."

"You're laughing at me, and I hate to be laughed at," Miss Sydney said ingenuously.

"Not at all ; I was but agreeing with you."

Sydney paused for a minute ; but she evidently liked her subject, for she presently resumed :

"That's not so bad, is it, though, as being called a flirt ? Now could you stand that ?"

"Oh, it's but one of the many things that are said ; it's meaningless, because it's said by some one of everyone. I heard a frisky old thing of fifty once called a 'sad flirting naughty thing' by a dreadful toady who knew she would like it ; it is not nice, of course."

"No, it's not nice," Sydney said, dubiously ; she had rather liked the reputation on the whole, therefore there was not much heartiness in her assent. Suddenly she brightened up again, and spoke with her usual force :

"Mind you do go to the next *soirée*, whether you follow my advice about taking a friend or not. I'll introduce you to a great friend of mine, Hargrave ; I wouldn't introduce him anyone else, but I will to you."

"That's very good of you ; is he so precious ?"

"I don't know about his being so precious, only he's my great friend, and I don't choose that he should diffuse himself too freely ; he's very handsome, in thorough good style ; don't you fall in love with him, for I wouldn't stand that."

"I won't try you so far," Theo replied quickly ; she felt momentarily indignant at being supposed to be capable of such a weakness, even by one who was ignorant of Harold Ffrench's existence, as well as of that mighty man's claims upon her heart.

"Are you engaged already, then ?" Sydney asked, opening her eyes a little wider, and when Theo had replied "Yes," Miss Sydney went on to ask—"Whom to ? what's his name ?" with most engaging, frank curiosity. But before Theo could answer this, a voice came over the hedge of one of the villa gardens to the right which struck her dumb.

"Good-bye till to-morrow, then, to-morrow at five." Then the words grew indistinct, and Theo had time to realise that it was Mr. Linley's voice that she had heard, and to hope that she would not meet him before she caught any more. Then she heard him say something about "Mr. Ffrench," with a laugh, and the next instant he was coming out through the gate and advancing towards her.

"Ah ! Miss Leigh, this is a pleasure !" Theo had to look as if she thought it one too, and to hold out her hand.

"You have walked over from Bretford, I suppose ? I heard from Mrs. Galton of your father's appointment ; I congratulate you upon it." Then he lowered his voice and added,— "And about something else more immediately interesting to you, I suppose I ought to offer my congratulations, but I cannot."

She looked up, subduing her blushes as well as she could, and shaking off her discomfiture.

"You are very kind about papa," she said. Then she held out her hand to wish him good-bye, and make him understand that she wanted to go on.

"I am unkind then, you think, about that other thing ; ah, well !"—thus far he had almost whispered, at least he had spoken in that low soft tone which is far more likely to salute the

ear alone for which it is intended than a mere whisper. He now added aloud :

"You will permit me to walk back across the common with you : I am going to Bretford."

"If Miss Scott—that is, I mean,—allow me to introduce you : Mr. Linley, Miss Scott," Theo said hurriedly. She was put out at his attaching himself to her in this way ; she did not in the least know how to shake him off, and she was well aware that Harold Ffrench would be annoyed when he came to hear of it.

Sydney, merry, loquacious, amiable Sydney, would not assist her in this straight. Miss Scott had given one comprehensive glance at Mr. Linley when he had first appeared, and she thought him old and ugly, uncommonly ugly. His name just struck her as being the same as stood on the back of a novel that she had been reading lately. But she did not think of associating this man with the author, and even had she done so she would have felt no greater interest in him. He was elderly and ugly, and he was arrayed in this bright summer weather in dark and dingy clothes. Sydney only thought well at first sight of those who wore flowers in their button-holes, and the palest mauve gloves, and waistcoats of tender tints. An elderly ill-dressed man was an abomination to her ; therefore she walked along now with her pretty nose in the air, and would not assist Theo in bearing this incubus by so much as a word.

It was a terrible incubus to Theo, although she had not a particle of personal dislike to him. Indeed, had her taste been unfettered, she would have been as prompt as the majority of her sex in acknowledging his influence. His ugliness was no drawback at all to the man in her eyes, but he had had the misfortune to win Harold Ffrench's ill opinion, and therefore Theo could not suffer herself to think well of him, though he had told her he loved her. The burden of her mental song as she walked over the common and down to the barrier that was raised around her new home with this man by her side, was "How annoyed Harold will be when he hears of it ! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world." This was the pertinacious refrain, and still through it, as it were, came the other thought, that he was "very pleasant and kind."

At the gates they parted. "I am going to dine with two or three men at the 'hotel,'" he told her. He went on to mention the names of the men at once, and Sydney looked at him with greater attention, for they were well-sounding names. There was a drag, too, outside the hotel door ; maybe his friends had come down in it, she thought. So at parting

the pretty blonde broke the silence she had observed, by saying :

"If you dine in that room, then you'll see the whole force of the place out after nine. It's such a lovely evening, Theo, you must walk on the terrace with me."

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.

It was my pleasant lot some years since to make one of a large Christmas party spending a fortnight at the country house of Mr. Ashington. Mr. Ashington was one of a race rapidly dying out, the country gentleman of fifty years ago, and clung tenaciously to the usages of his fathers ; and as one of these had been from time immemorial to have the house full of of company at Christmas, he got a large party young people together every December.

It had been a good year all through, in every way. Never had been such hayfields or such a year for the orchard, and Mr. Ashington determined to keep such a Christmas as had never been kept in that old house yet. His wife was as hospitably disposed as himself, and seconded him admirably. The result was that preparations were made for the entertainment of about a dozen visitors, and on Christmas-eve the guests met at Mr. Ashington's.

It was not such a house as is built now-a-days. It had not been built all at one time, and was full of winding passages and staircases. One of the Ashingtons, in years gone by, had had a family so large that he had built an extra wing to the old house. Our friend used to tell us proudly, but sadly, of the twelve children of his great-grandfather. The eight stalwart sons, and the four fair daughters, all dead now, and buried far away, for not one of all that family slept in the grave of the Ashingtons. There is a tablet in the old church to the memory of William, who was drowned in the Mediterranean, and John, who fell in the American war, and Martin, who died of fever out in India. So it was, of all the eight sons and four daughters but one was left to follow the aged parents to the grave.

I was acquainted with nearly all the Christmas party. There were our host's son and daughter, Harold and Mary Ashington, the one as like his father as a young man could be to an elderly one, the other as like her mother as it was possible for a slender girl of twenty to be to a matron of fifty. There were his twin nieces, girls of eighteen ; very pretty and very small, and so wonderfully alike that you always called Alice Agnes, and Agnes Alice, and never could remember that Alice wore the blue ribbon, and Agnes the red

one. There was a Mr. Kenyon, whom I had not seen before, but whom I soon discovered to be on the best of terms with everyone, and especially with Mary Ashington. There was a sailor nephew, Ben Swinton, just home after a long voyage, who drove honest landsmen mad by using nautical phrases which no one understood, instead of plain English. There was a young lady—a stranger to me—a quiet, grave-looking girl of about twenty-one, who was introduced as Helen Roberts. Then there was the dashing little Irish belle, Kathleen Cleary, who went by the name of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and having come lately into the neighbourhood had taken all hearts by storm with her dark blue eyes, and pretty waving black hair, her never-failing good nature, and her funny speeches. Kathleen was always the life and soul of a party, and her "Ah, do now!" was found irresistible by every one but a solemn young Scotchman, Andrew Gordon, who was one of us that Christmas-eve, and who seemed terribly annoyed and bewildered if she brought her brilliant artillery to bear upon him. There were two or three other girls, neither pretty nor ugly, neither stupid nor clever; and two or three young men whom I did not notice very closely.

As I looked at the group in the cheerful firelight—for the yule log was burning bravely, and we had no other light—I felt as though I were out of place. I was fully ten years older than the eldest of them, and was only considered young because I was unmarried, and by Mr. Ashington because he had known me from boyhood. I knew of a grey lock growing under my brown hair, and besides, I did not feel as young as many men do at five-and-thirty. My life had not been an easy one; I had neither lived softly, nor fared delicately, and though I had probably reached the end of my struggles as far as my business was concerned, my youth had fled. Another thing, too, tended to prevent any juvenile feeling; I had lost the freshness of heart which is essential to youth. A cold scepticism had taken the place of a warm faith; I did not believe in love,—at least not in woman's love, for I knew only too well how strongly and truly a man can love. Since a woman had taught me the lesson, I thought I had a right to doubt woman's faith and truth; and so on this Christmas-eve I sat among these young people, with them, but not of them. However, there are many good and pleasant things in the world apart from man's truth; and woman's falsehood, and I determined to get as much amusement out of this fortnight as was possible, and as should make a pleasant memory for me in the coming year.

As I glanced at the circle gathered round the noble Christmas fire my attention was arrested by Helen Roberts. Not that she was the brightest or most attractive; Kathleen and the twins were far prettier and gayer, but the quiet figure in a grey dress, of a tint so dark that it might be worn as mourning, attracted me because it looked so different from the other girls. I noticed that she wore no ornament of any kind except a plain hair ring upon one of her slender fingers. Raising my eyes from her hand to her face, I saw that she was looking steadily into the fire, but with an abstracted gaze as though she saw far beyond it. I was convinced that it had been so when Ben Swinton, taking up the poker and striking the glowing log, caused a shower of brilliant sparks to fly out into the hearth, making her start violently.

I crossed the room and took a seat near her.

"Are you nervous?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered brightly.

"But you started just now when the sparks flew?"

"Yes," she said, "because my thoughts had left this room and the people in it, and the flying sparks recalled me."

I longed to ask where her thoughts had been, but could think of no way of doing so without impertinence. She had a pleasant voice, and I liked to hear her speak, so I said, "This is real Christmas weather, is it not?"

"Yes, beautiful. They say the ice will bear by to-morrow. Do you skate?"

And remembering that at best I could skate very badly, I did not dare to say "yes," lest she should expect to see me do so, and I answered, "Very little."

She was silent again, and while I was wondering what I could say to draw her into conversation, we were called to supper.

The young people, headed by Mr. Ashington, left the room, and before I could follow I heard loud laughter, and Kathleen's pretty "Ah, don't now!" often repeated. In the hall I found the cause; there was a large mistletoe bough—what a child-friend of mine, with a very pardonable mistake, calls *kissletoe*. It was evident that the young folks meant to keep Christmas in the good old fashion.

It made us shiver only to pass through the large tiled hall, though a fire was blazing there too, for the night was bitter cold, and I could see through the window that the moon was shining like cut steel in the frosty sky.

Though it was Christmas-eve, our party broke up early. Some of his guests had travelled a long distance, and were wearied, and Mr. Ashington dismissed them, saying, that after that night every one should keep just the

hours he chose. I was about to retire also, when my host's cheery voice called me back, "Nay, nay, my boy, I want you to stay and have a pipe with me," and we sat down, one on each side of the cosy fireplace to enjoy that luxury.

He told me that he had arranged for a large party on New Year's-eve, and another on Twelfth Night, and said that though he was incapable of inventing any other amusement he was willing to do anything that any one might suggest.

In the course of conversation I learned, what I more than suspected, that Mr. Kenyon was engaged to Mary Ashington, and I learned also that Helen Roberts was an orphan, the daughter of an old schoolfellow of Mrs. Ashington's. I had her history in a few words. Her father, a rich man, had speculated and lost all. He had sunk under the blow, as some men do, and never held his head up again till at last he laid it down upon the pillow where the weary are at rest. Her mother had not long survived him, and at twenty-one this orphan child was about to earn her bread as a governess—bitter bread indeed, and too often steeped in bitter tears. Mr. Ashington spoke very kindly.

"I have offered her a home with us, but she has an independent spirit and will not accept it. She will do very well, I daresay, and if she does not my house will be always open to her. She was to have been married last year," he added after a pause, "but when poor Roberts failed, the lover failed too!"

"The scoundrel!" I burst in.

"I don't know," said my friend reflectively; "I always thought the match was made by her father, and not quite to Helen's liking."

The Christmas bells began to ring, and a sudden burst of merriment from a distant part of the house told us that the young people had only gone to another room instead of up-stairs. Mr. Ashington left me to go and look after them, and taking my candle I went up to bed.

What I had been told about Helen Roberts was nothing new. I had heard the same thing a score of times. I had known other girls equally unfitted to do battle with life taking the same dreary step, but none had troubled me as this did. I knew too well what the struggle of life was, for had I not only just overcome its difficulties? I thought about it for an hour, and fell asleep to dream incoherent dreams on the same subject, and finally to dream coherently enough that I had caught and kissed Helen Roberts under the mistletoe!

Acquaintance ripens rapidly into friendship, and even into something more when people are staying in the same house. A week of such intimacy does more than a year of

casual meetings, and so it came to pass that in a few days I seemed to know Helen Roberts very well indeed, and was quite jealous that I had nothing in common with her in the past. She was fond of horse exercise, and instead of going down to the river with the skating party, she and I had ridden for hours through the country round. I had conversed with her on subjects which I had never before discussed with any woman, because in my arrogance I had chosen to think them all narrow-minded and shallow-brained. Helen Roberts never spoke of anything she did not understand, and I was surprised to find how clearly she thought and reasoned, giving her opinion modestly, and ready and able to defend it if I differed from her. I enjoyed these conversations mightily, her freshness and simplicity amused, while her originality charmed me, and it pleased me much that she never began a subject, but waited for my words and replied to them. Her knowledge of the world was very small: I found to my surprise that she had never been either to a theatre or a ball. Her mother's delicate health had detained her almost constantly at home, she told me frankly when I questioned her, and she had scarcely thought about such things.

Our conversation was never personal. I tried at times to make it so, but she instantly drew back from everything of the kind. I longed to tell her how deeply I sympathised with her position, and how I revered her for the effort she was determined to make. I even thought I would urge her to accept Mr. Ashington's offer of a home: that I would depict the life of a governess in a manner so unattractive that she should at least be obliged to reconsider her choice. But for these things she gave me no opportunity.

There were great preparations made for the New Year's-eve party. An elaborate performance—it could scarcely be dignified by the name of a play—was got up by the young people staying in the house. The plot was to turn upon the mystification consequent upon two sisters resembling each other in every point, and the characters were to be sustained by the twins, who were to dress without even the distinction of red and blue ribbons. Kathleen was to be a little Irish waiting maid, and Ben Swinton was to appear in his own character. The other characters were all arranged when Mr. Kenyon, who undertook the management, discovered that he had no places for Miss Roberts and myself. I was heartily glad of it, for I knew myself to be but a clumsy actor, and Miss Roberts's total ignorance of everything connected with the stage made her very willing to be a spectator. We

were therefore to see nothing of the entertainment until its presentation, and so were left more than ever to each other.

The morning of New Year's-eve dawned sunny and cold. The playwrights disappeared immediately after breakfast, and Helen and I were left to entertain ourselves. One thing which I greatly admired in her was a sweet willingness to oblige, and I asked her to sing to me, which she readily consented to do. Her voice was not powerful, but it was true and musical, and very well trained. Her taste led her to prefer ballad music, or simple melody, and her performance of these was perfect. She had an endless variety, many that I had never heard, or knew only by name, and that morning she sang to me for an hour while I listened in silent delight.

Though the knowledge that a man is in love may come upon him very gradually—as the thing itself comes often—I suppose that there must be one supreme moment when he first fully realises that it is so. This moment came to me as I sat silently listening to Helen Roberts's voice. With one sudden flash of thought and feeling I knew that I loved her, that I had loved her all along, from the first moment of seeing her. And still her voice sang sweetly on; now the air was plaintive and sad; ah, that was the pain and sorrow I would save her from; and now it was gay and bright, that was the happiness which I would bring her!

While I thought thus, and set her life to her music in that way, what was in her mind? How should I know? I had not the slightest reason to think that I was more to her than a friend. I believed I was that, for in one of our rides I had asked her to consider me so, and she had said at once that she should be happy to have my friendship. This had seemed a great thing to me at the time, but now I felt that the foundation was too slight to build upon.

She ceased singing and began to play, with a quiet movement of the hands stealing the air gently from the keys as I never heard it before. I went to the piano, and she let her hands drop upon her lap, and looked up expecting me to speak.

When the heart is full of any one thing it is as easy to come round to it from one point as another. I did not care what I said, for I knew so certainly where any speech must lead me.

"This holiday is a pleasant one."

She looked up brightly.

"Yes; to me especially, for I suppose the next time I have one I shall have earned it, as I have never earned a holiday yet."

I knew what she meant. I felt that had I

been a boy I should have waited not another moment, but have poured out my heart at her feet then, saying that I would save her from that toil. But I was no boy for mere love-making, I was a man who sought to win the love of a woman who would be his wife before long.

I might have asked how so, and have obliged her to tell me in her own words what she had lost, and what she was going to seek, but I said,

"Mr. Ashington has told me that you are going to——"

I hesitated; I could think of no phrase that was not too odious, and she took up my sentence and finished it.

"Take a situation as governess," but though she spoke as if it were quite a natural thing to say, her face flushed painfully.

I thought in my heart, "You shall neither do that nor any other thing that can make your dear face flush so piteously to think of, if you will only let me choose your life for you," but my spoken words were stupid enough.

"You will not like the life."

"No," she answered quietly, "I do not expect that I shall like it; but it is my duty, and though I am weak and cowardly——"

"No, you are strong and brave," I interrupted.

She rejected my words with a slight, but characteristic movement of her hands, and continued as though I had not spoken.

"Cowardly enough in the prospect, I dare say I shall only find it difficult, not impossible."

"Why do you not accept Mr. Ashington's offer of a home?" I questioned.

"He is very good and very kind," she said, "but I could not do that. I could not eat gift-bread always, even though the kindest hand in the world put it to my lips."

"But you do not know," I went on, "how very hard it will be. So much work and so little pleasure. So much——"

I would have said more, but she interrupted me.

"Don't," she said quickly, "don't say anything more. I have thought it all over; I know all that you would tell me, and I say there is no choice left."

She rose to leave the room, but I could not part from her so. I caught her in my arms—I who had never more than touched her hand before—and cried out, "There is a choice left! Be my wife. Will you choose that dreary path when I ask you to walk through life by my side?"

She withdrew herself from my clasp. I had no right, and did not seek to detain her.

"See," I cried, "how strong I am! How well able to take care of you!"

I held out my hand, and in my heart I gloried that it was large and broad, a hand that could grasp and hold like a vice. I drew myself up tall by her side; I felt that moment that I could have fought with lions!

But she did not see how strong the arm was that would support her, how broad the breast on which she should lean. She had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping as the manner of some women is, without sound, but bitterly, for I saw the drops run through her fingers.

And when at last I won words from her, how sweet they were!

"I did not know how heavy the burden was until you lifted it."

I had lifted her burden then, thank God.

"And is the governess quite gone," I asked; "gone out of sight and out of mind?"

"Quite gone," my love said.

"But if you will have a pupil, you shall. You shall teach me to be good and gentle and true as you are."

I would not, if I could, write the conversation of the next hour. Her little sentences seemed to me more eloquent than any words I had ever heard. Ah, boy or man, love brings us to one level.

It is only in fiction that these delightful interviews are prolonged indefinitely; in real life they are sure to be swiftly broken in upon. I had forgotten the outer world completely, and was recalled to it suddenly.

The door opened and Andrew Gordon entered, closely followed, or rather pursued by Kathleen. She held out before her at arm's length, an old coat, so worn and torn that it might have been the original "bundle of holes sewed together." She was speaking quickly and eagerly. "Ah, do now, Mr. Gordon, put it on for a minute, and I promise you'll feel the character directly." His grave face wore an expression of solemn indignation as he turned to me, saying,

"Miss Cleary wants me to wear that thing, and be an Irish servant in the play. She says I'll feel the character as soon as I put it on; but I won't do it."

Kathleen breathlessly took up the subject.

"Ah, now, and it's so easy! Just put the coat on, and I'll teach you what to say at once."

The idea of her teaching the Scotsman to be that very witty character, an Irish servant in a play, was to me so intensely absurd that I forgot my annoyance at the interruption, and laughed heartily. I turned to look for Helen, but she had left the room.

I added my persuasions to Kathleen's—who was all the time dancing round him with the ragged coat, and imploring him "only to try it on now"—but in vain. She began to pout at last. "Then you'll spoil the play," she said.

"I'd spoil it if I tried to be an Irishman," he answered.

Then she got fairly angry, and said that a Scotsman was an Irishman without the cleverness; that he had all the Irish faults without the Irish virtues. He retorted angrily, and finding that the scene was degenerating into one of their daily squabbles as to nationality, I left them to settle it as best they could, and went in search of Helen.

But Helen was nowhere to be found, so I sought my host and told him all. He grasped my hand warmly, "I'm as glad," he said, "as if you'd given me a thousand pounds! When's the wedding to be, my boy? She shall live here till then, be married from this house, and I'll give her away." Mr. Ashington's satisfaction was unmistakeable.

I believe that the party and the play went off very well that night. I was one of the spectators, but though my eyes were fixed upon the actors, they saw scenes that had no existence upon any stage. They were looking into the future, where sat my wife, by my fireside; my wife, who was my loved Helen now, my fire, which had never yet been lighted. And if I saw more than that, it was because happy eyes are clear and far-sighted.

I remember one thing of that evening. The dancing stopped and the music ceased as the New Year's bells began their joyful chime. I was standing by the window, looking out upon the long stretch of country, lighted dimly by the moon which had waned to less than half, and was but just risen. Helen stood by my side, half hidden in the heavy curtain, and in that moment's hush a vow was made with hands and eyes for that year, and for all years to come.

And hitherto the vow has been kept; by her perfectly, and she has added this to all the rest, that my shortcomings have been by her nobly and freely forgiven. I was going to write that so ended my happiest Christmas, but no. Year by year my happiness has gone on steadily increasing, and I can date it all back to that very happy Christmas at Mr. Ashington's. A. M.

BRAZILIAN SKETCHES.

PART I.

I EMBARKED for the Brazils on the 9th February, 186—, and landed at Rio on the 5th of the March following, after a most agreeable voyage. As I rode along the streets, the

sky was so clear, the sun so bright; and the houses looked so gay, from being painted in the most lively colours, that I could not help fancying that the inhabitants must be indulging in a general holiday; nor was that impression diminished for some time, as I left Rio almost immediately after landing, and started for Tigrica by the *maxembomba* (rail-road). As the train went very slowly, and stopped seventeen times during a distance of seven miles, I had ample leisure to view the scenery as we went along; and I must confess that I was charmed with it, particularly when we stopped at Auderaby, which gave me an idea of fairy-land; the gardens of the houses on each side of the road presented a most gorgeous *coup d'œil*, flowers of the most resplendent hues, crimson, scarlet, lilac, and yellow vying with each other in richness and brilliancy.

I was particularly struck with one magnificent shrub; it has bunches of leaves just like scarlet velvet, surmounted by small cup-like flowers of bright orange. I was told that it is called *amor de viuva* (widow's love); and I can only say that, if typical of Brazilian widows' love, the latter must be of the most fiery nature. The plant is also called *sanguinaria*.

At last we reached the terminus, where horses were awaiting to take us on to our destination. We rode on for some time, each side of the road being ornamented by pretty houses and gardens, until we came to where it took a turn; and then Mrs. C. desired me to look back. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the view. In the far distance mountains of immense height formed the background to the city, the white houses of which glittered in the rays of the setting sun, while majestic trees and strips of verdure here and there added to the beauty of the scene; and it was with regret that I turned from it to proceed on my journey.

As we went on, there were fewer houses; and the road gradually ascended until we came to Boa Vista, a very pretty place, where there are many fine country houses of noblemen, bankers, and merchants. By this time the lamps were lighted (for the road all the way to Boa Vista, and some distance beyond it, is lighted with gas), and I was deprived of a glimpse or two of the sea. The approaching darkness also prevented me from seeing Bennett's Hotel, the place of great resort for visitors to Tigrica. But from that spot the road which wound round the mountain became steeper, the place was desolate, and nothing was heard but the chirping of the grasshoppers. I could not help shuddering every time my steed approached too near the precipice to my right, until Mrs. C. sent a

black to walk between me and danger, and to lead my horse if necessary. As we drew nearer to our journey's end, the noise of the grasshoppers became louder, mingled with that of the blacksmith frogs, as they are called, which sounds exactly like sharp blows of a hammer, and broke the stillness of the night. At last we reached the Castello, where I was glad enough to rest my wearied frame. The next morning, however, I was up very early, and went into the garden to see the place to which my stars had sent me. Never shall I forget the feelings with which I viewed the solitary house, perched midway among the mountains that tower above it and enclose it on every side. Whichever way I looked I saw mountains, nothing but mountains—some round, some square, and one like a sugar-loaf; indeed, it is a miniature Paõ d'Assacar. Then, and not until then, did I feel as if I had bid adieu to the civilised world. From my somewhat melancholy reflections I was roused by a summons to breakfast, a most substantial meal, consisting of tea, coffee, several stews, cold ham, beef, sardines, &c., with the inevitable *pivão*, a kind of tapioca. After breakfast Mrs. C. showed me all over the house, and in the sitting-rooms I was particularly struck by the absence of fire-places and the number of doors. The bed-rooms looked naked and comfortless according to my English ideas. When we came to the *dispensa* (store-room) I was astonished at the piles of *carne seca* (dried salted beef), the immense chests lined with tin and filled with Indian corn, *farinha* (the flour of the mandioca root), and beans of different colours, black, white, and brown, which Mrs. C.'s daughter playfully told me were the negroes, mulattoes, and whites. I like the negroes' *feijões* best, but this *par parenthèse*. Then there were such heaps of *bacalao* (dried cod-fish), such quantities of bananas in huge bunches, such a number of strings of onions, so many bags of sugar and of rice, and such a number of tin cases filled with preserved meats, &c., that I wondered how all the provision thus accumulated could ever be consumed. But the mystery was soon solved when I became acquainted with the domestic details of the establishment. There are so many negroes to feed, and so good a table to be kept for visitors, that an immense stock of provisions is necessary. Everything is managed admirably by Mrs. C. and her daughters, who each takes her weekly turn to be *dispensiera* (store-keeper). And it appeared to me that the duties of a mistress of a Brazilian household, when she lives in the country, are analogous to those of the noble *châtelaines* of feudal times, particularly when I saw Mrs. C.

sitting in her morning room, and surrounded by her negresses, some squatting on the ground working, and others folding and ironing linen. There is another point of resemblance between the country Brazilian ladies of the present day and the dames of old : the former are exposed to almost the same dangers as the latter used to be ; only that the assailants, instead of being knights and men-at-arms, are sometimes Indians, sometimes rebellious negroes. I will here relate a circumstance that took place not long ago.

The proprietor of a coffee-plantation, situated in a solitary spot, was in the habit of making journeys to Rio, and leaving his wife and ten children to the mercy of his negroes. The latter determined to revolt ; and when their master next went to Rio, all rose in a body, and having first killed the *feitor* (overseer), rushed to the house. Their mistress, being informed of this, closed the doors, and, assisted by the few slaves that remained faithful to her, made a most vigorous defence against them, loading and firing her husband's fire-arms herself, with almost superhuman energy. She was at last overpowered by numbers. They forced an entrance, and barbarously murdered her and her children, the youngest, a babe in arms, being literally torn asunder by a gigantic negro, the leader of these merciless ruffians. The house was pillaged and set on fire ; and when the intelligence was communicated to the unhappy husband, he became insane, and is now in an asylum, a raving maniac.

Such deeds match the atrocities committed during an Indian mutiny by the beings whom the Europeans imagined they had reduced to passive obedience. It is the same with the negroes ; and in both cases it is to be feared that "the snake is scotched, not killed."

I will now relate an instance of the treachery of a tribe of natives of the Brazils—the Botucudos.

The proprietor of a large *fazenda* at — was on the point of marriage with a beautiful young lady of Rio. Everything was ready for the wedding, and he was preparing to start for Rio to celebrate it, when, the day before the one fixed for his departure, as he was writing in his room, with only one black near him, the latter suddenly exclaimed :

"Senhor ! the Indians !"

And the room was instantly filled with their dusky forms. Don Ignacio was surprised at this sudden irruption ; but, as he had always been friendly with the Botucudos, and had treated them with the greatest kindness, he rose, and calmly asked them what they wanted.

At that moment an arrow wounded him in the back ; and then suspecting treachery, he rushed forward to seize his gun, which was on the opposite side of the room, loaded ; but, alas ! it was too late ; and he fell, pierced by numberless arrows. The poor black, who tried to save him, shared his fate. The sequel is almost too horrible to relate ; and had it not been told me by persons worthy of credit, it could hardly be believed. The infuriated savages burnt the *fazenda* to the ground, and, roasting the body of the unfortunate Don Ignacio, actually devoured it. They murdered all the other inmates of the house except two, a German woman and her child ; and hence arose a suspicion of treachery on the woman's part when the facts of the horrible tragedy became known. This German woman had been for some years at the head of Don Ignacio's household ; and it was supposed that, when Don Ignacio informed her of his approaching marriage and intention to provide handsomely for her and her child, she, stung by jealous fury, had persuaded the Botucudos to espouse her cause and revenge her fancied wrongs ; else why should she and her child have escaped the general massacre ? When Don Ignacio's father went to obtain information of the catastrophe on the spot, this woman presented herself before him, and said coolly, that she was walking with her child near the house, when she saw the Indians coming, and, feeling alarmed at their numbers, she hid herself, and thus saved her life and that of her child. Don Ignacio's father took them both home with him, but the woman soon after fled from his house, leaving her little girl ; and the poor child has been brought up with Don Ignacio's niece, and has never known the want of father or mother. I have seen her, poor little thing ! She is very pretty and interesting ; and it was after I had seen her, the above story was related to me.

It is pleasing, however, to know that some of the negroes show a fidelity beyond price. An instance of this was related to me. The facts took place about twenty years ago, and the Conde de B—y, who narrowly escaped destruction, is Mrs. C.'s cousin, and is still living. He was noted for being the kindest master it was possible to have. The negroes on his estate were the fattest, the merriest, and the least worked of their race ; and he, having done all in his power to make them happy, flattered himself that they were really so. His nurse, a mulatto, with her husband and children, lived in his house, and was a most important personage, the conde, his wife, and family, always treating her with the greatest affection and consideration, and re-

posing the utmost confidence in her. How she repaid this confidence will be seen.

One morning a negro, named Narciso, one of the lowest labourers on the estate, went to the overseer, and told him that something terrible was about to happen.

"What do you mean?" asked the overseer.

"Mischief is brewing among my fellow-slaves, senhor," was the reply.

"What mischief can they be at?"

"I cannot tell you exactly, but this I know, that they are after no good. Therefore, be on your guard, senhor, and warn the count. Tell him to be careful."

"You are frightening yourself about nothing, I fancy," said the *feitoeiro*, disdainfully; "and I shall not trouble myself about what you say. There! get you gone!"

And he drove the black away.

The next week Narciso made his appearance again. He entreated the *feitoeiro* to warn the count of a dreadful danger that threatened him, talked of nightly meetings held on the estate—and which were attended by negroes from other plantations, far and near,—and said that, whenever meetings like those were held, there was sure to be deadly mischief hatching.

The *feitoeiro* derided his fears, scouted his warning, and finally told him to be off, and not annoy him with his idle tales. Nightly meetings, indeed! The negroes held them to practise their ridiculous ceremonies, and celebrate their heathenish rites, that was all.

Once more Narciso went his way; but the week after he went up to the house, and asked to speak to the count. Now the count made it a rule never to refuse any of his slaves a hearing, and Narciso was admitted to his presence. The poor fellow told him he was happy at being able to warn him of his danger *in time*. He added:

"I have been twice to the *feitoeiro*, but he would not listen to me; so at last I have taken courage, that your life may be saved."

"Well," said the count, good-humouredly, "and what danger threatens my life? What have you got to say?"

"That something terrible is about to happen," said Narciso; "but first let me see if any one is within hearing."

He went to all the doors in the room, and having satisfied himself that no one was near, he returned to the count, and told him that all the negroes on his estate were ripe for a revolt; that their plans were completely organised; that they had been collecting arms for some time; that, on the morning of Saint Antonio's day, just after the gates of the

blacks' enclosure were opened, the outbreak was to take place, and the revolt was to begin on the count's estate, from which it would spread to all the adjoining plantations. He added, that every week a certain number of negroes from each neighbouring *fazenda* attended the meetings that were held at night; that from the first he had suspected danger, but when he was certain of it, he determined at all risks to warn his master. The man's account was so clear, so simple, and straightforward, that the count, who had listened to him with the utmost attention, never having interrupted him, was convinced of the truth of his statement. He asked if any of his household slaves were concerned in the conspiracy, and, to his inexpressible horror and dismay, heard that his mulatto nurse and her husband were foremost in the affair; that the wretched old woman intended to poison him, his wife, and children, in the coffee that she brought them every morning in bed. She had the poison ready, and was to administer it on the morning of St. Antonio, for everything was to be done systematically and methodically.

The count, though shocked beyond measure at the depravity of a creature whom he had loaded with benefits, and loved tenderly, was not long in determining how to act. He sat down and wrote to the superintendent of police at Ouro-Preto, telling him of what was in contemplation, and desiring him to take certain measures to prevent it. He dispatched his letter by Narciso, on whose fidelity he could rely, and calmly awaited the event. In due time Narciso returned with a letter from the superintendent, who assured the count that his directions should be faithfully attended to.

The eve of St. Antonio arrived; everything wore its usual aspect; the day's work was finished; the blacks were safely shut in their enclosure, which was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who having arrived from Ouro-Preto in small detachments, not to excite suspicion, had concealed themselves during the day; part of them entered the enclosure, and proceeded to bind the blacks hand and foot. The latter made a most desperate resistance, but were soon overpowered. Some were killed, and the rest were bound; while the soldiers outside were levelling their muskets at them. They were then left; and the soldiers, proceeding to all the neighbouring *fazendas*, acted precisely in the same manner. The slaves were then all marched off to prison, where most of them confessed their crime. The ringleaders were punished; the others returned to their duty. As for the wicked old mulatto nurse and her husband, they were sentenced to perpetual

imprisonment, which they are still undergoing if they are yet alive. Narciso was made free, with his wife and children, and a piece of ground with a house on it was given to him for ever as a reward for his fidelity.

EMMA TREHERNE.

THE TOWING PATH.

I.

BESIDE the Lock—my love and I—
No ripple stirs the leaden breast
Of yon far-reaching grey canal
That leads towards the flaming west.

II.

A lurid glow that blood-red dyes
The berries on the faded hedge,
And streaks with fiery gold the stems
Of willows by the water's edge.

III.

A sound of wings—the summer birds
Fast flying south—a passing bell
From church tower near—a darken'd sky—
And I have bid my love farewell!

EVELYN FOREST.

BRITAIN'S ELEVATION.

IN a former paper,* on the Glaciers of Great Britain, I pointed out how the skilful eyes and intellects of geologists had proved the existence of ice streams and avalanches in the mountains of England and Wales, and how it was made clear that our fertile and beautiful kingdom had once been submerged and covered by the waters of the glacial period, to be elevated to the position which it now holds. In these few remarks I should like to say a little more about this elevation, as it affects not only the noble peaks and precipices of Snowdon and its compeers, but the more ordinary features of English scenery—the rounded knoll, the table moors, the river valleys, the terraced cliffs, and the thousand examples of apparent irregularity which give our country its charms, and which to the experienced eye are fresh instances of the wonderful laws by which a wise Providence has permitted nature to work.

It appears probable that the cause of the elevation and depression of all land has been heat—the internal heat which pervades the interior of the earth, and which is so frequently manifested to us, the dwellers on it, by the volcano and the earthquake. Modern speculators, however, are inclined to doubt the theory of central heat, because the old notion that it gets hotter as we get more into

the bowels of the earth, does not appear to hold good in the case of deep mines: in other words, that the heat does not increase in relative proportion to the depth. However, as a substitute for the central heat and its effects has not yet been found, we must keep it for lack of a better.

Taking the case of Great Britain (and no country possesses such an infinite variety of geologic examples), we cannot help seeing that the elevation has been of two kinds: 1. The long-continued and gradual raising, which appears to have given a certain parallelism of direction to almost all the mountain chains in the kingdom. Take a map of England and Ireland, and study the direction of these chains, beginning from the south-east coast. It is strikingly obvious that they have a general and uniform tendency to run from south-west to north-east—a tendency so marked, that it is impossible to put it down to a chance arrangement. Look at the great depression of the Caledonian Canal valley, and see how it coincides with the direction of the lofty mountain-chains in the north of Ireland. It seems to show that there has been an uniformity of cause at work which has given rise to the uniformity of outline. It must not be supposed that I mean to infer that the strata of which these chains are composed were deposited at the same time, as every tyro in geology knows that they vary in date from the remotest eras to the most modern; but simply that a gradual and continuous elevation of these deposits has been going on, subject of course to all sorts of local effects of denudation and volcanic action, producing faults, and dislocations of strata, which may afterwards form ravines and channels for considerable streams. 2. The second class of elevation is by convulsive action, which would always be more local in effect, in the time of occurrence, and in the disturbance of outlines which it would leave behind. This sort of disturbance would appear in the shape of volcanic districts, or hills composed of plutonic (or igneous) materials, such as trap, basalt, &c. It is true that many of our mountain ranges show in their composition the results of both kinds of elevation, volcanic ash and traps being mixed with and in close contiguity to the stratified beds; the elevation of these latter would appear, therefore, to have been interrupted as regarding the *gradual* progression, while the *convulsive* elevation occurred in the intervals. The elevation of our mountain chains need not, therefore, have been continuous, *i. e.*, need not have all taken place without interval of the elevating process; indeed, it has been satisfactorily proved

* See vol. i., p. 227!

that not only has elevation been interrupted, but depression has commenced, and, in point of fact, that the same land has been lifted up hundreds of feet to be again buried in the waves before a second elevation acted on it. As an example of this, although in a very small degree, we may point to the ruins of the Temple of Serapis on the Bay of Baiæ, near Naples, which stands on the water's edge, and which, from the marks (on the columns) of lithodomi, or marine boring mussels, proves incontestably that the shore on which the temple has been built has been depressed since its erection, so as to allow the pillars to be immersed (and for a considerable period) in the water. It has then been elevated, so as to show these submarine effects at a height of twelve feet above the sea, which in its turn again is slowly encroaching, so that the floor of the temple is under water; in other words, submergence is again going forward. Sir Charles Lyell tells us, that the emergence of the pillars took place in the 16th century, so that we can pretty well calculate the rate of elevation and descent.

The coasts of Chili and Valparaiso are known to have been considerably raised within the time of modern observation; and, although of a different and more continuous character, the coast of Norway and Scandinavia is also known to be rising at the rate of about five feet in a century; and this brings to our consideration the *period* at which most of the elevating processes have been carried on, *i. e.*, as far as affects the present outlines. At the close of the Tertiary period—which geologists divide into three principal epochs, *viz.*, Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene, each epoch being marked by the successive and increasing appearance of shells approximating in number and type to living species—there fell upon the land a long interregnum of extraordinary cold, so much so, that it is presumed to have been covered with a thick and perpetual coating of ice: this is known as the Glacial period, to which most of the appearances which now characterise Great Britain are due. These effects were not limited to Britain, but extended over the whole of Europe, and in fact the whole northern world, as far as we know. Whatever existed of animal life was only under circumstances fitted to resist the effects of such an Arctic temperature. The elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus roved over the land, clad in thick winter coats, very different to the denizens of the tropical climates; while the shells inhabiting the waters were all similar to those at present found in Arctic seas. We know this by the discovery of these shells, in a fossil condition, in a bed of clay on the

Norfolk coast, overlying another bed of fossil wood of the spruce kind. Professor King considers that during the first portion of the Glacial epoch the land was 1300 feet higher than at present; and that of course, under these circumstances, the beds of much of the sea surrounding what is now Britain was dry land. The German Ocean was not in existence, and the Irish coast extended into the Atlantic a considerable distance further than it does now. All the soundings that took place in the preparations for laying the Atlantic cable, proved the existence of two or three terraces of different heights, or rather depths, before the great shelving out into the vast Atlantic plain. The outer or lowest terrace is known as the 200-fathom terrace, and is believed by Prof. King to have been upwards of 200 feet above water during the first part of the Glacial epoch, the other terraces of course being higher in proportion to their present depth. This first epoch he terms *subaërial*, to denote the elevated period. To this succeeded a *subaqueous*, or depressed period, during which the country went under water to the depth, it is supposed, of 2000 feet below its present level. All but the highest mountains then disappeared, and even they were but as small islands, bearing the appearance probably of icebergs. Gradually the land came up again, bringing with it many strange vestiges of its watery sojourn. As it rose higher and higher, beds of shells were carried as far as 2000 feet above the level of the sea, such having been found at the summit of Moel Tryfan, near Snowdon. Most of the raised beaches so interesting to geologists were formed now; and, what is singular to relate, they prove that the climate, hitherto so rigorous, had become milder—a state of things corroborated by the erratic blocks or drift boulders which were strewed over the country in profusion. This third rising is believed not to have been carried to such a pitch as before; but the land at the close of the Glacial period was still higher than it is now, so much so, that the beds of the various channels were dry land, and England, Ireland, and France were connected, while the Bristol Channel was not thought of. It was during this stage that many of our mountain chains assumed the shape that they now present, especially those which were of a formation capable of suffering by denudation. As the hills gradually rose, terraces or beaches were formed, indicating plainly where the stoppage of elevation took place. There are few of our English ranges, especially those of the carboniferous formation, which will not show signs of these denuded terraces. Prof.

King points to the limestone hills of Clare, in Ireland, as affording a regular chain of steps, denoting as many former beaches; and on the north crop of the South Wales coal plateau the same thing may be observed for miles, on

such a grand scale that scarce anybody could avoid being struck with them. In a subsequent paper I hope to point out some of the more minute effects to which our land has been subjected.

G. P. BEVAN.

THE RIVER.



Smooth flows the glassy tide, scarce a ripple disturbeth
its surface,
Tree and turret and tower lie mirrored deep in its
waters,
Rushes and feathery grass and delicate mosses bright-
tinted,
Flowers whose turquoise stars are gleaming like fairy-
wrought jewels,
Cloudless heavens above, all melting in amber and
crimson,
Are traced in colours below such as painter never hath
painted.
Willow and poplar tall 'gainst the evening sky stand
out darkly,
Clear-cut as chisell'd stone are gnarl'd trunk and long
twisting branches,
Farther the distant woods into soft grey shadows are
fading
Lost in the golden haze that the setting sun spreads
around him,
A veil of misty light lest he dazzle the world with his
glory.
Darker the river now and fewer and fainter its pictures,
Turret and wooded height into shapeless masses are
blending,

Faded the glorious sky in the leaden hue of the twi-
light,
Earth is dreary and sad and all its beauty hath van-
ished.
So set the hopes of man, most bright when they are
departing,
Robbing the world of life and leaving a gloomy
horizon,
And in grave earnest thought, I pondered on life and
its evils,
Forgetting the cup is mixed, that joy and sorrow are
equal,
Until the rippling waves in mine ears were ringing this
chorus,
"Patience, the sun but sleeps to wake to a fairer to-
morrow."
And as an answering sign the moon, rising high in the
heavens,
Carved out with dainty touch the trees from dark wil-
dering masses,
Flocked with its clear cold rays the waters silently
flowing
Until the river glowed like a sheet of glistening
silver.

JULIA GODDARD.

A BUNDLE OF LEGENDARY CAROLS.

LAST year I had the gratification of bringing before your readers a few examples of Christmas Carols.* These were chiefly narrations in verse of the great events commonly commemorated at Yule-tide, and only one specimen was given of that numerous class of carols entitled *Legendary*, whose story is derived from the *Miracle Plays* or *Mysteries*, general in the Middle Ages, but now passed out of remembrance.

Carols, as the name implies, are joyous songs for festive occasions, at one period accompanied with dancing. In an old vocabulary of A.D. 1440, *Caral* is defined as *A Songe*; in John Palsgrave's work of A.D. 1530, as *Chanson de Noël*; whilst in Anglo-Saxon times the word appears to have been rendered *Kyrride*, a chanting at the Nativity.† The earliest carol in English, known under that name, is the production of Dame Berners, prioress of St. Alban's in the fourteenth century, entitled *A Carolle of Huntynge*. This is printed on the last leaf of Wynkyn de Worde's collection of Christmas carols, A.D. 1521, and the first verse modernized runs thus:—

As I came by a green forest side,
I met with a forester that bade me abide,
They go bet, hey go bet, hey go how,
We shall have sport and game enow.

Milton uses the word carol to express a devotional hymn:—

A quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.

And that distinguished light of the English Church, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, speaks of the Angels' song on the morning of the Nativity, as the first Christmas carol:—

"As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put into her offices for ever," etc.

According to Durandus, it was customary in early days for bishops to sing with their clergy in the episcopal houses on the feast of the Nativity. "*In Natali prelati cum suis clericis ludent, vel in domibus episcopalibus.*" These merry ecclesiastics sung undoubtedly Christmas carols.

But carols, like everything else, must be divided into two sorts—religious and secular—the carols "in prayse of Christe," and the merry songs for the festive board or fireside. These may be broken up into further varieties, thus:—

RELIGIOUS.	SECULAR.
Scriptural,	Convivial or festive,
Legendary,	Wassail,
Lullaby.	Boar's head,
	In praise of holly and ivy.

Of the variety called *Legendary*, I propose now to speak. These are, as a rule, the most popular of all carols, deriving mainly, as I said before, their origin, and many of their expressions, from the ancient mysteries. In the old plays songs are frequently introduced, which resemble in a very striking manner, what are commonly called carols. The following song of the Shepherds occurs in one of the Coventry pageants:—

As I rode out this endenes* night,
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang terli, terlow,
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

The last lines actually form the chorus of one of the carols in the fifteenth-century manuscript formerly in the possession of Mr. Wright:—

About the field they piped full right,
Even about the midst of the night;
Adown from heaven they saw come a light,
Tyrlle, tyrlle,
So merrily the shepherds began to blow.

Again, in *Ludus Coventrie*:—

Joy to God that sitteth in heaven,
And peace to man on earth ground;
A Child is born beneath the leyvn,
Through Him many folk should be unbound.

A sixteenth-century carol commences:—

Salvation overflows the land,
Wherefore all faithful thus may sing,
Glory to God most high
And peace on the earth continually,
And unto men rejoicing.

In the Coventry Plays again we find:—

Of a maid a Child should be born,
On a tree He should be torn,
Deliver folks that are forlorn.

A genuine carol of the sixteenth century supplies us with the following:—

Jesu, of a maid Thou wouldest be born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
And all for our sins.

And one of the reign of Henry VI.:—

Thy sweet Son that thou hast borne,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
His head is wreathed in a thorn,
His blissful body is all to-torn.

The "Cherry Tree Carol," formerly a great favourite throughout England, recollections of which yet linger amongst the country-folk, is in many instances a literal copy from the Coventry Mysteries. I give the popular version of the "Cherry Tree Carol":—

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

* No. cccxxv., vol. x.
† See "Christmas and its Customs."

* Last.

Joseph and Mary
Walked through an orchard good,
Where were cherries and berries
As red as any blood.

* * * * *

O then bespake Mary
With words both meek and mild,
"Gather me some cherries, Joseph,
They run so in my mind."

S. Joseph refuses "with words most unkind" to grant her request, apparently unaware that his spouse is about to become the mother of the Son of God. The unborn Saviour, however, directs the Blessed Virgin to

"Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow to thee,
And the highest branch of all
Shall bow down to Mary's knee."

* * * * *

Then bowed down the highest tree
Unto His mother's hand :
Then she cried, "See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command."

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

Another version gives the following reply of S. Joseph :—

O then bespake Joseph,
"I have done Mary wrong,
I tcheer up, my dearest,
And be not cast down."

I give a portion of the rest of the carol, some of the verses being remarkably touching and beautiful :—

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be born
Our Heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all.

He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
That rocks on the mould.

He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor in red,
But with the spring water,
With which we were christened."

In the fifteenth pageant of the Coventry Mysteries the following lines occur :—

S. Mary. Ah, my sweet husband, would you tell to me
What tree is yon, standing on yon hill?

S. Joseph. Forsooth, Mary, it is yclept a cherry tree,
In time of year you might feed you there-
on your fill.

Maria. Turn again, husband, and behold yon tree,
How that it bloometh now so sweetly,

Jos. Come on, Mary, that we were at yon city,
Or else we may be blamed, I tell you
lightly.

Mar. ¶ Now, my spouse, I pray you to behold
How the cherries (are) grown upon yon
tree ;
For to have thereof right fain I would,
And it please you to labour so much for
me.

Jos. ¶ Your desire to fulfil I shall assay sekerly,
How to pluck you of these cherries, it is
a work wild,
For the tree is so high, it would not be
lightly (easy).

* * * * *

Mar. Now, good Lord, I pray Thee, grant me this
boon,
To have of these cherries, and it be your
will ;
Now I thank God this tree boweth to me
down,
I may now gather enow, and eat my fill.

Jos. Now I know well, I have offended my God
in Trinity,
Speaking to my spouse these unkind
words,
For now I believe well it may none other be,
But that my spouse beareth the King's
Son of Bliss.

It is interesting to note the way in which the more modern composition retains all the incidents and traditions of the mediæval mystery. Our popular carol speaks of S. Joseph as *an old man*, and *an old man was he*, while the mystery represents him as saying (pag. x.), *I am an old man*, and *I am so aged and so old*. The tree is the same, there is the same desire of the Virgin Mother to taste the fruit, the same refusal and bitter retort of her husband, the bowing-down of the tree, and the regret of S. Joseph for his unkindness. Mr. Hone was not ashamed to say of the Cherry Tree Carol :—

"The admiration of my earliest days for some lines in it still remains, nor can I help thinking that the reader will see somewhat of cause for it."

The following example is still given on almost every broadside annually printed : it is called "The Three Ships." I ought perhaps first to state that the Three Ships are supposed to signify the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation being, as the *Speculum Vitæ Christi* hath it, "the high work of all the Holy Trinity, though it be that only the Person of the Son was incarnate and became man."

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day :
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
 On Christmas Day ? etc.,
 And what was in, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning ?
 Our Saviour Christ and our Lady, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.
 Pray whither sailed those ships all three ? etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.
 O, they sailed into Bethlehem, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning ;
 And all the bells on earth shall ring, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.
 And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.
 And all the souls on earth shall ring, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.
 Then let us all rejoice amain, etc.,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

Another rude and rather amusing version is sometimes given of this carol, called "The Sunny Bank."

As I sat on a sunny bank,
 A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
 As I sat on a sunny bank,
 On Christmas Day in the morning,
 I spied three ships come sailing by, etc.,
 On Christmas Day, etc. ;
 And who should be with those three ships ?
 On Christmas Day, etc.,
 But Joseph and his fair lady, etc.,
 On Christmas Day, etc.
 Oh, he did whistle, and she did sing,
 And all the bells on earth did ring,
 For joy that our Saviour they did bring
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

An old Dutch carol, given by Hoffman, commences :—

There comes a vessel laden,
 And on its highest gunwale
 Mary holds the rudder,
 The angel steers it on.

And thus explains the mission of the ship :—

In one unbroken course
 There comes that ship to land :
 It brings to us rich gifts,
 Forgiveness is sent to us.

This translation is taken from Mr. Sandys' book on "Christmas-tide." About the sixteenth century a similar carol was sung at Yule, which is given by Ritson :—

There comes a ship far sailing then,
 Saint Michael was the steersman ;
 Saint John sat in the horn :
 Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
 And all the bells of heaven they rang
 On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Another specimen I take from a Birmingham collection : it is called "The Seven Virgins." This is given also by Mr. Sylvester from "the original old broadside." It is singular, however, that his old copy should

include a line which he confesses to be a "modern interpolation !"

All under the leaves, and the leaves of life,
 I met with virgins seven,
 And one of them was Mary mild,
 Our Lord's mother in heaven.
 "O, what are you seeking, you seven pretty maids,
 All under the leaves of life ?"
 "We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
 But for a friend of thine,
 We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
 To be our heavenly guide."
 "Go down, go down to yonder town,
 And sit in the gallery,
 And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
 Nailed to a yew tree."
 And they went down to yonder town
 As fast as foot could fall,
 And many a bitter and grievous tear
 From our Lady's eyes did fall.
 "O, peace, mother, O, peace, mother,
 Your weeping doth Me grieve,
 I must suffer this, He said,
 For Adam and for Eve.

* * * * *

O mother, take you John Evangelist
 To be your favourite son,
 And he will comfort you sometimes,
 Mother, as I have done."

* * * * *

Then He laid his head on His right shoulder,
 Seeing death it struck Him nigh,
 "The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
 I die, mother, I die."

Many of my readers will recollect the famous carol of "The Seven Joys," still croaked out in the streets of London and elsewhere about Christmas-time. Very similar carols to this exist of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, one of which I select from Mr. Wright's manuscript. I have, as in all other cases, modernized the orthography :—

OF THE FIVE JOYS OF OUR LADY.

* * * * *

The first joy that came to thee
 Was when the angel greeted thee,
 And said, "Mary, full of charity,
 Ave, plena gratia."

The second joy that was full good
 When God's Son took flesh and blood,
 Without sorrow and changing of mood,
 "Enixa es puerpera."

The third joy was full of might,
 When God's Son on rood was put,
 Dead and buried, and laid in sight,
 "Surrexit die tertia."

The fourth joy was on Holy Thursday,
 When God to heaven took His way,
 God and man withouten nay,
 "Ascendit supra sidera."

The fifth joy is for to come,
 At the dreadful day of doom,
 When He shall deem us all and some
 "Ad cœli palatia."

* * * * *

The following carol for St. Stephen's Day is from a manuscript of the time of King Henry VI. The reader will be amused to find the

great proto-martyr here introduced as a servant of King Herod, and entrusted with the task of bringing in the boar's head, a famous dish, and "the first mess" at Christmas and other high festivals. There was evidently some honour attached to this office, for Holinshed tells us that King Henry II., in 1170, on the day of his son's coronation, served him as sewer, bringing up the boar's head, *according to the manner*; and in 1607, at St. John's College, Oxford, the "first mess was carried by the tallest and lustiest of all the guard."

Saint Stephen was a clerk in King Herod's hall,
And served him of bread and cloth as ever king befall.

Stephen out of kitchen came, with boar's head in hand,
He saw a star was fair and bright, over Bethlem stand.

He cast adown the boar's head, and went into the hall,

S. Stephen. I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy works all.

I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy works all,

There is a Child in Bethlehem born, is better than we all.

Herod. What aileth thee, Stephen? What is thee befall?

Lacketh thee either meat or drink in King Herod's hall?

S. Stephen. Lacketh me neither meat nor drink in King Herod's hall,

There is a Child in Bethlehem born, is better than we all.

* * * * *

Herod. That is all so sooth, Stephen, all so sooth, I wit,
As this capon crow shall that lyeth here in my dish.

That word was no soon said, that word in that hall,

The capon crew *Christus natus est*, among the lords all.

* * * * *

This brings us to the more modern legendary carol of "The Carnal [a bird] and the Crane," in which the same incident occurs of the bird crowing in the dish.

As I passed by a river side,
And there as I did rein [run],
In argument I chanced to hear
A carnal and a crane.

The carnal said unto the crane,
"If all the world should turn,
Before we had the Father,
But now we have the Son."

"From whence does the Son come?
From where and from what place?"
He said, "In a manger,
Between an ox and ass."

* * * * *

"Where is the golden cradle
That Christ was rocked in?
Where are the silken sheets
That Jesus was wrapt in?"

"A manger was the cradle
That Christ was rocked in;
The provender the asses left
So sweetly He slept on."

There was a star in the west land,
So bright it did appear
Into King Herod's chamber,
And where King Herod were.

The wise men soon espied it,
And told the king on high,
"A princely Babe was born that night,
No king could e'er destroy."

"If this be true," King Herod said,
"As thou tellest unto me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish,
Shall crow full fences three."

The cock soon freshly feather'd was,
By the work of God's own hand,
And then three fences crowed he
In the dish where he did stand.

Herod then gives orders for the general massacre of the young children, and the Saviour, with Joseph and His mother, travel into Egypt amongst the "fierce wild beasts." The Blessed Virgin being weary, "must needs sit down to rest," and her Son desires her to "see how the wild beasts come and worship Him:"—

First came the lovely lion,
Which Jesu's grace did spring,
And of the wild beasts in the field
The lion shall be the king.

The Holy Family continuing their flight pass by a husbandman "just while his seed was sown:"—

The husbandman fell on his knees,
Even before His face;
"Long time Thou hast been look'd for,
But now Thou'rt come at last."

* * * * *

"The truth, man, thou hast spoken,
Of it thou mayst be sure,
For I must lose My precious blood
For thee and thousands more.

"If anyone should come this way,
And enquire for Me alone,
Tell them that Jesus passed by,
As thou thy seed did sow."

King Herod comes afterwards with his train, and furiously asks of the husbandman whether our Saviour has passed by: the husbandman replies that

"Jesus passed by this way
When my seed was sown.

"But now I have it reapen,
And some laid on my way,
Ready to fetch and carry
Into my barn again."

Herod, supposing that it must be "full three quarters of a year since the seed was sown," turned back, and "further he proceeded into the Holy Land." A manuscript of the fifteenth century, preserved in the British Museum, contains a representation of the

Flight into Egypt, in which the above legend is introduced. The city of Bethlehem stands in the background, and on the right, in the distance, a field of corn and a reaper, who is in conversation with a soldier by his side. A curious Scotch tradition states that when Herod and his soldiers made their inquiry of the husbandman, "a little black beetle lifted up his head, and exclaimed, *The Son of Man passed here last night.*" Black beetles are probably not more popular here than in Scotland, but Highlanders, whenever they find the dastardly insect, kill it, repeating the words, "*Beetle, beetle, last night.*"

"The Holy Well" is a very favourite carol with the broadside printers; I have seen it side by side with a very lively "legendary" production, called "The Fly-away Carol," of which I subjoin a brilliant stanza:—

There good old Wesley, and a throng
Of saints and martyrs too,
Unite and praise their Saviour's name,
And there I long to goo.
Fly away! Fly away!
While yet it's called to-day!"

The Magi or Three Kings of Cologne form the subject of many an old carol. The names of these "famous men" are supposed to have been, Kaspar or Gaspar, King of Tarsus, young and beardless; Melchior, King of Nubia, old, with long beard, and grey hair; and Balthazar, King of Saba, a negro. Their offerings were, as is well known, symbolical; to use the words of the Anglo-Saxon Hymnary, translated by the Recorder of Sarum:

Incense to God, and myrrh to grace His tomb,
For tribute to their King, a golden store;
One they revere, three with three offerings come,
And Three adore.

From an old commentary on the gospel of St. Matthew, we gather some curious matter relating to the History of the Three Wise Men. A certain nation dwelling close to the ocean, in the extreme east, possessed a writing inscribed with the name of Seth, concerning the star which was to appear:—

"Twelve of the more learned men of that country, * * * had disposed themselves to watch for that star; and when any of them died, his son or one of his kindred * * * was appointed in his place. These, therefore, year by year, after the threshing out of the corn, ascended into a certain high mountain, called *Mons victorialis*, having in it a certain cave in the rock, most grateful and pleasant, with fountains and choice trees, into which, ascending and bathing themselves, they prayed and praised God in silence three days. And thus they did, generation after generation, watching ever, lest peradventure that star of beatitude should arise upon themselves, until it appeared descending on the mountain having within itself, as it were, the form of a man-child, and above it the similitude of a cross: and it spake to them, and taught them, and commanded them that they should go into Judæa. And

journeying thither for the space of two years, neither food nor drink failed in their vessels."

Other old accounts state that their journey occupied twelve days only: "they took neither rest nor refreshment, it seemed to them indeed as one day; the nearer they approached to Christ's dwelling the brighter the star shone."*

There appears to have been no decided opinion or tradition as to the form of the star: it is shown thus by Albert Durer: in an old book which I have by me of 1519, it is drawn with eight points, the lowest one being much longer than the others: in another book, 1596, I find it represented as a star of six points: in some old pictures it is shown as a sort of comet, and it is described to have been "as an eagle flying and beating the air with his wings," having within the form and likeness of the Holy Child.

In "Dives and Pauper," printed in 1496, we gather the following account of it:—

Dives. What manner of star was it then?

Pauper. Some clerks tell that it was an angel in the likeness of a star, for the kings had no knowledge of angels, but took all heed to the star. Some say that it was the same Child that lay in the ox-stall which appeared to the kings in the likeness of a star, and so drew them and led them to Himself in Bethlehem."

I wish it were possible to give here a quaint illustration of the journey of the Three Wise Men, from a sheet of carols printed in 1820, which forms one of the woodcuts procured with no little difficulty from the publisher by Mr. Hone, and is but little known.

The history of the Magi is even traced further: after their return to their own country, they were baptised by S. Thomas the Apostle, became missionaries with him, and were, it is said by some, martyred.

Their journeyings did not, however, end with their deaths—their bodies were translated to Constantinople, thence to Milan, and afterwards to Cologne, where they are still preserved in the cathedral, and their history recorded in a series of frescoes. Their shrine at Cologne was once exceedingly rich and magnificent, but during the excitement of the first French Revolution, many of the jewels which adorned the monument were sold and replaced by paste or glass counterfeits. The following

* Early Christian Legends.

description of their tomb I gather from Mr. Fyfe's book on "Christmas :"—

"The coffin is stated to have two partitions, the lower having a half, and the upper a whole roofing. The former compartment contains the bones of the three kings, whose separate heads appear aloft through the aperture in the half-roofing; and on this roofing are inscribed the names *Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar*, encrusted in rubies. The heads are adorned with crowns weighing six pounds a-piece, of gold, diamonds, and pearls. It is asserted (but doubted) that the tomb and its contents are of the value of £240,000."

From the offerings of the Three Kings arose the practice of Christmas gifts, and the festival of the Epiphany has always been observed in remembrance of their visit to Bethlehem: it has also been the custom from earliest times for our sovereigns to offer the three mystic gifts of gold, myrrh, and incense at the altar on the day of the Epiphany, which custom is still observed at the Chapel Royal: the royal oblations being received by the Dean or his deputy in a bag of crimson and gold. The Epiphany is also a "scarlet day" at the universities. After this long roundabout discourse, I am almost afraid to weary my readers with a second edition of the wanderings of the Wise Men, but I must rely upon their generous forbearance: the accompanying carol is from a manuscript of the time of King Henry VII. :—

Now is Christmas i-come,
 Father and Son together in One,
 Holy Ghost, as Ye be One,
 In fere-a :
 God send us all a good new year-a.

* * * * *
 There came iij kings from Galilee
 Into Bethlehem that fair city
 To seek Him that ever should be,
 By right-a,
 Lord, and King, and Knight-a.
 As they came forth with their offering,
 They met with Herod that moody king,
 This tide-a,
 And this to them he said-a.

Her. Of whence be ye, you kings iij ?

Mag. Of the East, as ye may see,
 To seek Him that ever should be,
 By right-a,
 Lord, and King, and Knight-a.

Her. When you at this Child have been,
 Come home again by me,
 Tell me the sights that you have seen,
 I pray you,
 Go no other way-a.

* * * * *
 The Father of Heaven an Angel down sent,
 To these iij kings that made present
 This tide-a,
 And this to them he said-a.
 My Lord hath warned you every one
 By Herod King you go not home
 For an you do, he will you slay,
 And strew-a,
 And hurt you wonderly-a.

Forth then went these kings iij
 Till they came home to their countree,
 Glad and blithe they were all iij,
 Of the sights that they had seen,
 By dene-a,
 The company was clean-a.

* * * * *

I will conclude with a modern specimen of a legendary carol written by the Rev. Dr. Neale, and published in Novello's shilling collection. The story of S. Wenceslaus, the good King of Bohemia, is given by Bishop Jeremy Taylor in his *Life of Christ* :—

"One winter night going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted in the snow * * his servant Podavius, who waited on his master's piety, and endeavoured to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him: the servant did so, and either fancied a cure, or found one, for he followed his Prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps for him in the snow."

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
 On the Feast of Stephen ;
 When the snow lay round about,
 Deep and crisp and even :
 Brightly shone the moon that night,
 Though the frost was cruel,
 When a poor man came in sight,
 Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
 While thou know'st it telling,
 Yonder peasant who is he ?
 Where and what his dwelling? "
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence
 Underneath the mountain ;
 Right against the forest fence,
 By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
 Bring me pine logs hither ;
 Thou and I will see him dine,
 When we bear them thither."
 Page and monarch forth they went,
 Forth they went together ;
 Through the rude wind's wild lament,
 And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger,
 Falls my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer."
 "Mark my footsteps, good my page ;
 Tread thou in them boldly ;
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted ;
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the Saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men—be sure—
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor,
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

EDMUND SEDDING.

THE TROUT.

IN taking up my pen to write of one of the most interesting fish I have yet had occasion to include in these short papers, I am afraid that I shall have to claim the indulgence of the readers of this periodical for somewhat exceeding the limits which I usually impose on myself. If, however, I do so, I am confident that the majority of those who have kindly expressed their approbation of my papers on fish, will agree with me that in making this article an exception to my rule of brevity, I could not have chosen a worthier subject for it than the trout.

The trout (without including the salmon) is beyond doubt the most noble and beautiful of all known fresh-water fish in our own country and elsewhere. Compared with the pike, roach, dace, and other river fish, trout may fairly be styled the aristocrats of fresh waters. They keep their own quarters, always selecting the clearest streams, and avoiding foul and turgid rivers or lakes. Trout are found in the greatest perfection in those rivers of the northern counties where rocky scenery is the rule, and where rough boulders and broken crags are an accompaniment of all running streams. In such picturesque districts, as, for example, those of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, is the natural home of the trout. All our northern lakes contain splendid trout, more especially, as I think, those of Westmoreland. The exquisite beauty of this fish is something quite impossible to describe on paper. Those who have only seen the trout on our London fish-stalls can have no conception of the beauty of colour displayed on the sides of a freshly caught specimen. All colours of the rainbow, pearl, ruby, opal, garnet, and amethyst appear commingled, whilst the graceful shape of the fish itself adds greatly to the beauty of the picture. In short, the trout bears off the palm for beauty from every other fish, for if not so noble in appearance or qualities as the salmon, it is at least far handsomer. Though in a former paper* I classed the trout under the head of those fish taken with the fly, it may also fairly be considered as much a "fish of prey" as either the pike or perch, since it will take minnow and gudgeon baits freely. In truth, though the trout is an "exclusive" and patrician in his habits, he is a miscellaneous feeder, and one of his favourite dainties after a long drought is a red worm. The rivers Dove and Colne, running as they do through very picturesque counties, are both noted for their trout; and Scotland, as Sir Walter Scott in his famous novels has taken

good care to inform us, has many first-rate preserves for this charming fish. A dish of fresh trout when in season is usually to be found on all breakfast-tables in the lake districts. Potted trout also are good, but the fresh-water trout being more delicate, does not pot as well as either the salmon or salmon trout, nor indeed so well as the char. A new species of salmon trout has lately been brought to perfection on the Continent. It does not grow to a considerable size; it is, however, very palatable, and commands a good price. The name bestowed on it is *Salmo salvelinus*. I believe this fish is being introduced into the Danube, one of the best rivers for fish of all kinds in the whole of Europe. Owing also to the praiseworthy perseverance of our Thames Angling Preservation Society, we may soon hope for a greater variety of fish in the Thames. Its efforts have already been attended with great success, and both trout and grayling have once more become well known in our queen of rivers. I hear great accounts of the trout, and sincerely hope those splendid fish may again be plentiful in Thames water, instead of being, as they but lately were, *rare aves*. Fishermen, however, and all who have the success of angling at heart, must be unremitting in their endeavours to support the society, instead of, as unfortunately is too often the case, wishing to absorb all the profit, without any of the attendant anxiety, expense, or risk.

Trout avoid sluggish rivers, as they are brisk, active fish, and thrive only in quick, clear streams, sometimes so shallow that the trout may be seen sporting and playing amid the stones and pebbles at the bottom. Indeed, in the beck on the Yorkshire fells, a favourite method of catching trout is by tickling them. This is a frequent pastime with the little bare-legged urchins of our largest county. A "beck" is a running brook or rivulet. Many of the grouse districts teem with trout streams, so that the northern moors afford a double pleasure to sportsmen, by furnishing employment for both gun and rod.

The dalesmen make a capital dish of freshly caught trout by frying them with slices of ham, and most excellent is the result, although perhaps Soyer would not have endorsed my approval of it.

All American lakes abound with trout, which, however, are not such favourite fish on the other side of the Atlantic as they are here. But it is of the trout as known in Great Britain that I have to speak. Trout, like salmon, spawn in autumn and winter, October, November, and December being their usual breeding months. As, however, with other fish, so

* See Vol. x., p. 413.

with trout there are exceptions, and some individual fish spawn in September. I never saw a trout in spawn myself earlier than in the last mentioned month. A curious idea prevails in certain coteries of anglers, that the grayling causes depopulation in trout streams by devouring the ova of the trout. For my own part, I believe the accusation to be a false one, like many others emanating from superficial wiseacres. I never knew an instance of such a thing occurring, but I do know, as does every one who has studied the subject, that both trout and grayling thrive and do well in the same streams, nay, more, they are usually found in greatest abundance when found together. The grayling, unlike the trout, spawns in spring, when the trout is in high condition, but I do not know if those who blame the former fish for its reputed destruction of trout spawn, also affirm that the trout practises the *lex talionis*.

Pike and jack certainly must be kept down in a trout stream, or they will soon exterminate the trout; but as far as the grayling is concerned, I believe that beautiful fish to be entirely guiltless of the sin laid to its charge.

Trout are in season from March until September, but are in their prime and best condition in the months of April and May, in the first two weeks of which latter month, during the ephemeral existence of the May-fly, they are very plump and fat, and in perfection for the table of the epicure. The May-fly lives only a few hours, during which it goes through three or four different stages. After its last transformation, or rather transition, the May-fly drops its eggs and immediately dies. May-flies settle on the water to lay their eggs, and whilst so doing they are seized and swallowed in countless numbers by the eager trout. The Mayfly may truly be called an "ephemeron," which it *literally* is, as it is only called into existence at about eleven o'clock in the day, and after passing through its several different states, dies at sunset, having first laid its eggs, and thus provided for the renewal of its kind.

A very curious trait in trout is their constancy to one another during the breeding-time, for they pair as do birds, and may then be seen in couples. I have noticed this also in the pike and salmon, but not in other fish. It is said to be the case with the cod, but no one can have any opportunity of judging of that fact, if indeed it be a fact.

Trout are caught in many ways, but the most approved is with the fly. There can be no doubt that the very highest branch of angling is that part of the science which embraces "throwing the fly." I do not now speak of my own predilections (which happen

not to be for fly-fishing), but of the predilections of the great majority of sportsmen, and I must admit that there is an amount of delicacy and refinement displayed in fly-fishing which is certainly not required for other methods of taking fish. Of course I am not here going to attempt a list of the flies used for taking trout, which would require nearly an entire number of this periodical, nor can I describe the making thereof, and thus turn these pages into a sort of "Angler's Guide;" but I may mention a few of the most "killing" in nearly all waters: these are the "May-fly" (only in May), the "yellow dun," the "stone fly," the "March brown," the "black gnat," and the "red palmer." The "cow-dung fly" kills well in deep water; but the trout-fisher will always find some one in the neighbourhood of the stream he is frequenting to inform him which flies are the most "taking." Of course certain localities have certain peculiarities, and a fly which kills well in one water, will be found of no service in another. The kinds which I have mentioned will generally kill fish in any water. The heaviest trout are not taken with the fly as a rule, but with the worm or the minnow by spinning, trolling, and other deadly methods. The true sportsman will stick to the fly unless *occasionally*, when it is known that a large trout frequents a particular spot, and when the temptation to lure him forth with a minnow is too great for mortal man to withstand.

On bright days in summer the trout will not look at the fly, nor, indeed, will they bite freely at either worm or minnow. At the time of a flood, or just previously, all trout will take a well-scoured red worm, especially if there has been a long continuance of hot weather. In worm-fishing thus, you require no float, use a few shot on the gut to sink the bait, and let it go with the eddy round the corners of large stones or any hollow or hole which trout use as a lurking-place. It is best in brightish water to stain your gut slate or dark grey colour. You must strike a few seconds after feeling a bite, as the trout sucks in the worm immediately, and does not require that time which is necessary to pouch a minnow or other small fish. The shot must keep touching the ground at the bottom of the river, and the force of the current will keep the worm a few inches off it, by which means it is carried under the very noses of the trout, who lie waiting for what the eddy may bring down to them in the way of a dinner. A stout hook must be used. This method of worm-fishing is almost too killing, and many proprietors of trout streams will not permit it to be practised. I candidly own that I should not myself allow it, were I

possessor of a trout stream. The "fly" is the legitimate bait to be used for trout, but still the heaviest fish, as I have said, are usually taken otherwise. Large trout, like large jack, avoid the society of their companions, and will lurk in a sort of den beneath the gnarled roots of willows, pollard oaks, and other trees, in wait for their prey. A large hole in the bank often shelters an old trout. In the Derbyshire rivers a rocky boulder usually serves as a retreat for a large fish, and from such hiding-places the grim tyrants of the stream rush out and pounce upon their prey whenever opportunity may occur. Besides the flies I mentioned as "taking," I omitted one called "the governor," which is a useful fly. In addition to these ways of killing trout, there is another which I may call "dropping," and which is a favourite plan with me for catching trout.

In "dropping" for trout you must keep out of sight, and let your hook, baited with a May-fly, caterpillar, or gnat, drop gently on the water before the "den" of an old trout, or in any place likely to harbour a fish. If well dropped, and a trout be there, he will often take the bait, especially if the day be somewhat cloudy or windy, when the morsel which tempts the fish appears to him to have been naturally carried into the water by the wind. Sometimes, in a trout stream, you may observe the fish actually formed in "single line," the larger ones first, but whether this betokens any preconcerted plan on the part of the trout, I am unable to say. At any rate all trout fishers must constantly have observed this kind of "slow march" amongst the speckled objects of their sport.

The usual weight of the trout is from one to ten pounds. No fish under half a pound should on any account be taken out of the water. In most trout streams a two-pound fish is looked on as a good fish, and a three-pound fish as a more than good one. Real lovers of the sport will rarely basket a fish much under a pound weight, but return all below that standard to the water. The lake and Thames trout are the largest, and run from five pounds to fifteen pounds, I believe, but the largest I ever saw myself weighed thirteen pounds, and was taken many years ago. If I remember rightly, the place of its capture was Teddington. At each of the various weirs, all up the Thames from Sunbury to Reading, there is usually a fabulous tradition of a large trout haunting the neighbourhood, and, I believe, at such places there mostly are a few trout; but as regards the actual weight of such fish, I always refuse to credit the assertions made, until I see them bodily out of the water. Trout have, I am credibly informed,

been taken in the Thames weighing upwards of twenty pounds. Should, however, any reader of this paper visit a trout neighbourhood, and be informed by some officious lock-keeper of a gigantic trout well known to haunt a certain stone or corner, he may, as a rule, set it down that his informant is acting much on the principle of Falstaff, when he alluded to the famous "men in buckram." A trout said to be fifteen pounds weight whilst he is yet in the water, may possibly weigh some four or five when you succeed in getting him on to the grass.

The trout is so good in itself, that I have no recipe to give for its improvement. I have alluded to the Yorkshire way of cooking this delicious fish, which is an excellent one. Like salmon, however, I think trout best when plainly boiled or broiled; the latter being best for the breakfast or supper, and the former for the dinner table. Neither Harvey, nor anchovy, nor any other sauce is required. Use plain, good melted butter, with either fennel or barberries. The latter are good, but for my own part with boiled trout I prefer fennel sauce, as with macerel. The trout, however, is excellent served in any fashion, and as an exquisite dish of fish yields precedence only to the salmon.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

AN AUSTRALIAN DETECTIVE'S STORY; OR, "MURDER WILL OUT."

Few townships in the interior of Victoria are more pleasantly situated than H., on the banks of the Glenelg. Behind the picturesque little settlement rise lofty hills, generally well timbered, while here and there amidst the apparently interminable forests of gum trees, the oak and stringy bark, may be seen the quiet homes of the squatter, or the dwellings of smaller settlers dotting the hill-sides. Below runs the Glenelg—in the winter season a rapid and dangerous stream, though in summer little more than a chain of water-holes,—a circumstance noteworthy because of its connection with this story.

Pleasant evenings have I spent at H., sitting in the verandah of a friend's cottage, covered with the clematis and passion-flower, while the heliotrope, geraniums, and roses of the garden wafted up as evening incense their delicious perfumes. Gently also up the hill-side crept the dim murmurs of the little township; emigrants' children at play whose loud laugh told that they were brimful of merriment; the hearty shouts of the cricketers (for H. has rather a celebrated club, preparing for a friendly contest with the squatters of the Mallee Scrub), or sometimes the subdued sounds of a few who in a humble school-room were sing-

ing God's high praises. Scattered along the valley were the few houses composing the township, in the centre of which was an imposing suite of buildings, comprising an hotel, a store, the post-office, and suitable out-houses, including extensive stabling for the horses of Cobb's telegraph line of mail coaches. On the occasion of a recent sojourn at H., I heard the story I am about to tell; it has never yet been given to the public, and yet it well deserves a place among those detective notabilia which of late years have furnished such curious illustrations of the science of crime-discovery. I give it in the words of my informant, at least so far as substantial verity is concerned:—

"I am a detective in the Victoria police, and have been one for some years; I was formerly one in Paris, and I was employed as such in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Since then I have been in various parts of the world; in fact there are very few of the force that haven't knocked about the world a good deal. However, at last I have settled in Australia, and hope my roving is ended. I have never had but one crack case entrusted to my care; I have sometimes tracked thieves from the diggings into the interior, and found them boundary riders on stations, or clerks that did not keep their accounts straight, and found them bullock-driving up-country, but these were small affairs; a pair of bracelets soon settled such; but once I had a matter to find out on the very slightest information received, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience. Some four years ago there lived about a mile down the river, beyond the bridge yonder, an oldish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good 'pile.' He was a thorough hermit; seldom stirred out, except to go to the store and buy a few necessaries, for which he always paid, and never was known to beat-down or haggle about the price of anything. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another single man in a slab and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few, and his livelihood precarious. He was known to be as poor as his neighbour was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready money. Between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprang up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, often through the day, and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the

supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money no one knew, and his churlish ways forbade any one to ask him; he and the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care anything. In this uniform but curious mode of life, weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being, that although Stevens, the shoemaker, had no more customers than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores but had ready money for all he needed.

"One morning, however—it was in the winter season, and the Glenelg was rolling its turbulent waters, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; wood splitters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his 'cutty' as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township greatly excited, and calling on Mr. T. at the inn, told him that not having seen old Jeffrey all the day, he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H. is a police station, was immediately sent to take charge of the hut until the magistrates should make inquiry. Some days after the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicion that Jeffrey had met with foul play. Still nothing was proved, nor could be proved, until the body could be found: for eccentric as the old man was, who could say he had not got up in the night, and as suddenly started from H., as he had once suddenly made his appearance there?

"As soon as intelligence of this affair reached head-quarters at Melbourne, the matter was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed, and promising me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plan was adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel. I took the little steamer Western, Captain Lucas, to Portland, 260 miles, and after stopping a day or two at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by the mail for the far interior. After three days' journey I arrived at H. as a 'traveller,' looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this with my pannikin and billy gave me all the appearance of a *bonâ fide* one. I went straight up to the bar, had my nobbler, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in my confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of

idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to call Mr. T., the hotel keeper and postmaster, aside—he had been an officer in the army many years—and tell him my errand.

I did so—never was secret better kept—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Towards evening the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity of saying publicly to Mr. T. that



I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me to go to his stables and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable hand. I gave Mr.

T. my swag to take care of; it contained my uniform, and my authority from head-quarters to act as a detective. He understood all, and that was sufficient.

“As groom I remained here seven months;

able for a long while to do nothing ; but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done ; in all respects I acted as an ordinary groom, receiving my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding everything that might lead anyone to suppose I was anything but a groom. Often have I laughed within myself as a mounted trooper has ridden up, and called me to take his horse, and give him a feed ; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track. Over the never-failing pipe I had frequent conversations with Stevens about this old man ; on such occasions he would generally fix his eyes upon the ground, which gave me the opportunity to watch him the more narrowly. I could then see the nervous twitchings of his face, the biting of his lip, and the sudden passing of his handkerchief across his brow, which convinced me that he knew more of this affair than I did. Frequently at the close of our conversations, in which Stevens was making these unconscious self-revelations, would he say,—‘I hate talking of this dismal subject, let’s have another glass.’ On such occasions he always said,—‘I’ll shout ; you are only a groom, I can afford it better than you.’ Gradually he took to regular drinking ; morning, noon, and night he was to be found at the bar. When joked about his finances, he had his answer ready : he had sold his horse, or an old mate had called and given him some cash. So long, however, as he ‘shouted’ freely, few cared where the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the clue to my researches. Summer was now coming on ; though it was a late summer, it was a regular hot Australian one ; and in the course of a few weeks the Glenelg began to dry up, and its long chain of water-holes to appear. Now was the time for ascertaining whether the remains of the old man were to be found in any of the water-holes in the neighbourhood of H., and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this, I said,—‘you or I may as well try and find the remains of Jeffrey, and so lay claim to the Government reward.’ I noticed this gave him quite a turn ; and although he tried to conceal it, I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got quite angry with me, and told me I might do what I liked, but he wasn’t so fond of looking after dead men, especially if they were murdered.’ I replied,—‘No one said that Jeffrey was murdered ; you have always said he made away with himself.’ ‘I thought so once, but now, the more I think over the matter, the more convinced I am that

he was murdered.’ ‘That has to be proved,’ said I, ‘and to prove it we must first find the remains, and as the river dries up I have no doubt we shall find them in *one of the water-holes near his hut.*’ This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at thus : first, Stevens was a slight-built man, and, supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far, and secondly, every one knows that murderers seldom have nerve or forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this he became very pale, and quickly said,—‘Well, let’s have a nobbler ; I can’t stand this everlasting talk about a murdered man.’ We had our glass, and parted for the night ; but my mind was already made up. Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I must obtain the proof. I am not going to defend our code of morals. I admit that we often do evil that good may come ; but society should not employ us to find out dark crimes if they mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather was intensely hot. It was surprising to see how rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower. Prompted by me, Mr. T. obtained, from a neighbouring magistrate, orders for the police to examine every water-hole within a mile on either side of old Jeffrey’s hut. As soon as this was known Stevens was down at the bar, trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potations of whiskey. Directly the police commenced searching the river, I discharged myself, and having obtained my cheque, proceeded, or pretended, to spend it after the usual up-country fashion, which, as everybody knows, means staying in the bar, and shouting right off the reel. This I did not exactly do ; I kept myself sober as a judge ; behind the scenes I prompted everything ; through Mr. T. I suggested every step that had hitherto been taken, and now I had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging these water-holes. Those who know the country, know that this is no easy matter, and that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day, on others more. Whilst this was going on Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childlike curiosity as to the result of the search. ‘Have they found anything?’ or, ‘Haven’t they found anything yet?’ or, ‘Well, I should have thought they would have found something by this time’ were expressions that frequently fell from his lips. It was, I think, the fourth day of search, and Stevens

had been drinking hard all the time ; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole ; and on the evening of that same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was conveyed to the lock-up, as drunk and disorderly. I too, though perfectly sober, affected to have been out on the spree, and was also locked up in the same place with Stevens, and my name also entered on the night-charge-list as drunk and disorderly. I never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away owing to the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains ; and no sooner was the lock turned on me, than he clasped me by the hand as the 'Groom that had always been so friendly,' and began to cry piteously like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right, I began,—'I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body. It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones ; and one of the stones, they say, was your lapstone. The skull is broken in two places, so that it is plain he must have been murdered. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now ?' 'Did I ? what did I say ?' 'You said if they would let you off, you would show them where his money was.' (This he had said in his sleep.) Upon this, he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw, and exclaimed,—'Yes, I killed old Jeffrey—but don't peach on me ; they can only bring me up for being drunk and disorderly, and I'll give you half the money. I say, groom, you won't peach, will you ? I will leave these parts. I have had too much whiskey. Let me sleep ; I'll tell you everything to-morrow ; but don't peach, and I'll make a clean breast of it.' Before the morning broke he had confessed everything to me. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr. T.'s groom everything. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, beat in his skull, put the body in a sack, and, fool that he was, put in his own lapstone along with other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money beneath the mud floor of his cottage. The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district, charged as aforesaid. On being asked what I had to say, I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as I had a charge of murder to bring against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this, I had left the room, and greatly to

the bewilderment of everyone, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H. was in his uniform, bringing his charge against Stevens, founded on his own confession, of murdering the old hermit, Jeffrey.

"The sequel is soon told ; my evidence hung Stevens, who again and again, previous to his execution, confessed not only this murder, but the murder of a mate in the bush some years back, with whom he was working on a station, making a stake and rail fence."

This was the story Delavan, the detective, told me. When he finished, I looked out upon the night stillness of the scene below and around me ; here and there a solitary light glimmered through the latticed window of a bark hut ; now and then a dog sent up his dismal howl as he bayed the moon in vain ; the night-jar and the little "morepork" whizzed past with their melancholy and almost ominous cries ; the river rolled below, and as its rapid waters rushed beneath the bridge, their gurgling sound was fearfully suggestive of the death-cry of a murdered man ; above, the deep blue sky was encircling the silent earth as if to proclaim the Eternal tenderness that ever bends over man ; the gentle Pleiades and the brilliant-belted Orion, looked serenely down from their empyrean heights on the quiet night-scene ; while in the south, the Cross with its unequal beauty symbolised the deeper, tenderer love of Him, who may have had mercy even on the murderer at the eleventh hour. Everything said :—

How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

So thinking I retired to rest, and fell asleep to dream of this episode in my life-experience, gathered from the true story of an Australian detective. B.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

I AM watching, watching lonely
For the love whom I love only ;
I am dreaming of our meeting,
Of my love's low whisper'd greeting.

Kisses prest on lips which tremble
With the love they can't dissemble ;
Vows respoken, seal'd for ever,
Guarded close till death must sever.

Ties which here can ne'er be riven,
Like two ships when tempest driven,
Side by side, we'll brave the weather,
Side by side go down together.

Wavelets bear my true love fleetly ;
I am watching—murmur sweetly
Love's own song, thou midnight sea,
While thou bring'st him home to me.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XVI. OUT ON THE TERRACE AFTER NINE.

AT about five minutes before nine that evening Miss Sydney Scott appeared before Theo in raiment so fresh, brilliant, and voluminous, that she resembled a substantial, not to say stout, butterfly. The little lady was arrayed in a white muslin, in a great expanse of it, and this was adorned with blue bows, blue ends, and blue runnings of glossy ribbon in a way that was very beautiful to behold. Over this she wore a blue china crape shawl, put on carelessly, so carelessly that it fell back and betrayed the fact of her braceleted arms and pretty white hands being bare.

"You see," she explained, when Theo had declared her "to be got up tremendously," "it's like one's own grounds after nine; we all come out then just as we have been dressed for dinner; you *must* have seen that everybody comes out as much got up as I am."

"I have not seen, for I have not thought of looking. I have not known who the promenaders were, so I haven't been interested, you see. What are we supposed to do now?"

"Put on your hat and come out and walk up and down."

"That sounds cheerful, on those pebbles; can't we go up under the colonnades?"

"Oh, no," Sydney cried decisively; "no one goes there, all the fun is on the terrace; besides, to-night——"

"Well, what of to-night?"

"Why, perhaps if he sees us, that friend of yours might like to come in; now don't be affected, and pretend that you would rather your grandfather did not join you from motives of propriety. Mrs. Leigh, you will come out too, won't you? Mamma's there, and will be delighted to get you to talk to again."

"But who's Theo's friend?" Mrs. Leigh asked. "I must hear that first."

"Oh, mamma, no friend; of course I should have mentioned meeting a 'friend,' but Mr. Linley, a mere acquaintance like Mr. Linley, I didn't think it worth while telling you that I met. I used to see him at Mrs. Galton's, and I met him this afternoon, that is all."

"Linley!" her father ejaculated, "that's a name I ought to know very well." When he said that, Theo knew that she was in for it—in for continued intercourse with that man to whom Harold Ffrench was so antipathetic.

"Come along," she said quickly to Sydney,

who was beating the floor with her foot in impatience to be off; "you'll come out and join us then, mamma?" Then, without waiting for a word more, the two girls went out of the house.

"Let us go up to the other end," Theo said; "it's more open up there."

"No," Sydney replied resolutely, "let us keep down here, we shall see the drags go off." Miss Sydney walked along towards the "hotel," with her white robes and blue drapery floating around her bravely.

There were four men out on the balcony of that room in the hotel which faces the west. Without looking up, Theo felt that one of the four was Mr. Linley, and that he would come down presently. Without looking up also, or at any rate without appearing to look up, Sydney knew that three of the men were young, and that they rejoiced in tenderly-tinted waist-coats and flowers in their button-holes.

Presently the four came in and gained the terrace just as the ringing-out bell commenced pealing. Theo's father and mother had come out by this time. And when an inexorable policeman was insisting upon the immediate withdrawal of the quartette, Mr. Linley came up to the Leighs, hat in hand, and said:—

"Will you plead privilege for myself and my friends, Miss Leigh, or will you see us turned out?"

It had come! there was no help for her. Theo felt that she must introduce him to her father.

She shook off the feeling of being a naughty mouse whose guardian cat was absent after a time, when the three younger men had been introduced to them and had succeeded in engaging Sydney and herself in conversation apart from the elders.

"Harold *can't* mind papa talking to him, surely," she thought; "it's only me he wants to keep from being friendly with Mr. Linley, and I have no desire to be it." With the thought her spirits rose, and altogether she was very happy, though the path was pebbly, and though the honours of the occasion were clearly with the pretty creature in blue and white who was being frank and engagingly outspoken in a wonderful manner.

It was very pleasant, and she wished that Harold Ffrench could have been there with her when the daylight quite died out of the sky and the moon shone forth in all her glory,

silvering everything that she touched with her beams. The old place is fair enough to be set as the scene of any romance: it is all palace at such times. By day the aged seaman is apt to interfere with one's sense of the beautiful.

Some such sentiment as this last one I have penned was being discussed. The two girls had placed themselves on a bench, and the men were standing before them looking down at them, and while evidently seeing nothing save the two pretty faces, were declaring that they "had never believed in the beauty of the place before."

"There's nothing to mar it to-night," Theo said quietly; while Sydney laughed, and said it "was rank heresy to doubt the beauties of the place; she would introduce them to their notice more fully."

"I like the idea of the aged seaman in the abstract, but he is not pleasant in the flesh, especially *en masse*. My experience of him is that he is a drunken discontented old bear, who thinks that the casual visitor ought to bestow perpetual reward upon him for disfiguring what would otherwise be as pleasant an after-dinner lounge as any along the river."

The youngest and best looking of the three men was the speaker. He was the Honourable Algernon Buckhurst, familiarly "Algy Buck," and he meant to be a Lord of the Admiralty one day, and to make the abuses of all things appertaining to the navy his special care.

"I don't object to him at all; he might growl and beg, and be a hundred times more discontented than he does and is already," Sydney said, putting her hand out to see how "strange" it looked in the moonlight; "what I complain of is that my friends will swarm about me and pretend to take an interest in how he's fed and lodged, and so drag me through the halls and wards: that's awful; for when you have been through once there is nothing fresh to be said about anything, and you feel idiotic and stifled at the same time."

"I should like to see you bear-leading," Algy murmured languidly. "Linley and I will come and get Miss Leigh and you to take mercy on us. I ought to go through the thing as a duty, and it would be making a duty pleasant for once."

"Theo," Mr. Leigh called out from a short distance. Theo rose and ran to him, ran up lightly, swiftly and unrestrainedly as a child might have done, or rather, as the girl she was still.

Her father was standing with his arms folded across his chest and with his head up, but there was a look in his face as if he had received a bad blow, and Theo trembled.

"When did you hear from Ffrench, my girl?

you have heard since he left?" he asked as she came up. Then Theo ceased to tremble and answered promptly and coldly, for she resented this inquisition before a stranger, and that stranger Linley, *his* foe.

"No, papa, I have not heard. Oh! dear papa, what is it?" she cried, as he dropped his arms and put out his hand to her.

"My poor child!" he said in a fervent tone. She asked him then again impetuously, "What is it, papa? what is it?" but he only answered that "my poor child."

"Will you suffer me to tell her?" Linley asked softly. "Miss Leigh, will you kindly trust yourself to hear from me what your father——"

"No, I won't," Theo interrupted, turning on him fiercely. "No, sir," as she saw him about to speak. "Stop, as you are a gentleman: whatever it be—good or bad, true or false—I will not hear it from you."

She had stood alone as she spoke thus; such a little thing she looked to be so defiant: there was not one sign of flinching about her as she stood erect and alone, hurling out her refusal to listen to him. But when she had answered Linley she turned to her father again and clung to his arm.

"Don't let him feel that you can't say and I can't hear any words that should be said, papa; whatever it be, whatever it be, say it out, dear, and see how I'll stand it."

It seemed to her to be a point of honour not to quail before this man who hated Harold and whom Harold hated. She felt that that which she was to hear would concern Harold and would be evil. But now as she urged her father to speak she turned her face to the moon and pulled off her hat in order that the light might stream full and clear upon it. Nor did she wince or falter when her father obeyed her by saying in a such a broken, humbled tone:—

"Poor child! you had better come in to your mother before I tell you what you must hear."

"No, papa, but now, now!"

"The man has deceived you;" then he shouted, "and by God he shall answer for it—he has a wife living!"

"You say it on that man's authority?" she asked, indicating Linley with her hand but not looking towards him. Though she called him "that man," and expressed contempt and hatred for him in every accent, Linley had never been so near loving a woman truly as he was at that moment.

Her father took her hand, but she could not stand caresses yet. She withdrew it determinately and repeated her question, and when

her father had replied in the affirmative she cried,—

“Harold Ffrench shall thank you for this interest in his affairs at some future time. By way of showing my gratitude for your interference with mine I will beg you to understand that henceforth we are such absolute strangers that common courtesy will forbid your daring to discuss them with me.”

Then she bowed to him—bowed very low indeed—and put her hand on her father’s arm to lead him away in a manner that made Mr. Leigh feel that she was not quite so much of a child as he had been wont to deem her. She was something besides his daughter to him from that moment. He began to understand that there were other things in Heaven and earth than those of which his parental philosophy had heretofore dreamt.

“Are you going in, Theo?” Sydney Scott cried, running up to her.

“Yes,” Theo replied, “there’s your mamma, you won’t be alone.” She shook hands with Sydney, and bowed coolly to Mr. Linley’s friends, and walked in with what her father thought to be most wonderful *sang froid*. When she was in her own room, to which she went immediately “to take off her hat,” she said, this *sang froid* deserted her, and she went down on her knees and buried her head in the bed-clothes and sobbed with a bitter agony over the form of assault that had been made upon her absent love.

Meanwhile the man who had assaulted him was watching the horses being put to, for he was going back to town with his friends.

“That’s a poisoned dart that will wound him when he’s perfectly cured of the other. Old Leigh will never forgive the insult if Harold Ffrench comes back free to-morrow.” Then he thought admiringly of Theo. “She took it grandly, grandly,” he muttered. “Harold Ffrench has lost the best thing he ever had yet. I should have gone on a different tack with such a girl as that; until I met her to-day I half fancied she might know the truth.”

Mr. Linley told his friends that old Leigh had been boring him cruelly, and that that was the reason why he had said good night and broken up the party abruptly, as it seemed to them he had. “It was all very well for you fellows who had two pretty girls to talk to, but I am past caring for such things, and haven’t acquired a taste yet for old naval men’s reminiscences. Fellow never heard of my book either,” he continued in a disgusted tone; “what can you have in common with a man who’s so utterly out of your orbit as that?”

“There’s something about the daughter

that I like though, do you know,” Algy remarked. “She is not quite as pretty as the little thing in blue, but there was something about her that I liked.”

“Next time I see her I will make her happy by communicating your approval of the ‘something’ to Miss Leigh.”

Mr. Linley began to think that it would be rather a refined torture to apply to Harold Ffrench to make some younger man his rival,—some younger man of whom, like the Honourable Algy, it might well be said that Theo had “declined to a lower nature and a narrower heart,” could she be led into substituting him for Harold. “But she’s obstinate, I see that,” he thought; “precious obstinate, and plucky as the devil; *how* she turned on me!”

Curiously enough her turning on him as she had done was the thing that he could not forget, and this not in anger but in admiration. She was the first woman who had ever turned upon him; and she had done it so readily and so fearlessly. He had to thank her for the most novel sensations; he bore her no malice for her candour.

He had called Theo “obstinate and plucky,” and it is a fact that she was both these things. Yet it has been seen that she was all a woman in her utter abandonment to grief and despair, when there were none others by to be supported by an outward show of courage on her part. I have shown her to you, kneeling by the bed with her face buried in the clothes, sobbing in a strong agony that such an assault should have been made upon him. But her voice never faltered, nor did her resolution, when she bore her part in the discussion that took place that night. She avowed her intention to be staunch to the man till he told her himself that he was “false and unworthy,” and she meant it.

For all that, she went through a terrible ordeal of dread and fear and horrible doubt when she came to be alone again in the night.

CHAPTER XVII. THEO AND MR. LINLEY BOTH HEAR THE TRUTH.

SYDNEY SCOTT did not mean it unkindly, she meant it the reverse of unkindly in fact. She wished to prove that her new friend’s merits had already received the recognition that seemed the grandest to her. She wished to show that she was already on terms of confidential intimacy with Theo. Above all, she desired to strike a sharp blade into the hearts of several of her acquaintances who were not engaged and who wished to be engaged. These various reasons combined to make her more than ordinarily loquacious, and so, just when the hearing it spoken about was exquisitely painful to Theo, her engagement was made the chief topic

amongst all those with whom she was thrown in contact.

"She is engaged to a—I forget his name—but it's a capital match, and she won't be in your way here long," Sydney Scott had contented herself with saying to one or two of her favourite aversions at first. But after a short time this statement appeared tame to her, and she touched it up slightly.

"Do you really think that Miss Leigh is too small and dark, and that she looks like a mere fresh country girl? Well, I don't agree with you; however, she won't be a vexed question amongst us long, for she's going to be married; *such a match too!*"

So rumours arose that were wounding to both Theo and her parents under existing circumstances. How they arose was not quite clear, for Theo had entirely forgotten that she had suffered the hint on which Sydney had built up the full statement to escape her.

"Don't contradict it yet, papa, since it has got abroad unfortunately," she pleaded. "Harold Ffrench will tell me the truth some day: don't denounce him on that man's authority."

It was a horrible grief to her that her father should at this time permit Mr. Linley's visits and give the hand of friendship to him. "He is false and treacherous, of that I'm sure, though I don't know how," she would say. So she kept out of the way when he came, as he did frequently, and would neither see him nor listen to a repetition of what he had said.

"Poor child!" Mr. Linley said to her father one night, "she hates me now very naturally for telling you the truth about Ffrench; she'll forget that vacillating fool in time, and when she does she'll cease to think me a devil, and will believe that the 'refined, accomplished man' was the true embodiment of the Satan she deems me."

But still, though Linley would speak freely enough of both Harold Ffrench and Theo, he declined to tell the father of the girl how the fact of Ffrench having a wife alive had come to his knowledge.

"There was something underhand and constrained about his manner to your daughter, and I took an interest in her: some day or other, when this wound is healed, I will tell you why. That being the case, I set myself to work to find out why he was constrained and undecided, and as few things baffle me for long, I soon discovered what I have told you. His pretty fool of a cousin imagined that it was her fascination that drew me to her house so continually: my dear fellow, it was the interest I took in your daughter,—on your account at first, after a time I confess solely on her own.

It was hard to stab her, but Theo will forgive me in time."

"Theo is very obstinate," her father replied mournfully; "she still believes in that smooth-tongued scoundrel."

"Her faith must be pretty well strained by this time," Linley said eagerly; "it must give way before long."

"And she will give way with it, I fear. Strained! the strain is killing her, sir! but she has never let us see a tear or hear a word of repining. I would have given my heart's blood to save my child from this sorrow that she won't acknowledge to be one," the old man said in a broken voice. He admired Theo for not making her moan aloud, but his love made his pity for her a poignant pain to himself.

At last, about a fortnight after Mr. Linley had struck the first blow, the second fell. A letter came from Harold Ffrench, not to Theo, but to her father; but Theo was the one to read it first, for her hand was steadier than her father's and her vision was clearer.

"Two months ago," he wrote, "I was told, and God knows that I believed, that a chain which had bound me for years was snapped for ever. The curse of impatience was upon me, and the first use I made of my freedom was to ask your daughter to be my wife. My horror and remorse when a few hours later I learnt that I had been told a lie, broke me down more utterly than I had ever thought to be broken down and live. Had my brain been clear I should before this have written the truth which will bring down your curse upon me. To her whom I have so cruelly wronged I dare utter no plea for forgiveness. To you I will only say that before God I thought myself a free man in that fatal hour of parting with your daughter. I left her to find a woman who has been my wife in name for years still alive. I left her to find that I had been tricked into deceiving *her*—tricked into a more complete destruction than overtook me years ago at the hands of the man you are now admitting to terms of intimacy. Beware of him! he is the cause of the evil that has come upon us all—of the dishonour that you will always associate with the name of

"HAROLD FFRENCH."

She had read it through almost to the last line without flinching; but when she came to those last words a tremor seized her, and she put the letter down and leant her head against her father's shoulder.

"I can't read it to you, papa dear, but I can tell you that it is all black, all black and miserable; we'll never say another word about him after you have read the letter and told me that

you *don't* associate 'dishonour' with the name of the only man I ever can love. Tell me that, and then it shall be done with."

But her father could not tell her that. This man had come and crushed his flower, for though Theo would not be broken she was most sorely bruised; and now he had nothing better to say for himself than that he had been the victim of an idle tale and that the curse of impatience had been upon him. Mr. Leigh could not forgive him, and could not associate his name with aught but dishonour. Theo had the additional agony of reading in her father's face unrelenting antagonism to the man "who was the only man she could ever love."

But he spared his daughter all allusion to it, as she had desired. "It is all black, let it be done with," she had said. To this appeal he mutely agreed. Theo felt, when she saw her father throw the letter into the fire, that he desired to burn away as much as he could of that episode in their lives which had commenced on that bright spring morning, and was ending now when the leaves were falling fast. "He wishes to burn it away; it shall never be recalled by me," she thought. So from that day Harold Ffrench's name was never mentioned between the father and daughter.

There was no answer sent to the letter which struck the final blow. Mr. Leigh could not write and Theo would not, partly because they tacitly relied upon her honour not to do so, and partly because the great pity that filled her heart for herself and for him was too near akin to love to be safely expressed to the man whose wife still lived. But through all her silence she hoped that he would do her the justice of believing that, as she had never distrusted or doubted, so she did not now despise or dislike him.

It was a hard thing for the girl to live on and act as usual at this epoch. To get up, and go through the day as the day had ever been gone through in their quiet household, and then to go to her room at night without a hope that this routine would alter for the better. It was a hard thing to do this with external fortitude—more than that with apparent content. But she did it, never forgetting that she was not alone in the world; bearing in mind constantly that in her face alone the sunshine of her home was found; remembering ever that it is so easy to give up the game entirely.

She had other things to endure soon besides her own heart's gnawing agony, and other efforts to make in addition to the one she succeeded in, of making that agony no household word. Quick upon the heels of the announcement—the injudicious, well-meaning,

girlishly premature announcement that Sydney Scott had made of her marriage—came the rumour of the dissolution of it. And Theo had to hear many biting comments through her frank-faced friend, who was a fierce, albeit an injudicious partizan. Nor were comments all: she had to run the gauntlet of an incomprehensible hostility that originated, Heaven only knew in what—an hostility that veiled itself under the semblance sometimes of friendly reproof, sometimes of unwilling disapproval, sometimes of a guarding patronage that was only one degree more absurd than loathsome to her. But however veiled, it was co-existent with her residence there; and she knew it. Altogether it was a hard time to live through, from causes pure and simple. In addition, as is general and so perhaps just, her own sex rendered it harder, sometimes by censure and sometimes by commiseration, until Theo came to the conclusion that misfortune must be the worst guilt of all, it is so sorely punished.

"I wish you would tell me all about it, I should know better what to say than when they are going on about you," Sydney remarked meditatively to Theo one day, when together they were standing in the square listening to a choice selection of airs that were being performed by a band.

"Who are 'they,' and what do they say?" Theo asked wearily.

"Oh, everybody! and they say—well, all sorts of things; it's very unpleasant for me, being your friend; but what can I say? you have no confidence in me."

"I have no confidence in any one," Theo replied quickly. She simply meant that she confided this bitter sorrow of hers to no one. But Sydney attached a different meaning to the words.

"You must have been most dreadfully ill-used to say that, Theo. I won't believe that you have been to blame, though—though——"

She stammered and stopped, with a blush on her bright face and confusion in her clear eloquent eyes.

"Though what?" Theo asked, turning her head slightly towards her companion.

"Though they do shy away from you as though you were infected," Sydney said quickly.

"So I am infected—infected with a disease that renders my companionship unpleasant and unimproving," Theo answered carelessly. "I am infected with more than a touch of reserve about my own affairs, and carelessness as to what they or you or anybody else may think about them. Excuse me, but if you have nothing more agreeable to give vent to than your surmises as to their surmises about me, I had

rather not hear them ; and I think I will go in."

So she went in, away from the candid young friend who told her all that was said and thought and hinted to her disparagement, away from those who treated her, according to that friend's version of the case, "as though she were infected." As soon as she was alone she sat down and prayed unconsciously, gazing awhile over the muddy river, alive with crowded steamers, for a brief escape from the terror of this shame till strength should be hers to bear it better.

"What is thought of me, and what is said?" she asked herself. She shook with rage and scorn at that form of interest which was being displayed towards her, and thought of a hundred plans of escape, and rejected each one of them in rapid succession. Finally she hoped that frank-faced Sydney Scott had not thought her very petulant.

That Miss Sydney had so thought her she speedily learnt, for Sydney was one who when she had a grievance cried it aloud in the market-place and from the housetops. This was a favourite form of grievance with her too, which added to the pleasure to be conversationally extracted from it. It has been said that according to her own account Sydney had been the butt at which countless shafts of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had been let fly. And these, be it borne in mind, had all been feminine shafts. Perfidy from her own sex, the young philosopher averred, she was well accustomed to meet with. But this was a peculiarly black case of perfidy, "to be turned upon and insulted by a girl she had stood by, as she had stood by Theo Leigh, was ingratitude that could not be easily matched in deepness of dye." It was a lesson to her never to trust a woman again, until such time as she felt constrained to tell how she was called fast and a flirt and a regular "Kate Coventry."

The little lady's wrath was loud, but, as is usual when such is the case, it was not lasting. Sydney could not nurse it to keep it warm ; she expended it in airy puffs, and having done so, proposed a fresh alliance offensive and defensive with Miss Leigh in the following terms :—

"I say that, after all, if you choose to keep your own counsel you're quite justified in doing it, and I made the Miss Boltons mad last night at their abominably dull musical party by telling them that I would offer them five to one against your being Miss Leigh at the end of the year ; they took me,—in gloves, you know : so look out that you don't let me lose."

"You're very good to talk about me and to bet about my marrying," Theo answered,

"but if you would be kind enough not to tell me of it I should be still more obliged to you."

"Now, Theo—however, I'm determined I won't quarrel ; I won't expect much from you, but I won't quarrel. Hargrave said, when I told him about you first, that I should find you out in time to be just like every other girl."

"Mr. Hargrave betrays immense discernment and knowledge of character."

"You needn't laugh at Hargrave ; he is not stupid, though he's not old and ugly like your hideous talented friend who wrote the book and stumbled upon you in Rockheath Park," Sydney cried indignantly. The young soldier had sung with her, and her alone the previous night, and he had been the sole military light amidst a lot of rather sombre civilians. The glow of these things was still upon him, so Sydney spoke indignantly in his defence when she deemed that Theo aspersed his intellect.

"The man who wrote the novel, and who stumbled upon us in Rockheath Park, is no friend of mine, God knows !" Even now, though the truth had been made known to her by Harold himself Theo could not forget that Mr. Linley had been the first to whisper it, and in her own mind she could not hold him guiltless of the evil.

"Why he is down at your house constantly !" Sydney cried.

"He is a friend of papa's ; I have never seen him since that day we met him first."

"Never seen him ? How is that ?"

"Because I hate him !" Miss Leigh cried hotly. "There, don't look at me in that way. I wouldn't have said it if you had not suggested the possibility of my mentally comparing any other man with him. I hate him !"

"To whom are you so animatedly declaring hatred ?" a voice asked behind her. And looking round Theo saw Mr. Linley standing smiling, with his hat raised in such a way that it concealed the expression of his lips. The two girls were seated on a couch midway up the length of the drawing-room, with their backs to the door by which he had entered unobserved.

"Neither papa nor mamma are at home," Theo commenced hurriedly ; she would not give him her hand. And he marked her resolve not to do so in time to avoid offering his own. But he stood close over her, smiling down upon her in a benignant manner, and Theo quailed in her soul at that benign false smile.

"Neither papa nor mamma will be at home till night," she repeated. Then impatience conquered, and she threw down her cards.

"How long have you been in the room ? did you hear what we were saying ?"

"I heard you say you hated somebody, but whom you did not mention," he replied softly.

Theo, looking straight into his eyes, read that he was telling her a falsehood, and feared him.

"You will permit me to await your papa's return?" he asked presently.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but you will excuse my leaving you."

"You have a previous engagement? Ah! I am unfortunate!"

She would not tell the story that should render her withdrawal from his presence consistent with civility. She simply repeated that he "must excuse her leaving him." She went away from the room, taking Sydney with her, and feeling that David Linley had heard more than her vague declaration of hatred, and that it was ill for her that he had done so.

(To be continued.)

MISTLETOE.

Quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum
Fronde virere novâ, quod non sua seminât arbos.
VIRG. ÆN. VI. 205.



THE season has again come round which brings the holly inside our churches, and the mistletoe inside our parlours; so our readers—especially our young and fair readers—will pardon us, we are sure, if we venture on a short account of this plant and its associations, interwoven as they are so closely

with the New Year. If we can show that the mistletoe has been held in high honour in England from the days of the Britons to our own times, that it has always been supposed to have certain mysterious properties, and that it has from the earliest ages been connected with the New Year, a history will have been traced for it more ancient and romantic than any other native plant can boast. "Its other rivals of Christmas tide, the holly and the ivy, can scarcely vie with it in ancient fame and widespread honour; only the oak, on which it once grew abundantly, and is still occasionally found, has associations more venerable and

historic; only the yew carries us back into a more remote antiquity or more poetic scenes;" and none of these have the same homely charm as that which is involuntarily attached by our "young men and maidens" to the very name of mistletoe.

It is known to every reader of early English history that the mistletoe was used in the solemn worship of the Druids, who, it is more than probable, were an offshoot of the Brahmins of India, if there be truth in the close affinity which modern science has established between the languages of Britain and India, the Celtic and the Sanskrit, and in the belief of ethnologists in the extensive migrations of tribes from Central Asia in pre-historic times into the far west. But we are not going, at this festive season, to dive so far back into antiquity; but instead will deal briefly with the mistletoe of the present day, as likely to be a thing of greater interest.

The mistletoe, though found occasionally in all parts of England, is more rare in the northern and midland counties than in the south and west; and of all counties, its chief home is in Herefordshire. It is well known that of all trees, this dainty and captious parasite likes best to grow upon the apple; and in Herefordshire it has an ample field for choice, taking more kindly, it is stated, to those trees whose fruit is white-fleshed than to those which bear yellow-fleshed* apples. Curiously enough, too, though found so constantly on apple-trees, it seldom, if ever, grows on the pear; and never, spontaneously at least, upon the beech, the birch, the holly, the walnut, the elder, the sweet chesnut, or the laurel. Next to the apple-tree it loves the poplar, the lime, and the white thorn, and is occasionally found on

* Whether the *Viscum Album* shows any preference for any particular sorts of apples, is a point requiring further investigation. There are certainly some facts, which seem to show that this is the case. Some observers, with much orchard experience, think it likes best the more acid kinds of fruit, as the varieties of the Crab, the "Old Bromley," "Skymre's Kernal," "Hampton's Delight," &c., &c., and is much less common on the "Bitter-sweet," the "Royal Wilding," the Norman, French, and Italian fruits, and on "pot-fruits," in general. Mr. Adams has observed, that trees bearing white-fleshed apples are much more liable to be attacked by mistletoe, than those which bear yellow-fleshed apples: the former correspond to the acid fruits, whilst the latter embraces nearly the whole of the new, and French fruits of recent introduction, called Bitter-sweet apples, and from which the best and mildest cider is made.

I have myself observed in some orchards I chance to know well, that there is scarcely a tree of the "Foxwhelp," "Old Cowarne red," or "Cowarne Queening," or "Quining," that is not inhabited by the mistletoe, and it signifies not whether the tree may be old or young. This has been confirmed by several close observers, who have also added that it is the same also with the "Rod-streak," the "Old Styre," the "Garter Apple," the "Woodcock," and indeed with almost all the old Herefordshire apples. It is the general opinion, that mistletoe is much less common in the orchards of the French, Norman, and Italian fruits lately so much planted: even here though, the *Viscum* seems to make a selection, and will attack young trees of the "upright Normandy," and "Italian Apple."—"Transactions of the Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club." No. V., p. 73.

the maple, the willow, the sycamore, and the acacia. There can be very little doubt, that in by far the majority of instances it is chance-sown, most probably its seeds having been dropped by birds, but that, from some other cause not as yet understood, the wood of all trees is not equally fitted to receive it and support it. Where its seed has once found a congenial home within the bark of a tree, like a true parasite, it drives the fangs of its roots deep into the wood, whence it draws its sap and nourishment, growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength. At times, indeed, it would seem as if it maintained a war of life or death with the tree on which it has fixed itself.

Dr. Harley says, in a paper on the subject read before the Linnæan Society in March, 1863 :—"The branch still struggles vigorously with its enemy, but as fast as one generation of roots are dying off, a later and more numerous progeny attack it in another place. The affected branch, moreover, assumes various contortions, in the hope of escaping, being twisted sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, and frequently being bent at right angles to itself. But it wrestles in vain as with a veritable hydra, which having killed its centre, spoiled and occupied its bark, and invaded anew the living wood that remains, now gradually completes the work of destruction." It is to this power of the mistletoe to seize on one branch of a tree after another, and to reduce them to a desolate woe-begone appearance, with fading leaves and decaying branches, that Shakespeare is thought to allude, when he says of the limes in Datchet Mead—

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.

Tit. And., Act ii., sc. 3.

The mysterious origin of the mistletoe was perhaps one cause of the religious veneration in which it was held by the ancients, who seem to have regarded it as a sort of Melchisedek among plants. Aristotle,* in harmony with the belief of other writers, declares that its seeds will not grow unless they have passed through the intestines of a bird, a notion which was the source of an Athenian proverb which it would not quite do to quote here, though we may go so far as to say that the mistletoe thrush was laughed at of old for helping to produce the cause of its own destruction.

It is established, however, that the seeds of mistletoe can be artificially propagated. A paper on the "Transactions of the Herefordshire Naturalists' Field Club" gives the following receipt :—"Raise a considerable piece of

the bark by a sloping incision, nearly an inch long, on the under side of the branch to be experimented upon : the cut should only be made through the bark itself, and not into the wood of the branch ; or, more simply still, a broad notch may be cut in the bark, then having chosen some fine well-ripened berries, open the skin of one of them, remove the seed with great care and place it in the base of the notch thus made, with the embryo, directed towards the trunk of the tree, and restore the raised bark over it. In this way it is best secured from the sun and winds that might dry it up ; from the rains that might wash it off ; and from the birds also. The branch experimented upon should not be less than five feet from the ground."

It should be added that the seeds must be handled carefully, as they are very delicate and tender, and that the best time for trying the experiment is January or February. The young plant is slow of growth, and will often spend two years in forming roots before sending out any regular stems. The mistletoe can also be artificially propagated by grafting, or budding, or in arching. On the Continent M. Du Hamel is said to have succeeded in making the mistletoe grow on all trees except the fig, the hazel, the oak, and the juniper ; and M. Dutrochet has proved that its seeds do not follow the law of other plants in germinating, by sending their roots to the centre of the earth, but always to the centre of the object to which they become attached as parasites.

The owners of orchards in Herefordshire are not of opinion that the mistletoe, though apparently so destructive to the branches of aged trees, is an enemy to the fruit which they bear. Accordingly they do not cut it away or even prune it. One Herefordshire naturalist, indeed, goes so far as to think that the parasite relieves the over-abundant sap, as cupping relieves a plethora of blood ; and Dr. Harley, whom we have already quoted, is of opinion that its presence causes an increased quantity of sap to be drawn up for its supply from the soil, and thus the tree is not injured, if the soil be not exhausted.

It is not a little singular to find that since the railway system has been extended into Herefordshire, the mistletoe has become an article of large and increasing export from that county to London, to Birmingham, and to the manufacturing cities of the north, where families are equally eager to celebrate Christmas and New Year's Day with their proper rites as in the west and south. We take the following statement from an authentic source. Through the politeness of the traffic managers

* De Generat. Animal. l. chap. i.

of the Great Western Railway we are enabled to give an approximation towards the correct return of mistletoe actually sent out of Herefordshire from the various railway stations within the county in December, 1863. The exact return is as follows:—

	Tons.	Cwts.	Qrs.
From Hereford	25	0	0
Withington	7	15	0
Ledbury	15	2	3
Moreton	2	11	1
Dinmore	3	3	0
Leominster	12	14	0
Berrington	0	16	0
Woofferton	2	0	0
Ludlow	0	1	3
Ross	15	0	0
Moorhampton	5	0	0
	89	3	3

Besides this amount, it must be remembered that the guards and engine-drivers had allowed them the privilege of exporting mistletoe to any extent they pleased, and that they availed themselves of their privilege by nearly every train throughout the first half of the month. The amount thus exported, and that which crossed the borders of Herefordshire in carriers' carts, is estimated by competent judges at 25 tons more. As each ton fetched from 5*l.* to 6*l.* 10*s.*, it is clear that here are the elements of a new traffic which as yet are only partially developed, and which must continue steadily to increase, as long as mistletoe continues in such favour with the ladies. It is perhaps a sad bathos to the Romance of the Mistletoe to hear that common-place railway trucks now carry off to London at so much per ton that curious plant for which Sir Walter Scott sent his "merry men" into "the woods" * at Christmas.

If, however, we would be particular, and not lump together the festivities of December and January, we ought to observe here that, properly speaking, the mistletoe belonged to New Year's Eve and Day, as the holly belonged to Christmas. According to a writer in "Notes and Queries" (1 Ser. vol. v. p. 208), "the holly owes its importance in the festivities of Christmas to Paganism. The Romans dedicated the holly to Saturn, whose festival was held in December; and the early Christians, to screen themselves from persecution, decked their houses with its branches during their own celebration of the Nativity." The holly then was innocent enough. But the mistletoe had other associations of its own.

According to many ancient writers, it was supposed to have fructifying qualities; and was worn as an amulet, or drank diluted as a potion by those who desired to obey that precept, which is as old as creation itself, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." The plant was cut down by the Druid priests with many religious ceremonies, and given far and wide as a charm to ensure fecundity. When the Druidical religion was overthrown, the Church tried in vain to set aside the mistletoe as a gross heathen superstition. The Edicts of Emperors and the Canons of Councils were unable to put it down; and even at the present day, in many parts of England, it continues to be given by swineherds, and shepherds, and cowherds, to help their beasts through a time of danger. With these somewhat coarse associations the mistletoe naturally found a home in the servants' hall in farm-houses and mansions; but it occupied too prominent a place in the rejoicings of the kitchen to secure for itself a place permanently in the Church.* Even to the present day the idea of a kiss under the mistletoe bough has not quite lost its ancient mystic meaning; for the charm attached to the mistletoe when hung up in the servants' hall would appear really to be, that the maid who is not kissed under it at Christmas time will not be married during the year;† and if with Mr. Shirley Hibberd, no mean authority, we refer the association of ideas to the Scandinavian mythology, in which the mistletoe is dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Scandinavians, the case is much the same.

It is scarcely, then, mere "caprice," as a writer in the Quarterly Review ‡ suggests, "which has excluded the mistletoe as well from the annual decorations of our churches at present, as from their ancient sculpture and carvings," of which the only instance known, we believe, is in Bristol Cathedral. What, however, may not be quite proper for a church may be proper in another place. Is there not a *place* as well as a *time* for all things? And we see no reason why, eighteen hundred years after the extinction of Druidism, we should not set aside all antiquarian pedantry, forget the heathen origin of the custom, and salute our cousins and other fair friends this Christmas-tide, according to ancient usage and old-established custom, under "The Mistletoe Bough." E. WALFORD.

* "Certain it is that mistletoe formerly had place among Christmas decorations of churches, but was afterwards excluded. In the earlier ages of the Church many festivities not tending to edification had crept in—mutual kissing among the number; but as this soon led to indecorum, kissing and mistletoe too were both very properly bundled out of the Church."—Notes and Queries. New Series, vol. vi. p. 523.

† See Notes and Queries. First Series, vol. v. p. 13.

‡ Vol. cxiv. p. 220.

* Forth to the woods did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.

Marmion, Cant. vi.

THE LEGEND OF BOSHAM BELL.



MANY of our readers who have visited "Glorious Goodwood," and lingered in its beautiful neighbourhood after the excitement of the busy race-week, if they like the supernatural, may have been rewarded (which is not always the case in legends) by finding what follows to be true with reference to the old superstition of "Bosham Bell."

Bosham, far from busy scenes and dissipations of a town life, lies in quiet seclusion on the Sussex coast in the neighbourhood of Chichester, and still boasts of an ancient church dedicated to the Holy Trinity; but the bell we are celebrating sounded harmoniously at an early period of the Saxon sway, when Bosham had a monastery and church dedicated to St. Nicholas, and when, in those good old times, the fisherman's patron saint was regarded with the reverence and devotion so much wanting in these latter and more degenerate days.

On one unhappy day for Bosham, some Danish pirates landed near the little town, who, being worshippers of Thor and Odin, had never heard of St. Nicholas, and had little reverence

for the sanctity of his monastery; they pillaged the hamlet, they robbed the church, they broke into the monastery, scattering the affrighted monks far and near, and, worse than all, they carried off the pride and glory of the whole country—the great tenor bell!

Some of the miserable monks betook themselves to their prayers, flinging themselves on the ground and imploring the aid of St. Nicholas, and, wonderful to relate, the seven remaining bells of their own accord rang out their best backward peal; but hard it was to them, harder even than the hearts of their enemies, to succeed without their lamented tenor, whose muffled voice was heard amidst the cries of the monks, the sobs of the women, and the lamentations of the fishermen as the pirates bore it off to their vessel.

A favourable breeze having sprung up, the ill-omened ship proceeded about a mile down the harbour undisturbed, while another and another melancholy peal sounded from the shore. Still the monks prayed on, and loud were the cries to St. Nicholas, when behold the pirate-ship stops suddenly, the crew feel an

unusual constraint, and suspicion springs up amongst them; soon quarrels and threats are heard, and the ship appears to be influenced by some supernatural agency, for she refuses to answer to the helm, and the sails flag lazily against the masts in spite of the rising storm. The clouds look dark as night, and the affrighted heathens call in their agony upon Thor and Odin. All was in vain. The storm burst upon them with furious violence, and the vessel appeared likely to become a total wreck. Amidst the terror and confusion that prevailed, the voice of a little child, who had crept on board unobserved, was heard praying that the bell might be restored to the safe keeping of the monastery from which it had been so ruthlessly torn. The sailors looked at one another with terror on their countenances, and the captain, yielding to the general fear, ordered the vessel to put back; when suddenly another peal sounded over the water, and, strange to relate, the great tenor bell, which had been carefully secured on deck, sank at once through the boards out of sight of the terrified crew; they ran below, but it descended deeper and deeper through the timbers into the sea, the hole through which it passed closing of itself and not suffering a drop of water to enter into the ship. Down sank the bell into what is now called the Great Bell Hole, and there it remains to this day perfectly whole and sound, a constant memorial that St. Nicholas, although he doubtless for some good reason thought fit to take the bell from the keeping of his servants, yet suffered it not to rest in the hands of unbelievers. The lost tenor still chimes with her sister bells, and any one standing at the brink of the Bell Hole can still hear plainly and distinctly the whole octave peal.

For fear our readers should not believe this legend, and be unable to visit the Bell Hole and judge for themselves, we give the following reason why the lost tenor still remains faithful, and chimes in with her sister bells.

It is a fact well known in modern times, that if the third and fifth notes are struck at the same time on any instrument producing full tones, besides the natural sounds, the faint echo of the octave is heard also. It so happens that the woods of Itchenor, on the opposite side of the harbour, are so disposed by the natural sweep of the ground as to throw back a perfect echo to the Bell Hole, and consequently whenever the true tone of the third crosses the echoed sound of the fifth, the octave or last bell sounds also, and of course is heard at the Bell Hole and nowhere else. Hence the legend of Bosham Bell. As an instance how marvellously all the works of the Almighty are in perfect unison, we will men-

tion a similar phenomenon with which those who are acquainted even slightly with the laws of colour are probably aware.

The human eye always attempts to supply the complement of colour. Thus, if the eye rests for any time on any one colour, say green—which is composed of blue and yellow—on shutting the eyes a faint repetition of the object will be seen in red, which is the third of the primary colours and complementary to the other two.

The laws of acoustics are hitherto but little known, but it would seem that a similar effect is produced, two notes of the major triad when struck calling forth a faint impression on the ear on other notes being supplied. It is a curious fact, and one which quite upholds this law, that on striking any chord on the piano-forte, all the strings of the same chord throughout the instrument which are in unison with the notes struck, are in vibration, while the other notes are not agitated. This can be ocularly demonstrated by placing on these strings little saddles of paper, which will be seen to vibrate violently, while when placed on other strings which are foreign to the chord, they rest undisturbed.

We hope our readers will forgive this digression, and will visit the sunny Sussex coast, and hear for themselves the far-famed Bell of Bosham.

H. K. B.

THE STORY OF THE TYRIAN PURPLE.

THE public have been familiarised of late years with the fact of the most fashionable and most beautiful colours of these modern times having been produced from the waste products of coal—we allude to what are known as the aniline dyes, those deep and lovely blues, reds, purples, and violets, which as mauve, magenta, solferino, &c., have in all kinds of fabrics become so attractive to the ladies. The history of the production of these vivid shades of colour reminds us of how the most famed of all dye stuffs was produced, namely, the Tyrian purple, which was a preparation of matter taken out of a slug animal inhabiting a sea-shell found on the shores of Tyre and the Mediterranean, the *Murex trunculus*, and others of the *Muricee*, of which there are altogether about sixty different varieties.

As may readily be supposed, a great many stories or legends are extant to account for the discovery of this renowned colour, one attributing the discovery to the fact of a shepherd's dog having, while wandering upon the shore, eaten largely of the particular shell-fish we have mentioned. The animal came back to his master wounded, for its lips had

been cut with fragments of the shell, and while the shepherd was engaged in wiping the wound with a little wool, he remarked the beautiful colour, "glowing with the Tyrian murex," thus finding out, in this simple manner, the dye which afterwards became so celebrated; for, his curiosity having been aroused, the shepherd went on the shore and found the macerated shells. The particular date of this occurrence is unknown; one historian asserts, however, that it took place during the reign of Phoenix of Tyre, and that would carry us back to a time three hundred years before the Christian era, although another writer assigns the discovery of the purple to a period fourteen centuries in advance of the time of our Lord appearing on earth. The merit of the discovery is also given to the Tyrian Hercules, the tutelar deity of the Phœnicians, who, being in love with a nymph of Tyras, presented her with a robe dyed in the new purple, and then dedicated his future efforts in the production of the dye to the king, who was so selfish as to forbid the use of it to all but himself and his relatives. The two stories—of the bleeding shepherd's dog and the Tyrian Hercules—have been mixed together; we take them, however, as separate events. But in our opinion it is totally unnecessary to account for the discovery of this dye by accidental means, for the Phœnicians, who were constantly progressing in civilisation, were so celebrated as discoverers in the arts and sciences, that the finding out of their incomparable purple dye, which is said at the time to have excelled in the splendour of its hue all other colours, may, after all, have been a scientific discovery, and not an accidental one.

For long ages after its discovery, the Tyrian purple was a royal dye, and was only used to colour the garments of kings and heroes. To "assume the purple" was an indication of a very high honour indeed. Homer confirms the great honour in which the purple was held by the nations of antiquity, and we know likewise that at one time it was especially consecrated to the Deity, so great was the desire to do honour to this colour; it is also frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. In Italy, none but the first among the people were allowed to wear purple, and it was not till a great increase of luxury had taken place that even the lower ranks of high society ventured on such a symbol of wealth and taste. It is said that the art of making this purple, as practised in Tyre and on the Mediterranean, was ultimately lost through the imperiousness of one of the emperors, who would not allow it to be worn by a subject, holding it, under high penalties for disobedience, to be

the prerogative of the throne alone to wear robes of the imperial colour.

Other shells besides the one named were called into use in the extraction of purple and dyes of a similar colour, as the *Murex brandaris* and the *Buccinum*, or trumpet fish, and on our own shores at a future time the whelk, in its many varieties, was extensively used. Duhamel du Monceau discovered the *Purpura* in great abundance on the coast of Provence. Mr. Cole also found out that the dog whelk gave the dye, and Mr. Bancroft followed with experiments on the *Buccinum*, whilst a French naturalist, who was exploring the coast of Poitou, discovered that the dye could be extracted from the spawn emitted on the rocks by these shell fish. Great heaps of these various shells have from time to time been discovered on the coast of the Mediterranean, and these were at once pressed into the service of enthusiastic travellers, in order that they might do duty as geological wonders of the coast, as at the Gulf of Tarentum, till it was ultimately found that they only gave evidence of a dye manufactory, having no connection whatever with geology; and it is not in the least remarkable, when we consider that the best wool in all Italy was grown there, that it should be the seat of a dye work. But, after all, it has been denied by some learned travellers that the Tyrian purple was the production of a shell-fish. A Mr. Bruce (? Abyssinian Bruce) says that the purple fish of Tyre seems to have been only a concealment of the knowledge of cochineal. "If the whole inhabitants of Tyre," says this traveller, "had applied to nothing else but fishing, they could not have coloured twenty yards of cloth in a year." Mr. Bruce, during his inquiries, engaged in a dredging expedition with two of the native fishermen, and did not succeed in finding any of the shells of the *Murex trunculus*, but they are to be found for all that, and we have seen them frequently.

There is no authentic account of how the Tyrian purple was extracted, but the *modus operandi*, we infer, would be very simple: the requisite quantity of shells being gathered, they would be broken by force, so regulated, however, as not to injure the animal, and a certain little vein being opened, a few drops of the rich colouring fluid would be obtained; but the substance was so intense—for according to the Abbé Raynal no colour can be compared to it either in depth of tone or duration, of which latter assertion we have proof in the fact of the Greeks having found purple robes in the treasury of the king of Persia that were known to be two hundred years old, and yet were brilliant as ever—that a very little of

this matter, which must, we think, have been largely diluted, went a long way in the process of dyeing. Another way was to draw the animal out of its shell, squeeze it gently to obtain the much-coveted liquor, and then allow it again to retire into its house, the animal being restored to a tank to feed and gather additional dye. This process was repeated till the animal became so weak and worthless that it was thrown to feed other fish. Smaller shells again were entirely crushed in a kind of mill, and the liquor drained off for use. The tint varied considerably it seems, according to the living and feeding-place of the animal, just as it is found in the present day that the colour and flavour of all kinds of fish are dependent on the kind of water in which they live, and the quality of the food they can obtain. The largest and best fed *Murices*, of course, produced the finest dye. One would scarcely suppose, when it is considered that most kinds of shell-fish are the merest scavengers of the sea, that any product so valuable as a dye stuff of vivid power could be obtained from such a source; but the wonders of the deep are ill to fathom, and the transformations that are constantly taking place in that great laboratory—the ocean, we are only as yet beginning to understand that we know nothing about them, which we hope will prove the first step to systematic inquiry and future progress.

A knowledge of this shell-fish purple spread in due time into many countries, and in the year 1616 we find a nobleman of Naples writing a dissertation on the *Purpura* and other shells; and we now know that the dye was made on the coasts of Peru, and at many other places. Nor were we behind in the manufacture, for the purple was extracted in considerable quantities in Great Britain, and, granting that it would *pay*, there is nothing to hinder the manufactory to be at any time resumed. A Bristol merchant of the name of Cole leaves us some crude information on the subject of this dye, dated so far back as 1684. This gentleman had heard through his correspondents of an ingenious Irishman who gained a great deal of money by marking fine linen with a beautiful purple colour, the preparation of which was a secret only known to himself. Setting out in search of this native genius, Mr. Cole was not long in discovering that his fine colouring matter was obtained from a sea-shell. Briefly his directions which apply to the whelk (*Buccinum*) are as follows:—When the shell has been lightly broken, throw the slug, *i.e.*, the inhabitant of the shell, into fresh water, where it will very speedily die. A white vein will then be seen lying trans-

versely next to the head of the fish, and the matter from this vessel must be picked out with a camel hair pencil—it forms the dye. This is a suitable substance to write with on either calico or silk; the figures, in marking linen, will first, as Mr. Cole tells us, appear of a green, then of a yellow colour, and then by successive changes will at last become purple. The mode of dyeing adopted by the Tyrians was to gather all the liquor into a bath, in which, for a longer or shorter period, always according to the intensity of colour desired, they steeped the wool or other substance which was to be coloured. After it had been immersed for the requisite time in this preliminary bath, it was then thrown into a boiler filled with the liquor of another variety of shell-fish, and the stuffs that underwent this double process were very greatly esteemed and very costly, each pound weight of the coloured wool being valued at not less than thirty pounds sterling! in fact, the genuine purple was even more valuable than gold itself. Immense quantities of the shell-fish were required, because each pound weight of stuff to be dyed required six pounds of the dye liquor, which must, of course, have been greatly diluted; but not even the well-known fecundity of shell-fish could stand such a constant drain as was needed for the dye-works; and of the quantities used we have evidence in the mounds that remain, so that it is no wonder that in time the art was abandoned or lost, rather because of a want of the raw material than from any tyrannical restriction in the manufacture. If we wanted to resume the making of this purple now-a-days an eminent scientific man tells us that the best and cheapest way to manufacture it would be, not from these shell-fish, but from Peruvian guano. However, with the brilliant aniline dyes of the nineteenth century there is no need for us to re-introduce the Tyrian purple, even with the knowledge of the fact before us, that we could artificially cultivate the “buckies” in any required quantity, in the same way as we can multiply our supplies of oysters or pearl mussels.

SONG OF THE CRESS-GIRL.

I.

'Tis fresh! And I sought it long miles from home,
Where runneth the stream with its silver song,
Besprinkling the leaves, as it winds along,
With dew-drops and snow-white foam.

II.

I went with the first of the early sun,
And hungry and cold to the brook I crept,
While safe on their pillows half London slept,
Their night only just begun!

III.

When summer is bright, it is sweet down there,
For willow weed pink and yellow broom,
And cowslip and dog-rose are all in bloom,
And hay-scent is on the air.

IV.

But now—in the spring of the early year—
The water cut cold as I waded in,
It cut like a knife and it broke the skin,
So frosty it was and clear !

V.

It drench'd all my rags till they dript like rain,
They clung to me wet for at least a mile,
I cried as I ran, and I thought the while,
I should never be warm again.

VI.

No wonder I envied the very weed
I brought from its dwelling so fresh and sweet
To sell in the crowded and noisy street,
It never knew care or heed.



VII.

But free of the stream and the light of heaven,
It grew with its comrades altogether,
And laugh'd at the storm and wintry weather,
In heat and in cold had thriven !

VIII.

And I, whom they tell me am call'd God's child,
I walk thro' the streets and I weep alone,
And if I but beg or but make my moan,
Am punish'd and sore reviled.

IX.

These lips have not tasted to-day of bread,
And night coming down, God help the poor !
A beggar, and driven from door to door !
How I wish that I were dead !

X.

'Tis tender and fresh, if you would but try,
"A penny a bunch !" It would give me bread,
Would give me perhaps for the night a bed,
Kind heart, will you please to buy ?

THE BULLA BULLA BUNYIP.

THE grateful coolness and darkness of night had descended on the little township of Bulla Bulla, which all day long had been broiling and blazing in the fierce sunlight of an Australian summer. Hours ago the bronze-wing pigeons had taken their evening draught from the coffee-coloured water-hole beyond the butcher's paddock, and then flown back into the bush to roost on "honeysuckle" and in heather. The locusts were silent, but now and then might be heard the greedy cry of the "more pork," chasing the huge night-moths through the dim dewy air. The possums and the flying-foxes were more quietly plundering out-lying gardens. Heavy clouds had palled the horizon just before sundown, and low rumblings of distant thunder had been heard. For a short time after sun-down beautiful sheet-lightning had played around the heavens, but now the Magellan Clouds were the only clouds in the clearly dark sky, from which the golden armour of Orion flashed as if just burnished. Here and there the dusky houses were spotted with patches of bilious-looking yellow light, telling of tired townfolk turning in. A good many of the burghers of Bulla Bulla, however, were seated on their verandahs, quietly talking, or tranquilly smoking and drinking. I, for one, was enjoying my pipe of negro-head and glass of cold brandy-and-water. I had had an unusually hard day's work. To begin with, a young monkey mounted on a mammoth of a stock-horse had galloped up to my place before daybreak with a demand for my immediate attendance at a station about a dozen miles off, where I was wanted to aid in bringing a still smaller bushman into the world. To end with, there had been a row amongst the wild sawyers who were cedar-cutting on the banks of the Macnamara, and just as I was sitting down to a late dinner I had been summoned to ride half a score of miles to dress the quarrelsome rowdies' heads. When at last I kicked off my tight, dusty boots, and seated myself on the verandah, in cool slippers and a low rocking-chair—safe, as I thought, from interruption for the night—the conscious *dolce far niente* in the dew-freshened open air seemed so far preferable to unconscious slumber in a hot bedroom, that I almost resolved to remain up all night.

The ragged flags of my tall bananas just rustled, as now and then the night air gave a sleepy sigh; the stiff blades of the aloes in my little front garden, dimly-discernible, looked like the stacked arms of spectres; English flowers sent forth a rich, moist steam of perfume. In spite of my resolve to have a con-

scious enjoyment of my rest, I fell asleep with my pipe in my mouth. I awoke with a start. My treasured cutty—black, but comely—coloured with the essential oil of nine months' smoking—tumbled from my teeth and smashed on the verandah bricks. I had no time then to mourn my loss—so awful, so unearthly was the sound I heard. In a few seconds it had awoke the whole township. Almost every window giving on the little uneven, grass-grown, stump-dotted street was blotched with jaundiced gleams, which fell on faces as white as the night-dresses of the suddenly roused sleepers. The silent "kef" and the slumberous yarns of the sitters on the verandahs were brought to an abrupt close. The little place, which a minute before had been so profoundly tranquil, was agitated like an invaded ant-hill. The Chinaman who made my bed, swept my rooms, mended my stockings, sewed on my buttons, cooked my meals, groomed my horse, and pounded away with the pestle in my primitive surgery, crept to my side with teeth clattering like castanets. My dog Tiger put his tail between his legs, crouched between mine, and shaking like a jelly, whined and tremulously bayed at the mysterious noise. It lasted off and on for about an hour, and off and on was heard at the same time of night for about three weeks. It is vain to attempt to describe the indescribable. A melancholy boom thundering away into the bush for miles, and a high-pitched howl gradually sinking into a long-drawn despairing wail, were the most verbally reproducible items of the noise; but the words I have used give no adequate idea of the eeriness of the boom and howl and wail. No words could give an adequate idea; and with the boom and howl and wail, sounds that I can only vaguely characterise as infernal took their turn. It may readily be supposed that during the three weeks I speak of Bulla Bulla was in a ferment. By day we talked of the mysterious noise, and by night, from 12 till 1, we heard it. No adult in Bulla Bulla went to bed until the last wail of our fearsome disturber had died away in the dark distance, and the children sat up in their night-clothes shiveringly expecting the outburst of the first boom. The fame of "the Bulla Bulla ghost" spread far and wide. People who lived in gas-lit streets laughed at us as a set of superstitious yokels, and hinted that the rum-bottle was the raiser of the spirit that haunted us. It was all very well to talk in that way in Sydney, but I will be bound to say that the sneering cits would have been the first to funk if they had heard the noise. Some of our bush neighbours joined at first in the ridicule to which we were exposed, but we invited them

to come and hear for themselves, and those who came to mock remained to quake. Of course, all kinds of hypotheses were started to "account" for the strange sounds. Our only *padre* was an unsophisticated Methodist minister, who had spent the greater part of his life in the bush; and he, honest man, maintained, both in and out of the pulpit, that the devil was going about Bulla Bulla like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. The store-keeper, who had been a schoolmaster at home, strenuously asserted that a "hippocentaur" troubled us, and sundry persons who had not the slightest notion of what a hippocentaur might be, impressed by the hardness of the word, swore that the store-keeper was right. The landlord of the Australian Arms was of opinion that the spirits of deceased black fellows were nightly holding "corroborree" in our neighbourhood. A fourth authority, a bush carpenter, declared that we might thank a vagrant crocodile for our troubled rest. The supposition, however, which found greatest favour was that suggested, or rather laid down as an indisputable dogma, by the overseer of an adjoining station, who very frequently found his way to the hostelry, over which the emblazoned emu and kangaroo stood sentry, and there imbibing brandy, beer, or any beverage to which he could get treated, bragged greatly of his knowledge of the bush. Beyond a doubt, in "Lushy Luke's" belief, a BUNYIP had taken temporary lodgings outside the town. This *bête noire* of the Australian bush Luke asserted he had often seen in bygone times. He described it as being bigger than an elephant, in shape like a "poley" bullock, with eyes like live coals, and with tusks like a walrus's. When my opinion was asked, of course, as a professional man, I scouted with impartial scorn the diabolical, the hippocentaur, the corroborree, the crocodile, and the bunyip theory. The boom I attributed to a bittern, the howl to dingoes in chase of kangaroo, the wail to curlews, and the altogether indescribable noises to a Dutch concert of the startled denizens of the bush. I was, however, comparatively speaking, a "new chum," and therefore my explanation of the mystery met with scant respect. Sooth to say, it did not satisfy myself. I tried to make it do so when the sun was high, but as the sunbeams westered over the spot from which we thought the noises must proceed, I quite gave up the attempt. This place was a swamp fenced in with tea-tree scrub, which would have been impenetrable had it not been for one or two narrow, winding cattle-paths. The swamp was in the hollow of a flat, sprinkled with low bushes which breathed forth a rich

aroma beneath the hot summer sunlight. Over them in summer flitted butterflies of velvet-black and gold, and the mosquitoes rose and fell, and curved and crossed in dizzying maze. Around the bushes and through them the black snake wriggled, and the land-leech crawled. Black duck and teal and other water-fowl found a snug home in the swamp, and in winter, when they could do so without asking the ducks to eat them, a chorus of rana *bassi* made the clump of scrub and rush and reed hoarsely vocal. The flat was about a couple of miles from the town, and fringed with gloomy-foliaged stunted trees, whose bark dangled about them in dirty-white shreds like beggars' rags. In spite of the butterflies, the flat was not a cheerful spot even on the brightest summer day, and when the night-winds moaned over it by starlight, or the waning moon faintly silvered the mist which brooded over the swamp, the flat was not a place in which a superstitious person would have liked to find himself alone. Neither by night nor by day did the inhabitants of Bulla Bulla care to visit it after the commencement of the mysterious noises, but at last a party was organized to beard the bunyip, if bunyip it should prove, in its damp den. Lushy Luke was the captain. Boniface, the store-keeper, two sawyers, the rough carpenter who believed in the crocodile, the butcher, the barber, and myself, were the men. I did not very much relish my rank of full private, but tried to quiet my sense of insulted professional dignity by making believe to myself that I attended the expedition professionally. The barber, who as well as myself considered it *infra dig.* to serve under Lushy Luke, on a par with rowdy sawyers, also tried to persuade himself that he attended in a professional capacity—that of "special reporter." He was a mulatto from the States, who indemnified himself for the slights to which his colour had subjected him in America, by a not merely "I'm as good as you," but an "I'm a deal better than you," bearing towards all white men in Australia. He pretended to take a great interest in sporting events, of which he understood nothing, and passed himself off as a Bulla Bulla correspondent of *Bell's Life in Sydney*, on the strength of a long letter which he posted every week for the editor, but which somehow never found its way into print.

I wanted to discover the cause of our alarm, and, if possible, to put an end to it; but, as I have said, I was not very proud of my position in the exploring party. It was the only one, however, that I could be permitted to occupy, my comrades informed me. "Cheeking a swell" is "nuts" to a large class of

persons in Australia; and although, Heaven knows, a bush doctor's status is nothing very grand, and, judged by a city standard, I should have been pronounced anything but swellish, I was the nearest approach to a "gentleman" the people of Bulla Bulla had it in their power to tease, and accordingly both by the few who volunteered to beard the bunyip, and by the many who prayed to have themselves excused, I was told that, if I chose to go, I must obey the commands of Lushy Luke. Of course, I could go by myself, if I liked—but I didn't like. Of course, I could stay away, if I pleased—but after having frequently propounded my bittern-dingo-and-curler theory, it would not do to give captious critics a chance of asserting that I had shown the white feather.

The Australian Arms was our place of rendezvous; our time for starting, half-past eleven p.m. When I reached the inn, I found that my brother heroes had been drinking for three or four hours, and were accordingly in various stages of drunkenness. Almost the whole of the non-adventurous population of Bulla Bulla had assembled within and without the inn to see us start. It was a bright moonlight night, and when our rank and file, headed by our leader, who had fully justified his *sobriquet*, staggered outside, I was strongly tempted to swear that I would not march through Coventry with so disreputable a set. Lushy Luke endeavoured to sober himself by dipping his head in the hollowed tree-trunk which serves for the water-trough of an up-country Australian inn. He forgot, however, to take off his "cabbage-tree" before he ducked, and angry at having made a fool of himself, he gave fierce orders, in a thick voice, for his men to fall in, shoulder arms, and mark time. All except myself tried to obey, and for five minutes, with their guns at all kinds of angles, the reeling idiots right-lefted, each man marking his own very irregular time. At length the command, "Mar-r-r-ch," was given, and with tipsy gravity, narrowly avoiding tipsy tumbles, my comrades tramped out of the township through a lane of townfolk. I followed as I pleased. The captain was too far gone to be extreme to mark my breach of discipline.

About a mile outside the town a four-rail fence skirted the rough track we followed. It enclosed a lucerne paddock. Over the grey rails, as we approached, came bounding a mob of kangaroos, headed by a gigantic, perfectly white "old man," which glimmered ghostly in the moonlight. The sporting barber dropped his gun, fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and began to vociferate at railway

speed, "Our Fa'r 'ch art 'n 'ev'n—Our Fa'r 'ch art 'n 'ev'n—Our Fa'r 'ch art 'n 'ev'n." His abbreviated paternoster having been with difficulty silenced, we moved on. We approached the swamp. Something black blundered out. Half-a-dozen guns—the triggers pulled by tremulous fingers—fired at it simultaneously, and, more through good luck than good aim, a thick-set bearded musk-drake tumbled to the ground. We entered one of the cattle-tracks, my brethren in arms steadying themselves by grasping the slim tea-tree poles. Presently our leader gave a whispered "hush" and "halt," and pointed to something in the dense, dark scrub. I looked over his shoulder, and must confess that I felt queer when I saw two great golden eyes glaring at me. They only belonged to a grey owl, however. The experienced bushman, Luke, was nicely roasted afterwards for having mistaken an owl for a hobgoblin. None of us, however, had any reason to boast of the courage we displayed. We were trying to force our way through the scrub, when, without any warning, a roar was raised which seemed to make the earth tremble for acres round. In an instant it was *sauve qui peut*. Luke for a time, as, perhaps, became a leader, headed the flight, but was soon distanced by the cucumber-shinned barber, who ran until he dropped—into the arms of a Bulla Bulla Desdemona, who doated on his dusky skin. She loved him all the more, of course, for the dangers he had passed—dangers which no amount of contradiction could prevent him from asserting he had most magnanimously braved. The butcher, being a heavy man, was bogged in a quagmire, in which he passed a night of awful apprehension, which he declared had turned his hair prematurely grey. But as he was almost bald, that did not much matter. He was not got out until after breakfast-time next morning. With that dreadful roar in our ears, those who could run never dreamt of stopping in obedience to his cries.

After that night the mysterious noises were no more heard. All the theorists except myself remained of the same opinion still. The Methodist minister still maintained that the swamp had been "possessed;" the store-keeper declared that he had seen the hippocentaur whisk his tail; the landlord swore to the apparition of a huge black fellow flourishing a phantasmal "waddy;" the rough carpenter chalked on a plank, from memory, the profile of the saw-jawed crocodile he had seen snapping at him; Luke continued true to his faith in the bunyip; and, ceasing even to sham to believe in the bittern, dingoes, and curler, I felt inclined to side with him.

What the bunyip is, I cannot pretend to say, but I think it is highly probable that the stories told by both old bushmen and black-fellows, of some bush beast bigger and fiercer than any commonly known in Australia, are founded on fact. Fear and the love of the marvellous may have introduced a considerable element of exaggeration into these stories, but I cannot help suspecting that the myths have an historical basis. R. R.

LEAVES FROM OWEN DUNCOMBE'S DIARY.

PART I.

St. Wilfrid's, May 10th, 185—

I REMEMBER Emerson says somewhere, that misfortune never really touches us—that we always “fall soft on a thought.” I suspect he is right. It is utterly incomprehensible to me how it is that life seems not unendurable, but it is of no use attempting to cheat myself into the idea that just now I feel particularly wretched. I enjoyed my dinner, and I take a most un-Lara-like interest in arrangements for promoting my personal comfort. I suppose this results from the condition of the nerves of my stomach. I only wish that the *status quo* would be permanent.

Yet I might do well to be angry. To live down here and coach the rector's two sons for 200*l.* a year! A pleasant prospect! And I hate teaching like poison. I don't care enough for my fellow-creatures to take pleasure in developing their intellects—if they have any, which in nine cases out of ten I am disposed to doubt. I want to develop my own. It is hardly my own fault—certainly it is nobody else's. The sons of Zeruah have been too strong for me, that's all. Living in London upon nothing particular but vague expectations won't do, and I could not but take this post, which, as things go, I suppose is not a bad one. It is all very well for men to tell me that it is only for a time, that I can write down here, and that things will come round. I know better. I shall only vegetate. Why, they said I did not exert myself in London, where my spirit is stirred by the very tumult of life, like the war-horse by the trumpet. Is it likely I shall here? Well, when I was there I was always fretting because I had not a stall at the Opera, and a horse for the park, and—and heaps of other pleasant vanities, and now I am beginning to sigh for the flesh-pots again.

So indeed it is “strange that I feel so gay,” but it is the fact for all that. Am I to take it for an augury?—an augury of what, pray? What stuff I am writing! What stuff men do write in diaries! Still the waves are dancing

so brightly in the moonlight, and the village sleeping so quietly, that a lot of “passionless peace” may well seem no such dreadful doom. But I doubt this mood's lasting.

May 11th.—I think this idea of keeping a diary is good. It may serve to give an interest to my life here, to watch things so as to be able to write them down afterwards. I can thus, too, take stock of my inward condition from time to time, and mark the stages of my inevitable deterioration.

Soon after breakfast this morning, as I was thinking of going off to report myself at the rectory, Mr. Medway himself called on me,—no doubt a very civil thing for him to do, but I suppose Hawley's letters about me have weight. I could not but think of the text about godliness with contentment being great gain, when I saw him. Of course I assume the godliness, the contentment is obvious. He seems a very good sort of old fellow,—I should take him to be a year or two under sixty, and he evidently means to be very kind and courteous. I could see that he felt some dismay at the sight of my beard, my pipe, and my sad state of undress. I hesitated a moment between the tendency of the natural man to hand him a weed, and proffer beer, and what I suppose was the rising professional instinct of putting my pipe out. Fortunately the latter triumphed. How I envy that fellow Hawley his power of getting on with anyone when he chooses! Had he been in my place he would have made the rector confidential in ten minutes, whilst I didn't know what to say. First there were a few civil inquiries as to my journey and my first impressions of St. Wilfrid's (what a laudable thirst one always shows on those occasions for accurate statistics!). Then some highly complimentary remarks as to my attainments and his own good fortune in having secured my services (the beard and the pipe were clearly on his mind all the time). He hoped I would give him the pleasure of my company at dinner that day, and allow him to introduce me to his wife and his widowed daughter, Mrs. Clayton, who was living with them. Of course I bowed, said polite things, and assented. I asked when I should see my future pupils. Almost immediately; he had directed them to follow him. He felt he was now coming to real business, laid down his hat, and prepared himself to be impressive.

“Edmund is sixteen, Mr. Duncombe,” said he; “Philip fourteen. You will find Edmund a very good, intelligent lad—a little too much addicted to the sports of his age, perhaps. *Dulce est desipere*, Mr. Duncombe, we all know that, but *in loco*,—*in loco*, and Edmund would prefer to read *semper*. Ha! ha! ha! But

there's no harm in him. You won't have any trouble with Edmund. But Philip is an unusual boy, and his mother and I cannot help feeling at times anxious about him. My good cousin Mr. Hawley, when he stayed with us a few days last summer, must have been struck with him—I daresay he has spoken to you of his peculiarities?"

I could hardly maintain my gravity. The idea of Dick Hawley, to whom everything male below twenty-one is an unmitigated nuisance to be avoided like lepers, bestowing special attention on a boy of fourteen was too ludicrous. However, I only said that I did not remember Hawley's speaking of him. He looked quite disappointed.

"Ah! well!" he said, "but I can assure you, Mr. Duncombe, that Philip already, at his early age, has produced compositions both in prose and verse that, unless my natural partiality indeed blinds me, give promise of genius of no common order. His habits, too, are studious to a degree that I fear may injure his health. Philip is a boy, Mr. Duncombe, who specially needs careful and judicious training, and that I am sure he will receive at your hands. His temper is a little uncertain, but you will know how to make allowances for that."

A nice prospect for me—to lick a sulky embryo poet into shape! I asked what profession he meant his sons to follow.

"I have hardly thought," said he. "I intend them both to proceed to Oxford when old enough, and beyond that I shall be guided very much by their own wishes. But I shall be very glad to avail myself of the advice which the insight you will obtain into their characters will enable you to offer me."

I could only say I should be very happy. He might have made one a chimney-sweep and the other a mudlark, for anything I cared, but I prudently abstained from saying so.

The subjects of our discourse here entered. I quite failed to detect any sign of genius about Philip, who had a lacklustre blue eye, and looked generally pasty. After settling hours, books, &c., his reverence and his sons went their way. At any rate I shall not be overworked, for I find I shall be free every day after two o'clock.

At six I presented myself at the rectory. Mrs. Medway is a mother, and the wife of the rector of the parish, and gives no evidence of any personality except what one must conceive as existing to support these relations. She looks rather older than her husband, is very fat, and showed "uncommon science" in her appreciation of some really fine '47 port which was produced. Mrs. Clayton is not the least pretty,

but has a pleasant, intelligent face. She said very little—was perhaps lost in meditation on the merits of the defunct Clayton (there is a likeness of him in the drawing-room, and he looks "as if he had been turned out in a hurry and there had been no time to finish him off"). However, she seemed to wish to be friendly, and offered me the run of her books. After dinner, tea, and Mrs. Clayton at the piano—midding, very, and it requires extreme prettiness to make that tolerable; the rector on things in general—utterly wrong when original, which, to do him justice, was seldom.

So I came home at ten, thoroughly tired. I suppose that is the sort of thing "social intercourse" will be down here. How on earth am I to stand it? I only can by becoming as much a vegetable as the people about me. Perhaps it is better so. J. S. Mill says, "It is better to be a man dissatisfied than a pig satisfied." I am inclined to think the pig might have something to say for himself.

May 16th, Sunday.—Dies candidiore notā. Good news, and a vision of angels. A letter from Hawley came this morning. It is very good of him, for I know how he abhors putting himself out of the way, and letter-writing. He says he does not in the least mean me to stay here permanently. He shall keep on trying to get something more congenial, and thinks he sees his way clearer than he did before. Meanwhile I must hold on quietly. It will not be so hard, if only one has good hope of a resurrection. So I went off to church far more—

Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,

than I had felt for some days. As I reached the churchyard-gate I found that two ladies were close behind me, and held it open for them to pass. They bowed their thanks, and went in. One was old,—at least elderly, very quietly dressed indeed, but a lady every inch of her. The other I presume was her daughter. Such a fresh, lovely little creature! She had that wonderful *Irish* complexion,—to my taste unapproachable when really good—where the tints seem blended in perpetually changing proportions; the wind had heightened her colour and a good deal disarranged her beautiful hair,—pure brown, neither light nor dark—that Nature knew better than to allow ever to lie very smooth. There was a delightful mixture of shyness and curiosity in the half glance she gave me as she passed. I could not make out what the eyes were like satisfactorily, but I had a casual glimpse of a foot and ankle I should be proud to back against the best in England.

I went in and took my place in the rector's

pew. To my great delight I found that it commanded a good view of my friends of the gate. I went on watching her, thinking, as Owen Meredith has it,—

How that happy child's face strove to take
On its dimples a serious air.

"I must look," thought I, "until I can see her eyes." At last I was rewarded. They were darker than I had expected—deep, tender violet, with long lashes some shades darker than her hair. Suddenly she caught my eyes and blushed. It was too delicious to watch her confused consciousness—so different from the conscious unconsciousness of a thoroughly "seasoned" girl. But I was afraid I might really annoy and embarrass her, and I felt besides that I was behaving very badly. So I made a heroic effort, and restricted myself to brief glances once in five minutes for the rest of the service. As we came out I saw Mrs. Clayton speak to them, but Madame was holding forth to me about something or other, and I was bound to attend to her. I dined at the rectory at two! (*ubi lapsus? quid feci?*) and went to the second service, but the evening had changed to wet, and she did not show. And now I have consumed much Cavendish in her honour, and cannot get her out of my head.

You bright little beauty! I wonder what you thought of it all? I hope I did not frighten you, and that you don't think me dangerous—at least only dangerous enough to be attractive. Well, if in a place like this I don't find out who you are and all about you, and perhaps in some sort make friends with you before very many days are gone—why then my right hand must indeed have forgotten its cunning, and Hawley may blush for his pupil.

Ah! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my being yet.

And of all the "founts of inspiration" of which my spirit has ever drunk, to my shame perhaps be it spoken, pretty women have always been for me the most potent—and I strongly suspect will be to the end of the chapter.

May 17th.—Something done, but not much. Miss Amy Severn is the only child of Mrs. Severn, widow of a captain "in the army" (regiment unknown), who lives at Sea View Cottage, on the beach, not very far from my quarters. Cottage said to be very small, but pretty. They have been here about two years. Mrs. Clayton likes them very much. The above particulars extracted by judicious questions from that rising star of the house of Medway, Master Philip, when he came to read this morning. Edmund was at home suffering

from severe indisposition, brought on by excess in cold gooseberry tart and cream on the previous evening.

Philip and I get on better than I had expected. We have agreed to suspend original composition for the present and devote ourselves to construing Herodotus and writing Arnold's Exercises, to do which with any approximation to accuracy we find requires our best energies. As far as I can see, there is not much harm or good in him, but he has been accustomed to consider himself a genius, and has made himself half ill in trying to live up to the character. I have advised his letting the question stand over for the next half dozen years and then seeing what he thinks of it, and meanwhile living the life of all men. It is a horrid bore this coaching, and that's the truth. Of course it "has got to be done," but it's hard lines on the doer. And can it be conceived to be a matter of interest to me whether Messrs. Edmund and Philip Medway know a little more or a little less Greek, and get into a few more or a few less scrapes than their neighbours?

May 22nd.—The boys told me this morning that they and their sister were going to walk in the afternoon to Hurstcombe, a village about two miles off along the coast, and brought an invitation to me to join them if I had nothing else to do. I agreed, and I am very glad I did, for the opportunity I had of making friends with Mrs. Clayton, which I see can only be done in a *tête-à-tête*. In society she hardly speaks, but there really is a great deal in her, if you can only get at it.

She began by thanking me for having recommended some books to her. I told her I was glad she liked them, and that it showed her good taste, for I did not think every one would.

"Oh, I can't be much of a judge," said she, "but they seem to me very clever, and they don't do me any harm. But I don't think you would be a safe guide for one's reading, Mr. Duncombe, if you recommend those books to everybody. They are very unsettling—don't you think so? as I tell you, it does not hurt me. I am a very sober, steady person, not easily roused, as I daresay you have thought before."

"I am sure I never said anything of the sort," said I.

"I did not say you had," said she; "but I can see you watch people. I suppose you will say I do too by telling you this. Perhaps I do. I never thought much about it. But I am sure you do, and I am sure also that with you geese are not at all likely to be swans."

"You are dangerous," said I, "whatever

my books may be. But about them—why do you call them unsettling?"

"I call them unsettling," she answered, "because they put before us very well-drawn pictures of a life which a little experience must show us very, very few of us ever can lead or hope to lead, and make us think the quiet, work-a-day life that in some way or other is all that almost every one can look for, a poor, dull, stupid affair. Perhaps it is not wrong for people to think so much of music and poetry and all kinds of excitement, if they can have them easily. I rather think it is for any one, but I don't suppose you would agree with me. But it is certainly not wise to set your heart only on these things if you cannot get them, and be restless and discontented with every other kind of life. It seems to me so dreadful that you should even let yourself think that to be the only life worth living for, when you must know that it is quite unattainable, except as I said for a very few."

I hardly knew what to say; I was quite unprepared for such an outburst from quiet Mrs. Clayton, and I always hate arguing with a woman.

"Then the sort of books you like——" I began.

"The books I like," she said, "and think it would be much better for you and every one else to like too, are those that help you to be content and happy in doing the duty that comes in your way, whatever it may be. But you need not look so frightened, Mr. Duncombe," she added, laughing, "I'm not going to improve the occasion."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said I, "for bestowing a sermon on a man who probably wants many; but I don't mean you to have it your own way. Did you ever go in for excitement and self-development, and so forth, yourself?"

"I? how should I? I've lived all my life in the country."

"Then your testimony is not that of a skilled witness. As to mere happiness, I don't know. You may be right—people mean so many different things by it. But, if you had once tasted the high-pressure life you seem afraid of, I think you would feel that your mental nature would no more thrive on tamer food, than your bodily if you were thrown back upon the arrowroot and bread-and-milk of your babyhood."

She smiled. "Well, Mr. Duncombe, what is this life? What is it you want?"

I am always apt to talk with greater expansion to a woman. I think most men are. I suppose it springs from the instinctive perception that the radical difference of nature

makes it impossible that your self-glorification will hurt their vanity.

"Well," said I, "I want to develop every power and capacity to the highest pitch, and I want to enjoy every pleasure life can give me. I hate the thought of any part of me being dwarfed and stunted. Poetry, music, books, brilliant society—I can enjoy them all; and if I cannot have them, so far forth then my nature is deprived of its appropriate nourishment."

She smiled again, a little sadly.

"I can't answer you," she said, "but I feel you are wrong. There are some things you seem to forget which, I think, you would be the happier for remembering. I am afraid, with those ideas, you must find St. Wilfrid's and your life here very heavy sometimes. I should not think teaching was to your taste."

"Frankly, it is not," said I; "but you know, I dare say, I could not help myself."

"I know a good deal about you," said she, "from Mr. Hawley's letters, and I hope we shall be friends. You won't misunderstand me, I am sure, Mr. Duncombe," she went on, colouring a little. "I am neither young enough nor pretty enough to be suspected of wanting you to flirt with me; but I think we shall be good friends, shall we not?"

I did not misunderstand her, and thanked her warmly and sincerely for her kindness; and the league was struck.

"I am afraid you would have disturbed little Amy Severn if she had heard you to-day," she said; "she is already rather disposed to be a convert to your doctrines. Is she not pretty, Mr. Duncombe? I saw you looking at her."

I laughed. "Did I look at her?"

"You know you did. But is she not pretty?"

"She is," I said, "very pretty."

"And she's clever too. I'm sure you would like her—or, rather, will like her, for I must introduce you. I think they are the nicest people here. What do you think? Amy has been persuading me to read Italian with her; she knows a little; I know rather more, but not much; so we don't get on very well."

I told her I thought I knew it pretty well, and I should be charmed if they would make use of me.

"Will you help us?" said she; "that is really very good of you. But yet it is hardly fair on you. You must have teaching enough, and you admit you don't like it."

"That's a different thing," said I, with a laugh; "we are to be friends, you know."

"And Miss Severn is very pretty, you know."

I smiled. "Shall it be so then?" I asked.

"Of course; if you will. It will be a great

thing for us. I'm sure I don't know, though," she added, after a few moments' pause,—“I don't know whether Mrs. Severn would like it, or whether I ought. Mr. Duncombe,” she went on, with some hesitation, “you'll forgive me, won't you? but, since we are to be friends——”

“Well, since we are to be friends, Mrs. Clayton?”

“In the books you like, gentlemen sometimes say things to pretty young ladies that are not quite true, don't they?”

“Well?”

“Well, you won't to Amy, will you? Remember, she is very young indeed, and knows nothing of the world. It really would be wicked to play with her.”

“My dear Mrs. Clayton,” said I, “you really are paying me a tremendous compliment in supposing it likely that Miss Severn would be influenced by anything I might say to her. But make yourself easy. I'll be very good. What use would it be to make love to her?—for that is, I suppose, what you mean.”

“No good, no use,” she said, “if I know you, and what you are looking for; therefore pray don't do it.”

“You may trust me,” said I.

And so finally it was arranged that I should go up to the rectory on Monday afternoon and give a lesson in Tasso.

And I have promised to see this pretty Amy Severn and make no manner of love to her! Tantalus was nothing to it. But I've promised, so I suppose it must be done. And really, as she says, it would be a shame. But if I should be overcome?—Well, it's no use speculating upon remote contingencies. She may not touch me, after all, when I come to know her, or she may not care about me. I am glad, at all events to have fraternised so well with Mrs. Clayton. How she does improve! I almost think I must have been unduly harsh even on her singing. We will let the future take care of itself.

May 24th.—Blessings on this uncertain climate! The god of the storm, whoever he was, has served me well to-day, and I offer him a libation.

When I got to the rectory I found both my pupils quite ready. My introduction after church yesterday to Mrs. Severn and her daughter saved that ceremony now, though, as in the two or three minutes we were then together I had thought it expedient to devote myself to mamma, I had hardly spoken to Amy yet, and had not fairly heard her voice. She looked very pretty and very shyly conscious when I went in. However innocent women may be, I believe they can't help gathering

from a man's eyes what he thinks of them. I made a strong resolution to be discreet, the carrying-out of which was undoubtedly furthered by the presence of Mrs. Clayton, and after a few words we began work. Mrs. Clayton translated a few lines, on the whole, fairly enough, and then I asked Miss Severn to go on. She hesitated a minute, the colour rising to her very forehead, and then began, but came to utter grief in everything; could hardly pronounce the words.

“Why, Amy child,” said Mrs. Clayton, “what is the matter with you to-day? Mr. Duncombe will think us both impostors. I never heard you make so many mistakes.”

“I am very stupid, I know; but it's rather a hard bit, is it not?” she murmured, with a half-appeal to me.

“I must teach her not to be afraid of me,” thought I; so, giving Mrs. Clayton a reassuring smile, I went and sat down by Amy's side.

“Let me help you,” I said, with, I flatter myself, a happy mixture of the paternal and the pedagogic in my tone. “I dare say we shall be able to master it.”

I took her carefully through the passage; and soon the nervousness began to pass away, and the violet eyes were lifted upon my face inquiringly as she puzzled over a word.

I then told them I would translate for them, and they must follow me, and stop me when they could not see their way. Mrs. Clayton did freely, and so after a time did Amy. She did indeed look lovely as she sat bending over her book, her head resting on her hands, with brows knitted and lips compressed in her effort to keep pace with me. After a while I heard a little sigh.

“You are tired?” I said.

She laughed merrily. “Only a little, thank you. I like it so much; but it's rather hard work, you know.”

“Do you think it is as good as English poetry, Miss Severn?”

“I don't know. I don't think I like it quite as well,” she answered.

“She dotes on Tennyson, Mr. Duncombe,” said Mrs. Clayton; “do you like him?”

“Like him? Of course I do. That's a mild word to express what I feel for Tennyson.”

“Will you read some to us now?” said Mrs. Clayton.

They got me “In Memoriam,” and I began. I was thankful to have it to do, for I felt it was the best thing for me. The old glamour was stealing over me, and my senses were getting intoxicated as I gazed on Amy. I took to Tennyson as I might have taken to ammonia.

I read for some time. When I had finished, we noticed that the afternoon, which had all

along been threatening, had set in thoroughly wet. I began to take leave, declining an invitation to stay and dine, as I had no fancy for the rector's company that evening.

"You'll stay, Amy?" said Mrs. Clayton; "it may be better in the evening."

"But I don't think it will at all," said she, "and mamma will expect me. I never mind



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rain. See! it's not quite so bad now; I shall run off at once."

"Stay, Amy," said Mrs. Clayton; "if you will go, you had better let Mr. Duncombe take care of you, for I'm sure you'll be blown away

by yourself. I'm sure he won't mind: it is not much out of his way—that is, if he won't stay here."

Again the blush and the frightened look. "Oh, there's no occasion to trouble him," she

said ; "it's a great deal out of his way. I shall do very well."

"Mrs. Clayton is quite right," I said; "I'll take care of you. I can at least keep up an umbrella, which I'm sure you couldn't."

They lent us a huge umbrella, and we started. A more detestable evening it has never been my lot to be out in, but my memories of that walk will always be beatific. I am sure I said nothing that Mrs. Clayton could have taken exception to—I don't think I even looked anything ; but the temptation was great, and I am very frail. She will not be afraid of me again. I went in and talked to Mrs. Severn a few minutes. I like her, and I fancy she likes me. They fairly turned me out on account of my being almost wet through, but begged that I would come and see them whenever I liked. As I shook hands with Amy at parting (it was the first time), I thought the little fingers trembled the least in the world. What a bewitching little fairy she is ! and what a fool I am !

PART II.

June 12th.—This diary of mine will not be so regularly kept, after all. I have been too restless to write for many days—in fact, I believe I knew I could write only of one subject, and shrank from making that more real by putting it down.

To-night the mood has changed, and I am inclined to revel in frank retrospection and confession, though it be only to myself, much as a man may in the relief the lancet gives him when he has at last screwed up his courage to allow it to be applied to an abscess.

I dreaded my life here as certain to turn me into a vegetable. There is no danger of that, anyhow. The gods have given me excitement to my heart's content, and have rather overdone the dose. I love Amy Severn as I did not believe it possible I could love any woman. That is the truth. I, Owen Duncombe, at eight-and-twenty, who have played at that most subtle and fascinating game of flirtation (we will call it so) with accomplished antagonists, and held my own in such a way as to win high praise even from Hawley—Dick Hawley, who has reduced "woman-taming" to a science, and could write an elaborate treatise thereon, if he did not object to showing his hand,—I have at last succumbed to a little girl with brown hair and blue eyes, who is as much a novice at nineteen as she was at nine. And I don't think she has any idea of what she has done, and I cannot tell if she would value her conquest. Over-modesty has never been my failing, but I am quite in the dark as to whether she really cares for me. She *likes* me well enough, I know ; she would not wish

me to think otherwise ; but if ever, in the few minutes we have been alone together (they have been very few), I have been carried beyond the limits of mere friendliness, she has either laughed at it as a joke, or become a little reserved and checked me that way. And yet it is not art, at least it seems not to be ; and therein lies its charm ; but I suppose she has been told that she must think nothing of anything of the sort I say to her. Hawley would say it was all my own fault for allowing myself to love her before I knew her feelings. It is a favourite *dictum* of his, "Always keep a tight hand on the reins until you know your ground. When once you know how you stand with a woman, go in for passion as much as you like ; but it's as much as the coolest heads can do to be thoroughly up to a woman's dodges, and there's not one man in a thousand who can both love and make love *κατ' ἀπερίην* at the same time."

If she really does love me, what would she say if I were to tell her all ? Could I fail in making her believe it ? I have succeeded often before, could I fail now ? How lovely she would look as she listened ! I know exactly the look—half shy, half trustful—that would come into her eyes. I have never seen it or anything like it, but if I were a painter I could paint her face as it would be then perfectly.

But *cui bono* ? To neither of us, one would say. I could not marry her. I might as well hang a millstone round my neck at once. And what is the use of getting entangled ? But for me the mischief has been done already. It may be so with her. I can't but say *utinam* !

June 21st.—I have played and won ! As Curren Bell, I think, says, the depths of my content are fathomless. Yet not quite, for I cannot but feel that it should not have been. It cannot be wondered at, and at the last I was completely carried away.

I saw that Amy was puzzled at the changed manner I had adopted towards her for the last week. I carefully eliminated all the tenderness from my voice when I spoke to her, never sought to be alone with her, and when by chance we were, spoke of general subjects in a gay, easy way, much as I might have done to her mother. I could not help fancying that the change was not to her taste. First she used to look at me as if to ask what I meant, and then she became very shy and quiet, hardly speaking at all. Well, to-day I had to go up to the rectory for the Italian lesson, and there I found Mrs. Clayton alone. Miss Severn had sent a note to say she was not well, and could not come.

We read a little Tasso, but she seemed rather listless and absent over it ; at last she

said, "Oh dear! this is a very tiresome world, Mr. Duncombe."

"Granted," said I, "most heartily; but has anything brought that great truth freshly home to you?"

"Well, yes. The fact is, Mr. Duncombe, scandal is rife at a place like St. Wilfrid's. It has become known that you come here to give Amy Severn and me Italian lessons, and that fact serves as a most convenient foundation for a mountain of gossip."

"Well, what do they say?" said I; "they don't say that we read Boccaccio, I hope?"

She laughed. "I don't think they are quite equal to that calumny; but some of them give out that you must be engaged to me, and a larger number that you must be engaged to Amy; and all agree that, except you are, such excessive intimacy is most reprehensible. As we are sworn friends, I don't mind telling you this," she went on, "though it is a bold step, isn't it?"

I must confess to feeling a little embarrassed, but I tried to laugh it off.

"I shall not offer to make matters square by proposing to you, Mrs. Clayton," I said, "for I know you would refuse me; but as we are friends—and really I do value your friendship very highly—why need we care for what stupid people say?"

"Of course it's nothing to you," she said, "but it is to us. I don't know I should mind much for myself if I were quite independent; but, you see, here I'm not. Papa has been talking to me about it." I suppose she noticed my face darken as she spoke, for she went on quickly. "He hasn't the least thought of blaming you, Mr. Duncombe; pray don't get that idea into your head. But he at any rate can't afford to defy public opinion. And then Mrs. Severn has heard of it, and something has been said to Amy, and it frets her, poor child. By the bye, Mr. Duncombe," she said, with a keen glance, "has she offended you?"

I was quite on my guard, so she failed to disconcert me.

"Offended me!" I answered. "No; of course not; why do you ask?"

"It's no business of mine, I know," she said; "but I was walking with her yesterday, and talking of this, and saying how hard and unjust it was to a woman that she could not be friends with a man without people saying she was going to marry him. I said what a pleasure your friendship was to me, and many very pretty things about you. I was rather surprised at Amy's silence, and asked her at length if she did not like you. She said she did, but thought you were capricious; and then

went on to say that she knew you were angry with her now, and she wished you would tell her what she had done to offend you. She seemed quite vexed about it, so I thought I would ask you."

"She is quite wrong," said I; "I'll tell her so."

"Yes, do. But I wouldn't say too much about it; she might not like my having told you, and she is an excitable little thing. Indeed, I almost think you had best say nothing. I'll tell her, if you like."

"Just as you please," said I. Strive as I would, I could not help looking rather conscious as I added, "But I hope you don't accuse me——"

She stopped me.

"No, Mr. Duncombe," she said, more gravely than she had yet spoken; "I accuse you of nothing. Pray remember that."

There was something in the mind of each of us which we avoided speaking of. Was it my secret she had guessed? or had Amy one too?

"Then I suppose our readings must cease?" I said, as I rose to take leave.

"I am afraid indeed they had better," she replied, "but only for the present, I hope. At any rate, we shall still see you here, of course?"

Before I could answer Mrs. Medway came in and was excessively gracious, and I ultimately left, promising to dine there to-morrow.

I wandered down to the beach, thinking in a vague, purposeless way of the conversation I had just held. I had got to a sequestered part of the cliffs, not far from Sea View Cottage, when on a sudden I saw Amy Severn sitting reading—that is to say, she had a book in her hands; but she was looking out towards the sea, and there was a very troubled look on the fair young face. As yet she did not see me, and prudence, or conscience, or whatever is the name of that disagreeable something which is always suggesting the propriety of our doing that which is least pleasant, whispered to me that I had better not speak to her, that I might very likely in the mood I was in say more than I intended—at any rate that I had better take a little time to think over my course. But she looked so beautiful that a man with a much better regulated mind than I can lay claim to would have found it hard to obey the inward monitor. I went up to her and pronounced her name.

She started and coloured, but held out her hand to me; I seated myself by her.

"I am very glad to see you out," I said; "I feared from your note you might be seriously unwell."

"Oh," she said, trying to laugh, "there's not very much the matter with me. But I'd

a bad headache, and knew I should be stupid, and tire you with my mistakes. Have you been to the rectory? Have you seen Mrs. Clayton?"

"I have just come from a long talk with her," said I; "it seems our Italian lessons are to come to an end."

She blushed very deeply and did not speak. "You won't give me up altogether?" I whispered. "You'll let me see you sometimes, won't you?"

"What do you mean?" she said, hurriedly. "I don't suppose you care about seeing me."

I felt I was in for it now, and broke in, "You can't think that, I am sure. You must know what I think of you. You must know that I've loved you ever since I first saw you at church, only you never would let me tell you so. You must let me now—you must let me love you. Will you love me a little?"

I had managed somehow to get hold of her hand. She tried to disengage it, but not *very* hard.

"You must not say those things," she said, rather piteously; "please let me go now, it's getting so late."

Of course that was out of the question. I went on; I'm sure I have now but a faint recollection of what I said, but my words did their work, for ere long I saw just the look I had pictured come into her eyes, and then—and then she let me draw her into my arms, and kiss the soft red lips, and drooping eyelids, and whisper all manner of tender nonsense into her ears.

I think I could have sat thus for eternity, but I had to think for her, and I knew it really *was* late now; so we awoke from our dream.

"And you will go away soon," she said. "I know you won't stay here, and then I shall not see you."

"My dearest," I said, it was all I could say, "we need not think of that—it is far off. Let us be happy in the present. We shall understand each other now. I can bear not seeing you so often now I know you love me." So we parted. *Actum est.*

June 22nd. From Hawley's letter of to-day it really would seem as if things were coming round. Though 150*l.* a-year is not high pay, yet, as he says, to be private secretary to Sir Charles Maitland may well lead to all I could possibly look for. 400*l.* a year as secretary to a railway, which he thinks he also could get me, cannot weigh against that. As neither would be open for three months to come, he says I had better take time to make up my mind. There is not much room for hesitation, it seems to me, but leaving Amy will be very bitter.

July 4th.—The question will press itself

upon me, Am I not going to sacrifice the substance for the shadow? What is the real worth of this ideal that I should pay so high a price for it? For the price will be a heavy one. This child Amy—she is beautiful, most beautiful, but I have known others who equal her; she is not brilliant; she is not very wise, but she *suits* me. When I am with her I get a sense of quiet and repose I never felt before. I can sit by her for hours not talking or caring to talk, but vaguely, dreamily happy in the consciousness that she is there. With her simple love and devotion she has wound herself about my heart, and in leaving her I shall put away from myself such happiness as is not likely to be offered to a man twice in a lifetime. For her, poor child, it will be worse. I should at least get "the tumult of the strife."

And I am going to abandon this great joy—to make myself suffer horribly, and I verily believe take the sunshine out of her life for years—for what? Because years and years ago, when I was a very little child, I saw one vision of life before me as the only goal worth striving for, and to this idea I have been constant ever since. Through all these years my conception of the end has hardly changed in a lineament. One day to win power, fame, and social distinction, that has been my aim. I may have followed it sometimes with faltering steps, and not with that singleness of vision which is given to some; I may have varied my route, but I have never abandoned it—never pursued any path that I knew must lead aside. And now this idea has so mastered me that I cannot get enough outside its influence to test its real value, and I feel I should be false to the tradition of my whole life if I hesitated at this one more sacrifice.

Yet after all there must be a limit to the sacrifices which the most enthusiastic devotee is ready to make to his fetish—especially if a suspicion has begun to haunt him that his idol's divinity is but the product of his own brain. I have once or twice of late had a vague notion that mine is a mocking fiend who will lead me on to sell my soul and then cheat me of the purchase money. My love for Amy is something *sui generis*,—something altogether apart from that stormy emotion compounded of passion and vanity I have felt for other women. I suppose it was not at first, but now I believe there really is some unselfish affection in it, and since I have told her of my love, and she has learnt to confide in me, and talk freely to me, I have asked myself, Can success give me anything equal to her love? And success is not certain. There is a long road and a hard struggle before I can win such a moderate portion of it as can ever fall to my

lot. Her whole heart is mine now, and as far as I can see there would be no let or hindrance to my making her my own—if only I could accept a life of obscurity.

I of my own free will accept a life of obscurity! But two months ago, and I should have thought the man an idiot who had prophesied that I should dwell on such an alternative for a moment. I thought that if I respected nothing else, I respected my own intellect. I thought Hawley had taught me that lesson, amongst others perhaps worse. But he seems to me a realisation of the *αὐτάρκης* of the Stoics. Love is a pastime with him, a graceful embellishment of his existence. It would be simply abhorrent to him to suffer his happiness to be dependent on man or woman. I fall short of that,—if it is a failing.

How dull it were to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little.

I feel that, Heaven knows; and yet

I fain would follow love, if that might be.

That sweet winning child! how can I leave her?

Liberavi animam meam by writing all this, but my course seems none the clearer.

July 12th.—I was to meet Amy this afternoon at our old place, so as soon as my pupils had left me I strolled down there. I was before my time and had to wait, but I was not impatient. I lay watching the sea sparkling in the blazing sunlight; a settled resolve was in my mind, but I was in no hurry about executing it; I meant to taste my pleasure drop by drop.

By and by she appeared.

"I can't tell you," she said, after our first greeting, "how guilty I feel in coming to meet you like this, and I almost fancy mamma suspects something; for to-day, when I told her I was going out she, looked at me a long while, and then without saying anything came and kissed me."

"But, my child," said I, "if we did not meet thus I should never see you alone, and that would be unbearable. You would not wish that, would you?"

"No," she sighed; "I suppose it cannot be helped."

"Amy," I said, "I have something to tell you which must be told sooner or later, and may as well be said now."

I then told her of this private secretaryship that was to come to me, and explained to her what holding such an office under such a man as Sir Charles Maitland meant, and what it might be made to lead to if I played my cards well.

"Yes," she said, when I had done, "I know that is the life that would suit you. I know you are very clever; I think I like you for that. That is what you have always wished for, is it not?"

"Yes, something of the kind. You see, Amy, when a man has lived so many years with one object before him he must follow it. It is hardly a question with him whether it will make him happier to gain it; just as a very wretched man, who would tell you he would rather die than live, if in sudden peril, is almost sure instinctively to try to save himself."

"I don't understand your metaphysics, you know," she said, trying to laugh. I knew I was trying her, but I meant to make up for it.

We were silent for a time; then I said, "Don't you hate me, Amy? don't you wish you had never seen me?"

"Why?" she asked.

"For making you love me. For winning your love and then leaving you."

"No," she said. "I know it is not your fault. I daresay it was wrong and silly of me when I knew all along it must be so. But, Owen, I don't think you made me,—I think I—cared for you before, though I hardly knew what it meant till you told me, and since that I have been very happy—sometimes."

I had drawn her very close to me now, and her head was lying on my shoulder.

"Do you know, my darling," I said, "I have a conviction it will go very ill with me when I am gone. I shall feel a horrible emptiness, Amy. You won't forget me—not directly, at least?"

"Never," she whispered. "I shall never forget you."

"Amy," I went on, "what if I were to tell you that this great pain to both of us need not be at all, that I will throw away my dreams and my ambition to the winds, and be content with a quiet life if you will share it with me, if you love me enough to be my wife?"

She was trembling like a leaf.

"Please don't play with me, Owen," she said. "I am not very strong."

"On my honour I mean this," said I. "Look at me, my own one. I can do what I say, and if you will take me I am yours for ever."

She looked and all doubt passed from her face as she did. She threw her arms round my neck and put her lips to mine with a little cry, "Oh my own dear love," and then broke into happy tears.

I soothed and petted her till she grew calm again. She bent over my hand and pressed it to her lips.

"Indeed, indeed I will make you happy if I know how," she said. "Oh, I am almost afraid of my own happiness; I never expected this. I did not like to vex you by telling you so, dear, but I knew I could not bear you to go; I felt I must die."

"We will never part now," I said. "You are too great a treasure to be lost when once found."

August 10th.—Just three months to-day since I came here, and what a change! I am to be married in a month, and in another to enter on my duties as secretary to the—— Junction. No doubt the fact that my income at starting will be something over 400*l.* a-year, and may probably increase, renders me by no means a bad match for Amy, seeing that the dear child has not a shilling.

I went as usual to Sea View Cottage this morning. No one was in; but as I knew Amy was expecting me, I availed myself of my privileges and resolved to wait. I walked into the tiny drawing-room, sat down, and again read Hawley's letter which had come this morning, telling me that my formal appointment as secretary had been duly made. It is thoroughly characteristic. "From my point of view," he says, "of course you seem guilty of an act of egregious folly; but no one recognises more thoroughly than I do that each man's conception of the supreme good is so dependent on what he is himself, that to think of setting up one form for the race is absurd, and none of us have any adequate *data* for passing judgment on our neighbours. You are going in for love in a cottage, as it seems to me, pleasant enough for a month, but ill for a lifetime. However," he concludes, "you have my blessing *quantum valeat*, and I enclose a blank cheque, of which I hope you will make use. I should grieve to think you lacked any simple pleasures that may be within your reach." I have no doubt Hawley is rather grateful to me for acting in a way he didn't expect. It will be a new problem in character for him to solve.

I read the letter, and then fell to meditation on the changed life I was about to enter on. The change would be very great, there was no denying it. My *rôle* henceforth would be that of mere spectator, I never could look on myself as an actor, or possible actor. It never now could come to me to "cut in" at the great game. And as the mind, if it has any activity, does not receive impressions from without passively, but colours them all with its own hues, so that into all the results it arrives at its own condition enters as an important factor, I felt that all the subjects from which I had been wont to draw inspiration—philosophy, poetry, history, the events of the day which would one

day be history—would lose their old meaning and become something different to me. There would be a great break between Owen Duncombe as he was at twenty-eight and Owen Duncombe as he is likely to be at thirty. As for intellectual growth, that was at an end. The stimuli to development being withdrawn, what would there be to counterbalance my natural laziness? Thus in all ways I should be utterly false to my long-cherished ideal. I suppose to most men my feeling on this head would seem enormously exaggerated; it is positive pain and grief to me. I felt all the time that I would not undo what I had done, that I had chosen the good part, and that if it had to be done again I would do it, but I could not help feeling somewhat sad and heavy-hearted as I looked to the future. Should I sink into respectable mediocrity, and become in a few years a veritable "Philister"? or was it possible that I should wake and find that I had been dreaming?

"My thoughts were bad:" I was roused from them by a light hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw Amy, who had entered so noiselessly that, engrossed as I was in gloomy meditation, I had not heard her.

"Dearest child," I said, "I was just wanting you. I am suffering from spiritual bile, Amy, and you must cure me."

She looked at me for a few moments, intense love shining out of her deep eyes, then stooped and kissed me.

"You little witch," said I; "so that is what you prescribe. Your remedy is simple, and efficacious."

And so I believe it will be ever, come what may.

G. S.

"OVER THE STONES."

I.

ON we wander, with smiles or sighs,
Laughter or tears, in our wrinkling eyes,
Aches and pains in our stiffening knees,
We care now only for rest and ease;
Friends have gone to the distant zones,
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

II.

Youth—ha! many are gone since then,
Past and forgotten by angels and men,
Melted to gases, pale and thin,
With their follies and faults, and virtue and sin;
Yet still in our ears sound their friendly tones,
As we go pattering over the stones.

III.

The streets are changed, and the houses too,
Forgotten the good that we tried to do;
The sea has some of our friends once dear,
Earth has swallow'd the rest, we fear;
Acids and salts have fled from their bones,—
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII. A GREAT MISTAKE.

SYDNEY had retired with her friend to the little room that was sacred to the latter, leaving Mr. Linley to the solitary enjoyment of the drawing-room, which was as uncomfortable as all newly-furnished and unfrequently occupied apartments are. This spacious lofty room had been felt from the first to be a white elephant. It was incumbent upon them, since it was bestowed upon them, to furnish it. But they had suffered in spirit while doing so, knowing it to be like the bog of Allen, in that it would swallow up sums that had been long held in reserve for other things.

It was a room, everybody told them, that demanded handsome furniture; they abjectly listened to its demands. Its walls "deserved and required" pictures being really, as one lady remarked, of "palatial proportions!" Accordingly Mr. Leigh purchased pictures, a set of them at a time. Few people, I imagine, require to be told how thoroughly satisfactory works of art procured in this way are to their possessors.

The pervading tint of the room was green. The carpet was green, and the couches and chairs, and even the curtains. Had Theo been in better heart she would have proposed rose-coloured silk blinds inside those verdant hangings. But she had not been in a state of mind to care about her complexion, or indeed about anything save keeping a brave face before her father and mother.

As to the pictures, too, had things been different within, perhaps she would not have left the selection of them so unreservedly to her papa, who had taken his orders as to what he should buy and what he should leave meekly from the mouth of a picture-dealer.

"The walls are well covered," David Linley had said to him when he had carried that gentleman to look upon them. And so they were, uncommonly well covered with frame, quite as much as with paint. You noticed the breadth and the rich gilding of the former before you thought of observing the gentleman in black velvet and melancholy after Velasquez, and blowsy beauties after Titian, the "unmistakable Gainsborough," or the "Lady with a 'awk, confidently attributed to Sir Joshua by the most competent critics." But as this is usual in the case of pictures that are purchased in sets, there is nothing derogatory to Mr. Leigh's taste in it.

As may be gathered, however, the room in

which these pictures had the first place was not one in which a man such as David Linley could spend an hour or two of waiting pleasantly. In truth, he spent those hours most impatiently and unpleasantly; sneering to himself at the vulgar art and the prevailing hue, and the rigid propriety that marked the disposition of the furniture. Still he waited on and on—why he hardly knew; feeling resentful against poor miserable Theo for leaving him thus, yet half hoping that she would be forced into his presence again on her father's return. It has been said that he was left alone through the withdrawal of the two girls into the small room that was held sacred to Theo. Sydney had followed her friend with aught but willingness. She had felt that it would be more enlivening to stay and hold polite conversation with the man whose name had called forth such a volume of verbal detestation from Theo. True, he was elderly and ugly; but then he was clever, other people told her; and she heard that his voice could soften seductively, and he had friends who were young and handsome, and honourables, and who wore tenderly-tinted gloves and waistcoats, and drove drags, and were otherwise all that was satisfactory.

Miss Scott remembered that he was all these things clearly and distinctly; but she bore the remembrance passively for a time. At last, however, dullness overcame her, for Theo had subsided into a sad silence—silence she would not have indulged herself in had her father and mother been by to be distressed by the sight of their darling less bright than of old. Silence being ever a thing that Sydney abhorred, she finally broke it.

"I must have left my gloves in the drawing room, they're not in these pockets," she exclaimed, suddenly starting up and inserting her hands into both pockets of her jacket, but abstaining from searching the pocket of her dress. "I will go in and look for them. No, don't trouble yourself to send the servant, she wouldn't see them if they were not under her nose; it is time for me now to go home to dinner."

David Linley was leaning against the window, looking out at the river with absorbed attention apparently, for he did not turn his head when the door opened, or give any sign of a consciousness of being no longer alone, until Sydney spoke.

"I have come back to look for my gloves. Oh, here they are."

He turned directly she addressed him and smiled sweetly, as those rugged-featured men with deep dark eyes can smile occasionally.

"I am sorry that your gloves were on the surface, for you will be off again at once and leave me to solitude."

He walked towards her as he said it, and stood close to her while she smiled and blushed and accurately fitted on her gloves, buttoning them with deliberation, and wondering if the man who described ladies' hands so frequently and well, marked the size and symmetry of hers.

"You must have found it dull here. Theo is not well,—that is, I believe she has a head-ache, and a head-ache makes one an insufferably dull companion, you know; but Mr. Leigh will be home shortly." She looked up into his face quite confidently as she spoke, and she was very fair.

He took out his watch and looked at it.

"Just two hours I have wasted in waiting," he said. "Well! I certainly have no one to blame for it but myself, for Miss Leigh told me her father would not be home till night. I could have walked to Rockheath Park and back in the time, couldn't I?"

"Couldn't you? Of course you could. Why that day we met you we were not half an hour coming back to the gate."

"The time seemed very short then, but your companionship may have been the cause of its seeming only half an hour. I should have been without that companionship to-day. Besides, I really want to see Leigh, and had I gone over, Mrs. Harold Ffrench would not have let me come away again."

He glanced keenly at the girl as he said the name, but he saw that it told her nothing. "For all that though," he thought, "the chances are in favour of her going back to Miss Theo, and giving a verbose account of all that I have said, together with much that she thinks I ought to have said, and have no doubt meant. In the course of her communication Mrs. Harold Ffrench's name will turn up, and many speculations as to who she is will be dropped." Then he again uttered a regret aloud that he had not gone over to Rockheath Park.

"The man is bored out of his mind nearly; you might just as well have been in there all this time Theo," Sydney exclaimed on re-entering the room in which she had left Theo.

"Is he? Have you found your gloves?"

"Yes, here they are; Jouvin's best, and quite new, I didn't care to lose them. I was obliged to tell him that you had a head-ache."

"To tell Jouvin?"

"No, but Mr. Linley; he's savage, and no wonder, at being left to his own devices; he says he would have gone over to Rockheath Park to call on Mrs. Harold Ffrench if he hadn't thought your father would have been back before."

Theo had known for some time now that the man whose wife she had thought she herself was to be, had a wife living. But she had never before heard another woman called "Mrs. Harold Ffrench." The sound stabbed her like a knife, but in the midst of her pain she could feel rage at the ingenuity with which Linley had made another use the dagger.

"Did he say that?"

"Yes, and no wonder after your rudeness in leaving him in this way."

"Did he say where Mrs. Harold Ffrench lived?"

"Rockheath Park. Oh! he won't go now, it's too late. Do you know her? Is she a friend of yours?"

"No."

"They are pretty houses over there, and such lovely gardens—oh, lovely! It would be nice to know some one living there. Perhaps Mr. Linley would introduce us to her—introduce you, I mean."

"Perhaps he would do even that," Theo contrived to say firmly. But it was well for her that Sydney took her departure just then, for the thought of Mrs. Harold Ffrench's close vicinity was almost subversive of all self-restraint.

Theo told her father a few days after this that Bretford did not agree with her, and asked him might she go away for a time? It was hard for him to part with the pet, especially since her trouble; still he had longed himself to propose a change of scene and society for her. He had only been withheld from doing so by the consideration that her sensitive spirit would perhaps feel that her own father deemed her under a cloud. However, now that she had proposed going away herself, he acceded to her proposition with pleasure.

"It will do you all the good in the world, and you will be back in time for all the Christmas gaieties; but the question is, where will you go, Theo?"

"I have thought of that, papa. Norfolk would be delightful, but I know it so well and I want something new. I will put up a humble petition to Aunt Libby to take me for a while; she's often asked me, you know."

"Your Aunt Libby will be all that is kind, if you can stand her."

"Oh! I can stand her, papa; I can stand anything better than—do you know my reason for wanting to get away?"

She looked at him with her honest grey eyes full of tears, but she was less agitated than he was as he answered :—

“Yes, yes, my dear ; I understand, I understand. You’re a good girl,” he continued rapidly, holding her off from him and looking at the workings of the young face that still would *not* be bowed down. “You’re a good girl, and a brave girl, by God ! and I—I am a poor old fellow who can’t bear it for you as you bear it for yourself, my child !”

“Ah ! papa, don’t, don’t ; this is the worst of all. One sorrow doesn’t crush, dear, any more than one sin precludes all chance of salvation ; if once you can feel that I am not *all* wretched, and that *he* is not all bad, you will be happier.”

But Mr. Leigh would not promise not to think the man whose name he could not bring himself to mention “all bad.” For all Theo’s pride and spirit, her father knew that she had been most horribly wounded, and he could not bring himself to forgive the one who had wounded her.

The old officer could not believe that there was anything good about the man who could offer them this crowning insult, of suffering his wife to dwell in their vicinity. He never stayed to inquire whether Mrs. Harold Ffrench had been resident in her present abode before they came to Bretford, or whether Harold Ffrench had any influence on his wife’s whereabouts or not. All he knew about it he knew from Linley, who had told him that “the poor woman who had married Ffrench,—to her cost, he believed,—was living in Rockheath Park ; bad taste of Ffrench to put her there, considering all things.” This was all Mr. Leigh had heard, but it had been enough to make him hate Harold Ffrench with an intensity his hate had been wanting in before.

The Aunt Libby to whom Theo wrote, offering herself as a guest for an indefinite period, was the wife of a clergyman in a midland county. The Reverend Thomas Vaughan, thirty years ago, when fresh from college, had married Elizabeth Leigh, and together they had at once gone to the midland county village in which we shall make their acquaintance.

Previous to her marriage Aunt Libby had resided with her brother (Theo’s father), who had remained on half-pay for a year or two on purpose that his sister might have the advantage to be derived from a brother’s protection. This piece of self-sacrifice on his part she had never forgotten, her “brother was one in a thousand,” she always said ; “she was indebted to him for everything she enjoyed ;”—amongst others for the Reverend Thomas Vaughan. These things considered, it may readily be be-

lieved that Aunt Libby’s answer to Theo’s request was not wanting in the spirit of welcome.

Mrs. Vaughan was glad that her niece was coming to her, very glad for many reasons. She liked acknowledging kindnesses, and she liked patronising any one who would submit to patronage from her. The kindnesses that she had received from her brother were many, and her hopes of Theo’s receiving patronage were high. Altogether she was well pleased at the idea of receiving her young niece as her guest, and the whole village soon knew that she was so.

“She writes very kindly ; letter reads as if she meant well ; but I should judge that it’s rather a risky thing to go and put yourself at the mercy of the writer of it,” Sydney Scott remarked to Theo, on handing the letter back after a swift perusal. Theo had communicated her intention of going away for a time to her friend, but, as may be supposed, she had withheld her reasons for forming that intention from Miss Scott.

“What do you mean by that rather disparaging allusion to my aunt, Sydney ?”

“Well, I mean just this. She writes in sentences—‘everybody does,’ you’ll say,—but everybody doesn’t ; at least, the best sort don’t. There’s something cut and dried, that savours of having been copied many times, about her letter. I’m sure she looked up her thing-umbob Lindley Murray, Lempriere, and all those old fogies, before she wrote it ?”

“And if she did ?”

“Well, if you can sit and see that sort of thing going on, and keep sane, well and good ; but it’s always a trial to me to see a common-place letter written with circumspection. I shouldn’t say that there was much impulsiveness about that old lady.”

“That old lady, as you call her, is a very kind old lady, I’m sure, though I haven’t seen her since I was a small child,” Theo answered. “Impulsiveness in an old lady generally degenerates into fussiness, and I could better endure over precision than that. You can’t set me against going, Sydney.”

“Can’t I ? Well I’m sorry, for I shall miss you terribly. The fact is I have extolled you so frightfully that I have rendered myself obnoxious to most of the other girls, and I shall be unfriended, solitary, and slow, while you’re away. It’s not often I venture upon a quotation,” she continued abruptly, “and I don’t know what that is from, but it just expresses my position here when you’re gone.”

“I am glad that you will miss me.”

“You selfish thing !”

“But I will write to you.”

“No, don’t, *please*,” Sydney cried fervently.

"If you do I shall have to answer your letters, and if you only knew how I hated writing you wouldn't try me so far. But I really shall miss you, especially as Hargrave is ordered off next week ; troubles never come singly."

"The greater trouble will absorb the lesser : you will forget my loss in Hargrave's."

"Perhaps I shall, and won't it be natural ? I'm not a stickler for 'woman's friendship,' or any twaddle of that kind, only you *suit* me, and I can't help feeling a little sorry to lose you. But of course I am more sorry to lose Hargrave, for he can dance with me, and give me tickets for the quarterly balls at Woolwich, and pay me a great many attentions that you can't. It doesn't do to talk about it. I begin to feel low. Good-by, dear, enjoy your aunt to the utmost, and come back as soon as you can. After all, I almost wish I could go with you."

But Theo could not re-echo that wish just then. Her one desire was to get away from all of the old for a time, in order that she might gather herself together the more staunchly to stand any shocks that were to come. Had Harold French never spoken those words which he had spoken to her, she would have killed her love. Her pride and her modesty would have forbidden her to suffer it to so obtain in her soul without "sufficient cause." But he had spoken words that made the cause sufficient even in the judgment of those who were blinded by love for him. She had nourished the feeling tenderly for weeks, checking all doubt of him in her own heart, and all symptoms of suspicion on the part of others. And then love and faith and hope were all torn from the heart in which they had been all too firmly rooted, and the wounds thus made were cruel.

"I hope Theo will come back with a little more colour in her cheeks ; I suppose the air is good at Hensley," Mrs. Leigh said, when they were sitting round the uncomfortable early breakfast-table on the morning of Theo's departure. Mrs. Leigh was one of those prudent women who, if travellers were about to leave by an eight-o'clock train, would take care to rouse them up at five in the grey dawn, in order that they might not be hurried. Theo's pallor under the circumstances was not surprising, but she dared not ascribe it to the true cause.

"And mind that you get fat while you're away Theo," her father chimed in. "And—there it's time to go. I wish you were coming back, my child, instead of going."

"I shall come back in a very different case, papa,—as fat and red as you can desire." Then she went away feeling very sick at heart, and doubtful of the wisdom of the move she

was making, with a miserable foreboding that flight from an inward enemy was a futile thing.

The early hours of the journey strengthened this conviction, for she was too weary to make acute observations on the beauty of the country to be reproduced conversationally at some future time. Where are the wonderful ones to be found who do mark the land through which they tear behind an express engine, indeed ? Others besides love-sick young ladies are oblivious of the beauties of nature under such conditions, and only anxious to reach their goal.

But about two o'clock she did begin to bestir herself mentally and bodily, to readjust her bonnet strings by aid of a small glass deftly inserted in a fan ; to wonder who would meet her at the Hensley Station, and how far the Hensley Station was from the Hensley Vicarage ; to collect about her her scattered thoughts and her books and shawls, and to otherwise prepare herself for debarkation. By the time she had done this and disarranged everything again, and began to wonder if she would reach Hensley by daylight, the train rushed up to a platform that suddenly appeared between the hedges, and the guard shouted out a name that an obliging fellow-passenger immediately translated to her as Hensley.

The air felt bracing, and was bright and clear, and so inspiring as she stepped out on the platform, and everything around, even the porters, looked clean and fresh. But it was depressing to see nothing but cleanliness and freshness—nothing that could by any stretch of imagination on her part be supposed to be specially expectant of her in this strange place. The station was the reverse of an oasis in the desert : it was a barren little ugly spot in a smiling land—a land of rippling streams and glowing plantations, and orchards in which ruddy pears and yellow bloomy plums hung thickly. But there were no houses near, as far as she could see, therefore the glories of nature were rather overlooked by her as she stood casting anxious glances around, in hopes of discovering a road that looked as if it led to the vicarage.

Before despair could become her portion, a grave-looking groom came round the corner of the station-house, and Theo, infinitely relieved, almost bounded forward to meet him, feeling that help had come in his person.

"You're the young lady for hus ?" he interrogated suggestively, and Theo replying at once in the affirmative he signed for a porter "to bring along the trunk," and led the way to the back of the station, where a good-looking trap, with a fine bay horse in it, was waiting

under the auspices of a small boy. Theo's thought, as she mounted up on the front seat, was,—“How imagination leads one astray; I should never have supposed Uncle Vaughan would have been guilty of such a fast trap, and such a splendid horse. What drives I'll have!”

The grave-looking groom took the reins in his hand and his place by her side, and the small boy released the bay's head, a civility which the bay immediately returned by striking at him with his near fore-leg in a playful manner. Then they went out of the station-yard, past a small pony carriage, and along a glorious country road, at a pace that made Theo feel there was much in life still.

“I should like to drive that horse; I wonder if I might?” she said at last. The groom vouchsafing no answer to this appeal, she resolved to try command, and teach the aged servitor his proper place.

“Give me the reins. I wish to drive the rest of the way. I will explain to your master that I insisted upon it,” she began, holding out her hand for the reins in a way that proved she meant to take them.

“M' lord's very particular about Bay Surrey, Miss.” The groom was grave and surly still, but he was civil, only why did he bestow a title upon her uncle. “I suppose he's an abject old servant,” she thought; then she asked aloud, “how long she was to keep on straight,” and dismissed the subject of the reverential mention of her relative from her mind.

“You must take the first turn to the left, then right up through the park to the 'ouse, Miss,” was the answer she received to her inquiry. The vicarage must be a finer place, she thought, than she had imagined, since it stood in a park, and she began to feel impatient to reach it, and so gently indicated the same to Bay Surrey, who met her views magnificently.

The first turning to the left was soon gained. Theo took it cleverly, and drove through handsome lodge gates, along a grand old avenue, up to the entrance door of a house that dispelled all her preconceived notions respecting Aunt Libby, and caused her to exclaim:—

“Is *this* the vicarage?”

“Bless yer 'art, no, this is Maddington; didn't you know you was coming here, Miss?”

“Good gracious, there's some mistake!” Theo exclaimed confusedly. Then to her blank amaze a lady came along the terrace, which was cut in two by the carriage-drive, and said, pointing to a child who accompanied her:—

“My little sister pleaded to come out and welcome you at once, mademoiselle.” Then she held out her hand to Theo, who had descended from the trap in a state of bewilderment, and added:—

“And I hope we shall be able to make you feel at home at Maddington.”

“You are very kind, but I am afraid I have been very stupid. I left the Hensley Station under the impression that I was going to my aunt, Mrs. Vaughan.”

“Oh, dear! Mrs. Vaughan! This is a joke!” the young lady cried. “Then you are the Miss Leigh of whom we have heard, and John has taken you for a French governess we are expecting, who must have gone on—missed the station, and gone on goodness knows where! Poor thing!” she continued, with sudden gravity. “Well, Miss Leigh,” she added heartily, “we shall know you a little sooner through this mistake, that is all; I must introduce myself: I am Ethel Burgoyne, Lord Lesborough's second daughter, and this is Maddington, a dear old place, of which I trust you will see a great deal while you're staying at Hensley. Now come in and let me make you and the mistake known to the rest before Mrs. Vaughan comes to claim you, which she will do only too soon.”

“You're very kind,” Theo replied promptly; “do you know, you're so kind that I can't regret the mistake?”

Then she followed the young lady along the terrace, and John did something uncalled for to the bay's bit, and declared that,—

“He'd thought, that he had, that if *she* was a furriner, then never tell him nothing about their silly ways again: but this passed him, that it did!”

(To be continued.)

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

I'm very lonely-hearted when
The old days I remember,
And faintly trace your comely face
In every dying ember.
Do you forget your cousin Ben,
In his old days of wooing?
Or ever tire when by your fire
That tender theme pursuing?

II.

They've built upon the corner now
Where lay your little garden;
A staring place whose brazen face
Time only seems to harden;
And where I hotly used to vow
My passion never ending,
They sell small beer, and you may hear
A score of voices blending.

III.

O what a place that garden was!
And O its tough productions!
Two marigolds and many colds
From copious night-air suction.
And yet the place was dear, my coz,
For when 'twas kindly weather,
We always found a grassy mound
Where we could sit together.

IV.

Your hair was very rich and black,
 Your chin a lovely double ;
 My hair was thin, and on my chin
 I fingered tender stubble :
 I hardly dare to wander back
 And think that such days could be,
 For now my hair is anywhere
 Except just where it should be.

V.

Your eyes were bright and black as jet,
 Your cheeks were flecked with crimson ;
 I always said your lips were made
 For poets to sing hymns on ;
 What mine were I would fain forget,
 My eyes were undecided, —
 I fear my lips were thin red strips
 Much better undivided.

VI.

Around your knees a little brood
 Romp, laugh, and frisk and chatter,
 And yet you wear as well as e'er
 You wore—though slightly fatter ;
 While I sit here in solitude
 A lonely-hearted fellow,
 With shaky limbs, eccentric whims,
 Bald-headed, thin, and yellow.

VII.

So runs the world !—'Tis twelve o'clock,
 The pothouse there is closing :
 They've stopped the gas ; and I, poor ass,
 Must stop this dreamy dozing,
 I thought you constant as a rock,
 I thought myself much more so !
 You've brought my light ? All right. Good
 night.
 Jane ! *don't* you slam that door so !
 A. R. LORD.

THIEVES IN A LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL.

THERE is very little variety in the external life of the criminal classes, and the thieves' quarters are pretty much alike throughout the kingdom. In commencing the study of criminal life there is confessedly much to interest us, but the novelty soon wears away ; vice reproduces itself in substantially the same forms, and when you thoroughly understand one thieves' quarter, you may be sure to understand every other. Most of the phases of criminal life have already been exhibited in these pages ; but in selecting the subject of this paper we break new ground, which will not be without instruction and amusement to the general reader.

In selecting a few incidents from the history of one of the earliest London Ragged Schools, it is not necessary to observe any very strict chronological order, nor is it needful to adduce a number of statistics, after the fashion of a report. We shall write with more freedom than is customary in official documents, and trust that the sketch will give a fair picture of the unreported side of ragged school life.

The Ragged School to which reference is made in this paper was started several years ago, not very many miles distant from Rosemary Lane. The neighbourhood was one of the most deplorable and wretched places in the metropolis—literally, the school was situate in a den of thieves. The young population were a genuine breed of city Arabs,—ignorant, filthy, dishonest, savage, and steeped in every vice. Several Sunday-school teachers occasionally made an excursion through the quarter, and their sympathies were awakened by the lamentable state of things which they encountered. A piece of waste land was the favourite resort of the social waifs. Every Sunday this plot of ground was the scene of fighting, gambling, and blasphemy. At length the Sunday-school teachers agreed among themselves to make an effort for the civilisation of these young criminals. They determined on a Sunday evening school, and hired a room in the neighbourhood for that purpose. In the afternoon of the opening day the teachers went among the roughs, told them what they had arranged, and invited them to attend the school in the evening. There would be a good fire, plenty of comfortable seats, and some gentlemen who would teach them to read. The roughs upon this announcement held a sort of slang consultation among themselves, and after some "chaffing" they all agreed to attend, one of the rogues facetiously remarking that they might as well have a "lark" in the school as anywhere else.

According to agreement, the teachers went in the evening to open their school, and were not a little astonished to find a host of rough boys awaiting their arrival. The whole gang ran to meet the teachers, and quickly surrounded them. "Here we are, sir ! here we are !" shouted the excited pupils. Caps were twirled about and tossed into the air, caught and replaced upon the uncombed heads. Some cried hurrah, and others touched their foreheads by way of salute, the manner of the salutation being much more prison-like than military. As they neared the school-door a perfect clamour arose, each vagabond claiming the honour of having brought three or four of his comrades with him. Very impatient was this choice lot of promising disciples. "Let us in ; we all want to go in ;" and they thundered away at the door as if they meant to break it down. With great difficulty the teachers managed to get into the room without admitting the mob. They deliberated a long time as to the prudence and safety of admitting such a number of young ruffians. But the youths had been expressly invited to come, and to refuse them admission would be attended by more serious consequences than if

they allowed them to enter. So the teachers agreed to admit their pupils, and make the best of it. Their entrance was uproarious. They rushed in as if under Satanic influence, tumbling over the forms, fighting, swearing, knocking each other down, kicking and shrieking like wild beasts. The table was quickly turned legs upwards, the candles knocked out of their sockets. Amid laughter, cat-calls, and shouts, the teachers were all jammed into a corner, and told that that was their place for

the night. One lad bawled out, "Here goes, my boys!" moistened his hands in the usual way of such people, started off up the chimney and climbed it with the agility of an old practitioner. Here was a pretty quandary for a number of sober Sunday-school teachers to be in—jammed fast in a corner, rebellion rampant, only one good boy in the school, and even he was up the chimney!

Many of the lads had neither shoes nor stockings, others had neither coat nor waist-



coat, and lots of them were shirtless. The hair of some of them was so rough and wild that it looked as if no comb had ever passed through it; while the close-cut hair of others indicated that they had not long been out of prison; nor did they seem at all ashamed of their "prison-crop." The excitement and uproar of the school gradually subsided, and the teachers made an attempt to get a hearing. After many failures in the endeavours to secure silence, the young thieves agreed to be

silent for five minutes. The teachers then dispersed themselves through the crowded room, and talked with the boys about the objects of the school. Then came the first reading lesson.

The reader stood in the midst, took out his Bible, and told the scholars that if they would only be quiet for five minutes while he read to them they might afterwards go home; and they agreed to be still. "Don't rob me of my five minutes," said the reader, and he handed

his watch to one of the other teachers, requesting him to tell them when the time had expired. "Give me your watch, I'll hold it for you," said one of the ragged urchins; but the reader knew better than to trust him. The teacher read to them from the Book of Proverbs; but before the five minutes had elapsed they began to shout "Time's up, sir! time's up!" On appealing to the timekeeper, it was found that the reader was entitled to another minute; but he waived his right in order to hold a short examination upon the lesson. "Who was Solomon?" A boy answered immediately, "He's my father's landlord, sir; he lives in our street." This answer caused much laughter and confusion; but at length silence was restored. The teacher ventured to ask another question. "Now, what does Solomon say?" The boy replied, very gravely, "Why, sir, he said if my father didn't pay his rent next week, he'd kick him out of the house." Roars of laughter followed this *naïve* rejoinder, and the teachers themselves could scarcely keep their gravity. Just at this time the clock struck eight, and a general rush was made for the door; but the superintendent put his back to it, and, facing the lads, asked them what they meant by attempting to break out of the school in that manner. The lads replied, "It's business time; people are coming out of church." With kind words and much persuasion the teachers induced the renegades to return to their seats, and expressed their intention to close the school with singing and prayer. "Very good," said the facetious pupils. A hymn was then read out, and the teachers commenced singing; but their voices were soon drowned in a flood of slang songs and street ballads; each thief sang his own favourite ditty, and so the babel confusion was complete. Prayer was not to be thought of in such an uproar; so, after an invitation to come to school again on the following Sunday, the rabble were let loose to their wickedness and nightly plunder. No doubt the young urchins felt specially anxious to be off on the present instance, for they had been very busy with the pockets of their teachers, most of whom lost their gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. The superintendent of the school happened to be passing along one of the back streets of the neighbourhood during the following week, when he met one of the roughs who went by the name of "Coaly." The superintendent called to him, and "Coaly" came up at once, touched his cap, and said, "You were my teacher last Sunday, and I'm coming again next Sunday." "We shall be glad to see you," replied the superintendent; "but, Coaly, do you know who stole my handkerchief and gloves when we

were in the school?" "No, sir, I don't. Did you have your things taken then, sir? You may depend upon it there were a good many thieves there that night; but I must go." And Coaly moved off with his wheelbarrow.

On the following Sunday evening the teachers found their old scholars waiting at the door for admission. Before opening the door, however, the superintendent took occasion to inquire after his lost gloves. He wished to know who did it, and whoever confessed should not be punished. There was silence for some time, during which the boys were exchanging signals and smiles. At length one of them said, "Well, no use telling a lie; I took them." "What did you do with them?" "Sold them to Coaly for a penny." "And what did you do with them, Coaly?" "I sold them to Scotch Heifer for a penny." (This lad was called Scotch Heifer because his hair, in roughness and colour, was similar to that of the Scotch cattle which in those days thronged Smithfield market.) "Well, Heifer, what did you do with them?" "I sold them to Pudding Head." When the boy with the very large head was put to the question, he replied, "Do you want them? for if you do you can't get them; but I'll tell you where they are: they're hanging up in Uncle Noah's clothes shop."

The boys were then admitted into the school, and they took their seats with shouting, whistling, and song-singing. During the evening two policemen came, and the superintendent asked one of them if he knew any of the scholars. The policeman pointed out several very flagrant offenders, and said he should think he ought to know them all, for he had had every one of the young prigs in his clutches. The boys not liking the presence of the police, began to jeer them; and the noise became so great that the police lost their temper, and, unable to endure the stinging jokes, one of them took off his belt and commenced thrashing the lads. The police turned some of the boys out of the school, and presently some ugly brickbats came flying through the windows. The riot became so serious that the teachers ordered the police to leave the room, as the only way to peace. The boys calmed down eventually, and the school was closed with something like an approach to order.

It gradually came to light that this was not the first educational establishment that some of the scholars had honoured with their presence. Some time previous a school had been attempted in the neighbourhood, but the roughs proved totally unmanageable; and the enterprising philanthropists relinquished their hope-

less task. Many strange tales were told about this defunct school. Sometimes the gas was put out, and the pipes cut, which was the signal for a general *mêlée*. On one occasion a youth was expelled for disorderly conduct. Shortly after his expulsion there was a loud knock at the door. It was opened, and the youth who had been expelled rode in upon a donkey, shouting, "If you want a fresh scholar in my place, you may teach this ass." He rode round the room, and then trotted away.

During the week after the second meeting of the school which is the subject of this paper, the teachers went through the neighbourhood, found many of their scholars, and entered into conversation with them; and this effort of theirs to gain the respect and confidence of the strange beings they had taken in hand was partially successful.

As time wore on, the school-meetings became more orderly and encouraging. Singing and prayer were got through with becoming decorum, and the scholars grew reasonable, and were willing to be instructed. In endeavouring to ascertain the reading capabilities of the scholars, the teachers found that they had to deal with a mixture of Roman Catholics and Protestants. Most of the Protestants had learned a smattering of reading—perhaps from the prison schoolmaster; but, through neglect, some of them had almost forgotten their letters. Many of the Romanist boys were very ignorant, and, in an intellectual point of view, very dull. The first arrangement of the classes was made, not according to age, but according to reading attainments; and so young men and boys were thrown together in the same class. But the young men did not like to be classed with boys, and the arrangement had to be altered. The pupils were then classed according to their age, which made it very awkward for the teachers, as reading and the alphabet had to be taught simultaneously in the same classes. There were not more than half-a-dozen in the whole school who could read the Bible fluently. It soon became apparent that the female teachers' classes were the most attentive, and the best behaved. The roughs who were totally unmanageable by male teachers, submitted to the ladies like lambs. At first it was exceedingly difficult to induce the scholars to exercise and improve their memories; but by dint of kindness and perseverance they were persuaded to commit to memory a few passages of Scripture, or a few verses of a hymn; and in course of time their little tasks were performed with accuracy and pleasure.

As nearly all the boys in the school were known to their teachers only by slang names, the superintendent resolved, if possible, to

ascertain their real names and places of abode. For a long time the desired information was obstinately refused. The Romanists assigned as their reason for refusing, the unwillingness of their parents to allow them to attend the schools, the priests having said that their curse should be upon them if they went among the Protestants. Some of the scholars were so ignorant that they could not tell whether they were Romanists or Protestants. These very ignorant ones earned their livelihood by thieving: they had neither parents, home, nor friends.

The teachers often tried to ascertain the real names of the scholars, and almost always without success. In one of these attempts the superintendent was much amused by the way in which some of the nicknames were explained and accounted for. The reader may take the following as a sample:—

Superintendent (addressing one of the boys): "What is your name?"

Boy: "Posy, sir."

Superintendent: "That cannot be your name. Tell us your right name, and it will be for your benefit."

Boy: "Well, then, my name is Freezy."

Superintendent: "That cannot be it; but you shall have one chance more."

Boy: "Very well, then, my name's Worky."

The teacher asked him no more questions, and passed on to the next.

Superintendent (to second youth): "Will you tell us what your name is?"

Second boy: "Well, I could do it if I would, and I could tell you that other boy's right name. But I'll tell you why we call him them nicknames. We call him Posy because if you ever asks that gent a question he's always got an answer for you, and such a *poser*. We call him Freezy, sir, because you sees him on a cold day like this, and he's got no shoes and stockings on, standing about the streets, and shivering with cold, and looking as if he was *freezing*. And we call him Worky because you sees, sir, he's only got an old bit of a coat on his back, and that he got out of the workhouse."

Although the real names could never be ascertained, the nicknames were very serviceable, for they enabled the teacher to find many of his pupils in his weekly visits to the quarter.

The teachers were not long in perceiving that too much reading did more harm than good. Long lessons put the boys out of humour, and made them stupid and careless. So the rule was short lessons, interspersed with lively anecdotes. Now and then a teacher succeeded in winning the confidence of his boys, and they told much about their habits and manner of life.

A very good Sunday-school teacher would sometimes fail in the Ragged School, and if the teacher was unacceptable the lads would very soon let him know it. One evening an unsuitable teacher happened to be entrusted with a class, and the imprudence led to very unpleasant consequences. The boys took an instantaneous dislike to the new teacher, and expressed their aversion openly. They quarrelled with him, contradicted him, and told him he knew nothing. The teacher rebuked them sharply; but it was all in vain. The lads refused to go on with the lesson, and declared they would not have him for a teacher. Suddenly they placed their feet against his form and pushed it over, and as the teacher lay sprawling upon the floor the boys tumbled themselves upon him. The unpopular and discomfited teacher had no liking whatever for this kind of topsy turvy. He declared to the superintendent that he should forsake the school at once, because no one could make anything out of such unruly and abominable material. That very night he left the school, and vowed to return no more. Whether the incompetent teacher ever discovered his own unfitness for the peculiar work of interesting and managing audacious young thieves we cannot tell. But time works great changes; and the chagrined teacher lived long enough to forgive his unceremonious upset, and to visit the school again. The occasion of his visit was a farewell meeting for the superintendent, who was about leaving London. The teacher whom the boys had formerly insulted was now asked to inspect the school, and to address the scholars. He was obliged to recant his opinions as to the impossibility of working any reformation in such boys. He was astonished at the improvement which three years had made in the appearance and character of the school.

On another occasion, and shortly after the commencement of the school, a gentleman from the country was on a visit to the metropolis; and having heard of the new kind of school—it was a novelty in those days—he determined to behold the wonder for himself. The stranger entered the school, and looked about for some time in mute amazement. He was introduced to the superintendent, who asked him if he would like to take a class. The stranger expressed his ready compliance. There happened that night to be a class without a teacher, and after having been told that this particular class was very difficult to manage, the stranger confidently undertook it. He was sure he could manage them, he was so much accustomed to Sunday schools. The countryman got on well enough with the boys while they read, but when he came to examine them

on their reading he was completely at fault. His questions did not at all take with the boys, and both himself and the class soon became very restless and uneasy. The boys immediately took advantage of the perplexity of their new teacher. One youth went suddenly backwards over the form, then another and another, until the whole class lay with their backs on the floor. On the superintendent calling them to order, they got up and resumed their seats. One of the boys called to the superintendent: he wanted to speak to him; and gaining the superintendent's ear he whispered, "It's of no use giving us such a gentleman as this to teach us: he's got nothing to say; but there he sits like a fool." The boys were told to have patience, and the gentleman would perhaps tell them something interesting. They agreed to give the countryman another trial, but it was of no use. The gentleman might be an efficient teacher at Mosely Hole, but he was not adapted to London sharpers. At length the impatient urchins succeeded in frightening the countryman out of their class, one saying to the other "Give it him first, Jack, and then I will," at the same time showing signs of what they called "rolling into a fellow," the whole class threatening to knock him off his form if he "didn't cut his lucky."

One evening when the school was opened, not more than six or seven scholars were present. The superintendent wished to know what had become of the rest of the school, when he was informed that the other boys were attending a raffle. A messenger was despatched to tell the gamesters that it was time to open the school, and that if they did not come at once they would be shut out for the evening. The message had the effect of bringing about a dozen more. After the school was opened another batch came in; and amid clamours and questions of what have you won, the business of the school was for a time altogether set aside. "I've got the cup and saucer," "I've won the teapot," "I've got the silk handkerchief," resounded from class to class; and as most of the boys seemed pleased with their speculation they eventually gave themselves to their lessons. But all the scholars were not yet present, and a search had to be made for the truants. The searching party wandered about the courts and back streets a long time without finding any of their hopeful disciples. At length they found themselves in a dark court where they heard the sound of music; but they were sorely puzzled to know whence the sound came. A feeble light glimmered through a cellar grating; and on looking down they saw that the den was

filled with young people of both sexes, who were making merry with fiddle and dance. The teachers were determined to sift the thing to the bottom, and passed on down a dark staircase. At the collar door they were accosted by a ruffianly-looking fellow, who asked them who they were, and what they wanted. The door-keeper informed them it was a benefit night. A poor boy who had broken his leg had just come out of the hospital, and this was a benefit for him. "Don't go in," said the man at the door, "for if you do they will be sure to roll into you." So the teachers took his advice and went back, meditating on the strange phenomena of humanity which they had witnessed. Verily the worst and vilest are a strange mixture of good and evil, only the evil is in such lamentable preponderance. Fiddling and dancing on a Sunday night was bad. But there was some milk of human-kindness in that low neighbourhood, some generous pity in those rough and uncultured hearts, or they never would have got up a benefit in a dismal cellar for a poor boy with a broken leg.

A popular minister was, on one occasion, invited to give an address to the scholars. He accepted the invitation, and paid his visit accordingly. The boys gave him a very cold reception, and at first were very uneasy in the minister's presence. The scholars were suspicious of having a parson among them, and did not know what to make of it. The meeting for the popular metropolitan minister was opened by the singing of the appropriate hymn :—

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will ?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to pilfer or to steal.

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a hardened sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

* * * *

The hymn having been sung very heartily by the scholars, the minister commenced his address, and concluded it by giving an account of a poor shepherd boy who had such a taste for learning, and succeeded so well in his efforts to rise, that he ultimately became Lord Mayor of London. The youths were spell-bound while the interesting story was being related to them ; but when they were told that the shepherd boy became Lord Mayor of London, it seemed too much for them to believe, and one of the lads at the close of the address exclaimed, with considerable simplicity, "What a lie!" That was what the young roughs would have called, in those days, "rolling into a parson."

This—one of the first of Ragged Schools—

revealed many bad things in the condition of the neglected and criminal populations dwelling, or rather vegetating, in the lowest districts of London. In working this novel school there were many discouragements, the difficulties were almost insuperable ; but the zealous and devoted band of teachers faithfully, kindly, and hopefully persevered, and they were rewarded for their self-denying labours in a good degree. The conduct and character of the scholars improved so much that the school was not like the same place ; and the earnestness with which many of the boys sought for instruction made it a pleasure to teach them. Not a few of the elder scholars grew weary of their irregular and criminal life, and were very anxious to obtain honest and regular employment. The teachers did what they could to obtain situations for the reformed youths, and many of them turned out well. The case of one family who were sunk in the lowest depths of poverty may here be mentioned. For the father, a situation was obtained in the London Docks, and a situation was procured with a City tailor for one of the boys. The boy's employer was told what the lad had been ; he took kindly to the youth, who won and held the high esteem of his master to the last. In a few years the poor boy sickened and died. Another son of the same family was taken by a City tradesman. The boy succeeded admirably, and holds a respectable situation to this day.

In modern philanthropic efforts to rescue the criminal classes from vice and ruin, it may well be questioned whether we are not grappling with effects, instead of uprooting the causes of poverty, ignorance, degradation, and crime. But we must be content to wait. We do not believe that any or all of our present agencies are sufficient to eradicate and destroy the terrible evils at work in the lowest strata of the social state. We want something more preventive, something deeper and more decisive. It is well to deal with the evils as they grow up among us ; but it would be a thousand times better if even by coercive measures—and to this it must come at last—we could render the seeding and growth of such evils impossible. Until we can devise better means, we must cheerfully make the best use of such as we have ; and although the remedies now at work are all inadequate, let us hope that they will lead to something complete, decisive, and final. As long as there are ragged children we must use and uphold ragged schools ; for at present, and next to mothers' meetings, they are among the best means we possess of rescuing and civilising the neglected and perishing portion of our juvenile population.

CASHMERE SHAWLS:

OF WHAT ARE THEY MADE?

No accurate scientific description, so far as I am aware, has yet been given of a fibre from which is woven perhaps the choicest of all the fabrics of the loom. An explorer of the Himalayas, writing within the last two years, asserts that the genuine shawl-wool as used in Cashmere is all but unknown in Europe. Yet every lady who counts amongst her accomplishments the art of shopping, can with unerring precision select a shawl of real Cashmere manufacture out of a promiscuous heap of others, whether of British or foreign manufacture. Possibly, some partiality in taste as to design might induce her to prefer a shawl that had been woven at Paisley; but with instinctive perception she would recognise a certain special superiority—subtle, though distinct—in the shawls from the valley of Cashmere.

Even if none but Asiatic shawls were spread upon the counter before our lady "expert," there is little doubt that she would choose one from Shrinagur,* rather than one from Lahore. It is well known that there are large quantities of rich shawls manufactured in our own province of Lahore, most of which are sent to this country *via* Bombay, from Amritsur—"the Manchester of the Punjab."

In 1850 the amount realized for the Amritsur shawls at the annual auction in London was 103,000*l.*, and in 1860 the sum reached 264,586*l.* Since that date the demand for these Indian-Cashmere shawls has declined; and probably the chief cause for that may be found in connection with our present subject of inquiry. The shawls from Lahore are woven by artisans who have been driven into our territories by the exactions of the Sikh ruler of Cashmere. These immigrant weavers have of course brought with them all their skill, their delicacy of touch, deftness in manipulation, and their knowledge of patterns and dyes; so that the products of their looms may fairly be classed with other Cashmere shawls. Doubtless they are often sold as such, without the dealer being exactly aware of their origin. Yet notwithstanding the similarity in workmanship and design between the Lahore and Cashmere shawls, there is some undefinable deficiency in the general appearance of the Indian fabric which determines the cultivated taste of the connoisseur in choosing the shawl which has really been woven in Cashmere. That deficiency is doubtless due to a difference in the *material* from which the shawls are woven;

yet the material is called by the same name, both in India and Cashmere, and is prepared by similar processes. Let us try to detect the peculiarity in which the above difference consists.

Moorcroft, who visited Cashmere about forty years ago, thoroughly investigated the process of shawl manufacture, and he first introduced the knowledge of the shawl-wool into this country; as he was also the first European who ever crossed the Himalayas. In his description of the shawl material—one which has been adopted by most subsequent travelers—he divides it into two different kinds,—the *pashm shâl* from the domesticated goat, and the *asuli-tus* from the wild goat and other wild animals. It is this last which he speaks of as being the genuine material of the finest shawls; and from some recent statements, it seems evident that it is only from the *wild* animals the Cashmere looms can be properly supplied. In Moorcroft's time Cashmere drew its supplies of shawl-wool from Chanthan and Ladak,—Thibetan provinces which lie directly on the east and towards the south-east of Cashmere.

Those countries now contribute the supply of wool which is consumed by the Indian weavers in our territories. There are several routes from the Thibetan Himalayas which converge to Amritsur and the other shawl-manufacturing towns of the Punjab. Cashmere, however, is now supplied from the distant provinces of Chinese Tartary lying on the north-east. Moorcroft was told that the finest wool came from Turfan, a district in the extreme north-west of the Chinese territory; but the import has much increased since his visit, and now Cashmere receives nearly all its choice wool through Yarkand,—the great central mart of Chinese Tartary or Eastern Turkestan. The gathering grounds from whence the wool is collected are those immense regions of elevated land stretching northwards from the summit of the Pamir mountains, a range which branches off from the Karkoram chain. Those mountains are also called *Bâm-i Dunia*, or "Roof of the World." Right well do they merit that appellation, being from 18,000 to 20,000 feet high. The shawl-wool, after being collected at Yarkand, is brought over the Karkoram mountains by passes which vary from 15,000 to 18,000 feet above the sea level. The winter cold in these regions is very severe, more intense even than is that of Alpine Thibet above the limit of perpetual snow. In connection with this fact of excessive cold, we think a clue may be found by which a true characterization can be given of this material from which is woven

* The capital and great central mart of Cashmere.

one of the most costly tissues known to the world.

It may be that the *asuli-tus* of Cashmere, the Turfani "wool" from Yarkand, is not wool at all, or at least is so distinct in its nature as to be distinguishable from all other wool besides. This is indeed the conclusion to which we have come, after carefully comparing the statements of those Central Asian travellers who have examined the shawl-wool for themselves, and not merely repeated Moorcroft's original description of it. By far the most intelligible of these statements is one given by the late M. Jules Gerard, "the Lion Killer," in his "*Voyages et Chasses dans l'Himalayas.*"

With regard to M. Gerard, there are some persons who consider that, besides using his rifle with remarkable precision during his hunting excursions, he was also capable of "drawing the long bow," even when engaged in recording his exploits. However, that remark is only by the way. M. Gerard could not find much to add to his own glorification in giving an accurate description of shawl-wool. On many other points his little book gives evidence that he possesses a faculty of accurate and intelligent observation.

He states that almost all the animals which inhabit the countries of the Upper Indus, except the domestic sheep, are covered during winter with a sort of "down of wool," called by the native *pushm*. He says that this woolly down is of "an exquisite fineness, surpassing very much in quality, if not in length of fibre, the merino and all wool known in Europe. It is obtained in great abundance from the shawl-goat: but the *wild* sheep, *wolves*, and *dogs* of Thibet, and even the *yak*,* possess more or less of this down of wool." This explicit statement is confirmed by much inferential evidence given by other travellers, all going to show that the genuine shawl-wool—the *asuli-tus* of Moorcroft—is a material *sui generis*. It is certainly not hair, though growing on the backs of goats and other animals, whose hair is much of it very coarse; and though a small proportion of the *asuli* is found on wild sheep, it is not firmly united to their skin, like wool, and is with them only a temporary winter covering. It is soft as fur or down, but with a fibre of sufficient tenacity to allow of its being easily spun. Here we venture to express a surmise of our own as to what the *asuli* really is. Seeing that it is produced under climatic con-

ditions, similar, with one exception, to those enjoyed, or rather endured, by the eider-duck, is it not probable that careful microscopic examination would show an essential similarity between eider-down and the *asuli-tus* from the *fauna* of Central Asia? The exception to which we allude is this: the eider-duck, we presume, like other ducks, must find water during a considerable portion of the year; but the peaks and lofty plateaus of Central Asia form one of the most arid and least humid portions of the earth's surface. May not this peculiar dryness of atmosphere account for the superior tenacity and length of fibre attained by the Central Asian down?

Mr. R. H. Davies, Secretary to the Punjab Government, in an official report on "The Trade of Central Asia,"* gives a few details respecting the shawl-wool, all which tend to confirm M. Gerard's view as to the origin of the *asuli-tus*, except as to the variety of animals from which it is obtained. In that passage of the report to which we refer, Mr. Davies is speaking of the commerce of Khutan, the Chinese Tartar province lying on the south-east of Yarkand, the city in which is the great central mart for the precious *asuli-tus*, there spoken of as "Turfani wool." Between Cashmere and a portion of Khutan is Ladak, to which country also Mr. Davies intends his remarks to apply. He says "the shawl-wool is the chief article of trade in all this region: it consists of the fleece *beneath the undercoat* of the hair of the shawl-goats." The shearing is performed at the commencement of the summer, which in those Alpine regions, though short, is very hot. "The hair of the goat is first cut short with a knife, the shearer beginning at the head and following the direction of the fleece towards the tail. The animal is then rubbed in the reverse direction with a sort of brush or comb, which detaches the fine wool from next the skin (the *asuli*), nearly free from hair. When the animals are not shorn, they relieve themselves of these winter vests of delicate down, by rolling on the ground or rubbing against the rocks." Seeing that the original possessors of the *asuli* are nearly as wild as the winds, material for thousands of shawls must be annually blown about and utterly wasted amongst the pinnacles and crags of those desolate regions. M. Gerard, thinks that at present a very great quantity of the genuine *asuli* is lost by being mixed with the coarser hair and common wool, and thus indiscriminately manufactured into *pushmeena*. This is a coarse fabric which is used for clothing and tent covering by all the mountaineers,

* The *yak*, though generally spoken of as "the wild ox of Thibet," partakes in some measure of the nature of an elk or reindeer—it is very sure-footed, and can be trained to labour: its outer hair hangs nearly to the ground from its shoulders

* Presented to the House of Commons, February 17th, 1864.

from Thibet on the south-east of the Punjab to Cabul and Affghanistan on the north-west.

M. Gerard, sportsman though he be, ventures to throw out a bold suggestion with regard to the traffic in shawl-wool. As he is the first who has put the proposal into a definite shape, let the credit of it be accorded to him, although a similar thought must have occurred to every one who happens to be at all acquainted with the resources of Central Asia.

M. Gerard asserts that "the supply of the precious down of *asuli* is practically unlimited;" and he is of opinion that, if the existence of a settled demand for it in the British market were once made known, then great quantities would be regularly imported into our territories by the hardy Thibetan and Tartar tribes from the remotest plateaus of their ice-bound regions. He supports this view by referring to the trade which is now carried on between the semi-Chinese province of Nari-Khorsum and the Punjab. It is from thence, across the Himalayan provinces of Spiti, Lahoul, and Rodokh, through which flow the torrents of the Upper Indus and the Sutlej, that the greater part of the *pushm* is brought with which the looms of Amritsur are now supplied.

That wool, or *pushm*, is carried mainly on the backs of sheep and goats over paths so fearfully precipitous and narrow that even mules could not traverse them. In some of the provinces the sheep are "contrived a double debt to pay;" they are not only the beasts of burden, but at the same time provide the commodity to be exchanged. The flocks are driven down to the vallies within the limits of corn cultivation—many of which are 6,000 feet above the sea level—and there the fleeces are shorn off in successive portions, until the whole is bartered for grain. The corn is then placed in little bags on the backs of these sure-footed burden-bearers, who trot back to their Himalayan fastnesses, each of them carrying from sixteen to twenty-four pounds of corn. M. Gerard argues, that if so poor a traffic can induce the mountaineers to make such extraordinary exertions, then a steady demand for the pure *asuli-tus* would stimulate their commercial energy.

It is true that M. Gerard does not trouble himself to say how an indefinite number of wild animals are to be induced to render up their winter fleece. Probably large quantities of it could be gathered from the rocks in the spring; the goats and wild sheep might also be decoyed; whilst the wolves and even the yaks might be shot without unduly lessening

their numbers. The sportsman-projector suggests that some enterprising Anglo-Saxon, with energy and capital, should make extensive arrangements for the collection of this precious down, taking especial care to receive it *only* when entirely free from *hair* and common *wool*. He ventures to predict that "the manufacture from this new material would soon rival in success and importance that from which has risen the gigantic establishment at Saltaire." Here it is clear that under the blessed *régime* of the limited liability principle is a splendid opening for any projector with genius enough to rise to the level of M. Gerard's dream!

There are, speaking in all seriousness, many general reasons which would render such an enterprise one of deep interest. Central Asia is far from being adequately known, even to scientific geographers. From Bokhara, which is in a line directly on the north-west of Peshawur,—right round through Turkestan and Tartary, by Leh on the east, to L'hassa, the capital of Thibet, far to the south-east, are vast regions and unexplored mountain-ranges over which mystery broods. Little as was known of those trans-Himalayan solitudes half-a-century ago, when Shelley wrote his "Alastor," that poem, in some of its passing hints and allusions, affords as suggestive a description of them as any with which the few subsequent explorers of those parts have furnished us.

Yet the natives inhabiting those regions, which are all but inaccessible to Europeans, all of them possess energy and hardihood which might be turned to the account of civilization. It is true that the Turkestan races in the north have suspicious and bigoted Mahommedan rulers, but commerce would soften even their hatred of Englishmen. All the Thibetan and Tartar races of the south, who at present are satisfied with their whirligig praying machines and the mild tenets of Lamaism, are tractable enough, and would gladly contribute of their only valuable product in exchange for the coarse cloth and hardware of Europe. The *asuli* affords them in their mountain-fastnesses their only chance by which the outer world may be induced to take cognisance of them. Then, too, the same invaluable material might give us a thread, so to speak, of direct communication with those remote regions of Chinese Tartary and Eastern Turkestan, of which by the way—save from the works of Mr. Atkinson—ordinary readers have learned little more than was known to the Italians of the thirteenth century, after the return of Marco Polo.

W. M. W.

“ FOLLOWERS NOT ALLOWED.”

Edes nobis AREA est.—Plaut. Asin.



Now lithe and listen, ladies, if you please ;
 Here are the words of Hannah Cullender,
 A maid-of-all-work. You that sit at ease,
 You don't see much that's beautiful in her,
 Who never sits at all, except at meals,
 And then so awkwardly. You know, her face
 Is coarse and homely, and from head to heels,
 Through all her clumsy frame, the lines of grace

Are shockingly distorted. If her hand
 Be placed against your own, you needn't grudge
 The pain of touching it ; you'll understand,
 Just by the look, that she's a very drudge,
 A mere hard-working servant. Well ! and yet,
 I say again, you laughing light-o'-loves,
 Before you clasp the last new carcaut

About your arm, or fit your last new gloves,
Listen to Hannah. This is what she said,
Once on a time, when she had holiday,
And, for a wonder, left off earning bread
To go a-pleasuring. She was as gay,
All by herself, as if she'd had, like you,
Duenna, flaming footmen, cavalier ;
Her tastes being humble, and her fetters few,
She walk'd about, and gazed, and drank her beer,
And chatted, too, with strangers ; for, you see,
One must have folks to talk to, and the girl
Has not a friend in all the town but me,
That was her mistress once. Perhaps the whirl
Of London life had got into her brain ;
But this is what she said to me ; and mind,
She said it meekly.

I had tried in vain
To warn her of the men : " You're very kind ;
But, ma'am," she said, " although it's fifteen year
I've been in service, if you come to age,
I doubt I'm younger than my missis were
When she were married. It's the taking wage,
And doing work, and bothering, that tells,
And makes one coarse. But still, it makes us
strong,
And very good at fending for ourselves ;
And that's the main thing, too.

It's not so long
Since Miss Jemima, that was wed last spring,
First courted with the brewer ; and, my word !
But they was free to court, like anything :
Why, things was left o' purpose, as I heard,
For them to meet, and get acquaint, and be
Match'd, like, and so have done with it. But what !
When Jim and me was keeping company,
My missis play'd a different game to that :
'Twas ' Oh, no ! There's no followers allow'd
In *this* house.' So my Jim, next time he come,
I show'd him my character (I was proud,
And so was he), and, ' Jim,' I says, ' go home ;
We've been a-courting now this goodish while,
And here's the end o' t ; for I can't afford,'
I says (and then I made-believe to smile),
' I can't afford to lose my place.' My word !
It went again me ; he did look so smart
And nice, and were a tidy chap, you see,
As could be : still, I settled we must part,
And part we did.

But, ma'am, I think 'twould be
A rare good job, to let a servant maid
Live honest, then, and have her sweethearts free,
Like ladies have ; and not be so afraid,
And run out sneaking to the area-gate,
And whispering on the sly. There's many a lass
Takes up with lads and finds 'em out too late,
For want of leave to know 'em. It do pass
My wits, to reckon what a man is like,
When he just meets you, maybe, on a spree,
Or brings the milk, and that. There's Bickerdike,
Our butcher ; bless you, ma'am, he bothers me
Week after week, with every joint of meat,
To have him : have him ? Why, I canna tell,
No more than you can, if he means deceit,
With seeing him a that way. He might well
Be on with other girls, all unbeknown,
One to a street, or better. But to come
Right open and above-board, and sit down,
And show hisself, and tell what sort of home
He'd give a wife, and say out, like a man,
Before our master, what he say to me ;
Why, then it would be different."

I began
To find this babble tedious. Generally
One thinks of servants as a race who live

By labour and new bonnets ; and, indeed,
How could our households be at peace and thrive,
If they had sweethearts too ? So, there *was* need
To warn our Hanfah against courting. Still—
These lonely maidens, fretting in their dens
Against each other, full of foolish will,
Forlorn of nobler women's and of men's
Companionship and counsel—after all,
Perhaps there may be found within their souls
Some frozen germ that represents in small
The full-grown love which fashions and controls
The hearts of us fair ladies.—Well : if so,
I think we ought to cherish it, you know.

THE VAMPIRE.

MANY changes have taken place in education
as well as in other departments—perhaps I
should say more particularly in education—
since it was my lot to be usher in N—
Grammar School : a position that the reader
will not be disposed to question, when I state
that some twenty years have elapsed since the
time I allude to.

I visited N— last summer, and of course
renewed at once my acquaintance with the old
Grammar School. There it was, as well I
remembered it of old, rearing its weather-beaten
front in the High Street ; and as I sat in the
coffee-room of the White Hart immediately
opposite, its external features seemed to recall
to me the various events that had taken place
during my sojourn there. There was the old
gateway and the massive oaken door, through
which the boys trooped daily at the summons
of the shrill but not unmelodious bell above.
Hark, it is going now ! After all these years,
what a thrill of memory that once so familiar
sound awakens within me ! That heavy mul-
lioned window to the right is, or was, the
doctor's study, and the black patch in the
centre of the window, when viewed from within,
resolves itself into the armorial bearings of the
founder of the Grammar School—a shield
argent charged with a cross vert, the crest an
eagle preying, and for a motto " *En plein
jour.*" For the life of me I cannot recall the
founder's name—memory is a treacherous
jade ; but if you feel any curiosity on the sub-
ject, I have no doubt that by forwarding the
above particulars to the College of Heralds, you
may satisfy it. There were few of the boys
who had not cause to remember the device in
question, though I doubt if many could have
described it in heraldic language, for the study
was the scene of the doctor's private birchings,
public " executions" being reserved for greater
offences. The large window to the left belongs
to the schoolroom, and through a corresponding
one at the opposite end I catch a glimpse of the
playground, and of the tall fir-trees peopled by
a flourishing colony of rooks, the climbing of

which was interdicted under severe penalties. Well do I remember them! They recall a moonlight summer's night, and a young boy rising from his bed, noiselessly slipping on his trousers and socks, and as noiselessly creeping down the oak staircase, and emerging, through a window I believe, into the playground. I see him now crossing the lawn and commencing his perilous ascent up the very highest of the forbidden trees. Now he is hidden in the deep shade; now he comes out again into the moonlight, and each time higher and higher his white figure shows against the dark foliage, till he seems to be poised on the very summit, and then grasping something in his right hand, he slowly and cautiously descends.

I don't know to this day if I did right, but masters are human, after all, and liable to err. I kept the boy's secret; he never knew that any eye but those of his dormitory companions saw him. He won his wager and the applause of his fellows, but he paid the penalty. Some small footprints beneath the sacred trees, a very soiled pair of socks, and a night-shirt decidedly more "green" than such habiliments are wont to be, told a tale of cause and effect only too plain. The boy was birched, and laid up with a violent cold as well.

Poor Tom Burke! I don't know whether he showed most bravely in his midnight expedition or in the fortitude with which he bore its consequences. We augured a bright future for him in his chosen calling, but Providence ordained otherwise. Tom was one of the earliest victims of the Indian mutiny. Peace to his memory!

The low wing connecting the schoolroom with the chapel has, too, its reminiscences. The upper story is a low-pitched room, called the "washing gallery," from being the scene of the boys' ablutions. There is a trap-door in the centre, leading into the rafters, and easily reached by the judicious piling of two or three boxes. We had in my time an idle, eccentric boy, whom I will call Arthur Williams. He always seemed to live in an ideal world of his own, from the regions of which it was impossible to dislodge him, and he was consequently very frequently in trouble. He then concocted a scheme with a boon companion, in whose face mischief reigned supreme, to pay a stolen visit one half-holiday to the "washing gallery," and explore the rafters. They put their plan in operation, lighted a candle, and started on their journey. All went well for a time, till the vicinage of numerous cobwebs warned them of the danger of a lighted candle. The "glim" was "doused," and the next step Arthur took his foot went through the ceiling. Not a whit dismayed by this casualty, or else rendered

reckless by it, they visited the clock-tower, set the clock wrong, and altered the weights. These misdemeanours proved so engrossing, that the summons of the four o'clock muster-bell was disregarded, and the whole proceedings were discovered. Wanton destruction of property was a very heinous crime in the doctor's estimation, and Arthur's companion was a *mauvais sujet*, so we were scarcely surprised that the expulsion of both was the consequence. They were not publicly expelled, but their respective parents were requested to remove them. Arthur turned out very well, as I always predicted he would, and is now one of our most popular literary men.

But in these reminiscences I am forgetting the especial subject of this paper. If I found the school little changed, I found plenty of change elsewhere. Now, the Great Western Railway carried me swiftly and comfortably to within a mile or two of N—, and two hours after I left the Paddington station found me ensconced in the coffee-room of the White Hart. Then, it used to be a long journey by coach, and altogether about as disagreeable a journey as I have had occasion to make.

It was in February, 184—, that, having obtained the appointment through the interest of a friend, I started on my way to N— for the first time. I occupied myself a great deal, as may be imagined, in speculating on my future kind of life, and once or twice I fell asleep. At length the coach drew up in the old market-place, and I alighted.

I was accosted by a boy, a pale-faced boy, with a peculiar expression of countenance that seemed to haunt me with its singularity, "Was I for N— Grammar School?"

I was.

Then the doctor had commissioned him to show me the way. And he went with me accordingly.

My companion was taciturn beyond anything that my experience of boys had hitherto encountered. I asked some questions as to the school. He would answer monosyllabically, and then relapse into silence, apparently regarding his shoe-string with the most intense interest. His reticence did not appear to me to be the result either of shyness or churlishness. Had he not been so young a boy, I should have said his spirit was crushed out of him by the possession of a deadly secret. Altogether his manner puzzled me.

My speculations, however, were cut short by our arrival at the school, and in the occupation of making the doctor's acquaintance and arranging my room, I had little time to think of my recent companion. At supper I noticed him among the other boys, but as soon as he caught

my eye, he turned his head away abruptly. A mysterious boy.

After supper and prayers, the doctor called me aside.

"Mr. Merton," he said, "the dormitory attached to your room is under your supervision. Be so good as keep a sharp look-out on it. There is something wrong," he added, in a lower voice, "about that dormitory, and I should be only too glad if your vigilance could discover it. It is a most mysterious circumstance. The ventilation appears to me to be most efficient; in fact, I am assured it is by competent authorities, and yet if I put the most healthy boy there, in three or four days he becomes pale and haggard. It's a very extraordinary thing, and most annoying. Saunderson," he added, pointing to the mysterious boy, who was looking into the fire with the strange, abstracted look I had noticed before, "is the prefect of your dormitory, and will initiate you into any of our customs. Good-night."

In a quarter of an hour all the boys were safely in bed, and the lights out. I should have mentioned that my bedroom commanded a view of the dormitory by means of a window which I could open or shut at pleasure. The doctor's parting words had connected themselves in my mind with the mysterious boy. I felt disinclined for sleep, so shading my lamp, I stationed myself at the window, and took up a book. I heard the clock strike eleven—twelve—one. By a restless impulse which I could not account for, I felt constrained to go round the dormitory, at the risk of disturbing its occupants. All was quiet. The twenty-five boys were all slumbering peacefully on, and as I looked at each one in turn, I bore witness to the truth of the doctor's assertion as to the pallor and haggardness of the inmates of my dormitory. They might have been scholars of Dotheboy's Hall.

Nearest my window slept Saunderson. The odd expression that had attracted my notice seemed to have given place in sleep to an expression of peaceful innocence more befitting his years, and as he lay with one arm thrown over the quilt, I thought him even nice-looking.

I had not been in my room five minutes before I was attracted by a sound from the dormitory, and looking through the window, I saw Saunderson rise from his bed and approach that of his nearest neighbour. He leant over him, and—oh, heaven!—the sight seemed to paralyse me!

I saw him with some sharp instrument open a vein in the boy's neck, and applying his lips, he drank a long draught of blood!

In a moment all was explained: the pallor

of his companions; his own strange manner. Saunderson was a vampire!

I had read of these monsters, and had regarded them as the creations merely of a popular superstition. Now, at that midnight hour, I found myself face to face with one, and with one, too, who was destined to be my near companion, perhaps for years.

Meanwhile, the boy-vampire had quitted his first victim, and, to my inexpressible horror, was smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach, after the manner of a drunkard who has taken a draught of more than usually generous wine. He passed on to the next bed, and repeated his loathsome operation.

Five beds did I see him visit in this manner, while the power of motion seemed dried up in me with very horror. I essayed to shout, but the sound died upon my lips. I struggled to leap through the window and fall upon the monster, but, luckily for me, or murder might have been the result, an unseen power seemed to rivet me to the spot. Suddenly I turned, and fled down the corridor like a maniac.

To arouse the doctor was the work of a moment. I tried to explain it to him in a few hurried words, but my agitation was so great, and my speech so incoherent, that I must have appeared to be wandering. I dragged him into my room, and pointing to the open window, I left the terrible facts to speak for themselves.

A moment afterwards I saw him leap through the window and alight at Saunderson's feet. I saw the boy raise his lips from the sixth victim, and meet the gaze of the doctor. I saw him fling himself at his feet, and heard him crave in piteous accents for mercy.

"The impulse was upon me," he said; "I could not resist it. Doctor, I loathe, I hate myself more than you can loathe or hate me; but I cannot resist it. Oh, I am miserable—miserable!"

His wail was so piteous that I felt my loathing fast turning into commiseration. Yes, I pitied this monster. This was the terrible secret that he bore about him; this was the curse that, more surely than the leprosy of old, separated him from his fellow-beings, and made his inmost soul cry out "Unclean, unclean!" Surely he *was* to be pitied.

I looked into the doctor's eye to read there if his feelings were akin to mine, but he was little accustomed to allow his face to be an index to the soul within. I could see nought. He merely said, "This must be seen to." Then he added, "Mr. Merton, you are agitated; you had better retire." He left the room with Saunderson, and I heard the key of the turret-chamber turned.

The vampire was in solitary confinement, with no blood to prey upon but his own !

I turned into bed, and tried to compose myself to sleep ; but it was not to be. I felt a shock as of an earthquake, and the next moment I awoke up in the coach, which was jogging over the rough stones of C—— High Street.

"I fear you have been dreaming, sir," said my opposite neighbour.

I had indeed.

But the most curious part is yet to come.

In due time I really did reach N——. The coach put up at the White Hart, so I had no need of a boy, vampire or otherwise, to show me the Grammar School. I met with a kind welcome from the doctor, and supped with him and his wife in private. In the pleasures of the social meal I could afford to laugh at my strange dream, merely noting that the doctor was singularly like the doctor my fertile brain had conjured up, and that what I saw of the school on alighting bore an equal resemblance to its phantom counterpart. But then I had had a very minute description both of the one and the other, so no great wonder after all.

"The boys are gone to bed," said the doctor, rising and lighting my candle, "and I daresay you will not be sorry to follow their example. I have had a bed prepared in my dressing-room, so that you may not be disturbed. To-morrow night you can take charge of your dormitory. There are twenty-five boys under your supervision."

"What a singular coincidence," I thought as I retired, and I cudgelled my brains in vain to recall if any one could have revealed to me this item of the internal economy of N—— Grammar School. In this process I fell into a profound and dreamless sleep, from which I was recalled in the morning by the six o'clock bell.

After prayers, I took my class, and there sure enough straight before me was Saunderson, the vampire ! I never was so utterly and hopelessly confused in all my life. There he was, no mistake at all about it, only he appeared to be nervous and shy, rather than burdened with conscious guilt. I could not take my eyes off him. I fairly stared him out of countenance. He took refuge in a scrutiny of his shoe-string, and the likeness was complete !

"Saunderson, construe."

"Who, sir ?" asked a dozen voices.

"That boy," I said, indicating the vampire.

"Oh, sir, Norris."

The difference of name seemed to remove an incubus from me. Norris *alias* Saunderson,

alias the vampire, essayed to construe, but he broke down hopelessly, and took refuge in the shoe-string. It was Saunderson : there was no denying it. To-night I should see him "tapping" the dormitory boys, and smacking his horrid lips over the loathsome draught. I hated Norris religiously.

"Norris," said the doctor in the afternoon, "show Mr. Merton the town." I was obliged to submit. "One of my best boys," he whispered, as we passed out. I shrugged my shoulders.

Norris showed me everything N—— could boast of, and to do him justice, he evidently strove hard to please ; but I found him as taciturn and monosyllabic as my dream had foreshadowed, and, as you may suppose, I took no trouble to draw out a vampire.

At night I had some business to transact with the doctor, and when I sought my chamber the boys were in bed and asleep—twenty-five boys—and Norris just under my window ! Before putting out the lamp I looked at each. They were as healthy-looking a set as one could desire to see. I almost resented their good condition. What business had four-and-twenty boys to look fat and well-liking when they slept with a vampire ?

I visited Norris last. There he lay, just as I had pictured him, one hand on the quilt, and the look of peaceful innocence on his face. One thing was certain, Norris was very handsome. I may add that the arrangement of the dormitory and of my own room were precisely similar to that portrayed in my dream. I should have felt the same uncertainty as to whether I had heard of it beforehand, as I did with regard to the number of boys in the dormitory, were it not for the utterly inexplicable resemblance between Saunderson and Norris. I worked myself into such a fit of nervousness that I added yet another coincidence by sitting up in the window, whence I fully expected to see Norris arise and practise his bloodsucking. But though I heard the clock strike not only eleven, twelve, and one, but all the hours up to six, nothing of the kind happened. After a while, though a settled aversion to Norris remained, out of which I found it impossible to reason myself, I ceased endeavouring to catch him in overt acts of vampirism, and even the singular pertinacity with which I persisted, at least once in the course of the day, in addressing him as Saunderson, and the strange dislike which I bore him, and which was only too apparent to all, at length ceased to cause any speculation.

Months passed on, and brought with them various changes. I was comfortably settled at

N——, and still had from my window the supervision of the "North Dormitory." But Norris's place knew him no more. He had not gone into solitary confinement in the turret chamber as a convicted vampire. He was dying in a deep decline, and I, as a religious duty, was battling strongly and manfully with my aversion. One day he sent for me. I found him in his favourite position, one arm thrown over the coverlet. It was the well-known position of my dream.

"O thank you," he said, bursting into tears. "Oh, Mr. Merton, why have you disliked me so, when I have always prayed that you might like me? Why have you shunned me as you would a vampire?"

What could I say? I could only blubber as a child.

"When I get well will you promise to like me?"

Of course I promised, and did bitter penance in spirit for my injustice. But I never had the power of fulfilling my word. He died in a few days.

His simple cross in N—— Churchyard—I visited it the other day—bears the inscription

WALTER NORRIS,

In *Tract*,

AGED TWELVE YEARS,

SEPTEMBER 6TH, 184—.

I begged his mother, to whom I related all the circumstances, to allow me to erect it to his memory, and for years my hands planted and tended the flowers at its base. In an old desk, among the relics of the past, such as the coldest among us hoard up, one of my dearest treasures is a lock of light curling hair, and a boy's necktie, the paper attached to which is labelled with the suggestive word, "Saunderson."

I should not have recorded this dream were it not for the strange coincidence attached to it. I must leave to scientific men the explanation of the mystery. Can it be that my unkindness was a necessary discipline for Norris, and that the dream was permitted for his good? Who can say?

THE POET SPENSER AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Garrett, the Great Earl of Desmond, was run to the death by the Moriarties of Kerry (the blood-hounds of "Black Thomas," Earl of Ormonde and Ossory), and when Garrett's head, properly "pickled and placed

in a pipkin," had been sent as a dainty dish to the queen, the whole of the Desmond estates in the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Waterford were parcelled out among a number of English adventurers, called "Undertakers," inasmuch as they undertook to plant and colonise property, which at this time was waste and almost without inhabitants.

The soldier Kelly, who came down upon the old earl in a hut, and cut off his head and sent it to the Black Earl, got his portion. The queen, in a letter dated December 14, 1586, ordered that her "well-beloved subject and soldier, Daniel Kelly, who slew the late traitor Desmond, for his good services therein, should have, at least for thirty years, without fine, so much of her lands, spiritual or temporal, as should amount to 30*l.* sterling per annum." Ormonde (who writes to Walsingham, "I do send her Highness, by this bearer, the principal traitor Desmond's head") received a large increase to his inheritance, as the result of the outlawry and death of his step-father, Garrett; for these two earls stood to each other in the relation of step-father and step-son, Desmond having married Ormonde's mother.

Among the names of the "Undertakers" who received royal grants of the Earl of Desmond's forfeited estates, we meet those of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the poet Edmund Spenser, who went to Ireland together, in 1580, in the train of the Lord Deputy Grey; the former in the capacity of a captain, who had not won his spurs—"Captain Raleigh" he was then called—and the latter in that of private secretary to the Deputy, whom he so ridiculously lauds in the "Faerie Queene" as the great "Talus of the Iron Flail," the instrument with which he "thrashed" the Irish.

The poet's grant of the forfeited estates consisted of three thousand acres of rich land in the county of Cork, lying between the towns of Doneraile and Buttevant. In the midst of this estate stood the Castle of Kilcolman, where he wrote his "View of the State of Ireland," the "Faerie Queene," and "Colin Clout come Home againe." The last is intended to celebrate his return to Kilcolman after his visit to London, where he had gone to have his great poem published.

Spenser, while at Kilcolman, was visited by his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh. He represents himself as a shepherd, seated at "the foote of Mole" (the Ballyhoura Mountain), when Raleigh comes up, with whom he does not appear acquainted; but this was a feint, for as we have before stated, they came to Ireland together in the train of Lord Grey:

One day, quoth he, I sat, as was my trade,
 Under the foote of Mole, that mountain hore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
 Of the greene alders, by the Mullaes shore :
 There a strange shepheard chanced to find me out.
 Whether allured by my pipes delight,
 Whose pleasing sound ysprilled far about,
 Or thither led by chance, I know not right :
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight? [was named] Himself he yclepe
 [replied],
 The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.

On second consideration, we think it by no means improbable that the poet may *not* have recognised his friend Raleigh on his return from "the main-sea deepe" after a long absence, and that "the Shepheard of the Ocean" may have commenced a musical rivalry with the poet before he was recognised. The Shep-herd of the Ocean sits down beside the shepherd of the hills and streams, and "provokes" him to play a "pleasant fit," and in the end is so charmed and excited that he takes the pastoral pipe and plays himself :

And when he heard the musicke which I made
 He found himselfe full greatly pleased at it ;
 Yet aemuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
 My pipe, before, that aemuled many,
 And plaid thereon—for well that skill he cond,
 Himself as skilfull in that art as auy.

There is a tradition in the town of Youghal, in the county Cork, that the poet returned Sir Walter Raleigh's visit. We have stood beneath yew trees in the garden of Raleigh's house at Youghal, where, report says, the poet and the soldier sat, the one reading from the manuscript of the "Faerie Queene," while the other smoked. But we may have more to say of Sir Walter Raleigh's conduct in Ireland, and of his house in Youghal, and the garden where he first planted the potatoes which he brought from America, in a future number of ONCE A WEEK.

On the publication of the "Faerie Queene," Spenser wrote a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he endeavours to explain the meaning and object of the poem, which he styles "a continued allegory, or dark conceit;" but we cannot say we are much enlightened by the poet's letter. He says the general end of the book is "to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline." In order to accomplish this object he "chose the historye of King Arthure." But he also chose the history of Talus, or Lord Grey, who disgraced the British arms and honour by the massacre at Smerwick. Edmund Spenser's King Arthure is no doubt a noble knight; but he is not more distinguished for "virtuous and gentle discipline" than the Prince Arthur

of our Poet Laureate, although we would not compare Tennyson to Spenser, any more than we would compare Spenser to Milton. Spenser's defect, as a great poet, consists in the exuberance of his imagination, displayed not in the number and beauty of his mental creations, but in the different phases or allegories under which he represents them. Though the characters are few, they appear frequently upon the stage, but with such changes of costume as to render it no easy matter to recognise them. Some one has said that Shelley, in his sublime and poetical ascents, carries up his ladder to heaven along with him. This is not the case with Spenser. We see him, but we cannot make out what he is at. His images and allegories are as bright and beautiful as the clouds; but, like the clouds, they run one into another before we can mark their distinctive outlines.

We do not profess to have mastered the "Faerie Queene," nor do we think we ever shall, although we have given much time and thought to the consideration of the work; but we have no doubt it had other objects besides the formation of a gentleman,—high state and court objects, and high Protestant and party objects. Spenser seems to have made many enemies by his poetical and prose works. *The Faerie Queene* herself is generally as intangible and shadowy a personage as King Arthure; but she now and then comes out with all the distinct lineaments of our Virgin Queen. The poet is thought, on the other hand, to have represented Mary Queen of Scots under the character of the false but fair Duessa. It is difficult to say whether the following lines are intended as a description of the rival queens, or rival churches, or both; for we doubt if these distinctions were at all times well defined in the poet's mind :

So doubly loved of ladies, unlike faire,
 The one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare
 Whether in beauties glory did exceed ;
 A rosy girlonde was the victor's meede.
 Both seemed to win and both seemed won to be,
 So hard the discorde was to be agreede.
 Fralissa was as faire as faire might be,
 And even false Duessa seemed as faire as shee.

If James VI. of Scotland, then on the point of ascending the throne of England, believed the following lines as intended to describe his mother, Mary Queen of Scots—and there are state papers which lead us to this conclusion—neither he nor his friends could have countenanced the poet :

I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing herselfe in origane and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew
 That ever to have touched I did deadly rew.

Shakspeare, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," speaks of the rival queens more like a gentle knight and poet. The following description is intended for the Scottish queen :—

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*,*
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the following description of Elizabeth, our maiden queen, although it contains none of the fulsome and extravagant flattery of Spenser's muse :—

Flying between the cold moon and the earth
Cupid all arm'd. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned in the west ;
And loo'd his love shaft smartly from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free.

Then occur the following lines :—

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
*It fell upon a little western flower—
Before milk white, now purple with love's wounds.*

The little milk-white western flower we take to be Mary, purpled with the blood of Darnley and with the blood of Norfolk, and with her own blood. Love, unhappy love, wrought all this ruin.

The rising sun had, at this time, and always will have, more worshippers than the cold waning moon, before which Spenser bowed in such profound adoration. Elizabeth's ministers were just then carrying on a private correspondence with James of Scotland, and would not be likely to patronise the man who had vilified his mother. But the poet may have injured himself just as much by his foolish laudations of Lord Grey, his "Talus of the Iron Flail," who was attainted of treason. His praises of this nobleman must have annoyed Elizabeth, who was well disposed to serve Spenser. The truth is, the poet fell between two thrones, and his fall was a heavy one, as we may judge from the following lines :—

Most miserable man whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court to sue for that, which
Few have found, and many a one has missed.
Full little knowest thou, who hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;

* Mary married the Dauphin of France. The Dauphins wore a dolphin, as an emblem, on their helmet or shield. We have seen an old heraldic device, where Mary Queen of Scots is associated with a dolphin, whether on its back or not we cannot now recollect.

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.
To have thy princess' grace, *yet want her peers'*,
To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;
To eat thy heart with comfortless despairs ;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, *to be undone.*

The queen had ordered that Spenser should get 100*l.* for some poem or song. "What!" exclaimed the Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, "all this for a single song?" "Then give him what is reason," replied the queen. Spenser waited for some time and got nothing, when he wrote the following lines, which he sent to Elizabeth, which procured the poet his money and the Lord Treasurer a rebuke :—

I was promised at a time,
To have "*reason*" for my rhyme ;
From that time to this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

We are told by Ben Jonson that the poet "*died for lake of bread* in King Street [London]; and refused twenty pieces, sent to him by the Lord Essex, saying he was sorry he had not time to spend them."

But what of Spenser's 3000 acres of rich land in the County Cork, and Kilcolman Castle? He was burned out of his castle of Kilcolman, in the rising under the last Earl of Desmond, in 1598, his youngest child perishing in the flames. The Irish had no cause to love the poet. He loved their lands, their rivers, and their mountains far more than he loved themselves. He made beautiful poetry respecting the former, of "Father Mole," and "Bregos high," and "Liffy rolling down the lea," and "pleasant Boyne," and "fishy fruitful Ban," and "Bandon crowned with many a wood," and "spreading Lee, that like an island fayre encloseth Corke with his divided flood;" but he recommended the extermination of the inhabitants. Had Spenser only written poetry, or had he never written his "View of the State of Ireland," his memory and genius would have been as much revered in that country, as are the memory and genius of the poet Moore. Spenser in his "View," recommended, that in order to complete the re-conquest of Ireland, (carried on during the reign of Elizabeth,) the few inhabitants who remained should be driven into the woods and morasses, and left there to starve. We are happy to say, for the poet's sake, that this piece of infernal state policy has not the merit of being original. The idea was broached by one Travers, of the artillery, in a state paper, about fifty years before Spenser wrote his "View of the State of

Ireland." I think a Captain Travers married a sister of Spenser. We doubt that the poet's mind was capable of originating, at least in prose, anything so fiend-like or ghoulish. It is with unmingled regret we quote the following passage :—

"The end will, I assure me, be very short, and much sooner than can be in so great a trouble as, it seemeth, hoped for. Although there should be none of them fall by the sword, or be slain by the soldier; yet, thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint, they would quickly consume themselves, and devour one another."

Spenser offers this advice for general adoption, after having witnessed the effect of the same starving-out process in Munster :—

"The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exemplified in those wars of Munster, for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they would have been able to stand long, yet ere one year and a half, they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; and they looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses, or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast, for the time."

How any man could describe a state of things — which, he says, a "stony heart would have rued"—in order to show how the thing could be done again, is marvellous. The poet's heart must have been of iron and not stone. Two short years after writing the book, recommending this exterminating or starving policy, he was burned out of his castle, and had to flee for his life. Can we wonder at it?

He was burned out by the followers of the rebel lord, James Fitz-Thomas, better known as the Sugaun, or Straw Earl of Desmond. But this man of straw, or "Straw Earl," as he was called in derision by the English "Undertakers" who had deprived him of his inheritance, proved himself to be of fearfully ignitable material. Spenser with his wife and family had to flee to England, his youngest child, as we have stated, having perished in the flames. Two years after this he died, in the greatest distress, in King Street, Westminster.

CHAPTER II.

The poet left a widow and four children—three sons and a daughter. We learn from the

"Amoretti" that his wife's name was Elizabeth, as was also that of his mother and of his "sovereigne queene most kind:"

The third, my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raised,
To speak her praise and glory excellent—
Of all alive most worthy to be praised.
Ye three Elizabeths, for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

If we can receive a lover's description of his bride, on her bridal day, the poet's wife must have been very beautiful, though but a "country lasse;" and as good as she was fair :—

Yet was she certes but a country lasse,
Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

We are disposed to conclude that she was a Cork woman, for the poet on his wedding morning invokes the "scaly trout" of *Mulla* to be present—at *breakfast* we conclude, though Spenser says,—

To help to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eechoo ring.

It is not improbable that the marriage was celebrated in the city of Cork, of which Spenser was at one time Sheriff:

Tell me, ye merchant daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your town before,
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her lips, like cherries, charming men to byte.

Spenser's widow, who seems to have regained the Kilcolman estate, was married a second time, in 1603, to Roger Seckerstone. We are unable to say whether it was her beauty or her interest in the Kilcolman estate which charmed Seckerstone "to byte," but we find that Sylvanus, the poet's eldest son, who felt that his rights had been compromised by this second marriage of his mother, petitioned the Lord Chancellor—the original petition is in the Rolls Court, Dublin,—who issued an order for an inquiry, or search. The inquisition was taken in Mallow, in the county of Cork, the seventh of August, 1611:

"The said jurors do find and present that a part or portion of a seignory granted by these patents from the late Queene Elizabeth unto Edmond Spenser, late of Kilcolmayn, in the Countie of Corke, Esquire, deceased, after his death descended unto Sylvanus Spenser, his sone and heire, whoe doth nowe possesse and enjoy the same, in manor and form as followeth, viz., the said Sylvanus Spenser is seized in [possessed of] his demense as of fee of the Castell of Kilcolmane with ccc [300] acres of land, parcel of the same seignory, being the demense lands of the same."

The inquisition then goes on to show who

were the parties to whom the other portions of Spenser's grant of 3000 acres were let out. Among the lessees we find the names of Lowe, Roche, and Power, which are familiar in that part of the county Cork in the present day.

Sylvanus Spenser married the eldest daughter of David Nagle, of Monanimy, in the county of Cork. It is worthy of notice that the mother of the great orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, was a Nagle, the grand-niece of Sylvanus Spenser's wife. The orator may have been called "Edmund" after the poet. He passed a portion of his childhood in the parish of Monanimy. The wife of David Nagle was a Roche—Ellen Roche. It is also probable that Edmund Burke Roche, now Lord Fermoy, and M.P. for Marylebone, derived his first Christian name, "Edmund," from the poet, and that of "Burke" from the statesman, for the families of the Roches, Nagles, Spensers, and Burkes were united by marriage.

Lawrence Spenser, better known as "Lawrence Spenser of Bandon," in the county of Cork, was the poet's second son. He died about the year 1654. He is not known to have married, or to have left descendants, but notwithstanding we are under the impression that some Miss Spenser married a Bandon man at no very distant period. We do not like to speak positively, for we cannot, at the present moment, call to mind the source of the impression.

Peregrine Spenser, the poet's youngest son, was married, but we do not know to whom. His eldest brother, Sylvanus, "in order to prefer him in marriage," made over on him the lands of Renny, near Kilcolman. He seems to have soon run through this estate. In a MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, which we have consulted, he is described, on the 4th of May, 1641, as a Protestant, resident in the barony of Fermoy, county of Cork, and "so impoverished by the troubles [of the civil war] as to be unable to pay his debts." He left one son, Hugolin, who married into his mother's family, the Nagles, who were, and still are, Roman Catholics.

Catherine Spenser, the poet's daughter, is mentioned by Bentham, who places her between Sylvanus and Lawrence, and marries her to William Wiseman of Bandon, but assigns her no descendants. We suspect it was the poet's granddaughter who married Mr. Wiseman of Bandon.

Edmund Spenser, the eldest son of Sylvanus—that is, the eldest son of the eldest son—who we conclude was called after his grandfather the poet—had his estates erected into the Manor of Kilcolman, by royal letters patent, February 18th, 1638. This was done

to remedy his defective title, his father having married a Nagle, a Romanist. He died unmarried, and without issue.

William Spenser, the second son of Sylvanus, became heir to his brother's estates. The following letter of Oliver Cromwell, respecting the restoration of the estate, dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657, will be read with interest:—

"To our Right Trusty and our Right Well-beloved our Council in Ireland:

"A petition hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth that being but seven years old at the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland [1641], he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the city of Cork, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That he never bore arms or acted against the Commonwealth of England. That his grandfather, Edmund, and his father, were both Protestants, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him, which during the rebellion yielded him little or nothing towards his relief. That the said estate hath been lately given out to the soldiers, in satisfaction of their arrears, *only upon account of his professing the Popish religion*, which, since his coming to years of discretion, he hath, as he professes, utterly renounced.

"That his grandfather was that Spenser, who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation: *and for these works, and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him the estate which the said William Spenser now claims.*

"We have also been informed that the gentleman is of civil conversation, and that the extremities of his wants have brought him to have not prevailed over him to put him upon any indirect or evil practices for his livelihood. And if, upon inquiry, you shall find his case to be such, we judge it just and reasonable, and do therefore desire and authorize you, that he be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisal lands be given to the soldiers elsewhere. And in doing whereof our satisfaction will be greater, by the continuation of that estate to the issue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to the Commonwealth that estate was first given him.

"We rest your loving friend, OLIVER P."

We discover from this letter of the Protector to the Council in Ireland,—see the portion that we have put in *italics*,—that it was for Spenser's "View," "touching the reduction of

the Irish to civility," or rather for explaining how they might be starved out,—a work which few have ever read,—and not for his "Faerie Queene," that "Queen Elizabeth conferred on him the estate of Kilkolman." But we need not be surprised at this, when we bear in mind that John Milton sold the first edition of his "Paradise Lost" for five pounds. The Cecils thought more of a clever piece of statecraft than of all the poems ever penned.

The Kilkolman estate was restored, having been wrenched out of the hands of Cromwell's soldiers, to whom it had been given in satisfaction of their arrears, but not until after the restoration of the Stuarts.

On July 31st, 1678, William Spenser, the poet's grandson, obtained a royal grant of other property, to the extent of nearly two thousand acres, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, among which was Ballinasloe, so famous at the present day for its fair. At the Revolution he joined the standard of the Prince of Orange; and it is stated, in a representation of his claims, drawn up about 1700, that he rendered important public services by acting as a guide to General Ginckel (afterwards Earl of Athlone), in his military operations in the south. For his zeal in this way he lost 300 head of black cattle, 1500 sheep, had his house plundered, and his only son "wounded in twenty places" by the Irish. In consideration of his services and sufferings, William III. granted him the forfeited lands of Renny, which had been made over by Sylvanus Spenser, the poet's eldest son, on his brother Peregrine, and which he had left to his son Hugolin, the first cousin of William. His title to these lands was disputed in 1700 by the Board of Trustees, appointed to determine the validity of all such grants. He, like a clever fellow, went to England, to urge his suit, got introduced to the poet Congreve, who introduced him to Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the Treasury, by whose means the grant was ratified, and his papist cousin, Hugolin, cut out of his rightful inheritance of Renny.

But luck did not come of this robbery. There is an expression in Irish which may be translated, "that which comes over the devil's back goes under his belly," the devil, it is to be understood, being in the form of the Phooka, or Spirit Horse. William Spenser had by his wife, Barbara, a son called Nathaniel, and a daughter Susannah. Nathaniel, we conclude, was the son who received the "twenty wounds" from the Irish who made the raid upon his father's sheep and black cattle. We find this son uniting with the father in executing a mortgage on their estates in Cork, Galway, and

Roscommon, for 2100*l.*; and on February 21st, 1716, we find them selling the lands of Ballinasloe to Frederick Trench, ancestor to the present possessor, the Earl of Clancarty.

This Nathaniel was called Spenser of Renny; and Renny seems to have been the last portion of the poet's property which remained in the Spenser family. I may here mention, that the Right Honourable Francis Blackburne, the present Lord Justice of Appeal and Ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, purchased the Renny property in the Encumbered Estates Court about ten or twelve years ago. Here Nathaniel Spenser lived with his wife "Rosamond." Here he died in 1734, leaving four children, Edmund, Nathaniel, John, and Barbara. Edmund, the eldest son, married Anne, the daughter of John Freeman, of Ballymague, in the county of Cork. Of the brothers, Nathaniel and John, or of their sister, Barbara, we have not been able to collect much reliable information. Mr. O'Flannagan, in his "Guide to the Blackwater," says, the last of the Spensers lived at Renny; that he had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred that he meant to marry her; that this woman, who was also employed by her master as his barber, cut his throat while shaving him on the morning of the day on which he was to have been married to a lady in the neighbourhood. "In the small antique dwelling at Renny is pointed out the room in which she did the deed."

This would be a tragic and terrible winding up of the poet's descendants; but there was a later Spenser than he, *Edmund Spenser, of Mallow*, probably the nephew of the murdered man, and the son of Edmund Spenser, who married Anne Freeman. He died in Mallow about 1790, leaving this sad epitaph for his tomb:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

EDMUND SPENSER,

GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE POET SPENSER.

UNFORTUNATE FROM HIS CRADLE TO HIS GRAVE.

Hearing that he was buried in the graveyard of Mallow church—where five of my own children lie sleeping in one tomb—I spent some time in looking for a stone with the name of Spenser on it, but without success, although informed by two or three persons that they had seen the name of Spenser on one of the stones. My want of success did not surprise me, for many of the names are obliterated.

This must have been the Spenser mentioned by a writer in the "Anthologia Hibernica," in 1793, as having resided a few years in Mallow, and as having been "in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued

so highly as to refuse 500*l.* which had been offered for it ; with many curious records and papers concerning his venerable ancestor."

Doctor Todd speaks of a daughter of this Edmund Spenser, of Mallow, as having married a William Burns, who held some office in the London Custom House. She was said to have been in possession of the poet's picture, so I resolved, if possible, to do my best to hunt it up.

I heard there was a Mrs. Sherlock, in Cork, a descendant of the poet, and the daughter of William Burns, of the London Custom House. I called at the house, which is near the South Infirmary, on the Douglas Road, and found the mother was dead ; but I saw her daughter who kept a small dame's school. She appeared about fifty, and had the "long loose yellow locks, lyke golden wyre," with which the poet describes his bride, in his "Epithalamion." She told me that she "*saw the picture,*" and that it had been sent, by her mother to her father, in London ; that is, as I understood her, to William Burns, of the Custom House. So it is more than probable that the picture of the poet is now in London.

I visited Kilcolman Castle, the residence of the poet, where he wrote the "Faerie Queene." It stands on the side of a small hill, about two miles from the town of Doneraile, and eight from Mallow. The castle is clothed with ivy to the top of the tower—the only tower which now stands, and which is about forty feet high. Among the ivy, peeps out here and there the friendly-looking little flower, the "forget-me-not." Judging from the few names inscribed on the old stones, I should conclude the ruin is very seldom visited by strangers, or indeed, by any one. The district around is greatly impoverished. Near the base of the castle is a stagnant lake, and on the margin of the lake stand a few miserable cabins. The people living on the estate, and in the neighbourhood, appear never to have heard of the poet's name. An old shepherd, who was tending a flock of sheep within a few fields of the castle, told me that "no one had lived in it during duration."

"Did you never hear of the great poet Spenser ?"

"Never, sir."

"Nor of the 'Faerie Queene,' nor of the famous shepherd, called Colin Clout, nor of his man, Cuddy ?"

"I never heard of one of them, sir ; it must have been a long while ago."

How sad to think that the poet who was once the *genius loci* of that part of the country, should have died in a garret in London, "for lake of bred," without leaving, in a district, the scenery of which he describes with so much

beauty, the shadow of a name, a mere *nominis umbra*, behind him !

CHARLES B. GIBSON.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

Most of my readers are aware, I dare say, that the celebration of Christmas in other countries differs vastly from that of the English ; but in no country is the distinction more marked than in Germany. Although we doubtless all enjoy our Christmas, and think there can be nothing like it in other countries where people are not so partial to beef, beer and plum-pudding, yet I hope, gentle reader, you will not be offended if I try to point out a few things wherein, to my opinion, we are far behind our Saxon neighbours in keeping the festival of Christmas worthily. One main difference is this : that no German household, from the palace to the hovel, however old and poor, is without its Christmas-tree ; even where there are no young fry in question, the old people will keep to the custom ; and it is a beautiful sight to see old gray-haired men and women standing round and greeting with undisguised joy their well-laden fir-tree. It is an essential part of Christmas, and Christmas would not be Christmas without it.

For months before the approach of this holy festival the female members of the household busy themselves in making preparation for it, the children eager to surprise their parents by working something that they have heard them express a wish to possess ; generally the work is carried on in secret, and the pleasure and surprise are in proportion to the secrecy maintained during the time of preparation. Nor are the poor forgotten, for many a savoury dish finds its way to the poor tenants' houses, together with warm clothing, and other little comforts, for the winters are generally more rigid there than here owing to our being surrounded by seawater, which equalises the temperature of our island, so that we have neither such intense heat nor cold to fight against. Many well-off people make it a rule to clothe a certain number of boys and girls at this inclement season. Knitting generally takes a prominent part in the presents, and many a happy father and mother have the pleasure of beholding the first pair of stockings that their little five-year-old daughter has knitted ; for every girl is accustomed to the use of the knitting-needle from that early age upwards. They are all expected to knit themselves two or three dozen pairs of stockings for their confirmation, the great era in a German girl's life, for with it she is transported from the school-room to some "Pensionat," where she learns (or is supposed to learn) the elements of housekeeping—cooking, dress-

making, &c., &c., with the object of making her a useful member of society. But I am digressing from my subject.

The English, if they have a Christmas-tree at all, which is only the case where there are young children, have it at what is termed a children's "party," not exclusively for the family, which I think gives, or ought to give it, the greatest zest, indeed much more so than when one is surrounded by strangers. Indeed, the Christmas-trees in England cannot be called fac-similes of those belonging to their Continental friends, for they bear very little resemblance to them, beyond the mere fact of the trees being the same, the way of decorating them being very different. Well, on Christmas-eve the "Christ Kind" is supposed (and is firmly believed by children) to bring all the gifts, and to dress the tree; and the best thing to keep a German child in order, is to tell him that the "Christ Kind" will bring him nothing, and he will soon think better of his waywardness. It is also a well-known saying amongst children that if they attempt to look through the key-hole when the tree is being dressed, the "Christ Kind" will blow their eyes out, and the consequence is that the little ones keep at a respectful distance from that piece of ironmongery, none of them having a fancy to have their eyes blown out.

When all is ready a silver bell is rung; on hearing the welcome sound every one throngs in, and their ears are greeted with a harmonious Christmas choral struck up by the most musical of the family, and with which all the other voices fall in gradually, until, as the voices die away, the echo long reverberates. The eyes are also most agreeably blinded by hundreds of bright tapers. The Bethlehem Star generally crowns the whole, and underneath lies the little Saviour in the open manger, with Mary and Joseph, and the Magi and Shepherds around him. I must just add, that the presents for mater-familias are slipped into her place unawares; for every one has a special place allotted on which are laid all his or her destined presents, together with a lot of "Anice und Zucker Gebackenes," which are the constant attendants on Christmas as mistletoe and snap-dragon are in England.

Meanwhile all are busied in examining their presents, and in guessing the donors thereof, and not seldom do presents come incognito. The happy evening passes, alas! but too quickly for all. At this time not a single person who has any place he can call a home is to be found in the streets: all are busy with the "Bescheerung." About eleven o'clock or earlier all retire into an adjoining room, where a short but earnest prayer is offered up by the

pater-familias expressive of thanks for blessings enjoyed during the past year, and prayers for the renewal of them for the year to come, and that there may be no dear face wanting—no dreary vacancy in the family circle when Christmas comes round again. Need I add, that no lip is motionless, or eye dry, when they bid each other good night; not many words are spoken, but in the tight clasp of hands there is much to tell of the depth of feeling that animates each.

They close the evening (as it seems to us somewhat early) but not without a good reason, for all the elder members of the family must be up at the early hour of six, to attend the Christ Kirche on Christmas Day to hear a sermon on the birth of the Saviour of mankind. It is easy to believe that it is impossible to sleep much on the night following that exciting evening, and that when at last one does fall asleep the dreams are charmingly interspersed with Christmas trees, halos of light, happy faces, and all sorts of enchantments from fairyland, till one is doubtful whether one is not at the solemn hour of midnight in the Hartz mountain, wherein wizard, hobgoblin, gnome, and fairy hold their midnight revel. No one is troubled with nightmare from heavy indigestible plum-pudding or anything else. Since early impressions are permanent it is considered most important in Germany to surround Christmas with all joyous and holy associations. A day of days it is indeed with them—a day never to be forgotten when once spent there. However, we will not spend our time in wishing the celebration of that august festival to be carried out here as there, for by universal similarity it might lack interest, and the customs of each land differ greatly, as we know, and each hangs on to its own with fondness; unquestionably the Germans are more demonstrative as well as more sociable than we are, but nevertheless we will not envy our more domesticated friends the celebration of their Christmas, but will continue always to keep it as merily as we always do in our "island home"—sitting around our hearths, and strive to draw together more closely those bonds of friendship which every one must equally feel, be he English, German, or French.

M. L.

THE LOCKET.

YES, 'tis a trifle. No, not "hers," nor mine.
Is there a story? Nay, I know it not;
And yet I dreamt one. Do but you incline
To hear it, you shall hear it on the spot.

There were two lovers "once upon a time"—
Why, 'tis a fairy tale, you say; ay so,
It only wants the reason and the rhyme,—
Love tales are fairy tales at first, you know.

Well, these two lovers sailed Love's ocean o'er,
By all the coasts of ivory and gold,
Till straying somehow from the tropic shore,
They drifted northward to the polar cold.

And there upon the bergs the vessel split,
Some little funne had troubled either head,
The frayed tie fretted slowly bit by bit,
They parted, and he went, and she was wed.

He was a man and, therefore, something weak,
He could not quite forget the face he knew,
And often in his dreams he heard her speak,
Not as she *did*, but as she used to do.

The face went with him wheresoe'er he fought,
The voice spake ever sweeter in the night.
He would not wed : the time might come, he thought,
If not, his love had pow'r to keep him right.



The time did come, the husband died, and then—
Why, then he stayed away two years in fear,
Half hope, half fear, most cowardly of men !
Much weighing, dreading most his doom to hear.

At last he came. Ah, dear, the story's mine,
Look in your heart, my darling, make it
yours,
Love me a little, sweet, for "auld lang syne,"
Let us set sail along the golden shores.

You do not speak, those soft brown eyes are hid,
It matters little, dear, you need not speak,
There is a fluttering language in each lid,
And Love has set a signal in your cheek.

You'll wear the locket. What ! your eyes are dim.
Nay, 'tis in smiles that you shall pay your debts ;
But read the Norman legend on each rim :
" Who loveth well not easily forgets."*

H. A. D.

* Qui bien aime, tard oublie.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XIX. AUNT LIBBY.

MISS ETHEL BURGOYNE led the way into a room whose proportions and polished floor made Theo feel very small and rather awkward on her immediate entrance. Space and a slippery boarding are apt to give one these sensations when come upon suddenly through an error of judgment such as Theo felt conscious of having committed. She recovered herself immediately however, and comprehended the apartment and its occupants before they had time to mark either fleeting feeling. The inanimate things shall be described first.

The room into which they had passed through a glass door from the terrace was lofty-arched and groined as to the roof, oak-panelled, and well hung with unmistakable family portraits as to the walls,—spacious and imposing altogether. In the centre of the floor there was a richly-coloured Turkey carpet, but the margin that was left uncovered, of polished oak, would have cut up into a good many moderately sized apartments.

One entire end of the room was occupied by a huge bay window, the broad, deep, solid, carved sill, or seat, as it had been formerly, was now made to serve as a flower stand. There was such a wealth of flowers upon it! They gave to the room what it would otherwise have lacked—a glow of colour, a fullness of tone that time-darkened carved oak and time-honoured portraits would have been powerless to effect.

For carved oak was the predominant feature in this room, into which Miss Leigh was led. Carved oak writing-tables and cabinets, carved oak chairs, mantel-piece, and screen. The sole piece of furniture indeed that was not of carved oak, was a small modern piano in an unadorned modern oak case.

It was not a dining-room, undoubtedly; nor was it a drawing-room; books were not abundant enough for it to be a library; and the most ignorant in such matters could hardly have fallen into the error of imagining it a boudoir. It had been in truth the chief resort of the family when this old oak was new, and it was the chief resort of the family still, the home-room, the heart of the house. They assembled themselves together in it more constantly and comfortably than in any of the modernised rooms, in the fitting-up of which Jackson and Graham had had a hand.

There was a regular orthodox picture-gallery

at Maddington—a picture-gallery that was as badly lighted, as long, as dull, as rigorously correct in all particulars, as the picture-gallery of an old family mansion ought to be. But the best pictures, the most important, interesting, and agreeable-to-look-upon pictures, were hung here in the oak-parlour.

For by that simple name they called this big room in which Theo Leigh felt herself to be so very small a thing at first. The wife and daughters of the Sir Hugh Burgoyne,—who had built the mansion back away in those good old days—those dark ages when the Lancastrian Queen was striving to regain the rights her weakly lord had lost,—the wife and daughters of the man who was then causing their name to sound in the land had sat in this room weaving silken standards, and had called it the oak-parlour on account of its panelled walls. At a later date, when the knight's descendants had been Lords Viscounts for some goodly period of years, at a date when Addison wrote, and Steele drank, and Marlborough fought for the queen, and the queen quarrelled with Marlborough's wife,—at a date when oak-carvings disputed public favour with pug-dogs, the room was furnished anew after the grand substantial fashion of the day, and became more emphatically the oak-parlour than before.

Prominent among the great array of pictures that were on the wall facing the three windows which opened on to the terrace, there hung one that was at once Lord Lesborough's glory and grief. It was that portrait of Charles the First coming out of a wood on a white charger of which Vandyck painted three duplicates. Lord Lesborough's glory was that this was one of the great master's works. His grief was that friends and enemies alike were unanimous in declaring it to be but a copy, "though a very good one," they inhumanly added, of the exquisite original. The picture was dear to his heart, but, like many well-loved objects, it was a great trial to his temper. Friendship is ever apt to point out to us with more pertinacity than pleasantness that what we prize as real is but a base counterfeit.

By the side of the mounted melancholy monarch there hung a full-length of his pet courtier Villiers in black velvet, and majesty such as even Charles himself did not possess. As a pendant to this there was a portrait of a long dead and gone Burgoyne, a tall handsome blonde-haired, bright-visaged young cavalier,

whose presentment on canvas arrested Theo's attention, and then enchained it, much as he himself had been wont to arrest and enchain the eyes of all women who looked upon him when he was in the flesh. From the moment her looks fell upon him, Theo glanced no further afield over the well adorned oak-panelled walls. She could only gaze at the prototype, and feel a faint pity that so fair a thing as this blue-eyed cavalier should have mouldered into dust generations before she was born.

Miss Ethel Burgoyne had taken Theo Leigh into the room, introduced her to Lord Lesborough, "my father," and Miss Burgoyne, "my sister," and planted her on a couch opposite to these three pictures with a quiet celerity that set Theo completely at her ease, through proving to her that Miss Ethel Burgoyne at any rate saw nothing awkward or out of the way in the mistake that she (Theo) had made.

"John made a mistake at the station and brought away the wrong young lady," Miss Ethel said, when she had mentioned Theo's name to her father and sister. "Poor Mrs. Vaughan will be in despair: I think we ought to send down to the vicarage and relieve her anxiety."

"I think I ought to go to my aunt and explain to her how I came to be so stupid," Theo suggested. Then she mentioned having passed a pony-carriage by the station as she came along in the dog-cart, and the two Miss Burgoynes exclaimed that "it was Mrs. Vaughan's probably."

"Do you know—ah! but I know that you are nearly a stranger to your aunt, Miss Leigh," Miss Burgoyne said when Theo again proposed going with her explanation in person.

"She is a stranger to me; I was a child when I saw her last," Theo replied.

"Now we know her very well, very intimately indeed," the elder Miss Burgoyne went on earnestly. "Ethel, shall we take Miss Leigh over to the vicarage, and explain the reason of her not being there before to Mrs. Vaughan?"

"I don't see the necessity of our hurrying Miss Leigh away in that manner, Grace," Theo's first acquaintance rejoined, and a faint blush overspread her face as she spoke. "Mrs. Vaughan is sure to drive over here from the station; if she finds that we have already draughted Miss Leigh on to the vicarage she will think the very thing you want to prevent her thinking."

Miss Burgoyne seated herself again in the chair from which she had risen on Theo's entrance. She was a tall, fair, placid-faced woman of thirty-four or five, composed and matronly

in her bearing; so composed and matronly, indeed, that she might well have passed for the mother of the younger lady who had gone out on the terrace to welcome Theo. Miss Burgoyne smiled very softly and sweetly on Theo as she reseated herself, and held out her hand to the interloper in a way that bound her to the house of Burgoyne for ever.

"Then you must be kind enough to feel quite happy and comfortable with us till such time as your aunt comes to claim you, dear Miss Leigh; my sister is right; I think after all: Mrs. Vaughan is apt to be a little nervous."

"Do you mean a little fidgety?" Theo asked; she liked these Burgoynes, and was in no particular hurry for her aunt's arrival.

"You must try not to think her so, for she is a dear good woman," Miss Burgoyne replied.

"But she has her foibles, dear old lady," Ethel whispered. Then Lord Lesborough, a fine old gentleman with a great expanse of buff waistcoat and bald head, said he thought he heard the pony-carriage coming up the drive. So forthwith they went out in a body to meet Mrs. Vaughan, and explain to her the reason of her having had her journey to the railway station for nothing—or worse.

It was the pony-carriage that they had heard, and in it was Mrs. Vaughan, the "Aunt Libby," whose name was so familiar and whose *personnel* was so strange to Theo. Directly Theo saw her aunt she appreciated the Burgoynes' motive for desiring to assist at the explanatory meeting between herself and her relative.

"Aunt Libby is a pretty old lady," was Theo Leigh's first thought; "Mrs. Vaughan is fussy" was her second, and when she thought this she involuntarily threw off a little of the deprecating manner she had been preparing, and stood rather more on the defensive than she had been purposing to do a minute before.

Mrs. Vaughan got out of the pony-carriage and came towards them rapidly, speaking words that were evidently words of reprobation and excuse. The reprobation was to Theo, and Theo (she had ever been a petted child, remember) felt sorely inclined to resent it.

Mrs. Vaughan was warm and excited, therefore, pretty old lady as she undoubtedly was, she looked and felt somewhat at a disadvantage as she came up to the cool composed group who were awaiting her. She was a fair, florid, hazel-eyed and haired old lady, possessed even now at sixty-eight of a neat trim plump figure, and a "well-defined waist." Her glance was quick and keen, her bonnet was gaily trimmed and badly tied, her shawl was expensive, but

ungracefully adjusted. Now none of these things are pleasant to contemplate in the stranger with whom we are bound to sojourn for a period. But none of these sights would have caused Theo a moment's regret had she not observed that Mrs. Vaughan smiled vividly with her thin cleanly-cut lips, the while her eyes were darting unmistakeable sparks of anger.

"My dear Miss Burgoyne," she began, "it's a thing that I wouldn't have had happen for the world." Then she shook hands warmly with the two Miss Burgoynes, and gave the tips of some badly gloved fingers to Theo the offender.

"But we are very glad that it has happened," Miss Burgoyne replied; "your niece has been kind enough to overlook poor John's stupidity; you must do so also, Mrs. Vaughan."

"Ah, my dear, it's not John's stupidity," Mrs. Vaughan replied with vicious emphasis. Then she clutched her shawl more firmly around her, settled her bonnet afresh vengefully on her head, and endeavoured to smile refulgently upon the Burgoynes and glare wrathfully at Theo at one and the same moment.

"I shall very soon go back to Bretford," Theo thought. The wrathful glare aggravated her; she was quite ready and willing to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, in so far as giving honour where honour was due went. Still, she could not feel abjectly remorseful on the subject of the unintentional raid upon the Burgoynes, or her Aunt Libby's vain drive to the railway station.

"We will come over, or at all events I will come over to-morrow to see how you are getting on," Miss Ethel whispered to Theo, as the latter, in obedience to rather peremptory orders, strove to adjust herself in Mrs. Vaughan's pony-carriage, when Mrs. Vaughan proposed departing.

"I don't think I shall get on too well," Theo replied; "I have been made to feel such a pitiful offender already, though she has scarcely spoken to me, that I never shall like being with her."

"Try not to mind her weaknesses," Miss Ethel said, with the bravery that is so easy and so customary when the weaknesses in question do not immediately affect the speaker. "She's a dear good woman, as I told you just now, and I should like you to stay at Hensley for some time."

Lord Lesborough's second daughter shook hands very warmly with Theo as she said this, and looked strangely like that blonde-haired, bright-visaged, blue-eyed, young cavalier who

had enchained Theo's attention when she first entered the oak-parlour. It was a glorious beauty truly, and Theo felt it to be so. "Ah, how handsome a living man would be like it," she thought; "it's too bold and bright for a woman that something she has in common with the picture." Then she had to bring her thoughts back to the passing scene as Lord Lesborough and his eldest daughter came up to say "Good-bye" to her, and hope they should see her again.

Mrs. Vaughan maintained an austere silence towards her niece until they were clear of the Maddington grounds and the Burgoyne influence, she then gave her feelings voice.

"What must they have thought of you for being so awkward, Theo? I am very sorry that the first member of my family that they have seen should have impressed his lordship and the young ladies so unfavourably."

It was a way of mentioning them that caused Theo's blood to run cold, a style of designation that bordered upon the servile, she thought, and that might more fittingly fall from the lips of her maid than her aunt.

"The Miss Burgoynes didn't seem to be unfavourably impressed with me, aunt; don't meet troubles half way."

Theo leant back in the little pony-carriage as she spoke, and strove to render herself comfortable by drawing the wrap-shawl, which they had spread over their knees, around her more closely. Mrs. Vaughan marked the movement and resented the motive. She objected to the one with whom she was ill-pleased striving to attain bodily ease.

"I must say," she observed, viciously whipping up her fat pony as she spoke, "that you take things very coolly, and with considerably more unconcern than is becoming, my dear."

"What things, aunt?"

"Things that vitally concern our interests," Mrs. Vaughan snapped out suddenly.

"Good gracious, aunt! what?" Theo cried, starting erect in an instant; "what have I done? what do you mean? endangered your interests! how?"

"Lord Lesborough and the Honourable Miss Burgoyne—the Misses Burgoyne I should say—are not likely to think the more highly of your uncle, the Reverend Thomas Vaughan, and myself, from seeing how utterly unaccustomed a member of my family is to the usages of good society."

"Oh!" Theo said wearily; "is that all, then?"

"That all indeed! quite enough, I'm sure. To think," Mrs. Vaughan continued, lapsing into a lachrymose tone, "that you should have marred by your own stupidity and ignorance

the fine prospect I had opened for you. Ah ! it's too vexatious !”

“But after all, aunt, it was a venial offence that I committed. I was very tired ; oh ! I am so tired ; and I was glad to meet anyone who seemed to be there to meet me. The Miss Burgoynes were so kind, they quite understood how it happened.”

“The mistake was not so bad as the way you acted after it was made, child ; you should with 'umble dignity have refused to intrude yourself upon them. ‘You do me too much honour, Miss Burgoyne,’ you should have said, ‘but I think that I had better instantly return to my aunt, Mrs. Vaughan, who is doubtless awaiting me at the railway station. I will not intrude myself upon you,’ that's what you should have said. ‘Intrude myself upon you,’ that would have looked pretty and modest, and have shown them that you knew your own place and theirs. As it is—why, mercy on us, child, what's the matter ?”

Theo had been engaged in a sharp mental battle for many weeks ; she had been wounded in it, though not worsted in one sense. Still, though not worsted, she was terribly weakened. Added to this she had been further enfeebled by a long, tedious, trying journey, and the sense of having made a mistake that was awkward, though nothing more. These things combined to render her less self-possessed than usual. In combating an inclination to laugh during Aunt Libby's delivery of the speech that she could have wished her niece to make to the Miss Burgoynes, Theo went to the other extreme and began to cry.

“I'm very tired, and I haven't been well for weeks, Aunt Libby ; that's all, indeed that's all” (she strove to explain things as agreeably as possible). “I don't mind a word that you have said. Really not a word. I daresay,” she continued, trying to clear up, “that I shall be all right when I have had some dinner.”

“You require a little camphor on sugar, more than dinner, I'm thinking, child,” Mrs. Vaughan replied meditatively, as she turned into the vicarage garden, “or a little red lavender would be better still, perhaps. We shall have dinner at five o'clock, I wouldn't advise your having anything before it ; not that I grudge it, of course, but I should like to spare you indigestion the first day you're here.”

“Five o'clock will be quite soon enough, Aunt Libby. Shall I see Mr. Vaughan before dinner ?”

“My dear—I must tell you, excuse me, since you don't seem to know—it's not the custom for young persons to tell their entertainers that the dinner-hour is ‘quite soon enough,’ or anything else ; you don't know, so I will tell you,

and you mustn't be hurt, for I tell you for your own good. As to when you'll see Mr. Vaughan, I can't say ; it's prettier for young people to hold themselves in readiness to wait upon their elders and superiors, than to try to make off-handed appointments with them.”

CHAPTER XX. MRS. VAUGHAN ON ETIQUETTE.

THE plump pony was pulled up at the door of the vicarage as Mrs. Vaughan brought her homily to a close. Theo tried to step out of the little carriage and into the house with the light unembarrassed air which is popularly supposed to indicate a bright unembarrassed heart and spirit. But she was weary in body as well as in mind, therefore she failed in conveying to beholders the desired impression.

The brief lecture to which Mrs. Vaughan had treated her had been depressing in its influence. Youth is ever apt to regard with jealous eyes any proposed amendment of its manners at the hands of one whose own manners do not strike youth as being of a particularly high order. Theo had already discovered a lack of all self-possession and calm about Mrs. Vaughan. She distrusted the instructive capabilities of that breeding which broke down on so small an emergency as that of this morning.

She was ushered up-stairs to her own room by a bland middle-aged woman with a soft mellow voice and a soothing manner. The sort of voice and manner, in fact, that must be invaluable in attendants on lunatics, but that is rather aggravating when brought to bear upon the sane.

“Now, missy dear, whenever you feel to want anything, ask me for it, and don't go troubling our missus,” she said, when she had drawn up the blind and relieved Theo of her bonnet.

“Whenever I want anything I will ask for it, thank you,” Theo replied, in the bravery of ignorance. “Would you be good enough to open the window a little ?”

“To be sure, missy ; young people like a little fresh air, as I said to missus when I was getting the room ready this morning. My name is Ann, miss, and I have lived here, girl and woman, nigh upon twenty years. Girl and woman !”

Ann's voice was very mellow when she said this, and her manner was very soothing ; but Theo felt tired and sick at heart ; she could not cultivate the qualities Ann was palpably ready to develop to the full.

“Oh ! indeed ; twenty years : that's a long time ; a very long time,” she added, with sudden emphasis, as she remembered that just so many years had she herself lived in the world.

"Yes, missy, for twenty years, and much I have seen in that time of missus's little ways, as we may call them; she's very kind at heart, but she don't seem so always, and when she don't seem so in some little matters that I can alter, you just tell me, and I will alter them."

The woman went out of the room when she had said that, and Theo thought, "Aunt Libby can neither beat me nor starve me, and in any other case Ann's aid will be unavailing, I should imagine. Then she dressed herself for the five-o'clock dinner in a plain high silk, and wandered forth in search of the drawing-room.

She found it down on the left-hand side of the hall door; a pretty room, with a French window at the end, which opened on to a garden, which imperceptibly merged into the churchyard. "I should like it better if the graves were not so visible," she thought, as she walked to the window and looked out, "but I shall get used to the ghoulish view in time, I suppose; I have got used to worse things than that." Her thoughts always went back to her trouble; she compared every possible grief or annoyance with the mighty one that overshadowed this portion of her life. It really was terribly depressing to find herself fixed for a time in a place and amongst people that promised to be so utterly unsympathetic. But the other day such a different, such a brilliant prospect had loomed before her! But the "other day!"

Soon her uncle—the Reverend Thomas himself—came into the room, and made her welcome with a certain austerity of manner that was strangely at variance with his rotund little person and rosy little face. Then before she had well had time to realise that the austerity was a mere futile effort after dignity, Mrs. Vaughan joined them, and speedily again Theo wished herself back at Bretford.

"My dear," Mrs. Vaughan began, "I think it only right to tell you that it is not the custom for young people to run at large over a house directly they arrive at it. You don't know any better, therefore I must tell you; you should have waited in your bed-room till I could send Ann to tell you that dinner was ready."

Theo blushed scarlet; few girls of twenty are strong-minded enough to retain possession of their faculties when accused of a breach of etiquette. For a few moments she almost believed she had grossly blundered, and though unprepared to go to the extreme length of declaring "a blunder to be worse than a crime," the dread that she had committed the former was overwhelming. At the end of a few moments reason resumed its sway, and Miss

Leigh felt that it was her aunt who had blundered, and not herself.

"I am very sorry, Aunt Libby, that I should have transgressed your rules so soon."

"They are not my rules, my dear: they're the rules of society; I should be sorry for you to betray any ignorance of the sort if Miss Burgoyne should be kind enough after what has happened to invite you to Maddington."

"I will try not to behave like a savage, aunt," Theo replied, with a small laugh. Then Mr. Vaughan had an access of curiosity, and enquired "what had happened?" And Theo had the satisfaction of listening to a slightly distorted version of the affair before a melancholy man in drab came to tell them that dinner was served.

Mr. Vaughan reserved judgment until he was safely ensconced in his proper place at the dinner-table; he then gave it forth, tremulously it must be owned, but it was given nevertheless.

"If his lordship and the Honourable Miss Burgoyne can overlook your niece's little—little error, my dear, I think we, you I mean, may do so also. Pray allow me to send you some soup?"

The offer of soup was made to Theo, whose little error had not at all impaired her appetite. She was young, and hungry, and the soup gave forth savoury odours, and looked of a peculiarly appetising clear brown as it streamed from the ladle. But before she could reply to the offer of it Mrs. Vaughan intervened.

"After such a long journey and no luncheon Theo ought to begin upon something substantial; that soup would be sure to give her indigestion. No, my dear, I won't have you take any; it's my duty to see that you don't ruin your constitution while you're staying here. You shall have some nice plain beef, roast beef, not too much done, and nothing else, not a thing else. I should say by your looks that you're let eat anything unwholesome you please at home."

"Well, Aunt Libby, certainly I am not dieted," Theo replied.

"No, I believe it; you're poor dear mother was a very weak girl, so I never expected to hear that she had turned into a strong-minded woman"

"My mother's mind and heart are strong enough to have won me to love her too well to sit and listen to a word in disparagement of her," Theo said, colouring brightly.

"My dear, such a display of temper is very ill-bred," Mrs. Vaughan replied gravely; "or perhaps you're a little nervous and upset after your journey. Well, you shall have a glass

of wine, or half a glass of wine ; the merest drop, Mr. Vaughan ? do you hear ? the merest drop."

So Theo had the merest drop, with some very under-done beef and a scanty supply of vegetables, "they being bad for her complexion," Aunt Libby affirmed. Mrs. Vaughan then proceeded to remark that she couldn't imagine where Theo had got her complexion. "It's worse than any member of my family ever had before, my dear. Not that it's your fault, I don't say that it is, but it's a great misfortune for you, a very great misfortune indeed ; but no wonder, if at your age you're accustomed to eat when and how and what you like. Mr. Vaughan can tell you that when I married him I was like a rose, a blush rose."

"Precisely like a blush rose," Mr. Vaughan struck in promptly.

"Well, Aunt Libby, I feel properly penitent about my complexion, but it's an evil of long standing, you see ; I have been brown all my life. May I have a glass of ale, please ? I don't care for wine. You're not shocked, I hope ?"

"Not shocked, but disgusted," Mrs. Vaughan replied. "No, Theo ; ale is not a beverage" (Mrs. Vaughan called it "beveridge" in her emotion) "for young ladies ; no ! no pudding for Miss Leigh, Thomas, bring it to me. I am sure," she continued, in a semi-apologetic tone to Theo, "that you wouldn't go eating any nasty sweets after your long fast, my dear."

"No nasty sweets, but that appears to be a very nice sweet, Aunt Libby."

"Too rich—far too rich——"

"For the stomach of youth," Mr. Vaughan put in blithely. Then on his wife looking round to give some directions to Thomas, Mr. Vaughan nodded and winked at Theo, and made signs expressive of "something," but what she could not imagine. On Mrs. Vaughan's facing the table again he lapsed into rosy absorption in his own pudding, leaving Theo with the impression that he was a little mad and very cunning.

When the dinner, of which Theo's share had been such a frugal one, was over, Mrs. Vaughan sent Thomas to lock the drawing-room door, and told Theo that she might amuse herself with a book of engravings which she would find in the sideboard drawer.

"We don't sit in the drawing-room when we are alone, my dear," she explained ; "it would be wearing out the furniture for nothing. Your uncle will go to his study till tea is ready, and we'll sit here."

"I don't care much for shadowy views of

places, Aunt Libby. May I go and get a book from the study ?" Theo asked. The prospect was dull that Mrs. Vaughan had held out to her, of sitting there with a book of engravings before her till tea was ready.

"A book ! what for, child ?"

"To read."

Mrs. Vaughan had been reclining in rather an inert manner in a stout easy-chair before this ; she now sprang into animation and an erect posture.

"To read ! really, child, it was time for you to come here and be taught the rudiments of manners. Your poor dear father, what can he have been about to suffer you to acquire such ill-bred habits ? My dear, it's not the custom for young people to take up books and read when they are staying away from home on a visit ; it's considered much prettier of them to sit and talk to their hostess, if she feels inclined to talk ; it looks selfish and thoughtless to take up a book and read ; you will have many hours to yourself while I am otherwise engaged, then you can retire to your bed-room and read. But when I am here to be talked to, it is your place to talk to me."

"Aunt Libby has her idiosyncrasies, and no mistake," Theo thought, but she was resolved to bear them amiably as long as might be.

"I will just go and get some work, Aunt Libby, and then I shall be able to talk as long and as much as you like."

"Work ! like a milliner girl running away for your work directly after dinner," Mrs. Vaughan replied testily, resettling herself in her chair. "I do hope you will learn to be calm before you leave me, Theo, for this restless desire to be doing something betrays that you are accustomed to very inferior society, very inferior indeed. I don't know what the Miss Burgoynes will think of you."

Shortly after this Mrs. Vaughan went to sleep, and Theo sat in the dimly-lighted room with the volume of shadowy engravings before her in a state of semi-despair. "This evening can't last for ever," she kept on thinking, "and to-morrow must be better. I am beginning to hate those eternal Burgoynes."

The late autumn, or rather the early winter, wind went whistling shrilly round the house, and not a sound within the walls interrupted the sorrowful tale the wind told to Theo of coldness, blankness, and nothing better, to come. She sat near the window looking out into the garden and graveyard beyond, wondering whether anything bright had ever been seen from that window, whether anyone bright had ever looked forth from it, whether it was always chilly, nipping, early winter socially at Hensley ;

whether it was imagination which showed her two figures coming along through the tombs towards the house, or whether her vision was to be relied upon.

They came on out of range of her sight, and presently a sharp decided ring at the hall bell proved to her that they had been realities, and that a break was about to occur in this monotony, which was becoming unbearable. Then, before she had quite collected her wandering tired faculties, they came in; and "they" were Miss Ethel Burgoyne and the blond-haired, bright vi-aged, blue-eyed young cavalier whose portrait had arrested her in the morning.

Had the portrait come out of its frame and changed its garb for the express purpose of mystifying her? or was he a real being, only like unto the pictured one, whose mouldering into dust before her advent she had so poignantly regretted? The dulness of mind and the dimness of light which had been her portion for the last two hours caused her thus to question for a few moments. At the end of them she realized that he was no galvanized Vandyck, but a young English gentleman of the present day, the modern school, and very pleasant to behold.

"Frank has come——" Miss Ethel Burgoyne began.

"To lighten your darkness, my dear Mrs. Vaughan; you're the first person I always look up when I come to Maddington," he interrupted, passing along hastily from the side of the lady he had been escorting to that of the partially awakened and totally bewildered Mrs. Vaughan.

"You always were a most attentive, dear boy," the old lady replied heartily, grasping both the hands he extended to her, in amiable obliviousness of its being the first time he ever had displayed the engaging promptitude he professed. "What a pleasure to see you; that's my niece, quite a child she is, oh, *quite* a child; tell you about her directly," she continued, nodding at him, and blinking at Theo, who disregarded the blinks in consequence of the rapt regard the young, fair, bright, bold beauty of this man won from her.

He had half turned round to look at Theo when her aunt offered him the hazy introduction, and as he stood, one hand still held by Mrs. Vaughan, the other planted on his hip, he made a finer picture than the one that had held Theo's gaze in the morning. He was rather a tall man, and so he had bent his head slightly when he had turned to look on Theo's face—bent his head to an altitude that made his glance at her a level one, that caused it to appear far far more earnest than if he had

simply turned and looked as any other man would have done, she thought.

"Frank is my nephew, Miss Leigh; don't you think we're like?" Ethel Burgoyne asked aloud of Theo; and when the young aunt asked this, the younger nephew threw his head up and laughed, and looked strikingly like her at once.

"He is now, he was not a minute ago," Theo replied.

"The seriousness of a minute ago was an unprecedented thing; it's Frank's normal condition to be volatile, as you will find when you know him better."

"When I know him better," Theo repeated vaguely.

"Yes, as you will, of course; you're half asleep, poor child, after your journey; come out in the garden for a turn or two; I know every bit of rock-work and every flower-bed, so you need not fear that we'll be detrimental to your plants, Mrs. Vaughan, in the darkness. Come, Miss Leigh, we will leave Frank with his old friend, and I will take you for a freshening walk, and instruct you as to the importance of the personage who has had the power to bring me over from Maddington at this hour of the night."

Miss Ethel laid her hand on Theo's arm as she spoke, and Theo followed her to the door, and then cast a glance back towards the man they were leaving.

"He's not like you again now," she whispered hurriedly. He had lowered his head again, and was looking straight at her with the level earnest gaze that betokens intense interest and a determination to read all that may be read of the soul of the scanned.

"I am thinking that you two young ladies ought not to be suffered to go out in that goblin garden alone," he said, with a rapid change of expression.

"Come to us presently then, Frank; keep him for ten minutes, Mrs. Vaughan, and then send him in search of us. He does not want to come with us in reality, his great anxiety was to come over here to you," Ethel Burgoyne replied; and then she went with Theo from the room, leaving him with Mrs. Vaughan.

How it had been done, whether his eyes had questioned it, or his lips, Theo could not tell, but she was conscious of this, that when Miss Ethel had asserted that his great anxiety had been to see Mrs. Vaughan, Mr. Frank had telegraphed to her (Theo) an inquiry as to her belief in the truth of this statement, and she, against her will, had transmitted a doubt of it back to him. There was an understanding between them from that moment, she felt—one that might be neither honourable, pleasure-

able, nor advantageous to her, but that was an understanding nevertheless.

"My nephew is Frank by name and by nature too," Miss Ethel Burgoyne said, when they were outside the hall-door. "Isn't it pleasant out here? chilly, but nice. Papa and Grace thought me mad when I agreed to come over from Maddington with Frank after dark; he arrived quite unexpectedly, dear boy, and insisted on coming over before he slept to see his 'old friend,' as he called her."

"Frank by nature, is he?—I mean is he an old friend? is he fond of Aunt Libby?"

"I didn't know that he was till to-night, but it seems that he is, very."

"He is your nephew, did you say?"

"Yes, my only brother's only son; my poor brother died when Frank and I were children, and we've all done our best to spoil him ever since. He is such a darling fellow!"

They had sauntered out of the garden away into the graveyard, and now, when she said this, they ceased their sauntering and sat down on a flat tomb-stone, and the early winter wind went by them shrilly.

"How much he is like that portrait that hangs on the left of the white horse," Theo observed in a low tone; then she sank her voice to a still fainter whisper and went on, "do you know when you came into the room to-night I thought he was something unnatural, I did indeed; don't mind my saying so; I felt that I had seen him before and yet hadn't seen him before, and known him without having known him."

"It was seeing the portrait," Ethel Burgoyne answered aloud and cheerily. "We don't like papa keeping it in that room at all, because it's useless to deny that it is unhappily like Frank."

"Why unhappily like him?"

"Because he was such a bad fellow, so utterly unlike Frank in character, as unlike him morally in fact as he is like him personally. He was called 'the bad Burgoyne,' and he was hung in the darkest end of the gallery till Frank grew up like him, then papa had him brought down in order that Frank might not have a chance of forgetting that his great personal attractions couldn't save him from being utterly despicable."

"Does Frank need such a reminder?"

"Well, papa thinks that he does, which amounts to nearly the same thing. Papa distrusts him partly on account of the resemblance to that Hugo Burgoyne, and partly because he never liked Frank's mother. Papa has made what we think the mistake of always trying to keep Frank straight by threats, for though the title must be Frank's eventually and a good

portion of the property, still the major portion of it is not entailed, and if Frank offended papa he would leave it to his immaculate pet, Harold Ffrench, on conditions."

So she heard his name again!—heard his name and a doubt cast upon his being "immaculate," as she would have had her lover supposed to one and the same time.

Theo did not answer when her new acquaintance brought her speech to a close. The girl could not have spoken without betraying more anxiety than might be compatible with those "conditions," which must be fulfilled in order to ensure Harold's succession to that which Frank Burgoyne might possibly forfeit. She could not have spoken with the coolness that might be essential to the well-being of the career of the man who had wronged her. Wronged her unintentionally and to his own lasting sorrow, she firmly believed, but wronged her nevertheless. Therefore, though she longed to question and to hear, she held her peace, and trusted that the friendly darkness concealed her emotion from Ethel Burgoyne.

"We—Grace and I—are always in a state of anxiety while Frank is here, dearly fond of him as we are," Ethel went on, after a short pause. "I ought not to mention such things to a stranger, I suppose, and yet after all I don't know why I shouldn't, for they are unimportant."

"What are unimportant?—your anxieties?" Theo asked.

"Yes; our anxieties and their causes are unimportant in reality; we have no reason to fear that Frank will ever go wrong with papa; still, such a little thing would put him wrong that we do fear it. I always hate Harold Ffrench when I think of it."

"Who speaks of the bogie of my boyhood?" a voice from behind cried brightly, and the next instant Frank himself, the subject of their conversation, stood by Theo's side, and made as though he would have seated himself there had Theo given a movement of encouragement.

"I was speaking of Harold Ffrench," Ethel replied, rather sharply. She was annoyed with her pet for having stolen up to them thus quietly, while she was on the subject of his grievances.

"What were you saying about him, Ethel? do you know anything of him, Miss Leigh?"

He seated himself by her side as he asked it, seated himself there, though never a bit of the encouragement for the lack of which he had at first hesitated was given him; his eyes questioning her, she could see this by the moonlight, even more closely than they had done in the room.

"Yes, and you know I do," she answered

suddenly; she felt convinced of this, and she could not resist giving voice to the conviction, injudicious as she felt herself to be.

"Oh! I didn't know that he was a friend of yours," Ethel said, rising as she spoke, "or perhaps I would have held my tongue about him; and yet I don't know either that I should have been so discreet. Come, let us stroll on, I'm cold."

Ethel's speech had saved Frank the necessity of replying to Theo's assertion of his knowledge of her knowing Harold Ffrench. He waited, listening attentively to what Ethel was saying until she had concluded, then he glided into the conversation again.

"Has Ethel been telling you that he, your friend Mr. Ffrench, has been used 'to keep the beast in awe,' I being the beast in question?"

"I have been telling Miss Leigh that Harold Ffrench is a great pet of papa's, who absurdly enough believes him to be immaculate," Ethel rejoined hurriedly. She had no desire for Frank to become acquainted with the full extent of the confidence she had placed in Theo; "darling fellow" as Frank was in her estimation, she knew that he was apt to cloud over at the free mention of family matters when he had not the sole mentioning of them.

"Oh, indeed; was that all?" he said. He was far too well-bred to probe an unpleasant subject when he had nothing to gain by it, and in this case, nothing could be gained, save the pleasure of putting his usually self-possessed Aunt Ethel to confusion. He reflected that "Ethel always stood by him, and most likely always would do so," therefore he spared her.

"Oh! indeed, was that all? Well, Miss Leigh, you know more of him than we do probably; is he all that my respected grandpapa believes him to be? or can we prove him a defaulter in honour, and so leave Lord Lesborough nothing to love and lean upon, and leave his all to but my worthy self?"

"No one could prove him a defaulter in honour, however intimately he was known," Theo said quickly. But though she spoke promptly and firmly in her defence of the loved and lost, she felt that she was wincing under the interrogatory gaze of the man who had forced her to speak.

"If you say that, Miss Leigh, I shall feel bound to believe in him for the future; ladies generally have good grounds for what they say about such a handsome man as Harold Ffrench," Ethel said, with a laugh.

"I daresay Miss Leigh has good grounds, Ethel; you must not imagine everyone as frivolous and easily blinded by appearances as you are yourself," Frank replied, with a mock gravity that was amusing to Ethel and

irritating to Theo. "I have not the slightest doubt that Miss Leigh speaks with understanding."

He looked very tenderly down at Theo as he said it, and there was a most sympathetic inflection in his voice. But then Theo remembered that men are tender and sympathetic occasionally without sufficient cause; and so she strove to stifle the conviction that he knew her story. "He *can't* know about Harold and me," she kept on saying to herself; "who could know it, excepting a few people at Bretford? it is only his way to say things as if he meant something more than is said."

"I speak with the usual amount of understanding, I suppose," she said, trying to speak carelessly. "Mr. Ffrench would always have my suffrages, because he looks as if he deserved them. I believe in the jewel having a fair casket; I should have lost Portia, and chosen the wrong box, I am persuaded, if I had been Bassanio."

"So should I, I think," he replied, laughing; "but I should have chosen the gold hoping to avoid her. I should have felt convinced that such a strong-minded woman as Portia would eschew baubles, and encase her counterfeit in lead; and as I have no fancy for being special-pleaded out of my mind, I should have avoided her."

"And lost the fortune! No, I don't think you would have done that, Mr. Burgoyne," Theo said, as they paused at the hall-door. "Won't you come in again? do."

"You don't give me credit for magnanimously throwing away a chance; well, Miss Leigh, I am not guilty of such weakness often, I assure you. No, Ethel, we won't go in to-night—it's too late; I will come and make my apologies to Mrs. Vaughan for not saying adieu to-morrow morning."

Then he took Theo's hand and pressed it gently, and told her that he looked forward to meeting her on the morrow, as perhaps they "might find out that they had some more mutual friends."

When Ethel Burgoyne and her handsome young nephew turned and departed, Theo went in slowly and unwillingly, for she wanted to think about many things, and thought and Mrs. Vaughan's presence were not wont to agree. She found her aunt sitting erect, brightly expectant, and wide awake, and her uncle looking rosily resigned to the animated state of affairs at this late hour, just opposite to her.

"Why! where are they?" Mrs. Vaughan asked hurriedly.

"Gone home: they thought it too late to come in," Theo replied; then she thought of a sop for Cerberus, and added, "but Mr. Bur-

goyne is coming to see you to-morrow morning, Aunt Libby."

"Now look here," Mrs. Vaughan said solemnly. "I have had the candles lighted in the silver candlesticks instead of burning the lamp for your sake, Theo, for *your* sake, my child—it's such a much more becoming light. We'll put them out now, and go to bed, so that you may have some beauty-sleep, and get up looking fresh in the morning. Control your inclination to be pert, and keep very quiet, dashing men like Mr. Burgoyne like that, and who knows what may happen. Lord Lesborough doesn't want his grandson and heir to marry money. Good night, my dear."

"Good night, aunt," Theo replied, just touching her own cheek against the one Mrs. Vaughan presented to her for a kiss. Then she went swiftly up-stairs to her own room, angrily repeating "dashing men," "who knows what may happen." "What horrible phrases! to use them to *me* too, to *me*!"

"Frank, dear," Ethel Burgoyne said fondly to her nephew, as they walked briskly along through the park, "I wish you would make up your mind to marry, we should be so much happier about you, and papa would be so much better satisfied about you?"

"I don't think he wants to be well satisfied about me, Ethel."

"Ah! you wrong him there, you do indeed. I am on your side, you know; still now you are unjust to papa."

"Besides, I haven't seen the woman yet who can take and hold me, Ethel: I find them out too soon, and then they become uninteresting."

(To be continued.)

OZONE.

If any of our readers are at any time in want of a subject possessing an imposing name and of mysterious nature, to form the topic for an after-dinner conversation, we can heartily recommend to their attentive consideration that which is represented by the sonorous dissyllable that stands as the curt title to this short paper. We can safely assure them that it will possess the charm of novelty, for we have little hesitation in assuming that not more than one per cent. of ordinarily well-informed individuals ever saw the name before, and not more than one in a thousand have any notion of its meaning. Yet it defines nothing new—nothing but what, if not "as old as the hills," is at least as old as the air we breathe, although its existence was only detected about a quarter of a century ago; and, that we may not be accused of suggesting a subject of discourse without supplying the

means for sustaining it, we will adduce a few facts and experiences that we hope will not prove so deep or unintelligible as our high-sounding title would appear to involve.

If, during a thunderstorm, you have ever been in the neighbourhood of an object that has been struck by lightning, or if you have ever witnessed the performance of brilliant electrical experiments, you will have become familiar with a peculiar pungent sulphurous or phosphorous smell (to an ordinary nose all pungent smells are sulphurous) that pervades the air after a natural or artificial discharge of electricity. This smell was first specially noticed and investigated by Schonbein in 1840, and, in seeking the cause of it, he was led to the discovery that it proceeded from some elementary gaseous substance contained in the atmosphere, and set free by the action of electricity; and on account of its odoriferous character he called it "ozone" (from the Greek *ὄζω*, to smell). Since its discovery it has undergone much analysis and examination, and various theories have been propounded as to its nature and composition; some philosophers asserting that it is not an elementary substance at all, but merely consists of "electrified oxygen," and explaining its formation by the hypothesis that, in ordinary oxygen the atoms are combined in groups or molecules, and that electricity and some other substances possess the power of breaking up these molecules into separate atoms, whereby the chemical activity of the gaseous body is increased. But the solution of this question may well be left to philosophers and experimentalists; certain it is that ozone, whether it be a distinct and elementary substance, or a modified condition of some already established component of the atmosphere, plays a very important part in the economy of nature. It possesses the power of oxidising bodies over which ordinary oxygen exerts no influence, and herein lies the secret of a powerful beneficent action its presence in the atmosphere imparts. In certain localities, such as thickly populated districts, crowded cities, or low-lying places, the air is found at times to be charged with poisonous exhalations, the poisonous component consisting of organic matter in a high state of decomposition or putrescency. Such air, when condensed, yields a residuum of animal and vegetable corruption, so baneful that a minute quantity of it applied to a healthy animal is said to cause death with most intense symptoms of malignant fever. This poisonous matter, which is in part made up of the excrescences given off by the lungs and skin, owes its deleterious influence to compounds of hydrogen and carbon in a state of incomplete oxidation, and

which, to be rendered innocuous, require a more powerful oxidising agent than simple oxygen ; and this agent is ozone, so that upon its presence in or absence from the atmosphere, depends some vital conditions of health or disease.

This oxidating property of ozone affords in itself a valuable means of detecting and measuring the quantity of it contained from time to time in the atmosphere. We have only to expose to its influence some substance whose oxidation by ozone will render itself visible to the eye. Such a test, as used by the meteorologist, consists of paper or calico steeped in a solution of iodide of potassium and starch. If a slip of this paper be subjected to the action of ozone, the potassium becomes decomposed, and the iodine, being set free, combines with the starch, and stains the paper to a brown or purple colour ; while in an atmosphere devoid of ozone no change takes place, but the paper retains its colourless condition. The meteorologist then adopts a scale of tints, of which the extremes are the white, corresponding to total absence of ozone, and the deep brown produced by air that is strongly impregnated with it. Between those extremes he interpolates eight shades of increasing darkness, distinguishing each shade by a progressive number. Then, by suspending a slip of the iodised paper in a free current of air for any given space of time, and comparing the resulting coloration with the scale, he can express by a number the exact amount of ozone that has prevailed in the air during the period of the paper's exposure. The amount of ozone thus measured is found to vary incessantly from day to day and from month to month : but there is evidence of some general laws affecting its presence at various times and in different localities : for instance, it is found to attain to a maximum amount in May, and to sink to a minimum in November ; it is more prevalent in the night than during the day ; it exists in larger quantities in the higher strata of the atmosphere, that is, on hill tops and elevated sites, than in valleys and low-lying countries, and is three times more plentiful in open country than within the confines of towns and villages : it rides more abundantly in southerly than in northerly winds, and scarcely manifests itself at all during calms or in a stagnant atmosphere. But the most important circumstance connected with ozone is the relation that exists between it and epidemic diseases. Wherever in the world ozone observations have been prosecuted, they have been found to point to an unmistakable connection between prevalence of ozone and absence of intermitting fevers and cholera, and

conversely absence of ozone and prevalence of those diseases. A distinguished medico-meteorologist, Dr. Moffat, in recording the results of an elaborate discussion of six years' continuous ozone observations, informs us that poisons, such as we have spoken of above, are generated in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, and scourge us with their malific consequences until they are dissipated by ozone : that when ozone is not present in the atmosphere to oxidate the products of animal and vegetable decomposition, fever and cholera are the result. When the air is stagnant and hazy, and objects communicate a gluey sensation to the touch ; when insects buzz about in swarms ; when the body feels languid and the mind spiritless ; and when all nature wears a heavy aspect of unhealthiness : then *there is no ozone* ; and if this condition of weather extends over any length of time, fever appears and increases in violence till it merges into cholera, this again spreading far and fiercely raging till it is arrested by atmospheric changes, and the advent of an ozone-bearing wind. The barometer that has been slowly declining from a maximum height falls more rapidly ; a thunderstorm comes, and, as we justly say, *clears the air*, bringing with it a southerly or ozoniferous wind ; rain falls ; ozone manifests itself, and, from the time that the test papers begin to show signs of discolouration, cholera begins to decline.

As a natural example, demonstrating the correctness of this exposition, we may state, upon the authority above mentioned, that during the cholera epidemic at Newcastle in September, 1853, a calm or stagnant condition of air prevailed, and ozone sank to a minimum. The first case of cholera occurred there on the 31st of August, and in twenty days the disease had reached its height : but, on the 19th of September, Dr. Moffat discerned that the calm was about to give way to a wind from the south, and wrote to a fellow observer to apprise him of the fact. Up to the 20th of September the reported deaths from cholera were 108, and from diarrhoea 10. The predicted ozoniferous current set in, and in eight days the return of deaths from cholera was 18, and from diarrhoea 2. Again, in London, in September, 1854, the cholera epidemic went on increasing in virulence till it reached a maximum about the 10th of that month. For sixteen days ozone had not been perceived. On the 10th, Dr. Moffat again called attention to a coming ozone wind, and by the 12th ozone exhibited itself to the amount of four grades of the colour-scale. From this date, according to the Registrar's report, the disease began to pass away.

Since, then, the cause of cholera epidemics is to a certain extent known, it becomes an important matter to cleanse the fever-nests as far as we can from their disease-generating impurities.

This can be done, and it doubtless is done as far as mechanical and sanitary means will allow, but the natural scavenger, *ozone*, is required to cleanse the vitiated air of its foul admixture. We cannot command nature's workmen; we cannot make an ozoniferous breeze arise in obedience to our call, or a south wind blow through a disease-beleagured town; but philosophers tell us that we may hope to produce the same effect by the artificial generation of the purifying agent. We supplant natural cold by artificial warmth, and darkness by artificial light; can we not then diffuse through a pestilential atmosphere a sufficient quantity of the disinfecting principle to counteract and destroy its deadly properties? The quantity of ozone required for this purpose is inconceivably small; ozone in itself is a tremendously powerful element; an atmosphere containing one five-thousandth of its volume of it rapidly kills small animals or birds made to respire it. When the human lungs inhale air surcharged with it to a slight degree, it is supposed to produce influenza and irritation of the breathing system: when it is contained in the air in proportion of one part to five hundred thousand, its presence manifests itself by its peculiar odour. From this may be assumed how infinitesimal an amount would effect the purification of a polluted district. In the late International Exhibition there was exhibited a modest little contrivance, called an "ozone generator," consisting of a modified form of the familiar electrical instrument known as the Leyden jar, through which the atmosphere was impelled, and, under electrical influence, ozonised; this was intended merely as an apparatus for experimental research, but there seems good reason to suppose that it might be made of really practical value as a sanitary implement.

It sounds very much like jesting to talk of "change of air" without changing our locality, yet there is nothing absurd or improbable in it. Who would have supposed eighty years ago that one day coal would be distilled in an iron vessel, and its vapour conveyed underground for miles to light our streets and houses? And who will gainsay that ozone may in no very distant time be pressed into useful service, to cleanse the fever-fraught air of the sick-room from its noxious vapours, or stand sentinel at the cities' gates, to ward off some at least of the minions of the King of Terrors?

J. C.

AN EARLIER CRICHTON.

No two men could possibly have been more dissimilar than James the First of England and James the First of Scotland: the one a dull, slumbrous pedant, affected, conceited, writing pompous and absurd treatises on theology, and dwelling in the most apathetic, indolent sensuality; the other, an accomplished soldier, a graceful poet, an amiable man, and a wise ruler. The contemporaries of this Scottish James—by the way he was more English than his descendant, as shall hereinafter appear—write of him in the most exalted terms, and extol his many virtues as almost superhuman; we, now-a-days looking at him more calmly, still see in him a rare combination of gifts and excellences worthy of all admiration.

If the truth must be told, a loyal people is always very charitable towards its king. Merely negative virtues are thought much of, if proceeding from a throne. We have had so many bad kings, that when a moderately good king appears he receives a stronger welcome than he is by right entitled to. Royalty has been so frequently of exceeding dark complexion in matters of morality, that we are quite thankful when we have royalty coming in decent, becoming guise, even though it lack cleverness, bravery, prudence, or other kingly qualities. If we can but obtain a respectable representative of the throne, we are satisfied, and entrust the governing of ourselves and friends to the collective wisdom of certain chosen rulers; for we have to pray for royalty every Sunday morning, and are ashamed if royalty is too openly profligate. At this present moment we have a sovereign exceptionally wise, and amiable, and good; but, let us not be afraid to confess it, the majority of our chief governors have borne less praiseworthy qualifications.

James Stuart, first of his name who ascended the Scottish throne, born 1393, murdered 1437, possessed nearly every attribute and accomplishment which would make a king popular with his people. Rather short in stature, somewhat inclined to corpulence, but possessed of uncommon bodily strength, he delighted in all manner of manly sports, and was himself no mean proficient therein. He was an excellent archer, well acquainted with the use of the spear, and, it is said, handled his sword with the skill of a professional fencer. Possessed of great physical energy, he was likewise a supple runner, an unwearied walker, and a good horseman. These qualifications were of themselves highly appreciated by the rough and warlike Scotch of those days; but

to them James added rarer qualities, with which we seldom see royalty, even at its best, endowed. His private character, says Irving, was of the most amiable kind; and much of his leisure time he spent in the pursuits of gardening, painting, music, and poetry. In the use of the harp he excelled all the Scotch and Irish players of his time; and he was long remembered in Italy, says another authority, as the inventor of a plaintive sort of melody which had been admired and imitated in that country. Add to this the romantic, but authentic reports of his wandering about in disguise—as his descendant, James V., also did—among the poorer classes of his subjects, in search of adventure and information, and we have a character as interesting as it is unusual.

But it is chiefly as a lover and poet that James I. now claims our attention. In that age learning and scholarship were held of little renown. Even the clergy were for the most part illiterate; while the Scotch nobles, living a rough and ready life, with little wealth and less education, despised such effeminate pursuits. Many men of noble blood would have considered it derogatory to their dignity to be able to sign their own name; while even those who had attained to the capacity of reading would have scorned to waste time in such employment. Possibly when James I. ascended the throne, these stalwart nobles rather thought to have a pleasant time of it: they found instead, that the scholar could act the part of a ruler—act it so well, in fact, that in a short time he had the proudest and the strongest of them submissive to him as lap-dogs.

The early portion of James I.'s education was received by him, as has been hinted, in England. While yet a boy of thirteen, his father, fearing for his safety, despatched his son to France, there to be under the protection of the king. While on the voyage, however, the vessel was captured by the English, and James forthwith was conducted to the Tower of London. Possibly a luckier circumstance for the young prince could not have happened. His education was carefully attended to, under the superintendence of Sir John Pelham, while qualified masters were obtained for him in every branch of knowledge. Better than all this, however, he had his manners formed after an English model; he became accustomed to the magnificent ceremonies and observances of an English court; he witnessed the extreme deference there paid to royalty, and obtained therefrom a correct estimate of what was due to himself. He served under the banner of Henry the Fifth, in one of that monarch's campaigns in France; and so bravely did the

lad conduct himself, that he was entrusted with that division of the army which laid siege to Dreux, the town surrendering to him in six weeks thereafter.

While spending a portion of his captivity in Windsor Castle, James wrote his finest poem, called "The King's Quhair" (or Book). The circumstance which inspired him to this effort was his happening to see, on one occasion, while looking down from a window in the tower, the Lady Jane Seymour walking in the castle gardens. The imagination of the captive prince was fired; he straightway fell in love with this beautiful vision; and in the opening cantos of "The King's Quhair" relates his alternate joy and despair as she appeared or disappeared in the gardens beneath. This lady he subsequently married, and she was one principal auxiliary in procuring his release. The Scotch, wearied of the continual broils and dissensions which harassed the kingdom under the regency of Albany, offered a ransom, to be paid within a certain time, for the person of the prince, and in 1424 he returned to assume the crown of Scotland, taking with him his young English wife.

"The King's Quhair" is partly an allegorical poem; but in the prefatory cantos which tell the wonderful graces and sing the praises of his love, James has kept close to nature, and the result is a series of delightful pictures, fresh, vivid, and charming. He relates how he awakes early in the morning, and being indisposed for further rest, he rises and repairs to the window of his apartment, musing on his melancholy condition and unhappy prospects. He is up so early that the nightingales are yet singing in the trees, and he contrasts their free and joyous state with his captivity, and asks what evil he has done to be thus enthralled. Suddenly, however, his eye alights on what at once changes the current of his reflections:—

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new-coming here to plain,
The fairest and the freshest young flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abased thus a lyte,*
No wonder was: For why? My wittes all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight
Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever of free will; for of menace
There was no token in her sweet face.

He now proceeds to describe the lady, her wonderful beauty, and bright apparel, in a strain of impassioned admiration, which must please alike every lover and poet. The stau-

* A lyte: a short while.

zas are devoid of conceits, simple, graceful, and beautiful, while the passion that breathes through them is the most devoted of its kind, manly, sincere, modest, altogether lover-like. On discovering that nearer approach to this golden-haired maiden is denied him, he returns to his mournful musings, and bitterly complains of his captivity. At this point, however, a strange light gleams in at the turret window, and a voice bids him take comfort, that all will yet be well. He is caught up in a snow-white cloud, and borne through the air from sphere to sphere, till in the end he comes to the realm of Venus. Here he finds all those who have suffered, or died through love, all whom love has made conspicuous, and finally is introduced to Venus herself, who asks the cause of his sadness. The appearance of the goddess is very felicitously described, and several passages of great beauty occur in these visionary wanderings. Venus sends him under guidance of *Gude Hope* to Minerva, and the latter goddess, being assured that his passion is pure and worthy of her favour, despatches him to earth on a ray of light, and directs him to seek out Fortune and her wheel. Still under protection of *Gude Hope*, he reaches the station of Fortune, who shows him her wonderful wheel, on which all mankind are clinging with greater or less security. He, also, is placed thereon, and just as the goddess is giving him a secure seat, he awakes.

Returning to his original purpose—praise of his mistress—the royal poet says he will not tire his readers with a relation of the various means whereby he secured for himself this flower of all womanhood; but contents himself with again setting forth her maidenly virtues and excellences, her sweet disposition, and rare loveliness. Finally comes a dedication of the work, written in all modesty and humbleness, to Gower and Chaucer.

The other poetical works ascribed to James I. are of a widely different nature. Little leisure was there for lover's lute-playing in that unruly kingdom, whither he had to return. The nobles had grown, in the absence of any properly governing power, arrogant, imperious, and impatient of restraint. The country was torn asunder by their family feuds and differences, and the middle and poorer classes were subject to all manner of evil treatment by their rapacity and selfishness. James set to work to amend matters with a clear head and a firm hand. Temperate and judicious in all his actions, he was nevertheless inexorable in his decisions. One by one the powerful and haughty nobles were brought to feel that this young king had resolved to be a king; that for them there was nothing but submission, or

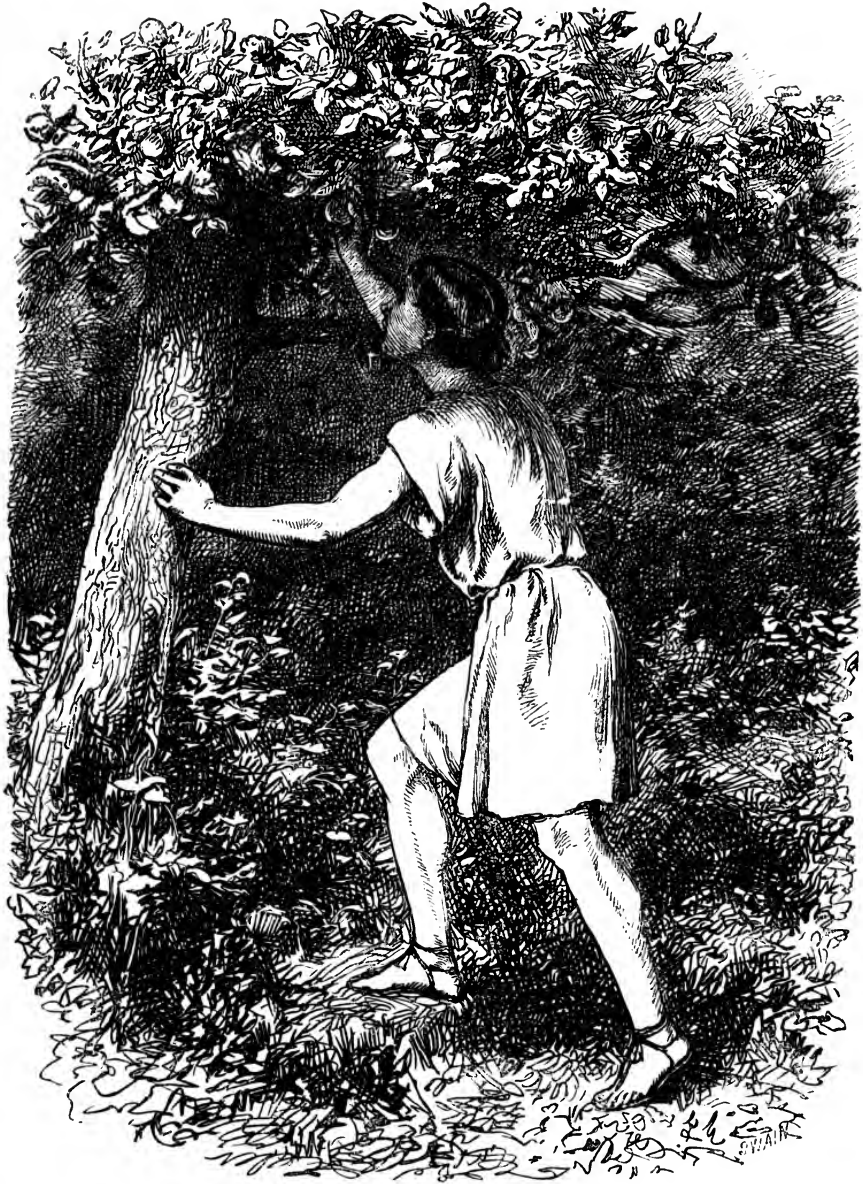
something else too palpable to require suggestion. James carried his energetic measures with promptitude and judgment; and soon became a favourite with the people.

It was about this time, probably, that he amused himself by those wanderings in disguise among the people, in the course of which erratic excursions he learned much that kings are seldom privileged to know. It is said that the poems to which we have now to refer:—"Christ's Kirk on the Green" and "Pebelis to the Play," were the result of these escapades. But that James wrote these poems at all is, we think, very doubtful. An equal claim, so far as authority goes, is set up by the partisans of James V., and much acrimony has been shown in endeavouring to settle this dispute. In truth there is not much to fight about. Both the poems named are burlesque poems, descriptive of scenes at some village fair or merry-making, written with here and there an attempt at humour, but more generally the fun consisting entirely of coarseness and ludicrous situation. We can hardly consider the quaint and graceful writer of "The King's Quhair" to have produced such grotesque though withal laughable pictures. James I., though delighting in boisterous rural sports, was mentally a refined man. He wrote Latin verses, and one short poem he has left, "A Sang on Absence," written, it is supposed, before his marriage, is full of a tender pathos and delicacy. "Christ's Kirk on the Green" has been much belauded. To us it seems laughable enough at some points, yet wanting that humour and cleverness which redeems the grotesqueness of all burlesque poems. "Pebelis to the Play" is acknowledged on all hands to be an inferior production; and altogether we think the friends of James V., in so vehemently claiming for him the authorship of these poems, contended for what the other James could well afford to lose.

This accomplished king, poet, musician, and man of letters was not long permitted to enjoy those moments of peace which he snatched amid the bustle of public affairs. James favoured the clergy; the nobles were jealous of the clergy; wherefore the nobles conspired against him. On the 20th of February, 1437, while in a Dominican monastery at Perth, James I. was brutally murdered by a party of noblemen headed by Sir Robert Stewart, grandson of the Earl of Athole, James's uncle; and this poet-king now sleeps soundly in the burial-aisle, while the beauty of Lady Jane Seymour still lives in those graceful stanzas which he dedicated to his first and only love.

WILLIAM BLACK.

ACONTIUS AND CYDIPPE.



“GREAT Goddess Dian ! Goddess of young maids !
 Who dwellest in the deep obscurity
 And sober stillness of the forest glades !
 Give ear unto the prayer I make to thee.
 Unto thy sister goddess, her of Love,
 I do not cry to ease me of my woe,
 For thou alone possessest power to move
 The coldness of my mistress, and to show

Some little comfort in my sharp distress.
 I love Cydippe, she who honours thee
 And is thy maid, and only doth profess
 To keep thy rule, and will not look on me.
 Oh, silver-brow'd Diana ! aid me now !
 By all the love thou bear'st Endymion,
 Touch Fair Cydippe's heart, that she may know
 How I do love, and learn to look upon

My yearning tenderness without disdain ;
 Relax thy rule some little whit that she
 May be no longer cold, but at thy fane
 Learn how to love. Grant this in charity !”
 So pray'd Acontius, lying on the ground,
 Amid the silence of a little grove
 Of dark-leav'd laurel thickly cluster'd round,
 Beneath the blue sky arching high above ;
 And as he spake, as though the goddess fair
 Had heard, the thought came to him suddenly :
 “ To-morrow is Diana's feast, and there
 Cydippe, golden-hair'd and sweet, will be.”
 And then this other thought : “ All oaths there
 made,
 However thoughtlessly, must be held dear.”
 A thought so vivid that from out the glade
 A voice seem'd to have spoken in his ear.
 Immovable he lay a little space,
 Immovable and still, then raised his head
 And cried,—“ Oh, Dian ! Thanks !” and with glad
 face,
 Singing with joyful heart, he homeward sped.
 “ She will be there ! she will be there !” the
 thought
 Kept singing as he sang, and then no less,
 “ All oaths made there are binding.” And it
 brought
 A joy tumultuous in its joyfulness.
 All through the night he thought of that same
 thing,
 And in his sleep he dream'd of it, and oft
 Broke out in little laughs, and, murmuring,
 Muttered “ Cydippe !” in a whisper soft.
 The sun came up and play'd upon his eyes,
 Arousing him from out his pleasant dream,
 And full of eager joy he did arise,
 Receiving in his joyfulness that gleam
 To be a happy omen. Then he ran
 To where a tree stood laden with ripe fruit,
 A burden of sweet apples, and began
 To seek for one that would his purpose suit :
 At length he pluck'd an apple that seem'd fit,
 A smooth-cheek'd apple, round and glorious,
 Pale yellow, carmine-streaked, and wrote on it,
 “ I swear that I will wed Acontius.”
 Then placed it in his bosom, and away,
 Light-footed, sped amid the glorious shine
 And breezy softness of that summer day,
 Joy gladdening his heart like lusty wine.
 The mystic hymn in Dian's temple rose,
 Now swelling into wondrous harmony,
 Now sinking to a chant monotonous,
 Then with a great shout ceasing suddenly,
 Leaving a fearful stillness ; and the smoke
 Went curling upward from the altar flame
 In one light column to the roof, and broke
 And drifted there, and hung until there came
 A wind that swept it off.

Acontius push'd,
 Love-struck Acontius, amidst the throng
 That crowded round the altar, and then flush'd
 Up to his forehead, for he saw, among
 The white-clad troop of maids, Cydippe dear ;
 Cydippe, fairer than all others there,
 Blue-eyed Cydippe. Acontius drew near
 Until his breathing stirr'd the golden hair
 That lay on her white neck, and so he stay'd
 The while the glorious hymn went up again,
 Trembling and anxious ; and just once he made
 A little forward step, as he would fain
 Have stoop'd to kiss her fair neck in his love ;
 But then the music ceased, and hastily
 He from his breast the apple did remove,
 And, growing bold in the emergency,

Reaching his hand across her shoulder fair,
 Dropp'd it into her bosom. Then he waited
 With upraised hands half join'd and eager air,
 Shame-faced, and his late boldness much abated.
 Cydippe, startled at the touch, look'd down,
 And saw the golden apple where it lay
 Half hid amid the white plaits of her gown,
 And took it forth and turn'd it every way,
 As though at first she knew not what it was,
 Knitting her brows in wonder, till her eye
 Fell on the writing, when she made a pause,
 And read the magic words half audibly—
 But not so low but that he heard it all—
 “ I swear that I will wed Acontius ;”
 Then in a tremble let the apple fall,
 And look'd back o'er her shoulder tremulous,
 Meeting his eyes that look'd full into hers,
 Until her eyelids fell in her confusion,
 And she felt half bewild'rd with her fears,
 Hoping that all would prove a mere delusion,
 Striving to think so till she heard him speak :
 “ Diana hears the vow, and vows once spoken
 Within her temple you must never break,
 Great Dian's wrath will follow if 'tis broken.”
 And then the music swell'd again, and he,
 Acontius, join'd in the mighty hymn,
 And to the goddess sang most heartily
 Praise and thanksgiving for her aid to him.
 She could not follow Dian's ways yet bow
 Unto her sacred truth ; so, nothing loth,
 Diana's maid, Cydippe, kept her vow,
 Forsaking Dian's precepts for her oath. W. G.

ACONITE ?

THERE are not, I fancy, many scenes more
 gay and animated than the view commanded
 from the elevated recreation-ground adjoining
 Plymouth—that brightest of seaport towns—
 called the Hoe, on a fine summer evening.
 Looking inland, the suburban terraces and villas
 stretch far away till they become lost, or dotted
 among the luxuriant foliage so pleasantly re-
 lieved by the blue hills of Devon ; passing over
 the valley, in which lies the town almost con-
 cealed from view, the eye rests on that portion
 of the recreation-ground known as the Park.
 Here gaily-attired groups pass to and fro, or
 pause to listen to the music of one of the mi-
 litary bands ; for with the several regiments
 stationed at Plymouth and the adjoining towns
 of Stonehouse and Devonport, a summer even-
 ing there without this most delightful of
 accompaniments, unless, indeed, it be Sunday,
 would be a strange exception. Scores of
 children, and parties of cricketers in their
 innocent and healthful exercise, make up a
 happy and varied scene. Turn seawards, and
 the picture becomes an extensive and a glorious
 one. Immediately below us, and, as it seems,
 under our very feet, lies the Sound, smooth as an
 inland lake and bright and glittering as a sheet
 of glass ; not a movement on the surface, except
 the almost imperceptible ripple following the
 dip of the oar, or the varying brightness which
 marks the track of the sailing boat.

Studded with vessels of all sizes, from the man-of-war lying at anchor, to the small fishing craft like dots in the distance; not a sound heard except the subdued and melodious cry of the sailors as they toil at the capstan, and which, floating on the breeze, fills up the intervals of music on the land, the vast expanse of sea, broken only by Drake Island, and the long Breakwater with its refuge and lighthouse, is abruptly but delightfully terminated by the refreshing greens and rich deep shadows of the woody park of Mount Edgcombe, where the sycamores and chestnuts bend over the water edge; and then, with every gradation of natural colour, the landscape melts away into the faint blue of far-off Cornwall.

It was on an evening like this, after the labours of the day, that I strolled through the Park, across the Hoe, and so down to the water-side, to summon one of those numerous watermen always in readiness, for one or two hours' sail. Seated comfortably and indolently in the stern, we picked our way daintily among the innumerable vessels in the Sound, and passing by the island I have mentioned, with its formidable batteries, and steering west of the Breakwater, made for a distant point on the Cornwall side, which is the first break in the sea-view from the Hoe. Opposite this end of the Breakwater, and where stands the lighthouse, the land makes a sudden bend, and with a bold curve terminates in the headland I have just indicated.

In the midst of this bay, and concealed at first from view by the woods and hills of the Mount Edgcombe estate, lies the little fishing village of Cawsand, a place that in the palmy days of smuggling bore no very good repute. Whilst staying at Plymouth I had often heard of, but had never before seen it, so I determined to land at the point, discharge the boat, and walk quietly home, taking Cawsand in my way, a distance, I suppose, of six or seven miles.

A more delightful half hour's walk by the side of the hill, with wood and flowers on each side and stretching down to the shingly beach, it is impossible to conceive, and the sweet and balmy air of this Devonshire summer, combined with an almost southern climate the varied and picturesque scenery of home. I had seated myself on a stone wall before descending the path which led to the village, and was contemplating lazily the calm and peaceful spot that lay before me, with the singularly narrow streets, and quaint, old-fashioned dwellings, where you might literally shake hands with a friend across the way from the upper windows. Influenced, perhaps, by the calm and stillness around, I was falling into a sentimental train of thought, and wondering how

crime and violence could find their way into a placid little nook like this, when I was aroused, close to my ear, by—

“A fine evening this, sir!”

The speaker was an elderly man, apparently about sixty years of age, with all the signs of a seafaring life about him: the bronzed face, grey hair, and good-humoured look common to his order. By no means indisposed to converse, I accepted his remark as an invitation, and we were soon engaged in an animated chat. He had been at one period of his life, I learned, a coast-guardsmen, and had some good stories about the smugglers and his encounters with them, and his recollections dating back to near half a century, we came at last to talk of the doings of the press-gang.

“Do you remember them?” I asked.

“Oh, easy enough,” he replied, “though I was but a youngster at the time, but then, with what I've actually seen or heard say by others, I seem to know as much as if I had been ‘pressed’ myself.”

“Then you were never pressed?” I asked.

“Never myself; perhaps I was too young, otherwise I don't know how it was I kept clear of them. In places, near seaport towns especially, it was nothing at one time to have the gang come down and carry off all the likely young fellows they could find. Why, bless you, master,” he continued, “it was a common thing for one of them to come all by himself, and perhaps in another kind of dress, so as you mightn't suspect him, and going about among the taverns and shops, get to know where the sort of men were to be found, and then returning with the rest of the gang, carry them off aboard ship, without a by-your-leave or a good-bye to friends or family.”

“But they never ventured into private houses!” I exclaimed, bearing in mind our national boast of an Englishman's castle.

“Well,” replied my companion, “I don't go so far as to say they would go to burst a door in; but if they found it open, why, in they went; and many a scrimmage took place in those days, and many a nasty knock put nails into coffins as constables or crowners never heard of. I know to one case,” he continued, with the accent and phraseology of Devonshire, “where a young fellow—ay, and as likely a one as ever drewed breath—was took away the very night afore he was married, and in sight of his sweetheart and his friends too. It was a strange matter, that was, altogether,” he added, almost to himself.

“Pray tell it,” I said, becoming gradually interested.

“It's a long story, master, and it's dry work talking,” he replied, with a significant

twinkle in his eye, though his face maintained its gravity.

"So it is," said I, "and the warm weather has made me thirsty; suppose we step in here and lay the dust; then perhaps you'll favour me with it."

My new acquaintance requiring no further invitation, I led the way to a little tavern I had noticed standing apart from the village, and there, seated in the cool parlour overlooking the bay, supplied with rum and a pipe of tobacco, while I confined myself to a remarkably unpleasant compound which the sign-post proclaimed as "home brewed," after a few preliminary draws and puffs, he commenced his story.

"You see, mate," said he, becoming more familiar in his conviviality, "this isn't altogether a story of press-gangs, as you'll find before I've done, and it made a good deal of talk here at the time as I remember, though I was only a lad; but you see the crowner's quest set all things right, and after that it was no use asking further questions. It must now be nigh fifty years ago—fifty years!" he repeated, half closing his eyes and pausing, as his mind travelled over the space which had brought so many and great changes even to that quiet little village,— "that an old seafaring man they called Captain Meredith lived—at least, that is to say, lodged—in the house of a widow named Penrhyn. You might see the spot from the brow of the hill, for the house itself has been pulled down since then. Well he might have been a captain or not, I don't pretend to say, it is certain he had a bit of money put by and lived comfortably enough. Some said he had been in the smuggling trade, and made money that way. However, it don't much matter; he was well respected, and though he had no wife living, he had a daughter, as was called Ellen, and the prettiest lass in Cawsand and for miles round. Well, now, this old widow had a son, named Paul, and a strange article he was! I remember him; a little bandy-legged chap with red hair, and the people used to call him 'Doctor.'"

"Was he a surgeon, then?" I interrupted.

"I'm going to tell you. He had been 'prenticed to a chemist in Devonport (we used to call it 'Dock' in those days), and after his time was out, he had been stopping with his mother to take care of her, or perhaps because he couldn't find a situation readily for himself. The old widow had put something by, I suppose, and Paul had been at home about a year, when the Captain came to lodge there with his daughter. This Paul's room was at the top of the house, where his light would be seen burning at a time of night when

all honest folks were in bed and asleep. Sometimes he would be out all night, and be met in the morning returning with his arms full of weeds and plants, which he used to take up stairs into the 'doctor's shop,' as they called it."

"Ah! a botanist," I remarked.

"I don't know about that," replied my friend, slightly puzzled, "but the people said he made *pison* out of them. Any way, once when Paul was passing by the blacksmith's, the dog ran out and bit him, and the next day Paul was seen to give him a piece of bread, and the dog was dead within an hour. The neighbours blamed him for it, and I recollect, when a youngster, calling after him, 'There goes Dr. Nightshade!' and his stopping and saying, 'If I had to doctor you, my lad, you wouldn't shout so loud.' Well, very shortly after Ellen and her father had been lodging at the widow's house, it was clear to see that Paul wished to court her; wherever she went, sure enough Paul wasn't far behind, and things went on in this way for about six months, when one dark and wintry night, the wind blowing great guns, and the sea running high, we saw signals of distress from some vessel off the point there. There was no lifeboat in the place, and our small craft couldn't have lived a minute in such weather. In the morning we saw no signs of the vessel, and we supposed she had gone down, and all aboard lost; however, we heard in the day, that one of the poor fellows had escaped, and, though cut and bruised, had contrived to crawl up the point there, where he had been found by Captain Meredith, who brought him home to his own lodging and nursed him. He was a fine young fellow, an orphan, as he said, by name William Randall, and had been working his way to Liverpool in hopes of obtaining employment. The clergyman of the place—you may see the church on the right as you go towards Edgecumbe Ferry—heard of this, and becoming a good deal interested in the young man, offered him a place as gardener, or general servant, or something or other. Bill was a handy chap, and soon made friends with people, and they persuaded him to stop here, instead of going to Liverpool as he had intended. He didn't want much pressing, for any one could see there was a girl in the case, and that girl was Ellen Meredith, and it didn't want more than two eyes to see that she liked him. The folks used to jeer Paul about his nose being out of joint, and Tom Trevellian the blacksmith, as owed him a grudge for the dog, used to say, 'Well, Doctor, how's your nose by this time?' But they said the doctor only used to turn white

and rub his hands ; it was a way he had, and he did the same when he gave the dog the bread. Well, things prospered so well with young Randall, that at last he made up his mind to ask the Captain for his consent, that he and Ellen should be married, and as the old fellow was a jolly, easy-going customer, and liked Bill very much besides, it wasn't long before he gave it. Just about this time, the folks in the village were frightened at the report that the press-gang were out ; that they had been as far as Plympton, four or five miles from the town there, and had pressed one or two men. The Captain and Ellen wanted to put the marriage off, but Bill wouldn't hear of it, and, strange to say, Paul, as was his worst rival as you may say, sided with him. Well, on the very day afore the wedding, a strange man as hadn't been seen in the village afore, called at the house to speak to Paul, and a neighbour as happened to be present at the time, said afterwards, she had seen them talking together on the road to Plymouth. Now, mind me, in the evening, and just as they were sitting down to supper, and drinking healths, Paul, who was late, ran into the room, leaving the door open behind him, and entreated William to look to himself, as the press-gang were already in the village ; and afore poor Bill could get away, the press-gang were inside and had seized him, and in spite of his struggles and Ellen's cries and Paul's entreaties, carried him to the beach, where a boat lay ready, and took him away."

"Is that all ?" I asked.

"Not exactly, mate," said my friend, finishing the rum, "the strange part has to come."

So, replenishing his glass and refilling his pipe, he continued :—

"Well, every one of course was very much cast down at this, but poor Ellen particularly ; however, for many months, she kept a brave heart, always telling the Captain that she knew William would return, and they should be happy yet ; and d'ye see, no one liked to tell the poor thing different, although but very few thought they'd ever see him again. At any rate, it was clear Dr. Paul didn't, for after a while he began again to pay his addresses to her, and this time more in earnest than before ; but it was no use. Ellen would have nothing to say to him at all. Now, about two years after they had pressed poor Will, when it was getting on towards the wintur time,—there had been a good deal of dirty weather about, and several vessels had been lost on the coast,—there was a report, that several crews had been paid off, and then Ellen made up her mind more than ever that William would re-

turn ; when one day a neighbour comes in and says he has heard that a vessel like the Spitfire—that was the one that William went out in—had gone down off the Scillys, and it was feared all hands had perished ; he had it, he said, from a party who was told so by Paul, who had learnt it when he went over to Devonport the day before on some matter of business. This was bad news for the poor lass, but I believe she still hoped and prayed for her sailor sweetheart, and all along kept on telling the Captain, that he would live to see her and Will Randall bride and bridegroom yet ; but about a fortnight after this, Paul comes in, in a great taking, and shows the Captain a bottle, which he said had been picked up on the Cornish coast, no doubt having drifted in ; and in it was a paper, saying, the Spitfire couldn't live the night through, and praying, that whoever found the bottle would, for Heaven's sake, send it on to Captain Meredith of Cawsand with the last prayers of poor Will.

"This was dated back, and was about square with the day when the Spitfire was said to have gone down ; and so now there seemed no hope at all, and so poor Ellen seemed to think at last, for she got paler and weaker every day, and moved about like one who had nothing to live for. To make matters worse, the Captain had got into debt, and difficulties got bigger and bigger. Well, one day all on a sudden the Doctor goes to him and offers to marry Ellen out of hand, promising to discharge all the Captain's obligations, and stating his long and strong attachment had induced him to make the proposal. The Captain, as you may believe, didn't much fancy Paul for a son-in-law, but at last he relented, and, pressed by his debts and troubles, urged Ellen to accept him. The poor lass refused for a long time, but when she found her father's welfare and liberty depended on it, and besides, had lost all hope of ever seeing Will Randall again, at last she consented."

"But you don't mean to say that they were married at last ?" I interrupted.

"In two or three months they were, and a pretty couple they must have made : she with her tall figure and pale face, and he with his red head and bow-legs shambling along by her side. They were married at Millbrook Church (on the hill, sir), and Will Randall's old master read the service. They said Ellen didn't cry or faint, or have any nonsense of that kind, but went through her share quietly and calmly enough, while the Doctor seemed all abroad. Now it seems this very evening, just about dusk, when the Captain had gone out to smoke his pipe, that Paul, who had gone up stairs,

heard a terribly loud scream, and rushing back into the room where he had left Ellen, finds her fainted dead away on the floor, and William Randall himself kneeling by her side!

“William used to say afterwards, that he never could forget Paul’s face when they saw one another for the first time; he used to dream of it, he said; he had many and many a time seen the faces of strong men who had been struck down in the heat and passion of battle, or who had died violent deaths in other ways; but Paul’s face, he said, reminded him only of a picture he had once seen, when quite a little lad, of the Devil, which he remembered had frightened him then, but which he had forgotten till their eyes met that night. When Paul recovered his surprise he said not a word about the marriage; but when William said he had but just left Plymouth and hadn’t seen a soul in the village yet, he suddenly seemed delighted at meeting him again, and insisted on their drinking together. He led Ellen into another room, where, he told Will, his mother would attend to her, and shortly after returned with two glasses of stiff grog, which he put on the table between them. ‘Now, Bill, old mate,’ says he, ‘we’ll drink to your return home,’ he says. ‘But what about Nelly, my poor girl?’ says Will. ‘Never mind her,’ says Paul, ‘mother will soon bring her round, and meanwhile, let’s drink the grog; but first of all let’s shut the door and be snug, eh?’ So Paul shuts the door, and coming back to the table, says, ‘Now, Bill,’ he says, ‘here’s your jolly good health and no heeltaps!’ and they both emptied their glasses. ‘William,’ says Paul after a while, ‘how do you feel?’—‘Quite well, Paul, my hearty, thankye,’ says Will.—‘Do you?’ says Paul, grinning, ‘then you won’t for long, Will Randall,’ says he, getting white and trembling; ‘we’ve had a long account to settle, and now it’s done.’—‘What d’ye mean?’ asks Will in surprise, as you may be sure. ‘I’ve never injured you!’—‘Yes, you have!’ says Paul. ‘Didn’t you step in between me and the girl I had set my heart on? Didn’t the neighbours jeer and mock me, and drive me almost mad? And didn’t I swear to be even with you, come what might? And I am! I am! When you were pressed,’ says he, getting worse and worse, ‘I put the gang on you! I brought the account that made them think you were dead! and, now that you have returned alive, you find the woman you loved the wife of the man you both despised!’—‘It’s a shameful lie!’ cries Will, ‘and I can’t believe it.’—‘It’s true,’ says Paul, ‘for we were married this morning; but, true or false, it’s all the same

to you, for I tell you, Will Randall,’ and Paul turns very white and rubs his hands, ‘you are poisoned. You drank the brandy, and in an hour’s time you are a dead man.’—‘Paul Penrhyn,’ says Will, speaking calm and low, and looking the Doctor fairly in the eyes, ‘you have played a deep game, but you’ve made one mistake: I heard of your trick with the press-gang, and I knew you were a rival of mine, and you’ve just owned to other treachery. But when a man that I knew hated me, and who looked as you did when we met just now, suddenly became my friend and asked me to drink, I grew suspicious, and while you closed the door, I——changed the glasses.’

“When Ellen heard the fearful cry that Paul gave, she ran in, pale and weak as she was, and found him all twisted together like with rage or pain, and foaming at the mouth from the poison he had swallowed.”

“Aconite?” I asked.

“I don’t know rightly what it was called,” said the coast-guardsmen, “but it was very strong, for Paul, they say, died within the hour, and before the two he had tried to keep asunder.”

“A strange tale,” I said, rising to go. “It’s as good as a play!”

“It’s better than most of ’em,” said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, “for this is true. Good night, sir.”

SMALL FRY.

By the above title I do not mean to indicate the young of any fish, but those small members of the fresh-water piscine family which constitute of themselves separate species, such, for example, as the gudgeon, minnow, and shad. It is not my intention to speak of all the varieties of small fish in this paper, but merely of a few of the most interesting and peculiar, and I will confine myself to a few brief remarks on each variety, commencing with the Gudgeon.

Gudgeons are plentiful in all English rivers. They do not, however, thrive so well in ponds or lakes, as a certain amount of running stream is essential for their well-doing; but they are often found of good size and flavour in canals. There are, or at least were, plenty of gudgeons in the Serpentine, but they did not grow to so large a size as the Thames gudgeons, and indeed the exceedingly foul state of the water in the Serpentine (caused, no doubt, by the multitudes of persons who bathe therein morning and evening) would tend to poison almost any fish excepting carp or bream. The gudgeon is a very pretty little fish, rarely exceeding four inches

in length, and weighing, as a rule, from one to two ounces. In its outward conformation it much resembles the barbel, although the disparity in size is about as great as that between the domestic cat and the "Felis Leo" of South Africa. But the head and the jaw of the gudgeon very closely indeed resemble in miniature those of the barbel, and it has the same peculiar "wattle" on the upper lip. Gudgeons are always found in great plenty on a gravelly bottom, and the best bait for taking them is a small red blood-worm. It is a capital plan to rake the ground (which is done with a rake specially constructed for the purpose). The water is thus thickened, and the gudgeons come up in shoals to seek the caddis-worms and other aquatic insects, which, being disturbed from the small pebbles at the bottom, mix with the sediment of the water. It is then easy to catch the little fish by dozens, and in its way this fishing is excellent sport. Besides, famous perch are often taken whilst gudgeon-fishing, and a dish of fried gudgeons and perch is no bad one at any table. The flavour of the gudgeon is pleasant, and there are not wanting persons who even compare it to the smelt, though for my own part I must confess that I think few fish rival or even approach the smelt in delicacy of flavour. The gudgeon is an excellent bait for taking jack, whether by trolling, spinning, or cork-float fishing, and as it is a hardy little creature, and stands a deal of wear and tear, I would prefer it to any other bait for pike. For large trout and perch it is also excellent, as well as for eel-lines; but for perch, as a rule, there is no bait comparable to the minnow. The gudgeon spawns, as do most other fish, in spring, and always on a pebbly bottom. It affords first-rate sport for school-boys nearly all the summer and autumn months, and bites best from July to September. Having said thus much, I have devoted sufficient space to this little fish, and will pass on to the Minnow.

The *Minnow* is far too well known to require much notice at my hands, and there are few country children of four years old and upwards who have not, by the aid of a crooked pin, made acquaintance with this excessively pretty lilliputian. It is, of course, only as a bait for trout and perch that the minnow is of the least consequence to the thorough-going angler, but as such it is of no little importance. For perch it is invaluable, as also for trout, and I have taken some of the finest jack I ever caught with bright silvery minnows. Salmon will also take the minnow, and often freely. When in season and a bright silver-colour they are fit for baits; but when yellow-looking and dingy they are scarcely of any use at all, and a perch must

be hard set before he will look at one. I have caught many a fine basket of perch with the minnow; but as soon as I had used all the white-coloured baits and had only the dingy ones left I almost invariably have found that the perch leave off biting. The minnow is of little use for the table, although Isaak Walton (who in the "fast" language of these days would have been decidedly called a "cure"!) gives a ridiculous recipe for dressing them with cowslips and the yolk of eggs. I will not, however, myself take the responsibility of advising any one who may read this paper to make trial of the mess. The minnow spawns in May, and should any boy-angler wish to pass an hour in enticing this fish he must use a very small rod and float, a most diminutive hook—the smallest size procurable,—and a little piece of red worm or a gentle. Minnows are to be found on the shallows in every river in England, and nearly every river in Europe.

The *Bleak* is an exquisitely beautiful little fish, quite unsurpassed by any of the smaller varieties of fish to be found anywhere. It is very much like a miniature salmon in appearance, excepting only that it has an olive-green tint mingling with its silvery coat, which is wanting in the "King of the fish." Bleak grow from about three to four inches in length, and are very useful as baits for jack to the live-bait fisher. But they are very delicate, and do not live long on the hook, and hence the gudgeon is to be preferred. If the bleak be used as a dead-bait in trolling, it soon loses its glossy appearance and becomes useless. From its exceedingly bright colour it is most serviceable when the water is turbid and thick. At such times jack will take a bleak-bait freely. The bleak delights to bask in the sun on the surface of the water in the hot months, and may readily be taken by "whipping" with a white fly or a gentle. Five or six hooks are tied to the line at short intervals, and the sport is a pretty one for young lads, who, however, must be careful not to throw a shadow on the water if possible, bleak being very timorous little creatures. They spawn, like all their family, late in spring, and are only to be caught in the hottest months of the year, as they always feed at the surface of the water.

The *Ruff*, called also the Pope, is a curious and not very common fish, growing to about four inches in length. It much resembles the perch in shape and habits, and, like that beautiful fish, has a formidable back-fin. But it has none of the elegance of the perch, although it possesses an equal share of voracity. Popes are caught whilst gudgeon-fishing with the red worm, but they are sometimes a great nuisance to the perch-fisher, as they take the minnow.

It is common for a little pope or perch of three inches to attempt to swallow a large minnow; but as (although the pope and perch possess enormous gullets) this is not an easy feat to accomplish, the consequence is, that the struggles of the greedy little wretch and of the half-suffocated minnow are continually forcing the angler's float under water, to his great disappointment and annoyance. Thus, when he strikes—having to all appearance a run—he finds nothing at the end of his line, and the bait either killed or gone. It is noticeable that the jack, trout, perch, and all fish of prey always take a bait *by the head*; hence, if once attacked, the minnow almost immediately dies. Jack will often take a bait into their mouths, and after literally smashing it relinquish it without an attempt to gorge it.

The Stickle-back or Tittlebat is too insignificant to call for more than a word. It closely resembles the minnow, excepting that it has a "thorn" on its back, from which it takes its name. It is of no use as a bait. The most curious fact in connection with the stickle-back is the fact that the male fish *makes a nest*, and when the young are hatched watches and tends them for awhile. In this extraordinary instinct the female fish has no part, and (like the singular variety of ostrich now in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens) is utterly indifferent to the fate of her offspring. Why in these two remarkable instances a wise Providence should have given to the male the usual instincts of the female, and debarred the female (the natural protectress of the young in nearly all species of animals) from any instincts whatsoever, is a problem of which no naturalist can ever find the solution, but is no doubt so ordained for an all-sufficient reason. Male stickle-backs sometimes fight fiercely together, and during the time the father-fish is "brooding" his little ones he will allow neither friend nor foe to approach them. The nest is a circular hollow scooped in the ground, which the little fish forms with his nose and fins in the same manner as a bird with her beak and breast rounds her nest into the beautiful proportions it displays on its completion.

I have now but one more fish to speak of—the Miller's Thumb, a curious little creature about an inch long, striped like a perch, and somewhat like the latter in shape. It always takes up its abode under a large stone, but, though very plentiful, is of no use as a bait or for sport, and only serves for a pastime to rustic children when wading in the nooks and shallows of a mill-stream. There is in salt water a diminutive variety of the Blenny which often goes by the name of the Miller's Thumb. The fresh-water specimen probably derives its

name from the circumstance of its delighting in the ditches and outlets always to be seen near mill-streams.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

AN M.D.'S TALE.

"My dear fellow," said I, passing my arm through my friend's, as we left Lady L——'s ball together, "I don't like your dancing so much with that girl in blue."

"That cerulean angel, you mean," said Jack; "but the fact is, you are jealous."

"It is not much use for a man who starts for India to-morrow to be jealous of any one he leaves behind, more especially if he has to make his fortune before he can keep a wife. But there is no possible reason why you should not marry, with that Blackmoor property of yours, and give 'hostages to fortune,' as saith my Lord Bacon; only I hope you will not choose that little girl in blue."

"Well, Tracy, here we are at the chambers; you shall give your reasons why a man should not marry a lady dressed in blue, over a pipe. So long as she doesn't wear blue stockings to match, I can't see anything to object to in it."

Oh, the bliss of an evening pipe with the friend of your heart! We found a snug fire burning, swept away some books and papers to the sofa, settled our tumblers at our elbows, and ourselves in roomy slippers and easy-chairs, and were soon in a silent cloud-protected Olympus.

"Now," said my friend (having doubtless emerged from a dreamland tenanted by an houri in blue tarlatan), "what makes you abuse my partner of to-night? I suppose I had no business to engross her for several dances, you will say; but her style of dancing suits me; and when a *garçon* means nothing serious, women don't mind being booked for several waltzes. I am not an eldest son, you know, and Mountchapel did not show in the horizon all the evening."

"I did not mean that," I replied; "you can settle all that with her *chaperone*."

"Didn't you like her blue gauze, then?" he went on. "Think of the blue vapours that loitered 'slowly-drawn' round Mount Ida, man, and what goddesses were concealed behind them."

"Sweet creatures in blue are much the same to me as sweet things in pink, Jack. The only blue things I dislike are blue pills."

"And devils," added he. "Is it her face you carp at, or her figure, or her eyes, or what?"

"Now you have it: I can't stand her eyes."

“Not stand her eyes!” he exclaimed in astonishment, puffing out volumes of smoke. “I don’t much wonder at that, for I am sure I cannot. But they are heaven’s own blue, and in their depths——” and then he clasped his hands and went into a silent ecstasy, as is the wont of lovers.

“Well,” said I, “you need not fancy me the green-eyed monster, for I am quite indifferent to their colour; but, seriously, I don’t like their flash.”

“It does look a man through,” replied the smitten Jack.

“I don’t suppose you are very hard hit yet, or it would be no use my telling you—she has madness in her.”

“Good heavens! how can you tell? Did you ever see her before? Do you know anything of her family?”

“Not I; I never met her before to-night; but it is little use a man going out to India, the land of madness, unless he has studied mental disease, and the eye is the surest criterion of it. I would not see a friend of mine marry that girl for a great deal.”

“My dear Tracy, you are far too solemn about it; who is going to marry her, in the first place? and in the next, I am not such a blind believer in science as to think the eye the seat of reason, nor yet so incredulous, as to deem all you tell me ‘my eye.’”

“It is really no laughing matter,” I replied. “The eye is the mirror of the soul, if you can only read it rightly. I am confident that the wild excited flash I noticed frequently in those deep violet eyes of that girl (themselves the very colour that bespeak immense imagination and enthusiasm) forebodes no good hereafter. Excite her, and you would raise a storm in a moment. I have seen a woman of her temperament before now, in the hospital, make her teeth meet in the board at the head of her bed. Give her a continuance of excitement, and cunning will lend its wiles to mania. Thence arises the direst form of mental aberration—the calmness of marble externally, the passions of a fury working within. Such a woman must be rigorously confined, or she will work a demon’s masterpiece.”

“There, Tracy, enough!” he said, and we gladly changed the topic, for I had spoken my mind, and was willing enough to leave such a subject, more especially when I remembered that it was our last night.

After a good deal of chat, and in a very thick atmosphere of smoke, I wished him farewell deep in the small hours, as an Englishman does, without any display of feeling, though we knew it would be at least a ten years’ parting. “Good-by, old boy,” I said; “send me a line

now and then, and tell me when your wings are clipped.”

“Good-by, my dear Tracy; be quick and kill off all the Nabobs. One last word of advice,—be sure you don’t marry a Begum in blue!”

Next morning the good ship “Glendower” bore me slowly to my adopted country. For fourteen years I ministered to enlarged livers, and mingled in the gaiety of Indian life at a pleasant station. Having left few friends behind me, I seldom heard much domestic intelligence from the old country. You ought to have at least three sisters if you go to India; no letters are so amusing, after all, as theirs. One mail came wedding cards indeed from the Hon. John Francis Arden, my old friend Jack, and Mrs. J. F. Arden, *née* Julia Harrington. I wrote and congratulated him duly. Then the mutiny burst like a meteor on the country; I was besieged in a compound at R—— with a handful of Europeans. The Sepoys battered at us from an intrenchment hastily thrown up. We sallied out and stormed it; I saw a tall mutineer in front, as I leapt through their rude embrasure, and made at him with my regulation blade. It shivered on his wooden shield; he raised his tulwar, and next moment I should have been cut down, but ere the blow fell my supporters had planted a sheaf of bayonets in his breast. I rushed on, but a ball laid me low, and when I recovered consciousness, I found the day our own, our compound relieved, and myself ordered off to England next mail, as the only chance for my life.

It was a dull foggy November evening when I reached London. To a man who has long been expatriated no solitude is greater than Bond Street; it was with the greatest joy therefore that I fell in with Arden two or three days after my arrival. He was now in Parliament, and a very glutton of statistics. It was soon settled that after I had finished my business in town I should visit him at Blackmoor.

A few days afterwards I was whirled along the South Western to Devonshire. Woking, with its melancholy gravestones, looking like so many white garden pegs stuck in a parterre as you hurry past, was left behind; the vast Fleet Pond was crossed; soon we were in the dreary country of Templecombe and Milborne Port. Who on earth lives there, that trains should require to stop in that wilderness? Then we had a glimpse of Ford Abbey, another nap, and I awoke to find myself flying through the cider orchards and valleys round Honiton. The Blackmoor carriage soon brought me to the Hall, and I descended light and refreshed, like Hermes himself, to the dining-room.

It was not a large party, and I had a particularly silent partner, who was far more attentive to the *extremets* than to your humble servant, so I had leisure to contemplate Mrs. Arden. She was a very pretty blonde, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and smiling at every word she uttered. Jack was always a good-humoured fellow, I reflected; here for once you see the husband mirrored in the wife; who could ever be snappish to that woman, who looks the incarnation of cheerfulness?

We adjourned to the drawing-room. Some one sang "*Di tanti palpiti.*" I was leisurely chatting to Mrs. Arden, and thinking what a lucky fellow Jack was to marry such a pretty and sensible woman, when the final cadence seemed to touch a long silent chord within me. Joining the group round the piano, I found Miss Vandeleur at the instrument.

Kate was an old flame, and we were speedily on the best of terms. She was stopping with the Awdrys, she told me, at Kilton Park. Awdry himself soon came up, and, seeing how matters stood, asked me over to look up the pheasants for a few days.

Jack had evidently forgotten all about our conversation on madness before I left home so many years ago, and I could not quite ask him whether he married the obnoxious lady I had inveighed against that evening. Neither could I satisfy myself whether Mrs. Arden were that lady. Every now and then I fancied a shade came over her usual serenity. It might be an index of the terrible power slumbering within, or again, I thought prosaically, it might be indigestion.

The Ardens drove me over to Kilton, and I was soon head-over-ears in love with Kate Vandeleur. I am not going to inflict upon you our lovemaking; suffice it to say that in a week Kate and I were engaged.

I had not paid much attention to the pheasants, and, beyond fancying Mrs. Awdry rather a shrew, had found no leisure for aught but the attentions a man must show a pretty girl in a country house, particularly when he is engaged to her. One evening in December, in the pleasant glow of the large drawing-room, Kate and I were chatting at the piano, oblivious of else than ourselves, when she suddenly looked up and saw Mrs. Awdry leave her work-table and walk to the west window.

Kate jumped up and ran to her.

"My dear Mrs. Awdry! six-fifty, and we have not gone up-stairs even! What will your husband say?"

"Never mind, Miss Vandeleur; come here."

The two stood together in the embrasure of the window, and I could not help admiring them from my snug seat at the fire. They

were about the same stature; but how different in face! The faint lamp burning in the window amongst the camellias and cytusus, flung its pale glow upon their countenances, and while Mrs. Awdry was solemn and awe-struck, with her flaxen hair gathered into a simple mass behind, Kate was laughing furtively, and wreathed in smiles for my benefit, and her dark hair and eyebrows stood out in strong relief against the mellow amber light.

"Do you see those gloomy clouds away in the west, Miss Vandeleur?"

"To be sure, Mrs. Awdry; but how dark and chilly they are. Shall I light your candle?"

"Stop here, child," said Mrs. Awdry, seizing Kate's arm earnestly, "do you believe in omens?" and then she pointed to the dark background, while Kate, now somewhat awe-struck too, followed her glance.

A light radiance seemed floating in the west. Soon a bright point appeared struggling on through the sky, a moment more and the full moon burst out in all its splendour, and what seemed clouds proved to be mountains, down which a flood of soft light poured, showing us a fair prospect of valley and hill, through which every now and then a roof glinted, or a torrent flashed down the precipice like a stream of silver. Then a cloud-veil drifted over the moon, and all again became obscure.

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Kate, and we were all silent for a moment.

Something seemed to have excited Mrs. Awdry strangely, for she still held Kate and pointed to the west.

"Well, I will light candles," said that young lady, and having done so joined me at the fireside.

A few minutes more and the gong at the top of the stairs roared its summons to dinner. How I hate gongs! They are detestable at dinner-time, but who shall describe their horror in the morning? You are in the calmest of dreams; a moment more and the Princess Camaralzaman will lay her hand in yours, when "rooh! ooh! ooh!" out rings that frightful tocsin, and you leap up most valiantly and snatch at what should be a sword, to find that you have been tricked, and that, now you are once out of bed, it is no use getting in again. My malison on the whole race of gongs! from the little ones you see advertised "to alarm burglars," to those full-blown monstrosities "able to rouse a whole parish."

Dinner passed in a mood less merry than usual. Mrs. Awdry seemed very *distraine*. Awdry himself, a man of rather obtuse perceptions, conversed with Mrs. Arden on magistrates' business and shorthorns. Making every

allowance for her weariness of these topics, I, who was listening to Jack, could see that his wife was ill at ease about something else. Mrs. Awdry had some whim about leaving one of the dining-room windows with the blind up and no shutters drawn. It was just behind me and opposite Mrs. Arden; I glanced round and saw the moon "riding apparent queen" amongst the stars. Then I looked at Jack's wife. Her eyes wandered restlessly to the window, and then to Mrs. Awdry, but she said nothing.

When the womankind retired at the close of the evening, Jack and our entertainer withdrew to the gun-room, situated at the other end of the house, for a cigar. I felt unaccountably sleepy, and sought my room.

After winding my watch up and kicking off my shoes, something drew me to the window. I raised the blind and swept back the curtains. It was very clear and star-lit. Just below a gravel-walk, shining between two dark lawns, led off to the shrubberies. An ominous scud flew every now and then over the moon. "A nice night for the poachers," I thought, when suddenly a woman flitted on the walk before me.

Was it a woman, or could I be dreaming? No one, certainly no woman, had any business in the shrubbery, I reflected, this bitter frosty night. Yet there the tall slight figure, with some dusky cape on, was passing quickly before me. Soon the gate of the shrubbery was opened and silently shut, and, whoever she was, the figure disappeared amongst the laurels.

I was on the point of dropping the blind, and thinking it a lady's maid going to meet the young keeper for a few minutes' chat, when another female figure, tall as the other, and also loosely wrapped in a grey shawl, came out from the house to the path.

She was evidently undecided what to do, as she paused and listened; that instant the moon came brightly out from a cloud, and I saw it was Miss Vandeleur's face, but pale and terror-stricken.

In a moment an awful fancy seized me. The moon's power had drawn out Jack's wife, and Kate had followed but lost sight of her. Mrs. Arden might do herself no harm beyond catching a cold, or she might destroy herself; but what of Kate? What if she were perceived by Mrs. Arden, and the latter, in her frenzy, were to turn upon her? The idea was too awful. I hastily flung on my cloak, rushed down-stairs, and in the hall met Mrs. Arden, calm and bright as ever.

She was habited just as when she left the drawing-room, and carried a candle and a book.

"Mr. Tracy! what is amiss? You might have seen a ghost!" she said.

"I—I—I fancied I—Excuse my agitation? Where is Miss Vandeleur?"

"Kate? In her room, to be sure!"

"Well, but I thought I saw her just now on the lawn. By-the-bye," added I, as a thought struck me, "where is Mrs. Awdry?"

"I have just been down to fetch her the second volume of 'Stolen Secrets.' But what is amiss with you? what has happened?"

"Will you oblige me by taking up the book to Mrs. Awdry, and then saying Good-night to me from the upper landing? I will tell you my dreams in the morning," I added lightly.

"After a good night's sleep, I hope," said she, and passed up-stairs. I paced impatiently up and down the hall till steps were heard above, and Mrs. Awdry said softly, "My good Mr. Tracy, don't terrify us poor women to death, but go and join the men in the smoking-room, or else ring for Hastings to bring you hot water, and have a sedative before you go up-stairs! Good-night!" Mrs. Arden also said Good-night, and before I could rejoice they had both retired. Was it a dream of mine, or had I seen two people outside? Miss Vandeleur I could not be mistaken in; at all events I would look out at the night. I opened the door and passed on to the lawn. There was a touch of frost in the air; and all was silent except the monotonous fall of water over a distant wheel. Rapidly passing into the shrubbery where I had seen the figures disappear, I looked up and down the long walks, but beyond the bare leafless arms of trees and many a dark shadow chequering the moonlit ground, I saw nothing. Brushing through the laurels, I vaulted the paling and found myself in the park. Few scenes are more lovely than an English park in the moonlight—the dark clumps of trees and ruminating cattle, and silvery grass shrouded by mists here and there, are always engaging; but I had no time for an artistic glance just then; I was looking for a moving figure. Hah! there was something on that rise, but now it had disappeared! I ran to the hillock, dashed through the mist and down into the glade in time to hear a snort or two, and a fine hind joined a troop of ten or a dozen others, and all trotted off into the darkness. With a laugh I retraced my steps, and thinking all must have been a delusion which, as Mrs. Awdry had suggested, would best be cured by a glass of brandy-and-water, I resolved to punish Hastings for my nocturnal ramble, and returned to ring him up.

Soon I perceived I had missed my way, and

as each turn I took round the gnarled hawthorns only led me up one hill and down another glade shrouded in the same blue mist till all looked identical, I began to think my adventures were not yet over. I had never

been in this part of the park before, and, though I approached a large fir wood at the side, did not like venturing into it; better be lost in an open park, I reflected, than plunge about in a dark wood, and perhaps fall into an old quarry.



See p. 103.

So I passed down the edge of it to an open ride. I had entered this, when to my amazement the same figure I had seen from the window crossed it at right angles some way in front. A moment more and the second

figure followed. I dashed up the ride and gazed down the cross-path; it led into a thick haze that cut off all further investigation of the mysterious wanderers, and they were not in sight. I listened and heard no footfalls.

"They are in the park," I thought; "I will secure them at once, or at all events see the *dénouement* of all this."

Turning my head, however, I saw the house at the other end of the park, and a light in a small window that I conjectured must be the pantry. To reach this window and tap at it took me not a moment's time. I heard some one give a violent start, and then the valiant Hastings called out (to some imaginary ally, for no other man slept indoors), "Thieves! mercy on us! thieves! here, John, bring my blunderbuss, and take you the big carver!"

"Hold your stupid noise, Hastings," I said, "and come out quickly without saying a word to any one: you will find the front door open. I want you for a guide."

After a minute or two he appeared on the lawn with a dark lantern (that he had forgotten to light), and a sword, as if to attack poachers.

"Drop those," I said, "and come on at once. Two of the ladies are in the park, and I fear the worst." We hurried on in silence down the ride and through the haze to a height overlooking the park, where we paused a moment. Hastings was puffing like a grampus over what might be a tablecloth he wore as a necktie. He evidently thought me light-headed, and began to wish he had kept his sword. I descended the long dip with intense eagerness. It led down to the Exe, and like a clear white ribbon the river wound round this side of the domain. I saw no signs of the ladies, and once more began to doubt my own sanity. Turning to my guide, I said,—

"Well, Hastings, did you hear any one moving in the house before I knocked at the window?"

"I did, sir; the gentlemen are still in the gun-room; but I heard some lady pass my door, and fancied I heard the drawing-room window open. But I had a good deal to do to the plate; and it doesn't do, you know, sir," he added meaningly, "to take any notice of one's fancies."

I was going to blow him up for his cowardice, when I saw one of my phantoms passing quickly to the waterside, and the other following.

"Stay, Hastings, not a word! Look there!"

"It is my lady and Miss Vandeleur, I think, sir," he said.

We were somewhat hidden, and stood rooted to the ground in utter amazement. The first figure turned at the river's edge, and seeing Miss Vandeleur following, waited for her; we could see them parleying as it seemed, and then they walked along the side to a clump of low willows. The moon was out brightly at this time, so I could see distinctly what

occurred. The first figure stepped into a boat under the trees, the other delayed.

"Good heavens, sir!" said the butler, "run! There are no oars in her, and the lasher is only a hundred yards off below the willows!"

I was off like a shot long before he had ended, and sped to the boat, but not in time to prevent both ladies getting in and pushing off into the stream! They saw me, and Mrs. Awdry, flinging the boat-hook into the water, stood up in the stern, while poor Kate covered on the benches.

"Save me, Mr. Tracy," she cried, "oh save us!"

"All right, my darling," I called; "look out!" and was instantly in the water up to my knees, when, horror of horrors! Mrs. Awdry raised a knife that gleamed in the moonlight responsive to her own wild eyes, and said coldly, sternly, and impassively, as she held it over Kate,—

"Come a foot nearer us and I strike! We are going to have a new sensation to-night!"

I stood in utter despair, not daring to move, and the boat whirling round heavily swung off into deeper water past me, while Mrs. Awdry stood dressed in white with her hair loose, and the gleaming knife over her head, like some fury bearing off poor Kate to destruction. She was raving mad, I saw, and, awful as the situation was, I felt instinctively it was best to be quiet.

"Keep up, my brave Kate! Wait a moment," I called, "and help is at hand!"

Mrs. Awdry did not seem to heed this, but raised a wild snatch of Italian, *Dolce vendetta!* and glared now at the moon above, now at poor trembling Miss Vandeleur below. As the boat moved into the centre of the river I ventured to emerge and run along the bank, keeping a vigilant watch on Mrs. Awdry's movements. Soon the boat ceased to whirl round, and shot steadily on, and I heard the increasing rush and roar of what had seemed from the lawn like a water-wheel, but was in reality a lasher or a backwater, where the Exe, swollen with the late floods of autumn, plunged madly over a stone weir into a sullen pool beyond. The danger thickened momentarily, and I dared not yet dash in! Still the knife was glittering in Mrs. Awdry's hand. I made up my mind to wait a few seconds more and then leap in at all risks; even then I might only hope to tow the boat nearer the shore before it took the dread plunge, and it was certain the knife would fall on poor Kate. I turned instinctively to look for help, and a large stone was flung over my head, and fell with a heavy splash beside the boat. Mrs.

Awdry started, and the knife dropped into the stream.

"Well done, Hastings!" I cried, as that functionary came panting up. "Run to the top of the lasher and be ready to help."

"Now then, Kate darling! I will save you yet!"

As I plunged in, I saw Mrs. Awdry cower down beside Kate, but the sudden cold and the rushing of the water in my ears gave me no more time than to rise half bewildered to the surface and strike out wildly to the boat. Swiftly, swiftly was I drawn on to it; the yawning lasher was but ten yards farther on, and I saw the white, leaping waters dance like so many fiends in the moonlight. A stroke more and I had my arms on the boat's side, calling loudly over the hiss and swirl below me. Alas! Kate had fainted, and ere I could turn the boat, we were swept over! I sprang forward and clutched Kate's dress, and then was struck violently on the head by a post, and whirled round, blinded, and suffocated, and contused against the stones, and finally, after what seemed an age instead of an instant, lost my senses.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back on the grass with my hand still firmly grasping Miss Vandeleur's dress. Hastings and Jack were holding me, and the latter was dripping.

"Thanks, Jack," I feebly murmured, and turned to look at Kate.

"No grip like a drowning man's," said Jack.

"But what on earth does all this mean?" The wan figure beside me was raised as I loosened my hold, and Hastings sped off for assistance. "Good Heavens!" said I, "it's Mrs. Awdry!" In my hurry and confused state of mind I had seized Mrs. Awdry and saved her instead of Kate! "Oh, Jack, Jack!" I said piteously, "where is Kate? Lift me up, let me go in again! Save her, and never mind me!" He held me in a vice, and said,—

"You don't go in again, I can tell you. But what in the world brought Miss Vandeleur here too?" And in he plunged once more into the seething pool, dark as ink under the high pollards.

I jumped up, and in an agony was crawling to the edge, when what seemed an otter drawing out a salmon on the other side resolved itself into Awdry, whose cheery voice soon rang out—

"Here she is, breathing yet, Tracy! Come over the bridge just below, and I will cross to my wife." Out came Jack again dripping like a Newfoundland, and speedily led me over the

bridge, where we found Miss Vandeleur senseless on the bank.

But then came a crowd of domestics, and doctors, and hot-water bottles, and the two ladies were carried off to a neighbouring cottage.

In an hour poor Kate slowly revived, but Mrs. Awdry never breathed again. It was supposed that she had been struck against the stones with greater force than myself. As for Mrs. Arden, she knew nothing of what had occurred till the next morning. Mrs. Awdry had cleverly disarmed her fears, and sent her to bed. When Kate could converse on that dreadful night, she informed us that she lost sight of Mrs. Awdry in the park for some time, and it was plain that that lady had returned to lull all suspicions (during which time she had said Good-night to me in the hall), and then descended to the park, where Kate, once more seeing her, pursued her to the water's edge; and the sequel has been told. Such is the cunning of madness, and with such terrible frenzy does it sometimes blaze out after many years' quiet, at the sight of something or somebody that revives old associations. I need hardly say that Mr. Awdry had married the young lady dressed in blue, whose eyes had told their tale so readily on that long-distant evening of the ball at Lady L——'s; and perhaps it is still less needful to add, that six months after the tragedy of that eventful night at Kilton Park, Miss Vandeleur gave me the office of ministering to her sadly shaken nerves by a much dearer title than that of your humble servant,

M. D.

MEMORIES.

I.

O come not back with glare of day,
Sweet memories of the loved and lost;
Come not where careless jests are toss'd,
Where stranger hearts are gay!

II.

Bring me again with evening's gleam
The tender tears of life's regret,
The presence I may ne'er forget
With starlight's solemn dream!

III.

Thou art more near me, darling, then,
Mid summer valleys grey with mist,
Mid summer woodlands silver-kist,
Than in the haunt of men;

IV.

While o'er her dark-blue tideless sea
The queenly crescent sails above,
And steals the spirit's earthly love
Up, up to Heaven and thee.

R. A. B.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXI. POOR FRANK!

"THE best plan will be to keep Frank out of papa's way as much as possible," Ethel thought the next morning, as she stood fastening her cuffs at her dressing-room window, preparatory to going down to breakfast. She had passed an anxious night about this "boy," as she termed him, who was more like a brother to her than a nephew. Hitherto Frank had appeared to be brightly oblivious of the fact of his grandfather having no overweening affection for him. But now evidently the fact had dawned upon him, and from what he had said to her the previous night, when she had suggested that he should marry, he was rather more disposed to resent it as an injustice than to strive to alter it.

"Papa feeds his wrath by looking at that wretched picture. Sir Hugo, you were a bad Burgoyne, for your fatal influence is at work even now, making papa believe that Frank's little follies will develop into big crimes. There he goes," she continued, throwing up the window and leaning out to look after Frank, who was cantering across the lawn towards some hurdles. "Don't be late for breakfast, Frank. Good gracious, you have papa's horse," she added hurriedly; but Frank did not hear, and so cantered on, waving his hat to her as he rode. "A fool John must have been to let him take the Baron," she said aloud, in a vexed tone, as she watched the old brown hunter with the short dock going over the lawn with Frank on his back. "The first morning of his visit too, and he knows what papa is about that old horse; how could John let him make such a mistake!"

She turned from the window and went downstairs into the oak-parlour, their breakfast-room when they were alone. There she found her sister, but not her father, as she had hoped. For the oak-parlour windows did not command that lawn over which Frank had been cantering, and she had hoped that his error of judgment might still pass unknown and unnoticed.

"Where's papa, Grace? Do you know that silly boy is riding the Baron? What is to be done?"

"I don't know, Ethel; I must answer that to all three of your questions. Oh, here's papa."

They went forward to kiss him as she spoke, and read in his face that their troublesome pet was safe still. Lord Lesborough's brow was serene.

"The old man is the first afield," he said seating himself and opening the paper. "Master Frank not down yet, I conclude."

This not being a direct appeal, Miss Burgoyne busied herself with the coffee and Ethel with the Times advertisement sheet, and neither answered it.

"While I," Lord Lesborough continued, "have already been down to the home farm walking."

"Walking! what was that for, papa?"

"The old pony caught his leg over the halter and threw himself down and lamed himself in the night, and so, as I shall want the Baron after breakfast, I thought I would walk."

Both daughters trembled a little guiltily as the father spoke. The Baron had been spared by him at his own personal inconvenience, to what end!

"I ought to have thought of reminding Frank last night that the old brown horse is still held sacred," Ethel thought, with a twinge of self-reproach. "How could the poor boy be expected to remember such a trifle?"

The breakfast proceeded slowly, and still Frank did not come in.

"Had you not better send up to Mr. Burgoyne's room, my dear?" Lord Lesborough asked, as he sent up his cup for a second supply of coffee; "your late walk last night, Ethel, has knocked up a young gentleman, who doubtless keeps much earlier hours when he is away from us."

When he said this his two daughters felt still more uneasy, for Lord Lesborough was invariably waxing angry when he attempted to be ironical, and called Frank, "Mr. Burgoyne."

"Oh papa, now he wouldn't pretend that it was the walk—but he had a long journey yesterday, you know," Ethel remarked deprecatingly.

"I suppose his mother carries his tea up, when he condescends to live with her, whenever he's lazy." Lord Lesborough rarely failed in lashing himself up into a rage with his grandson, when he began to speak of that grandson's mother.

"I dare say his mother is quite wise enough not to question his right to please himself in such matters," Ethel exclaimed. It seemed to her that there would have been disloyalty to the dead brother in suffering a disparaging remark on the living sister-in-law to pass unrebuked.

"Here he comes—such a cup of coffee for you, Frank," Miss Burgoyne exclaimed, smiling brightly at him as he entered; but the offender did not recognise either the offer of the coffee, or the smile that accompanied it. He went directly up to his grandfather; he still held his hat in his hand, and he looked pale and agitated.

"Good morning, sir," he began. "You will be very much annoyed with me, I fear, when I tell you what I have been unfortunate enough to do this morning?"

Ethel's heart sank, and her prophetic soul told her that her fears when she first saw him on the Baron had not been groundless.

"Good morning, sir. What have you done?" his grandfather replied, quietly, putting down the paper, and pushing his spectacles up on his forehead as he spoke. There was little of either cordiality or conciliation in Lord Lesborough's manner, and his grandson keenly marked the want of these things.

"I took the Baron out this morning, and I have been unfortunate enough to let him down and cut his knees in landing him over a hurdle and ditch at the end of the west lawn. I am very sorry, both for the horse and your displeasure."

He said nothing of his own dislocated elbow, and Lord Lesborough saw nothing of it. The old man was moved to a deeper anger than his soul had known since his only son had married this present offender's mother.

"Had you regarded my displeasure—had you given one thought to my wishes—you would never have touched the horse," was all he said. Then Frank turned away from him, and Ethel rose, crying out, "Don't you see he is hurt himself, papa—don't mind the horse; he is hurt. Where is it, Frank?"

"My arm is broken, I believe," he replied, going and throwing himself on one of the couches. "Had it been my neck, Lord Lesborough would have forgiven me for marking the Baron's knees; as it is——"

"I will send for a doctor," Lord Lesborough interrupted, rising and walking towards the door; "he will be more beneficial to you just now than my forgiveness."

"Things look well for Harold Ffrench, don't they, Ethel?" Frank Burgoyne asked with a faint attempt at a smile, as Ethel knelt down by his side, and shuddered over the disabled limb. "He will remember this against me, I'm certain."

"Dear Frank, how could you be so reckless?"

"Don't ask questions, dear Ethel. Aunt Grace, you'll stay with me till the doctor

comes, won't you? And Ethel, you go and write a note to a man called Linley, telling him of my accident, and that before it happened I had time to go and see that the shooting-box at Lownds will just suit him. He may take it with the greatest safety, tell him; and add, that the sooner he comes the better I shall like it; will you, Ethel?"

"I will, Frank. But Linley, he's just one of the very men papa does not like you being so very intimate with; is he coming?"

"Not here—catch him at Maddington! But I suppose Lord Lesborough will suffer him to come into the neighbourhood and shoot the harmless partridge, and by and by hunt the depredating fox without questioning his right to do either. Yes, write, and don't worry me, Ethel, for by Jove this arm of mine——"

He paused, and did not say what that arm of his was precisely, but Ethel guessed that it was too painful to permit of polite conversation even with her just at present. So she went and wrote the letter, and then brought and perused it for his approbation.

"Will it do?" she asked.

"Yes, it will do. You have said just the right things, and not too many of them. 'Pon my word, Ethel, our understandings match so admirably, that I have often thought it a pity that a man may not marry his father's sister; don't forget to send it off by to-day's post. Ah, here comes the apothecary."

The gentleman he thus irreverently designated being the Hensley surgeon, who has come up to do his best for the injured limb, the two ladies left Frank with his doctor, and his own man, who had entered at the same time.

"His arm is worse than broken. I believe his elbow is dislocated," Miss Burgoyne said in a melancholy tone,—“poor Frank!”

"Papa is too hard, too hard," Ethel replied, warmly. "It's cruel and wicked to be so prejudiced against your own flesh and blood, as he is against Frank; and Frank has always taken it so beautifully, hasn't he, Grace? Never seemed to see it till to-day."

"Perhaps papa would have been better inclined towards him, if he had seemed to see it and feel it a little more; and yet one doesn't know; nothing, I fear, would ever have made him heartily fond of Frank."

"When Mr. Burch is gone, we will hear how Frank is, and then have the car, and go down and call on Miss Leigh, shall we, Grace? and we'll get Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan and her to come up to dinner; it will be better to have some one, than for Frank to be alone with only papa and us in the evening; shall we?"

"Yes, we will, dear. Not that I see how it would be possible for Frank to get wrong with papa, when he is obliged to keep quiet on the sofa; we always are in a terrible turmoil while that boy is here," the placid lady continued, calmly. Then they went their respective ways till such time as the doctor departed, and they might learn how great Frank's injuries really were.

Mrs. Vaughan was in such a satisfied frame of mind, that she seemed to be another woman on the morning after her niece's arrival. She had gone to bed big with hope, and had straightway fallen into dream-fraught slumbers, that were far more refreshing than dream-fraught slumbers usually are. She had supped on the reflection that Lord Lesborough did not desire his heir to wed for money, and the supposition that Mr. Burgoyne was or was going to be attracted by Theo. She had supped on these, and the supper did not disagree with her.

"I shall take you round the garden and over the village this morning, Theo, my dear," she said, briskly, when Theo came into the room, and seated herself at the breakfast table; "that is, if you'll like to go, I will take you; later in the day we may expect Mr. and the Misses Burgoyne."

"He said the morning, Aunt Libby."

"It will be 'morning' whenever they come, Theo; remember that. Theo, on no account call it 'afternoon;' even if they should come at five, it's morning to them, and they must suppose that it's morning to you also. Can't you eat anything, my dear?"

"Nothing, thank you," Theo replied. She hated the prospect of going over the garden and round the village in Mrs. Vaughan's wake—it destroyed her appetite, and made her wish herself back at Bretford again. Something of this must have been visible in her face, for presently her aunt said:

"You must stay with me till you get your appetite and your roses up, my dear; you must stay with me a long time, Theo; I shall have you stay a long time."

Theo tried hard to think of something nice and proper to say; the effort resulted in a simple "thank you, aunt," after all.

"I wish you to stay. I'm very anxious indeed that you should stay a long time," Mrs. Vaughan went on with a slightly flushed face, "and you ought; and so ought your parents—if they knew what was good for you, which they don't—to wish it as well, instead of looking as if you thought you'd be dull."

"I do, aunt. I do wish it; dull, I don't mind being dull, I assure you."

"Well, my dear," the old lady rejoined with a perceptible softening of manner and

spirit, "so much the better, and you have more good sense than I gave you credit for; I shall keep you with me for a long time, and if you have any young friend you would like to have with you to make a change, you may ask her to come and stay with you: there, what do you say to that?"

"That I am much obliged—you are very kind, I mean," Theo replied absently. She was wondering whether she should or should not avail herself of this offer, and invite Sydney Scott down to share with her the desperate dulness of Hensley, and the dubious delights of Maddington. "I needn't decide yet," she thought, "but if it's any one, it shall be Sydney."

She however decided that Sydney should come long before that morning walk came to a conclusion. Mrs. Vaughan was disheartening in the garden, and distressing in the village. She would, while in the former, indulge in a prolonged weeding of a bed of variegated geraniums; and she would not suffer Theo to assist her in the task, or accede either amicably or at all to Theo's suggestion that she "might as well just walk round by herself, and come back to her aunt when her aunt had done the bed." Mrs. Vaughan ordained that Theo should remain within conversational range, and Mrs. Vaughan's ordinations admitted of no appeal. Theo resigned herself to the situation,—strove to appear interested in the account of the Maddington *ménage*, with which her aunt diversified the running commentary she was pleased to deliver on "Theo's chances in that quarter,"—and resolved that when the subject should be mooted again of the "young friend coming to make a change," she would mention Sydney Scott as one peculiarly adapted for the honour.

"At all events we shall be able to take long walks together, and escape from Aunt Libby with less appearance of design than I see I shall ever be able to effect alone," she thought. Then her meditations were cut short by Mrs. Vaughan requesting her to fill a watering-pot out of the garden tank, which Theo did to the detriment of her well-starched morning dress, and the consequent downfall of her aunt's amiability.

"So careless of you, child; however your father can afford to clothe you at all, if you ruin your things in this way, I can't think. Don't tell me that 'it's nothing,' and 'that it will wash;' I know it will wash, and I know that it's not nothing, for washing costs a great deal of money, and a great deal of money is what your father can't or oughtn't to spend about you. Our income wouldn't stand it, I know that."

"I don't carry watering-pots about and spill their contents daily, Aunt Libby; this is an out of course proceeding, remember." Theo was ceasing to be seriously affected, in other words "out up," by her aunt's habit of reproaching stormily. She found it tedious simply, terrible no longer.

"A lady should be able to do all such things neatly, Theo; I have no patience with that ridiculous air of fine ladyism you affect. Not accustomed to carry water-pots, indeed; absurd in your position to be above such things: you would be thought far more of if you could do any little thing of the sort in a neat, graceful way, instead of being as awkward and untidy as an untrained country-girl."

Mrs. Vaughan rose from the crouching position she had taken up over the bed of variegated geraniums with the abruptness of unmitigated but doubtless most righteous anger. She was checked midway in her effort to regain the upright by a terrible jerk, which made a wide rent in the white China crape shawl she had unwisely arrayed herself in prematurely for the walk through the village. On Theo's going to her assistance, it was discovered that Mrs. Vaughan, in the heat of her argument in favour of graceful carefulness and neatness, had fastened the end of her shawl securely to the rich, heavy soil with the trowel.

"It's ruined! ruined!" she exclaimed almost tearfully. "It's one that your father brought home the first voyage he made after my marriage; I wouldn't have had it happen to my brother's gift for the world."

The allusion to her father touched Theo, and saved Mrs. Vaughan receiving from her observant niece the information that she had stuck the trowel into the ground with heart and heat and force to the words, "I have no patience with you," in reference to Theo's far slihter accident.

"I won't do any more gardening this morning; change your dress, Theo, and we will go into the village. I won't have you dress yourself finely, though; I *will not* have you deck yourself out just to walk through a little country village where the people will not think one bit the better of you for being dressed like a peacock."

"It would never have entered into my head to change my dress just to go in the village, Aunt Libby, if you hadn't told me to do it; even now—see I'm nearly dry—I don't see the necessity for it."

"Do break yourself of that habit of setting your own judgment in opposition to the judgment of your elders at every turn, Theo; and pray be careful how you utter disparaging remarks about the places people live in. I do

see the necessity for your making a nice appearance in the village, however much you may despise it; not that I mind it. I attributed it to your ignorance of the world. But be careful before other people."

Theo stifled a laugh. "I'll promise to be very careful, especially before the Misses Burgoyne," she said demurely. "But I assure you, I am so far from being silly enough to despise it, that I feel quite anxious to get a friend of mine down here to enjoy this pretty place with me."

"To see Sydney with Aunt Libby will be rare fun, and I shall enjoy it," she added to herself as Mrs. Vaughan, now recovered from the torn shawl, gave a gracious assent to the proposition she herself had first made.

It was a pretty village, a very pretty village, with a brawling stream running through the centre of it, and white, rose-covered cottages climbing up the hills on either side. An unpretentious village too, that made no attempt to elevate itself into the dignity of a town, but that was content to be a simple village still, with a walking post and a shop that contained an olla podrida of eggs and bacon, calico, tallow-candles, hair-pins, peppermint lozenges in very dusky bottles, and all the other articles that are ordinarily found in aught but sweet profusion in a country store.

Mr. Burch represented the professional element in Hensley, and on Mrs. Burch the first call was made by the vicar's wife and Miss Leigh. From her they heard the story of "Young Burgoyne's accident." Mrs. Burch always called him "Young Burgoyne," when neither he nor any of his immediate friends were by, in order to impress her hearers with a notion that she was on terms of careless intimacy at Maddington. Under the influence of the presence of his immediate friends, she fell into the equal error of speaking of Lord Lesborough's heir as the "Honourable Burgoyne."

Mrs. Vaughan looked annoyed in a bright-eyed way when they came out of Mrs. Burch's house and wended their steps towards one of the white rose-covered cottages. This accident would keep Mr. Burgoyne in the house for some time, and the impression that she flattered herself her niece had already made might wear off before he saw her again. She began to have her doubts also as to whether she had been wise in her generation in authorising Theo to invite another young girl down to Hensley. What if this young girl were prettier than Theo? She was not wont to brook uncertainty, therefore she asked:

"Is your friend, Miss Scott, better-looking than you are, my dear?"

"I don't think she is," Theo answered frankly. It was one of those things about

which Theo could not get up confusion and mock-modesty. Very candidly would she have confessed her own inferiority of appearance had the inferiority been patent to her. But it was not patent to her in this case, therefore she replied with such an air of thorough and frank conviction that it carried conviction, and consequently comfort, to the heart of her aunt.

The white rose-covered cottages that climbed up the hills which rose in gentle swell on either side of the sparkling, brawling stream known as "Hensley Water," were nearly all of them occupied by maiden and widow ladies in a state of decay. Not bodily or mental decay by any means, but commercial decay that rendered them meek and quiet in spirit, and remarkably amenable to the chronic advances of the vicar's wife.

A species of lull came over Theo as she followed her aunt into one of the prettiest of these houses, to which they were admitted by a small domestic of tender years and irreproachable neatness. Deborah was her name, and subdued was Deborah beyond her years, and thoughtful beyond conception—when in the house. What Deborah was when she had her outings and joined the youth of both sexes in a brief tour of festivity to some neighbouring town, may not be told here. But a rumour of the transformation that came over her at such seasons had reached Mrs. Vaughan, and Mrs. Vaughan had now come fraught with the design of shocking the souls of Deborah's too confiding mistresses with a repetition of this rumour.

These mistresses were the two daughters of a gentleman long deceased, who had written a classical dictionary, and immortalised his name in the annals of learnedom. His two daughters had retained that name and were not likely to change it now, for one was seventy and the other sixty-five. But whether they had retained it of their own free will, or because of no man having been forthcoming sufficiently daring to propose an alteration in it, this deponent sayeth not.

Miss Dampier and Miss Margaret Dampier—never in her earliest youth had any one been rash enough to call her Madge or Maggie, or abbreviate her name in any way—were busily employed at their usual morning avocation, namely, discussing the village politics and knitting little socks and parti-coloured shawls to be disposed of at bazaars. The windows were closed, and the crevices hermetically sealed, for they belonged to that unwholesome class who "dread a draught," and apparently feed and flourish on the foul air in which they delight.

"This is my niece. Theo, my dear, pick

up Miss Dampier's ball of wool," Mrs. Vaughan said, introducing Theo to her friends.

"Ah, very like you; very like you, indeed, isn't she, sister?" Miss Margaret Dampier replied, with the palpably assumed air of benignant blandness that old ladies frequently adopt towards contumacious cats and refractory small relatives who are brought to see them. "Deborah said, as you came up the hill, that it must be Mrs. Vaughan's niece by the likeness; she had just brought me my twelve-o'clock arrowroot—never forgets it, never—the comfort she is I can't tell you; and we never can be grateful enough to Miss Ethel Burgoyne for recommending her from the school."

"If I had been consulted, Deborah wouldn't have been the girl I should have recommended for such a place as yours," Mrs. Vaughan replied, bridling up in a moment. Then Theo sank into obscurity while Mrs. Vaughan made known, and the two Miss Dampiers groaned over, Deborah's supposed enormities. So passed two weary hours.

(To be continued)

AS STRANGE AS TRUTH,

PART I.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, in his "Philosophy of Composition," tells us that, in writing tales or novels founded on fiction, we must decide first on our peculiar situation, or *dénouement*, which is to form the point of the story. Write that carefully first, and then work up the other parts to fit it, keeping all subservient to that chosen end. The choice of the incident may be determined by a thousand-and-one considerations. Law reports give many startling ones, and good ones too; for not only are they real, but they are accompanied by the wholesome moral of detected crime.

But the law reports are not the only places to look for the dramas of real life. Certainly I am not the only one who noticed, a year or two ago, in the first column of the Times, a life-long drama that was simply told in three short paragraphs; thus (the names and place are altered):—

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, the wife of J. H. Hawker, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, by special licence, J. H. Hawker, Esq., to Emily Ann Bridgemann.

DEATHS.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, Emily Ann, the wife of J. H. Hawker, Esq.

It would be difficult, I imagine, to tell such a story of shame—repentance, let us hope—and death, in fewer words.

The second column of the same paper occasionally gives us curious peeps into scenes that

often prove "stranger than fiction." One that appeared a long time ago, and reads as if addressed to a dead man, seems to give a glimpse at the last scene of some tragedy. Here it is :—

TO THE PARTY WHO POSTS HIS LETTERS IN
PRINCE'S STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

YOUR family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's Morning Advertiser, headed, "A body found drowned at Deptford." After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone ; but there are marks on the arm ; so that, unless they hear from you to-day, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a pauper's funeral.

But this lifting of the curtain for a moment, though startling, shows nothing more than the glimpse we get ; and the lurid light thus thrown on the scene only leaves us in deeper darkness than before. We cannot do better than follow Poe's plan, and decide first on the character of our story. Shall it be grave or gay ? Grave. *Soit.* Incontestably, few things are of graver import than those mysterious laws that control the working of the mind, and regulate those efforts made by it, that are commonly known as "will." If, then, we can lay down some law (in our own minds) by which these efforts are governed, and narrate some story to illustrate it, we at once create interest ; for curiosity, like a crossing-sweeper, will follow the unknown passer-by for a chance copper more tenaciously than those with whose economy he is acquainted.

Having decided on the general style, we have two or three minor points to settle before we commence. For instance, it at once suggests itself that the story must be told in the first person, where the incidents are so strictly personal, so intimately connected with the inner self. And we must not forget the particular principle we wish to inculcate.

In reference to the particular point on which we have decided to write, it has always struck me that the word "supernatural" has been very improperly connected with it, and indeed often applied to it. Simply because we cannot understand a thing, are we to say it is super-human ? At the end of the last century, any old lady venturing to light her pipe with a lucifer match would have run a very good chance of having her thumbs and great toes tied in a bunch, and finding herself drowning as a witch in the nearest brook. And even in part of this century it would have been dangerous for Mr. Bain to have propounded that wonderful telegraph of his by which a man in London can sign his name in St. Petersburg,

or where you will, within hearing of certain Spanish ecclesiastics. No ! those remarkable phenomena that are so often called supernatural, I believe to be the result of a powerful, active will,—the creation of a *living* brain, diseased perhaps, and in a state of unnatural excitement ; but half conscious, it may be, of its terrible unknown power, and reeling from the violence of its own struggles. But, whether sane or insane, the workings of that mind are governed by natural laws, though as yet we do not understand them.

Overworked, and yielding to the solicitations of my wife and friends, I left the practice entirely in the hands of my partner, and accepted the invitation of my kind old friend, Dr. Goodenough. The perfect rest, the lovely wild Welsh scenery, soon showed its effects, and day by day I recruited both strength and spirits ; and ere long I was able to face, with a sense of exhilaration that I had long been a stranger to, the keen frosty wind that then, in the early part of January, swept down into our quiet valley from the snowy heights beyond. Goodenough's quick appreciation of character, sturdy common sense combined with great tact and quickness, fitted him peculiarly for the care of cases complicated with any mental derangement. There were several under his care. As my own health improved in tone, I began to listen with interest to the particulars of the various cases, and felt gratified that my old friend should thus seek my opinion. He showed me his notes of one case which he had (as far as human eye could see) treated with perfect success. It was peculiar ; the subject in his early youth had on one occasion, and one only, shown symptoms of insanity, the seeds of which lay dormant until after life. He must have been a man of great determination ; for on his recent recovery he thus described his recollection of the occasion of the fit :—"One night, after a number of weeks of fearful suffering, as I was lying in bed tossing, sleepless, and despairing, a most horrible impulse seized upon me, an impulse impelling me to destroy one who, of all living beings, most deserved my love. I buried myself under the bedclothes, and struggled with the hellish impulse till the bed shook. It still gained strength. I sprang up, clung to the bedpost, and drove my teeth, in the agony of despair, into the hard wood. It was uncontrollable. I shut my eyes, bowed down my head for fear that I should see her, and rushed out of the house. Barefooted, with no covering save a night-shirt, I ran through the streets to the police office, and implored them to lock me up. Fortunately the officer on duty was a humane and sensible man. He gave me a watch-coat to

wrap round me, kept me under his eye, and, I suppose, sent to my friends, for my wife and sister came with clothing. The paroxysm had passed; and gasping, panting for death in any form, I accompanied them home, steeped to the lips in despair."

This case, which was one of well-marked latent insanity (latent for nearly twenty years), interested us much, and sincerely we trusted that it might not prove intermittent, of which latter type a very curious and well-marked case was under my friend's care.

"I know nothing of the history of the man," said Goodenough, "except that he came here many years ago, and voluntarily placed himself under the care of my predecessor. He occupies a small suite of rooms, makes few acquaintances, and quite seems to shun the quiet public sitting-room and billiard-room, where there are generally two or three convalescents to be found. Botany, on which subject he has written much and well, is his principal pursuit. But the most remarkable point is the persistency and regularity of his mental attacks. In the early part of each year (and you will have the opportunity, I imagine, of seeing this for yourself) he becomes careless of his person and dress, moody, and irritable—savagely passionate and violent—so much so, that towards the end of the month it has always been necessary to place him under restraint. Another curious phase in the case is, that as the cerebral excitement increases, his English is replaced by another language, that neither I nor any one here can understand. I judge from this that he is not an Englishman; that his brain, losing the grasp over the acquired tongue, lapses to its native one. As he grows older the gradual recovery from each access of delirium takes longer and longer. In his lucid intervals, growing shorter every year, he has occasionally, at my earnest request, written what he can recollect of his state of mind during the accession of the attacks. This passage, with which he commences one of these papers, is remarkable, and shows in what way he expects death to supervene:—

"It is a fearful thing for a man to be mad, and to be conscious that he is so. I am convinced that a thought of an intensely exciting nature passing through a brain in this state, or through one very easily excited naturally, can kill as quickly as a shock of electricity from a thunder-cloud, and that the death-bearing messengers in both cases are nearly allied.

"I have, while recovering from an attack of mania, not once, but several times, been struck down as utterly senseless by a thought as I could have been by a blow." * * *

"I have no doubt but some of those sudden

deaths, for which no cause can be assigned or seen, are the results of this silent thunder, which bursts from the imagination when in a state of excitement or disease."

I took an early opportunity of calling on this gentleman, in company with Dr. Goodenough. It was in the middle of January, and the usual premonitory symptoms had begun to show themselves. His appearance was striking; but the attention was riveted on his eye, so cold, so clear, and pitiless, flickering now and again with a febrile brightness. Our visit was a very short one; but it was not until away from his presence that I could recall his massive chin, his firm thin lips hardly according with his rather narrow forehead and strangely projecting eyebrows. I learnt, with no feeling of pleasure, the next day, that he was anxious to see me. I accompanied Goodenough in his usual visit.

"Doctor," said he, "we can hear enough of our future state; we know, perhaps, too much of our present; but where can we learn our past? Look you! the soul never dies; neither is it born, at least not as our philosophy would teach us. Have I only *existed* some forty or fifty years? I tell you cycles have passed since my thinking powers first came into play. You too—you have recognised people, ay, and places too, that you never before saw in *this* life. And you, sir," turning to me and raising his voice almost fiercely, "in what wild planet or outer world have *we* met, and then, too, in no friendly mood?"

And truly there flashed back on my memory that night in the wild forest, when with my spirits nigh overcome in the struggle with unknown horror, staggering into the clear moonlight, my knees trembling under me, dismayed but unsubdued, I was but able to cry, "I am *not* overcome; my spirit is not afraid," without which self-assertion my inner self felt it must have yielded to this unknown, unseen power. I know not what answer I returned to the wild adjuration of the madman.

After a moment's pause he said, quietly, "Do you know, doctor, I believe it quite possible for a man to be in two places at once. Now, for instance, in my own occasional illnesses, I, as regards my body, remain here (though I should be sorry to vouch for that myself), while I, as regards my thinking and intellectual powers, have most certainly been elsewhere. For as I slowly recover with the coming springtime, creeping with the flowers into a fuller life, I am imbued with the idea of long, cold, weary watching, of some horrid hate-inspiring thing; and as Dante makes those spirits, who on earth have loved both wildly and unwell, be driven together round

and round the limbo they are in, by a fierce cold whirlwind,—now torn away from, now driven back to, their unseen, never-shifting starting-point,—so I sometimes think I have been surging round and round, with a purposeless hate, some still more hateful spot.”

Toward the end of the month, the 26th (how suddenly I recalled the date), Goodenough and I were quietly talking after dinner, when an assistant called him out of the room. A few minutes after, the same man returned; “The doctor’s compliments, sir, and would you step up to Mr. Engstrom’s room?”

I entered his room quietly. Three men, assisted by the doctor, were holding down the unhappy man on the bed; and though they did not understand his wild imprecations, in a harsh, uncouth tongue, it was evident to any, from his savage gestures and hoarse, deep voice, that he was in fierce altercation with some imagined foe. I caught a word in Swedish, and soon followed the sense of all he said. Who was “Hilda”?—she who seemed fastened to his heartstrings by ties of wildest love and fiercest hate. What were the unheard questions that called forth such awful answers? On whose head were those fearful imprecations called down? Verily a full tide of sombre recollections flowed over my memory; and, urged by what instinct I knew not, I hurried, as in a dream, to the billiard-room, and, snatching an ornamented cue from the rack, I returned. I placed myself at the foot of the man’s bed. “Loose him and let him go,” I am told I said; and in sheer astonishment the men relaxed their hold to look at me. He sprang up to a sitting position, his wild eyes fixed on mine, and a deep, long-drawn stertorous breathing gave as it were a voice to his fierce glare. “*Devil!* would you again torment me before my time? but I have you now.” And with a frantic shout he sprang toward me. I shrank back, and, still keeping a firm eye fixed on his, held up as in an attitude of defence the butt of the cue. He staggered as does a man who receives a mortal blow. “Let be,” I said to the men, who would again have seized him; and he, cowering back, shrieking from me, fell prone and gasping on the bed. Then feebly rolling himself in the clothes, amid faint cries for pity and deep-drawn sobs, half choked by the dread death-rattle in his throat, this wicked, wilful soul fled into the presence of its Maker.

Silently we left the room, I leaning on Goodenough’s arm. He poured me out a glass of wine, that I gladly swallowed.

“Now tell me,” said he, “who is this man, and how did you learn his history? How did you acquire such a strange power over him,

the too sudden use of which I cannot but regret? And lastly, what induced you to come into the room in the strange way you did?” (for he had not seen me when I first entered).

“As to his history I *know* nothing; but I am certain of it all. I *feel* I am not mistaken; and when I have told it to you, you will understand the rest.”

“Good,” said he, and left me. And for a long long time I sat there dreaming of the past, as in a trance, with my eyes open.

And this, as follows, is what I told him the next day.

PART II.

As a young man, I was extremely fond of travelling; indeed I am so now, finding that my moral as well as physical health improve by it; the bold wild scenery I always frequent induces a healthier and more manly tone of thought. I can then take a more general view of things, and less dimmed by the obtrusion of self. On one occasion I had even obtained my *congé*, though as yet undecided where to go—with what new scenery I should brush off the cobwebs of dull routine. It was Saturday, and the *Illustrated* was put into my hands. In it was an account and some sketches of the opening of a railway from Gottenburg to Stockholm. This decided me, and I sailed by the next boat for Gottenburg. Of the kindness and hospitality of every one I became acquainted with in Sweden you have already heard me speak, and no doubt you remember my mentioning an English family; but I never told you, how indelibly they were impressed on my memory by after events. Our meeting, too, was strange. One night, going late to the opera,—in truth it was not much, and I went only to see the ballet, in which two English figurantes appeared,—I was thrust into a box in which I found an elderly gentleman nodding in one corner, and two pretty fresh-looking girls occupying the front. I seated myself in the unoccupied corner, and followed as I was able, the play. I don’t remember much of it; but I soon found the place unbearably hot; and seeing the ladies vigorously fanning themselves, I ventured to ask, in my best French (for I was afraid to attempt Swedish), if they would like the door opened. “You answer him, Lucy,” said one; “you speak *Swedish* better than I can.” That was quite sufficient introduction for me then; and when the curtain fell we were acquaintances of long standing; and the father being awake, I was introduced to him. I assisted at the cloaking, &c., preparatory to getting into the sleigh, and learnt that they lived within a few miles of Stockholm, where they had been staying for a few

days ; and I accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days, soon, at their house. They started, and I walked off to my hotel. In the supper-room I again met the father, and found he was staying in the same house with me. We supped together, and the day for my visit was fixed.

I drove out. If you have ever driven in a sleigh you can understand how exhilarating was the clear bright air and tinkling sleigh-bells, as we trotted along over the crisp snow, by the soft white lakes and downy fir-trees, with their ostrich plumes stretching out over you. If you have not seen the like, I cannot attempt to describe it. I had a hearty welcome ; the veriest misanthrope would have warmed to it. It was late when I arrived, and we soon sat down to dinner. I found the ladies had never learned to skate, but were burning to emulate their Swedish sisters. The next morning was devoted to skating lessons, for I had been in Canada, and had of course learnt there.

In the evening we sat round the wood fire, and mamma told a ghost story, and I told some more, until at last it required more courage than the young ladies could muster to go into the dark landing and light the bedroom candles, as they were accustomed to do, after saying good night.

The next day was windy, and we spent the morning in the old billiard-room, a low, queer-shaped, oddly-lighted room. We walked out after lunch, and on returning I noticed a date cut on the stone lintel of the front door—1753 I think, three years more than a century since the house was built. When I was alone with the father, after dinner, I asked about it. When he took the house it had been uninhabited for many years ; and, though in a good situation in every way, both it and the grounds round it had a bad name. There was nothing definite : some old ghost story ; and he got it cheap. There was some trouble about servants, certainly : they would not sleep in the house ; but that was got over by their all sleeping on a small farm he had bought near.

Among other stories told that evening I repeated one of Edgar Poe's—"The Startling Effects of Mesmerism on a Dying Man." None of them had ever heard it before, and even the father seemed interested. There was a silence of many seconds when I concluded, and then a rush of conversation on kindred topics.

"Do you know, my dears, that we all are living in a haunted house?—or, rather, the house itself is not haunted, though the grounds are."

A little murmur of surprise, and each sat closer to the other.

"I dare say, my dears, you have heard your

father say how very cheaply we have bought the property. No ! Well, at any rate it is on that account. He learnt that many years ago—you remember the date over the door—an old gentleman came and settled here with two sons. They seem to have lived a quiet, solitary life. The old man died. The eldest son, then of an age to shift for himself, realised as much money as he could, and disappeared. The old people about here will still talk of his wild daring and mad frolics. The other seems to have carefully tended the property, and married happily enough. I suspect the orangerie and the little pier into the lake are of his building ; and perhaps we owe the long shady avenue up to the house to his or his wife's taste ; and no doubt the old summer-house overlooking the lake was as favourite a seat of hers as it is with us. One wild evening the brother returned, and was heartily welcomed home. Their life would hardly seem to have been as quiet and happy as before ; and yet his younger brother's sweet homely little wife would appear unwittingly to have gained too much of his admiration. One evening, apparently, the two men were in the billiard-room alone, when high words, soon followed by the deep, short accents of hate, arose ; and then a few quick blows, and the sullen noise of fierce struggle. I can imagine the wife with clasped hands standing trembling at the foot of the winding stone stairs. The door above opened, and her husband, with pallid face, staggered down almost into her arms. 'Hide, Hilda, hide ! or it will be worse for you than me.' Scared more by the wild terror in his face and eye than by his words, she fled to her room, hearing the front door blown violently to by the wind. But her womanly, wifely instinct soon roused her ; and while preparing hurriedly to follow her husband, she heard a heavy measured tread above her. Listening, she heard her brother-in-law go to his room, come down, and go out. Follow him she must, and did. Guided by the lantern he carried, with whose aid the footsteps in the snow were easily traced, she followed him round to the plantation behind the orangerie. Here, with an oath, the light was dashed to the ground. Faint, and nipped to the marrow by the cruel cold, she sprang forward, until the report of a pistol rang through the night air, and with a wild, loving cry she fell to the earth, while the birds from the heronry, close by, scared from their nests, wheeled round and round, uttering hoarse querulous cries. She came to herself again when all was silent, and struggled home, with a sensation as of a hand of ice on her heart. Not a soul was in the house. But at length her brother-in-law entered, flushed with

labour and stained with earth. One glance assured him that she knew or divined all. And with what a cruel, hungry eye he must have looked at the *only witness!* Report says that she was locked into the furthest room on the second floor, and that there she died, faint whispers add, of starvation. It is said by the old people here that the younger brother was never seen after the evening of the 26th January, and that you know is a day on which they say the light is always seen behind the orangerie."

The father here chimed in, and declared that a short time after his arrival he was being driven home very late at night over the lake. As they came near the little bay, above which the house stands, they saw a bright light among the trees. The driver refused positively to go on, and then turning towards land made a long detour through the woods, reaching the house with the greatest reluctance, and, refusing all offer of "schnaps," or more substantial refreshment, drove off immediately he could. It was so odd, that he entered it in his farm diary. Of course he had to fetch the book. We found it happened on the 26th of January. And while doing so we all remembered that we had again arrived at the anniversary of that day. I think we each saw that the others remembered too, but I, perhaps hardly believing so implicitly the tale we had just heard, was the first to mention it. As it was only ten minutes to twelve then, I proposed to wait till midnight, and meanwhile lit the bedroom candles that had been brought in early from the hall. Twelve o'clock, and no light, for mamma and I looked out. Papa said he was too comfortable to move for anything but bed. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter, half-past, but no light; so we went to bed. I heard one door locked and bolted hurriedly as its occupants went in. I went to bed and slept soundly, though mine was the room at the end of the second floor.

It could not have been long before I was aroused by a tapping at the door, and I recognised my hostess's voice. "Look out of window," she said, "towards the orangerie; the light is there as we have always heard it described. I thought you would not believe us unless you saw it for yourself," she added, half apologetically. I looked, and saw in the direction she mentioned a clear, round light, seemingly as bright and vivid as a powerful reading lamp. It appeared to be only a foot or two above the ground, and always remaining near the same spot, rose and sank, gently swaying about, quite unaffected by the brisk breeze still blowing.

I dressed hurriedly with a strong sense of

excited curiosity, and yet quite on the *qui vive* for a practical joke or other imposition. Leaving my room, I announced to Mrs. Clayton my intention of going up to the light. She did her utmost to dissuade me; but I wrapped up well and sallied out, with only a stout walking stick in my hand. The wind was blowing in fitful gusts, and the trees, all dark and sombre, were stripped of their snowy plumes. Across the sky flitted wild dishevelled clouds, from behind which the moon uncertainly shone out. Passing the angle of the house, I saw the clear, full, powerful light in its old place, a long way ahead. Slowly crossing the open ground behind the orangerie, I endeavoured to concentrate my mind on the effort it had to make (for the wild night had swept away all idea of practical joking), but the story I had just heard came vividly upon my mind. I *believed* it. I imagined how he, how she had crossed this open plot once before, and as I did so I felt that sense of a presence near me that made my temples throb. I shall ever believe that I saw the shadowy outline of a crouching female form near me, passing with abrupt and unequal steps towards the plantation. Suddenly stretching forth its arms it sank forward, disappearing as does a snow-wreath when blown away; and the light ahead surged upwards, red and angry. You know my theory on so-called supernatural appearances. Recalling them to my mind, buckling on as it were a mental armour, I approached and entered the dark belt of trees, all my attention being given to the light, which now seemed to rise higher than ever, diffusing itself as it did so into a luminous vapour that seemed drifting slowly toward me. I still advanced, though as it neared me a searching chill reached the very marrow of my bones; while my temples throbbed feverishly. The dim vapour surging round and round, still spreading more and more, seemed to assume the misty outline of a human form; while from the thicker mist at its summit, I thought, glared down on me two eyes—two eyes so cruel and malevolent, so full of hate and deadly purpose, that my very reason told me that here was a *living agency*—most cruel and murderous, certainly, powerful no doubt—against which as strenuous a resistance was necessary as though it were in flesh and blood. One faltering retrograde step I felt would be my last. To become a living resistance, to oppose this deadly hate, was my only course. Hardly had these thoughts clearly formed themselves in my brain when the faint outline of the figure before me lost its clearness, and the misty cloud surged round, drifting yet nearer down upon me. It surrounded me; I was enveloped in its hazy folds; and the

cruel eyes appeared at times close to mine, and then again far off. A clearer patch, where some young trees were growing further on in the wood, appeared to me now like a haven of safety, as the moonlight fitfully streamed down upon it. Towards it I turned. As though my thoughts of escape were divined, the form again assumed its distinctness, and barred my passage. With my knees trembling, and pulse leaping wildly, I stepped out in its direction. As I approached the dim form, I experienced a soft but firm opposition to my progress. Astounded by this new proof of *living* power, my knees knocked together, and involuntarily I stretched forth my hands. They seemed taken in a cold, firm grasp, and the stick was slowly wrenched from my hand. With all my physical strength failing I still pressed on, conscious of being as yet master of my own will. And then those cruel eyes, sinking down to a level with mine, floated close up to me, and I felt a soft, cold touch upon my throat that momentarily seemed to tighten. With one wild effort I cried, "This is *not* fear; the body quivers, but my mind is firm!" The grasp lightened on my throat, and the air became clear about me. And with my knees knocking together, I staggered forward into the clear moonlight, and sank for a time exhausted on the snow.

I do not think I can have lain there long before I recovered and went towards the house. The mental struggle over, the breezy night seemed fresh and pleasant to my fevered head; and when I met my anxious host and his wife I was able to tell them, with a tolerable assumption of calmness, that I had certainly seen something strange, but nothing that need alarm them; and, evading their curious questions, I returned soon to my room. I found the next morning that such a visible corroboration of their mother's story as the light gave, and which most of them had seen, had rather alarmed the younger, and very much astonished the elder part of the family. My account of it, therefore, was looked for with a great deal of interest. It must have been an unsatisfactory one, for, divested of my own sensations, and so I treated it as far as possible, there was little or nothing to tell; indeed, the crouching phantom of the woman seemed to them the most terrible part of the affair.

In clear daylight I visited the ground again, following my nearly-obliterated steps in the snow. I found that the clear patch of moonlight in the middle of the fir trees, that I had so anxiously struggled towards, was but a little space, on which grew a few young birch trees. Mr. Clayton mentioned that wherever

there was a clear space in the pine forest birch trees sprang up, and in a birch wood pine trees always shot up. The bare arms of the young trees had allowed the blessed moonlight to stream down, and form, as it had done for me, such a haven of rest. I remembered that it must have been on the hither side of this space that I first saw the light, and there, too, was a large space of clear snow. Placing myself on it, I experienced a slight tremor of the sensations I had experienced on the past night. You have heard me say perhaps that I believe no mortal will, however powerful and inexorable, can exert itself at a distance without some tangible material object that may serve it (I hardly know how to explain my idea) as a starting-point, as a fulcrum for its lever. I scrutinized everything around me closely, but could find no sign, though my own sensations told me I was not mistaken. I explained more fully to Mr. C. my ideas on the subject, and asked leave to lay bare, and, if I thought necessary, to dig the ground I was standing on. He had no objection whatever. The farm-servant who brought down the tools in the afternoon hardly seemed to like the job; but I set the example, and he soon followed it. After some pretty severe labour, we got through the frozen crust into the soft earth, and then the man got out of the hole, and declared he could not—he didn't know why—work any longer; and as I stepped down into his place, and felt a chill sensation of fear creep over me, I did not wonder. A few hearty blows at the soil dispelled the feeling, and I presently turned up a scrap of leather that had evidently formed part of a shoe or boot. My host, who I imagine had looked on in astonishment at my proceedings, and rather permitted than joined in them, now himself became interested. Other and stranger things soon were brought to light, and before long we were all three working hard in the rapidly-increasing hole. In less than an hour we exposed the remains of a perfect human skeleton; and on clearing away the stringy fibres of roots that had interlaced themselves over it, we found a bullet still jammed under one of the little projections of the backbone. As we lifted the skeleton out piecemeal, buttons and buckles were found under it, proving too clearly its hurried burial. And alongside it, still close by the bony arm, was the broken butt of a cue, of a hard, heavy wood, in which the lozenge-shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl, with which it was ornamented, still kept their places.

You can understand now, my friend, the train of thought that led me to enter, as I did, that man's room last night.

I proposed to Mr. Clayton to report the

finding of the skeleton, bearing such marks as it did of a violent death, to the police authorities; but the expense and trouble this might have entailed no doubt prevented its being done. At any rate, the remains were re-interred in the same spot, and their position was simply marked by a wooden cross. I left the country very soon after, but kept up for some time a correspondence with the family; and I distinctly remember being told on two or three different occasions of the re-appearance of the mysterious light, and always about the same date. And indeed so convinced am I of the connection between your late patient and it, that though I have heard nothing for years of or from the Claytons, I will write to their house, on the chance of some of the family being still there; and we may, perchance, thus hear something that bears upon the subject.

And about a month after my return to town I forwarded to Goodenough the following letter that I received from them:—

Riddersvic, March 5th, 1864.

* * * Not that I can compliment you on your letter being a very polite one, as you hardly ask at all after your old friends, and only seem to want to know about that disagreeable light that every year frightens the stupid servants out of the house. I've no patience with them! But as you really seem anxious to learn about it, I don't mind telling you. It always came so regularly towards the end of January that we all got quite accustomed to it, though even to this day we sometimes talk of how you frightened us all about it; and when you dug up that skeleton too! Well, well, but things are very much changed since you were with us, and since my dear husband's gone. The girls are all married except Lucy, and she is going to be. My dear Mr. Tracey, there is nothing but Swedish spoken in the house: it is all "min fru" and "var sa göd." I can hardly make any one understand me. As for Lucy, she is as bad as any of them; and I don't approve of girls talking before their mothers in a foreign language to young men. As for that "Edouard von Krustensjierna," though I like him very well, he is always about the house now, and in spite of his "von," I don't like his spectacles: I believe he sleeps in them, though Lucy says he assures her he does not. At any rate, he is very clever, and mesmerises people, and all that; and hearing of this light, wanted to find out all about it. So he was staying here the month before last; and the way he and Lucy used to walk out in the evenings to "find out about the light" was scandalous. "Drat the light!" say I. And pretty frightened he was too when he did see it; for you must know that one evening we were sitting round the fire after tea, the old cat sleeping there as comfortably as possible, never minding a word of the Swedish, Lucy and von Edouard were chattering to each other (for though I didn't understand it a bit better than she did yet it kept me awake), and while staring out by the corner of the window-blind I saw the light in its old place, over the cross in the wood. As soon as I was sure of it I told him, and after looking for a few minutes he went out. Lucy wanted to go too; but I made the silly girl stay by me, or she would have caught her death of cold. As you seem very particular about the dates, I remember this happened the day before we drove into Stockholm, intending to sleep there, and see

the processions of students and so forth, on the next day, the old king's birthday, which is the 28th of January, as you may remember. So what I am telling you must have happened on the 26th.

Well, presently "von Edouard" came back, looking rather pale, and said that as he was going across the open part on this side of the wood, he saw the light; but presently, as he got nearer, it seemed to flicker and wave about, and then, rising quickly up, it went out suddenly, drifting down the wind like a puff of smoke. That may be or not. To be sure I could not see the light when I looked out again, nor, to tell the truth, have I seen it since; but, all the same, I believe he was afraid to go up to it.

THE ORDEAL BY TOUCH.

IN these days, when any man who has a large mouth, and strong legs which he can hurl about in utter independence of each other and without reference to the parent trunk, and who can ask the very dreariest of riddles, sets up as a negro dancer and singer, with the title of "delineator of the eccentricities of the sable race," there is something unsatisfactory to the few who may be personally acquainted with the habits and idiosyncrasies of the negroes, in seeing so little justice done to our dark brethren, who are usually represented as a nation of black Calibans and Trinculos. Very few of the music-hall audiences or of the multitudes who daily and nightly witness what are called "Delineations of Negro Life" are aware to what extent the caricature is pushed, and how considerably they are imposed upon. The negro *pur sang*, is strongly romantic and imaginative, and excels even the wild imaginings and picturesque superstitions of the Irish; who are, if we may use the phrase, romantic from the more common and sentimental point of view. As we attempted to show in a former paper, the race of negroes is imbued with something of the Arimanic philosophy; they are controlled by a dread of the evil agency of Obeah, and there is a gloominess and cloud of fatalism upon their superstitions (grovelling as they may at first sight appear), which denote minds of a stronger stamp than those of a nation which peoples the hill sides with fairies and "good people." It is not our intention to give undue elevation to the intelligence of the negroes; and perhaps so high a term as "fatalism" may seem out of analogy to the acknowledged ignorance and heavy dulness of the blacks—but the *simple* type of "fatalism" is precisely the doctrine which would recommend itself to minds which, unable to extend the sphere of thought, are glad to refer events to one ruling agency, and so dispense with the exercise of *free-will*, in the various developments of which are exhibited the characteristics of nations or individuals. A singular instance of negro

romance, from a fatalistic point of view, occurred some years ago in the Island of Barbados; and the conduct of the principal performer in the narrative, though founded upon superstition, is not without dignity. When my father purchased the Hope estate in Barbados, he bought, with the stock, fixtures and appertainings of the land, certain slaves attached to the soil, the residue of the late proprietor's establishment, amongst whom was a black of the true African race, who went by the name of Sammy. This man soon became an object of notice, from his exceptional indolence and carelessness of what befell him—he seemed to be so offended in his soul at being degraded first as a slave and then by a transfer which levelled him with the beasts of the field which were included with him in the purchase of the estate. Be that as it might, work he would not. My father, ever considerate and merciful to his servants, having failed to induce him to join the crop-work with the other "gangs," as they are called, proposed by way of easy labour that Sammy should "graze a cow" for him; no great task certainly, but Sammy objected to the responsibility, and declared that he was tired of life, and wanted "to go home." No notice was taken of these expressions at the time, but their solution was to come.

One day, at dawn, a messenger came to my father to apprise him, that Sammy was sitting by the side of the Hope Well, and that he had declared his intention of jumping down the same as soon as the day was ended. My father immediately rose and went to the well, which, at this time, was dry, but of immense depth—nearly a hundred and fifty feet, and paved at the bottom in order to hold the rains. Arrived at the spot, he found the negro sitting, as had been described, on the coping of the well, which had been built high in consideration of the children on the estate. My father spoke to Sammy, and attempted first to laugh, and then to reason him out of his projected suicide—but to no purpose, and, worn out, my father was compelled at last to leave him. After breakfast my mother also went to the well. There was now a circle of his friends and acquaintances all adding their requests to his poor wife's lamentations. None, however, durst approach him, for he had arranged a circle of stones at a radius of about six feet from the edge of the well, and with one hand on the coping, and the other extended in warning, he assured them that if they ventured beyond a certain distance, or within this belt, he would at once leap down. When my mother approached, Sammy seemed moved, and said, "Missy—don't come farther

—don't let them say you made me jump down." After a long and vain effort at persuasion, my mother retired in tears. Others of us, members of the family, now visited him—but all failed to turn him from his purpose. "No!" said he, decisively, "I am tired of my life—my sun is nearly set." (I give his very words.) "I am going home!"

Our butler Robert, a mulatto, tried to argue with him, but vainly; finally, the rector of the parish came to use his influence. Sammy listened respectfully, but shook his head at the conclusion of the clergyman's monitions. The sun was now past the meridian, and Sammy's time was drawing nigh. Once more my mother came to him, this time being accompanied by the wretched man's only child. She prayed and besought him to come away. "No! missy," he said, sorrowfully, "I have lived enough—I am going home."

Large numbers had now encircled the well, awaiting anxiously the setting of the sun. Slowly, and in tears, did the members of our family depart and leave the fated man. With a smile of patient endurance, but with determination unflinching, he sat watching the descending fire into the sea. Just as the sun in all its tropical splendour sank beneath the horizon, the suicide raised himself, and, pointing towards the west, said, "And now I'll go and sup with the French King!" and having said this he leaped down.

Here was fatalism combined with romance, and dignified by sternness and composure—a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. What allusion was intended in the last words of this man, there is no chance of discovering; and perhaps the expression appears at this distance of time rather an anticlimax to the gravity of the scene, which should have been in its catastrophe almost sublime. Truth, however, demands that I should give the very words used.

Another instance which also occurred in the Island of Barbados (a spot replete with legends and anecdotes of the rarest description) exhibits a different phase of the negro mind working in superstition.

Some years ago a gentleman of the name of Elcock resided in Barbados. His gentleness and kindness to his slaves were proverbial, and they were all in appearance deeply attached to him. One negro in particular, who had been selected for his intelligence and readiness as Mr. Elcock's body-servant or valet, was admitted into much of his master's confidence and intimacy, and the pleasant relations between them were well known to all the neighbourhood.

On one occasion Mr. Elcock, reflecting that

the diligence and affection of his servant might be enhanced by granting his freedom, made out an instrument of manumission by which the man was to be liberated from slavery as soon as he (Mr. Elcock) deceased. He acquainted his valet with his intention, who expressed his joy and gratitude profusely, but seemed a little disappointed at not receiving an immediate freedom. Mr. Elcock explained that the only reason for this postponement of his release was to avoid making an invidious distinction between one of his servants and the rest of the establishment, who were, not unnaturally, a little jealous of the favourite. Matters were thus arranged, and all seemed to go on as before.

One morning, however, one of the servants, coming to Mr. Elcock's room with his early cup of coffee, discovered his master lying across the bed with his throat barbarously cut from ear to ear. Alarm was given, and soon the news spread far and wide that Mr. Elcock had been robbed and murdered by some enemy. The valet, who slept in the next room, and had to be awakened in the morning by the discoverer of the murder, was distracted with grief: he tore his hair, and gave way to extravagant grief, calling on "his dear master," "his poor, loved master," &c., and vowing vengeance on the assassins. No suspicion of course attached to him, as every one was aware of the intimacy and affection which existed between Mr. Elcock and himself. Unfortunately for him, however, he exaggerated his complaints so transparently, that a gentleman of the inquest, who was well acquainted with the superstitious of the Africans, determined on a public trial of the servants of the establishment. One by one the slaves were summoned into the room where the murdered man lay blanched, and with all traces of his wounds concealed by the grave-clothes. One of his hands, however, which had suffered in the struggle for life, was left bare, and composed decently on his chest. The slaves passed through the dead man's chamber, some with dread, some in tears, none with indifference. At length came the confidential servant, wringing his hands, and exhibiting excessive grief. The inquisitor bade him go to the corpse and touch its hand. The man smiled and made a ghastly effort to speak, but his lips were white and his face twitching with fear. The juror, with a laughing expression of confidence in his innocence, now seized his hand and approached the body. With a face bedabbled with sweat, and with knees knocking together, the valet neared the corpse; his hand almost touched his master's inanimate fingers, when, with a shriek, he fell on the floor with the horrible confession pouring from

his lips. He had been discovered by his fear that the murdered man's blood would flow when the guilty hand touched its victim.

So his superstition convicted him, and by the side of his murdered benefactor he told the hideous story of murder and ingratitude.

R. REECE, JUN.

ILIAD Ω . 692, *ad fin.*

BUT when they reached the ford of that fair stream,
Where Zanthus sprung from the immortal Jove
Whirls ever, Hermes left them, and took way
For far Olympus; and the dawn was spread,
Robed like the crocus, over all the world.

But they with wail and lamentation drove
Their horses to the city, while the mules
Drew on the corpse: nor did a soul meanwhile,
Man or fair girdled woman, notice them:
None, save Cassandra, who in form well nigh
The golden Aphrodite's equal was;
She having mounted up to Pergamos
Descried her father standing on his car,
And him, the herald, whose proclaiming voice
The city knew; she saw too whom the mules
Bore lying on the litter; and she raised
Her cry, and crying passed down all the town.

"Oh, men and women of Troy, come, look on
Hector!
If ever while he lived, and came from fight,
Ye joyed in him, for a great joy he was
Unto this city and to all its people."

She spake; and forthwith in the town was left
Nor man nor woman, for on all had come
The yearning of unmanageable woe;
And at the gates they gathered, thronging round
The bearer of the body. At their head
His dear wife and his reverend mother came,
Tearing their hair, and to the litter rushed,
While round about them stayed the weeping crowd.
And so would they have stayed before the gates,
Waiting for Hector through the livelong day,
Had not the old man spoken from his car:

"Give place, and let my mules come through: and
take
Your fill of weeping when I get him home."
They stood apart and yielded at his words
A passage for the litter; and they brought
The dead man to his well-renowned home;
And there on couch of state they laid him down;
And mourners upon either side they ranged,
Leaders of lamentation, to whose dirge
The women should in concert make their moan.

Then with her two hands clasped about the head
Of Hector, the fell warrior, leading them,
White-armed Andromachè began the wail.

"O young of years! my husband, hast thou died,
Leaving me widowed in these weary halls,
And this still helpless boy whom thou and I,
Illfated, gave his birth? I cannot hope
That he will reach his youth; for root and branch
This town must fall first, thou its ward and watch,
Who guarded it, its wives, and little ones,
Having thus fallen: women and little ones!
Ay, mount they must, and soon, the hollow ships,
And I with them; and thou, my boy, with me
Must either go, and for some pitiless lord

Slave in unseemly fashion ; or some Greek
Shall hurl thee to destruction from these towers ;
Some Greek whose brother, father, son mayhap
Hector hath slain ; for many a one of them

'Neath Hector's hands have gnawed the infinite earth.
For 'twas not mild nor gentle that thy sire
Was wont to be in the rude press of arms :
Wherefore folks mourn him in this city now.



Oh, Hector ! on thy parents thou hast laid
Mourning and woe accursed ; but mine, mine still
The reservation of the bitterest is :
No hand came out to me from thy death-bed,
Nor had I one deep word for memory
By night and day to cherish with my tears !”

So spake she weeping ; and the women wailed.
Then Hecuba took up the unending dirge.

“ Oh, Hector ! to my heart the dearest far
Of all my children, and indeed no less,
While thou wert living, dear unto the gods,

Who even in thy death showed care for thee.
 For swift Achilles, of my other sons,
 Sold whom he took beyond the barren sea
 At Samos, Imbros, and the iron-bound Lemnos.
 But thee he slew with the long-bladed spear;
 And round about the tomb of his Patroclus,
 His comrade whom thou slewest, but whom
 thus
 He did not raise again, he dragged thy corpse.
 But fresh and dewy with the damps of death
 Thou liest for me in the palace now,
 As though Apollo, of the silver bow,
 Had come and quelled thee with his gentle shafts."

Her words and tears a wail unmeasured roused,
 And Helen for a third time led the dirge.

"Oh, Hector! to my heart the dearest far
 Of all my stranger kin—for I name not
 The Godlike Paris who my husband is,
 And carried me to Troy, ere which how far
 Far better had I died—already 'tis
 The twentieth year since from my native land
 I came; yet never till this day heard I
 One evil or disdainful word from thee.
 Nay, more. Whene'er the others in these halls,
 Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,
 Would meet me with reproach, thou stayedst them
 With gentlemindedness and gentle words.
 So weep I, while my heart aches, both for thee
 And for my luckless self; for no where else
 Shall I find kindness now or friendliness,
 But nought save shuddering hate in all broad
 Troy."

So mourned she, and that boundless concourse
 groaned;
 And then old Priam to his people spake.

"Go, bring me wood, my Trojans, to the town,
 And fear no ambush of the Argives: for
 Achilles charged them when he let me go
 To hurt us not until the twelfth day dawned."

He spake; and they their mules and oxen all
 Yoked to the wains, and speedily appeared,
 Flocking without the city; for nine days
 Of wood they gathered in an endless store.
 And when the tenth light-bearing morn appeared,
 Weeping they bore bold Hector from the town;
 And on the lofty summit of the pile
 They reared his body, and set on the fire.
 And when next rose the rosy-handed dawn
 The people gathered round famed Hector's pyre,
 And with great floods of deep-hued wine they
 bathed
 The embers down until they quenched the fire.
 And then his kindred and his comrades all—
 While from their cheeks the scalding tears dropped
 down—
 Collected and anointed the white bones;
 And in a golden casket these they laid,
 The which they wrapt in a soft purple pall;
 And in a hollow chest enclosing all,
 Heaped o'er it hastily with heavy stones,
 To make his monument; and placed a guard
 Against the well-greaved Greeks, and went their
 way.
 And once again assembling in the halls
 Of Priam, their divinely-nurtured king,
 They held right royally a funeral feast.
 Such was horse-taming Hector's burial.

E. H. P.

THE DISPOSAL OF STOLEN GOODS.

ONE of the principal causes of habitual thieving is the great facility which the criminals possess for the disposal of their stolen goods. To steal a turnip for hunger, or to run off with an old hat from a scarecrow, or to snare a hare for once in a lifetime, is a very different thing from habitually living by plunder; and it is with the professional and not with the occasional delinquent that this paper purposes to deal. The professional thief finds his principal support in the ready market which is at his command; and for this reason it must be evident to every reader that the professional receiver of stolen goods is one of the chief supports and encouragements of the habitual thieves. Until the receivers of stolen goods are better understood, until the various ramifications of their nefarious trade are more clearly laid bare, neither philanthropy nor legislation can do any very great things for the suppression of furtive crimes. Of all criminals, the receivers of stolen goods are the most difficult to get at, and to bring them to justice is about the most difficult task to be accomplished by the police force and the general machinery of the law.

In looking over the judicial statistics of 1863, one feels the necessity of some verbal explanations of the imposing array of statistical texts; but, as far as one can understand the official and arithmetical distributions of the various classes of crime, the receivers of stolen goods seem to abound in spite of the law. Eight hundred and ninety-six cases of receiving stolen goods are reported as known to the police; but this number gives but a faint idea of the number of instances in which stolen goods were actually received. The practice is so cleverly managed, and the instances must be so numerous in order to get rid of all the goods stolen in England and Wales, that a vast and incalculable margin must be allowed for the instances of receiving stolen goods concerning which official reports know nothing. When we remember that the police report 3,554 professional receivers, and that all the goods which are stolen must be received by somebody, we are enabled to form some vague conception of the vast extent to which the practice is carried on. Eight hundred and ninety-six instances of receiving stolen goods were known to the police, 1,004 people were apprehended, and 531 convicted. Under the head of unlawfully possessing stolen goods, 4,699 cases were summarily dealt with by the magistrates. These figures, which are sufficiently accurate for the purpose, serve to show that an enormous amount of crime must be screened and encouraged by criminal receivers.

Let us imagine that all reception or purchase of stolen goods is henceforth impossible. What would be the effect? Thieving would be confined to coin and money, or nearly so. Nothing but cash would be of any use to the professional thief. Stolen clothes he would never wear, and if he confined his larcenies to provisions he would be unable to live. Jewellery, warehouse property, shop and household valuables, would be left untouched if there were no receivers of stolen goods. The occasional receivers are by no means the pillars of the trade; but are mere accidents unknown to the regular thieves. The backbone of the mischief is formed by those who make a regular trade of receiving stolen goods, and the evil will only be virtually remedied when the backbone is broken.

It is clear that property dishonestly acquired can be of no service or value to the thief until he can dispose of it for money, and this is equally true of the criminal tradesman who buys from the thief. As long as the goods remain in the tradesman's shop they are of no value to him. He must sell them to some one else, and they must be sold and resold; for it is only after passing through several hands that stolen goods come at last into the hands of those who do not know that they are stolen. At this point their useableness and value really begin. The bulk of stolen goods are, sooner or later, worked back into honest life. If it were otherwise, the area would be so limited as to choke the criminal market, and thieves would find no more buyers, because the buyers could not sell. So multifarious are the outlets by which stolen goods come back to honest life from the hands of the thief and the receiver, that to trace the history of a stolen diamond, for instance, would be impossible. One seldom knows what has been stolen and what has not, for the thief's hand leaves no indelible stain upon what it touches. There must be lots of things in the world which have been passed through a dishonest market, and if the present lawful owner could know the history of all his property he would be startled, and his excited imagination might picture to him the close of his earthly career in a coffin grown from stolen acorns.

From the preceding remarks the reader will perceive that there are two general classes who are parties to the disposal of stolen goods, in addition to the thieves themselves:—the professional receivers directly and mainly, and those who help the goods to find their way to honest life indirectly and subordinately. We shall endeavour to explain both of these departments.

Although we have for some years studied

criminal subjects, the trade in stolen goods contains many things which baffle our most diligent scrutiny. In obtaining information, we have taken the course which, though hazardous and difficult, is best in such cases: our informants are the thieves themselves, and if their information were given clearly and completely it would be easy enough to understand the question and to write this article. But the data we have obtained is a mass of confusion, if not of contradiction.

The police are continually supplying the pawnbrokers with lists of stolen goods. If a robbery is committed, whether of jewellery or goods, lists are immediately sent off to the pawn-shops; but it very seldom happens that the missing articles are recovered by these measures. Some interpret this fact very unfavourably for the pawnbrokers, but the interpretation, generally speaking, is a mistake and an injustice. The stolen property cannot be found at the pawn-shop, simply because it is never taken there by the professional thieves. The rascals know better than to slip their neck into the halter by going to the pawnbrokers. Thieves get a safer and much more remunerative market for their booty elsewhere. They go, not to the pawnbrokers, but to the members of the criminal profession, who are much more culpable than even the thieves themselves. The only instances in which stolen goods are taken to the pawn-shops are when the guilty parties are but occasional and inexperienced offenders, such as servants, labourers, and mechanics.

The "fence" system is the chief receptacle for stolen goods among the criminal classes. The fence-masters are men of almost every variety of character and circumstance. Broken-down tradesmen, dishonoured clerks, and quondam thieves; men of some education, and men of none; but all of them fond of money, and many of them respectable in their appearance and temperate in their habits. All the fence-masters try to lead a quiet life, as less likely to attract the attention of the police. The thieves generally divide the fence-masters into three classes, and the distinctions are accurate to the facts of the case. No. 1 fence-master is fortunate, clever, and rich; No. 2, middling; and No. 3, a sort of poor from-hand-to-mouth man. Let us begin with the third man first. No. 3 lives in or near the thieves' quarter, and is well known to most of the thieves in the neighbourhood; he stands fence for ordinary things of small value, such as clothes, &c. He keeps the stolen things by him for a very short time, and not unlikely has a receiving-place away from the thieves' quarter. No. 3 mixes with the thieves, but

never accompanies them in their plundering excursions. This low class of fence-master sells his purchases to Jews and small tradespeople, who care not where the goods come from so that they can get them cheap. Of course they must know that their wholesale dealer does not come honestly by his goods. Now and then, the low fence-master, or the thieves, have a connection in the country who occasionally visits the thieves' quarter to purchase or remove stolen articles. Should the property be too costly for No. 3 to purchase, he probably knows, if the thief does not, a No. 2 fence, and he negotiates or introduces as it may happen. It is only the least successful and the most inexperienced of the thieves that do business with the lowest class of receivers. No. 2 is a fence-master of a higher grade; he is more successful, has more money, and does not reside among the thieves. He does not even visit with them, and is hardly ever seen in their company. He will purchase any ordinary kind of stolen property, such as jewellery or shop and warehouse goods, and should the purchase be too heavy for him, No. 1 will supply the cash for a share of the profits. This No. 2 resides in some quiet out-of-the-way neighbourhood, and his nearest neighbours have no knowledge of his real business. He sends his purchases to London, or sells them to some local tradesman who has private dealings with the receivers. Next in order comes No. 1 fence-master, the top of the guilty profession, the Bank of England for Thievery, and the most pernicious rascal un-*hung*. He has plenty of money, and follows the guilty trade from sheer love of wickedness and gain. Out of prison he is unknown, except the cleverest of the thieves; and when he is in prison he pretends to be the most innocent of men. Of all criminal transactions he professes total ignorance, and we never yet heard of a chaplain who could get a single scrap of information out of him. He denies that he is a fence-master, and professes not even to know what the word "fence" means. And yet this sleek hypocrite—wrongfully accused according to his own account,—this victim of the snares of policemen and wicked people, is one of the cleverest and most systematic members of the whole criminal fraternity.

The No. 1 fence-master, when he is at large (and he is seldom caught by the officers of the law), lives in a very respectable neighbourhood, is never seen with thieves, and never comes under the cognizance of the police. He purchases nothing but watches, jewellery, stolen notes, and the precious metals. He might stand fence for a bale of satin or silk, but lower he will not go in the scale of valuables. The best fence-masters have generally a broken-

down watchmaker in their employ, and this criminal journeyman is well paid. He accompanies his master to the races and other great gatherings, where he judges the value of stolen watches and fixes their price. When not engaged in work of this kind he is employed in altering the setting of precious stones, or in changing the numbers and names of watches.

The first-class fence-master will never buy plate as such; it must be melted down by the thief, and taken to the fence-master simply as a lump of silver. The fence-master sends his metals and jewellery to London, whence they are distributed through the civilized world. Not only are these chief fence-masters the main support of the thieves; their capture presents the greatest of all difficulties to the police. The police have no means of knowing this class of criminals, and how the evil is to be grappled with we cannot tell.

In addition to the systematic fencing chiefly practised in London, Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, and Manchester, there are many other modes of selling stolen goods, and to mention them all would only bewilder the reader without giving him much additional information. Criminal collusion and criminal concealment are the evil principles running through all the nefarious traffic, from the highest fence-master down to the man who buys goods from a suspected person much too cheap, and asks no questions.

Pedlars, whether Jewish or otherwise, often employ themselves as travelling fence-masters, and they manage to pick up a considerable quantity of stolen property in one way or another. The pedlar, quartered in low provincial lodging-houses, buys any portable thing which the beggar or the tramp may have stolen. The rogue worms his way in the villages by asking the servants if they have such a thing as an old silver spoon or a bit of old gold to sell; and so the pedlar covers his criminal practice under a hawker's licence. The marine-store dealers receive a large quantity of stolen goods from the petty thieves. These stores are the principal encouragement for young thieves, and for persons generally inexperienced in the criminal arts: but established thieves of any pretensions never visit the marine stores; they go elsewhere, as we have shown.

So far as young people are concerned, the marine stores are a curse to all large towns, and they are the same bane to unfaithful servants and dishonest workmen, many of whom are encouraged in their first steps to crime by these licensed stores of iniquity. There is another kind of place for the reception of stolen goods which goes by the name of "Irishing shop," "putty shop," or "leaving shop."

These places are of a very low character, and abound in Manchester and other large towns. Though not made use of by thieves generally, they are still great encouragements to stealing, great snares to juveniles of loose principles who reside in the low neighbourhoods of large towns. These putty shops are worked something after the manner of pawn-shops. Goods are left, and money is advanced upon them. The class of persons who keep these leaving shops are chiefly marine-store dealers, but occasionally beer-retailers and persons doing a small business are found practising the system. Their customers are of course among the lowest orders, such as drunkards, prostitutes, and improvident persons. The time that property is retained in these places before it is forfeited varies from twenty-four hours to three months, but it does not commonly exceed a month. The rate at which interest is charged is, as may be expected, exorbitant. The ordinary sum is threepence per shilling per week.

The prices to be obtained for stolen goods are well known to practised thieves. In fact each article has its market value; here, as everywhere else, the law of supply and demand obtains, and the market regulates itself accordingly. Though a thief generally sticks to one fence-master, they talk over the different prices of stolen goods both in the beer-shops and prisons, and the result of these free conversations is, that most thieves can generally tell what any ordinary stolen article will fetch in any large town in England. It would be difficult to lay down any general rule as to the price obtained for stolen goods, but to say that stolen articles are sold by the thieves at one third of their value is perhaps to come as near the truth as is possible in the case. Gold chronometer watches fetch the highest fence prices; from 8*l.* to 10*l.* in London, and in provincial towns from 7*l.* to 8*l.* A three-quarter gold plate fetches from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* in the provinces, and from 6*l.* to 7*l.* in London. A compensation balance, from 5*l.* to 7*l.* A gold Geneva, from 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* Silver watches, from 25*s.* to 30*s.* Common silver watches are scarcely saleable, unless the vendor has a large number to dispose of; and when they are purchased, the silver cases are melted down, and the works disposed of to London dealers. Provisions fetch very little, as may be supposed. Tea 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, tobacco 1*s.* 4*d.*, cigars 1½*d.* each. There is little variation in the price of stolen banknotes; the Bank of England notes always fetching the best prices because they can be passed over a larger area. A Bank of England 5*l.* note sells for 4*l.* 5*s.*, and a 100*l.* note sells for 80*l.*

Considerable ingenuity is displayed both by

the fence-masters and the thieves in conveying their unlawful possessions from one place to another. Hampers, clothes baskets, hat-boxes, carpet bags, and brown paper parcels, containing stolen articles, are carried by women dressed like servants, and by honest and unsuspecting errand-boys, and parties who frequently have no knowledge of the contents of the luggage. Stolen articles are booked regularly at the goods station, and travel along our streets and railways in company with honest merchandise. A thief will occasionally buy two or three pounds of cheese or butter, insert therein a gold watch or a diamond ring, place the eatable upon a plate, and the savoury commodity is safely carried along the street under the detective's very nose, whose only notion or desire concerning the cheese may be, that it would make a nice rabbit for his supper. Thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery have travelled the whole length of a railway stitched up in a salmon or a hare. Some thieves, it is said, once obtained, in the provinces, a large quantity of jewellery, and devised a strange method of sending it to the fence-master in London. They purchased a very large Stilton cheese, scooped out the inside, filled it with valuables, and then sent it off per goods train like any other cheese. When a gang of thieves intend plundering any shop or warehouse, they know what kind of goods they will obtain, and provide beforehand a fence-master to purchase the lot in the event of their success. This little explanation shows how it is that so large an amount of stolen shop goods can sometimes disappear so suddenly and mysteriously, and are never heard of afterwards.

The distribution of stolen goods among honest people has already been alluded to in this article, and the subject must occupy the remainder of our space. The professional receivers are the great reservoirs of the iniquity, and by degrees they spread the goods abroad until at length they again take rank with honest possessions. Stolen banknotes are almost always sent to London, where they get into the hands of Jews and other men of criminal means. If the outcry about the robbery is strong, the notes are kept quiet until the storm has blown over; they are passed off among honest people, and all trace of the criminal holder is lost. Stolen notes of large amount are never started on their new career in England. They are sent abroad, and are only put into circulation after the lapse of a considerable time. Eventually nearly all stolen notes of large amount find their way back to the Bank of England from foreign countries. The same course is pursued with watches and jewellery of very high value. Every large

criminal dealer, especially if he be a Jew, has a friend or a cousin on the Continent, and to him, after undergoing sundry operations to destroy identity, the valuables are forwarded. The continental fence keeps them in store until they can be safely introduced into the foreign market. Foreign articles are frequently sent to London under similar circumstances and for the same reasons. Ordinary watches and jewellery, after being altered and reset, are kept in England, and are generally worked into the London market. The works of a watch are frequently taken out of the case and put into another; the names and numbers are also changed. This "christening a thimble" costs, for a gold watch, about fifteen shillings.

A travelling Jew, who hawked small jewellery, once invited a country watchmaker to visit him when in London, and he did so. He found the Jew's London shop in a very low neighbourhood, and the dingy appearance of the shop was in keeping with the appearance of the district in which it was situate. During the countryman's stay, several customers came in, and among the rest a well-to-do-looking man. He wanted to purchase some jewellery. Some good things were shown him, but they were not good enough. At length the Jew fetched a dirty miserable-looking box down stairs which did not appear to be worth sixpence. But the countryman was astonished when the box was opened, for his professional eye saw that that dirty miserable box contained jewellery worth several thousand pounds.

Ordinary banknotes are sometimes cut in two, and then worked off by halves. The guilty holder will send an order for goods to some distant town, enclosing with the order the half-note. The goods are sent, and the duped tradesman hears no more from his customer: he cannot even find him. With the other half of the note some one else is defrauded in the same way.

Clothes are disposed of to Jew dealers and persons who keep stalls in the market-places, by whom the garments are altered as much as possible. Much stolen goods is collected together and hawked about the country in auction vans. To the same category frequently belong the sales in provincial towns, professedly made up of damaged goods, bankrupts' stocks, and shipwrecked cargoes. At these sales men are sometimes employed at the rate of two or three shillings a day to run up the bidding.

Bankers' cheques and bills are always turned into money immediately, and a sharp look-out is kept while the scoundrel is effecting the business.

SOME WORDS ON CLOTHES.

NATURE furnishes most of her children with such clothing as is expedient for them. At her will and pleasure they contrive to cast off or wriggle out of a top-coat or smock that is too shabby or too tight, always finding themselves sufficiently indued with under-clothing, the rudiments of upper-clothing, and which shall soon become upper-clothing. This process of undressing is, in some cases not unattended with difficulty. An eye-witness thus describes this process of clothes-doffing in the case of a fine toad which he observed basking on a garden-bed, one broiling day in July. "Suddenly he began to press his elbows hard against his sides, and, rubbing himself smartly downwards, his skin began to burst open straight along his back. Now, thought I, you have done for yourself. But he did not seem to suffer any inconvenience, but rubbed all the harder till the skin was in folds on his sides and hips. Then, grasping one hind leg with both hands, he hauled off one leg of his drawers, if I may so speak, just as any gentleman would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same manner. He then took this cast-off cuticle forward, between his fore-legs, *into his mouth*, and swallowed it. Then, by raising and lowering his head, and swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath, until it came to his fore-legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck, and swallowed the whole. He appeared to have considerable satisfaction from this operation; out having finished it, and sitting thus in little more than his bones, he showed some irritability from the action of the sun, which would have speedily shrivelled him into a harder skin than that he had cast off (or, more correctly, absorbed), had he not copiously perspired, whereby, in about ten minutes after he had dined off his great-coat, he was duly enveloped in a bran-new one, and joyfully hopped off into a well hard by. I certainly envied him his maiden-bath."

Why men should be exempted from this kind provision of nature is not, by any means, evident. Before, however, initiating that inquiry, would it not be better to be sure beforehand that she has *not* provided man with clothes? For myself, I am disposed to regard those parts of the human body which in some old writers are called the *excrements* (from *ex-cresco*, not *ex-cerno*), to wit, the hair, teeth, and nails, as in a manner the clothes furnished

to man by nature. They are all protective against cold, wounds, or other hurts. The rudimentary tail, which is said to be enjoyed by some savage races, belongs properly to the same class; and its use, if any, must be to protect the terminal vertebra of the spinal column from the injury otherwise necessarily resulting from the sitting posture. Is it not even a defect in the genus *homo civilis* that nature has not universally endowed us with some fleshy appendage in the caudal region? One might think so, to judge by the *succinea* provided by artistic contrivers in the shape of cushions, and those unutterable portable protuberances which are favoured by that sex that has, perhaps, the less need for them.

Granting that the absence of the tail is a defect in man, we may well inquire whether it is a defect produced by civilisation, or inherent in the race. I do not propose now to enter on the vexed question of man's lineal descent from a gorilla—say rather his *ascent* from that detestable incarnation—nor do I intend to detain the readers of ONCE A WEEK with any remarks on the limits of change in the physical system from the influence of external nature; for which I refer them to the works of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Buckle. Nor need I remind them of Lord Monboddo's celebrated conjecture. Let it suffice for me to introduce them to something which they will *not* find in those authors. An ingenious friend of mine, who has not yet made public his original views on the cause of taillessness in man, has kindly permitted me to make use of his MS. for the purpose of this article. Let me be brief. He contends, that judging from some flint boulders lately found in the drift of the Somme, near Amiens, the Pre-Adamite scribes were in the habit of sitting on a species of stool, into which those rude people converted the larger masses of flint. It seems—though I have not yet had an opportunity of verifying this statement—that these flint stools have a small round hole in the centre of the seat, which at once suggested to my friend's fertile brain a distinction hitherto overlooked. He contends that the professional gentlemen alluded to were in the habit of passing their tails through the aperture, upon taking their seats, and then of gracefully winding them round the legs of their stools. By this arrangement not only would a positive inconvenience be obviated, but the scrivener would ensure the utmost security in his seat. "Now, what," asks my friend, "would be the natural consequence of this practice? Why, the scrivener being suddenly called from his flint desk, would literally entail the removal of the stool, or the abandonment of

the tail. Sooner or later, in any case, the separation of the tail from the spinal column would be inevitable, and the professional world would, after the lapse of centuries, be as tailless as a Manx cat."

It is from this little episode in the history of humanity that my friend thinks he can account for the peculiar pattern of most of the stools in merchants' and lawyers' offices. Almost all have the hole in the seat, and some of the more ornamental have the tail-ornament gracefully entwining the legs. But it will be objected that the hole is not round. Granted: that shows that the tailless upholders of past times, growing ashamed of their antecedents, and thinking the round hole "suggestive of a departed glory," deviated from the normal circle, and by an elongation of the aperture, occasioned the prevalent, but erroneous, belief, that the holes in the stools were originally made for the insertion of the hand for the removal of the seat.

Be this as it may, it will hardly be contended that the loss of the tail can make any very great difference. The poet tells us that—

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

If this simply means that the Pict in question became naked in consequence of Prince Vortigern's grandfather having stolen all the Pict's clothes, why, I am inclined to think that the epithet "naked" is redundant, if not likely to convey a false impression—viz., that the Pict was originally naked; and it has been more than once pointed out by ingenious critics that such an impression would be *necessarily* false, seeing that a Pict in an embroidered waistcoat could hardly be called naked.

Perhaps, however, the old gentleman merely flayed the Pict, the painted coat which rewarded his labours being little more than a coat of paint. How grateful would a Pict in such a condition have been if Nature had suddenly taken it into her head to furnish forth for him a bran-new waistcoat, as she is never tired of doing for a good-for-nothing toad. When we reflect on the Assyrian cruelties to which the paintings on the walls of Nineveh bear witness,* on the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew (if not a pure myth), of which there is a frightful representation in the gallery at Heidelberg Castle, or on the more recent atrocities of the same kind inflicted on Milaus, the unsuccessful assassin of Ferdinand of Naples, in 1856, and the unhappy Abyssinian king, Negouziah, in 1861, may we not be permitted to wonder why man, so specially unprotected by nature, should also be excluded

* Layard's Disc., 1853, chap. xx., pp. 456—8.

from the great and glorious privilege of those peculiar functional restorations enjoyed by the toad and the snail? But this is a very long digression. To return: Say that the Pict, robbed or flayed by the old Saxon monarch, was originally naked; say, also, that he had a tail, and that, instead of the victorious king making free with his skin, he had simply cut off his tail, with a view to drying it into a walking-stick: I say, suppose all this, and then I ask, would his brother-Picts for an instant have imagined that the tailless chief was more *naked* than before? Surely, had the Saxon merely shaved him, the Pict would have incurred a greater shock to his modesty, and a greater risk of taking cold.

Tail, hair, nails, and teeth. That is all our inheritance from tailoress Nature. No wonder the possession of artificial clothing has been looked upon as a peculiarity of the human species. But that is a mistake. The soldier or hermit crab is his own tailor: so are the trichoptera, beloved of fishermen. The clothes of man are, however, *sui generis*, for they are always significant of character. Just as my facetious friend, already mentioned, has defined a dog as "a trunk that has its bark inside," so we may say that a man is a personal unit, that has his *habits* outside; "For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

The question now presents itself for our solution, how man ever came to adopt artificial clothing at all. I am not asking the readers of ONCE A WEEK to grant that there is anything extraordinary in an intelligent animal, so scantily furnished with natural clothing, designing and habitually wearing artificial clothing of some sort. All I contend for is this, that such clothing is the mark of a highly artificial, of a civilized state of society. Men do not arrive *per saltum* at such conditions of existence. It would seem indeed from the book of Genesis, confirmed (I am told) by the Chinese books, that our first parents did do this; that in fact they adopted the apron on purely moral grounds, without having passed through the more rudimentary forms of clothing. But it may be asked, what can be more rudimentary than a tissue of fig leaves? We shall see. For the present let us remark, that our authority is silent on the antecedents of the apron; but it by no means follows that there were no such antecedents. The legal maxim, "Idem est non esse et non apparere," must not be applied to early legends, be they ever so historical. Let us first hear what instinct for clothing our various travellers of note found in the savage races which they encountered. "Nature," says Robertson, "has not suggested any idea of impro-

priety in being altogether uncovered." In proof of this may be adduced the fact, that several races of Africa and the ruder tribes of America eschew the luxury of clothing. The author of the *Histoire Générale des Voyages*, speaking of the inhabitants of the coast of Guinea, tells us, "Les femmes des Vétires sont tout-à-fait nues;" and Forbes (California) writes—"The men were actually naked, except that they wore some ornaments for the head, of feathers, shells, or seeds." What an exception that! Naked, *except* a little matter of headgear. In fact clothing is an afterthought. Now arises the question, How did our first parents come to adopt it? Was their motive hygienic, æsthetic, or ethic? Did the love of the picturesque mingle with the dread of rheumatism, or the sense of shame? Now, according to my apprehension, I think the origin of clothes was in husbandry, or rather in landscape gardening. Adam was first a tiller of the ground. Doubtless he cultivated the fig for its fruit. Wandering among his fig-trees he must early have found the convenience of that extemporaneous screen. Many must have been the colloquies between Adam and his wife carried on through the interspaces of his fig-groves. He would soon hit upon the simple expedient of planting fig-trees in screens or hedge-rows, a few feet apart from one another. When three such rows were planted, Adam had his "pleached alley," and Eve had hers. Here, in a condition of semi-privacy, they might enjoy the sweets of converse without shock to the newly engrafted sense of propriety.

The wearisome constraint on locomotion thus entailed readily suggested the next step. Let the fig-screens be rendered portable! That was a flash of true genius. Henceforth our first parents were enabled to carry their foliage about with them in the day-time, and lay it aside when they retired to their bower for the night.

The next step in the progress of civilisation was still more obvious and easy. Doubtless the worthy pair, after the fatigue of a day's ramble, found the larger boughs of their foliage heavy to wear in rest, as they had been cumbersome in action. Why not wear the leaves and smaller branches only? Happy thought! Let them be entwined or bound together as closely as possible. They were not *sewed*, as our version has it, but *interwoven*. "La plus grande partie du genre humain a été longtemps sans connoître le fil" (Goguet, *Origine des Loix*). Before reaching that highly artificial state, our first parents were doubtless clothed with aprons (or possibly petticoats, *i.e.*—aprons and skirts) of

small branches intertwined—"circum se foliis ac frondibus involventes." "Dans les pays où ils ne savoient ce que c'étoit ni de tizure, ni de fillet, les uns et les autres couvroient les parties honteuses avec les feuilles ou l'écorce de quelque arbre" (*Histoire des Yncas*); and the Missionary Padilla writes, "Cependant on se sert comme on peut de feuilles d'arbres pour se couvrir en attendant quelquechose de mieux" (*Lettres Édifiantes*). We have now traced the clothing of humanity up to the use of aprons of small branches of the Indian fig. This tree, I may remark, is still employed for the same purpose by some of the ruder Asiatic races, and we know on the authority of Garcilasso de la Vega, the Castilian poet, warrior, and historian, that the same kind of aprons were worn by some American tribes.

From an apron of intertwined leaves and branches to a *tissue*, the transition is still easy. When twine or thread was made, weaving became an obvious invention. I will leave to the reader's conception the thousand-fold changes which must have passed over the costumes of our own mixed race before our ancestors were enslaved by fashion, or galled by sumptuary laws. Fancy being obliged on a penalty of 3s. 4d. *per diem* to wear on the head "one cap of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, and only dressed and finished by some of the trade of cappers." Fancy forfeiting 10l. *per diem* for wearing silk, and 100l. for conniving at your servant wearing it. These laws were in full operation in "the glorious days of Good Queen Bess"—that age of gold, when capital punishments were remitted if the criminal could read the law, while, in case he could not, he was got rid of by one of the "sundry kinds of death," which the old law books tell us, "be of four sorts, viz., hanging, burning, boiling, and pressing!"

How much soever this subject of clothes may puzzle us, when comparing man with other animals, all difficulties vanish if you can but get rid of conventionalism, and, forgetting technicalities, call things by their right descriptions. A suit of clothes is, as we have seen, little more than a portable house. Leigh Hunt defines a bed to be "a room within a room." Let us say rather, that it too is a house movable, not portable. Or, if we will reduce our bed to the same denomination with our clothes, let us look upon our bed as a suit of clothes in which we move about, instead of taking them about with us. Let us thus strip from facts the mask of conventionalism, and we shall find little in man to isolate him from the allied families of nature—except indeed that higher reason by which he knows that he has an alliance with the Eternal, the Immortal, the

Invisible, and that he is yet to be clothed upon with a seamless robe, "woven eternal in the loom of the Ever-living."

BRAZILIAN SKETCHES.

PART II.

As I had seen scarcely anything of Rio on my first arrival, I was sorry, when, after I had been at Tigrica a short time, Mrs. C. was obliged to remove to town, on account of the marriage of her eldest daughter, which was to be celebrated in "the city." The usual fatigue and worry of packing having been undergone, we set out one lovely afternoon at about two P.M.—a party of six females on horseback, attended by three blacks, to carry our umbrellas, tighten the girths, &c. &c. We had a delightful ride as far as the *maxcumbomba* (railroad), for the scenery seemed in *my eyes* to have acquired additional charms; and when we got out of the train at Rio, we found carriages awaiting to convey us to the town house. The next day was Sunday, and I wished to go to the Protestant chapel, but found that it was undergoing repair, and that no officiating clergyman had yet arrived; so, as Sunday is the great visiting day at Rio, I took the "vapor" (steamboat) to Botafoga, to call on Madame D., who had given me a warm invitation to her house when we parted on board the Paraná. It is a pretty trip to Botafoga—on one side you see the Corcovado's sharp peak towering above its fellow-mountains, and on the other the Paõ d'Assucar rising in lofty majesty from the midst of the surrounding heights. On arriving at Madame D.'s, I found a host of visitors of both sexes assembled, and I was made to remain the whole day. Nothing could exceed the kindness, the hospitality of Madame D. and her husband, and I was quite struck with the personal attractions of their visitors. All, without exception, were good-looking—the ladies (among whom Madame D. stands foremost), with their soft black eyes, beautiful features, and luxuriant hair, were perfect specimens of loveliness, and the gentlemen, though "*irsuti*," were "*non senza venustà*." And I have heard since from Mr. M., who has been many years in Brazil, that, in the province of Minas-Geraes, the inhabitants, whether white, black, or brown, are a remarkably fine race. In the evening we had music, which is greatly cultivated at Rio, and successfully too, for most of the ladies have splendid voices. I shall always have a pleasing recollection of my first Sunday at Rio.

Miss C.'s marriage took place a fortnight after our arrival at Rio, and during that time we were all immersed in preparations for the

occasion—the more arduous, because the wedding was not to take place at church, but was to be solemnised at home. As I have never read a description of a Brazilian wedding, I may as well describe it here. A temporary altar was erected in a small room branching off from the dining-room (from which the table was removed, but, as nobody ate any dinner on *the day*, it did not much matter), which had only a sofa, chairs, and sideboard in it, the furniture being placed against the walls so as to leave the centre of the room quite empty. Why this was done will be seen presently.

At about two o'clock P.M. the important operation of dressing began. Seven o'clock in the evening was the hour fixed for the ceremony, and by that time the hair-dresser and tire-women had completed their labours, and all the ladies of the family were ready. The bride entered the drawing-room, and took her seat on the *place d'honneur*—the middle of the sofa; and very lovely she looked in her gauzy drapery and orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister-in-law, a beautiful woman, who officiated as her “godmother” (as it is termed) during the ceremony; her three sisters and her cousin, who acted as bridesmaids—the two elder dressed alike in blue and white, the two younger in pink: the whole presenting a very pretty sight. None but the near relatives on both sides had been invited; but they mustered pretty strong, and at a little before seven all the guests were assembled. Then came the bridegroom attended by his brother, and directly after the ecclesiastic who was to perform the ceremony, Monsenhor R., a fine-looking, imposing dignitary of the church, who well set off the mitre he wore. Suddenly all the gentlemen were called away, and just as I was wondering at their absence, the ladies were summoned, and we all repaired to the dining-room. There, a most effective *coup d'œil* presented itself. All the gentlemen were placed in rows, each holding an immense wax taper in his right hand, and to me, who had never beheld anything of the kind, except on the stage, the effect was very striking.

The ladies were now disposed in a semi-circle, so as to command a full view of the ceremony, which immediately began. It did not differ materially from our own; the bride's responses were quite inaudible, and several of the ladies were affected to tears. But a startling and unexpected effect, certainly not set forth in the *programme*, was produced by Mrs. C.'s grandson, a fine little fellow of three years old or thereabouts, who just when everybody's attention was concentrated on the solemn rite

then being performed, discovered that each of the gentlemen had a flambeau and *he* had none. He immediately shouted out, “I want a big candle!” and, as he could not have what he wanted, roared out so lustily, that he was obliged to be taken away. Apart from this little interruption the ceremony “went off” exceedingly well.

When it was concluded, the bride embraced her friends all round—the bridegroom shook hands with everybody, and then all adjourned to the drawing-room, where tea, coffee, ices, &c., were handed round (as they were also several times in the course of the evening), while the bride sat on the sofa, the trimmings of her dress, consisting of orange buds and blossoms, being literally torn off and distributed by the bridegroom among the unmarried persons present, who, in consequence of receiving a share of the floral spoil, are presumed to ensure a husband or wife, as the case may be, before a year has elapsed.

Then a touching incident took place. Mrs. C. had made a present of Julia, the negress who had nursed her two eldest daughters, to the bride, who had resolved on giving her her freedom. So when Mrs. C. led Julia up to her daughter, the latter gave her her letters of manumission, and Julia kissed her hand, shedding an abundance of tears. Then the second daughter, Helena, seeming to realise the fact that the faithful creature who had watched over her infancy was about to leave her, burst into a passion of tears, flung her arms round Julia's neck, and sobbed on her bosom, nor could she for a long time be comforted.

At last dancing was proposed, and quadrilles and polkas (in which the bride, however, took no part) kept the company engaged until nearly twelve o'clock, when a tremendous rumbling was heard in the street, and “the carriages” were announced. On going to the balcony I saw an immense file of carriages, extending the length of the street, it being the custom at Rio for all the guests to accompany the bride and bridegroom to their new home; and, after some time having been consumed in marshalling the guests in proper order, the carriages rattled off with their respective loads. Arrived at the abode of the newly-married pair, the guests alighted, ran up and down the house from top to bottom, congratulated the bride, and then, with the exception of her father and mother, re-entered their carriages, and were conveyed to their own homes.

The princess imperial was lately married, but owing to the terrible commercial crisis that had taken place, there was very little display on the occasion. I saw the procession as it

passed down the Rua Directa. First came a body of cavalry, fine soldierly-looking men, their helmets and breast-plates glittering in the sun; next, the artillery with cannon; lastly, the infantry with drums and fifes (the others had their full bands). Then came a body of trumpeters, followed by three heralds dressed in green and yellow—the national colours—and after these there drove along very slowly about a dozen carriages, the two last of which contained the bridal party. Not a cheer was heard; but after the ceremony, when the princess and her husband showed themselves in the balcony of the palace, they were received with enthusiastic “Vivas.” At night, the illumination was far from general, and altogether it was a very tame affair.

I must not forget to mention that a most terrific storm took place on the 10th of October, a few days before the princess was married. The hailstones were as large as walnuts, and did an immense amount of harm by breaking windows and damaging merchandise. At the Arsenal, only *one* window was left unbroken, and the Bibliotheca Brasileira was shut up for some days, on account of the books having been damaged by the wet. Being desirous of witnessing a storm in these latitudes, my desires were gratified, for the oldest inhabitants did not remember so dreadful a storm as the one I *did* witness. No stay-at-homes in England can have the least conception of what thunder and lightning are in this country—the thunder roaring or growling incessantly, and the lightning, now blue, now red, now purple, illuminating the heavens in one large sheet of flame, while the noise the large hailstones made is quite indescribable. I never wish to see such another storm. One poor black was killed by an immense lump of hail falling on his chest, and the destruction of some shipping was attended with loss of life.

To turn from this melancholy theme. The Passeio Publico is very prettily laid out, but not very extensive. Here the ladies, dressed magnificently, walk about from five or half-past until seven or eight; but I invariably remarked that the most gorgeous dresses were always worn by mulattoes; and if an especially splendid dress caught my eye, and the wearer's face was turned from me, on obtaining a sight of it, it was sure to be that of a mulatto. The hoops the mulattoes wear, too, out-Herod Herod; and they take their seats in the “vapor” as if not only the boat but the universe itself belonged to them. Some of them are very fine women, but immensely fat, as are also the negresses who are well to do in the world; and in the market at Bahia I saw several black specimens of womankind

on the very largest scale. The black women nearly all look good-tempered,—it is seldom you see one without a broad grin on her face; they are also particularly polite to one another, always addressing each other as “Senhora,” or, if a man, “Senhor.” One little black handmaiden of mine, rejoicing in the name of Emerenciana, hearing that Viriato, an old black, had just come from Tigrice, hurried off to make inquiries of him respecting her parents. The following sentences were exchanged between them:—

“I am delighted to see you, Senhor Viriato! How are my papa and mamma?”

“Quite well, Senhora Merenciana. They have sent you their *recommendações* (recommendations).”

And it is a common thing to see advertisements beginning as follows:—“A black lady, who washes and starches perfectly well, desires,” &c., &c.

With respect to the Brazilians, *proprement dits*, I have invariably found the gentlemen courteous and attentive to the utmost degree; the ladies, I have mostly found affectionate and kind-hearted. I speak of them as *I* have found them. No doubt there is a dark side to the picture, but I have only seen the bright one. I have heard, though, that they bear an intense hatred to the Portuguese, and I can well believe it, for though originally of a Portuguese stock, yet most of the present importations from the mother country do her no credit, and the Brazilians seldom let an opportunity pass without showing their contempt and dislike of them. The very children go about repeating the following complimentary lines:—

Gallego pè de chumbo,
Calcagnar de frigdeira,
Que tí dè a confiança
Di fallar com Brasileira?

Which may be thus rendered in doggerel English:—

Lead-en-footed Gallego man,
With a heel like a frying-pan,
Audacious clown! What makes you dare
Speak to a Brazilian fair?

EMMA TREHERNE.

AN AFFAIR AT SIGTUNA AND ANOTHER AT MOSCOW.

LAST year my wife and I went to Sweden. From Stockholm we proceeded to Upsala, sixty miles up the Lake Malar. We *did* the University, looking sagely at the manuscripts (sometimes upside down!); drank mead on Odin's tomb; inspected the Runic inscriptions; admired—no, not exactly that, but looked at—the ancient idol dedicated to the Goddess

Friga ; and, in short, we behaved as tourists always should behave. On our way back to Stockholm, we longed for an adventure of some kind, be it never so mild. With this end in view we landed at one of the small stages by the lake side. Such a quiet place ; the only human beings were two small boys : how odd it is that these young urchins should somehow *always* appear whenever anything unusual is going to happen, as I remember was the case upon a certain occasion when I lit in the middle of a corn-field after a balloon ascent, a crop of boys sprang up as if they were indigenous to the soil.

Our luggage consisted of an 18-inch portmanteau and a pinned-up bundle ; nothing imposing, but enough for our wants. We had heard there was a village hard by, but our ideas were vague in the extreme. As to cart or porter, there was none, but by a little art we propitiated the two small natives, and, to improve the footing thus gained, we gave them the aforesaid bundle, slung on a stout umbrella, between them ; then pointing in a general way in every direction but towards the lake, we bade them proceed towards the village. We spoke in English, of course, and of course too in a very loud tone of voice ; for I have



remarked that one always treats foreigners as if they were deaf, when one can't speak their language.

The procession was formed thus :—first, the two small boys, without shoes or stockings, bearing the bundle ; next, my wife, carrying the precious Murray, and her still more precious Swedish dictionary ; and lastly, myself, with every finger employed : holding the rug, the portmanteau, money-bag, map, a hair-brush (which of course I omitted to pack up at Upsala), and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a tourist travelling with his wife.

A good long tramp under a very hot sun made us feel glad when at length we descried

the village—or *town*, as it was called, though it contained not more than 200 inhabitants. Our guides marched us up the street and down again : three times did we gaze into the cottage windows, every one of them in turn, but all in vain ; we could not find anything resembling an inn. The two little fellows, however, looked very proud of their burden, awing the rest of the village urchins (who had by this time turned out in force to see us) into mute astonishment. Our hearts were almost sinking, when to our delight a small child seemed to glean our meaning, and marched us up to the public-house which we sought. To be on ceremony was out of the

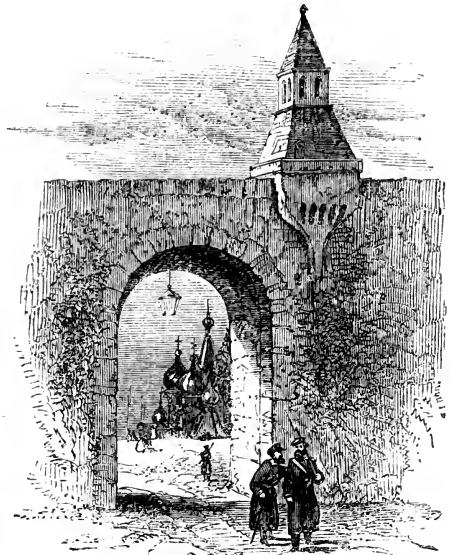
question, so we just stalked straight into the first room we could find, and sat down, the laudlorer gazing at us with looks bewildered. He soon found out that it was useless to parley with us, for in a few minutes we had opened our traps, brushed our hair, laughed, and looked so thoroughly at home that he shut the door and left us.

After a while we sauntered to the lake in search of a boat, to have a sail. We saw a man mending a bathing-box, and, in order to gain his good graces, I began to help him. He said nothing, and scarcely looked at us. I then made signs, and spoke to him in English, but he would not take the slightest notice. I desired him to get me a boat without further delay; still to no purpose. What was to be done? the day was fast slipping away, and this wretch evidently was too much engaged to give us any assistance. I gave it up, but my wife was not so easily to be discouraged. She sat down, whipped out her dictionary, articulated certain sounds meant for Swedish words, "Sagel bôte, sagel bôte." I stamped again and again, and said, "Yes, sagel bôte immediately, and you'd better look sharp about it." At last, thanks to my wife's Germanized Swedish, with a dash of Italian and French to fill up the gaps, we induced the man to come over to us. My wife, seizing the opportunity, pulled out her watch, and pointing to a certain hour, the man said, "Yaw, yaw;" and "yaw, yaw," it proved to be, for upon our returning at the hour indicated, we found our friend along with another man, bearing on their shoulders oars, masts, and sails, and all the etcetera for our boat's equipment. Delighted with our success, but yet not believing that they would let us go out alone, we popped into the boat as soon as all was ready, and before our friends had time to give their consent or not, we were a score of rods from the land, scudding away at a famous pace. Though the wind was strong and the boat pretty large, it was so well appointed that we could manage all ourselves, by dint of a little activity, and recklessness as to the fate of my shins in jumping over the thwarts previous to "going about." We were enjoying our sail to the full, when certain plaintive cries from shore reached our ears, and looking in the direction from whence they came, we distinguished two men gesticulating wildly. Surely they could not expect us to return so soon; and yet why all that noise? At all events we disregarded their cries, and forgot them altogether, till after a while we saw another boat push out from shore and make straight for us. We tacked and tacked again, always a little in advance of our pursuers, but

at length, taking pity on their imploring looks, we bore down upon them and allowed our two old friends to board us. Strange to say they never uttered a syllable, but ensconcing themselves for'ard well out of the way, seemed to give up their proprietorship altogether.

My wife now plied them with a disjointed assortment of words from her dictionary, they in turn pointing out others to her. And in this way she managed to tell them how stupid we had found our innkeeper to be, and how charming they were themselves, and so made them forget that we were steering all the while directly away from Sigtuna.

In time our sail did come to an end, and judge of our horror when we found out afterwards that the boatman, as we took him to



The Holy Gate, Moscow.

be, was a real live gentleman, in fact the great swell of the place, and we had bullied him into lending us his private yacht. We had of course offered him money, but he bowed and scraped, and put his hand to his heart, &c., to such an extent that we had to follow suit; and thus ended our experiences of Sigtuna. We learnt the particulars about our noble friend (for he had a coronet on his ring) from a Swiss resident, who kindly interpreted our thanks for the politeness shown us.

Next morning we reached Stockholm, and sailed thence to Petersburg; a charming five days' trip, though we were for eighteen hours in a fog off the coast of Finland. From Petersburg we went to Moscow.

At Moscow there are 400 churches, all of which are quaint in appearance, but one is pre-eminently so. The Russians call it *Vassili Blajinni*, or the Church of St. Basil. It contains eighteen distinct chapels, each surmounted by a separate dome, and each dome is different from the rest in shape and colour. One is plain, covered with polished tin, like the house roofs in Canada; another is spiral-shaped, painted red and yellow; a third shaped like an onion, striped with blue and green; while the fourth resembles a pine-apple; and so on.

Peter the Terrible, in whose reign the church was built, is said to have put out the eyes of the architect, to prevent his making another like it. So much for the encouragement of art in Russia!

Hard by this church is a gate, a very holy gate, and one about which there are tales and legends without end. They affirm that the wild Tartar hordes could never penetrate through it, but always came to harm when they attempted to desecrate its sanctity; and after their time that cannon-balls dropped off it, as hail would harmlessly patter against a stone wall. Be these stories true or false, the people reverence the gate, and there is a custom, which dates from time immemorial, that every man shall uncover his head when passing through, even the Czar himself; and women unveil their faces and take down their parasols. Sentries are posted to see that this is carried out.

The gate leads into the Kremlin, and, wishing to go through, I devised a plan to evade the orders of the place. If the custom was intended as an honour to the Emperor or to religion, I should have obeyed without a word, but something so truly childish and superstitious as it really was, was too much for me. So, on approaching the gate, I feigned blindness, and let my wife lead me through. We passed both sentries, who scrutinized us sharply, I believe, but said nothing, though my hat was on. Once inside, my blindness disappeared, and we went on to examine the wonders of the Kremlin—the palace with its golden roof, and *Evan Veleki*, or Big John, the monster bell. But we had to pass through the Holy Gate again, and this time I determined to do so with eyes open and hat on. I passed the first sentry all right, but when half through, a respectable Rusty, with a heavy beard and boots to match, greasy and black, politely stopping me, pointed upwards. I looked at the ceiling with stupid gaze; then he pointed to the top of his uncovered head, upon which I *craned* over, but still would not understand; at last the poor fellow quietly

took off my hat, and, not wishing to tease him further, I kept it off and walked through. But I fancy I betrayed a smile, for the second sentry made a great noise, and in such a lingo that we considered ourselves lucky to escape the penalty, which is to walk through the gate 40 times with bare head.

Before going away we paid a visit to the Bazaar, where there are 5000 separate shops under one roof, arranged in streets at right angles to one another, all the commodities of one kind being in one street. We made a mild attempt at bargaining, in the purchase of a Siberian box, an odd-looking article made of bright metal, with a studded lattice-work on top. My wife knew about three words of Russ, and I knew four. The end of it was that we offered the man a rouble more than he had asked, as we discovered afterwards, but, cunning blackguard that he was, he looked almost offended with our liberality; but it is no disgrace to be done by a Russian, so we pocketed our affront as well as our change, hoisted the box aboard a drosky, clung on for bare life, and jolted off to the railway.

Reader, go to Moscow; the discomforts are few, the pleasures many; and you will be well repaid by what you see, though not by the bargains you are likely to make.

PASWELL.

MY NOONDAY DREAM.

Down the Phocian groves of laurel,
Where Apollo's waters gleam,
Thro' an amber fall of sunshine,
I had wander'd in my dream,
And from o'er the mount Parnassus,
By the fountain Hippocrene,
Gliding hand in hand together,
Were two graceful maidens seen.
On they came, for beauty peerless,
In the angels' garb array'd,
Till with smiles and sportive greeting,
One unslung her lyre and play'd:
Every golden chord her fingers
Touch'd, and woke so trancingly,
"O, let me adore thee, Music!"
Were my words of fervency.
But she ceased, and her companion
Told a story then to me,
In such mellifluous breathing,
Of the purest poetry,
That my soul was all enraptured,
So it could not think or tell
Whether of those lovely sisters
Did in witching power excel.
Thus in thought most doubtful musing
On the maid I fain would choose,
Lo! they melted from my vision,
Like the morning's crystal dews;
And unto this hour I waver
Whether of the twain I'd be
Wedded to—the spell of Music
Or the dream of Poesy.

W. THEODORE PARKES.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXII. MRS. GALTON FEELS THAT JUSTICE IS NOT DONE HER.

KATE GALTON was back at Haversham with her husband and her child, attending to all her wifely and maternal duties in her usually exemplary manner. She had made no sign, had uttered no word of dissatisfaction when her husband had carried her back to the Grange. She never did make a sign or utter a word of dissatisfaction, when the doing so would not further her own ends. Mrs. Galton would have been a first-rate political economist, she never wasted her material.

She made no exception to her ordinary rule in this instance. There had been a surface show of willingness to go home as soon as ever she found that the going home was inevitable. A surface show was always quite enough for John Galton. It was not in him to suspect that there was aught that was not perfect, pure, and fair beneath that perfect, pure, and fair exterior, which was so dear to his heart—so golden to his eyes. So he believed his wife, and never deemed that her prompt acquiescence in his wishes about returning to Haversham was due to the fact of town emptying itself fast. Confidingly had he accepted the acquiescence, and conspicuously had he flaunted it before his sister. "I shall be glad of the peace and quiet, and so happy to be alone with you at the dear old Grange again, John," Kate had said to him on the morning of their leaving town; "and as it's always as well to please people in this world if possible, we won't ask Harold down for the shooting. Sarah does dislike his being there, and I should like to please her in something as she's your sister."

"Oh, nonsense, let him come. Why shouldn't he come?" John Galton had replied. But though he had thus replied, he had deemed it a very sweet concession that his wife had offered to make. It never occurred to his honest, manly mind to suppose that the concession to his sister's idle prejudices was made solely because his charming Kate could not help herself in the matter. Harold had refused to go to Haversham for the shooting, therefore Mrs. Galton utilised the occasion, took the honours that were to be had, and declared that she would not have him. Mr. Ffrench was what Kate termed "huffed," that is to say, he was too unhappy at this juncture to endure either to

flirt with, or be flirted at by his bright cousin. He had shown himself the reverse of amenable to the little advances she had made towards a better understanding springing up between herself and him from the ashes of the Theo Leigh complication. He had responded as gruffly as was compatible with such a melodious voice as he possessed to her suggestion of an invitation to the Grange. So Kate paused on the brink of the invitation, and consoled herself with the reflection, that John could be taught to appreciate the sacrifice she had been compelled to make.

They arrived at Haversham one bright Saturday afternoon, in October, and even Mrs. Galton—fractions of whose heart were in divers places—was fain to confess that the Grange was not a bad place at that season of the year. Scarlet geraniums and October peaches blushed them a joyous welcome, and the steward came to John Galton's office door presently with tidings of much game being about. There was a wealth of fruit in the garden too, and the best of quinine in the air. Altogether Kate felt that things might have been worse—at the same time she set herself the task of determining how they could be bettered. "I'll redeem the time by being agreeable to Sarah—till some one else comes in my way," she said to herself, while graciously preparing to accede to John Galton's request that they "should take a stroll through the grounds and village" after dinner on the evening of their arrival.

She found it dull work strolling through the semi-darkness in the soft autumnal evening air with the man she had married because Beelzebub had won. Now and again she found herself seeking about for something to say to him, and not finding it. Ah! there had never been this strain on thought when Harold Ffrench was by her side! Words had come glibly enough then, and not words alone, but something that words were well employed in clothing. Nor had speech and good cause for the same been lacking whenever Linley had been near.

She never once told herself that this mental oppression was due to some defect in her own nature—some flaw in her own heart. She walked along by him struggling with the silence she always desired to indulge in when her husband was by her side, and declared to herself with emphasis that he was dull.

"Why didn't he marry a woman who could care for the things he cares for, and enjoy the eternal talk about them," she asked herself; and her conscience never once told her, that it was because she had willed that he should marry her.

She had no interest in his pleasures, she had no joy in his interests. His pointers jumped about her boisterously, and she only thought of how her dress would suffer, and permitted the dogs to feel that they were troublesome—a discovery which it is grievous for a sensitive dog to make. In fact the horrible curse was upon her more strongly than ever, of being bored by that from which there was no escape.

"It is too late to go into the stables and look at the horses, I suppose, John?" she asked after a long silence, during which she had been declaring to herself that they had not an idea in common—more than that, that he had none but the commonest ideas.

"We'll look at the horses before church to-morrow," he replied; "you said you would go and see Sarah, to-night."

"Then if we are going there, I will go in and get Bijou," Kate answered, hurriedly. Stagnation seized her soul at the thought of going down alone with her husband to the dulness of her sister-in-law's house. Bijou would be a mutual friend, on whom their uncongeniality might meet, and expend itself less markedly.

Miss Galton had been seething within herself for hours. She had heard from a biped retriever—one who was warranted to fetch and carry more abjectly than any dog—that the squire and his lady had come by the 4.40 train. Informant had been unable to say whether or not any one had accompanied them, having only caught sight of the heads of the aforesaid, as the carriage passed her on its way to the Grange. This doubt as to whether they were alone or not, was the primary cause of Miss Galton's seething; but as the hours went on a fit of feeling neglected set in with aggravated symptoms, and she raged furiously in her soul, for that "John never thought of coming near his sister, no, not he."

She was in this mood when they came in with their child, John laughing and talking to his small daughter with the unforced vivacity of perfect satisfaction with all things. Kate making the air ring with her bell-like voice, because it suited her to make Sarah believe her to be in brightly overflowing spirits, though she had been torn from London and Harold Ffrench.

"We only waited to have dinner before we

came to see you, Sarah," John Galton said, extending his hand to his sister.

"Yes—we were starving. Immediate cause of your dear Norfolk air was to compel us to appear impolite, and stay to eat before we came to see you, Sarah," Kate added, holding her face down to grim Miss Galton to be kissed.

"As you waited so long—not that I expected you before—it would have been more prudent to have waited till to-morrow morning," Miss Galton replied, gruffly. "Coming out at this hour, at this time of year, with nothing over your shoulders, and a thing on your head that doesn't half cover it, seems to me the height of folly."

"Oh! I never take cold," Kate replied carelessly, but her blue eyes dilated curiously as she spoke. She was superbly indifferent to Miss Galton's opinion at most times, but on this occasion she had sought (with no very noble motive) to win a good one from that acrid lady; therefore she felt resentment kindling.

"But the child may—poor little dear," Miss Galton said, snappishly. "Come here, Katherine—ah! as I thought, not half wrapped up," she continued as she wound the cloak little Katie wore closely round her till the child resembled a mummy.

"I don't care to treat her like a sick chicken, thank you," Mrs. Galton said, quietly; "loosen your cloak, Bijou; you're not cold, you little hypocrite."

"No, I'm not cold," Katie cried, laughing; "I don't want the old thing."

Bijou touched her cloak as she spoke, but she looked at her aunt at the same time, and Miss Galton felt that she was the "old thing" to whom allusion was made. Her brother's child was very dear to her, but now, strengthened by the presence of her disliked sister-in-law, she resolved that justice should take its course.

"John, you ought to punish that child for her impertinence," she began with severity; and at this Katie laughed a young laugh of derision. The idea of being punished by her papa struck her as being humorous, and she read partizanship and the promise of support in her mother's bright speaking face.

"My papa won't scold me for saying 'old thing'—and you mustn't, may she, mamma?" Katie was a fair, ethereal looking child, winning and pretty to an extraordinary degree, but it is astonishing how intensely disagreeable such a child can be to any one on whom it feels it safe to empty its small vials of contempt.

"I think, as poor little Katie has offended you, Aunt Sarah, that we had better go

home," Kate said, rising gracefully; "we came to spend the evening—didn't we, John? However, it can't be helped."

"Oh, nonsense: sit down," John Galton said, rather nervously. He hated feminine sparring matches. They always, he observed, commenced about, and ended in nothing, and he liked tangibilities. So now he told Kate to sit down, and called Katie to "come and tell him what she had been doing while he had been away." This last was unwise, for by so doing he left the belligerents to their own devices.

"That child is ruined by being left so much to servants," Miss Galton commenced. "You won't send her to school, and you go away and leave her, as my poor dear mother never thought of leaving us—never thought of it."

"The result of your mother's practice is enough to make me follow it, certainly," Kate said, coolly; the propriety of conciliating Miss Galton if possible, now at this dull season when there was nothing else to do, was ceasing to be so vividly before her.

"At all events the conduct of my mother's children never brought a blush to anyone's cheek," Miss Galton replied fiercely. She was quite ready to take the daggers, aye, and use them too, for she had expected Kate to be contumacious about this coming back to the Grange, and Kate, instead of being contumacious, had been surprisingly quiescent. Altogether, Miss Galton felt disappointed in her sister-in-law, and she was not one who brooked disappointment, or one who could take an unlooked-for turn in events nicely.

"What uninteresting courses you must all have run then," Kate said, languidly. "Fancy having been so discreet all your lives as never to have made even 'goodyness' blush and tremble for you and for itself in your society."

"It's more than *everyone* can say,—more's the pity." Miss Galton almost snorted as she said this.

"As you say," Mrs. Galton said, affably, fastidiously fitting on her glove as she spoke, and buttoning it with precision. "'Tis true—'tis pity—'tis 'tis, 'tis true.' Every one can't say it. I can't, for instance. I never had such a vaulting ambition as to attempt to pass through this world unblushed for. I have only been careful never to blush for myself. Now Bijou, look sharp, dear; don't stand gaping, but put your hat on and come home."

"I thought you said you had come to spend the evening with me, Mrs. John?"

"So we did."

"Do you call this spending the evening?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, why don't you stay a little longer

then—unless you have left company up at the Grange, when of course——"

Miss Galton, who had drifted into softness for a moment, relapsed into severity again at the bare mention of the company—the creature of her own brain.

"No, we have no one with us; but you haven't made it too pleasant to-night, Sarah, I must say," John Galton said, deprecatingly.

"Never mind, dear. Pray don't say anything, John," Kate murmured, soothingly. Meekness under unmerited rebuke was a strong card—therefore Kate played it. "We ought not to have come and taken your sister by storm to-night, but I hadn't seen her for so long, that I thought she'd excuse it being late."

"I never thought—— But there, you will twist and turn my meaning," Miss Galton replied bitterly. "Late! I never care for John coming late; but I'd better not speak, I'm always wrong."

When a woman declares that she had better not speak, and that she is always wrong, the wisest thing to do is to flee her presence immediately, before she has time to say a great deal in the endeavour to prove herself right. These self-accusations are signals for departure that it is worse than folly to disregard. John Galton would have stayed to combat these low opinions which his sister had formed respecting herself. But Kate was wise as well as wary, therefore she developed inflexibility of purpose, and went away, taking John and Katie with her, and leaving Miss Galton a prey to unuttered spitefulness.

John Galton did not speak as they walked along the village street, but when they had passed into their own grounds, and the gate was closed behind them, he began.

"I wish to heaven, Kate, that Sarah and you could hit it off better? I don't say that it's your fault, dear."

"Still you think that it is, John. Now don't be unjust, but acknowledge that Sarah is too litigious for an angel even to agree with her long. I very rarely do take any notice of what she says, but to-night I was tired, I suppose, and I had gone down meaning to be amiable, and rather hoping that she would see that I meant to be amiable. That being the case, her manner was enough to put any one out; now wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"You see she's the same, whatever I do, John,—whether I try to please, or whether I do not try to please her, I am always wrong in her estimation. What hurts me most," Kate continued, with virtuous emotion, "is that sometimes I feel she impregnates you

with her unjust views about me : on more than one occasion she has succeeded in sowing seeds of discord in your breast, John."

"Never, Kate, never ! Jove, though, Katie ought not to hear such things." He said this in a low tone, but presently he forgot his precautions, for he burst out heartily with : "Succeeded in making me distrust you !—no ; she never has, and she never will ! Distrust you, Kate, darling ! Do you know that would be death to me ?"

He did not say it in the tones a young impassioned chivalrous boy would use to the object of his first love dream. The declaration that death must ensue when distrust sets in is common enough under such circumstances, and is to be taken for exactly what it is worth. John Galton meant all he said, and Kate, whose hand he had taken and placed securely within his arm, felt that he meant it.

She tried to get a peep at his face without his seeing her, and she succeeded, for his eyes were bent steadily on the ground before him. She succeeded : she saw his face, and marked that it looked graver than usual, but frank and kind as ever. Then, for all the frankness and kindness—for all the love he had but just expressed for her—for all the thousand bonds of sympathy a nine years' union ought to have caused to spring up between them—Kate Galton felt that she was weary of life at the Grange, and of the man who had brought her there to be its mistress.

"The night air is chilly," she said, with a little shudder ; "I shall go to bed at once, I think, for the journey has tired me—and I shall not speak again till the morning."

Then when his wife said that, John Galton crushed back the desire that was in his heart to have some quiet conversation with her, in the course of which he could tell her how he had always loved and trusted her, and how nothing that mortal could say or do could cause him to love and trust her one atom less. It would have been pleasant to him to tell her this, not in romantic phrase—he was not a romantic man,—but in some plain, strong sentences that would have gone straight to her heart. However, she was sleepy, and the journey had tried her, therefore he never said the words, and Kate rejoiced in his reticence.

"The dream of being niece to Sarah is over," Kate said to herself when she reached her dressing-room ; "but I have made him see how wrong she was to-night, and that's a good work, for it will pave the way to his often finding her very wrong. Oh, dear ! to-morrow and all on for ever-so-long will be like this

evening. Poor old stupid ; he will sit and look as if I ought to speak to him, and I have nothing to say."

Then she gazed in the glass and took pleasure in her beauty, and congratulated herself on her management of it, and wished that Beelzebub had run second for the Two Thousand, and that Mr. Linley lived near enough for her to cultivate an intellectual friendship with him—for "he thoroughly understood and appreciated her," she told herself ; and perhaps she was right.

John Galton sat alone for two hours after his wife had retired that night. He sat alone plunged in thought, not in anxious or unhappy thought by any means, but still in vexed thought for all that. He was not a man to cherish idle dreams of universal harmony, but he keenly desired that peace and goodwill should reign amongst those who were of his own household, and his own kith and kin. It had only come to him lately to see clearly how antagonistic his wife and his sister were to each other. For years his vision had been indistinct in the matter, he had seen dimly that they "didn't hit it off" as he called it, but it had never occurred to him to seek for a reason why they did not do so. Now, to-night they had forced him to see more than one reason—his sister had implied that she did not deem his wife too prudent, and his wife had suffered him to see that she had long been aware of this adverse opinion, and that she regarded it as less than nothing, in fact that she despised it. "And well she might—being what she was," he told himself, proudly and honestly. Yet, though his honest pride in Kate was unshaken, he could not forget that the opinion she scorned, the judgment she held in such obvious contempt, had emanated from his sister.

He sat alone, neither unhappy nor anxious, but just a little sore and vexed that "some people couldn't be satisfied unless the rest of the world was cut after their own pattern. Sarah would like every one to go to heaven in her carriage," he finally decided. "It comes of her having lived by herself at Haversham all her life. Kate's too bright for her ; some people would tell me that she is too bright for me too, but I know her so well."

He meant that he loved her so well—too well for her to be anything but perfectly congenial and admirably adapted to him. In his case perfect love had cast out fear—and Mrs. Galton knew it.

A week passed away, during which Mrs. John Galton and her husband's sister abstained from each other entirely, and John Galton shot and rode and broke in a new

setter, and was happy. There was plenty of game that year, and as he never tired of shooting it so he deemed it possible that Kate would never tire of seeing it shot; therefore he would issue cordial invitations to her every morning over the breakfast table to drive into some field which he would mention, and bring him some luncheon about one. In former days, when three or more guns would be out, Katé had joined thus far in her husband's sports and pastimes with a charming vivacity, that had made him feel her to be specially designed for a country gentleman's wife. But now the case was altered; it was a weariness and woe to her to go. Still she went daily as he asked her, remembering that other days might dawn.

On the Friday after their return, they received a note from Mr. Linley. I say "they" received it—but the note was to Kate. "I have taken a shooting-box at Lownds, and I want Galton to bring his dogs and have a few days amongst the turnips with me. Do you think you could make up your mind to come with him, and put up with the rough accommodation of a bachelor's establishment? If you will do so, I shall be eternally grateful to you; as you will, with your customary amiability, take the office of tea-maker upon yourself, I feel sure."

"He has evidently only asked me because he thinks you wouldn't go without me, John," Mrs. Galton said, handing the letter to her husband, and arranging a pout for his edification when he should look up after perusing it.

"Oh! I don't know; I daresay he will be better pleased to see you than me. Your style of talk suits him better, you see, Kate," John Galton replied honestly.

"I don't believe that—but I'll go, dear. I know you can't bear being without me," Kate said, virtuously. Then she sighed, and added, "but it is hard to leave the Grange so soon again."

CHAPTER XXIII. WAVERING!

FRANK BURGOWNE had done himself no ill-service by that piece of reprehensible carelessness of his which had terminated so badly for the Baron. That is to say he had done himself no ill-service with those powerful partizans, the women. His aunts, for instance, idolized him and his injured limb with a wealth of idolatry no amount of perfect health would ever have been able to call forth. They made him and his patient endurance of sufferings, that they slightly over-estimated, the theme of a hymn of praise, in which Theo Leigh eventually joined. For—be tolerant, reader—

Theo was young and impressionable, and it is not in the nature of woman to hear eternally that a man is a hero without going into a state of worship for him. She had given her heart, she had been ready to give herself, without doubt or fear, to Harold Ffrench—she had suffered a horrible agony of baffled love and hope on his account; she had defied censure for his sake, and set up her belief respecting him in opposition to her father's. But now—now, though the time was young since all this had been—this young blue-eyed man, who to his cost resembled the bad Burgoyne, had a large share of her thoughts; to say nothing of the power he possessed of making the old smile that Harold had banished irradiate the face of Theo Leigh.

She was not false, she was not fickle, she was not weak in affection even, or a votary of that luxurious creed which holds it lawful to make love to the lips that are near when the lips that are loved are not by. But she listened too long to the before-mentioned hymn of praise respecting Frank for absolute indifference to continue its reign in her heart about every other man than Harold Ffrench.

A good deal of the bloom of her beauty had been brushed off; her glow was gone, and her eyes were brighter and less soft than of yore. The bound was gone from her step too, and the highest notes of her voice were rarely, indeed never called into requisition now. Every one knows the difference these changes make in a girl, surely. We have all marked it in ourselves, or others, and felt sorrowfully that the first great experience has been learnt, that the brook and river have met, and that another fellow-creature is freed from the most glorious of all illusions—the belief in the enduring nature of love's young dream.

But though the best of her beauty—its brightness, bloom, and freshness—was gone, enough remained for her to seem a very fair thing in any man's eyes. A tenderness had come in the place of the lost buoyancy, that was soothing; and as Frank Burgoyne had not known her in her buoyant days, he was well pleased with that which had come, and incapable of lamenting its inferiority to that which had vanished.

She got to think more about him than she otherwise would have done, and to like him better out of the very generosity of her nature and the depth of her love for Harold Ffrench. She heard this young man, in whose society she was thrown through no design on her part, spoken of as one whom Harold might be made to injure in a measure. They were rivals in the race for a prejudiced old man's favour, and right she could but feel was with the man who

was before her, suffering,—the man who never pushed that right or sought to disparage that rival, or took the shadow of an advantage: all he seemed to desire, all he sought to win, was a higher opinion of his character from his grandfather, not the suffrages of Lord Lesborough. She felt him to be very noble and very disinterested, and this question began to torture her, "Would there not be foul meanness and cowardly falseness in Harold taking from this gallant young gentleman what would never be given to Harold did Lord Lesborough know of him that which to her cost she knew. She could not breathe the story that had been reft from Harold in an agony that she felt though she had not seen it! She could not breathe it: but if he knew of Lord Lesborough's intentions and still suffered that story to remain untold! the only thing that remained to her now,—her faith in his honour—would be gone.

Through all these changes of feeling she could not refrain from identifying herself with Harold, though she knew him worse than dead to her. Whenever she identified herself with Harold she was doubly kind and attentive, and softly, gently devoted to the man whom Harold might possibly injure; and he marked her manner and responded to it, and made her read poetry to him, and painted little word-pictures of vanished dreams that he had had, of longings and aspirations after "a career," which had assailed him at divers periods. So a friendship sprang up between these two, a friendship that would have been love but for the memory of the man who had brought his maturity to bear upon her mind, down under the sun on that marsh-bank that had witnessed her transformation.

What were the poems we read in '51? I ask, because to them was due the temporary lapse from that perfect fidelity which poor mistaken Theo believed that it behoved her to keep unimpaired. She read melifluous verses to him—to Frank with the blue eyes and the bandaged arm—and he looked as if he felt all the rhymes expressed, and altogether it was very dangerous.

Dangerous, but uncommonly agreeable, for they were eminently sympathetic, these young people; they both had an ear for unforced easy rhyme, and an aversion to a false quantity. They both liked suggestive poetry too, and as Alfred Austin and Owen Meredith had not illumined literature in those days, they were compelled to fall back on those fountain-heads of suggestive sweetness, Byron and Moore.

So she read with a deeper pathos in her tone than she quite intended, because she was thinking a good deal of the one who had vitalized Byron to her; and he, the interesting sufferer,

listened with a deeper pathos even than hers in his looks, because it was the habit of his eyes to look pathetic things on very small provocation. Then before the reading or the listening had palled upon either, Theo put her aunt's offer into execution and sent a cordial invitation to join her to her Bretford ally, pretty Sydney Scott.

"I shall not be able to come up to-morrow morning," Theo said to Ethel Burgoyne one day, after sitting for an hour or two with the young aunt and nephew, who were so singularly alike at times, so oddly dissimilar at others. "I shall not be able to come up to-morrow-morning: a friend of mine is coming to the vicarage."

"Bring him up with you," Frank suggested languidly. He was out in the garden for the first time since his accident, and the two girls, Ethel and Theo, were following him about in a state of admiring awe, for that he was able to walk and stand the full light of day.

"My friend is a Miss Sydney Scott," Theo replied quickly, but without anything that could be construed into a blush; "she's such a pretty girl too."

"All the more reason for bringing her up, Miss Leigh. I'll do no end of politeness in the calling line as soon as ever I can ride over; but just at present you must be lenient and teach your friend to be lenient too. She must call on me, as you have done—will she?"

"I have no doubt she will," Theo said.

"That's right, that's well; not one call only, but many, for you must not let her keep you away: I couldn't do without you, Theo." Then he passed round close to her side, and whispered as Ethel paused to gather a flower, "You do me more good than you can imagine. If I had but known you two or three years ago I should have been a different fellow."

There is something extraordinarily touching in this statement always. A woman may not care to see a man different in anyway; he may appear in her eyes incapable of improvement; yet his assertion that had he known her before he would have been a different man, is a tribute to her power that she can but feel. It sets her wondering what her influence might have been, and what would have called it forth, and in what way he would have altered under it. It makes her think about him in connection with herself, throws open a wide field of conjecture, and gives her the idea of there being that something sympathetic between herself and him—that something which is so sweet while it lasts, so sad when it is over, even though love does not spring up through its agency.

So when Frank Burgoyne told Theo Leigh

in a low tone of voice (that low tone of voice does a power of mischief in itself) that he "would have been a different fellow had he known her two or three years ago," it set her thinking of him with a degree of gentle turbulence that, if well managed, will assuredly develope into something more exquisite still.

The average young lady of this world and age says, when such a speech is made to her, "Oh! now what nonsense," or, "how can you say so, when you know you don't mean it?—ridiculous!" But Theo was just a little different to the majority; neither better nor worse perhaps in reality, but a little different decidedly. She neither blushed nor called that statement of his "ridiculous," but she began wondering curiously whether indeed she might have influenced this man for his good whom Harold, her love, might injure. But of that wonder came a thought which clothed itself in these words:

"I would have taught you to be careful: I would have taught you to remember about the Baron!"

"You would have taught me something else," he said.

"Ah! but that first, because it means pleasing your grandfather; and you ought to please him, you ought to be careful."

"For whose sake, Theo?—I am alone in the world,—that is to say, I have only a mother. No one will be much injured or much benefited whether I stand or fall with Lord Lesborough. Who would care? Would you?"

"Yes, I would—I would!" She flamed her answer out upon him, in a way that made him think the little girl was further gone than he had intended her to be in the time. "She's got over that fellow quickly, and no mistake," he thought, for he adjudged that this prompt interest which she betrayed was a heart-felt one for him.

"So! you would care to see me keep straight with my mighty relative?"

"Yes; how like a German that 'so' was."

"What do you know of Germans?"

"Just nothing."

"Then how did you know that there was aught Germanic in my way of expressing gentle surprise and acquiescence?"

"Well! I've heard some one I know very well say 'so' in that way so often,—oh! so often;—and he told me that without being an imitative animal he had picked up that most non-committal of expressions during his residence in Germany."

"And who is your friend?" he asked; "who is the happy man whose rather weak reasons for a rather weak result are worth remembering?"

Theo felt older than Frank Burgoyne on the spot. None but a very young man ever indulges himself in these verbal impertinencies.

"I never questioned either reason or result, therefore they never seemed weak to me," she replied. "You have given them importance, so you ought to be the last to find fault with their having it."

"You haven't told me who your friend was."

"He was Mr. Harold Ffrench," she answered. Then, at the sound of her own voice mentioning his name, all her love for him, all her fears for him, all her longings that he might come out scatheless after all, welled up, and she went on, "Oh! I wish I had known you sooner, Frank Burgoyne, or that I had never known you at all."

What wonder that Frank Burgoyne dressed his mental plumes more carefully from this moment, and deemed that Theo was in love with him.

Ethel had gathered her flower and adjusted it in her belt by this time. "Pretty, isn't it?" that young lady asked abruptly, coming up, and taking Frank by the sound arm, and pointing to the result of her horticultural labours. "Scarlet geranium goes well with anything; this blue dress might have been made for it, and so might every other I remember that I have worn with it."

"I should think it would look pretty in your dark hair at night, Miss Leigh," Frank suggested.

"It does look well in my hair at night," Theo answered, rather absently.

"The next time you come here to dine I'll have a bouquet of it ready for you, shall I?"

"If you will."

"No, but if *you* will I shall do so."

"I shall be much obliged; I always like flowers."

"I won't prepare them carefully only to have them accepted in such an indifferent spirit; if you won't accept my simple flowers I shall be indeed unblest; but even that would be better for me than the seeing them taken and worn negligently."

"They shall be worn with such care and consideration that they shall last the whole night, Mr. Burgoyne; what more can I say?"

"And what more can I or any other man expect? 'Last the whole night!' why it's a colossal triumph to hear that an offering, a sacrifice, shall have a lady's attention for a whole evening. So you'll really wear them till they wither."

"They look equally well in fair hair, Frank, let me tell you," Ethel struck in. "I'm rather fond of adorning my yellow locks with crimson and scarlet; I know some people think

they are too pronounced for a blonde to wear, but then some people are wrong."

"It's very little consequence what blondes wear, in my opinion," Frank said languidly; "you're an exception, Ethel, but as a rule I can't say I admire fair women sufficiently to regard with attention anything in which they may please to array themselves. I like depth and intensity," he continued, turning to Theo, "and that you don't get, you know, in ninety-nine fair faces in a hundred. I like intensity, colour, and warmth, such as you have," he added in a whisper.

"Aunt Libby will be developing colour, and warmth, and intensity of anger if I don't go home soon," Theo replied, laughing. She would not treat his speech with tender silence, but it made her thrill. She was very loyal to the lost love; she was almost resentful against herself for being an atom touched by this man's approbation and manner of showing it. Yet she was conscious the while that she was touched, and that there was nothing very reprehensible in reality in her being so. One always feels a little nervous when drifting, drifting away!

"Don't make her angry enough to put any obstacle in the way of your resolve to bring your friend, and come again to-morrow," he said aloud.

Then Theo replied "certainly not," and gave him her hand in farewell with eyes averted from his gaze. It was the first time those honest grey eyes of hers had ever fallen before him, and there was something of triumph to him in the thought that they had done so at last.

She drove herself home in her aunt's little pony-carriage, and then, after reporting herself "returned," and "Mr. Burgoyne much better," she asked for and gained permission to go on to the station and meet Sydney.

"You may go if you like, my dear," Mrs. Vaughan told her, for Mrs. Vaughan thought that things looked well for the Burgoyne alliance, and was therefore tolerant to all the "whims," as in her heart of hearts she called them, of the one who might compass it. Then she weighted her consent with a veiled reprimand.

"Not that I should have supposed it possible that you couldn't wait till to-morrow morning to make those confidences to your friend which I am not to hear; however, go, by all means, and meet her at the station."

"Thank you, aunt; with the pony, I suppose? I have no 'confidences' to make, I assure you, but I should think it kinder, were our positions reversed, for Sydney to meet me than if she sent a servant; so I'll go."

"Oh, my dear, I'm neither jealous nor suspicious I assure you," Aunt Libby rejoined quickly; "and I know that young people like to talk their idle folly unhampered by the presence of their elders. Well, if you're going it is time to go, for the train must be nearly due."

So Theo, who did not care to combat the insinuation, went to meet and make welcome her friend.

She saw Sydney's face at the window as the train stopped—saw Sydney before Sydney caught sight of her, and marked that the usually beaming blonde looked less bright than of yore. But a minute after she caught sight of Theo, and sprang out on to the platform, exclaiming:—

"How jolly of you to have come yourself, Theo! well, dear, I'm so glad to be with you; but what a hole of a place it seems."

"Just the station; the village is pretty, and there are some nice—well, I can't tell you now, but I don't think you will be dull," Theo replied, thinking as she spoke of the antidotes to dullness that were to be found at Maddington. "I have brought the pony-car up for you: I suppose it will hold all your luggage?"

They had turned the corner of the station-house by this time, and come in view of the pony-car, which Sydney surveyed with a critical eye.

"What a little beast of a trap for that handsome little pony to be put in, Theo; what a mistake to spoil his look in that way, for he's as handsome as a harness-pony need be. Hold my luggage, my dear! I respect my dresses, and always travel with them laid out straight in a box that will take the length of their skirts; box won't go into *that* car, I know."

"You must please to send it up, then," Theo said, turning to the station-master.

"Any time this evening do, miss?" the man asked.

"Oh! yes; I suppose so, at least?" Theo rejoined, looking interrogatively at Miss Sydney, who forthwith drew a small watch from her belt, and inquired:—

"What time do you dine?"

"Directly we get home; you won't be expected to dress."

"But I expect myself to dress, thank you; the porters must bring my big box up at once. You had visitors the first night you came, and who knows that I may not have visitors too? I'm not vain a bit: I know that I can't stand inspection after a long journey till I have got myself up afresh."

Then she stepped into the car, and asked Theo "might she drive?" and on Theo willingly acceding, she plied the whip so freely on

the handsome lazy pony that Theo trembled lest the sound of that flagellation should by any chance reach the ears of her aunt.

"What is going on at Bretford? How did you know that I had visitors on the night of my arrival?" Theo asked, when they were fairly on their road, and had told each other three times that "they were very glad to meet again."

"Oh, the usual amount of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. I don't care for it, though; I know that I am tremendously unpopular with the ladies."

"But I don't think that you are unpopular," Theo urged; "I never heard anyone speak anything but well of you there yet, do believe me, Sydney. It must be horrid to fancy oneself disliked in the way you do."

"Oh! it is horrid, of course," Sydney rejoined, with a bright smile; "but I know that I am unpopular. However 'I care for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me,' as the old song says; besides, as Hargrave says, after all it's easy to know why I am unpopular. I'm not vain, but I can't help knowing the reason. No, it wasn't Hargrave said that, it was Mr. Linley."

"Mr. Linley! what! have you seen him again?"

"I should think so!—rather! He has taken a shooting-box down near here, at Lownds, and he has asked my permission to call on me at your aunt's, which I needn't say that I have given graciously. They always taught me to be provident when I was a child, so I take care now to provide against dullness whenever I can. I *hope* I shall have time to dress before dinner."

Miss Scott had ample time to dress before dinner, for the porters had been rather impressed by a certain something that savoured of liberality, not to say lavishness, in her manner, and her long box followed her quickly. The toilette was made, and successfully made too. Still disappointment enthroned itself upon her brow as the evening wore on, for nobody came. She could but feel that her efforts to appear fresh after a long journey were wasted, since none but the Vaughans and Theo were by to see them.

The following day brought a note from Miss Burgoyne inviting them up to luncheon at Maddington. They went, both in higher spirits than usual, for the communion with a bright unclouded girl of her own age had been good for Theo. They set each other off, and became each other so well that Frank Burgoyne experienced difficulty in deciding to which he would award the palm of beauty. "Theo has more in her and is therefore the more attrac-

tive girl," he said to himself; "the other's pretty, but only pretty, nothing more."

Judging thus, he still devoted himself chiefly to Theo, a course of proceeding which laid him open to Sydney's righteous indignation. She was not accustomed to be put in the background, and the feeling that she was occupying that unpleasant position now caused her spirits to collapse after a time, and made her adopt an air of complete indifference to the young man who had suffered her to lapse into it—an air of such complete indifference that it might have deceived a man who had had no experience of her sex into imagining it real, but that was as a veil of the thinnest gauze over her sentiments to Frank Burgoyne. He saw that she was *thinking about him*, and began to question whether after all there was so much more in Theo Leigh.

(To be continued.)

FROM RED BLUFFS TO YREKA CITY, AND HOW I PASSED THE NIGHT THERE.

I was in California. In the merry month of May in the year 1860 I started from a small town called Red Bluffs, situated on the right bank, and at the head of steam navigation on the Sacramento river. I had with me a band of eighty mules and six men, the purpose of my journey being to reach the camp of the British Boundary Commission at the Dalls, a small town on the Upper Columbia river.

I had determined to find my way through Oregon, an unknown route at that time; by doing this I should reach the Commission at least two months earlier than by taking the mail route to Portland.

I was again and again warned of the risk I ran, not only of losing my mules and men, but my own scalp into the bargain. The country swarmed with hostile Indians, many large streams had to be crossed, the trail was bad, if any, and altogether the prospect was anything but cheering. But I had made up my mind to go, and go I did.

All the annoyances of a start were got over, wild mules reduced to a state of discipline, and packs adjusted, and men as sober as could be reasonably expected. All went pleasant as a marriage bell until the second day, when my first misfortune happened. I camped on a beautiful bit of ground with grass in abundance, and a stream, clear as crystal and cold as ice, rippled past close to my camp. I placed a guard over my mules, fearing accidents, and, choosing as level a spot as I could see, rolled myself up in my blanket, and, with my head on my saddle, was soon asleep.

I awoke at sun-up, lit my pipe, and wandered off to see what had become of my mules. I

found the trusty guard sound asleep, coiled up under a tree, but not a mule. A sharp admonition, administered through the medium of my toe, soon dispelled his dreams, and awoke him to a lively sense of reality. He rapidly uncoiled, started up, stared vacantly round, and thus relieved his feelings.

"I guess they're gone, Cap'en; every tarnation coon of 'em, right slick back to the Bluffs."

I could have pistolled the rascal there and then, but the mules had to be recovered, so I bottled up my wrath, roused up all the sleeping camp, and we started in pursuit of the missing culprits. Three days elapsed before I got them together, but we found them all at last, and again started. I made a long march, crossing Cotton Wood Creek, through Major Raddon's ranch—one of the finest in California for grazing—struck the Upper Sacramento, and camped about sun-down on a creek called Still-water.

In the night it came on to a deluge of rain that regularly soaked through everything, but it cleared towards morning, and we dried ourselves in the sun as we rode along.

The next three days we travelled through a beautiful park-like country, very lightly timbered, covered with grass, and thickly dotted with magnificent ranches (farms); we struck Pit river on the fourth day, crossed it safely, swam the mules, and ferried over the packs.

Our journey for the next twelve miles lay through a narrow, rocky gorge—the trail—simply a ledge of rock, barely wide enough for a mule to stand upon. Three hundred feet below rolled the river. The least mistake—a single false step—and over goes mule and pack, or man, as it may be, and you see the last of him. Here I passed a most curious place called the Devil's Pocket: the trail winds along its very edge, and you peer down into an immense hollow kind of basin, that looks as if it had once been a lake, and suddenly dried up. The hills are lofty, sharply pointed, and capped with snow. At the head of this gorge I, for the first time, saw an encampment of Digger Indians, and a more famished picture of squalid misery could hardly be looked on. Their wretched, comfortless huts, are like large mole-hills; there is a pit sunk in the ground, and a framework of sticks shaped like a large umbrella arched over it; old skins and pieces of bark are thrown over this frame, and the whole is covered with earth. The entrance is a hole, into which they creep like an animal.

Their food consists principally of roots of various kinds, which they dig through the summer months, and dry in the sun. The

field cricket (*acheta nigre*) they also dry in large quantities, and eat them just as we do shrimps. Bread made from acorn flour is also another important article of diet. They seldom fish or hunt.

Their arms are bows and arrows—their clothing, both male and female, is simply a bit of skin worn like an apron—they are small in stature, thin, squalid, dirty, and degraded in appearance—in their habits little better than an *ouwang outang*—certainly the lowest type of savage I have ever seen.

We camped in the evening on a large plain called Big Flat. It was bitterly cold all night, and froze sharply. We got off soon after sun-up, and literally crept along the side of a high range of mountains, densely wooded, and forming one side of the valley of the Sacramento, which has dwindled down into a mere mountain burn. Here I came suddenly on a little colony of miners, engaged at gold washing. I discovered the place was named Dog-town; the entire town consisting of a store, a grog shop, and a smithy. I paid twenty-five cents (a shilling), for a mere sip of the vilest poison I ever tasted, libellously called "Fine Old Monongahala Whiskey." About six miles further, still on the same trail, I came to another gold claim where there were no houses at all, called Portuguese Flat. Passed through some thin timber: camped on a lovely mountain stream. Shotgun Creek, my camp, was on the side of a steep mountain; and about a mile further on was another stream, Mary's Creek. Camped on this stream was a small pack-train, that had been with stores to some mining station. I heard wolves barking and howling all night, and twice I drove them out of camp with a fire log. The next morning, as I passed the camp of the packers, they were in sad grief. The rascally wolves had pulled down one of their mules, and torn it almost to pieces. I rode up in the wood to see its mangled remains. The ravenous beasts must have fixed on its haunches, and ripped it up whilst it lived. I was sadly grieved for the poor beast that had come to so untimely an end, and for the man who had lost him,—at least £30 worth.

For two more days I followed up the course of the Sacramento, and crossed it for the last time. Standing at the ford, and looking straight up the valley the scenery is wild and beautiful in the extreme, on either side sharp pinnacle-like rocks shoot up into all sorts of fantastic shapes, dotted with the sugar-pine, scrub oak, and manzanata in front; and blocking up, as it were, the end of the valley stood Mount Shasta, at this time covered to its base with snow. This vast

mountain is a constant land-mark to the Trappers, for it can be seen from an incredible distance, and stands completely isolated in the midst of the Shasta plains. I camped close to the very snow at its base, in a little dell called "Strawberry Valley," the next day reached the Shasta plains, and camped early in the day.

As I was to bid good-bye to civilization, and abandon all hope of seeing aught but savages after leaving this camp, and being by no means sure of the road, I made up my mind to ride into Yreka and obtain information about the Indians, and the state of the trails, and also, what was of equal importance, obtain a relay of provisions; the distance was about thirty miles from my camp to the city.

Yreka city is a small mining town, situated on one side of the great Shasta plains; it stands quite away from law, society and civilisation, gold being the magnet that attracts first the miner, and then the various satellites—jackals, would be the more appropriate name—that follow his tracks. I left the mules in charge of my pack-master and started at sun-up,—the ride was a most desolate affair over an interminable sandy plain, without even a shrub or flower, much more a tree, to break the monotony. I reached Yreka about ten, and put up at the "What cheer House," bespoke my bed, and ordered breakfast. The keen morning air and a thirty mile ride had made me perfectly ravenous, and I waged alarming havoc on the ham and eggs, fixings, and corn-dodgers, that, I must say, were admirable. The tea was not a success, being a remarkably milk infusion, very hot, and sweetened with brown sugar, but it washed down the solids, and the finest congo could not have done more.

Thus recuperated, I started off to call on Judge Zeikel, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my agents in San Francisco. It did not take long to find the Judge's quarters, the lanes, streets, and alleys being distinctions without any material differences. The mansion in which his Judgeship "room'd" was a small shanty, with a porch or verandah round it, to keep off the sun when it happened to be hot, and the wet when it rained. I knocked with my knuckles, no reply; tried again, still silence; resorted to the handle of my hunting knife, anything but mildly:—that did it. "I rather calculate, stranger, you'd better jist open that door, I ain't agoin to, you bet your boots." I opened it, and walked in. There sat Judge Zeikel in a large arm-chair cleverly balanced on its two hind-legs,—no, it was not sitting, or lying, or standing, or lounging—it was a posture

compounded of all these positions: his, I mean Judge Zeikel's, legs were extended on a level with his nose, and rested on the square deal table before him. He was smoking an immense cigar, one half of which was stowed away in his cheek, rolled about, and chewed, whilst the other half protruded from the corner of his mouth and reached nearly to his eye. A little distance from the Judge was an immense spittoon, like a young sponging bath. He was "whittling" a piece of stick with a pocket-knife, and looked the embodiment of supreme indifference. The chair he occupied, and the table—whose only use, as far as I could see, was to rest his legs on—constituted the entire furniture.

The Judge himself was a long, spare man, and gave me the idea of an individual whose great attribute consisted in possessing length without breadth or thickness; everything about him was suggestive of length. Beginning at his head, his hair was long, and his face was long, and his nose was long, and a long "goatee" beard terminated the end of his chin; his arms were long, and his legs were long, and his feet were long; he had a long drawling utterance, and was inordinately long in arriving at a moderate pitch of civility. He eyed me over and drawled out "w-a-e-l." I handed my letter, and quietly awaited its effect—as he was long in everything else, he was long in opening it. Having made a minute inspection of the exterior, he slowly took it from its yellow envelope, and gradually seemed to understand from its contents that he was to be civil.

"So you ain't been long in these parts, Cap'en," said the Judge, without in the smallest degree shifting his position. I said I was quite a stranger, and should be glad if he would give me some information about the trail and the Indians, along the route I intended taking.

"Bars and steel traps!" roared the Judge. "You'll have your har ris, sure as beaver medicine; why thar ain't worse Red-skins in all Oregon then them Klammaths. Jist three months agone come Friday, the darn'd skunks came right slick upon Dick Livingstone and his gang. You've heerd of Dick, I guess." I said I had not. "Wael, most people has anyways, they was jist a washing up a tall day's work, up Rogue river, when the Klammaths swarmed 'em jist as thick as mosquitoes in a swamp; several went under, bet your life, for Dick and his boys warn't the ones to cave in. But 'twarn't no use, the Reds jist crowded them clean down, and took the har off every man of 'em. The trails, too, is awful soft. Mose Hart says, and he's now in from Bogus Holler, whar you have to go,

that a mule is jist sure to mire down a'most any place."

"Well," I said, "your news is not by any means refreshing, Judge; nevertheless I mean going."

"Wael, Cap'en, may be you're right, making back tracks ain't good, anyway; we are a go-a-head people, we are, and it won't pay to be skeerish, anyway. S'pose we go and take a drink, and I'll jist put you through the city—I guess I'm well posted about most things in these diggings."

So we did the city, which did not take very much time to do; we did the stores, where every person from the master to the errand-boy did nothing, save sit on the counter to chew, whittle, and spit. The amount of whittling done in this city is perfectly astounding: every post supporting the verandahs outside the stores and bar-rooms was whittled nearly through—some of them in two or three places. We did the bar-rooms, and did sundry drinks with divers people. I purchased provisions; hired an Indian trapper to take me as far as the Klammath Lakes; took leave of the Judge, who was not half of a bad fellow when you understood him; and retired to my inn, determined to enjoy the luxury of a bed and a long night in, having slept on the ground since leaving Red Bluffs; and if the Judge was right about the Red-skins, the chances were considerably against my ever stretching my limbs on another. So, to make the most of it, for a start at sun-up and a long ride, added to a fagging day, had pretty well tired me, I retired very early and turned in. It really was a lovely bed, just like bathing in feathers. I stretched out my limbs until they fairly cracked again, and rolled in enjoyment. My thoughts were soon wandering; and visions of home, mixed up with mules falling over precipices, battles with Indians, an ugly feeling round the top of my head, judges, drinks, rowdies, all jumbled together in a ghostly medley, floated off in misty indistinctness, and I subsided into the land of dreams.

I fancy I hear some kind-hearted reader exclaim,—poor fellow, how he must have enjoyed that night's rest. No, the fates were against me. Alas, how fleeting are the hopes and inclinations of frail humanity! I suddenly awoke, with an indistinct idea that I was at a ball, with a jiggy kind of tune whirling through my brain. Pish! I must have been dreaming; so I turned over and tugged the blankets more tightly round my shoulders, vexed that such a stupid dream should have awoke me. Hark! what on earth is that? "Ladies and gents, take your places, salute your partners"—then crash went two fiddles, crowding out a break down.

Again the voice—"half right and left"—and off they went. The sounds of countless feet, scuffling rapidly over a floor, told me in language not to be mistaken, that a ball was going briskly on very near my head.

I sat up, rubbed my eyes, took a long mournful yawn, and began to consider what had best be done. I discovered that a thin wooden partition only intervened betwixt my head and the ball-room, every thing rattled to the jigging tune of the music and the dancers, the windows, the doors, the wash crockery, the bed, all jiggged, and I began to find myself involuntarily nodding to the same measure, and jigging mentally like the rest. Shades of the departed! I could not stand this—good-bye bed, and feathers, and sleep. I may as well dance in reality as in imagination; and abandoning all my anticipated delights, dressed and entered the ball-room.

It was a long room, lit with candles hung against the wall in tin sconces; the company—if variety is really charming—was perfect; the costumes, as a rule, were more suggestive of ease than elegance; scarlet shirts and buckskin (I must say it, ladies,) "pants" were in the ascendant. The boots, as a rule, being of the species known as wellingtons, were worn outside the trousers, inducing the latter indispensables to assume a bunchiness about the knees, not calculated to display the symmetry of the leg to advantage; very few had any jackets on, but all, without exception, wore a bowie-knife and six-shooter in their waistbelts. The ladies' costumes were equally varied; most of them wore bright-coloured muslins, of very large patterns, and showy waistrissons, tied behind in a large bow, with streamers down to their heels. The dance was just "down," when I came into the room. I saw a few citizens I had met in the day, but each one seemed to have his "fancy gal," and any chance of getting an introduction was a vain hope. The fashion, I discovered after, is either to bring or meet your partner at the ball-room, and dance with her, and her only, all the evening. A waltz was called, and I wanted a partner. Lookinground, I spied out a lady sitting near the end of the room, who evidently had not got one. She was in the same place when I entered the room, and it was clear to me by her unrumpled appearance, that she had not danced for the evening. "Faint heart never won fair lady," might, I imagined, apply as forcibly to dancing, as to wooing or fighting; if I am snubbed, it won't be all the world, and I suppose I shall live it down—so here goes. Walking boldly up to her, I asked coolly, but rather apologetically, if she would try a waltz—

"Guess, stranger, I ain't a fix'd up for waltzing."

"Perhaps, madam," I said, "you will excuse me, although unknown to you, if I ask you to dance the next cotillion with me."

Looking into my face with an expression half doubt, half delight, she said :

"Stranger, I'll have the tallest kind of pleasure in putting you right slick through a cotillion, for I've sot, and sot, and sot here, like a blue chicken on a pine log, till I was like to a grow'd to the seat." This satisfactorily arranged, I sat down by her side until the waltz finished, to have a good look at, and trot out my new innamorata. She was a blonde beauty, with fair hair, and light grey eyes, that flashed and twinkled roguishly. She was robed in some white material, with blue ribbons in her hair and round her waist: a mountain sylph, that any wanderer in want of a partner would have deemed himself lucky to have stumbled on. Our conversation was rather discursive, until I discovered that home politics, or rather the duties and requirements of a *gal at hum*, was a never failing spring from which to draw fresh draughts of household knowledge. At last the cotillion was called by the M.^cC., and again I heard—"take your places, salute your partners;" the fiddles started the same kind of jiggling tune, and away we went.

Now allow me to enlighten the uninitiated in the mysteries of a cotillion: it's a compound, complicated kind of dance, evidently constructed from the elements and fragments of many other dances—a good deal of quadrille, a strong taste of lancers, a flavour of polka and waltz; the whole highly seasoned with Indian war-dance. You never stand still, neither can you lounge and talk soft nothings to your partner. No; it's real, *bonâ fide*, downright honest dancing. I soon discovered why the men had left off their jackets: a trained runner could not have stood it in clothing. My jacket and waistcoat soon hung on a peg, and, red-shirted like the rest, I footed it out gallantly. My partner was a gem, with the endurance of a ballet girl in pantomime time. How many cotillions we got through, I never clearly remembered; but we danced on till the grey morning light, stealing in through the windows, warned the revellers that Old Sol was creeping up from behind the eastern hills, and that the day, with all its cares and toils, was near at hand once more. My fair partner positively refused to allow me to see her home. Being a casual acquaintance and not a lover, I suppose, of course, that it was highly proper on her part. I thanked her sincerely, for I really felt grateful to her for enabling me to

dance away a night that I had destined for a long, luxurious repose. With a hearty good-night, we parted never to meet again.

It was a glorious morning—the air cool and fresh, the sky unflecked by a single cloud. The sun was just tipping the hill-tops with rosy light, and peeping silyly into the valleys, as I wandered out to think over my strange adventure. My way led by chance up the back of the street, and out by a little stream to the gold-washings. Early as it was, all was bustle and activity. Many of my friends of the ball were now wresting the yellow ore from its hidingplaces, the anticipation of gold dispelling all sense of fatigue. (The want of water is a great drawback to these diggings. So valuable is it, that it has been brought by a small canal a distance of thirty miles, and is rented by the miners at so much a cubic foot.)

I lingered here some time, for there is much to see, then turned my steps towards my inn, through the city.

"Say—Cap'en—here—hold on!"

I turned and saw a man in a one-horse dray, whipping up his horse, and violently gesticulating for me to stop. He soon came up, and jumping out of the dray, seized my hand, and shook it with a grip that made my very eyes water.

"Guess you ain't acquainted with this child?"

I said no. I had not the pleasure of knowing him.

"I spotted you, Cap'en, jist as soon as ever I seed you making tracks down the street. My gal Car'line told me how she put you through all the dances last night!"

It suddenly flashed upon me that the drayman was my partner's papa. Here's a lively go! If he does not ask me my intentions, and riddle me with a six-shooter if I don't marry his "gal" at once, I shall deem myself the most fortunate of men. I civilly said in reply, that I found his daughter a most admirable partner.

"I rather guess you did, Cap'en; she's all watch-spring and whalebone, she is. Can't skeer up a smarter gal than 'Car' in these parts, if you was to do your darndest. She! Why she's worth her weight in nuggets to the man as gets her."

I felt cold all over. I thought t'was coming. "You must excuse me," I said, "my breakfast is waiting, and I daresay we shall meet again."

(I knew this was an awful twister.)

"I'm sure we shall, Cap'en—let's licker."

So we adjourned to the nearest bar-room, and took an eye-opener, and I escaped from

the drayman. I drew a deep breath, and felt as if I had got clear from the claws of a grizzly bear, made for the inn as fast as I could, gobbled up a hasty breakfast, packed up my goods, and with my Indian guide started for my camp.

Often I turned and gazed anxiously over the plain, expecting I should see the drayman, his daughter Caroline, and a priest in hot pursuit, and there and then, on Shasta plains, an Indian for a witness, I should be "*volens volens*" linked to my fair-haired partner, for a life's cotillion.

Such was my first, and such was my last, my only night in Yreka. All's well that ends well; and I trust the fair *Carlina* has as pleasant a remembrance of the *Ca'pen* as he has of her.

I found my camp all right, saddled up, and set off on my perilous journey through the wilds of Oregon.

ANA.

LONGEVITY.—There has been much discussion in the papers of late on the subject of centenarians, and the entire subject of longevity, therefore, is one on which I may perhaps be pardoned for offering a few remarks of my own. Mr. Sidney Gibson, F.S.A., if I remember aright, relates in "Things to be Remembered," some curious examples of longevity. He says that a person living in the year 1856, at the age of about seventy, was frequently assured by his father that in 1786 he repeatedly saw one Peter Gordon, who died in that year at the age of 127, and who, when young, heard Henry Jenkins give evidence in a court of justice at York to the effect that, when a boy, he was employed in carrying arrows up the hill before the battle of Flodden Field. In this case the memory of three individuals bridged over a space of 343 years, viz., from 1513 to 1856; and a person was living in 1786, who had conversed with a man present at Flodden. The late Venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, Dr. Routh, who died just ten years since, at Christmas, 1854, in his hundredth year, knew personally Dr. Theophilus Lee, the contemporary of Addison, and had seen Dr. Johnson in his brown wig climbing up the steps of University College. He was born in the reign of George II., and might easily have shaken hands with the Pretender, who did not die until young Routh was ten years old. To these examples I may be pardoned for adding another remarkable instance of the extent to which the joint memory of two individuals may bridge over a very wide chasm of history.

There is now living at Edinburgh, and in possession of all his faculties, a gentleman whose father served on Charles Edward's staff at Culloden, and was actually left for dead on the battle-field. This gentleman has been my frequent correspondent, and for anything to the contrary, my children may write to him as correspondents, and converse with him about the Stuarts, and hear from his lips long and curious tales, as I have done, about the Lovats, Derwentwaters, and Macdonells of the last century. If some of my children should live, as, according to an actuary's expectancy of life, they very probably may live, to see the year 1920, then a single individual will have handed to a person living twenty years into the twentieth century, events which he heard direct from the lips of an officer who fought at Culloden, and who had to fly the kingdom for so doing, a price, I believe, having been put upon his head by the Government of the day.

E. W.

SOFT SHINETH THE MOON.

I.

Two wild hearts in one measure beating;
Bright shineth the moon to-night!
Down from the cliff they gaze on the sea,
But what to them can its darkness be?
And lo! a white sail, swiftly gleaming
Athwart that path all silver beaming,
Gone, past away;
It might not stay;
'Twas an emblem of pleasure fleeting!
Two fond hearts in one measure beating;
Bright shineth the moon to-night!

II.

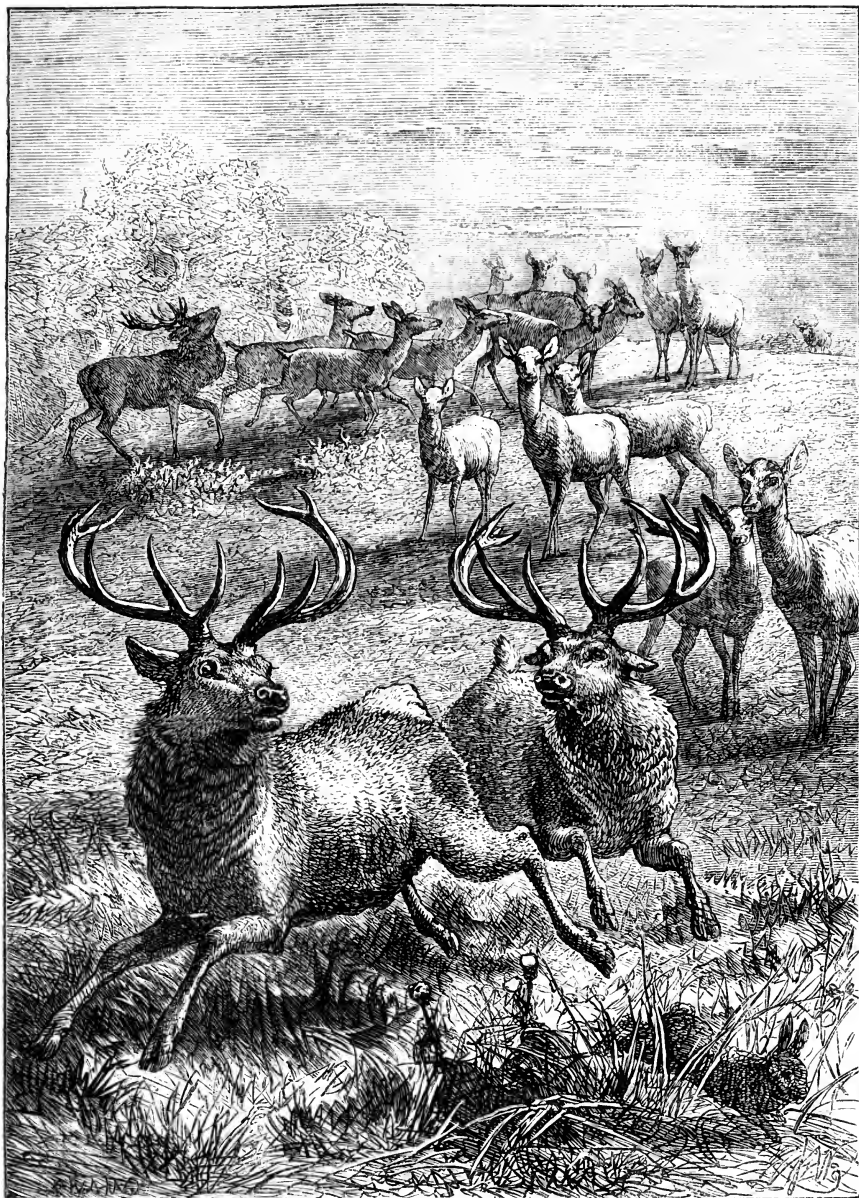
One poor heart by sore sorrow branded;
Cold shineth the moon to-night!
Alone in her grief she thinks of the sea
So treacherous, though smiling and smooth it be;
She remembers well that tiny boat
Which then they saw so merrily float
Through bright moonlight
To deep midnight,
To be found on the morrow stranded!
One poor heart by sore sorrow branded;
Cold shineth the moon to-night!

III.

On one still'd heart, through a casement
streaming,
Soft shineth the moon to-night!
Away to where shall be no more sea,
To where for the weary peace shall be;
Supported by more than earthly bands,
And beckon'd by more than human hands,—
Gone to her rest;
Supremely blest;
Humbled to lowest abasement seeming,
On one still'd heart, through a casement
streaming,
Soft shineth the moon to-night!

L. I. C. D.

FOREST DEER.



“The king, who was excessively affected to hunting, had a great desire to make a great park for red as well as fallow deer between Richmond and Hampton Court.”

CLARENDON.

How well do we remember in our youth the large herds of deer which formerly might be seen roving amongst the picturesque pollarded hornbeams of Hainault and Epping Forests. It was then said that the Crown had the right

of depasturing 5000 head of deer in these forests. Now, alas! not one is to be seen in them. No antlered bucks utter their hoarse tones in the autumn, and no shy doe hides her fawn in the tangled brakes. And how was this? Was there no Lord Warden, with an ample allowance for feeding them in the winter? Were there no keepers to protect

the deer from poachers? There were indeed plenty of keepers, but not one solitary deer is now to be found. What ornaments they were to the forest. What was the Lord Warden about that he suffered this fine herd of deer to perish from starvation and neglect? for such was the case.

We also recollect the small herd of deer in Hyde Park, so tame that they would follow children and their nursery-maids about, and feed on the bread and biscuits they gave them. It was a pretty sight. In this way the deer became very fat, and at the proper season one or two bucks were killed for the royal table, and were said to be far superior in fatness and flavour to any others of the parks. We have understood that the deer were removed from Hyde Park in consequence of the number of pet dogs which were shot by the keeper, and which occasioned a great many complaints. Their removal, therefore, appears to have been a wise measure under the circumstance stated, especially in a park so much frequented by the public.

The deer in the New Forest ranged over a large extent of country, and therefore afforded a great facility to poachers. It was calculated that there were upwards of 5000 head of these animals in the forest, and out of these 121 bucks on an average were killed yearly. Twenty-nine of these were claimed by the proprietors of adjoining estates in compensation of the damage done to their crops, 53 to the several officers of the forest, and only 23 bucks for the royal table. The rest were given away to landholders and farmers. The inhabitants of the villages in the forest were all poachers. It was evident that nothing would tend more to demoralise a neighbourhood than this circumstance. White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," says "that the large herds of deer in the New Forest do much harm to the neighbourhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of the crops. The temptation," he adds, "is irresistible. All the country was wild about deer-stealing, and Government was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary act called the Black Act, which comprehends more felonies than any act that ever was framed before."

It was in consequence, therefore, of the demoralised state of the inhabitants of the villages in the forest, added to the small quantity of venison supplied to the royal larder, and the heavy expenses incurred in maintaining them, added to the fact that the young trees were much damaged by being barked by the deer, that the Crown very wisely had them destroyed. We believe that not one fallow buck or doe is

now left in the forest, although there are a few solitary red deer to be found, a stag now and then affording a good run for Her Majesty's hounds when they pay their annual visit to the forest.

Wise and considerate as the arrangements may have been for removing the deer under the circumstances stated from the New Forest, there can be no doubt that much of its picturesque beauty has been lost. Deer are more particularly adapted to its scenes. Few things are more picturesque than to see them herding beneath the shade of huge spreading oaks, and the bucks shaking their horns to get rid of the flies which settle on them before their velvet covering is hardened. In calm evenings in the autumn, the hollowing voice of the bucks may be heard resounding through the woods, and at greater distance and less frequently, the hoarse bellowing of a solitary stag, as an invitation for a hind to join him.

Deer generally feed in the night or early in the morning, and then retire to the shelter of woods or coppices:—

The day pours in apace,
And open all the lowing prospect wide;
The hazy woods, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight: while o'er the forest glade
The wild deer trip; and, often turning, gaze
At early passengers.

If deer are disturbed while thus reposing, and separated, the cry of the fawn is heard calling upon its dam, who answers in a plaintive note which is well understood by her offspring, and they meet with evident satisfaction.

Such are some of the scenes which might formerly have been witnessed in the New Forest, and they were such as every lover of nature and forestal scenery must have been delighted with. The forest is also connected with many historical facts of former ages, which made a visit to it peculiarly interesting.

The arguments which have been mentioned for getting rid of the deer in the New Forest, applied equally to those of Whittlebury and Whichwood Forests, and also to Rockingham Forest. The deer have consequently been removed from them, and a great annual expenditure saved. We have heard it stated that the stock of deer belonging to the Crown in the several royal parks and forests formerly amounted to 35,000. In order to make up for the deficiency in the supply of venison for the royal larder, consequent on the removal of the deer from the forests, the stock of deer in Her Majesty's parks has been greatly increased, new regulations adopted, and the supply of venison is now ample.

The ponies which run wild in some of the forests make up in some degree, in a picturesque

point of view, for the loss of deer in the forest glades. Their long manes and tails, their wildness and diminutive size, always excite some degree of pleasure to a traveller through the New Forest more especially. An amiable nobleman, a great breeder of horses, endeavoured a few years ago to procure some New Forest pony mares, to put them to thoroughbred horses, in order to begin *de novo* to produce a stock which, for endurance and size, would be able to compete with the best turf horses, but not one was to be procured, so valuable were the pony mares considered by their owners, for their produce often brings large prices.

Some years ago an animal was exhibited in London said to be a cross between a New Forest pony mare and a stag. It was an odd-looking animal, but whether the fact was as stated, must be left to others to decide; at all events, some few years ago red deer might be seen in large herds about Boldre Wood and Binley Lodges, attended by many of the New Forest ponies.

EDWARD JESSE.

PRESERVED MEATS AND VEGETABLES.

DR. MORGAN has brought under public notice a remarkable method of preserving animal food, by applying the preservative agency *before* instead of *after* the cutting-up of the killed animal into joints. In his capacity as Professor of Practical and Descriptive Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, he has necessarily made himself acquainted with the constituents and action of the animal system; and his plan depends on principles easily to be referred thereto. His method not being the subject of any patent, is open to application in any way for which it may be found suited.

Under any aspect, the matter is an important one, referring as it does to the food of millions of people. The problem is, how to preserve meat good for a great length of time? To understand the bearing of Dr. Morgan's process, we must compare it with four other processes—those of *excluding air*, *excluding heat*, *excluding moisture*, and *throwing in salt*.

Abstraction of air is the process most usually adopted in order to the preservation of *fresh* meat. The theory is, that if no air be present, chemical change can hardly ensue. This process is at least half a century old. When M. Appert introduced it, his plan was to remove the bones from the meat, boil it to a certain intermediate degree, put it into jars, fill up the jars with a soup or jelly obtained from other portions of the same kind of meat,

cork the jars closely, seal the corks air-tight, place the corked jars in cold water, boil the water and its contents for an hour, and then let it cool gradually. The theory here is, that the soup displaces the air in the vacant space of the jar, and that the boiling drives out the remaining air from the interstices of the meat. The air affects dead animal matter chiefly through the agency of oxygen; if the oxygen be kept away, the other components of the atmosphere are nearly inert. Among the various changes introduced since Appert's time, one is, that tin canisters are used instead of earthen jars; and another is, that a minute hole is left in the canister, through which the air may escape while the contents are simmering: the hole being afterwards soldered up. When once the principle is understood, its application is susceptible of amazing extension. All the various kinds of butcher's meat, game of the usual sorts, poultry in still greater variety, fish, made dishes, soups and bouillis, vegetables, concentrated essence of beef, concentrated broths for invalids, are included among these preserved foods. And not only so, but food cooked in various ways is canistered in like manner. For instance, some of the fish is fresh, and some dried; some of the poultry roast, and some boiled; some of the game roast, and some jugged; some of the venison hashed, and some minced; some of the beef and mutton have various kinds of vegetables canistered with them; there are canistered tongue, ham, bacon, kidney, tripe, marrow, as well as cream, milk, and marmalade. It will be seen, therefore, that scarcely any kind of food has been neglected by those who practise this system. Most of these varieties are in canisters containing from one pound to ten pounds each. The prices vary a little according to the state of the market; but preserved soups are generally about 2s. per quart canister, meat and vegetables combined at from 10d. to 1s. 6d. per lb., and vegetables only at 6d. to 1s. If the process be well conducted, the meat will keep for a prodigious time. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, Mr. Gamble had a canister of preserved boiled mutton, which had been prepared for the Arctic Expedition in 1824. It was one of many, some of which had been found good and sweet by Sir John Ross in 1833, and others in an equally eatable state by Sir James Ross in 1849. How far the taste is palatable and pleasant, is another question. When men are wearied with salt meat, or perhaps doubtful whether they can get any meat at all, the canistered provisions are a welcome treasure; but it seems to be admitted that, to persons accustomed to ordi-

nary English fresh meat, the preserved meat is inferior in taste. It is generally found that the meat has lost something of its freshness and flavour, while it has the softness of overdone meat; and in some cases it tastes of the metal.

A great commotion arose in 1852, on the discovery that thousands of canisters of preserved meat were quite unfit for food. The Navy had been supplied by a contractor from Moldavia; he or his agents had been fraudulent, and had put up in the canisters food in an abominable state of impurity, and even substances which were not food at all. The fraud did not in any way affect the merits of the preservative system, but showed how necessary are caution and supervision in its details.

The Jurors on the Food Collection at the International Exhibition in 1862 reported, that no very marked improvements had been made since the date of the former Exhibition in 1851. Among minor changes were the following:—As in the usual mode of preserving in tins, there is sometimes a little air left in the vessel, likely to prove an agent towards decomposition, Messrs. M'Caul have adopted a plan of introducing about twelve grains of sulphite of soda to every pound of meat. In order that the sulphite shall be isolated until the air is expelled, and the case soldered down, the salt is inclosed in a tin capsule soldered to the inside of the top of the canister; two small holes in the capsule are plugged with fusible metal, which melts at a few degrees above the temperature of boiling water. When the contents are steamed during the ordinary process of preparing, the fusible metal melts, and the sulphite of soda flowing out absorbs from the contents of the case any remnant of air or oxygen that may be in it. The prolonged steaming of the food before the canisters are soldered down often gives to it an objectionable amount of over-cooking; and to obviate this is one of the objects of Messrs. M'Caul's invention—one, indeed, among many different plans for the same purpose.

Messrs. Jones and Trevethick have introduced a mode of preserving meat in the *raw* state, without any necessity for preserving a vacuum in the canisters. The meat, in this mode of preparation, is wrapped up in cloth, inclosed in a tin canister, and soldered down. From the top of the canister there projects a short tube, which is placed in connection with an air-pump. The air is pumped out, and a charge of pure nitrogen driven in; this is soon afterwards pumped out, and a minute dose of gaseous sulphurous acid driven in. Finally, another charge of nitrogen is driven in, and the canisters soldered down. The effect of the

sulphurous acid is to combine with the minute trace of oxygen which remains in the canisters; while the nitrogen (a very inert gas) prevents the collapse of the vessel through atmospheric pressure. The nitrogen for this process is obtained from the atmosphere by a simple process which absorbs the oxygen. Mutton, beef, ham, fish, poultry, and game are preserved in this way very completely; and although it is said the fresh meat acquires a rather bright red tint from the action of the gases upon the flesh, the flavour is not affected thereby. Having been subject to no action of heat or of salting, the viands are ready to be cooked in the ordinary way.

The mode of keeping meat sweet by varnishing or glazing it depends really on the same principle as that of preserving it in air-tight canisters, viz., excluding the atmospheric air. Eggs varnished so as to exclude the air have been known to retain the vital principle in the chick for many years. Many families butter the outside of their eggs to preserve them. It is, however, not a very practicable plan for articles less simple in form, because of the difficulty of thoroughly coating the chinks and inequalities, thereby exposing certain spots to taint. Another plan is, to take advantage of the preservative action of *cold*, which prevents chemical change from ensuing. Dogs willingly ate of the flesh of a large animal which was found imbedded in snow in Siberia, and which Cuvier believed to be antediluvian. Fish and poultry are kept fresh for an amazing time in Russia in winter, simply owing to the preservative action of cold. Ice put into salmon-boxes and into the wells of fishing vessels preserves the fish from taint until it can be fairly brought to market. As the canistering and the varnishing are to keep out air, and the use of snow and ice to keep out heat, so do many of the preservative processes depend on the exclusion of moisture. This is effected in a multitude of different ways. All the modes of curing hams, tongues, and bacon depend on the expulsion of moisture. Sometimes the meat is dried until this expulsion is complete; sometimes the drying is only partial, and the preservative action of salt or sugar is employed to do the rest. Red herrings and dried fish of every kind belong to this class. M. Broccière, a Frenchman, has devised a mode of drying the serum of blood, and mixing the coagulum with other substances to form a kind of cake for food. Masson's preserved vegetables are dried at a temperature of about 110°, until they have lost seven-eighths of their weight, and are then pressed forcibly into the form of cakes, which remain good for a great length of time: the

French sailors are said to enjoy these vegetables very much. Chollet's vegetables are preserved nearly in the same way. The American meat-biscuit is made by concentrating all the nutriment of good beef, mixing it with a small portion of flour, and preparing it into flat cakes or biscuits; when wanted for food, the biscuit is dissolved in hot water, boiled to a soup, and seasoned at pleasure. This is not exactly dried meat, but it is the dried *essence* of meat. A simple method of preserving meat for sea-stores is the following:—The meat is cut into slices weighing a few ounces each, steeped for five minutes in a vessel of boiling water, and dried on a network at a temperature of about 120° F.; the liquid or soup formed by steeping the meat is next evaporated to the state of a thick varnish, to which a little spice is added. The dry pieces of meat are dipped into gravy, and dried again; and this dipping and drying are repeated two or three times. The slices of meat will thus remain good for a year or two. The *pemmican* of the North American Indians, and the dried beef of South America, are only different modes of preserving some at least of the nutritive qualities of meat by expelling the moisture. The public has just been a good deal interested by an announcement that this dried beef can be obtained in England at three pence per pound—in a state suitable for making stews, minces, soups, and broths.

In most of the above-named processes the meat or other food is preserved in a fresh state; not, it is true, so fresh as ordinary butcher's meat, but fresher than that which is familiarly known among us as *salt beef* and *pickled pork*. These latter are, however, at present, more important than any of the former in reference to our own country; owing to the fact that sailors when out at sea on service depend upon salted or pickled meat for their daily portion of animal food. Of course roasting and baking, frying and broiling, are out of the question here; such meat must be boiled; and it is a circumstance to be lamented that seamen have hitherto been confined so much to this kind of food. The Government make large contracts for the supply of barrelled provisions. The plan usually adopted in large salting or curing establishments is nearly as follows. After the animals have been killed in the customary way, and properly prepared, the meat is cut up into pieces of uniform weight, beef in 8 lb. pieces, and pork in 4 lb. (if for Navy stores), rubbed with salt, and exposed to the action of dry salt in tanks for a period varying from one week to three weeks, according to circumstances. The moisture, the albumen, and

other constituents of the meat form a brine with the salt; and the result is, that many of these substances are drawn out, and salt driven in. The meat is then packed in barrels with large crystallised salt, a head or overplus of the salt being placed at each end. If the meat be good when salted, the process properly done, the storing on board ship careful, and the cooking careful also, salt beef or pork will remain eatable for a very long period; but if any of these conditions fail, poor Jack is the sufferer.

It will thus be seen, that in the various modes of preparing meat for long keeping, the cut-up pieces are subjected to divers processes, according as the immediate agency is to be the exclusion of air, the drying-up of moisture, the protection from heat, or the introduction of salt. We shall now be the better able to understand the proposed new method.

Dr. Morgan's process is purposely so planned as to retain in the meat certain elements which are abstracted from it in the ordinary mode of salting. He objects strongly to the excessive use of salt meat at sea. He asserts that the longer the meat remains in brine, the more the nutritive qualities are abstracted from it; and that the injury is due, not to the presence of the salt, but to the absence of the natural juices. He quotes Liebig's opinion, that in the salting of meat, "when pushed so far as to obtain brine, a number of substances are withdrawn from the flesh which are essential to its constitution; and that it therefore loses in nutritive quality in proportion to this abstraction." The removal of the liquid elements of flesh is such, that, according to Sir Gilbert Blane ("Diseases of Seamen"), the salt meat after some months "has no more nutrition than saw-dust, or the bark of a tree;" and according to Armstrong ("Naval Hygiene"), "ornaments may be cut out of the meat, resisting the knife like wood." Mr. Hammond, Surgeon-General to the United States Army in 1863, has corroborated the statement that salt meat is not fit for regular daily food; and that its unfitness is due, not to the presence of the salt, but to the absence of the juices. Dr. Morgan adduces the celebrated experiments of the French Academicians, in which they fed dogs on meat containing various amounts of the natural juices. Some fed on raw meat, retained their strength longer than others fed on boiled meat from which all moisture had been pressed out. In other words, the natural juices of meat are as necessary as the solid portions, to fulfil all the proper duties of food. Dr. Morgan therefore decided on the plan of returning to the

meat some of the elements which it loses in ordinary salting. Healthy meat contains water, albumen, phosphoric acid, lactic acid, creatine, various salts of potash, and other soluble ingredients; and he gives back some of these to the meat. The mode of proceeding is pretty much as follows. The animal is killed by a blow on the head, causing instant death. It is then turned on its back, the chest opened, and the pericardium, containing the heart, opened. The right side of the heart, into which all the venous blood enters, is seen distended. Incisions are made into each ventricle; and a pipe furnished with a stop-cock at the outer end is passed through the incision in the left ventricle into the aorta, where it is temporarily fastened. The outer end of the pipe is connected with an india-rubber tube twenty feet long, which leads up to a tank or cistern placed high enough to get a good hydraulic pressure. Brine, with a little saltpetre added to it, is allowed to rush down from the tank through the tube and pipes into the heart of the slaughtered animal; five gallons in this way passing through the smaller vessels clears them, entering the system at one side of the heart, and leaving it at the other. The tank is now supplied with another liquid, which rushes into the heart by the same hydraulic pressure as before. But now a change of arrangement takes place. One incision in the heart is closed by a clip or clamp; and as the smaller vessels have been cleared of blood, the liquid, by the pressure and the capillary action, is forced through every part of the animal, and can be seen diffusing itself if any incision be made for examining it. This is in itself a very curious process, showing how wonderfully a liquid will find its way throughout the whole animal structure, if the blood is removed from the vessels, and hydraulic and capillary action immediately brought into requisition. Dr. Morgan selects for the injecting liquid such component ingredients as seem to him best fitted to retain the nutritive qualities in the meat. Brine, nitre, sugar, spice, and phosphoric acid are the chief among these ingredients. The sugar is said not only to aid in the preservation of the meat, but to improve the flavour, and to keep the flesh soft. The salt, the phosphoric acid, and the other components of the liquid, all have their several offices to fulfil, in relation to organic chemistry. About one gallon of the liquid is used to a hundredweight of meat. The animal, thus prepared in every pore, is cut up into 8 lb. pieces, ready for casking in the usual way, or for preserving in dry salt, or for drying in a heated room.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts, when Dr. Morgan explained his plan, he stated that

the process occupies only three minutes for the first stage, and a little less for the second; that the apparatus is very inexpensive; that the operation can be learned and practised by any one very easily; and that as no rubbing with salt or sugar, or further manipulation, is necessary, a vast saving of labour and time results. Sir E. Belcher, who was present at the meeting, gave some valuable information as to the use of sugar in preserving meat. "When the expedition under my command was about to proceed to the north, I obtained permission from the Admiralty to have a considerable portion of the provisions cured in my own way, *i. e.*, with sugar. The meat was rubbed with sugar, till it absorbed it to a great extent, and a coating like varnish was formed on the surface. It was also rubbed with salt, and packed dry. I had eight casks prepared in this way in February, 1852, and in July of the same year gave my officers good beef-steaks from that meat. On the two following Christmas days they had roast beef from it; and after five years and eight months I sent a round of beef to the Admiralty, in good fresh condition, with good fat on it." This, be it observed, was not *salt* beef; it was fresh, fit for broiling, frying, or roasting. Sir Edward spoke very highly of the beneficial effects of sugar-curing, and advised Dr. Morgan to increase the proportion of that substance in his injecting liquid.

Dr. Morgan showed the actual process in the lecture-room, by means of a whole sheep recently slaughtered. A bucket of brine was raised to a height of about twelve feet, and a tube connected with it was inserted into the heart of the animal; and in three or four minutes the brine and the blood emerged from the heart at another orifice, the former having literally chased the latter through the whole circulatory system, and expelled it.

The importance of preserving the brine of salted meat was dwelt upon by Dr. Marcet, in a paper read before the Chemical Society in November last. He explained how large a quantity of nutritive matter is wasted in the usual mode of heating salt meat. He pointed out how the brine might be preserved, and rendered available for wholesome soup.

MACDHONULL'S CORONACH.

The red sun sleeps in Mora's vale,
Blood-like the peaks are glowing,
While on the wind a mournful wail
Adown the glen is flowing.

O sad and lone the clansmen come—
A proud and stately throng!
The women sing, with woe-worn hum,
Their brother's burial song:—

Now the raven hair is stark,
And the eagle-eye is dark ;
Sleep, Ian, sleep !

O mother's love ! O maiden's pride !
The worms shall kiss thee as their bride ;
Sleep, Ian, sleep !

No more for thee the deer shall start,
Nor feel the arrow in his heart ;
Sleep, Ian, sleep !

No more, with shouts of far delight,
Shalt thou return from reeking fight ;
Sleep, Ian, sleep !



No more shall Mora's echoes ring
While maidens loud thy praises sing ;
Sleep, Ian, sleep !

Thy loved one sits in darkened cave,
And mourns thee—bravest of the brave !
Sleep, Ian, sleep !

Pale Ellen's cheek grows faintly fair ;
She rends her wealth of golden hair ;
Sleep, Ian, sleep !

O mother's love ! O maiden's pride !
Now slumber by thy father's side—
O Ian, sleep !

On gloomy hill-side, red and sere
There rests a lonely grave :
While lay they him, where he may hear
By night the dark sea rave.

And for her love pale Ellen weeps,
Forsaken and alone ;
While Ian on the hill-side sleeps
Beneath the cold, grey stone.

WILLIAM BLACK.

CHARLES WOLFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I have just read in the November Part of ONCE A WEEK* a paper relative to the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the celebrated "Ode to Sir John Moore."

There are a few inaccuracies in the article written by Mr. Gibson, which, as the widow of John Sydney Taylor, Barrister-at-Law, you will perhaps kindly permit me to correct.

Mr. Taylor was the fellow-student and friend of Charles Wolfe at Trinity College, Dublin, and a frequent visitor at the home of the Rev. Mr. Armstrong; to him the letter alluded to was addressed, and *not* to a Rev. John Taylor, as stated by Mr. Gibson.

My husband was the first to claim the authorship for his deceased friend, Charles Wolfe, when it was disputed, in consequence of Captain Medwin's book, in which it was attributed to Lord Byron.

Several letters were written on the subject by Mr. Taylor and published in the columns of the Morning Chronicle.† The controversy attracted great attention at the time, the Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan and other friends of Charles Wolfe taking part in it, and all confirming Mr. Taylor's statement. The lady to whom Wolfe was so tenderly and hopelessly attached was a Miss Grierson, of Dublin: her Christian name was, I believe, *Charlotte*, not *Mary*—she survived her lover many years. I have heard Mr. Taylor mention that Charles Wolfe wrote the "Elegy to Mary," as he thought the words usually sung to the touching air of "Gramachree" were not worthy of that beautiful melody. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall were well acquainted with Mr. Taylor, and would, I feel assured, confirm what I have written on the subject if necessary.

I beg, in conclusion, to apologise for addressing you at such length, but anything relative to such a genius as Charles Wolfe must be interesting not only to Mr. Gibson and yourself, but to all who admire poetic talent.

Yours obediently,

EMMA TAYLOR.

Southwood Hill, Highgate, N., Jan. 14th, 1865.

* See Vol. xi. p. 501.

† The first letter appeared in the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 27, 1824.

CAGOTS.

ALTHOUGH we have borrowed from India a word to designate a wretched being, cast out from the society of his fellow-men, and utterly shunned, down-trodden and despised, we need not have travelled so far to find men who were all that is conveyed to us by the word "Pariah." For "were," we might almost have written "are;" the work of civilisation is slow, and we who know from our journals that in remote districts of our own densely populated country belief in witchcraft still exists, and who some twelve months ago were treated to the spectacle of a bishop gazing into a "crystal globe," need not wonder to find that elsewhere middle-age prejudices and hatreds have survived even to the present day.

Cagots is the most general name for races known under many other designations. Capots, Agots, Gezitas, Gahetes, Gaffoz, Chrétiens, Caccous,—all these and several others are but names differing with time and place for the same despised beings. Under one name or another they were found in France scattered through the old provinces of Béarn and Navarre, Gascony and Guienne, in the south, and through Poitou, Brittany and Maine in the north-west, and in Spain through the Basque Provinces and Navarre. But known now by one name, later by another, the change in appellation brought no amelioration of their wretched lot; Cagous, or Capots, according to the region in which they dwelt, the persecution they endured was the same. Leaving aside these different names and minor local customs, let us look at the common lot of the despised races to which usage has given the general name of Cagots.

Our first glimpse of them, far back in the middle ages, shows them to us in the Province of Béarn, which corresponds with the department of the Basses Pyrénées as we now see it on our maps. Here we find them forming a sort of corporation, proscribed and without rights, and only known to us by the prohibitions which a cruel law directed against their assumption of an equality with the rest of the inhabitants. From the ancient documents which exist nothing can be gleaned as to their origin. From them, however, we learn the conditions under which they were compelled to live.

Thrust out from the society of their fellow-men, they were forced to build their huts at a distance from towns and villages, whither they were hardly allowed to repair, except in the exercise of the trades of carpenters or thatchers, almost the only ones they were permitted to follow, or unless when carrying the wood, which they were obliged to cut without recom-

pense. Regulations were at times formed expressly to prevent their adoption of certain trades, as, for instance, that of miller; and under no pretence could they enter into commerce, or become members of a profession. Their names, if names they had, were almost forgotten under the general term of reproach which was in every man's mouth, and which the Cagot did not dare to answer, even when it proceeded from the meanest of the people. It was strictly forbidden to the Cagots to walk barefoot in the streets, and they were enjoined, on meeting another passenger, to keep as much as possible on the edge of the road till he had gone by. Under no circumstances were they to enter a tavern, or to touch anything pertaining to it. To sell pigs, or any food, was forbidden to them; and they were only permitted to drink at fountains set apart for their sole use. "There is scarcely a village in the Pyrenees," says M. Michel, "in which may not still be found the traditional 'Cagot's well.'" They were not allowed to mingle in the public dances, and in some instances were actually forbidden to speak to other men. On the Monday alone, of all the days in the week, were they allowed to make purchases. Under such treatment it is not surprising to find that the Cagot was generally wretchedly poor, living from hand to mouth, and the slave of all. Even if one became at all rich, it was rarely that his children inherited his substance, with the exception of his furniture, which every one else would have shunned as if infected with the plague.

From this wretched lot no Cagot could hope to escape. There was no chance of his becoming confounded with the mass of the population. The registrar rarely forgot in his entries to distinguish a Cagot, and a gradual absorption into the rest of the people was next to impossible. A father would a thousand times rather have seen his daughter beg than give her in marriage to one of this hated race. The Cagot was forced to marry in his own class; and when one who, by industry and intelligence, had become rich and conspicuous took a wife, the union was always celebrated in a satirical ballad. That the Cagots might be known at a glance to all men, they were strictly enjoined to bear on their garments a distinguishing mark; and a piece of red cloth, in the form of the foot of a goose, and fastened on their dress below the left arm-pit, drew on them the attention and loathing of every passer-by.

What was the cause of this popular detestation of the Cagots? Was it a difference in religion? In our age, tolerant, perhaps through indifference, let us hope through enlightenment, it is difficult to realise fully the hatred caused

by an opposition to the popular religious belief, when the Church was a power before which even kings trembled, and when the glorious fabrics she raised which still strike us with wonder and awe, attested the possession of all that the age which produced them knew of arts and sciences. We can, nevertheless, understand faintly the mingled terror and hatred with which men would regard the Jews, for instance,—the descendants of the murderers of Him after whom all civilised Europe called itself—feelings which led to the adoption of the wildest and most absurd beliefs with regard to that people. But no such grounds existed for the hatred of the Cagots, who were faithful if despised adherents to the common religion. A small door in the churches was reserved for their use—reserved, for a man of another race would have deemed it a degradation to enter the building by the door of the accursed Cagots. They took the holy water from the vessel appropriated to their use; they worshipped humbly in the place set apart for them; and although priests at one time actually refused to confess them, they were firm in their allegiance, and some of their most energetic struggles were undertaken to place themselves on the same spiritual footing with other men in that church which almost refused to accord religious ceremonies to their dead.

Whatever the original cause of the hatred in which the Cagots were held, all knowledge of it had faded away before the time at which we first discover them. But good haters will make reasons where none exist, and there was no difficulty in a superstitious age in forging plenty of the best possible kind. As the most horrible calumnies were circulated against the Jews, till people really believed the execrable things invented perhaps as a pretext for plundering those against whom they were directed, so did the Cagots come to be the object of the most unfounded stories. They were reputed to be lepers, and were so called, in fact, in the earliest document which has come to light. It is this belief which explains many of the regulations of which we have spoken, and which were evidently intended only for the avoidance of contagion. Ambroise Paré, the father of French medicine, not finding the outward marks of leprosy on the Cagots, invents a category expressly for the purpose of putting them into it by themselves.

But this belief, although wide-spread and accepted by some men of science, had been shown to be groundless. In 1460 the State of Béarn, assimilating Cagots to lepers, desired to apply to them in all their rigour the laws bearing on that unhappy class, and to this effect they presented a request to Gaston of

Béarn, that the regulation forbidding Cagots to walk barefoot in the streets might be enforced by piercing with a hot iron the feet of those who disobeyed it. The request was refused, on the ground that the Cagots were not afflicted with any contagious malady. Even had the popular mind been disabused on this point, other grounds of hatred remained; they were magicians and sorcerers; their ears had no lobes; and men averred that when the south wind blew, the veins and glands of the Cagots swelled, and the goose-foot, the terrible mark of reprobation they must never lay aside, bore a changed look. An author, writing in 1579, who does full justice to the ingenuity and laboriousness of the Cagots, nevertheless declares that they have in their face and actions something which renders them detestable, and that in approaching them "one becomes conscious of I know not what evil odour," a charge which the reader of the "Vulgar Errors" need not be reminded was brought also against the Jews. A Cagot, says Ambroise Paré, having a fresh apple in his house during the space of an hour, at the end of that time it was dry and wrinkled, as if it had been for a week in the sun.

These prejudices having once taken hold of the popular mind, and having become embodied in legends, it was in vain that their utter groundlessness was shown. Generous voices were from time to time raised in behalf of the Cagots. Noguez, a physician of the king of Béarn, having analysed the blood of some Cagots, declared it to be good and "commendable;" and Hévin, a celebrated lawyer, actually obtained a decree of the Parliament, placing them on an equality with other men. The law which had so long persecuted the Cagots was at last on their side. In 1606, the Parliament of Toulouse ordered an inquiry, which was conducted by two doctors of medicine and two surgeons, who examined twenty-two persons, all Cagots, and found them quite free from all trace of any malady which might render their separation from other men desirable. All these efforts had, however, at the best but a very partial success in out-rooting the popular prejudices against the Cagots; gradual enlightenment was their most efficient ally. The great Revolution of 1789 brought them some relief. They profited by the disturbed state of affairs to destroy the documents which pointed them out; but even when the writings had disappeared, tradition often preserved the name of a family as belonging to the hated race.

The civilisation of our own day has not acted equally in all parts. The old prejudices have quite disappeared in certain regions; and

there are no longer any Oiseliens or Marrons, races like the Cagots, but less considerable and not so well known. In other parts the old hatred has not yet wholly died out, and some of our readers may be surprised to learn up to how recent a time it was still in full vigour. In 1817 the Spanish government passed a law, forbidding the application to any one of the word Agot; and in 1840 certain of this race were compelled to appeal to the ecclesiastical tribunal of Pampeluna to obtain equal participation with others in the ceremonies of the church. It was only in 1843 that the suit was decided in their favour. M. Michel, when making a tour in the Cagot districts preparatory to writing his work on the "Accursed Races of France and Spain," published in 1847, found that horror of the Cagots still existed in parts. He says, "The only inconvenience I encountered was that I was sometimes taken for an Agot" (he is writing of Spain) "by those who were misled by my light hair and eyes. It would have fared much worse with me had I attempted to obtain any information from the Agots themselves. Now, as formerly, the people look with a very evil eye on strangers who converse with these unhappy beings."

And what was the origin of these despised races of men? How had they drawn on themselves the hatred which even yet clings to them? Few problems have exercised greater ingenuity than these. We have said that the early documents which have reference to the Cagots throw no light on these questions; and in the absence of all certain knowledge, numerous conjectures have been made, and different theories have at various times secured favour.

The earliest solution offered was a biblical one, which quietly disposed of the whole question. The Cagots were descendants of Gehazi, the unrighteous servant who went forth from the presence of Elisha as white as snow with the leprosy, which was to cleave to him and to his seed for ever; and lepers the Cagots were accordingly, dwelling apart from the rest of mankind, "so heavy is the hand of God upon them; so true is his word." This alleged descent was urged against those Cagots, who, in the fourteenth century, applied to the Pope for the spiritual rights which had been refused to them, and it was contended that their separation from other Christians dated from that time.

Another theory, which presented more substantial grounds to respect, declared the Cagots to be the descendants of Goths, who, spreading themselves over Aquitaine and La Vasconie, had exercised such cruelty that the inhabitants rose against them, and drove out all but a few.

They and their descendants were the object of a bitter hatred, called forth by recollections of past suffering.

A third theory, originating in 1640 with Pierre de Marca, made the Cagots of the Pyrenees and of Gascony, the only ones he knew, the descendants of Saracens, and for the next century this was the opinion generally received. But the existence, long unsuspected, of other races in far-off districts, but whose condition and names offer striking resemblances to those of the Cagots of the south of France, has to be taken into account by those who now attempt to solve a problem to the difficulties of which this and other discoveries are felt to have added.

M. Michel, whose work exhausts all that is known on the subject of the Cagots, has his own theory. He makes them descendants of Spanish refugees, who accompanied Charlemagne in that withdrawal over the Pyrenees rendered for ever memorable by the glorious deeds in the Pass of Roncesvalles of the Paladin Roland; deeds which for eleven centuries have inspired troubadour and poet. To M. Michel's book we must refer the reader for the arguments, supported by immense research, brought forward to support the theory. If we may venture to say that they do not satisfy us, we are only giving expression to an opinion that the origin of the Cagots, one of the most curious problems in the by-paths of history, is destined to remain unknown. Each age as it has passed has dropped an additional veil over a mystery which we do not think even all the research and science of modern times will ever clear up. Many future generations will turn back to look at the miserable existence of the Cagots as a melancholy example of the folly and prejudice of men. Let us hope that even in the next the mysterious stamp of malediction which has clung to them for so long will have become wholly historical.

ALFRED MARKS.

"A TIME FOR ALL THINGS."

I.

WHAT will the dawning bring to me,
Or store of joy, or care?
I reck not; in our May-tide glow
All things must needs seem fair.

II.

For hopeful youth discerns a star
Beneath the blackest gloom;
Then why so oft unripe the fruit
Born of so sweet a bloom?

III.

Why? 'Tis because the blossom forced
Ere Nature's own set time
Conceiveth, but ne'er brings to birth
The fruit of golden prime.

IV.

So he who seeketh to forestall
Great Heaven, the attempt shall rue:
But he who waiteth Heaven's good time
Shall make his "talent" two.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE SECOND SON OF COLUMBUS.

FERNANDO COLON, the second son of the great Columbus, has scarcely received the full meed of praise which is due to his worthy deeds, and to the beneficence of his character. Washington Irving has, indeed, eulogised him as the first biographer of his father. He speaks of Colon's narrative of the "Life and Actions of the Admiral Christopher Columbus" as "an invaluable document entitled to great faith, and one that is the corner stone of the history of the American continent."

Colon had, however, prepared for himself a more conspicuous monument in the *Columbine* or "Columba of Seville." This is an extensive and valuable library that is kept in the Moorish wing of the cathedral of that city. Mr. Inglis and other travellers have spoken of the library, without appearing to be aware of the deeply interesting personal interest associated with it, or of the special circumstances attending its establishment. A more recent traveller, M. de Latour, in his "Études en L'Espagne," has narrated the history of the *Columba*, and described the personal characteristics of its worthy founder. He is indebted to the "Chronicles of Seville," by Ortiz de Zuniga, for the following succinct biographical particulars relating to Colon:—"Died to-day, July 12th, 1536,* in this city, Don Hernando Colon, son of Admiral Christopher Colomb, a person distinguished by his superior merit in arms and in letters. He was born at Cordova, of a noble mother,† his father being left widower in August, 1487, as appears from original documents in possession of our holy Church. He (Ferdinand) was, in his early youth, page to the Catholic Queen Isabella, and afterwards to Prince Don Juan. He many times followed his father and elder brother, the Admiral Don Diego, into the Indies, where they suffered cruel misfortunes, and since then he travelled with the Emperor Charles V. in Italy, Flanders and Germany. In the course of these travels and of other journeys that he undertook himself, he traversed the whole of Europe, and a great part of Asia and Africa, enriching himself with

* Washington Irving says 1539.

† Dona Beatrix Enriquez; but it does not appear that a regular marriage was celebrated: the date of her decease was five years before the first voyage of Columbus to America.

knowledge and the choicest books, of which he gathered more than 20,000 into this city, where he peaceably passed the last years of his life. There, with the permission of the Emperor, he desired to establish an academy and a college of mathematics, of which the study is so important for navigation." Before this latter design could be fully developed, Colon died, being then only fifty years of age. The naval academy of Seville now located in the beautiful building of St. Elmo is generally spoken of as being founded by Colon; but St. Elmo was not erected until several years after his death, and there is little evidence to connect it with any plan of his own, as there is in the case of the library.

In the will of Fernando Colon as relating to the library, there is shown an anxiety to perpetuate the family name, similar to that set forth in the voluminous testament of his illustrious father. He chose as his heir Don Luis Colon, his nephew, son of the Admiral Don Diego; and to him, in the first place, the library was bequeathed. With it a considerable amount of property was devised, from which the testator required that a large sum should be set aside on behalf of the library. The money was directed to be applied yearly in three separate portions:—for repairing the books; for the expense of their custody, and the salary of the librarian; and for the purchase of the best new works that might be published at Rome, Venice, Antwerp, Nuremberg, Paris, and Lyons. In case Don Luis Colon did not accept the bequest, or failed to fulfil its conditions, the will provided that the chapter of the Cathedral should take his place; and in their default the brethren of the convent of Saint Paul should become the legatees. Fernando himself appointed as first librarian the Bachelor Juan Perez, assigning to him a good salary on the condition of five hours' attendance a day.

Fernando Colon, having satisfied himself that he had taken as much care for the preservation of his books as an affectionate father could have done for the maintenance of his children, then made ready for his own decease. His preparations for that event were congenial to the austere dignity of the Spanish character, and in accordance with the fervid, though ostentatious, piety of his age. He sketched a design for his tomb, settled what its cost should be, and wrote his own epitaph in Latin and Spanish. The peaceful course and the studious habits of his later years had wrought in him a serenity of spirit through which he was enabled to foresee the day and almost the hour of his departure. A few hours preceding his death, he desired to be brought to his chamber a number of

poor persons to whom he gave alms, and ministered to with his own hands. Then he desired that ashes should be brought, some of which he sprinkled over his countenance, repeating the words of the Vulgate: *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es* (Be mindful, oh man, for thou art of the dust). Shortly afterwards he expired whilst chanting the *Te Deum*.

The desire of Colon to be buried in the Cathedral of Seville was granted, and his tomb was placed behind the choir. M. Latour very unexpectedly came upon it, walking in the Cathedral, he perceived, amidst its "dim religious light," a slab of white marble, on which the bright colours from one of the "storied windows" glowed with unusual brilliance. On each side of the slab he observed a smaller one, on which were figures of a galley with oars. In the centre of the large slab was the figure of a terrestrial globe bound with a device containing the words: "A Castilla y a Leon nuevo Mundi dio Colon." At sight of this, M. Latour started back, lest he should tread with irreverent feet on the tomb of the great discoverer to whom he knew that motto had been granted. But he at once recollected that, although Columbus died in Spain at Valladolid in 1506, his remains had, in accordance with his own request, been taken to San Domingo, and thence to Havanna, where they now repose. A further examination showed that the tomb was that of Fernando Colon who, as we have already stated, died in 1536, thirty years after the decease of the illustrious navigator. The epitaph, now almost obliterated from the stone, is in the form of an appeal to the passer-by to bestow a passing thought on the departed, though more on his father's account than his own. The sentiments of the epitaph are somewhat as follows:—"What doth it profit me—to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat; to have three times crossed to the New World discovered by my father; to have embellished the shores of the tranquil Boetis,* and preferred my simple tastes rather than riches; or that I have assembled round thee the divinities from the source of Castalia, and offer to thee treasures already gathered by Ptolemy; if, passing in silence over this stone thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory, or to myself a slight remembrance."

It seems probable that Colon intended both his library and the nautical academy to find a home, in a mansion which he had built, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, near the Convent of Saint Laurent. The convent no longer exists; but M. Latour says, that during his stay in Seville he had often heard persons

* The Guadalquiver.

speak of "the orchard of Colon." Thinking that he might by starting from the ruins of the convent make out the site of Colon's mansion, he one day sauntered up the banks of the Guadalquivir. When opposite to the Chartreuse monastery, a conspicuous object on the other side of the river, he looked round and observed a very large American sapota tree not far from the spot where he then was. Making his way towards it, he saw that it stood at one corner of a sort of embanked enclosure at the entrance to which sat three peasant women spinning. In answer to M. Latour's inquires they spoke with ready familiarity of the ancient orchard as *el huerta de Colon*. Inside the enclosure cattle were peacefully reclining in the shelter of the ancestral tree, one that had no doubt descended from seed or sprig brought from America by Colon himself. Not a trace of any house could M. Latour discover; but he found it easy to imagine the retired navigator seated in studious ease as he gazed on the vessels, which, in those days, used to glide down the Guadalquivir on their adventurous voyages to those distant seas, in which Colon, when only thirteen, had sailed with his father the first Admiral of the Indies. On the side of the enclosure next the river it is bordered with a low green hedge, and from the other the view is bounded by the battered walls and orange groves of Seville.

At the time of Colon's decease his nephew and legatee, Don Luis, was in the Indies, and it does not appear that he ever claimed the legacy. The brethren of Saint Paul were more vigilant. They speedily removed the library from the mansion of Colon to their own convent, thereby securing in their favour those "nine points of the law" which are proverbially of so much importance. So it proved in this case, for though the chapter of the Cathedral put in their claim of priority, they only succeeded in establishing it after a law-suit of fifteen years' duration. Then the library was removed from the convent in triumph to the Cathedral, and placed in the Moorish wing, where it now remains. During the removal of the library, it is probable that many of the works were lost. Zuniga speaks of more than 20,000 volumes as having been collected by Colon; and it is said that the library was increased at the accession of several of the canons of the Cathedral, though not annually, as the will of the founder directed. Mr. Ford says that, when about the beginning of this century the library was cleansed and re-arranged, it contained about 18,000 volumes. M. Latour states the present number as about 35,000.

There was a completeness and foresight in the design of Colon as regards this library,

which, more than the money value of his bequest, reflects honour on his intellect and character. He intended it to be a *free* library that should be open to the whole of Spain. In this sense, he addressed a letter to Philip II., commending the gift to his sovereign care as custodier for the nation. There is no record that Philip took any trouble to give effect to the beneficent design of Colon. But the donor himself had arranged and partially worked upon a plan, by which the whole of his countrymen might participate in the advantages of his collection. He proposed to deposit in each of the principal towns of Spain, a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of all the works in the library. By this means, students throughout the country could inform themselves as to the contents of the books, and indicate to copyists, or to their friends at Seville, the particular portion of any works from which they desired passages to be selected. The necessity for such a plan illustrates the difficulties of study in an age when the reproduction of works was very expensive, and locomotion restricted. Its conception by Colon is an evidence of the generous spirit in which he offered his gift, and how far before his age he was in the desire to popularise knowledge. Washington Irving speaks of a work in four books, written by Fernando Colon, but which has since been lost. Now, it is probable that these are the four volumes of the analytical index which Colon is known to have prepared. M. Latour believes that the four folio volumes of this catalogue are still to be found in the library. It is to be hoped that some studious tourist who may visit the Columba of Seville, will endeavour to verify this surmise, and give to the public some specimens of Colon's bibliographical judgment.

Several of the older books in the Columba contain marginal annotations by Fernando Colon; and all the volumes collected by himself bear on the last page a record of the original price, and of the cost of rebinding them. Thus in a copy of Seneca, Colon has written:—"This book bought at Valladolid in May, 1518, cost me four reals, and two for rebinding, which makes six reals. It has been registered under the number 478." He then states when and where he began and finished the perusal of the book, and how the abstract of it for the catalogue was commenced at Valladolid, and interrupted by his absence from Spain. There are two works in the library, the examination of which can scarcely fail to arouse in the visitor a reverential feeling for the memory of the great Columbus. One of these is the MS. treatise, in his own handwriting, which he composed

with the view, either of propitiating the Inquisition, or of stimulating his royal patrons to the granting of his petitions for assistance. It contains selections from Scripture and the classic writers, of all the prophecies and conjectures which can be thought to indicate the existence of a new world, as then unseen. One of the passages cited is that from the *Medea* of Seneca ("Venient annis" &c.), which Washington Irving has adopted as the motto for his "Life of Columbus." The passage may be rendered as follows:—"There shall come a day after many centuries, when Ocean shall unloose her barriers, and an immense continent shall appear. Thyphis shall show us new worlds, and Thule shall no more be the last horizon of the earth." M. Latour, noticing this selection made by Columbus, turned to the copy of Seneca in the library, and found the following note opposite to the passage, in the handwriting of the son:—"This prophecy has been accomplished by my father the Admiral Christopher Columbus in the year 1492." The other work to which we refer, is a Latin treatise on astronomy and cosmography (*Opuscula Astronomiæ: Petri de Aliaco*), which belonged to Columbus. There is little doubt that this book was the companion of his voyages, and over it in many an hour of deep study and intense anxiety, the glowing countenance of the enthusiast has been bent. The geographical portion of the work has its margins nearly filled with corrections and comments, written in the firm, but small and clear handwriting of Columbus. The notes afford evidence of the vast amount of information possessed by the great navigator, and the delicacy and precision of his habits of observation. The title page of the volume bears a note in the handwriting of Washington Irving.

There are in the Columba several illuminated manuscripts, missals, and ancient books of great archæological value. Amongst these is a Hebrew Bible with a commentary in two volumes; it is exquisitely written by the hand of the Rabbi Solomon of Troyes. This Bible was sent in the early part of the twelfth century by St. Louis to Alphonso the Wise. There is also a large manuscript beautifully written, the authorship of which is attributed to the same learned Alphonso. It is entitled "the Treasure;" and M. Latour describes its contents as suitable to the old title—"Of all known things, and of many others besides." As he glanced over its pages, he was accosted by a strange looking personage, whose visage was almost hidden in his Andalusian cape. The stranger said to M. Latour, "I have read this manuscript, it contains a very convincing

chapter on the Phoenix, a bird long deemed fabulous;" and, forthwith taking the volume from the hands of the astonished visitor, he proceeded to read aloud the account of the Phoenix. The few students who were present looked up at the sound of the loud voice, and smiled as if it were a performance of which they had seen other visitors made the victims. M. Latour listened with patience, until he began to feel as if his senses might succumb to the drowsy and bewildering influence of the Phoenix and its believer. He found that the addle-headed reader was an unemployed government clerk—a numerous class in Spain.

Although Seville is the seat of a large university, there are not, besides the students, many persons of intellectual tastes amongst its population. The visitors to the Columba are few, but it is opened daily, from 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. The Columba occupies the first story of the building, which is almost the only complete example of Saracenic architecture in Spain. The Moorish tower above, whence six centuries ago the "muezzin" of the Moslem used to call the faithful to prayer, is surmounted by the famous Giralda—an ornamental belfry with a lofty vane of later date. Orange trees cluster about the windows of the library gallery, filling the room with the delicious odour from the blossoms, which, as M. Latour says, "mingles itself with the perfume of ancient times exhaled from the old books." Being approached through and intimately associated with the Cathedral, the arrangement and aspect of the library reminds visitors of the old alliance between learning and the Church. The books are kept in cases of glass and mahogany, and occupy ten rows or galleries. Above the book-cases are portraits of distinguished men connected with Seville, amongst whom the most conspicuous are Zuniga, the chronicler of the city, and Murillo, the great painter, who is, indeed, throughout the peninsula, regarded as one of the chief glories of Spain. One gallery is devoted to the portraits of the Archbishops of Andalusia, presided over by a St. Ferdinand painted by Murillo. At the end of the first gallery is a full-length portrait of Christopher Columbus, which was presented by Louis Philippe. It is well that the effigy of the illustrious father should have a conspicuous place, in connection with the enduring memorial wherewith his wise and pious son has sought to perpetuate his name. We trust there is yet awaiting for Spain a future of renewed vitality. When that day comes, no doubt the Columba will be modernised and enlarged, so as to be fitted to fulfil the comprehensive design of its generous and gifted founder.

W. M. Wood.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV. MISS SCOTT PROMOTED, VICE THEO LEIGH, RESIGNED!

"GIVE my compliments to Mrs. Vaughan, and tell her that I shall be over to see her tomorrow," Mr. Burgoyne said, when the two girls were leaving. At this statement of his intentions Sydney elaborated her former indifference, and got up an expression of utter weariness, and Theo blushed scarlet, for he was shaking hands with her as he spoke, and he bestowed more than a warm clasp upon what she still held sacred to Harold Ffrench.

"With Miss Ethel?" Theo asked.

"No," Ethel replied for him, "he has thrown me over for a younger and lovelier, he won't take me."

"But you oughtn't to ride, Mr. Burgoyne, indeed you ought not to ride yet, and you can't drive yourself?" Theo questioned eagerly.

"And you do give me credit for having sufficient good taste to eschew being boxed up in a carriage, or being driven about by a trust-worthy groom like a helpless incurable. Well, you're right, Theo—Miss Theo I mean. I have a friend in the neighbourhood, and he'll tool me over to Hensley, if we shall not bore you."

"You won't do that," Theo answered candidly, and Sydney shrugged her pretty plump shoulders, and said:

"All things are relative, you know, Mr. Burgoyne; most likely you'll be the great diversion of the day at Hensley; you may safely come without fear of falling flat after other brilliant excitements."

"You're very kind," he said, languidly, "but the fact is I'm hardly up to chaff to day; I have been away from the regions of it for a long time," then, while Sydney blushed hotly with the consciousness of having blundered in this her first onslaught upon him, he turned to Theo, and murmured:—

"And I am not so capable of appreciating chaff you see, Miss Theo, as the young heroes whose wits are sharpened by incessant intercourse with garrison-town belles are; your friend is overpowering, teach her to be merciful."

So far he had spoken in a light, almost scoffing way, but now he altered his manner suddenly, and whispered:

"Teach her to be as sweet as you are yourself, if that be possible."

Theo could but think of him as she drove

back to the Vaughans. Sydney ensconced herself in the corner of the car in silence, and did not even ask for the reins this time, for she was seriously put out, she scarcely knew why. Miss Scott maintained an absolute silence too, therefore Theo had full opportunity to think of him, and think of him she did.

He had called her "sweet," and he liked her, and trusted her, and believed her to be what a woman should be! She felt that he did all this; she felt sure of it, for his eyes told her so, and his words and manner corroborated and bore witness to the truth of what his eyes said. While she!—knew that of his rival, Harold Ffrench, which, if known to Lord Lesborough would cause Lord Lesborough to cease from thinking Harold Ffrench "immaculate," as Ethel phrased it. She knew that Harold Ffrench had been what the prejudiced old peer would consider a "defaulter in honour," at the same time she knew that the man who would be injured by the retention of that knowledge, believed her to be frank, and sweet, and true.

"Oh, if Harold would only tell all, and lose all, and brave the blame!" she thought, and her heart went low, and her brow blanched as the fear began to dominate that she had given the first fruits of her heart to a coward.

Better that it should be proved that his deserts were small; better that he should be adjudged and denounced as unworthy, than that he should go on evading judgment and denunciation by keeping silence. While she had thought that it was to gain her love alone that Harold had held his tongue, she had never blamed him once. But now she felt that perhaps there might have been another motive for that secrecy which she had held to be only weak, not wicked! A sordid motive—a motive that it nearly broke her heart to think could actuate the man she loved. Ah! she was all a woman in giving birth to this fear. Every crime under heaven will be of small account in a woman's eyes if the man she loves stops short on the commission of them,—of cowardice and meanness.

You see hers had not been a purely feminine training. She had been an only daughter, an only child, and so the principles of honour that her father would otherwise more assiduously have grafted upon sons, had he had them, were made portions of Theo's education. She

had been her father's companion and confidante all her life, and she had early had a proud appreciation of his renown for courage and honour. To be fearless and to be truthful were such vital points with him, that Theo never deemed it possible that a "gentleman" could shrink from or evade anything. That Harold French had maintained reserve, had shrunk from making the great event of his life public, for the sake of some commercial benefit which might accrue to him were privacy kept, was a bitter thought to a girl who had been taught to brave everything that came in her way without blenching. She would have been horribly shamed to show fear for herself for any less cause than love! Think what she was when she felt that the man she loved had shown it! She would not give the thought words even to herself, but as she drove home from Maddington that day she was miserably conscious of feeling that had it not been for those past passages of hers with Harold she could have loved (as a sister of course, nothing more!) the brilliant, brave, carelessness of Frank Burgoyne.

Will she be deemed very weak, very greedy of that sweet something which she might not reciprocate when I say that Theo felt a throb of something like pleasure when she remembered that Frank Burgoyne had drawn no unfavourable parallel between herself and Sydney Scott. She wanted no more than a sister's quiet love from him, but to have seen that gentle moonlit affection out-blazoned at the first by the sun of passion or admiration for her fair-faced friend would have been painful, very painful. It is easy enough to resign gracefully after a time, but not at first, not abruptly, not till one gets used to the idea of being compelled to do so.

Sydney Scott said very little about her new acquaintances that day, to Theo's relief.

"They're very nice, not a bit snobbish," she remarked, when Mrs. Vaughan asked her if she had not "found the Honourable Misses Burgoyne truly agreeable, and Mr. Burgoyne very different to the majority of the young men one met."

"They're very nice, not a bit snobbish; Different? no, I don't think him exceptional at all; all young men who get petted up as his aunts pet him want taking down; but I didn't remark him much."

Mrs. Vaughan would have liked to have told Sydney that she was not called upon to remark Mr. Burgoyne much, or at all even. She would have much liked to have told her niece's young friend thus much with the point and emphasis, not to say spite, with which she deemed it well elderly ladies should address young ones. But Sydney Scott had the air of

one who might not be attacked with impunity, even for her own ultimate good, therefore Mrs. Vaughan bore this light mention of one of her articles of faith in silence.

"Let us be in out in the garden, if possible, when those men come from Maddington," Sydney said to Theo the following morning; "a state call from them in your aunt's drawing-room and presence would be too much for me."

"We'll be out in the garden when they come, if you like, but don't flatter yourself that we shall be suffered to remain there while they're here; don't you wish to see Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Oh, yes, if he comes in my way, but not under Mrs. Vaughan's auspices, if I can avoid it. I shouldn't feel myself; I should feel at a disadvantage, for I'm certain she will never think anything I do or say nice."

"She has a way of appearing terribly particular, but it's half appearance; she is very kind in reality."

"I could see that she thought me too fast," Sydney began animatedly; "now didn't she, Theo? say, didn't she?"

"No, I don't think she did; she isn't up in the term, and so she is not on the look-out for the quality."

Sydney's animation flagged. She had been more than ordinarily debonair and out-spoken last night, and Mrs. Vaughan had failed to observe it!

"O Theo, don't you wish you were so dowdy, and quiet, and uninteresting that no one would notice you?" she asked presently.

"Indeed I don't," Theo replied heartily, "and you wouldn't find half the pleasure in lamenting being so, that you do in bewailing being quite the reverse."

Which assertion Sydney gravely negatived and questioned, till Theo grew weary of it and bitterly regretted having made it, for nothing that in any way concerned herself was lacking in interest, or immaterial to Miss Sydney Scott.

"I won't drag you out, you'll like to be in to see them," Sydney said to Theo, when the hour that Frank had mentioned as the one of his intended call drew near. "I can go out and amuse myself, don't you come."

Sydney had her hat on when she spoke, and a wonderful pair of well-fitting gauntlets, to say nothing of a broad leather belt across one shoulder from which hung suspended a pouch.

"You look as if you had been getting yourself up for a 'specimen collection stroll,' Sydney. Where are you going? Wait, and I'll come too."

"No, don't, no, please don't, for why should you? This means nothing: one always wears certain things in the country whether one wants them or not; I shall just rove about till your aunt's grand guests have been and gone; don't you come, you'll be wanted."

She walked off, hastily waving her hand to Theo, and evidently meaning the latter to take her at her word and suffer her to go out alone.

"I shouldn't like to miss Mr. Burgoyne, after all," Theo thought. Then she went back into the drawing-room, and sitting down at the window, she suffered her thoughts to play round that "all," after which she felt that she would be sorry to miss Mr. Burgoyne.

Sitting there she perceived that Sydney, after all her elaborate preparations towards avoiding the expected guests, was taking the only path by which it was possible they could reach the vicarage. "Stupid of her!" Miss Leigh thought; "however, she can just bow, and pass on when she meets them. I wonder who'll be with him."

She felt a bright colour rush over her face as she caught herself thinking of "him" thus, and remembered how he had pressed her hand unreprieved, and found occasion to tell her that she would have had the power to make him a different fellow had he met her before. Then, while the colour was at its brightest, her aunt came into the room radiant, and told Theo that her complexion was vastly improved, and that she heard a horse's trot coming along the Maddington Road. Which combined information rendered the colour permanent, and caused her explanation of Sydney's absence to be rather rambling and vague.

Mrs. Vaughan had entered the room radiant, for she liked the idea well of the young heir of Maddington paying his devoirs at Hensley at this early stage of his recovery. But minutes passed, and she grew less radiant, and after a time she grew very impatient.

"Just half an hour since I heard a horse coming along that straight bit of road from the Maddington turn; they might have been here over and over again," she exclaimed angrily, looking at Theo as if Theo were answerable for the delay.

"Perhaps it was not them after all."

"Stuff and nonsense, child! who else, can you please to tell me, would be coming along that straight bit of road from the Maddington turn, eh?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Then don't talk about things you don't understand," Mrs. Vaughan rejoined loftily. "I wish you would break yourself of that habit you have of setting up your judgment in opposition to everybody else's, Theo."

Theo having nothing to reply to this the pair relapsed into silence again for yet another dismal ten minutes. At the expiration of these minutes Mrs. Vaughan solemnly announced her belief that the horse whose trot she had heard at the Maddington turn had fallen down, and done fresh damage to Mr. Burgoyne.

"At all events we will put something on our heads and run down to the gate, and look along the road, Theo," she said excitedly.

"Very well, I'll get my hat, not that we shall do any good by going."

"Pray permit me to be the judge of that; no, don't stay to get your hat, this will keep the cold from your head," and as she spoke, before Theo could interpose an objection, Mrs. Vaughan had enveloped her niece's head in a small shawl of ill-conditioned texture and unbecoming hue.

"Keep it nice and close under your chin,—stay, I'll put a pin in for you," the energetic old lady continued. So Theo, after the feeblest remonstrance, submitted to an arrangement that was not comfortable enough to reconcile her to its unbecomingness. Theo felt that she looked very plain in that wretched little brown shawl, and that her abnegation of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world was complete indeed as she walked soberly along the drive by the side of her aunt.

The gate was closed, but they opened it, and passed through, Mrs. Vaughan still apparently hopeful of coming across some pieces at least of the Honourable Mr. Burgoyne. About ten yards from the vicarage garden gate there was a hazel-nut copse, and immediately against this copse they saw, not pieces only, but Mr. Burgoyne intact.

The dog-cart was drawn up to the side of the road, and Miss Sydney Scott stood by the horse's head, patting his nose, and calling him "good boy" and "poor fellow, then," and asking him, "was he a nice horse?" after the most approved feminine fashion. By her side Mr. Burgoyne stood, breaking the husks away from nuts, which, when thus far prepared, he handed to her; and inside the hedge, assiduously gathering the nuts for the pair outside, was a man, whom Theo with a start and, no, not "a stifled cry,"—stifled cries are not uttered in real life—recognised to be Mr. David Linley. She could but feel the full force of the unbecomingness of the abominable little shawl as she came abruptly upon this road-side picture.

"My friend Mr. Linley—allow me to introduce Mr. Linley, Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Leigh—met an old acquaintance in Miss Scott, and insisted on getting down to gather her some nuts; I was powerless to drive on by myself," Frank said, making an effort to look as though

he did not think that Theo would think that he was transferring his half-sworn allegiance from herself to another.

Mixed feelings agitated Theo. It was hard to meet Linley again, hard to mark that the feeling Frank had been apparently ready to develop but yesterday for her had veered away to Sydney, hard to have that shawl upon her head! that odious little shawl, so unbecoming in hue and texture and arrangement.

She had not encouraged the development of that aforesaid feeling as she might have done in all maidenly dignity. And she had resolved to encourage it even less in the future. Still, for all this resolve, a sense of disappointment came over her as she marked that the resolve would be no more tried. When we have elaborately armed against temptation it is disappointing not to be led into it!

Sydney Scott looked up, beaming and bright; devotion always pleased her, and some show of it had been made this morning by the man who had played at absolute indifference with her yesterday. Her coming out along this road had not been altogether purposeless, and yet she had not aimed at that which she had attained. She had merely desired to show herself to them apparently regardless of their coming: to show herself prettily dressed, bright, fair, and fresh as the morning, and at the same time to show them that this charming combination of dress and good qualities was not mindful of them at all, but was actually conveying itself away from sheer indifference.

This had been her motive in coming out, but the motives of the majority of girls are susceptible of change, and Sydney was no exception to the rule. When she met the dog-cart and found that the friend of whom Frank Burgoyne had made light mention the previous day, was no other than her own acquaintance, Mr. Linley, she came to a halt, and brought her hand to her hat with a graceful gesture of salutation that reminded them of a pretty page, and compelled them to stop.

Miss Scott had looked forward to a meeting with Mr. Linley at Hensley with pleasure, while she had deemed that there would be no one else. But now, since she had seen Frank Burgoyne and found him possessed of that tawny beauty that she specially affected, Linley's age and plainness recurred to her in all its force, and she began to hope that "Theo would take him off, and leave her the other."

She told them that she had come out to explore, because it was impossible for her to keep in the house when there was anything new to be seen, or any nuts in the neighbourhood to be had. After a moment or two she appended

frank regret that she should have done so this morning. "As you were coming," she continued, looking at Frank, who responded by jumping down from the trap at once and declaring that he too would earn his nuts by honest toil.

"We had better go on and put up the horse, hadn't we?" Linley asked. He wanted to see Theo, and to see how she acted upon Frank, and how something that he had to tell would act upon her. Pretty Sydney Scott was all very well, but he had not taken the shooting-box at Lownds for the purpose of witnessing Frank Burgoyne and that young lady eat nuts towards a better understanding.

"We'll go on directly—lots of time," Frank rejoined. "Here, be a good fellow and just pop over this fence, and get some of those nuts for Miss Scott."

"For you to help her to eat them,—that will be the amount of your honest toil."

"Never do anything for yourself that you can get another fellow to do for you. Yes, hasn't he a handsome head, Miss Scott? Do you like horses?"

"That I do," she replied. And there was no affectation in the warmth this time, for "that she did," thoroughly. Then she saw Linley safely over the hedge, and went on for the benefit of the heir of Maddington alone.

"They never turn round on you and deceive you."

"That depends upon whether you're up in their little ways or not," he said, laughing; then he altered the expression of his eyes, and went on:

"A horse deceive *you*—no! none but an ass could do it. So you had the heart to come out this morning? How done I should have been if I had missed you, which I might have done if you had gone into the wood."

"Yes, if I'd gone into the wood before you passed, we might have missed, mightn't we? What nonsense, though, as if you would have cared! Oh! thank you, Mr. Linley, what clusters! there's another bunch—no, farther on still—that I should so wish to have if you wouldn't mind taking the trouble to get it for me; you can't help seeing it if you walk down, but it's a shame to ask you."

"Not at all, don't mention it," Linley replied grimly. He felt that he was being foiled by this girl of twenty, and he resolved to make her wince for it. He had a trusty ally, before whom this young lady would go down like corn before the reaper.

It was while he was away searching for the cluster that was so difficult to find that Mrs. Vaughan and Theo came up, and Frank made his praiseworthy effort.

It was but for a few minutes that Theo permitted herself the indulgence of feeling sore and wounded for—she knew not what. At the expiration of those minutes she reminded herself that she, who loved another—"God help me and forgive me," she murmured,—could not in reason care for the best of this young man's liking. It is always, however, more agreeable to be the first, always soothing to feel that you are the primary consideration with some one who is present and congenial to you. Of course every true woman is capable of resigning this position to a friend who may legitimately take it. But again, be it acknowledged, that she is not a true woman if she does not feel to some degree the being compelled to do so. It is easy enough to resign gracefully after a time ; but not at first ; not with a shawl adjusted so unbecomingly upon your head that it makes your resignation appear simply a matter of course. No, no ! under such circumstances one does indeed feel it hard to resign.

(To be continued.)

ARAUCARIA IMBRICATA.

Thou smilest not, my Araucarian pine !
No dancing leaves or brilliant tints are thine,
Grave exile from a land beyond the seas :
Rugged and stern thou gazest on the sky
With outstretched arms that none may come too nigh
Save the caressing breeze.

Yet well I know thy heart is warm and true !
What though no autumn gold, no vernal hue,
Give back the glories of the bounteous sun ;
Thou changest not with the revolving year,
Never a leaf drops from thee dry and sere,
Thou keepest them, each one.

And when some bitter frost with icy breath
Sweeps over England, pitiless as Death,
And tips e'en thy strong shoots with dusky brown,
From year to year the record still remains,
The shoot, become a parent branch, retains
That mark of Winter's frown.

The bay, the laurel, seemed to suffer more,
Wretched indeed the aspect that they wore
For one short season, but the next, how soon
They pushed forth emerald shoots all fresh and fair,
With young leaves knowing nought of those that were—
The dead beneath them strewn.

Not so with thee, type of a noble heart,
That will not let one memory depart,
Scarred by its sorrows, yet too proud to pine,
I love thee for those brown leaves here and there,
That tell the story of some cruel year,
O Araucaria mine !

A. D.

A PAGE OF LIFE IN ROME.

MANY a page could I write with the above title. Chronicles of days passed among the marble treasures of the Vatican and Capitol, or the pictorial gems of the Sciarra or Borghese

palaces ; of days spent in wandering among the ruins of old Rome, or in the Campagna, that wondrous waste which surrounds the Eternal City ; of days passed under the gilded and panelled roofs of Sta. Maria Maggiore or St. John Lateran, and many others of the great Roman churches, or dreamed away, sketch-book in hand, on the flowery turf under the glorious stone pines of the Borghese or Panfili Doria ; of days when clusters of Banksia roses toppled over every garden-wall, and when even the "Englishmen and dogs" were driven to the shady side of the street, but when refreshing coolness dwelt beneath the mighty dome of St. Peter's ; of days when the many fountains that usually fill the streets with their murmurous sound were draped with icicles, and when a bitter Tramontana blew from the now snow-covered "purple Apennines," but when a warm and genial air greeted the pilgrim as he pushed aside the heavy leathern curtain that hangs at the door of the "World's Temple." On all these could I dwell, for these are among the scenes with which the memory of every one who has spent six months at Rome is stored ; but on that very account I will not now speak of them, but instead of a beloved haunt of my own, not so well known as the sights catalogued in the pages of Murray to the generality of English tourists—the Costume Academy.

No art-loving visitor to Rome can ever have passed the noble flight of steps which leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the church of the Trinità dei Monti without longing to transfer to his sketch-book the picturesque groups of models who there spend their day, basking in the beams of the wintry sun, and eating those little boiled beans whose yellow husks bestrew every place where the lower class Romans congregate—practising, in short, the "dolce far niente." Beppo, the celebrated lame beggar, is no longer to be seen there, having been banished to the steps of the church of St. Agostino ; but there is old Felice, with conical hat, brown cloak, and bagpipes, father of half the models on the steps. He has been seen in an artist's studio in Paris, and is reported to have performed on foot the double journey between Rome and that capital. There are two or three younger men in blue jackets and goat-skin breeches ; as many women in folded linen head-dresses, and red or blue skirts ; and a sprinkling of children of both sexes, in costumes the miniature fac-similes of their elders. All these speedily learn to recognise a visitor who is interested in that special branch of art which is embodied in models, and at every turn in the street such a one is met by the flash of white teeth and the gracious sweetness of an Italian smile.

It is hardly advisable, however, for the enthusiastic amateur to bring these tempting-looking beings to his own apartments to serve as models. Inconveniences might follow, such as missing various small articles of value, not to speak of a lively population being left behind, glad, doubtless, to exchange the barren pasturage of a tough Roman hide for a fresher English skin. To those who find their art studies in Rome thus beset with difficulties, the Costume Academy will prove an invaluable boon.

We had heard of it from a lady whom we met in Switzerland, but though we lost no time on our arrival in Rome in inquiring about it,



Ciociaro.

six weeks elapsed before our efforts were successful. No one in Rome, except the civil, intelligent, little red-trousered French soldiers, ever knows anything about anything; and we were met on all sides by the regular Roman reply, accompanied by hands thrown out and an indescribable shrug, "*Eh, per Bacco, non saprei dirglielo.*" ("By Bacchus, I am unable to inform you.") Certainly there *was* a Life Academy, but that was—well, not Costume.

At length, by a mere chance we lit upon it; and there from that time were all our evenings spent. Imagine a great barn of a room, with bare rafters and dingy walls half covered with chalk studies of the figure in all possible atti-

tudes. Opposite the door is a low platform with revolving top, and beside it an *ecorché*, or plaster figure bereft of skin, so as to exhibit the muscles. Three ranges of benches, raised one above another, occupy the remainder of the room; and if you were to look in at about eight o'clock on a winter's evening, you would find them tenanted by some twenty or thirty young artists, mostly in their shirt-sleeves, with perhaps three or four ladies, all disposed round the model, who stands upon the platform in one of the picturesque costumes of Southern Italy, with a cluster of eight lamps, intensified by a powerful reflector immediately above his or her unlucky head.



Ciociaro.

At first sight it seems strange to have a drawing academy at night, but the artists, for whose benefit this one is established, are occupied all the day in their respective studios, and could come at no other time. A little while is required for beginners to become accustomed to colouring by an artificial light; but when once this difficulty is surmounted, the depth and decision of the shadows and concentration of the lights make it far easier than drawing by the more diffused light of day.

A Roman would say that the Costume Academy began at two o'clock in the evening. This does not mean that it is held in the small hours of the night, though it sounds like it.

Everything in Rome is in conformity to ecclesiastical rule, and of course the computation of time is not exempt. Instead of dividing the twenty-four hours of the day and night into two twelves, one terminating at noon and the other at midnight, the Romans reckon round the whole twenty-four hours, beginning with the hour after sunset. Sunset is the "twenty-four," or the "Ave" (from the evening "Ave Maria" being then repeated), the first hour after sunset is one o'clock, and so on. This, of course, is constantly varying; in the spring half of the year becoming later and later, and in the autumn half earlier and earlier. Provision is made for this, and in the *Diario Romano*, or *Roman Churchman's Almanack*, you find such notices as the following. In the middle of October, for instance, you find "Ave Maria, ore 5, q. 2," meaning that the "Ave" is then at half-past five. A fortnight later you find "Ave Maria, ore 5, q. 1," for being the declining half of the year, every fourteen days it becomes a quarter of an hour earlier. Thus, by a rough calculation, being always kept to about the time of sun setting, it ranges from five o'clock in midwinter to a quarter past eight at midsummer. Of course the Academy varies with it. When we began attending, about Christmas, it was from seven to nine every evening, but before we discontinued it in the spring, it was from nine to eleven. Appallingly late, but we could not resolve to give it up. It was impossible for the English mind to be prepared for these changes; and we have not unfrequently had the pleasure of sitting for a quarter of an hour on a bench in the passage outside the door of the Academy, owing to not having been aware that the "Ave" that day became later. "*Si cambia quest oggi l'Ave Maria*" ("They change the 'Ave' to-day"), was always the reply of old Gigi (abbreviation for Luigi), the custodian, when we remonstrated; and when we declared our inability to comprehend time so reckoned, he would inquire in a tone of contemptuous pity whether we did not know the numbers?

The costumes, as well as the hour at which the Academy used to begin, were regulated by Church times and seasons. During Lent the models used to wear mediæval dresses; during the winter and carnival Italian costumes of the present day; and with Easter began mere draperies, *pieghe* or *folds*, as they were technically called.

Every evening, the subject for the next night was chalked up on a black board beside the platform; for the two next nights, rather; for each model posed for two evenings; the position of his feet being chalked upon the platform, so as to secure the same attitude on

the second evening. Consequently, four hours were allowed for doing each drawing. Sometimes, if a costume was either very difficult or very attractive, the artists would request to have it for a third evening. The *pieghe* were each only a single time, as it would have been impossible to have secured the same folds twice over. These draperies consisted of a loose woollen robe gathered round the neck, with a woollen mantle falling over it. The effect was extremely good and statuesque; for they were very particular about the folds, making the model assume a dozen different attitudes, till at last the drapery fell picturesquely. It was only the tolerably clever artists who could make effective drawings from these *pieghe*. They were universally done in black and white chalk upon darkly-tinted paper: and what struck us as curious, was, that the artists all began with the white, instead of putting it in as a finishing stroke, as is usually done. The reason they gave for this was, that the light implied the shadow; which is true.

The Italian and mediæval costumes were done in all manner of styles:—oils, water-colours, pencil, chalk, and modelling had all their followers, though perhaps the water-colour painters were the most numerous. There is no master at the Academy, but every man does that which is right in his own eyes. It is very suggestive, however, to sit next to a good artist, and to see how he manages the subject; and very improving as well as interesting to go round the room towards the close of the evening, and see the various drawings that have been made. The second evening especially one may very likely see some charming things, and may even become the possessor of them; for most of the artists are poor struggling students, and are very glad to sell their drawing for a couple of scudi, 8s. 6d. Of course it is much better for the artist for purchases to be made directly from him, than through the medium of a dealer.

It is a favourite amusement among the artists to "*far il giro*,"—go the round; and horribly nervous it used to make me at first to feel that I was being looked over, and very grateful I used to be when I heard the encouraging comment, "*non c'è male*," (not so bad,) issuing from the midst of a black beard over my shoulder.

The models were paid half a scudo, 2s. 2d. an evening; and this cannot be considered over payment, especially as if they do not possess the required costume, they have to hire it at their own expense. There is a tailor's shop in *Capo-le-Case-San-Giuseppe*

where any costume can be procured. It must be terribly hard work too, standing without moving a muscle for a couple of hours. They have to be so utterly motionless, that if they require to have their noses blown, the custodian performs that delicate operation for them. It was as good as a comedy one evening to see old Gigi, with an air of intense sympathy, bending blue pocket-handkerchief in hand over the model, who with clasped hands and downcast head was on that occasion personating a monk. To have raised his hand to attend upon his own wants, would have hopelessly disarranged all the folds of his Dominican robes. Sometimes, however, they were unavoidably disturbed, for not unfrequently the model would turn faint, and have to sit down and be refreshed with a cup of red wine. One evening a girl who was standing suddenly gave a cry, and dropped in a deep swoon as though she had been shot. All efforts to revive her were unavailing, and she was carried out insensible. We visited her several times afterwards, and found her very ill, dying, I fear, and she said no one could imagine how trying were the standing, and heat and smell of the oil lamps. While poor Erminia was lying fainting upon the platform, supported and tended by old Gigi and her mother (for the female models never come without some sort of duenna), many of the artists round me seized pencil and paper, and dashed off the group with a few hasty lines which might subsequently be developed into a picture.

Most of the models who were such by profession, were not so easily overcome: indeed, I have heard one of them who was in great request, say that he could stand not only for *two*, but for *six* hours at a time without repose. Even he, however, complained one night that he had been standing all day on the same leg. It was with a sigh of weary relief that he stepped down from the platform at the expiration of his two hours, and threw at the cat (poor pussy!) the hot heavy wig which he had been wearing as a French nobleman of the eighteenth century. It was extraordinary how exactly he used to know by his sensations when the time was up. The minute the second hour closed, he would "stand at ease," and put up his arms to extinguish the lamp over head. Every now and then, instead of a professional model, some poor contadino, or Campagna peasant, clothed in sheep-skins, would be tempted to stand: doubtless thinking that to do nothing for two hours was an easy way of earning half a scudo. I fancy, however, that he found it harder work than a long day's vine-dressing:

it was piteous to see how distressed he became, and how at the conclusion of the *séance* his stiffened limbs would hardly support or obey their owner.

It was wonderful to see the effect of costume and arrangement. The same model would on one occasion look like an assassin, and on the next like a poet. Some of my English village friends, however, who have been edified with a sight of my portfolio, evidently incline to the former opinion, and class all my models together as "them murderers." Often when we received a bow in the street from a seedy-looking stripling, attired in the huge checks in which young Italy loves to clothe its lower limbs, we used to wonder what had become of the statuesque form and chiselled features which had fascinated us on the previous evening. On one occasion especially, I had passed two hours rapt in admiration of a new model, and I shall never forget the shock to my feelings, when over the white drawers and bare tawny limbs of a Neapolitan fisherman, he drew a pair of the aforesaid enormous check trousers, and slipping on an old greasy coat and neck-tie, came out as mean and shabby a looking fellow as you could see in the streets of any city, and without a particle of good looks about him. We used to wonder by what art of divination old Gigi was enabled to discover who would make suitable models; so different did they look under the lamps, and by the light of day.

I will enumerate some of the costumes of last winter, which I find in my portfolio. A scarlet-robed cardinal; two monks, a Dominican, in black and white, and a Carthusian all in white, even to his broad-leaved hat; a Papal Swiss guard, quaintly attired in yellow, black, and scarlet; a Roman carter, with red silk waistcoat, blue velveteen breeches, peaked hat, and gaiters, and with a little wine barrel slung over his shoulder; four or five Campagna peasants, and the above-mentioned Neapolitan fisherman. The female models are more difficult to characterize, being principally (with the single exception indeed of a brown-robed nun of the order of Sta. Teresa) merely the costumes of various neighbouring provinces or districts, as Tivoli, Mola-di-Gaeta, Procida, Calabria, the Trastevere, &c. They generally consisted in a folded white or red *beal-dress*, coral necklace, gold earrings, *la* white chemise sleeves, coloured corsets outside the dress, standing out as stiff as a board, without the slightest reference to the figure within, a blue or red or yellow skirt (each district has the colours peculiar to itself, and no latitude of choice is allowed), bound with gay woollen braids, an upper

skirt, tucked up in front, but showing behind, and over all a brilliantly-striped apron of some thick woollen stuff, put on without a scrap of fullness. By varying the attitude and accessories, by giving to one a distaff, to another a tambourine, to the third a copper water-jar, and to a fourth a market basket, these not dissimilar materials worked up into an endless variety of subjects. When the mediæval costumes began, we had a more exciting variety of personages. We had Leonora d'Este, Maria Stuart, besides a sprinkling of un-named Italian ladies of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Among the men we had Torquato Tasso, Marco Polo, Cimabue, in red jerkin and hose, with white mantle and peaked hood. Then what I suppose was meant for Oliver Cromwell, but which was chalked up as "Costume of the English Republic;" whereupon my neighbour turned to me with a polite bow, and said, "Doubtless this costume is well-known to you;" evidently thinking that my brothers and cousins were at that moment wandering about England in the garb of the Commonwealth. I had to inform him that I was familiar with it in pictures, but that it was some time since it had been generally worn. We had a red-legged and buff-jerkined Venetian cross-bowman; a pretty little page boy; Italian nobles, commoners, and men-at-arms of the Middle Ages; an Arab in a striped bernous; a Venetian bravo, a sinister black-masked figure, with one leg red and the other white; and following him, appropriately enough, an executioner with his axe, in precisely the same costume as the headsmen in Paul de la Roche's picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

One institution connected with the Academy of which unfortunately I cannot speak from personal experience, is the Models' Ball, which usually takes place there during the last week of the Carnival. We had heard much of it, and of the innate grace exhibited in the bearing and movements of the untrained performers; so our disappointment was great, that, owing to some difficulty in disposing of the desks and benches, no ball could be given. Its omission was another blot upon the scutcheon of that dreary Carnival of 1864.

Having dilated upon the charms of the Academy, I ought honestly to state what may possibly be an overwhelming objection in the eyes, or rather the nostrils of some well-conducted people—namely *smoke*. Almost every artist trusts for inspiration to his pipe or cigar, and the air is thick with their fumes, and with those of the oil lamps. For the first five

minutes after our entrance, I used to think it was impossible to breathe in such an atmosphere, the traces of which would cling to my clothes for days after. By the time, however, that I had walked round the room to choose which point of view I liked the best, and had clambered up into my seat, I was so interested that I forgot everything but the model and my drawing. As soon as we were seated, the attendants went round the room distributing drawing-boards, hooking to the desks tin cups of water for painting, lighting the shaded lamps by every place, and putting a paper ticket upon the shaft of each lamp, to signify that that seat was engaged for as many evenings as the then model was posing. The expense of attending the Academy, including attendance, each person's share in the model, and his own special lamp (and olive oil is no small item in the housekeeping bills during a Roman winter), amounts to $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ an evening, or a scudo and a-half (about 6s. 6d.) a month; marvellously cheap, it must be confessed.

Italian ladies are in such bondage, that they are not even allowed to cross the street alone, so of course they are not to be looked for at the Academy. As a matter of course the few ladies present (from two to six in number) were English. The winter we attended (that of 1863-4), there were on the contrary no Englishmen among the artists, but their ranks were supplied by Romans, Italians, French, Germans, and Spanish. Some of the best artists belonged to the latter nation, and it was noticeable how their love of shade led them usually to select their places in the corners of the room, whence the model was veiled in the greatest amount of shadow, and illumined by the least proportion of light; instead of in the centre, where the effect was just the contrary. Old Gigi used to growl too at the dark backgrounds in which the Spaniards delighted—"those accursed Spaniards," as he called them. A dingy drab-coloured curtain hung behind the platform, and most of the artists contented themselves with putting in a plain tinted background. Some few used from their imaginations to add fancy backgrounds, thus making the subject into a composition instead of a mere study.

The king of the Academy was a Spaniard; a beautiful wild-looking creature he was, with his rich complexion and raven air, and an open black velvet waistcoat hanging loosely over his scarlet shirt. The red shirt I fear was rather the symbol of all our tendencies. I often thought there of Another who was described as having been for a season king among the little community of Roman artists.

I liked to imagine that the Academy had once been illumined by the genial presence of Clive Newcome, and that those dingy walls had seen the gentle J. J. bending over his drawing-board. Surely it was *there* that their creator passed an occasional winter's evening in Rome. Ah, it was on my way thence one dark evening last Christmas, that the tidings smote my ear that his mighty hand would never again grasp the pen—

The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.

I must record the unvarying kindness and courtesy with which our king and all his subjects unfailingly treated the little handful of adventurous English ladies who invaded his artistic domain. They might easily have made it disagreeable to us, but, on the contrary, they gave us the right hand of fellowship, and not only assisted us with hints, but lent us valuable drawings to copy. My four special allies there moreover each endowed me, when I was leaving Rome, with a picture as a souvenir. Old Gigi too, though he was a grim old fellow, was most paternal towards me, and enriched me with sundry clever crayon studies out of the portfolio of strays and waifs. I am indebted to him for information which I should rejoice to think might spare one anxious art inquirer the long and tiresome hunt we had for the Academy, that whereas the entrance to the Palazzo Costa, where it is held, used to be from the Via San Claudio, I have lately received a message from Gigi to the effect that he has just made a more commodious entrance from the Piazza di San Silvestro. J. V.

THE CREST OF KING PALLINOR.

ONE of the most ancient bits of heraldry in the kingdom is the device of a dragon's head holding in his mouth a bloody hand. At Goodrich Court, late the residence of the celebrated antiquary Sir Samuel Meyrick, is an old window of stained glass on which it figures, and where it is ascribed to the redoubtable King Pallinor, a worthy who is said to have married a daughter of Vortimer, King of Britain. It is found likewise in many old illuminations and on carved tombstones near the Welsh border.

THE star of Chivalry is set,
Honour, Love, and Courtesy,
Triple rays, in one they met,
Blending gloriously ;
Now though each
Our world may reach,
Still they are three.

I.

King Pallinor, King Pallinor
Is resting from the fight ;
His plates of gold and links of steel
Are on, but all undight ; *

* Old word for disordered.

His batter'd shield lies at his feet,
The sword his squires have ta'en,
To test its edge and try its hilt
Ere he shall use't again ;
High on his helm green-sealed and gold
A dragon's head is seen,
And a quivering hand of flesh and blood
Is stuck its jaws between ;
Those hungry jaws that gaped so long,
But for no common prey,
They are fill'd at last, and the vow is paid,
And the king is glad to-day.

II.

'Twas when fresh flagons had gone round,
And all their brains were swill'd,
One cried, "Why gape yon dragon's jaws ?
'Twere better they were fill'd ;
Some foe's red hand in battle lopp'd,
If 'twere my crest, I swear
I'd bring one from the reeking limb
To fix in triumph there ;"
Upsprung the king, and with an oath
Cried, "Would thou wert my foe,
For just so long as hand to hand
Thou'dst give me blow for blow :
But no, not so, no king art thou,
And I no less demand
The royal dragon's head must hold
No less than royal hand."

III.

Nought spake the knight but strode apart
With sullen mien and brow,
They miss'd him from the court ere long,
And none knew when or how.
They marvell'd all, and some were sad,
For a gallant knight was he ;
But things go by, and men must meet
Fresh turns of destiny.
And so was he forgot, that knight,
Struck out from joy or pain,
Save in those times when buried thoughts
Walk through men's brains again ;
And then they said, "How light a word
May chafe to the quick a man
Who would ride breast on to a crowd of spears—
For a gallant knight was Ban."

IV.

At length it chanced in battle fierce
King Pallinor was met
By one whose helm bore no device,
Whose shield was black as jet.
None stood before that stranger knight,
His path with wreck was strown :
"Now who art thou ?" cried Pallinor ;
"Thou shouldst not rest unknown."—
"A king am I, my father dead,
Heir of his crown and land,
So, Pallinor, I'll win thy crest,
Or thou shalt win my hand."
He knew the voice, and straight they closed,
And blows fell fast and sore,
Till a trenchant sweep on the mail'd left arm,
Hand, wrist, and gauntlet shore.

V.

Then laugh'd Pallinor, and dropp'd his blade,
"Enough, we are friends," he cried ;
"Thy good right hand I leave to thee,
Thou'lt want it for thy bride.
Thou wo'dst my daughter : I forbid,
And she obey'd my will ;

You swore you loved her once," cried Ban,
 "Tried love is deeper still.
 And mine hath stood full many a test
 In earnest and in play;
 And, worse than strife, the weary sap
 Of absence and delay."
 'Then for thy gallant deeds, King Ban,
 And in pledge of amity,
 Thy bride with a dower rich as thy lands
 My daughter dear shall be."

VI.

So from that field rode side by side
 Kings Pallinor and Ban,
 And though the first his vow fulfill'd,
 The last was a happy man,—
 Crying aloud, "This day I've won,
 Not lost a hand 'tis plain;
 Left hand for left, a right remains
 I'd give my two to gain."
 And to his side the Princess came,
 And glad at heart was she:
 For words of love, though spoke of old,
 May long remember'd be.
 Then King Pallinor with his royal lips
 First touch'd the prize he bore,
 And the bloody hand in the dragon's jaws
 Was fix'd for evermore.

C. H. W.

"WHO DID IT?"

ABOUT half a mile from the village of Poaktown, facing the high road to Balston, and separated from the river Poak by a small garden and a belt of trees, is a long low cottage, known in the neighbourhood as "the Building." It originally consisted of two cottages, and went by the name of "Marwood's Buildings;" but who Marwood was, and what had induced him to build such uncomfortable cottages, had escaped the memory of even the oldest inhabitant. The building contained four rooms; a kitchen and sitting-room on the ground floor, and two bed-rooms above. The original partition wall between the two cottages, and the two separate staircases, still remained. One led from the sitting-room to the bed-room above, where Mr. Vance, the present occupier of the building, slept; the other went from the kitchen to the bed-room of Mary Edgecombe, his only servant.

Mr. Joseph Vance, who was a spare-built, clean-shaven man of about forty, with grey hair and no whiskers, and with nothing remarkable about him, except a deep cut over his right eyebrow, had now been occupying the building for a little over a year. When he first came into the neighbourhood, the gossips of Poaktown had speculated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their conjectures. He never himself volunteered any information as to his previous life, except that on one occasion he had been heard to say something, which led to the inference

that he had been a sea-captain. People, too, who had been inside "the building" since Vance's tenancy, had noticed the drawing of a ship, and some shells lying about the room. This was considered enough to confirm his statement, and on the strength of it the village called him the Captain.

Nothing more was known of the Captain, and curiosity about him had nearly died out, when Sarah Epps, on her return from Stoke-mouth, where she had been on a visit to her sister, who had married a pilot at that flourishing seaport, brought news about him, which set the village ears tingling for some time. The pilot, her brother-in-law, remembered the Captain when he was in the China trade, and Sarah was full of stories of smuggling, and even piracy, in which the Captain had taken a leading part. But then all knew that Sarah was an incorrigible gossip, and that any story under her management would grow considerably. The Captain meanwhile troubled himself very little about the village talk, living a quiet life in his lonely cottage, with his only servant, a buxom widow of thirty-five. Sarah Epps had been heard to say that she was more than a servant to him, but then nobody minded Sarah.

About the time our story commences, the Captain had got into some trouble. His landlord, an easy-going well-to-do tradesman of Poaktown, began to think that, as he expressed it, he should like to see the colour of the Captain's money. The house had been occupied for more than a year, and not a penny of rent had as yet been paid. The fact had for some time been gradually dawning on the neighbours that, since the first months he had occupied the building, ready money had not been plentiful with the Captain, and that for the last eight or nine months little or nothing had been paid for. The sums owing were not large, for the Captain lived a quiet, simple life. But it was reckoned that, altogether, they must amount to over 100*l.*; and that was a serious sum to the village tradesmen, and to all appearance a very difficult one for the Captain to pay. He was dunned, and legal proceedings were threatened, but all attempts to get money were only met by civil excuses. The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day a circular letter was sent to them, appointing a meeting for twelve o'clock on the following Monday, "when," the Captain wrote, "he would satisfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid in to his account at the Balston Bank."

On Saturday the Captain walked into Poaktown, and hired a gig at the King's Arms to take him to Balston. Johnny Wilson, the land-

lord's son, drove him to the bank at Balston, where he stayed about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time buttoning into the breast-pocket of his coat a fat-looking pocket-book. Johnny then waited for him while he made a few purchases in the town, and then drove him straight home to the "building."

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, the inhabitants of the quiet High Street of Poaktown were aroused by a violent knocking at the door of the police-station. The policeman who was on night duty opened the door, and Mary Edgecombe, white with terror, and panting with exertion, nearly fell into his arms, gasping out, that her master, the Captain, had been robbed and murdered in the night. The inspector was immediately called, and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off with him for the building. Mary Edgecombe, who seemed utterly prostrated, remained under the care of the inspector's wife.

On reaching the "building," the inspector found the front undisturbed, the windows closed, and the doors locked. On going round to the back, the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room, drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden-door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent. The bed-room, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation, as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it. A large clasp-knife stained with blood was lying on the pillow, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book, and looked carefully through it: it was empty; but lying near it, and behind the door, was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents. It was a half sheet of note-paper folded in three, and written on it were the numbers and value of forty-two bank notes, the total of which amounted to 270*l*. Here was a clue at once. The murderer, evidently wishing to carry about him nothing which might aid detection, had left the pocket-book behind, but in his hurry had overlooked this paper. Policeman Jones was immediately sent off to Balston with the paper, to inquire of the bank manager whether those were the numbers of

the notes which had been paid to the Captain the day before, and, if so, to take measures to stop them. He also received orders to telegraph immediately to Scotland Yard an account of the murder, and any facts he might ascertain at Balston.

So far so good; but where, after all, was the body? From the blood on the stairs and in the sitting-room, and the open garden-door, it was presumed that it had been removed from the house. After locking the bed-room door, the inspector proceeded to the garden. Outside the door on the grass were the footprints of a man, the toes pointing towards the house, and the heels deeply indented in the soft earth. The rest of the footprints were partially obliterated as if something heavy had been dragged over them. The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room backwards, dragging the body of his victim after him. Across the small grass plot, and half way through the belt of trees, the footsteps continued; there they ceased. On the soft mud and leaves was an impression as if a long heavy body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at the distance of a few feet the ground had been dug up as if it had been intended to bury the body there. This project, however, had been almost immediately given up, for the work was scarcely begun. The murderer had been interrupted, or perhaps had thought of a better plan for disposing of the body. But where? The policeman and the inspector looked at one another: they had come to the same conclusion. "In the river, of course!" Sure enough, on the river bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward, and not backward, and the impression was clear and sharp. The body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish: there would be little difficulty in dragging it. Drags were sent for, and the inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises, with orders to admit no one except on business.

The inspector had hardly finished his breakfast, when policeman Jones returned from Balston. He had been eminently successful. The bank manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank-notes paid the day before to the Captain. The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondents, Cowie, Nabob, & Co., the great China and Indian bankers. Jones had then made inquiries in the town and at the railway station. At the station he found that a man in a great-coat and wide-awake

hat, who was muffled up in a comforter, and who seemed to avoid observation, had left that morning for London by the 5.30 train. He had offered a 5*l.* note in payment for his ticket. The clerk remembered this, from the difficulty he had in getting change so early on the Sunday morning. The note was produced, and found to be one of those stolen from the Captain. A description of the man and orders for his apprehension had been telegraphed to London, and an answer had been received, stating that the police were on the murderer's track, but that, to make all safe, a detective would be in Poaktown by the middle of the day.

Mary Edgecombe, who had partially recovered from her fright, was now taken to the building. She identified the clasp-knife, pocket-book, and various articles of clothing, which were lying about the Captain's room, as belonging to him. She stated that she had gone to bed at nine o'clock on the previous night, that the Captain was then still in the sitting-room, and that she had heard no noise during the night. She was positive that no one was in the house when she went to bed, except herself and the Captain. But the garden-door was often left unlocked, and could then be opened from the outside. The inspector was satisfied. The motive was clear enough; the police were close upon the murderer's track; all that was now wanted was the body.

He turned to the river, pleased at the promptness and energy he had shown, and chuckling to think that the London detective would find nothing to do when he did arrive. The drags had now been at work for some time, but without success. The river had been dragged up and down, and sideways and across, and at every conceivable angle, but no body had been found. The inspector was getting impatient; when a gig drove up to the building, and a dapper little man in a frock-coat buttoned to his chin, and with a heavy black moustache, jumped out. The crowd which had collected by this time, made way respectfully, for it was whispered that the stranger was no other than detective Perkins from London.

In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the inspector had to tell.

"Wait one moment," said he, "let's get it all straight. All the village, you say, knew the Captain would have money to pay his debts to-morrow."

The inspector nodded.

"Which amounted in all to 100*l.*, more or less?"

The inspector nodded again.

"And he drew out of the bank 270*l.* Was that the whole legacy?"

"It was."

"He didn't want 270*l.* to pay 100*l.*, did he?"

This was a new light to the inspector, who shook his head cautiously.

"From whom did the order to pay the money come?"

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co."

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co.," repeated Perkins, referring to his note-book; "the great China house. And you suspect no one?"

"No one, except the man who passed the note."

"Of course. But this woman who lived with him——" suggested Perkins.

The inspector shook his head. "It's a man's doing. She wouldn't have the strength. Besides, the footprints are a man's all over."

"No one who had a grudge against him?"

"There were a good many that couldn't get their money from him, but that's not enough to account for this," said the inspector, jerking his thumb towards the river.

They entered the building. The crowd outside were getting more excited. They thought that, now the London detective had come, the murderer would soon be dragged from his hiding-place and handed over to justice. Time however went on, and Perkins was still inspecting the premises, while his character was rapidly falling in the opinion of the crowd outside.

"He's no conjuror. I told ye so afore," said one sturdy countryman, who had been a sceptic from the first. And this time his assertion did not meet with the disapprobation it had called forth when pronounced half an hour before. The crowd were tired of waiting.

Perkins meanwhile, unconscious of hostile criticism, had looked over the kitchen and Mary's bed-room, but without making any discovery. When he came to the Captain's bed-room, he stood in the middle of it and took a general survey. He then proceeded to the details. He raised the chairs, and then put them down again in their original positions, repeating this operation two or three times, and watching with great interest how they fell. Then he came to the bed. He looked at it from all points: first a full view, then a three-quarters, then one side view, and then the other side view, till he had exhausted it, and the patience of the inspector. He then stood, and mentally threw himself upon it in such a position as to make the impression which still remained on it. There was some hitch, for he shook his head. He

pulled out the drawers, and examined the wardrobe of the deceased man. A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room next attracted his attention. He examined them carefully. Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he brought out his pocket-book, and referred to something written in it. He then examined the boot again, and seemed satisfied, for he pocketed it.

"Boots, I suppose, are the Captain's?"

"Yes, his servant identifies them," said the inspector, who was rapidly coming round to the opinion of the crowd outside. What on earth could it matter whether the Captain had two or three pairs of boots? At last Perkins finished his examination of the bed-room, and went down stairs inspecting each stair as he went. These were apparently more satisfactory, for his face brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the traces of blood along the floor of the sitting-room, it had expanded into a broad grin.

"You see how it was done?" asked the inspector, whose opinion of Perkins had by this time reached the lowest ebb. Perkins smiled, he was not the man to commit himself. He walked to the table, and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting-paper. These he examined attentively, holding them up to the light, and turning them in every possible direction. The result seemed to be satisfactory, for he pocketed them.

The footprints in the garden, the half-dug grave under the trees, and the impression in the wet leaves seemed to interest him little. He examined them, but only like one pre-occupied with his own thoughts. They came to the river bank.

"We're dragging the river," said the inspector, pointing to the two boats which had now been working unsuccessfully for some hours.

"Ah, yes!" said Perkins, as if he thought that the necessity of doing so had never struck him.

"The man's a perfect fool," thought the inspector.

"And now about this Captain," said Perkins, choosing the clearest footprint he could find in the soft mud, and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Vance, you say. What is he captain of?"

"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China trade."

"China?" repeated Perkins, as if the idea of that country gave him exquisite delight.

"Yes, China," repeated the inspector,

gruffly. He was loosing all patience; how on earth, did such a born idiot ever become a detective?

"What sort of man is he?"

"Tall, spare-built, about forty, grey hair, and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow," added Perkins, quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot into the impression.

"Yes," said the inspector, puzzled at Perkins's knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he?" said Perkins, handing the boot to the inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Compton."

"Never." He was getting more and more puzzled.

"Compton, alias Watkins, alias Crowder, and now alias Vance; I've wanted him these two years," said Perkins, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the inspector, grimly, "he's safe enough there." And he jerked his head towards the river.

"Bless you," laughed Perkins, "he's nearer China by this time. He'll die with a rope round his neck yet. It's a plant, man; don't you see he has murdered himself, and bolted with the swag. That room somehow looked queer. It was overdone: too much blood, and too regular. When I found that boot, I thought how it was, and this settled it," said Perkins, pulling the sheets of blotting-paper out of his pocket, and holding them to the inspector. There, all over them, were the words Cowie, Nabob, & Co., in a neat clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who have dealings with that eminent house know so well. "That letter to the Balston Bank is a forgery; it's not the first time he has served Cowie, Nabob, & Co. this trick. He was in their London counting-house for five years, came over with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of 2000*l.*, and bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But when's the next train to town? I wouldn't miss him for anything."

Perkins was right. The manager of the Balston Bank found to his astonishment that Cowie, Nabob, & Co. repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery. On the following Tuesday, the Captain was arrested at the London Docks, as he was booking his passage for Melbourne, and at the next Balston assize he was tried by the name of Joseph Vance, on a charge of forgery, and sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life. His creditors at Poaktown were the only persons who regretted him.

THE HERMIT'S CROWN.



I.

THE noontide sun is blazing upon a tourney-field,
 Kindling a thousand beacons, on casque, and spear, and
 shield :
 But there will be no jousting ; no gallant feats of arms :
 The tourney will be bloodless, the weapons woman's
 charms.

II.

The people love King Arban, and 'tis their fondest
 prayer,
 That they may teach their children to love King Arban's
 heir :
 But deaf to all entreaties, he leads a single life,
 A people for his children, a kingdom for his wife.

III.

At length the king has yielded—against his will, I ween,—
And promises his people that they shall have a queen ;
And heralds through the kingdom have publish'd far
and wide,
To-day their Lord King Arban will choose himself a
bride.

IV.

The balconies are crowded with troops of laughing
girls,
Whose bright eyes dim their jewels, whose bosoms pale
their pearls ;
And ceaselessly they prattle, like sparrows on the
eaves,
Or like a grove of poplars when light winds stir the
leaves.

V.

But hark ! a crash of trumpets, and every tongue is
dumb !
A silent expectation succeeds the cheerful hum,
And maids arrange their jewels, and smooth their
glossy hair,
As Arban comes amongst them with shouts that shake
the air.

VI.

King Arban mounts the dais, and, dazzled, shades his
eyes,
Then shyly looks around him, and looks again and
sighs ;
And, cover'd with confusion, he lifts aloud his voice,
And calls upon the Virgin to aid him in his choice.

VII.

The prayer was scarcely utter'd, when, struggling
through the press,
An old man totter'd feebly, clad in a hermit's dress,
Bearing with him a casket of precious jasper stone,
Which he laid down in silence before King Arban's
throne.

VIII.

King Arban took the casket, and raising up the lid,
A faded wreath discover'd in silken tissues hid.
He smiled, and shouts of laughter up from the courtiers
went,
And like an echo follow'd soft maiden merriment.

IX.

“Oh, mock not at my offering : the crown has magic
powers,
For it can be refreshen'd, and bloom again with
flowers.
Let but a maiden wear it, whose heart is pure and true,
These wither'd buds will open, these dry leaves live
anew.

X.

“But should one thought unholy within her bosom
hide,
The stems will still as sapless, the leaves as sere abide.
Then take my wreath, King Arban, place it on each
fair head,
And when you see the blossoms you need not fear to
wed.”

XI.

A blush stole o'er the maidens as from the sun at eve :
Some toss their heads, and others their places slyly
leave ;
The eyes of some in sorrow upon the earth are bent,
And some look proudly round them—too proudly
innocent.

XII.

The king then bade the heralds call each one by her
name :
And first, high-born Olinda in her great beauty came.
They crowned her with the chaplet ; and when no
change they found
She tore it from her temples and dashed it on the
ground.

XIII.

Gertruda then was summon'd, who, blushing, crown'd
her head :
A leaf, a blossom freshen'd, and then again were dead.
And troops of lovely ladies submitted to the test
Till each had worn the chaplet, and humbled join'd
the rest.

XIV.

“Good father ! Is it fated,” King Arban sadly cried,
“That I throughout my kingdom am not to find a
bride ?”
The Hermit he had vanish'd, but close where he had
stood
The king espied a maiden in peasant cloak and hood.

XV.

“Come hither, pretty maiden ; prythee, why trem-
blest thou ?
Who knows ? the wreath may blossom when placed
upon thy brow.”
“She is some beggar's daughter,” the haughty courtiers
plead ;
“Look at her tatter'd raiment !” King Arban takes
no heed.

XVI.

And so they brought her blushing, all in her ragged
gown,
And set upon her temples the Hermit's faded crown :
And straight the wreath was cover'd with leaves of
burnish'd green,
And fragrant buds and blossoms came peeping up
between.

XVII.

She stood a dream of beauty—her glorious golden hair
Rippling below her girdle, a dream of beauty rare.
And none knew which was fairest,—the flowers upon
the wreath,
Or that pure face, all radiant, which sweetly blush'd
beneath.

XVIII.

King Arban kissed her forehead, and placed her by
his side,
And bade the people honour his gentle queen and
bride ;
And all the people shouted long life to their young
queen,
And praised her wondrous beauty, and loved her modest
mien.

XIX.

They brought her robes of purple, and jewels rich and
rare,
A crown with diamonds blazing—all that a queen should
wear.
“Oh ! ask me not, King Arban ; oh ! ask me not,” she
said,
“To wear another circlet than this upon my head.

XX.

“Through it I gain thy favour, and it will prove to
you
Whilst it is gay with blossoms that I am leal and
true ;

But should one leaflet wither, then know, beyond a doubt,
That I am all unworthy, and take and cast me out !”

XXI.

He yielded to her fancy ; and ever year by year
The wreath more thickly blossom'd and she became
more dear.
And other buds expanded,—fair children came to bless
A father's fond affection, a mother's faithfulness.

THE AHRTHAL AND MAYEN.

MR. CARACCIOLA, of the Hotel Fürstenberg at Remagen on the Rhine, is not, as his name would suggest, a countryman of Garibaldi, though probably his ancestors came from Italy ; but he has a pleasant Italian kind of garden on a terrace overlooking the river, where it is most agreeable to take coffee on a fair morning in May, and to feel that soothing influence which the sight and sound of a large smooth stream always gives, especially to those who are by any accident used to inhabit “ a barren and dry land, where no water is.” At this part of the Rhine the railway train passes respectfully behind the towns in unobtrusive utility, and is only seen when it is wanted, like a good and modest Caliban. It would be desirable if this character were kept up farther on ; but, alas ! wicked work has been done among the antiquities of St. Goar, Bacharach, Caub, and Oberwesel, and it is pleasanter for those who have known these places of old to pass them now with their eyes on a book, and go on. However, our party of four has arrived at Remagen by the steamboat, the only incident of that very novel voyage being a quarrel between a peasant and a corporal, illustrating the insolence of the Prussian *soldatesca*. We mean to go up the valley of the Ahr, and one of us to have a look at the eastern part of the volcanic Eifel and the outlying town of Mayen. To those who start from Remagen on foot there is no object in turning the angle of mountain which forces the post-road to go round it ; but if the hill to the right is climbed, one arrives by a gradual ascent on the top of a basaltic bluff, with the site of a ruin on it called the Landscrona. A mist arising from the heat in the valley below, and the exceeding steepness of some of the sides of this natural citadel, make the landscape underneath look very unsubstantial and insignificant in detail, at the same time giving an impression of immense height. The castle, of which very little remains now, is recorded to have been founded by Philip of Hohenstaufen in 1205, when he was at war with the See of Cologne, which sided with the Guelphic pretendant to the Imperial crown, Otto IV. When the French destroyed the castle in 1789

the chapel, which occupies a nook in the cliff below, with a basalt grotto as a sacristy, escaped, probably rather because its difficulty of access caused it to be overlooked, than from any reverential feelings on the part of the Revolutionary army. It is difficult to imagine how the legend arose of a preternatural bridge between Landscrona and Neuenahr, except that the two corresponding basaltic cliffs suggested the idea of the buttresses of a bridge. The Romans could have spanned the distance with an aqueduct had they been so minded, but a bridge is entirely out of the question.

Nothing is now left of the castle of Neuenahr, which was inhabited by a younger branch of the Counts of Ahre ; but to make up for the loss there is a bustling and rising watering-place in the valley, with large new houses in a very raw and skinless state, and that style of building which at once announces that it is meant to lodge the greatest possible number of persons at the highest possible price. At the present time indeed, in the Rhine-land generally, few houses properly so called are built, but huge rent-cases, as the people themselves call them, with a view to the benefit of the landlord rather than the comfort of the tenant.

But it is unfair to deny Neuenahr the possession of some splendid hot wells, spouting water of 30 degrees Reaumur, which approaches in quality that of Ems, intermittently, and bring to mind Icelandic geysers. Whether the pulmonary patients they are said to benefit would find here the necessary accompaniment of repose, is a question : they would perhaps do better to take the trouble to penetrate to the beautiful and venerable Bertrich.

There is nothing to detain us on the road but the spring of St. Apollinarius, whose mineral water mixed with wine is certainly excellent, and we may go on to Ahrweiler at double-quick march. There are vine-clad hills on both sides of the valley, and the Ahr runs over the pebbles in a shallow, glassy, rippled sheet of water, its difficulties having ended with the passage of the gorge which we shall enter above Ahrweiler. Ahrweiler, whose termination denotes a Roman origin, is a very curious mediæval town, with towers and gates and battlements and gabled houses : how the German guide-books can apply to it the epithet “ friendly” considering the murderous stones with which its long streets are fanged, and which a pedestrian coming off the smooth road can fully appreciate, it is hard to understand. It is, doubtless, very interesting. We are able, while sipping our Walporzheimer at the inn, to witness in the market-place the adoration of the host by a most picturesque group of priests and people.

The Walporzheimer, when it can be got genuine, is one of the best red wines of the Rhine-land,—better than those of Baden. Its spiciness and bouquet are quite peculiar, and must be due to some peculiar accident of the situation in which it grows. Ahrweiler possesses a church of about the middle of the 13th century, of the Basilica style, which is antecedent to the Gothic proper, and a Calvary much frequented by pilgrims, as well as a former Franciscan convent, now a school kept by Ursuline nuns. In 1473, in the war between Archbishop Ruprecht and the Chapter of Cologne, Ahrweiler successfully withstood a siege of three weeks. In 1646, Turenne's soldiers made sad havoc here; and in 1689, Louis the Fourteenth's military brigands reduced the place to ashes, all but ten houses. The gate on the Walporzheim side is newer than this devastation. Ahrweiler has put in a claim to have been the ancient *Ara Ubiorum*, which has never yet been quite decided. We are unfortunately obliged to leave the town in a hurry, as we are anxious to secure beds at Altenahr, for we have not forgotten that it is Whitsuntide. At Whitsuntide the whole of young Germany starts on a walking tour, which makes accommodation for those who arrive late always a doubtful matter. Now we come to the gorge or picturesque part of the Ahr valley. It is a scene of great geological dislocation, the rocks are dark, livid, metallic-looking slate. They appear as if they had been at some time dragged forcibly asunder, leaving a yawning chasm, full of rents and ragged points and edges, peaks and flakes, and huge threatening slabs of stone. In the niches and on the little platforms the vines nestle, and the wonder is that in the summer they are not entirely burnt up by the joint action of direct and radiated heat; for the rocks, from their peculiar nature, are a very sponge of sunshine. No wonder the Walporzheimer is a full-bodied wine. The road that winds through the chasm, often overhung, skirts the Ahr, which turns and twists about like a tormented eel, sometimes forming very deep green pools, where big trout may be watched from above, basking or asleep. The cliffs range from 200 to 350 feet; the scenery is rather strange and fantastic than either sublime or beautiful, and no more deserves the name of the Little Switzerland than most of the regions to which that name is misapplied. Not that it is not full of excellent bits of study for an artist, but this is partly owing to the smallness of the scale of every object. However, on approaching Altenahr we came upon one very grand cliff, which completely overhangs the valley. The river flies off at a tangent here, and by-and-

by, after a long truancy, returns to within a few yards of its former course, but there is a vast wall of rock between. Those who wish to see a grand view should mount the slanting path that leads to a white cross at the top of this ridge; they will see a landscape modelled by nature, which under certain lights would seem to have been put together by an experienced master of composition, there is so little in the picture that is not wanted. The old castle makes the foreground, and the horse-shoe reach of the river, with the grotesque cliffs—some of them built up of perpendicular strata, and all curiously sloped, waved, and contorted, so that in more than one of the summits the light shines through a natural arch like an eye—forms the body of the landscape. Others will prefer the easier route through the tunnel, 532 feet long, which brings them through the heart of the rampart to the quaint little town of Altenahr.

It was fortunate we arrived early in the day, for Gaspari's Hotel was in a decidedly plethoric state. The street was full of empty carriages, and the *table-d'hôte* room of empty stomachs, which had to exercise the virtue of patience. In the evening the hotel was stormed by a swarm of red-faced individuals, with tricolor belts with inscriptions denoting that they belonged to the Society of Turners of Cologne. They were all in uniform jackets and trousers of drab linen, and must have been 60 or 70 in number. It is difficult to conjecture where they could have slept, but from the singing and noise they kept up all night the most reasonable supposition is, that they did not sleep at all. These Turner societies, which now prevail all over Germany, have nothing to do with the artist of that name, as some of his worshippers might flatter themselves, nor with the handicraft, for they do not turn ivory or hard wood, but themselves. They are, indeed, gymnastic societies with a political aspect, and very far gone in Schleswig-Holsteinism. By six o'clock in the morning they had drunk up all the coffee in Altenahr and disappeared into space. The castle of Altenahr was given by Friedrich von Hochstade-Ahre to the archiepiscopate of Cologne, when that Conrad was archbishop, who, in 1248, laid the foundation-stone of Cologne cathedral. In this castle, under Archbishop Engelbert, who died 1275, eleven of the noblest patricians were shut up together. It is said that their only source of amusement was a tame mouse, in whose hole one Gottschalk Overstolz found a chisel and file, and that they thus contrived to break through the bars of their prison, and to let themselves down one by one, first on the roof of the chapel, then to a jutting linden tree,

then down an almost impossibly precipitous rock to the open country, whence they reached the other bank of the Rhine in safety. On one occasion, according to Wolfgang Müller, the castle was besieged by the archiepiscopal troops. The Count appeared one morning on the rampart on horseback and fully armed, and cried out with a loud voice: "Behold, enemies, the last of the garrison; disease has taken from me wife and child, my vassals have succumbed to famine, and I will die as I have lived, a free man." With these words he gave the spur to his horse, sprang down into the valley of the Ahr, and was dashed to pieces.

Above Altenahr the river scenery becomes somewhat quieter, and the road leads up into the higher Eifel. As it is our object to get to Mayen, we leave the valley after passing Kreuzberg, an inhabited castle overhanging the river, scale a hill to the right, and drop into a beautiful valley with a clear trout stream, a tributary of the Ahr, pass Kisseling, and wander out of the way among the hills to a village called Blasweiler, where small beer and black bread are the only refreshments to be had; finding, however, some peasants bound for Mayen, we strike into the right route thitherward. The way passes over a strange volcanic table-land with occasional remains of craters, and commanding an extensive view towards the Rhine, the most conspicuous object being the castle of Olbruck, which appears and re-appears at intervals, and looks full of eyes in the late light; and later still, we have the beautiful lake of Laach to the left. The whole region, though covered with spring corn, has a desolate "black country" look. It is full of basalt dykes, stratified cinders and lava, and white tuf-stone. The latter is so light that a large mass of it may be tossed and caught like a ball, without its inconveniencing the hand. At length we arrive at the ruins of an extinct volcano, which must once have been, before it fell in, nearly as big as Vesuvius, and pass over its shoulder down a long slope to the town of Mayen, the most conspicuous object of which in the distance is the castle of Genoveva, whose tower suggests the dome of a cathedral.

Mayen lies in a beautiful basin, at this time full of blossoming fruit trees. It is built of dark volcanic rock. Its crumbling walls still remain, as also two of its very handsome square gate towers, and one of the bridges which spans the little river is remarkable for its antique form and peculiar buttress. The church is a fair average specimen of the earlier Gothic. The Genoveva castle appears to be of the date of that of Heidelberg. The most striking points about Mayen are its populou-

ness as compared with the country round, and its oasis-like situation. It was doubtless the capital of the district called the Maifeld (from the May-meetings of notables in the oldest times of German history), but, from the comparatively small number of very ancient buildings to be seen, it has evidently felt the weight of his most Christian Majesty, Louis Quatorze.

The post-road to Andernach runs down a slope which skirts the volcanic hills, past that country which is the legendary scene of the finding of the Lady Genoveva and her child by her penitent husband, when on a hunting expedition.

G. C. SWAYNE.

BEES.

THE present time, when the period is drawing near for the resumption of activity by those industrious insects which furnished Dr. Watts with his most striking example against idleness, is a not unsuitable one for saying something about them. More than a hundred years ago it was seriously proposed to regenerate Ireland by means of bees. Elaborate calculations were made to prove how easily every cottager might keep a certain number of hives, what amount of honey he would get from them, what quantity of wax, and what it would realise in the market. I do not remember the figures, but I know they represented an enormous quantity, and the projector was sensible of the difficulty there would be in disposing of it, because, to get over this, he showed that the surplus might be eaten on their bread instead of buying butter, and the wax might be used as a substitute for tallow in the manufacture of candles for Her Majesty's ships; and, lest anybody might think this notion extravagant, he mentioned that one admiral had already adopted it in his ship at his own expense. The idea was eagerly seized, and a demand was made on the Dublin Society for promoting the Prosperity of Ireland for one hundred pounds of the eighteen thousand it had received for carrying out its objects, in order that it might be expended in prizes and bounties for extending bee culture among the unemployed poor of Ireland.

Hitherto the cultivation of bees in this country has been greatly neglected, and I am inclined to think that it must have greatly diminished of late years in comparison with what it was many years ago; but it was never practised in England to anything like the extent that it was abroad, partly no doubt from the scarcity of food in comparison with more favoured localities in the south of Europe. A traveller in Spain somewhat more

than a century ago speaks of a bee-keeper who had five thousand hives ; and considering the extreme rapidity with which they increase and multiply, and the abundance of food there, there is no improbability in the statement. There is less probability, however, in the statement made by Osorio, a Portuguese writer, that at the siege of a town in Mauritania in 1592, the inhabitants seeing the town on the point of being taken by King Emmanuel's troops, succeeded in putting them to flight by throwing down a great number of hives of bees among them ; though, if my memory serves me well, the same manœuvre is mentioned by Josephus as having been practised in Judea at the siege of one of the towns there.

Recently there has been a revival on the subject of bee culture, and we hear in all directions of persons about to cultivate bees themselves, or endeavouring to induce the poor of their respective villages to do so. To me it has often been a matter of surprise that so few cottagers keep bees. Apart from a row of hives being an interesting feature in a cottage garden, they involve nothing that can be called trouble to the cottager, nor expense, and the profit is very considerable ; I have known a bee-keeper realise 20*l.* in one season by the sale of his honey, which sum he got almost as easily as if somebody had thrown it into his garden. For the amateur who merely keeps them for his amusement, they are a source of never-ending interest, an interest too which increases as the observations are prolonged.

In every hive there are a queen, male bees or drones, and workers, which are of no gender, or rather are undeveloped females. The queen is considerably larger than the drone, and the drone is about as much larger than the working bee. There is never more than one queen in a hive, and if a stranger queen should happen by accident, or in the indulgence of her curiosity, to enter a hive in which her authority is not recognised, the bees who act as guards at the entrance instantly seize her, and though their respect for royalty is too great to allow of their ill-treating her, they crowd upon her so closely that she cannot escape, and they do not release her until their own queen arrives to do battle in defence of her lawful rights. The conduct of the commonalty under such circumstances is exceedingly remarkable ; they could put the intruder to death if they chose, without suffering their own queen to run the risk of being killed, but they do not do so ; they act strictly on the principle of fair play ; at the same time they will not allow the combatants to separate

until the victory is achieved by one of them. The instant their queen makes her appearance, attended by a number of her subjects, those who hold the stranger in custody draw back, and leave a clear space for the encounter. If, as rarely happens, the two sovereigns have no desire to fight, or if they try to run away, the workers seize them, and will on no account allow them to indulge their cowardice, they are never allowed to quit the arena, nor to cease fighting until one is killed. Huber relates several experiments made by him with the view of ascertaining if this conduct of the bees was invariable, and he found that it was ; whether the combatants were two queens, both engaged in laying eggs, or a fertile queen and a virgin queen, or two virgin queens. A very singular circumstance in connection with these encounters is, that both manifest the greatest horror of using their stings whenever in the course of the fight they find themselves in a position to kill each other. In such cases they separate, and show no desire to renew the fight, but the spectators lay hold of them, and draw them back into the cleared space, and compel them to face each other again. It is not often, however, that the queen of the hive requires any compulsion to fight. Her jealousy of a rival is of the most intense character ; and if two emerge from their cells at the same moment, their first act is to rush at each other and settle by a single combat which is to rule ; they will no more consent to a divided jurisdiction than the workers themselves would permit it. In this respect the example of the competitors for the throne might be imitated with advantage to humanity by human competitors ; they do not suffer or incite their future subjects to engage in a civil war in support of their respective claims, but decide the question by the simple process of fighting it out in their own persons. There are occasions, however, when the jealousy of the queen has to be restrained in the interest of the community ; this is especially the case when a portion of the hive is about to quit it for a separate habitation, in consequence of the increase of their numbers. The emigrants on these occasions are led by the old queen, and a new queen is liberated to take her place in the hive as soon as she departs. But if at the moment the colony is about to emerge the weather becomes overcast, and rain either falls or threatens to fall, the emigration will be delayed, and the constant watchfulness of the guard appointed to protect the young queen is necessary to prevent her mother from putting her to death, and from tearing open the cells containing the royal brood, and killing the occupants. The

guards do not treat her with disrespect or unkindness, but they are firm. It is said that she sometimes paralyses their movements by emitting a low humming sound, precisely as if she were addressing them, and then tries to take advantage of the effect she produces to renew her attempt; but the instant she becomes silent they awake to the sense of their duty, if indeed they have ever forgotten it in listening to her. In one experiment, however, made under different circumstances, when a piece of comb containing royal brood was introduced into a hive, the workers not only suffered their queen to tear open the cells and drag out the occupants, but they themselves assisted in the work of destruction, and devoured the royal food placed in the cells for the consumption of the young queens.

This emigration of a portion of the community when it has become too numerous to subsist in comfort in one hive, is a matter of necessity to the bees, and of importance to the bee-master, as he thereby becomes the owner of two hives instead of one. The approaching event is always known beforehand if the owner pays attention to his bees. There is a great humming in the hive, a great rushing hither and thither of its occupants, as though they were communicating the queen's orders to prepare for the event. All work is abandoned for the time, while they appear to be taking leave of each other, and is not resumed until the emigrants have departed for their new home. An imaginative person might easily suppose that deep sorrow falls on these insects as the moment for their separation approaches, so profound does the silence become in the hive. On leaving the hive the bees keep together in the air, presenting in this respect much the same aspect as a representation of a group of distant stars seen through Lord Rosse's telescope. As soon as the queen bee has selected the spot, most frequently the branch of a tree or a shrub, on which to alight, the whole swarm settle upon it in a great cluster. To remove them from thence into a hive is neither difficult nor dangerous; the hive being held underneath, the swarm is either shaken or brushed into it, and provided the queen is present among them they remain there and no further trouble is requisite; but if it should happen that she should be killed in the operation, or missing from any other cause, the greatest consternation is manifested by the swarm, and they speedily quit the hive in search of her. Supposing, however, what is usually the case, that the queen is among them, they lose no time in preparing their new abode for their comfortable habitation under all contingencies of weather. They first collect

the gummy substance which adheres to the leaves of limes, willow, and some other trees, and of this they make a cement, with which they most carefully coat the interior of the hive. When this is completed to their satisfaction, the insect which acts as the architect lays out the plan of the positions in which the cells are to be built. He marks the distance which is to separate one plate from another, and this done the workers at once commence their labours. The instinct, or whatever it may be which teaches the bee to work with the view of economising its space, is marvellous in the extreme. Each plate (which is vertical, and extends from side to side of the hive) serves as the base for the cells which are built on both sides. It has been verified by mathematicians of the highest repute, that the shape of the cells is that which allows of the greatest number being built in a given space. These cells are not all of the same size: there are the smallest cells, which are intended for the reception of the eggs of the working bees; there are others somewhat larger, and few in number, which are to be the depositories for the eggs from which the males or drones are to be hatched; and, finally, there are ten or a dozen cells of a still larger size built on the central comb of the hive, perpendicular to the rest of the cells, which are for the reception of the eggs from which the royal brood is to be hatched.

The queen does not wait for the completion of the whole of the cells before she begins to deposit her eggs, though the rapidity with which the workers perform their labours is really extraordinary. The act of laying the eggs is performed with some ceremony. The queen does not run about alone to deposit them, as though it was a mere instinct and a part of her duty to get rid of them with as little delay as possible; on the contrary, she is attended by a guard of workers from cell to cell, who watch her movements with the most respectful attention. She measures each cell before she enters it, and inspects its fitness before she leaves her precious deposit. As the drones are of larger size than the workers they require larger cells, and these, under ordinary circumstances, are provided for them; but if these cells are removed when she is laying eggs from which drones are to be hatched, she is placed in great distress; but for all that she will not uselessly deposit them in the cells of workers, but will prefer to drop them about the floor. When the other cells are filled, she proceeds to those, the largest of all, which are prepared for the royal brood. The worms hatched from these eggs are objects of special care on the part of the working bees; they

are fed with richer and different food, and on this circumstance appears to depend their ultimate perfect development into queens. We are led to this conclusion by what takes place if the queen and the cells containing the royal brood are removed from the hive. When the bees miss their queen they leave off work, and cease to go out to collect honey. Their distress and consternation are quite painful to witness. If the queen alone had disappeared, they, as soon as they were satisfied she would not return, would examine the cells of the young queens, and if there were one prepared to come forth they would liberate it; but when the cells have been removed this resource is not, of course, open to them. Their conduct under these circumstances evinces something which, if not knowledge and reason, is certainly much superior to what is commonly understood by instinct. They select certain workers' cells, and around each of these they cut away the partition walls and clear out the eggs, thereby enlarging one cell at the expense of the adjoining ones; this is to allow space for the development of what would otherwise have been the small worker into the large queen. As soon as the eggs are hatched, the larvæ are fed on the peculiar diet reserved entirely for royalty. Most singular to relate, instead of a common working bee, the result of these measures is the production of a queen, which in a few days is capable of laying eggs, and assumes the government of the hive. The enlargement of the cell we know to be only the means to attain an end, because the eggs of workers have been removed from the cells in which they were deposited and placed in the large cells built for the drones, but for all that they came out mere workers; it must be, therefore, the peculiar kind of food which causes the conversion, or rather the perfect development.

The treatment of the drones by the bees before retiring to take their well-earned rest seems cruel. These unfortunates are no longer required, and on the principle, which is nowhere acted upon more strictly than among bees, that if one will not work neither shall he eat, they hunt them down into the interior of the hive, and slaughter the whole of them, the drone not being able to make an effectual resistance in consequence of his not possessing a sting. They need not, certainly, wait to be killed, but if instead of hanging about in groups waiting for the fate which they appear to know is about to overtake them, they were to fly away from the hive, it would only be to die of cold, for the bee is very sensitive in the matter of temperature.

The wonderful intelligence of these insects

has been remarked by naturalists in all ages, and if some of the marvels they relate concerning them appear to us fabulous, it may be that they were closer observers than the moderns. We cannot say that we have better opportunities of observing them in consequence of our using glass hives, for the Romans had glass hives too, with shutters that could be opened when it was desired to watch their proceedings, and which were kept closed at other times, in order that the bees might have the darkness they prefer. Among comparatively modern writers who have made bees their study, Reaumur and Huber are the principal, and to these may be added the celebrated John Hunter, who published an elaborate account of their habits in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society. So complete were the observations made by these, that we men of this generation can add but little to what they have related; at least, so far as my own observation goes, nearly all that I could relate that is novel would be, I believe, exceptions to the rule. Their moral qualities I hold to be excellent. It is quite true that if a saucer containing a mixture of rum and sugar be placed near the hive the bees will swallow it and get tipsy thereon, but this probably arises from ignorance of the effects produced by rum, at any rate they take it just as readily if the sugar is mixed with water. While under the influence of liquor they are apt to behave toward each other as Christians are too frequently accustomed to do when in the same condition; two of them who indulged to excess within the precincts of an inverted tumbler fought most perseveringly, the eventual result being that one was killed, and the other crawled away in a very lamentable plight, which might, however, have been produced by disordered digestion or headache. At other times bees are by no means evil-tempered insects, and, unless they are irritated, seldom sting. A person desirous of observing their operations may take his stand against their hives and watch their movements without any apprehension; at least, I can say of my own experience, that though I have spent hours daily close to their hives, I was never once stung. It may, however, be true that all cannot do this with impunity; indeed, it has been said by some writers that there are persons so obnoxious to bees, on account of the exhalations from their bodies, that a bee will attack them wherever it meets them. Red-haired individuals are said to be especially disliked by them, and any fair one with golden locks who ventures near the hives receives an immediate notice to withdraw from the angry insects which buzz about her head; and the intimation is the more imperative if

rain is near, for these insects are perfect hygrometers, and will crowd into their hives before a storm when not a cloud may be visible to indicate to the human observer that one is approaching, and they are unusually irritable at such times. This dislike of particular individuals was attributed by the ancients to their perception of certain objectionable features in the characters of those persons; but this idea could only be held among a people who believed the elephant worshipped a Creator, and represented it on medals on bended knees and with trunk uplifted in the act of rendering homage to the sun, moon, and stars. The pain produced by the sting of a single bee is surprising when the size of the insect is taken into consideration, and cases are on record of animals, and even human beings, having been stung to death. Others, on the contrary, have exhibited themselves with a whole hive of bees adhering to their head, body, or limbs; and Thorley relates the following instance of a swarm settling on a woman in the same manner, though in her case it was done without her consent. She had offered to hold the hive for her master, and to protect herself from the stings of the bees, she covered her head and shoulders with a cloth. "A few of the bees fell into the hive, some upon the ground, but the main body upon the cloth which covered her upper garments. I took the hive out of her hands, when she cried out they were got under the covering, crowding up towards her breast and waist, which put her into a trembling posture. When I perceived the veil was of no further service, she gave me leave to remove it. This done a most affecting spectacle presented itself to the view of all the company, filling me with the deepest distress and concern, as I thought myself the unhappy instrument of drawing her into so imminent hazard of her life." Had she enraged them, it is probable nothing could have saved her, but having the courage to act on her master's advice, and remain perfectly quiet, he was able, among the mass which had crowded about her neck, to pick out the queen and put her into the hive. But the bees, still retaining their position, he made another search, and after a good deal of groping among them he was lucky enough to catch another queen, which he also placed in the hive, and in a few minutes every bee had followed its sovereign to their new abode, and the woman escaped without a single sting. Others, however, have not escaped so fortunately, and probably nobody would feel disposed to voluntarily try the experiment of bringing a swarm about his head, though he could easily do so at a fitting season.

Of all benefactors, so far as bees are concerned, Mr. Cowper stands in the foremost rank; the immense quantity of flowers he has caused to be planted in the different parks has furnished them with an almost inexhaustible supply of material for conversion into honey. It must have been a matter of surprise to those who saw these insects swarming about the flowers where they could have come from, seeing that it is not probable there are more than a very few hives, if any, within several miles of the parks. This power which the bee possesses of finding its way from home to distant places where food is to be procured, and from thence back to its hive is one of the most wonderful examples of instinct I can call to mind. In the case of the pigeon which mounts in the air far above all objects which intervene between it and its abiding place, it does not appear so strange that it should fly direct to the place from whence it was carried, though this is sufficiently extraordinary, and may be considered as a well-established fact; and as a reliable means of communication, I believe they were regularly employed by some of the newspapers for the transmission of important news from the Continent before the existence of telegraphs. But, as regards the bee, laden as it is, it is quite incapable of rising in the air to a height which would enable it to perceive its lowly dwelling; and yet, no matter to what distance it may have wandered, it flies there with such directness that to indicate the shortest distance between any two points it is customary to speak of it as a bee-line. To show the great number of bees which visit the parks, and the very favourable season they have had, I may mention that in the middle of September last I counted not less than six busily occupied among the flowers on one shrub in Battersea Park.

G. L.

"A LONE WOMAN."

TALL old Peggy Maxton was the most perfect illustration I ever met with of that melancholy phrase, "a lone woman." She was, at the time I speak of, about sixty-five years old, and had been a widow some nine years. Her husband, John Maxton, was a better kind of cottager, and in his time they were surrounded by humble comforts. But since he went, as she often told me, petulantly jerking back the dry grey hair from her temple, while her fierce hazel eyes lighted up her brown and wrinkled face, everything had gone wrong with her. I believe the reason of it was her being left so utterly alone to struggle with the little farm, and not being equal to it, matters were mismanaged. All the children, and they had a

large family, went before old John, leaving none of their own ; and, of course, the good man's and Peggy's parents departed life a generation ago. Of any other relatives nothing was known. Peggy, who was herself an only child, came from Westmoreland, and her husband from Norfolk ; by some strange freak of fortune they had been thrown together where she now lived, nearly in the heart of England, and no communication had afterwards taken place with the members of either family. She was as completely isolated as if she had dropped from the clouds or risen from the earth ; and after John's death her loneliness was made perfect, for the little livestock he left on the place seemed to agree among themselves also to quit her. The three cows sickened, as she said, at the loss of their old master, and one after another they mysteriously died : even the pigs would not thrive ; the pony did no more good, and the poultry wandered off, depositing their eggs elsewhere, and only returning home to be fed. In the end, Peggy was compelled to remove to a humbler dwelling, and sell off the little wreck of property that remained, the money resulting from which she placed in the savings-bank, as a tiny hoard to pay her rent, and so keep a roof over her head. For her food, firing,—and I had almost said clothes, but I think that item, as far as new expenditure goes, may be omitted, for I never saw her with so much as a ribbon that was fresh,—she relied upon the small earnings she made by doing partial washing for a few of the better class of families in the vicinity. But a day or two before the time I speak of, the poor old creature had startled us at home by sending back some blankets unwashed, with the touching explanation that she could not take them, as it was not possible for her any longer to ensure their being quite clean, as she found she had not the strength to wring them.

As soon as possible, I went down to the little house where she lived in her loneliness. In answer to my question why she did not ask some of her neighbours to give her a hand in wringing the blankets, she shook her head sternly and flashed her eyes brightly. The truth was, Peggy's ways were not as theirs, and while they were affronted at her pride, she was disgusted at their want of it. None of them for years past had crossed her threshold, and I need not say, Peggy had not visited them. To be quite candid, the old lady, whose temper had soured under her misfortunes, had a rare faculty for quarrelling with anybody she was much thrown into contact with. The parson had made frequent calls at her cottage, and shown much interest in her welfare, until one day they had got into a controversy, and he

being an Armenian, had differed with her on the doctrine of election, opposing Peggy's Calvinistic views ; and on getting the worst of the argument, she had triumphantly retorted by pushing him over the threshold, and slamming the door in his face. He had up to that time regularly sent her a small weekly bundle of washing, but immediately upon this theological difference, she returned the bundle unmeddled with, and although he repeatedly called on her afterwards, not a word would Peggy respond to his friendly advances. In addition to there being no possibility of help in that direction, I also learned during my visit, that, owing to Peggy's failing strength, the families for whom she washed had, one by one, discovered defects in the returned clothes, till now that she had voluntarily sent our bundle back, she was without the prospect of earning anything.

"You have a great many candles, Peggy," I said, as the old lady lifted the lid of a box in the little back room.

"Yes, ma'am. There is thirteen pounds, an' some odd uns, not reckonin' the pound an' a half o' wax-lights down in this nigh corner."

"They're of all sizes and weights," I added, noticing their almost amusing variety, ranging from dumpy short sixes to lanky dips. "But say they average ten to the pound ; fifteen tens,—why that is a hundred and fifty, and you tell me you don't, even in the winter, burn more than two whole ones in a week, and in the summer none at all. At that rate, you have candles for nearly three years, Peggy."

"Ah, I shall leave some candles behind me," and the wrinkled features were puckered up, as she shook her head and sighed.

"So, this is your store of sugar," for upon her opening the door of a small cupboard, a sickly sweet odour instantly told the tale of its contents. "How much altogether, Peggy?"

"Fourteen pound parcels, twenty half-pounds, an' thirty-seven quarters, beside a loose screw or two among 'em," she answered, running her bony fingers over the rows of square packages and coned-shaped parcels, in all kinds of coloured paper.

"What quantity of sugar do you use in a week?"

"I canna do wi' less, ma'am, than three-quarters o' a pound."

"And you have over thirty pounds weight. Why, your sugar would be gone in about three-quarters of a year."

"Yes, ma'am ; I daresay it'll last out as long as that, but it's the tea it hinges on," and the dame, turning about, straightened her drooping shoulders till she was quite tall again, and reached to a top shelf in another corner of the

room for an old tin canister. "It smells good, it does, though I've had some on it a long time now," and she sniffed up the fragrance as she removed the cover.

"Your tea, Peggy, from what you say, will not last so long as your sugar?"

"No, ma'am," there isn't more of it than two pounds an' a-half; an' havin' it four times a day, I use nearly three ounces a week."

"Why, your tea won't outlast more than a quarter of a year!" I exclaimed.

"It mit manage, by my reckonin', ma'am, about fourteen weeks or so," and old Peggy turned her wrinkled face to one side to make sure of the calculation.

"This in the bag is your flour, I see; and what's that in the jar,—oatmeal?"

"It is, an', taking in the meal, I believe there's enough to make cakes an' little oven loaves to last out the tea. The closet there is full o' wood an' coal for firin'."

"Ah, it's the tea which sets all the rest."

"Yes, ma'am; when the tea's run out, I must take to the bed," Peggy coolly replied. "I shall draw down the blinds, an' lock the door, an' somebody may break in in a week's time, I should say. From what I've heard say, an' by my own feelings, I shan't last longer nor that."

"But you have a quantity of bed-clothing here, Peggy," I said, peeping into a press.

"The blankets be very good, and one pair o' the sheets is on'y darned in about two places. That coverlet cost fifteen shillin' when it was new; but it's a bit worn i' patches."

"Well, couldn't you make money of those?"

"No, ma'am; if I turned 'em into money, I should be tempted to go on till there'd be nothin' left to bury me." Peggy sadly shook her head at that fancy, and then added: "I have a paper I got a scholarly mon to write for me a couple o' yeer ago, an' I shall leave that on the table, sayin' as those who find me may have them an' th' other little things for givin' me a decent Christian funeral. I've reckoned 'em all up, as well as I could, an' I should say it ought to afford a elm coffin."

"And you are quite decided, Peggy?" I asked, "as soon as the little store in the bank is exhausted for the rent, and the washing does not bring you in enough to buy you the week's food, to give in and take to your bed?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. It'll be a clear signal as my time is come, an' as I aren't wanted any more here, which it's been a dreary season now." This reply was given quite firmly, the eyes lighting up with earnest sincerity.

"If you persist in looking at it in that way, Peggy, I don't know what to say to you. Let us go back to the hearth."

"Yes, ma'am," she quietly answered, following me out of the little back room into the front apartment, where a handful of fire smouldered in the grate.

Peggy had, it seemed, scarcely made more than sufficient money to cover her current expenses for a long time past, but whenever one week was a little better than another, she had bought a small stock of provisions in advance,—a pound of sugar, an ounce of tea, a quarter of flour, or half a pound of candles,—and these she had carefully stored away in the inner room. In the meantime her money in the bank had been gradually eaten into for the rent, until the little dog-eared memorandum book she showed me, disclosed only a remaining balance sufficient for about nine months' payments. I had always been a favourite with Peggy, and was certainly the only fellow-creature to whom she would have uttered these confidings. On the day we had the strange conversation I have given in detail above, Peggy had been unusually frank, and fully explained the vague threats in which she had beforetime occasionally indulged about some impending catastrophe. Taking me into the back room, and showing me her little stores, she had broadly avowed her intention to close the cottage door at the end of a few weeks further, and establishing herself in a kind of besieged state, to cut off all outer communications, living on until her provisions were exhausted, when she would draw down the blinds, take to her bed and die, leaving on the table the memorandum written so long ago in anticipation, allotting her little furniture and other belongings for the cost of her funeral! I could scarcely believe, well as I was acquainted with Peggy's bigoted obstinacy, that a human being, surrounded by crowds of her own kind (even if all her kin were absent), would, when the time came, carry out this fatal sentence upon herself; but I had enough knowledge of her character to be aware that open reasoning to the direct contrary would not have the slightest effect; and even if I had been less certain on that point, the manner in which she met a mild insinuation that it possibly might not be quite right in the eye of Heaven, would have completely convinced me. Providence, she said, her eyes blazing with conviction, had withdrawn the strength from her arms years before the time when her mother's failed, which was a signal that her work was ended here, and she was glad of it, for it was very lonely. I soothed her by appearing to assent to what she said, but extracted from her a promise that, until her final seclusion was positively entered on, she would still make an exception in my favour, and allow me to come and chat with her now and then.

Determined to put these opportunities to some more practical use than that of mere talking with her, I parted from Peggy, and hurried home, plotting in my own mind how best I could secure some interference which

would defeat this wild resolve of the "lone woman."

I had scarcely entered our house when a telegraph office boy knocked at the door announcing the dangerous illness of my only brother,



See p. 192.

then residing at Bristol, in lodgings, and among strangers. My widowed mother had long been a paralytic, and her making such a journey was out of the question. I set out early the next morning, without giving one thought, in my

excitement, to Peggy Maxton, intent only on reaching the side of that sick-bed which seemed so dreadfully far away. I found the poor lad very ill; he had been applying himself too closely to business for his delicate health, and

a fever was the result. Week after week had to pass before he could leave his chamber, and by the time he had so far recovered, I was myself almost ready to take to my bed. We were both ordered by the doctor to the sea-side on the southern coast, and for two months more we resided at Broadstairs, Margate, Kent. During all the hours I sat weakly idle at the open window, ransacking my brain for all kinds of recollections; nor afterwards, when I passed nearly half days at a time in sauntering on the hills, not one thought of poor eccentric Peggy ever crossed my mind. And now the incidents which I am about to give, which re-awakened that recollection, are, I am perfectly aware, quite childish, but then I cannot help that. One afternoon, when I was quite well, and my brother was nearly so, we were sitting in the verandah at the front of our lodgings, when a couple of ladies strolled by.

"Oh, do go to Laxey the very next time you are at the Isle of Man," one of them said to the other.

"I have no doubt the large water-wheel would be well worth seeing," was the reply, and the ladies turned round and were gone.

"Laxey! Laxey!" I kept on murmuring to myself. My mind was most curiously perplexed at the recollection of that word. To my knowledge, I had never heard it before; I had not visited the Isle of Man, and knew nothing whatever of the place. My brother was quite amused at the pertinacity with which I continued to mutter "Laxey," but he too was untravelling in that direction, and could not help me in my wonderment. I was so tormented, that at length I went about the house seeking for anybody who could give me information on the subject. In the end, I met with a half-pay officer, an old gentleman who had got to be on speaking terms with, and he knew all about it. Laxey, he told me, was the name of a village near Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where some well-known lead mines were situated, and it was famous for having, in connection with those works, the largest wheel worked by water-power in the world. I thanked him, and smiled at my own weakness; for of course his explanation explained nothing of my puzzle; and, fully determined to shake off the folly, I hurried out of the house to the shore. Here, in ten minutes' time, I woke myself up from gazing into a bright patch of water left by the retreating tide, and again caught myself muttering "Laxey." I was literally haunted by a word,—the victim of a verbal mystery.

"Here, Em," my brother said, later in the afternoon, just as the evening haze was forming on the sea, "let us see whose eyes are

strongest: I can make out the name on yonder vessel. See if you can."

"No, it is only a whity-brown streak to me," I answered, after straining my gaze at the glass. "What do you say the name is?"

"It's the Westmoreland. You'll have to wear spectacles soon!"

"The Westmoreland!" I repeated, shocked by the sense of a new surprise, and I betook myself to muttering the word "Westmoreland," as I had before done "Laxey." I believe Richard thought I was going crazed, for there was quite a look of alarm on his face. A consciousness of the preposterousness of the whole matter only increased the annoyance with which I found myself utterly unable to free myself of this strange word-possession.

At the supper-table that night a discussion occurred as to the relative characteristics of the inhabitants of the different shires. The controversy raged high, and I was amusing myself by listening to the angry disputants, when the leader on one side exclaimed:—

"I give preference above all other districts to the people of Norfolk. The women there are lovely and the men are honest."

Shamefully insignificant, and indeed utterly ignoble explanation; but that word cleared up all. The verbal ghosts were instantly exorcised, and my brain cleared as if a cloud had lifted from it. Rising, I touched my brother on the arm, and hurried to my room.

"Westmoreland was where Peggy Maxton came from," I said, "and Norfolk was her husband's county; yes, and Laxey, little as they are alike, must have partially reminded me of Maxton." For the first time in just seventeen weeks, my thoughts recurred to my old friend Peggy. I could not avoid a feeling akin to remorse, as at some wilful neglect, when I remembered the melancholy plan the poor, stricken creature disclosed to me at our last interview; and although the stores of provisions she had beforehand could not be exhausted by that time, a strange excitement seized me, amounting to a presentiment of evil to poor Peggy.

"Let us return home to-morrow, Em," said my brother, when, with a little shamefacedness, I had related to him the story. "It will be three days at the earliest before you could get an answer to a letter."

"We will go to-morrow," I assented, and, late as it was, I at once set about making the arrangements, for an unaccountably sad feeling had come over me. We had intended to remain at Broadstairs a fortnight longer, but before noon the next day we were whirling rapidly along the railway for London, on our return home.

"Has anything happened to Peggy Maxton?" I asked before my mother had finished the kissing and hand-shaking with Richard. I could anticipate the answer by the sudden stiffening of my mother's arms, and her grave look, checking the previous smile.

"She was found dead, Dr. Lee tells me, the day before yesterday."

"In her bed?"

"Yes, quietly laid on the bed."

"A written paper left lying on the table?"

"Did the maid tell you on the stairs?" asked my mother. "The paper gave her furniture to those who found her, if they would bury her decently."

"The day before yesterday? Why that, Em, was the day you were so queerly led to think of her at Broadstairs!" and my brother came and touched me on the shoulder, for I could not restrain a fit of weeping. I was not quite strong again, and it, somehow, did seem a neglectful omission on my part, to let the strange conversation I had with the eccentric woman so completely drop out of my memory, and so no steps to be taken to prevent the result she contemplated, and which now seemed to have come about. For the moment, I almost felt as if I was responsible for what had happened. I explained the matter to my mother, who was also much affected, though she argued that, under the circumstances, I was not to blame for the involuntary mental oblivion. At that time, however, and also often afterwards, until a long period had elapsed, I had misgivings on the point. I hurried down to the cottage, where I found a red-faced, healthy-looking woman in possession. It was her husband who had made the ghastly discovery.

"The poor creature was quite a 'natomy, though it was ner for want o' food," she remarked, as she led me up-stairs to the room where the body lay. "Nothin' has bin touched since, not so much even as a spoonful o' tea."

Upon the poor bedstead, under the white sheet, lay the corpse, the outlines showing of a frightful length now. The chamber had the appearance of a store-room. Several pounds of strong-smelling candles hung from a couple of nails in one corner; at the foot of the bed was a coiled-up sack-bag, a quantity of flour still in the bottom of it; and the big faded green caddy, which I instantly recognised as the receptacle for the hoarded tea, stood on a table. I lifted it and shook it, and as I did so, there came quite a sharp rattle of tea from inside. The woman also showed me a row of half-pounds and quarters of sugar, left on a shelf, and elsewhere there were a whole loaf, some oat-cakes, a piece of hard-dried cheese,

and some discoloured bacon. Peggy, it would seem, in pursuance of her resolution, had carried her stores from the little lower room to the chamber above, as if expecting she might become too weak towards the end to go up and down the stairs.

"You see, m'm, it wasn't for hunger as she died," remarked the woman in charge of the house. "There's enough victuals about as 'd ha' lasted her for months."

"Does the doctor say how long he thinks it is since she died?" I ventured to ask.

"Not more ner a couple a days when our Samuel found her."

"How came he to enter the cottage?"

"Why, there had been an orful wind in the night-time, m'm, an' our chimley had been blown down, for we live in the cottage which comes right up at the back; so he got a ladder to go on the roof, an' as he went up this side which was easier, he looked in at the winder, an' had a glimpse of her white face on the bed, m'm."

"Had anyone seen her about previously?"

"We thought on it after, an' nobody had seen her for a matter o' a fortnight; but she was so queer, m'm, none o' us had heeded it."

From further inquiries, I learned that the inquest had been held that day and the funeral was to take place on the following morning. Nothing had been meddled with till the coroner's jury had made their visit; but now that that was over, even while I was in the cottage, the finder of the body entered, with a man he had engaged to assist him, and they began to remove some of the furniture. He triumphantly showed me the ill-scrawled paper, which was his authority—the written scrap found on the window-bottom. Death had overtaken Peggy earlier than she had reckoned for by some weeks at least, and the jury observing the little store of provisions scattered about, had returned a verdict of "Natural death."

I did not fully relate what I knew of the mode in which she had condemned herself to death, for the sentence seemed to have been anticipated by the Supreme Controller of events. Turning back the sheet a little I took my last look of poor old Peggy Maxton's thin, pinched face, and if I could not stop the tears at sight of it, and of the crossed hands, with the worn arms which had prematurely lost the strength to wring out blankets, I may perhaps be forgiven the weakness. But I felt, after all, a kind of sad pleasure at the thought that the poor creature's days of loneliness were over, and that she had now gone where all those near to her had so long preceded her, and where it is not to be supposed she will ever again be a "lone woman."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXV. "IF SHE UNDERVALUE ME,
WHAT CARE I HOW FAIR SHE BE?"

THE whole party walked back to the vicarage together, and the task of leading the horse devolved upon Mr. Linley, who disliked doing it, and showed that he disliked doing it.

"I will drive you, Miss Leigh; you will get up, and graciously pilot me, will you not?" he said to Theo, when he had come back over the hedge and joined the group. And Theo had negatived the proposition with more promptitude than politeness. She would have been glad to escape from Frank's society just then, but fresh as her eagerness was, it could not quite conquer her well-established aversion to Mr. Linley.

"It's not worth any one's while to get up in the trap again—distance is nothing; lead the horse, there's a good fellow," Frank interposed, before Linley could press the point again. Then Theo felt a spasm of gratitude towards Mr. Burgoyne, in beautiful unconsciousness of the interposition being the fruit of his fear that Miss Scott might be the one asked next, and that she might go, and leave him to walk home with Theo.

The walk home, short as it was, was a failure, looked at from every point of view. It is always unpleasant to keep step with a fast-stepping horse, and civility compelled them to accommodate their pace to Linley's. Sydney Scott was annoyed at her rural court being broken in upon; it was far more in accordance with her ideas of enjoyment to have two gentlemen in waiting upon herself alone, than to share their attentions with any one, even with her dear friend Theo. Added to which not wholly unnatural feeling, she was mortifyingly conscious that Theo might imagine that there had been design in her (Sydney's) morning's course of conduct. Miss Scott had an intense dislike to being found out in any of those little moves of hers that were made with such winning careless frankness—such utter absence of thought, apparently. She marked now that Theo appeared slightly downcast, and, with feminine keenness of perception, she read the cause with tolerable clearness: therefore, though she triumphed slightly in her soul, she was also mortified, and, consequently, quiet.

"Things had not gone very far with either girl," Frank Burgoyne told himself. How should they have gone far in the time indeed? Still he was aware that he had shown that in

his manner to both which he might not with impunity continue to show to both if he desired to make progress with either. There were two points to be settled, he felt, and settled right quickly too. The first point was, did he desire to "go further" with either one of them? The second, "which of them was it?" It would be hard to decide!

Things had not gone very far with either girl, and they seemed likely to remain where they were during the greater part of that call. Under the influence of the angry glances which Mrs. Vaughan could not refrain from darting at Sydney, that young lady passed from a semi-repentant state into one of defiance. She felt virtuously indignant that her pleasing pastime should be so palpably deemed faulty, and she included Theo in her anger for being the niece of the lady who so harshly regarded it. She pouted and flushed, and looked very bright-eyed and pretty, and talked in a tenderly-mournful undertone to Frank Burgoyne, and altogether aggravated Mrs. Vaughan. She depressed Theo too, and Theo went down to dismal depths in her own estimation for feeling this depression, and Mr. Linley marked that she did so, and deemed it well to give her a counter-irritant in the hopes of stringing her up to the attractive point again.

"I have some old friends of yours staying with me at Lownds, Miss Leigh. Mr. and Mrs. Galton came last night; they'll be delighted to hear that you're in the neighbourhood."

"The Galtons here?" she asked. She was obliged to reply to his communication: so she made her effort, and said out her little conventional phrase, without emotion, apparently. But it was only "apparently." In reality there was a dull, numbing pain at her heart; they were drawing around, they were closing in upon her again, those who knew the story of her love and sorrow,—worse still, of the brightness of her former hopes, and the blackness of the cloud that had overshadowed them! It was horrible! The light pangs that she had been lately feeling at the fading away of the friendship that might have been love, were as nothing now. She sat there, compelled to keep a fair front before them, to hear what they said, and to hold herself in readiness to answer them, with a sense of being utterly crushed, utterly shamed, utterly (this was the bitterest drop in her cup!) unable to help her-

self—powerless to be anything but a patient, enduring woman. Mr. Linley saw how entirely his tidings had beaten her down, but he did not bestow much sympathy upon her, for he knew the elasticity of her nature, and was aware that the beating down was a mere temporary affair, and that the rebound would come all in good time. He liked the girl for many things—for her pluck and her pride, and, above all, for her power of holding on to her own opinions. This liking would have merged into something far warmer—it had done, so indeed, but he had repressed it nearly entirely now—had she not betrayed one of those shrinking aversions to him which are not to be surmounted. But, though he liked her, he would not have spared her a single stab that might stir her up to be the bright Theo of old—capable of winning and retaining the taste and heart of this young man, who could thus be made to rival and outshine Harold Ffrench in all things. “Then, when the match is made, I’ll let him know that it was I who brought them together,” he thought; and the thought was soothing and agreeable to him to an extraordinary degree. Once before he had robbed Harold Ffrench of a woman’s love, and though he could not do it himself in this instance, he could do it vicariously, he hoped. He decided on throwing Frank and Theo together more than ever. “I’ll get them both to Lownds,” he said to himself; “Theo will come to Ffrench’s cousin, I’ll be bound,—women are so infernally foolish and sentimental about such things; and if Miss Sydney stays here and threatens to mar things, I’ll tackle her myself,—she’s more amenable than Theo.” In his heart he firmly believed that Theo was the exceptional woman who could resist him, and his belief ought to have been founded on experience, for he “had lived and loved.”

Mr. Linley put a stop to those before-mentioned “Undertones” after a time. He appealed to Sydney about a book that she had professed one day at Bretford to have read, and that he felt persuaded she had not read. He put her through a brief catechism concerning it now, held her looks and words securely, though he was powerless to enchain her attention, and by so doing he gave Frank a fair opportunity of addressing Theo, which Frank took sheepishly, for he knew that he had swerved from his manner of yesterday.

“Jolly well those scarlet geraniums look, Miss Leigh,” he said, walking to the window that commanded the churchyard; “that bed, I mean, on the near side of that stumpy tomb with a cherub’s head sitting on the top of it; the roses are gone though,—I’m sorry for that.”

“But the dahlias are come, and one can’t have everything,” Theo replied, going up to his side at the window, and determining to be as she had ever been to him, though his friendship perhaps was a fleeting thing.

“That’s the worst of it, one can’t have everything: this morning, for instance, we hadn’t you at our Arcadian repast——”

“But you had nuts, and they are better,” she interrupted. “Oh! I wanted to ask you, do you know the Galtons?”

“No,” he answered; then he went on, in almost a whisper,—“She, Mrs. Galton, is *his* cousin, isn’t she?”

Then Theo nodded assent, and looked up almost piteously into his eyes, for the manner of his mention of Harold Ffrench told her plainly that he knew a portion of her story, and she feared that he might even know the whole of it, and, knowing it, deem her all that she deemed herself just now. She remembered the keen gaze he had bestowed upon her that first night of their meeting; she remembered the fear that had assailed her then, the fear that had slept since she had been so much with him, and had come to like him so well. But it returned now, and she felt that its slumbering had been a sort of disloyalty to Harold, for it had been lapped to that slumber by the worst foe the one she loved could have—the man he might possibly injure.

It was very hard to maintain composure from the moment of the resuscitation of this fear, but she was a practical girl to a certain degree, and so she contrived to calm herself into propriety of manner by the reflection that it could do no good to give way at all. Nevertheless, she was glad when the necessity for the strain was over, and the call came to a conclusion.

But Sydney was not glad, and Sydney could not affect gladness. That catechism relating to the unread book had been replied to by her with a stifled impatience that had been marked by Mrs. Vaughan; and, now that the guests were gone, Mrs. Vaughan reprimanded that impatience, and not the impatience alone, but sundry other acts, and looks, and words of Sydney’s in a way that young lady did not like at all.

“I must tell you, my dear,” she began, “that I had rather you did not go out to meet gentlemen in the roads about the house; it doesn’t look well.”

“Go out to meet gentlemen! Mrs. Vaughan, I wouldn’t do such a thing; I assure you I know perfectly well——”

“So do I, my dear; I know perfectly well that I am only doing my duty as your hostess in telling you of conduct that every right-

minded person would disapprove of. I must beg that you won't go out to meet gentlemen in the roads——"

"But I didn't do anything of the kind," Sydney cried hotly.

"You can't deny that you met them *in* the road, *as* I say," Mrs. Vaughan rejoined stiffly; "and your manner to Mr. Burgoyne was not what was thought pretty in my young days: talking in low tones never looks well. Of course you mean well, my dear, it's only ignorance of the ways of the world that makes you commit these little errors."

"Ignorance!" (choking with wrath and surprise;) "you must allow me to correct that statement as to my ignorance of the ways of the world, Mrs. Vaughan. I'm excessively sorry if I have offended you in any way: as I have done it, unfortunately, I had better——"

"There, there, say no more about it," Mrs. Vaughan exclaimed hastily. A row that she could not regulate precisely as she wished was painful to her to the last degree. Miss Scott appeared willing to show fight, therefore Mrs. Vaughan deemed it well to hoist the white flag, and so she said, "say no more about it."

"I'll go home at once, I'll start this day, this hour," Sydney said to Theo, as soon as they were alone, which they were quickly, for Theo promptly suggested an adjournment to her bedroom when her aunt had finished speaking. "It's only the thought of her being an old woman that kept me quiet, I can tell you, Theo."

"I can only say I'm sorry—I'm very sorry."

"Yes, but there's no balm in that after having been downright insulted by a—a—well I must call her it—an old bully. What *did* I do so very bad? did you see anything wrong in anything I did, or didn't do, or said, or looked?"

"No, nothing wrong, of course not," Theo replied, flushing up, and speaking with extra warmth on account of her lively remembrance of the depression she had felt.

"I couldn't help Mr. Burgoyne being very attentive—now, could I, Theo?"

"No, you couldn't."

"How should I have known that they would want to get out, and get me nuts? I didn't know there were any nuts even; I wonder your aunt doesn't accuse me of getting up that cope for the furtherance of my evil designs upon—which of them is it?"

"Don't think anything more about it. Aunt Libby will have forgotten all about it when we go down, and you'll forget it when you see Mr. Burgoyne the next time."

"Perhaps I shan't see him again—I can't if I go to-day."

"But you won't go to-day, dear," Theo said, quickly and earnestly. "You won't make a mountain of a mole-hill; I'm sure you won't."

"Mr. Burgoyne says he thinks he has seen me before. I told him that mine was not by any means an uncommon face, so perhaps it was only some one like me he had seen."

"Ah! very likely," Theo replied; she knew that Sydney would remain and suffer wrath to go by for this time if discreetly suffered to report dialogue.

"*He* said he didn't call it a common face—quite laughed at the notion."

"I don't wonder at that—I mean at his laughing—no, I mean at his saying——"

"He says (and Hargrave has often said it too, so I suppose it's true) that my eyes are just the colour of Mary Stuart's." Sydney cared very little what Theo meant, she interrupted Miss Leigh's attempted elucidation ruthlessly.

"I daresay they are; so many people's eyes seem to be like Mary Stuart's," Theo said wearily.

"Oh! I don't take any sort of stand upon it; they do very well for every-day life. When are we going to Lownds?"

"I don't think there was any day fixed."

"Mr. Burgoyne will be there too; I hope your aunt won't go, for if she does, and he devotes himself to me, I shall have a pleasant time of it. Does Mrs. Galton get herself up well? If we go there to luncheon I shall wear a costume that I had for a luncheon at the barracks the other day. Stop, I'll show it to you, it's violet silk, and a lace mantle lined with the same, and a violet bonnet, and parasol, and gloves. I *wish* I had had a double row of flat bows on the skirt,—it was an awful error not to have them, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Theo said, "awful;" and wondered silently whether she would ever again feel earnestly interested about flat bows. To be capable of experiencing poignant regret about them was a state of beatitude to which she might never more hope to rise, she told herself, but would she ever be interested about them at all, just ever so little?

There had been no day fixed for this going to Lownds, to which Sydney looked forward with hopes that were high. No, happily for Theo, there had been no day fixed as yet, and something might occur to avert the necessity for going at all. If it came to pass that she must go down to the gates of the foe, and expose her head uncovered to the arrows that would surely be flying, then she would go down without a word and only flinch inside. Still she hoped that she might not be made to

go down. No good thing, nothing more than the tamest maintenance of her present position, could be gained by the pain she must feel and bear quietly did she adventure into the midst of Harold's friends and foes when they all met together. So she hoped that Lownds might lapse from the minds of her aunt and Sydney Scott and that they might lapse from the minds of those at Lownds.

She had an unconscious ally in Mrs. Galton, who was now the presiding genius at Lownds. The shooting-box arrangements were very much to her taste, for Mr. Linley had not transported himself thither to be uncomfortable. He was not keen sportsman enough to regard all things as of little worth in a sporting establishment save the game that might be around it, and the dogs that were to point and set at the same. All things were done decently and in order at Lownds. Kate found herself lodged luxuriously. It suited Mrs. John Galton to reign, and reign alone, and always give the law; therefore it was that she unconsciously aided and abetted Theo's fervent hopes; she desired not the presence of any other of her own sex who might come and share this empire which was all her own now.

Now Mr. Linley, who marked the majority of things with tolerable clearness, marked very soon this disaffection of Kate's to the proposed introduction of Theo and Sydney to his bachelor quarters. He did not run counter to it openly, for he wished Mrs. Galton to remain; and in that she might be useful to him, he ardently wished her to remain good-tempered. But all the same he resolved that Theo and Sydney should come, and that Kate should invite them affably.

He carried his point on the Sunday morning following Mrs. Galton's arrival at Lownds, one bright sunny autumnal morning that they had agreed would be far better spent out in the garden than in the Hensley church.

"I will go in the afternoon if you like," Kate had said when her husband asked her if she meant to accompany him. "I will go in the afternoon, because probably it will be dull then, and one may as well be in church as not; but I won't go with this sun shining. I shall get more good by sitting out there and thinking."

"Out there" was on a low garden-chair under a walnut-tree whose boughs reached nearly to the earth on all but one side. There they kept them short and open for the sake of the view that stretched away to Maddington, and there the sunbeams fell profusely now in that golden warmth of theirs that they do occasionally display in red October.

"We have left you all the week for the

partridges; it would be a shame for us both to leave you to this morning for the good of our souls," Linley said, in answer to this statement of her intention. "Shall we all sit out there thinking, Galton?"

"I like to go to church once in the day, and after dinner always seems to me——" John Galton began, but Mr. Linley interrupted him by saying:

"Indiscreet after one arrives at years of indigestion; yes, you're right; well, then, we will manage it in this way, you go to church this morning, because you like to go once in the day, and I will stay at home and try to make Mrs. Galton think better of us than she must have been thinking all the week."

So John Galton walked across the fields to the little church at Hensley, and believed in all that he heard, though he did not heed it much on this occasion, for he was just a little sorry that Kate was not there. You see he had grown up with this notion, that there was something after all in these forms and ceremonies, and he wished in all honest sincerity that those who were dear to him should attend to them. It in no way altered his own opinion of her, still he did wish that Kate could "think" on sunny Sunday mornings in church as well as under walnut-trees.

Mrs. Galton took a shawl, and a rug, and a book, and a dog, and went and ensconced herself under the tree with the sunbeams at her feet. The book was speedily dropped, for Mr. Linley soon followed her and went down upon the rug where the sunbeams were never shrinking from the light they threw upon that ugliness on which men said he presumed.

"What a good fellow Galton is," he began; "he has all the qualities and all the qualifications that both men and women like."

"He can ride straight to hounds, and hit a bird if he aims at it," she replied laughing.

"Women—and men too—like a fellow who can ride and tell the truth without swerving," he answered.

"There is an impression abroad that we weak-minded women 'go in,' as you call it in your slang, for the athletic," she rejoined.

"And don't we honour you by giving credence to such an impression? Isn't it better to be able to ride straight at any hedge, moral or physical, than to tell in glowing language how another fellow does it?"

"No, I don't think that it is better," (she remembered how well he did these things in print himself, how game he was in the hunting-field, and how prompt to resent everything, or nothing, in post octavo)—"no, I don't think it better, Mr. Linley." Then she recalled to her mind how Beelzebub had won, and how that

winning had been brought about, and she felt that she would have flown at higher game had higher things been shown her. "Better!" she went on, rather sadly, "no, the one who simply tells about them in type cannot talk of them eternally as those can who really do them;—were you under the impression that I was quite contented with ranking with, but after, the horse and dog and gun?"

"I was under the impression that you were a very clever woman, and I am under it still," he replied, picking a walnut as he spoke, and endeavouring to get it away from its husk without staining his fingers, "you are, with much tact and talent, to say nothing of kindness, trying to make me feel that you don't look upon me as quite an inferior creature to your husband, the man who rode into your affections one day in a not long past memorable Newmarket year. Of course you feel a certain degree of pride in him, you must, whenever you compare him with your cousin Ffrench for instance. God! it's enough to make any man blush for the possession of brains when he reflects on the use Ffrench has made of his; with such opportunities as he has had too—such marvellous opportunities!"

"Harold is full of transcendental nonsense that makes one rejoice in not being bound to stand or fall with him," she replied; "but as to the pride I feel in my husband's achievements in the field—well, the less said about it the better."

Mr. Linley had always thought her a very pretty woman before this morning, very pretty and rather affected. The affectation he had condoned, for it had been displayed for the purpose of pleasing him, and as is usually the case under such circumstances it had pleased him though he had seen through it. But this morning she looked less pretty than she was wont to look, and there was a certain fractiousness in her manner that he liked less than the normal affectation. She had not stayed away from church for the purpose of hearing her husband's praises intoned, nor, though she regarded Linley favourably enough now, did she quite like her idol of the old days disparaged. He may have fallen from his pedestal, that aforesaid idol, but to hear aught detrimental to him is disgusting to the last degree to the woman who placed him there, unless she can charge the utterance of these detrimental speeches to jealousy, when she can bear it better.

But vain as Kate was, she could not charge them to jealousy in this instance, at any rate, not to jealousy about herself. She felt that there was a certain element of truth in what Linley had said of Harold Ffrench, and that it

was his thorough and conscientious opinion that Ffrench had made a poor use of such good things as nature and education had given him. So fully was she impressed with this belief that she resolved to abstain from giving Linley to understand that Harold had been her slave in the past. As Linley did not believe in him her triumph would be small, therefore she was compelled to fall back upon vague statements of the "influence she had had through no efforts of her own over a mighty mind—an influence that had been so thrillingly acknowledged that it had rather spoiled her for the sober happiness and the calm appreciation of her merits which she had afterwards gained by her marriage with Mr. Galton."

It was very hard to come down to this tame theme. Hers was all a cousin's love for Harold Ffrench now—nothing more, nothing warmer; but as she had liked him well, as she had gloried in the halo his supposed gigantic intellect had thrown over their attachment, it was not agreeable to wake to the cold truth, and hear that there had been nothing particular to glory in, in the dispassionate tones of the man who now had the power to sway her mentally.

After the bells of all the neighbouring churches had ceased tolling, and that strange lull had come over the air which can only be found in perfection in a country locality where dissent does not obtain, where Salem and Ebenezer chapels are not, they heard footsteps crossing the lawn that intervened between the house and themselves, and Kate gave a quick gesture of annoyance and cried, "It's John." A moment more showed them her mistake, for through the opening where the boughs were short, over the sunbeams that lay down (like Linley) at her feet, came Frank Burgoyne.

"I made sure I should find you at home, Linley," he began, raising his hat to the lady, and in his eyes she read that he had made sure also that he should find Linley alone. "He's too young for me to care to make amends to him for his disappointment," she thought, as she looked lazily up at him, and told him how such a morning as this was a poem, and how Mr. Linley and herself had decided on reading it in preference to going to church at Hensley. Frank Burgoyne almost felt as though he had interrupted the reading; strange sensations of being unwanted, unwelcome, set in. His annoyance at finding the lady there when he had come to talk privately to Linley faded away before his annoyance at finding the lady was far from well pleased to see him.

"Cannot the poem go on?" he asked. "I

trust my advent has not spoiled the rhythm ; the fact is, Linley, I wanted to ask you," he went on hurriedly, "if any day was fixed after all for the Hensley people to come here ? I promised to come with my aunt, Miss Ethel, when they came, and she wouldn't like me to make any other arrangements that would interfere with that appointment."

"There was no day fixed ; I left that to Mrs. Galton, who I believe is going to be kind enough to call and give the invitation in person to-morrow," Linley replied, looking at Mrs. Galton as if he had not known such had not been her intention a minute ago.

"Of course I will do your bidding, as you compel me to act as hostess while I am here ; but a family party ?—*All* the people out of a country rectory, to be asked, does sound very awful ; do you mean that they're to be asked to dinner ?"

"That by and bye," her host rejoined, "we'll invite them to luncheon first, a sort of preliminary canter before we run that race of intimacy which people are compelled to run in the country if they would avoid dying of themselves."

"Then to-morrow I am to commence my pilgrimage along that interminable vista of entertainment that I see looming before me ? I'm to ask them to luncheon, to say something to that very demure young lady, Miss Theo, about her being good enough to come and relieve my solitude ? I shall never die of myself, Linley, believe me, I don't get bored alone ; but with a family party on my hands for hours perhaps——" She paused and shrugged her shoulders, but did not specify what might be expected to happen.

"You heard Mr. Burgoyne say that he was coming with Miss Ethel ?"

"Ah ! forgive me, so he did say it ; it won't be quite a family party, then, if Miss Burgoyne can stand it ?"

"I count for nothing, I perceive," Frank said, and he tried to say it as if the counting for nothing was a great joke, which he relished very much, but he did not quite succeed.

"You ! why, you will be out with my husband and Mr. Linley," she said, glancing carelessly at him.

"I can't carry a gun yet," he replied.

"To say nothing of Linley not having the slightest intention of leaving you to bear the burden and heat of the day alone, Mrs. Galton ; we shall have had plenty of sport before one, and we will lunch at two—at two on Tuesday, Burgoyne,—will that meet your views ?"

"Yes, perfectly," Frank answered. He wished that Mrs. Galton would look up and betray a little interest in whether it met his

views or not, he was not accustomed to be utterly disregarded by women in this way, for Kate's was a genuine disregard, very different from the one Sydney had got up at first. But Mrs. Galton did not look up and betray interest in him, or his coming or his staying away. Mrs. Galton evidently looked upon him as very young indeed, far too young to disturb herself about. This was a manner of looking upon him that was eminently distasteful to him, for he had no tenderness for his youth, he never cared to see it brought to the fore.

"She's a lovely woman, lovely," he thought, as he walked slowly back to Maddington ; "that sort of nonchalance which she assumes is disgustingly out of place, though. By Jove ! the devil's in it if I am to be taught that my existence is very immaterial by a woman of that rank." He reminded himself more than once of how far superior a cast of character both Theo and Sydney were, how much better bred they were, and how much more they thought of him.

(To be continued.)

MOSELEY HALL.

SITUATED at the distance of some four miles from Wolverhampton, at the edge of "the black country," in the county of Stafford, and in the hamlet of Moseley, forming a portion of the pretty country parish of Bushbury, stands Moseley Hall, a venerable mansion whose name, though less well-known than that of Boscobel, is associated in history with the escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. It is a most pleasant walk or drive from Wolverhampton to Bushbury through shady, green picturesque roads. The "old Hall," as it is called, stands at some distance from the high road, and is approached by country lanes, which are of the ordinary Staffordshire type. The country round is verdant and well wooded, and the only object that is wanted in order to form a lovely English landscape is water. The "old Hall" stands in grounds of its own, and is one of those timber mansions of great antiquity in which Cheshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire are rich. But having been religiously kept from year to year in its ancient state on account of the venerable associations which attach to it, the Hall has fallen into such bad repair that it has been at length deserted by its owners, who have erected close by a new mansion, called "Moseley Court," turning the Hall into a farm-house residence. It is almost needless to add that the bed and bed-room which King Charles occupied during his stay

there after the fatal Battle of Worcester (September 3rd, 1651), are still most religiously kept in the same condition in which they gave rest to royalty, securing to the Prince a few hours' respite from those cares which make uneasy, not only "the head that wears a crown," but the head that is ever likely or destined to wear one. The oak wardrobe which adorned the room is also still preserved.

The ancient estate of Moseley has belonged from the reign of James I. to the Whitgreaves, but their original abode was Burton, near Stafford, and they possessed in early times a

village in the vicinity of their seat, from which, (according to the discordant opinions of antiquaries) they derived, or to which they gave, the name of Whitgreave. The representative of the family in the time of King John was Gilbert Whitgreave, or Whytgrave, Esq., of Whytgrave.

Among the most curious and interesting relics of ages now happily long passed away, that are to be found in the country houses of old Roman Catholic families, are the "Priests' holes," or hiding-places, of which specimens may be seen at Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire,



Hengrave in Suffolk, and Hendred House, Berks, to say nothing of other specimens. It is almost needless to state here that in the days when the penal laws inflicted under the Stuart and Tudor sovereigns were in full force, if priests were caught saying mass, or performing religious ceremonies, they were liable to be put to death. These hiding-places were generally at the end of very intricate winding passages to which it was not easy to obtain access. Such a hiding-place is to be found at Moseley, and there is little or no doubt that it not only secreted the royal fugitive,

but also often stood the Romish priests in good stead when hunted down by the bloodhounds of the infamous penal laws set in motion against them by men who too often were goaded on to the pursuit by the hopes of pecuniary reward.

The story of the escape of Charles from the fatal field of Worcester to Boscobel, and how he was secreted there in the old oak tree by the aid of Colonel Careless and the faithful Penderells, is a chapter in English history well known, no doubt, to most of our readers, and they are equally acquainted with the

adventures of Charles as he attempted to fly the kingdom in succession at Bristol, and at Charmouth, until he reached Brighton, and took ship for France. But the episode of the day spent by the king at Moseley, *en route* from Boscobel to Mr. Lane's house at Bentley, very possibly may not be equally familiar to them. It is thus related in substance by Lingard, who, as a Roman Catholic, had access to the family papers and documents of the Whitgreaves, Hudlestons, and other families of that religion, which were closed to the researches of other writers. He says:—

“Fortunately, on that afternoon (September 7), Charles received by John Penderell a welcome message from Lord Wilmot, to meet him that night at the house of Mr. Whitgreave, a ‘recusant’ at Moseley.

“The king’s feet were so swollen and blistered by his recent walk to and from Madeley, that he gladly accepted the offer of a ride on Humphrey’s the miller’s horse, nor did the appearance of the monarch disgrace that of the steed. He wore a coat and breeches of coarse green cloth, both so threadbare that in many places they appeared white, and the latter ‘so long that they came down to the garter;’ his doublet was of leather, old and soiled; his shoes were heavy and slashed for the ease of his feet; his stockings of green yarn had been much worn, were darned at the knees, and without feet; and an old gray steeple-crowned hat, without band or lining, with a crooked thorn stick, completed the royal attire. The six brothers attended him with arms,—two kept in advance, two followed behind, and one walked on each side. He had not gone far before he complained to the miller of the heavy jolting of his horse. ‘My liege,’ replied the miller, ‘you do not recollect that he carries the weight of three kingdoms on his back.’”

Blount in his “Boscobel” thus describes the Prince’s dress when he reached Moseley: “A leathern doublet with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches, and a jump coat (as the country calls it) of the same colour, a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings, which were lent him at Madeley, a pair of old shoes cut and slashed in order to give ease to his feet, an old gray greasy hat without a lining, a shirt of the coarsest linen, and his face and his hands made of a brown complexion by the help of the walnut-tree leaves.

At Moseley, cheered by the company of Wilmot, and the attention of Mr. Whitgreave and his chaplain, Mr. Hudlestone,* the

King recovered his spirits, fought the Battle of Worcester over again, and declared that if he could find a few thousand men who had the courage to stand by him, he would not hesitate to meet his enemies in the field a second time. A new plan of escape was now submitted to Charles through his chaplain. The daughter of Colonel Lane, of Bentley—an adjacent estate still, like Moseley, in the hands of the same family, to whom it belonged more than two centuries ago—had obtained from the governor of Stafford a pass to visit Mrs. Norton, a relative near Bristol.

Charles consented to assume the character of her servant, and Wilmot departed on the following night to make arrangements for his reception. In the meantime, to guard against a surprise, Hudlestone constantly attended the king; Whitgreave occasionally left the house to observe what passed in the street; and Sir John Preston, and two other boys, the pupils of Hudlestone, were stationed as sentinels at the garret windows.* But the danger of discovery increased every hour. The confession of a cornet who had accompanied him, and was afterwards made prisoner, divulged the fact that Charles had been left at Whiteladies; and the hope of reward stimulated the parliamentary officers to new and more active exertions. The house at Boscobel, on the day after the king’s departure, was successively visited by two parties of the enemy: the next morning a second and more rigorous search was made at Whiteladies; and in the afternoon the arrival of a troop of horse alarmed the inhabitants of Moseley. As Charles, Whitgreave, and Hudlestone, were standing near a window, they observed a neighbour run hastily into the house, and in an instant heard the shout of ‘soldiers, soldiers!’ from the foot of the staircase. The king was immediately shut up in the secret place; all the other doors were thrown open; and Whitgreave descending, met the troopers in front of his house. They seized him as a fugitive cavalier from Worcester; but he convinced them by the testimony of his neighbours, that for several weeks he had not quitted Moseley, and with much difficulty prevailed on them to depart without searching the house. That night Charles proceeded to Bentley. It took but little time to

Charles I. The latter was a member of the ancient family of Hudlestone of Hutton John, in Cumberland, of which the Hudlestons of Sawston are a younger branch. Having left the service, Mr. Hudlestone took orders, and was at this time a secular priest, living with Mr. Whitgreave as chaplain to his family. He afterwards became a Benedictine monk, and was appointed one of the Queen’s chaplains; and he is said to have received the king on his death-bed into the Romish Church.

* Mr. Whitgreave had served as a lieutenant and Mr. Hudlestone as a gentleman volunteer in the army of

* Though ignorant of the quality of the stranger, the boys amused the king by calling themselves his life-guard—Boscobel, 75.

transform the wood-cutter into a domestic servant, and to exchange his dress of green jump for a more decent suit of gray cloth. He departed on horseback with his supposed mistress behind him, accompanied by her cousin, Mr. Lassells; and, after a journey of three days, reached Abbotsleigh, Mr. Norton's house, without interruption or danger.

We are sorry to say that gratitude was not one of the most prominent virtues of the Stuart race, but it deserves to be recorded that in after and better times, Charles settled by deed of gift (still in existence) a pension of 200*l.* a year on his preserver, Mr. Whitgreave, and his daughter, and we believe that we are right in asserting that from generation to generation the honour of a baronetcy has been offered more than once to the Whitgreaves, in token of their ancestor's loyalty, but that the honour has been as constantly refused.

It may be interesting to know that the bedroom in which the king slept at Moseley is still kept as far as possible in the self-same state in which it was in September, 1651. The oak-bedstead and the oak-cabinet are still there, and the Whitgreaves still keep, with the religious reverence due to such a relic, a portion of the silk hanging which fringed the curtain round the bed. Mr. Whitgreave himself also has a pair of silver links, or wristband studs, which the king took out from his own dress and gave to his preserver at the time when he took leave of Moseley on his way to Bentley. Though the house is sadly out of repair, the royal bedroom and bedstead are still in good condition. The old chapel is still in existence in the upper story, commanding a good view of the country round, and so is the old "priest's hiding-hole," of which we have spoken. It may be of interest to add that not only the Lanes and the Whitgreaves among the "county families" of the neighbourhood are still flourishing, but also that the name of the Penderells, persons in a lower sphere of life, who so faithfully served their sovereign at Boscobel, survives in the neighbourhood.

E. WALFORD.

BOOTAN AND THE BOOTEEAS.

BETWEEN the lofty and mountain-surrounded table-land of Tibet on the one side, and the fertile plains of Bengal on the other, lies the country of Bootan. Like most tracts similarly situate, it partakes of the characteristics of the two countries which it divides. Its upper portion consists of the southern mountains of the vast Himalayan range; while on the south it includes a long strip of land at

the foot of the smaller hills, which form a sort of natural support to the stupendous acclivities above. This strip of land comprises the debouchure of the various passes leading from the mountains into the Assam and Bengal plains, and is divided into some eighteen districts, which go by the name of *Dooars*, or passes, and the revenue of which forms a considerable proportion of the entire income of the state.

The total area of the Bootan territory is some 20,000 square miles. It is bounded on the north by Tibet, on the south by Bengal and Assam, on the west by the considerable river Teesta, and on the east by another stream, Dhunseree by name, which separates it from the territory of the Rajah of Towung, a tributary of Lhasa in Tibet, and, therefore, indirectly, of China.

Except the *Dooars*, to which we shall presently revert, the entire country "presents a succession of the most rugged and lofty mountains on the surface of the globe. Their stupendous size" (says Pemberton, who was deputed thither in 1838) "almost precludes the possibility of obtaining a position sufficiently commanding to afford a bird's eye view of their general direction, for they are separated only by the narrow beds of roaring torrents, which rush over huge boulders of primitive rock with resistless violence; and the paths most generally frequented are at an elevation of from 2000 to 7000 feet above the level of the sea, while the mural ridges above them frequently rise to an altitude of from 12,000 to 20,000; the consequence is, that the traveller appears to be shut out on every side from the rest of the world; and it is only when winding round some spur of the minor ranges, that he obtains an occasional glimpse of the more distant peaks and ridges which bound the view from the deep dell at his feet, where some restless river is urging its way to the sea." In many parts of this region the cold during the winter months is so intense that (says an intelligent native, Kishen Kant Bose, in the *Asiatic Researches*) many of the inhabitants migrate to more favoured climates until the return of spring. "The people who remain to watch the houses cannot live without fires, and they also wear four or five dresses, one above the other, and night and day drink tea and wine. Most of the farmers have two houses, and two farms, one of which they cultivate during the hot, and the other during the cold, weather."

The cultivation of this upper tract of country is almost entirely confined to the valleys which have been formed and enlarged by the rapid course of the rivers, swollen at regular

seasons by melted snow; and the surface of the soil, sloping gradually from the foot of the hills to the margin of the stream, is rendered available for agricultural purposes by being cut into terraces.

Widely different from the hilly parts of Bootan are the Dooars, which consist in a great measure of alluvial deposit, especially in those parts which closely border on Bengal and on the Burrampootra river. The more southerly portions are well cultivated with rice crops; then comes a dense forest extending up to the foot of the hills, except here and there, where a heavy grass jungle, almost equally impenetrable, takes the place of the former. Both here, and indeed wherever the forest extends immediately under the hills, are thickets of the densest vegetation, swarming with elephants, deer, tigers, buffaloes, and various other kinds of wild animals, while the stagnant air, festering under the almost tropical sun, is so dangerous to man, that even those most inured to the climate rarely remain exposed to it for any length of time without serious, and even fatal, results.

The population of Bootan, called by the Hindoos Booteas, but by themselves Cheudzin Doepo, are estimated at about 150,000; mostly, except in the Dooars, of more or less pure Mongolian race, but comprising several thousand captives from Assam and Bengal, who are forced to marry people of the country. Their language is stated to be a dialect of the Tibetan, a supposition which the similarity of the two races in many other respects (especially in religion, as will presently be pointed out) renders at least probable.

Their houses are ingeniously constructed. The walls are of earth, rammed between upright boards by stamping of feet, and the use of wooden rammers; and are made by this process so firm and hard, that, says Captain Pemberton, "we always selected them as butts against which to place the marks we intended to fire at; and bullets shot from a rifle" (there were no Lancasters and Enfields then), "at a distance of eighty yards, indented them very superficially, and were themselves found to be perfectly flattened by the contact." The dwelling itself consists of a ground floor, of which pigs,* fowls, cattle, and rats, have undisputed possession; the ascent to the first floor is by steps, made, like the wall, of hardened earth, of which also the fireplaces are composed. Chimneys there are none; and windows rarely, or but very small in size, except on the south side, where they open

on to balconies, the favourite resort of the dwellers at all hours of the day. The roof consists of flattened earth, covered with boards, which are kept in their places by heavy stones. This fastening is, however, wholly inadequate; and it is stated that a moderately strong wind is followed by the rolling of the stones from the roof, and the clattering of the fir-planks, which speedily follow them.

The people themselves are described as good-natured, indolent, apathetic folk: "rarely sufficiently roused to give vent to the feelings in any exclamations of pleasure or surprise;" generally honest: illiterate, immoral, and victims of the most unqualified superstition. To a stranger the most repulsive thing about them, is the terrible state of filth in which they live; a state partly owing to the severity of the climate, partly to their natural indolence, and no doubt, also, in a great degree, to the precepts of their religion, which forbid the destruction of animal life; and in accordance with which (though they will eat meat killed by others), the most loathsome vermin are simply caught, and thrown away, when too troublesome: the effect being, that no one would knowingly allow a Bootee to come "between the wind and his nobility."

It would, however, be unfair to deny that they begin life with a vigorous exhibition of cold water—more so, perhaps, than our lady-readers may approve. "When a child is born," says our native authority, "it is first washed with warm water; after that, the next morning it is carried to the river, and plunged into the water, however cold the weather may be; there it is kept some time, and after that its mother is bathed, and the child wrapped up and carried home."

Even more disgusting, however, to the moral sense is the practice of polyandry, which prevails here, scarcely less universally than in Tibet. The wife is usually the common property of three or four brothers: and to prevent emigration into better governed countries, it has sometimes been the practice to make agreements for the continued cultivation of the lands with the women, instead of the men; three or four males being, as the traveller from whom I quote expresses it, "en chained by the fetters which bind one female."

Nature has visited with stern reprobation the departures of the Booteas from the social system which she has laid down. Captain Pemberton records that during his whole journey to and from the capital, he scarcely ever saw an aged person; this, it is obvious, could not have arisen from climate; "for there are probably few spots on the globe presenting conditions more favourable to lon-

* These are great favourites in Bootan. Pemberton was expressly told, "Shoot as many bears or men as you please, but spare the pigs."

gevity than the lofty mountains and bracing air of Bootan ;" but the causes (he thinks) are to be sought in "that premature decay, which inevitably follows the unbridled indulgence of the passions."

The government of the country and its religion are so closely intertwined, that it is difficult altogether to separate them. The ostensible head of the state, and, at the same time, the object of worship, is the Dherma Rajah, to whom the Deb Rajah, or prime minister, is in theory altogether subordinate. The Dherma, is, like his great prototype of Lhasa, supposed to be the incarnation of Buddha, who takes the human form, and by escaping from one corporeal frame to another immediately before the dissolution of the former, is never subject to the ordinary lot of humanity. The first thing to be done after the death of one such incarnation is to find whither Buddha has betaken himself. For this purpose there is usually an interregnum of a year, during which time the senior priest (or Gylong) acts in the Dherma's place. Generally the desired reappearance has taken place in Lhasa. But early in the present century the chief ministers of state seriously remonstrated with the then dying Dherma, saying, "You have hitherto been regenerated in Lhasa, and in bringing you here a great expense is unnecessarily incurred." To which representation the Dherma replied, "I will be regenerated in the Shasheb caste, and in Tongsa,"—which he duly was; for in Tongsa, a little boy refused his mother's milk, preferring that of a cow, and said he was Dherma. The priests accordingly conveyed to the place where he was, articles of all kinds, the property of the last Dherma, which were placed before him, along with other articles, purposely made to resemble the first closely, so as to test the infallibility of the re-nate god. "Upon this," says our native friend above quoted, "the infant Dherma Rajah recognised his former property; and, as he also knew the slaves, it appeared that he was in reality the Dherma Rajah, and he was accordingly seated with the usual religious observances and ceremonies on the throne."

Next to the Dherma, and all but supreme in the temporal affairs of the country (in which, however, it is thought respectful to consult the Dherma), comes the Coosho Debo, or Deb Rajah. He is chosen from the principal officers of the country, and holds office for three years only; though neither of these regulations is invariably adhered to. Each of the rajahs has a council, whom he usually consults; and under the Deb are the governors of the two principal divisions of the country,

called Penlos or Pilos, with the jurisdictional designation of "Paro" or "Tongso" Penlo, from the capitals of the eastern or western provinces. (It was, it may be remembered, the Tongso Penlo, or chief governor of the eastern province, who took so prominent a part in the gross insult perpetrated on our envoy, Mr. Ashley Eden, in the spring of last year.) These two officers govern between them three-fourths of the entire country, and nothing of importance is done without their consent. To their intrigues against the Deb and one another, much of the vacillation and confusion which characterise the acts of the Bootan government, is attributable. Like all other high officers of the state, they are required on appointment to separate at once and for ever from their wives and children.

The total revenue of the country is about £20,000; of this nominally a quarter, but really, probably, much more, has been drawn from the country below the passes (the Dooars, which it is now intended to confiscate). It is mostly collected in kind, and, as no state accounts are kept, while the tenure of office is precarious to the last degree, it may be readily conceived that the grossest abuses prevail. Especially is this the case in the Dooars, where the comparative prosperity of the inhabitants marks them as an easy prey to the rapacious officials of the government under which it is their misfortune to be placed. To such an extent have these officials carried their exactions and oppressions, that the unhappy victims, though conscious of the hopelessness of resistance, have from time to time rebelled, and been carried off into slavery by way of punishment.

Among other ingenious methods of extracting cash, is the sending from the hills a pony, worth perhaps £2, and insisting on its being purchased for £10, or some such exorbitant price. And, as regards the legacy and succession duties, even that model extortionist, Mr. Trevor, might get a hint from the Bootan government; for, on the death of any head of a family, however numerous his children, and whether male or female, all his property, of whatever kind, becomes escheated to the Dherma and Deb Rajahs, and as much of it as does not stick to the fingers of the provincial governors finds its way to the royal stores at Punakha or Tassisujong (pronounced Tashjong).

It has already been observed how deeply the so-called religion of this curious people is mixed up with their form of government. The enforced celibacy of the higher officers, which separates them from the people, and gives them a monkish "odour of sanctity," is

an example of this; and, before turning to their military position and external relations, which are of especial interest at the present time, it may be as well to regard them from another point of view.

The priesthood is a body of the very highest importance in Bootan. In the two capital cities of Punakha and Tassisujong alone, they are said to number more than 2000; and in other towns and villages they bear an equally large proportion to the rest of the population. Their numbers give them great influence, irrespectively of the estimation in which the order is held; and they have gradually acquired the best lands and sites in the country, which are described by an eye-witness as "studded with their monasteries and houses, always distinguishable from being whitewashed, and possessing an appearance of comfort and neatness much superior to those of the laity." At the head of the class is, of course, the object of worship, the Dherma; next to him the chief priest, Lama Tipp, who occupies his seat during the interregnum which follows the death of an incarnation of Buddha.

Celibacy on the part of so considerable a proportion of the people has produced its usual fruit in the shape of the grossest immorality; and it has been thought probable that the influence, and even the existence of the entire sacerdotal class, may make shipwreck on this rock. Certain it is that the former is already on the wane, of which perhaps no stronger proof can well be adduced than the fact "that the Deb has, on more than one occasion, ventured not only to intercept and appropriate to his own use presents expressly designed for the assumed Incarnation of the Deity, but has taken them from him even after they had reached his presence, when the loss would of course be felt still more severely."—(Pemberton.)

As might be supposed, the military resources of the Booteas consist rather in the belt of jungle which guards the approach to their territory, and the ruggedness of the country itself, than in well-disciplined troops. Pemberton, from whom we have quoted so largely, states their force approximately at some 10,000 men, but adds, "nothing like that force could be concentrated at any one spot. Five or six hundred men could hardly be supported," he says, "at any one point of the country I have visited for more than a few days, except at the castles" (of the governors). Nothing like a standing military force exists, except the garrisons (never exceeding 100 strong) of the various castles; and even these our own Assam troops hold in utter contempt. Their arms consist

of a long dhao, or knife, and bows and arrows; the latter sometimes poisoned with the juice of some tree or plant respecting which they affect great mystery. Circular shields and an iron helmet, well quilted, and often proof against sword cuts, complete their equipment, except in a few cases where an old blunderbuss or musket, infinitely more dangerous to the owner than to the enemy, has found its way into the country.

Besides the castles, which are of no great strength as military works, and generally commanded by adjacent heights, they have no defensive works but stockades, which they construct speedily and defend fairly. "We found it," says Captain (afterwards Sir A.) Bogle, describing one he had just captured, "to be an oblong work, capable of holding about 1000 men, with a double fence; the interior one (which was complete) being formed of stones and thick branches of trees about twelve feet high, and with a mud parapet all round. The exterior one, which was placed about twelve feet in front of the other, had only been carried half round: it was made of pointed bamboos and betel-nut trees, was about twenty feet high, and had a kind of *chevaux-de-frise* of sharp bamboos twisted into it at the height of four feet, making it very difficult indeed for an attacking force to get sufficiently near to cut an entrance."

The external relations of Bootan, like those of more civilised nations, are twofold, political and commercial. It will be seen by reference to any tolerable atlas, that the nearest road from the uplands of Tibet to the rich plains of Assam, lies directly through Bootan. Once in the valley of the Burhampooter, that magnificent stream takes you by a slightly devious course to the Bay of Bengal. And accordingly in former days Bootan was an important entrepôt between hill and plain. The first account of it which has come under our notice, that of Ralph Fitch, included in Hakluyt, refers to it as to a commercial country.

"There is a country four days' journey from Cutch (Cooch Behar), or Guichue, before-mentioned, which is called Bootanter, and the city Bottea—the king is called Durmain (Dherma), the people whereof are very tall and strong; and there are merchants which come out of China, and they say out of Muscovia or Tartary; and they come to buy (? sell) musk, cambals, agates, silk, pepper, and saffron of Persia. The country is very great; three months' journey. There are very high mountains in this country, and one of them so steep that, when six days' journey off it, ye may see it perfectly. Upon these moun-

tains are people which have ears of a span long ; if their ears be not long, they call them apes. They say, that when they be upon the mountains, they see ships in the sea sailing to and fro ; but they know not from whence they come, nor whither they go. There are merchants which come out of the East ; they say, from under the sun, which is from China, which have no beards, and they say there it is something warm. But those which come from the other side of the mountains, which is from the north, say there it is very cold. The northern merchants are appareiled with woollen cloth and hats, white hosen close, and boots which be of Muscovia or Tartary. They report that in their country they have very good horses, but they be little ; some men have four, five, or six hundred horses and kine, they live with milk and flesh ; cut the tails of their kine, and sell them very dear, for they be in great request, the hair of them is a yard long. They use to hang them for bravery upon the heads of their elephants ; they be much used in Pegu and China ; they buy and sell them by scores upon the ground" (1583).

This is, though nearly three hundred years old, a fair description of the trade through Bootan in the present day, so far at least as the articles sold are concerned—reading blankets for "cambals," turquoise* for "agates," and the great river (Burhampooter) for "the sea," we have a precise reproduction, with one exception, of the description of good old Fitch of the sixteenth century. With one exception ; for the petty jealousy of the Booteea Government acts as a complete bar to all trade in which the court is not directly or indirectly concerned, and thus, as in so many other ways, retards the improvement of the country—the present commerce of Bootan being estimated at less than 5000*l.* annually. How much might be done by the removal of restrictions was seen long since by that sagacious and energetic Governor-General, Warren Hastings. In May, 1774, Mr. Bogle was deputed by him to restore to Bootan at the intercession of Keshoo, Lama of Tibet, the Dooars, which it had been found necessary even at that early period to attach on account of "Booteea aggressions," and received special instructions to negotiate freedom of commerce between both these countries (to which his mission extended), and our own Bengal Provinces. But his mission, as also that of Captain Turner in 1783, failed to overcome the timidity and jealousy which the Booteas, probably under instructions from Lhassa, so signally displayed.

For it must not be forgotten (and this is the only one of the external relations of Bootan which merits notice here) that the Tibetan race, with which the Bootanese is so closely connected both by blood and a common faith, exercises the strongest influence on the conduct of the court of Tassisujong. Nothing of importance is done at the latter without communication with Lhassa. And what is the ruling power at Lhassa? Not the Grand Lama, but—three Chinese commissioners. For, while the Chinese feel, or affect to feel, the highest respect for the incarnations of *Booth*, whether in Tibet or in Bootan, they never forget that the former directly, and through it the latter, are dependent States : and that a Chinese army has once, and might again, overrun the entire province of Nepal. Hence, while they do not oppress Bootan with any heavy tribute, they continue to keep themselves informed of what passes there : annual complimentary presents are exchanged, and Bootan has once been heavily fined for not reporting an expected invasion.

While, therefore, we may exercise irresistible pressure on the Bootan government, and force it to accede to any demand we make on it, we must bear in mind that it is on the side of China alone that anything can be done to restore unrestricted freedom of commerce, and to reopen its ancient natural channels. It is perhaps not generally known that our frontiers are in immediate contact with those of the Chinese Empire, in Lower Assam, a fact which we commend to the notice of Captain Sprye, who has so long and so assiduously laboured to establish overland communication between India and China.

It can scarcely be needful, now that we are engaged in a war with the distracted government of this interesting country, to recall to mind the history of our past relations with Bootan. It is, perhaps, the most monotonous record of aggressions on one side, and unavailing remonstrance on the other, to which it would be possible to point. The public journals in this country, which treat most fully of Indian affairs, and the Indian papers without exception, have had many atrocious instances of murder and kidnapping to record in each year. How the wretched denizens of the Dooars fare under the sway of their masters has already been shown. May it not, then, be fairly hoped, that if the promulgated programme of the Indian government be adhered to, the Dooars annexed, and the passes leading into them occupied in such force as to prevent incursions from the hills, the last "annexation" may lead not only to the increased security of our own people, who have a rightful

* The chief ornament of women both in Bootan and Tibet.

claim on our protection, but may redeem from an execrable tyranny an industrious population, derived from the same stock as our own Assamese subjects, and equally capable of profiting by the change from a barbarous and capricious to a regulated and equable system of government.

DUNCAN REA.

DURING the summer months of 1849, I found myself a sight-seeker among the western isles of Scotland. I was anxious to look upon Nature in her undress—in her more homely aspects. The season before, during my second college-vacation, I had beheld her in her holiday attire and grander outlines. I had visited Ben Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trosachs. I had stood bewildered—appalled—while contemplating the external nothingness of the human atom, in comparison with the rooted rock and the drifted boulder; I had felt that general accompaniment of a first introduction to the sublime, the shudder that partakes of ecstasy, while gazing from the flowery crown of the iron precipice upon the living waters beneath me,—ever marvelling, as their strength became exhausted, and their upward heavings stayed, at the instinctive desire of my more material to go down—down, to my own destruction, with that baffled giant which surged and seethed, and sank, and sank, till its thunder-æan became a murmur, and its mighty bulk a dimple. I had bowed in silent devotion to the dreamy magnificence of water and wood, valley and mountains; and now, away from the awfully grand and ornate, I enjoyed, with little less enthusiasm, the tamer scenery of these western isles—this balder or less imaginative episode in the grandly illuminated epic of North Britain.

There is little, perhaps, in these western isles to arrest the attention of what is denominated the *ordinary* eye. Bald crags, heathery pastures, occasionally a little woodland, and that eternal display of waters, may be looked upon as the general features. Here, however, I wandered from what was wild to what was wilder, charmed at nights to slumber by the perfume of my couch—generally a bed of blossomed heather—beneath whatever roof-tree turned up with the declining hours of day.

I had been about a fortnight in the Isle of Mull when I became acquainted with Donald MacDouall, sometimes a shepherd and sometimes a fisherman. Donald was in circumstances unusually comfortable, for a man of his class. His proper household consisted of

but three—his mother and two sisters—besides himself, and they were all four industrious. He was a fine specimen of the Scottish Celt—tall, straight, and sinewy. His sisters were all that could be comprehended in the term, “braw lasses,” sun-browned, dark-haired and light-footed lasses they were, with hearts, too light as innocence of the world and its ways could make them.

The inmates of Donald’s cottage, however, were not always limited to the number above mentioned. Donald was seldom without a sojourner. One of the most hospitable among a proverbially hospitable people, his door was open, and his board was ready for every wayfarer.

Some days before Donald and I became acquainted, a young man and his wife, both strangers at Mull, had been added to his domestic circle. Duncan Rea had solicited permission from MacDouall to assist him in his avocations on water and land. The latter, it is true, could have moved along without much assistance, beyond that of his sisters, as hitherto; but the stranger, besides being an adept at everything he turned a hand to, had inspired his host, in the course of a day or two, with a regard for him which amounted to almost brotherly affection. There was something, indeed, in the manner of both Duncan and his fair-haired Alice, that won strangely upon the sympathies of the beholder. I felt it myself, and, I may add, was not at all times satisfied with the feeling. I got, somehow, under the impression that my presence was not productive of pleasure, but that it was of the reverse, to both Duncan and his Alice. It is true, I felt that they had a perfect right to be reserved when they chose, but, like many an older head, found it easier to acknowledge that right than to pardon its being used against me. So minute, however, were the several items that had formed the body of my impression, that now, after the lapse of several years, I could point to none of sufficient bulk to support me with its evidence. I can only recollect, at present, that whatever forms or manner of action their antipathies assumed, neither the feeling, wherein such could have originated, nor my surmises of its being, could have existed long, as, before one week had passed, we were as if we had been many weeks together. I can recollect also that those shadows of reserve—far from being discontinued during the days of our later acquaintance—were at all times, even when at their darkest, mellowed by a courtesy that remains amongst the fondest of my recollections. It was not merely a natural courtesy, it struck me; it was more. There

appeared to me, young as I was, a something in the manner of both Duncan and his wife, that spoke of a position considerably above their present. Duncan, indeed, might have been a laird, and his wife a lady, had personal

appearance, gentleness of speech and bearing, constituted worldly property. As it was, all the observable wealth they had, and all they appeared to care for, lay in their being continually together—in their mutual possession



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of each other. They loved, and with a love oftener to be read of than met with, a love like that of childhood, calm, clinging, trusting, without passion or display, exhibiting itself in every look and movement, but ever with-

out any apparent belief in the necessity of language to testify its existence. Their previous history and connections were matters of much conjecture in the locality, sometimes of open question in their presence; but on

all topics touching their individual past, Duncan and Alice maintained, so far as I could learn, an unbroken silence.

Duncan and I often rambled or boated together. On such occasions he was generally cheerful, and yet it was in these, his livelier moods, that I saw most clearly the existence of a growing melancholy. The vivacity of voice and manner were not in keeping with the abstraction in his eye. The outward was with the present, but the direction of the inward could not be hidden: the mind was not there; it was with the past or future. I had occasionally dropped a hint of my belief in this secret sorrow, when alone with MacDouall. Donald had a manner peculiar to himself, I think, of dealing with a subject which he either did not understand or feel at liberty to discuss. It was a monosyllabic style of conversation that enabled him to exhaust your opinions without giving you anything in return. He knew all of my thoughts with regard to Duncan Rea; but I never knew any of his. He might have known all about him, or, like myself, he might only have suspected some secret annoyance. I was never made anything the wiser by Donald.

Having had a turn for philosophising a little on the various forms of human action, and the probable cause of each variety, I had concluded that poverty was the source of Duncan's mental disturbance; but the fact of his having rejected all remuneration for his labour, saving shelter and the simplest fare for himself and his wife, rendered my conclusion untenable. I turned to other probable causes, unnecessary here to repeat, as they one by one were proved to be without foundation. In short, I was in the presence of a mystery which I vainly sought to penetrate, and not, I may be allowed to add, with the view of gratifying an idle curiosity, or Paul Pryism, so much as with the desire of affording sympathy, or something still more substantial, if necessary. The mystery, however, continued, and finally I became familiarised to its presence, liking, I am inclined to think, the bearer of it all the more, from the fact that he was able to preserve it so inviolate.

Two days in every week, it was the wont of Donald, Duncan and myself, to fish upon Loch-na-Keal, not unfrequently extending our excursions as far as Iona and up Loch Seridan. I had a passion for wandering over the waters, and visiting the various little islands in this locality. A tight boat, as well as strong and skilful hands, were often indispensable in these our more extended sailings; but with Donald's yawl, his companion's company and his own, I could have ventured to cross half the Atlantic. Sometimes, perhaps, we were as long out, and

in danger as great, as if we really had undertaken such expedition. The danger, no doubt, was great, but the fascination was all-powerful. The miniature bays and capes, and the caves into which the latter were so frequently and sometimes so fantastically formed by the perforating waters had a charm for Donald as well as for myself. More than once did our excursions detain him a week from home without his mind being always particularly clear as to his whereabouts.

Six weeks I had roughed it thus from my meeting with MacDouall, when I began to think of my duties in another quarter. It was my last session at college, and my summer vacation was drawing to a close. I had intimated my intention of leaving, when it was agreed that one more trip should be indulged in.

We had been three days out, and our prow was pointing homeward. It was evening. We were discussing the supposed merits of a neighbouring isle, in regard to its capacity for affording us entertainment for the night, when it was arranged that we should make for another of more inviting appearance, though it lay at more than double the distance from us. There were obstacles in the way of this, but we determined to surmount them. We were weary of rowing; for though our yawl could have mounted a tolerable bit of cloth, there had not been a breeze from early morning—scarcely a breath. Lying upon our oars, about a couple of miles from the haven we contemplated, we watched with admiration the downward and headlong dash of the solan goose, the low and laboured flight of the solitary cormorant that seemed to bunt upon its lazy wings across the surface of the water, or the sudden gleam of golden light that flashed for a brief moment, like the uncertain crown of genius, on the brow of an aspiring wave as, here or there, it arose above the level of its fellows. Above all, we were watching—wishing for a breeze to lighten the labour of our intended journey.

“The plunge of you goose,” said I, “looks like the presence of fish; why not throw out a line till the breeze gets up a little?”

A curl upon the waters showed that a breeze was coming.

“All right!” said Donald.

In a few seconds the hooks were baited and thrown over. The fish were indolent.

“It is no use trying longer,” said I; “let us raise our cloth and make the best of what we meet with.”

“Hold on for a wee!” exclaimed MacDouall, as he drew in a line with something large enough to make a supper for three flapping at the end of it. “The largest calf is

not always the best veal," he added; "this would do for bait but we have too much of that; and so we'll return the dog to his vomit again."

The liberated monster was thrown over the side.

"But, yonder," continued Mac, "what we lose on one hand we are likely to gain on the other. Yonder's the cutter!" and he pointed to where a small vessel was at the moment rounding an island not much larger than herself, about fifteen minutes' sailing in our wake.

"Now, lads, for a tow to our night's quarters, or home, if you would rather. The cutter will leave us at our own door if we like!" and Donald smiled quietly, as was his custom.

"Do you know any of the hands?" I asked.

"Every man on board her."

The cutter advanced steadily. The breeze toyed a bit, and the little craft was evidently making the best of it.

"Now, MacDouall!" sang out a voice from the passing vessel, "what has driven you all the way here? Better come out of that, lad; it's likely to be rough."

"Only come here to meet you, Ferguson. Throw us a rope, and take us half an hour along with you."

"All right!" returned Ferguson; and in a few minutes our yawl was dancing along as merrily as a duck in the wake of the cutter. Duncan Rea was seated in the stern, MacDouall in the prow, and I in the middle of the boat, my face towards the former.

I was looking in Duncan's face. He seemed to be in his sombre vein, though in his eyes there appeared an unusual restlessness—perhaps the word excitement would be more appropriate. His look was fixed upon the deck of the cutter.

"Now, Duncan!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter—are you unwell?" His face had become pale as linen.

"I say, Donald," he groaned, in a whisper, without noticing my words, "for Heaven's sake throw off that painter, and let us to the oars, or I am a lost man!"

One glance at Duncan, and Donald had obeyed the request almost as soon as the sentence embodying it was completed. Turning towards the cutter for some explanation of all this, there was nothing that I could perceive as the cause—nothing amiss—nothing to excite apprehension in a sane mind—not even a new feature in the scene, with the exception, perhaps, of a military undress, having probably a man in it, that appeared to be making a hasty retreat towards the companion-way.

"Make for the nearest land, and in the nearest way to it!" exclaimed Duncan in a voice which appeared to have acquired calmness from the very depths of its passionate emotion.

Donald obeyed every suggestion in silence, and, as it were, mechanically. Land was not far away, but the nearest landing-place, that I knew of, was at a considerable distance. Hitherto we had been sailing in a line parallel with the coast, but on dropping the cutter the head of the yawl was turned on one side with the view I perceived of hugging the shore still more closely, and, I had no doubt, of attempting a landing on the first spot where it might appear practicable. For the first five minutes on our new course I had neither thought nor vision for anything beyond the timbers that encircled us. The forms of my companions seemed to have been literally dilated, with physical powers in corresponding ratio. Such a breadth of water as was spanned by the oars in their backward stretchings; such a wild vehemence of "hech!" as they arose flashing and dripping to dip and flash again; such an arrow onwards of our boat, and, above all, such a strange expression in the countenance of Duncan Rea! The face was still pale, but not so deathly as before. The change exhibited by the mouth was slight but peculiar. The lower lip had receded—a small portion at one corner had been drawn inward and fixed beneath, as it were, a ruminating tooth, whence, occasionally, it received a brief liberation by the passing of the words, "O Alice, Alice darling; when is all this to end?" The cheeks had undergone a very remarkable change: they seemed to have become suddenly hollowed, as if the last few minutes had been able to accomplish what might have been the work of as many weeks—weeks of sickness. The eye was barely in harmony with the general expression. It had parted with its excited glare, and assumed a light which, though steady and fixed, had little if anything of its former severity, but shed over the countenance a look of determination firm but calm—calm even to mildness.

I have been particular in my description, some may think too minutely so. I cannot help it. I am fond of looking into the face of my fellow-men. I believe that in that I behold a page whereon the history of a whole life may at times be read in a few brief glances. There is under no heaven a scene so worthy of artistic study or delineating as the human countenance during certain phases of the soul's emotion. Touch the heart to its centre, and, if it be a heart, it shall fling out a grander and more varied light, and over a

nobler subject, than ever inspired a pencil beneath an Italian sunset.

The face I had been gazing on had such a heart to light it.

But why were these things so? I could not tell, and it was useless to ask my companions. I had already asked them several times, but received not even a glance by way of answer. I turned again with an inquiring gaze towards the cutter;—there was certainly a novel movement there. The little craft had lowered her gig, which exhibited three oars at each side, and in its stern, four men in the uniform of British soldiers, each with a fire-lock, the butt upon his knee and the muzzle pointing upwards.

What could this mean? I was not near enough to read their faces; but could perceive amongst their movements a breathless bustle and confusion—placing and replacing of men and things. Sudden snatches of observation taken in our direction, mingled with these movements, adding to their irregularity, and forcing me to the conclusion that their intentions towards our boat must be something other than charitable.

Talk of discipline—civil, military, or naval—what a herd would be the best, without at least one of the three! A tall man, with an erect head and an extended right arm, looked over the cutter's gangway. He was evidently speaking to those in the boat, and the effect was magical. Every man and thing fell into place and order as quietly and, withal, as suddenly as if the gig and its contents had been a piece of machinery, and the tall man the "Wizard of the North" to order it.

Now for it! The men lean forward, their oars take the top of the wave with a flash like a falling sabre, and away shoots the gig. Away—but whither? Ha! Donald and Duncan both seem to know. Am I blind—why should I not also know? Now, Duncan! Now, Donald! Well done both of you! Still stronger, and, if possible, better together; for the matter is clear by the manner—the armed gig is in pursuit of us!

Betwixt our yawl and the shore ahead ran a long narrow tongue of an island, assuming towards our left a somewhat hilly or elevated character, and dying away upon our right into a low knife-like ridge bending outwards and forming with the coast-line a considerable basin or pond. Into this basin there appeared but one entrance, to be gained only by sailing a considerable distance and rounding the hilly corner of the island away to our left; and yet, in order to gain a landing it was clear we must gain this basin, the coast-wall upon our right being too bold to admit of anything from the

water wanting in wings or their equivalent. Our boat was heading to the right, or rather to the ridge, notwithstanding. Could there be anywhere a passage through the reef? I ran my eye along the jagged rock. It certainly was low in several places, low enough occasionally to elude the eye had it not been for the line of white water and wading sea-birds; but nowhere from the commencement of this island line till it terminated in the headland—even at the point of the latter's boldest and most abrupt ascension—was that line of whiter water unbroken. There was no passage through the reef; that point I had settled. Could our yawl be trying a ruse on the gig? I looked and saw the other heading towards the entrance of the bay. "Yes," I said inwardly, "she knows if she takes us at all it must be on the water: or, after all, may we not have been mistaken in her intentions? True, I might have been! But Duncan? Well, then, it stands thus: she sees that in the first place there is plenty of cover on that land there; that, friends or enemies, a man once ashore, would be in a position to say 'Good bye to you!' that once within the basin the shore would be all but literally gained—it bends to the water's edge, one has only to step out. Ah, but yon chiel will take care you don't step out. He knows we cannot enter that basin or touch the shore with our feet only by sailing into his teeth!"

Hush! The gig has changed her route: her head has been turned once more in our direction. Does our yawl know of some secret passage through the reef—has some recollection of it flashed upon the gig also? I turned again to the ridge. Passage? No! There grins its unbroken line through every receding swell, bare as the barrels of yonder muskets, and no whit less formidable. "Madness!" I exclaimed; this sudden terror—whatever have been its cause—has robbed my companions of their reason. Can they expect to get creeping along the base of that wall till a landing-place turns up to them? They would have to creep a long way; there is not a suitable inch within range of my vision, and, if there were, would that six-oared boat—the gig was skimming along like a swallow—admit of its being available? Whatever was MacDouall's intention, it was the reef, and where it died away into the boldest part of the headland on our right, he appeared to be straining for. A wild thought struck me, till the ascending blood hissed and tingled in my ears. I looked in the face of MacDouall. It ordinarily presented a sort of summer tinge that might have been mistaken for ruddiness; at that moment its tint could not have been mis-

taken for red. Over his features, calm and passionless as if he had been in a slumber, flitted a pale autumnal tint that told me too clearly my wild thought had not lied. I knew the man tolerably, and better than I knew him did he know the danger that lay in the attempt he contemplated. This was no other than to cross the reef, at a life-risk, upon the first wave that might seem of sufficient body to float the yawl. I looked at the ridge, and then into the eyes of MacDouall with a stern, inquiring gaze. He understood me immediately. "Yes," said he, breaking silence for the first time since leaving the cutter, "we shall attempt that, having first placed you out of danger. There is a tolerable piece of rock that I can land you on. If Duncan and I get over safely we shall take you off; if we do not the other boat will see to you. I feel that it is hard to treat you so; but your life is in no danger, nor is your liberty either, and that is more perhaps than can be said for every one. I know that you are generous enough to pardon whatever may seem amiss; but while we talk, we lose time."

"A moment," said I; "are you not aware of what may happen?"

"Yes. If she drops on the reef she will snap like the stem of a tobacco-pipe."

"And what then?"

He looked aside with a slight shrug of one shoulder. "It will take a strong arm to keep above that white water; but I cannot help it. When there we would be at the worst; if in another place, some of us might not."

Duncan, who had been listening attentively, suddenly drew in his oar, exclaiming "Hold!"

Ten minutes more would bring us to the reef, but the gig was nearing us rapidly.

"Hold what?" returned MacDouall in a similarly excited tone, as he gave to his oar a momentary suspension and away with it again. "Are you mad to hold at such a moment?"

The yawl wheeled round to the approaching gig, and a low *hurra* met us, apparently from the soldiers.

"One oar is of no use," said Donald, in his usually quiet way, as, slightly lowering his hand, he looked round at his companion. The gig was within a hundred strokes of us.

"You will pardon me, my dear friends," said Duncan, in a voice trembling with emotion, "I knew nothing of the danger you mention; if I had I could never have been so selfishly base as to involve——"

"Out with your oar at once," groaned MacDouall; "when on the point of gaining all, is all to be lost in this way?"

"Not another stroke, my friends, on my

account!" He had already thrown off coat, cravat, and vest, his shoes followed them in an instant.

"Good heavens!" groaned MacDouall.

"Boat ahoy!—surrender in the Queen's name," bellowed a voice from the gig.

"God save the Queen!" returned Duncan, raising his hat, which he waved right loyally, and then flung into the water.

MacDouall was in an agony. I started as if from a stupor, bounded to Duncan's seat, caught up his oar and out with it.

Donald stared at me with large unbelieving eyes.

"Come," said I; "now for knowing the worst of it. If Duncan won't, I will—away with us."

The gig was within thirty strokes of us.

"I beg of you, by all that is sacred," pleaded Rea, "not to attempt it. It will be of no use, at any rate, as I mean to swim for it."

"Folly, man—sit down there!" replied I.

"I am determined to attempt the reef myself, if only to experience a new sensation—sit down, I say."

He re-seated himself, folding his arms resignedly.

We were then about four boat-lengths from the reef. I glanced over my shoulder; the tide was making fast, but not fast enough for us. Under the line of white I could perceive the sharp, serrated ridge, which, notwithstanding the increase of water, lay apparently not more than six inches beneath the surface at its deepest.

"It is all over with us!—we can do nothing here, friend Mac," said I, turning with a shudder from the ominous line. Donald stole a hurried glance. The pallor of his cheek made me feel a little sick-like, but his lips were as firm as iron. The prow-end of our yawl almost rested on the edge of the reef. Our pursuers appeared satisfied with the result of their chase; they were approaching us leisurely.

"Thank you, friends!" called out a soldier from the approaching gig. "Upon second thoughts I told these boatmen there was no use in wasting time about the bay's mouth yonder, for I knew you would kindly wait here for us. Don't you wish you may get over there?"

"I would swim, Donald," whispered Rea; "but it is too late—it would only bring a few bullets among us."

"Pshaw, man! Who says swim? Sit there like a good fellow, and say nothing!" half-jocularly returned MacDouall, adding to me, "And you, mate, at the oar there—mark me, our friends in the gig are sure of us; of course

they are, seeing that as it is they could almost put their hands upon us ; never mind them, but keep you your eye upon that wave coming—if we miss that we shall have to wait for the next ninth—mark me, now ! Sit firm ; wait till you find the yawl in her first tremor, as the water creeps under her stern ; dash in your oar, exactly then, and—both together. Here it comes ! Not yet ! I'll give the word—are you ready ? Wait—wait—mind yourself—wait—now—AWAY !”

Before I had again drawn in my breath, we had crossed the ridge on the shoulders of the wave, as if the yawl had suddenly found wings, and made a horrible flapping in the use of them—turned an angle of the coast-wall that jutted out into the basin, amid the clatter of musketry and sharp hissing of minute rocky splinters. The gig had become invisible. Our yawl had entered a cavern by a right nobly Gothic entrance in the solid rock. I had never dreamt of a cave's being in the locality. Such a scene after such excitement was quite refreshing to me. I felt, besides, that we were safe, as the heavily-laden gig could never attempt to follow us.

“Wish you joy of your new marine residence, friends,” said I ; “but, still, I cannot help whispering, what did all this begin about ?”

“You are a noble-hearted lad,” replied Rea, “worthy of all the thanks, apologies, and confidences we could bestow. You shall have all of them one day, I trust ; at present every moment is valuable. I know where I am, though I was ignorant of the danger in a route new to me as to yourself. In the meantime——”

“In the meantime,” broke in Donald, “you know, as you say, where you are, but not knowing what our friends in the gig may think of next, after the copy we cut for them, you have no time to lose.”

The yawl had penetrated the cave about three lengths of herself ; a thick darkness ahead prevented my seeing the extent of our new premises ; but a faint twinkle of light that pierced the gloom, as if from a crevice, about fifty feet in advance, induced me to conclude we were in a chamber of considerable dimensions. I looked into the water beneath me, and saw that it was of vast depth, though, from its transparent clearness, the bottom looked so deceitfully near, that I could mark the varying tints of every pebble and shell, as distinctly as if they had been in my hand.

“Well, Donald,” said Rea, in a somewhat broken voice, “in God's name, I'll bid you farewell !” He arose to his feet in the boat, and stretched for the hand of his companion.

“Accept my thanks, stranger,” he added, addressing myself ; “Good bye ! and forgive me if during the first of our acquaintance, I wished you anywhere, rather than near *mè* ! Why was I afraid of you ? Ah, my dear young friend—every *new* face has a *new* terror for a *deserter* !”

MacDouall beckoned him away, with much suppressed emotion.

“But what does this mean ?” said I, “where would you go, or how would you go anywhere from this, without our going along with you ?”

“Donald will tell you ; do, Donald, tell him all !” said he. “I may then appear not so bad as I seem. For the present, your way is in the open air—the sooner you are in it the better for me ; mine lies”—and he paused—“wherever God wills !” So saying he stepped from the boat. I started—no ! he had *not* stepped into the water. He stood upon a narrow shelf of rock, about twelve inches in breadth, which, as I then perceived, wound its way on my right along the wall of the cave, ascending considerably as it went on. Another boat's length forward, and he could not have attained to it. I could not avoid a shudder as he cautiously prepared to depart.

“Out—out quickly, Donald ; seeing you without *me*, the gig will go round by the mouth of the bay to lift me from this. Well, by that time I——”

A sudden crash interrupted Duncan. It rang from the outer world, through the innermost depths of our retreat ; and, presently, a cry burst forth, the cause of which it was impossible for us to mistake. Duncan sprang back to us in a moment.

“They have been maddened by their defeat,” said he, “they have attempted to cross. Quick—quick, or every man of them will be swallowed !”

Backing our yawl, we got into the open air as quickly as we could. Immediately alongside, as we came out, the arm of a man, in a blue woollen shirt, rising perpendicularly through the swell, smote us with the horrible idea of what had been. Nothing appeared above water but that arm—the hand clutching at the air convulsively. Duncan seized the wrist and drew it towards him.

“Keep his head above the water, and bring him along,” said MacDouall ; “but don't attempt lifting him in, or we shall be upset.”

“There is no use !” exclaimed Duncan, “the man is dead !”

“Only stunned ; bring him along !” The temples were bleeding profusely.

The boat appeared little the worse, though rather in an awkward predicament. The prow end of her keel was fixed in the teeth of the ridge, the sea breaking over her. She must have been swamped but for the backs of the crew, against which the waters broke as against a wall. There she hung, shivering like a creature in the ague, and threatening to throw a summersault with every larger roll of the waters. The crew, who were all safe, with the exception of him first discovered, clung to the groaning timbers with the tenacity of men who know the value of a hand-hold under such circumstances. A couple of broken oars were floating and clinking about the reef; but such appeared to be all the amount of real injury. In the midst of all, I could not help pausing a moment to wonder whence had proceeded so much noise. Echo, in her cave, had certainly made the most of what had been doing.

Duncan mounted the ridge—we holding the yawl alongside, which was no child's play, as the swell was considerable—drew upwards the apparently dead body, and without other aid than his own strong arm and will, deposited it in the gig.

“Won't you come along with him yourself?” said one of the dripping soldiers, attempting to rise to his feet.

“We shall talk about that when you're afloat again,” returned Duncan. “In the meantime, consider me on my parole till the gig rights.”

“Brave fellow!” murmured several voices. It was no empty title. The sea was heavy, and the rock narrow and slippery. None but a brave and strong man could have lived on it for twenty seconds.

A tremendous wave just then appeared approaching. Donald shouted, as we prepared ourselves to receive it, for his companion to retreat, but he coolly placed his hands on the prow of the cutter's boat. The wave rolled along; the gig arose—up—up—her timbers grating in the teeth of the rock; there was a violent wrench, a backward stroke of the oars; the little craft curveted and shook herself like a water-spaniel; she was afloat again, but Duncan was not on the ridge. He had stood till the wave rolled under the stern, and then, with, as it were, the strength of three or four, wrenching the prow from the iron jaw that held it, he had raised it in his clutch till the rolling waters literally smote his feet, when, with a strength and dexterity, the most striking I ever witnessed, he had hurled it clear of the rock, turned on his foot, and, before the wave that was climbing to his waist had time to bear him with it, sprang far beyond its

reach—even over our heads, with a gleeful shout, into the mouth of the cave.

I never saw Duncan again.

It required all the sailing-lore that Donald and I were masters of to keep the boat on her keel till beyond the influence of that swell. Finally we reached the cave. There was no use waiting there on Duncan, some twenty minutes having expired; and yet we did hang for two or three days over those waters; but, dead or alive, there was no word of Duncan.

The idea of going home with such a tale to Alice was a still heavier affliction. We were saved the making of that sad announcement, however; Alice had gone before our return—no one knew whither.

* * * *

Twelve years passed, and I was again in the Isle of Mull. Time and circumstances had made some changes on Donald as well as on myself. His dark locks had become sprinkled with that white hoar which the sun of no summer in time can dissolve or evaporate. His mother had fallen asleep. His younger sister had been married and widowed; the elder also had met with a youth to love; the latter was rearing her family in the neighbourhood; the former was keeping house for Donald, who still continued a bachelor.

“Well, any word of your oid friend, Donald?”

“Oh, yes—but which of them?”

“Why, Alice, to be sure! We need not talk of Duncan, you know.”

“Why, that—one of the bravest officers the Crimean campaign could boast of?”

“What—the drowned man—Duncan Rea?”

“Well, Rea was not exactly his name; though he chose to make it do him in those days.”

“Well, man—tell me all about it, in as few words as possible!”

Donald did tell me, briefly. I shall try and make it still shorter.

Duncan Rea—we shall not change his name now—had been an orphan, adopted by an uncle, and educated with the view of his becoming a soldier. Alice and he had loved from their childhood. Immediately on obtaining his commission he married her. Some insult offered to his young wife by a brother officer of reprobate habits, but powerful connections, was followed by a duel on the spot. It ended, if but for once, on the side of virtue. The friends of the dead man became clamorous for vengeance; and, having, by stratagem, removed the principal witnesses, whose evidence would have told on the side of justice, were urging the public trial of Duncan for murder. The latter knew that if these wit-

nesses were forthcoming, judgment would be given in his favour; but until his friends could turn them up for him, his only chance for safety and justice lay in flight and seclusion. In time, everything was as it should be.

With regard to his escape from where we last saw him, he attained the shelving path, along the wall of the cave, in safety. He had gone before we reached him. I went in company with MacDouall and examined this cave. At Port-coon, on the coast of Antrim, Ireland, some two miles west of the Giant's Causeway, there is one closely resembling it. The cave consists of two apartments, one entered from the sea, the other from the land. The wall of rock dividing these chambers is perforated at a considerable distance from the entrance of the larger or sea-bound cave. The opening in the wall is more than large enough to admit the body of a man; and the smaller chamber having been attained, Duncan had little difficulty with the rest. He had only to step out into the open country, on the other side of the headland, where his route lay invisible to his pursuers. By these means did Duncan Rea preserve his liberty—likely his life, both of which, as we have heard, he lived to make the noblest use of.

FRANCIS DAVIS.

A FORGOTTEN FRIEND.

WHEN Horace Walpole imposed upon himself the congenial task of writing the lives of the "Royal and Noble Authors of Great Britain," he spared no pains to advance the glory of his order by making the mob of crowned and coroneted ladies and gentlemen who wrote with ease appear as numerous as possible. Many and long were the inquiries he addressed on the subject of his pet scheme to Parson Cole, of Milton, and other deep-read antiquaries, whose readily proffered aid he was, it is to be feared, more eager to accept than to acknowledge. Every endeavour was made to swell the catalogue to the utmost, and many a noble nobody who never dreamed in his lifetime of literary fame, has attained the posthumous honours of authorship on the strength of having scrawled a few jingling rhymes in an album, or signed his name under half-a-dozen verses in commendation of the work of some more gifted but more needy man than himself. But after all, we must not blame the Hon. Horatio too harshly for this. In striving to render his book as complete as possible he erred on the right side, and he undoubtedly succeeded in producing a work of no ordinary merit, and one which holds an honourable place in every well-selected library.

Yet while he cast the net of research so widely, and its meshes were so fine that a multitude of small fry fell into his hands, not a few of the more considerable fishes managed to escape. So much the better for the commentators and annotators who came after him, and, fastening upon the book, wrought away at their parasitical occupation until the original text lay buried in a heap of additions and corrections. Even these lynx-eyed gentry, however, have not exhausted the subject. A patient inquirer might add to the lists of Walpole and his editors a goodly array of peers and peeresses who have indisputable claims to the honours of genuine authorship. Let some patrician scholar take the hint, and complete a work which reflects infinitely more glory on the British Peerage than all the ponderous and pedantic tomes which are content to record little else than births, marriages, deaths, territorial grants, tournaments, armorial bearings, epitaphs, and post-mortem inquisitions.

Anne, Viscountess Conway, was one of the noble authors wholly unknown to Walpole, and of whose strange life his latest editors could recover only a few straggling and unimportant particulars. Yet she was a most remarkable woman in many respects. She came of a highly-distinguished family, her father being Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London and Speaker of the House of Commons. Two of her brothers were still more eminent for their abilities—Heneage Finch, who, adopting the legal profession, won his way to the wool-sack and the Earldom of Nottingham, and earned the proud appellation of "The Father of Equity;" and Sir John Finch, M.D., who was alike renowned for skill in diplomacy and scientific attainments. Anne Finch proved herself to be no unworthy member of so illustrious a family, but unfortunately for her the world, while regarding with admiration the achievements of her famous brothers, has entirely forgotten their scarcely less distinguished sister. She received an education of the most liberal and comprehensive kind. Besides the ordinary accomplishments of her sex, she was taught the learned tongues, and, evincing an unusual desire for the acquisition of knowledge she perused the works of Plato and Plotinus, and waded through a host of authors whose names now live only in the memories of the most dry-as-dust antiquaries. Her ruling passion was for the most abstruse treatises on theosophy and mysticism, for which she manifested a fondness worthy of a modern spirit-rapper. Indeed, she appears to have loved all those branches of knowledge which young persons, and especially young ladies, usually regard with peculiar abhorrence. She had such light

literature as "Philo-Judæus" and the "Kabbala Denudata" at her finger-ends, and lisped forth arguments about monads, essences, and the plastic faculty as fluently as ordinary nineteenth-century damsels gossip about the last new opera and the last new novel.

Notwithstanding Miss Anne Finch's strange tastes and pursuits, the time arrived when she must take that step which generally proves the most eventful in a woman's life. It may perhaps be laid down as a rule—subject, of course, to exceptions—that a very clever woman is sure to be mated with a very stupid husband. Cannot the reader point out a score of instances at least within his own knowledge? The rule was certainly not infringed in the case of the erudite lady who forms the subject of this paper. She was led to the altar of Hymen by Edward, Viscount Conway, a nobleman with a very full purse and an equally empty head. The pair, however, do not appear to have been ill-matched after all, for as he cared for nothing about abstract reasoning, and she cared for nothing else, they managed, by not interfering with each other's tastes and predilections, to get on very well together—much in the same way as the traditionary Jack Sprat and his spouse are reported to have done. They lived at Ragley Castle, in the county of Warwick, and here the young viscountess gave herself up to the perusal of the most unintelligible books to be found in the library, and indulged in speculations so lofty that they would be utterly beyond the comprehension of the most profound German professors of our own age.

Her great trouble was the headache. This is hardly to be wondered at, considering the nature of her studies, and the ardour with which she pursued them. It was a constant, unceasing, agonising ache, which never left her, night or day, until she was released from her suffering by the icy hand of death. She was often well-nigh driven to madness by the relentless pain. Once, indeed, she made a journey to France in order that her cranium might be opened and the pain let out of the aperture, but the French physicians gravely shook their heads at the proposition and declined to open hers, though they ventured to make incisions in the jugular arteries. Her private physician, Francis Mercury Van Helmont, a man who, like his father, was greatly celebrated for his skill in surgery and chemistry, tried every remedy that he could think of. All, however, was in vain. The poor lady wrote in one of her letters that her devotion was infinitely hindered by her pain, and that her very faculties, which should be applied to humility and self-resignation, were swept away by the violence of these pains, as in a

storm. She touchingly adds, that not many days previously she had been in hopes of a release from her terrestrial confinement, "but now," she says, "it seems probable that I shall yet remain alive in my living tomb." Her intimate friend, Dr. Henry More, thought that the constant headache which tormented Lady Conway was caused by the pores of her skin being too small, though the worthy doctor's opinion on such a point does not carry with it any very great weight. The remedy which he suggested, with child-like simplicity and faith, was that she should make the noble experiment, whether the consummate health of her soul would not recover also in due time the health of her body. During her latter years, frequent fits and paroxysms added to the torments of the unfortunate lady. The "faculty" were utterly at a loss to ascertain the cause of her malady; and the empirics, who abounded in that as in every age, met with no better success than the regularly qualified practitioners. Even Valentine Greatrakes, the renowned Irish quack, who was supposed to possess the power of charming away diseases by "stroaking" the afflicted part with his hand, exerted his pseudo-miraculous art in vain on the unhappy Lady Conway.

In spite, however, of her bodily ailments, she cultivated the study of metaphysical science with a zeal rarely surpassed. In this she was greatly encouraged by her private physician, Van Helmont the younger, who resided with her at Ragley. He had early imbibed the visionary ideas for which his learned father had attained so great a reputation throughout Europe, and communicated them to his aristocratic patroness and friend. Her mind, however, was too vigorous and strong to become the passive receptacle of another's learning. She added to and refined upon what she had learnt, and in turn powerfully influenced the opinions of her instructor, who in the end was led to adopt some of her most peculiar views. It might very naturally be supposed that her ladyship was nothing more than an invalid, peevish "blue-stocking," who took to science because she was unfit for society, and had become a bore and a nuisance to everybody who went near her. Such was by no means the case, so far as can be judged from what her contemporaries record concerning her. On the contrary, she bore her infirmities with pious meekness and submissiveness, and all who came in contact with her regarded her with a pure and unalterable affection and love which after her death manifested itself in expressions of pathetic regret.

Her most distinguished friend was the accomplished Dr. Henry More, whose theological

works are still held in esteem. Between Ragley Castle and the quiet court of Christ's College in Cambridge, where the doctor had taken up his abode, letters were constantly passing and re-passing. Besides this, the doctor often visited Ragley, where he composed several of his works, and had much learned discourse with her ladyship, who, by the way, first suggested to him the idea of one of his best works—the “*Philosophiæ Teutonicæ Censura*.” Her ladyship was continually posing the worthy divine with the most unexpected and bewildering questions, and no small portion of his time was occupied in clearing up her doubts and perplexities. One specimen will give a fair idea of their closely-written correspondence. On the 11th of February, 1651-2, her ladyship, who was then staying at Kensington, writes to the doctor :

“Upon the reading of your poem of the ‘Pre-existence of the Soul,’ and seriously thinking of it, I desired to be satisfied in four particulars, which are these:—First, Whether God did create the matter for the enjoyment of souls, since they fell by it? Secondly, Whether the soul could enjoy the matter without being clothed in corporeity; and if it could not, how it can be the fall of the soul that makes it assume a body? Thirdly, Upon supposition most of the souls fell, why they did not all assume bodies together? And how Adam can be said to be the first man, and all men to fall in him, since they fell before; and how the souls of beasts and plants came into bodies? Fourthly, How man can be restored to what he fell from; and why the devils that fell cannot? Why Christ’s death should extend more to one than to the other? I take the boldness, sir, upon me, to request your resolution to these, none being more able than yourself. I desire you would take your own time in the answering of them, that they may be no hindrance to your own occasions: And I shall take it for a greater courtesie of you, to take the longer time to enlarge yourself fully, than to send me an answer less satisfactory sooner. I do not say this that I think you cannot very readily reply to any of these, but because I know this may occasion a considerable discourse from you (though propounded with very little advantage by me, and yet I hope my meaning will not be obscured through the meanness of the expression), which I should be very unwilling to be deprived of through too much haste, or that you should neglect anything of more concernment to yourself for it. Pray pardon the trouble perpetually occasioned you through the importunity of, Sir, Yours sincerely affectionate, A. C.”

It must be obvious that questions like these are far more easily asked than replied to, as the good doctor discovered by experience. He tried hard, however, to answer them in a satisfactory manner, but in some matters, to his unbounded surprise, he failed to convince his pupil. Her mind was pervaded by a deep sense of religion, and she spent much of her time in devotional exercises. Now, unfortunately for the doctor’s happiness, Lady Conway formed opinions on theological subjects which he as a minister of the Anglican Church could only regard as dangerous and false. Poor doctor! It distressed him sorely to find his dear friend and accomplished pupil falling away from the national faith, and adopting the strange doctrines of the most humble and despised of sectaries. He must have felt like the hen, who, having hatched the eggs of a duck, is horrified to see the web-footed brood take fearlessly to the water which she herself so much dreads. After much hesitation and wavering, Lady Conway eventually adopted the opinions held by the Quakers or Society of Friends, with the chief founders of which, George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay, she had held earnest conferences. Dr. More was overcome with grief when he received the news of her conversion, and burst into tears. He ascribed it to her love of quiet, a strange reason, truly, for changing one’s religion, though it is confirmed in some degree by a letter of Lady Conway herself, in which she says:—

“The weight of my affliction lies so heavy upon me, that ’tis incredible how seldom I can endure anyone in my chamber; but I find them [her Quaker servants] so still, quiet, and serious, that the company of such will be very acceptable to me.”

The doctor loathed the Quakers, and composed several controversial tracts in opposition to what he deemed their crooked and perverse teachings; but all was in vain so far as Lady Conway was concerned, though she admitted that she never was in love with the name of a Quaker, nor with their rusticity, and only regarded their principles and practices so far as they were good and Christian. She adhered steadfastly to her new belief, in which she died on the 23rd of February, 1678-9. Her death-bed was surrounded by many of her sorrowing friends—among them Dr. More—who were greatly edified by the patience and resignation she displayed. Her husband chanced to be absent in Ireland at the time of her decease, but in order that he might have a last look at her features, Van Helmont preserved the body in spirits of wine, and placed it in a coffin with a glass over the face. She

was interred at Arrow, in Warwickshire, on the 17th of the following April.

Lady Conway, who was certainly one of the most profound of English metaphysical inquirers, was forgotten very soon after her death, owing, no doubt, to the circumstance that her numerous writings never obtained that wide publicity which the printing press alone can give. Dr. More intended to publish her "Remains," and went so far as to write the preface, but there he stopped. Only one work by her has ever been published, and that anonymously and in a foreign tongue. In 1690, a collection of philosophical treatises was published in Latin at Amsterdam. The first is a translation of a work by a certain English countess, "learned beyond her sex." The countess alluded to was no other than Lady Conway. The following is a translation of the title-page:—

The Principles of the most Ancient and Modern Philosophy, concerning God, Christ, and the Creatures, viz., of Spirit and Matter in general; whereby may be resolved all those Problems or Difficulties, which, neither by the School nor Common Modern Philosophy, nor by the Cartesian, Hobbesian, or Spinosian, could be discussed. Being a little treatise published since the Author's death, translated out of the English into Latin, with Annotations taken from the Ancient Philosophy of the Hebrews.

The concluding passage gives some idea of the nature of the work. Thus it runs in English:—"Hereby it will be easie to answer to all the Arguments; whereby some endeavour to prove that a Body is altogether uncapable of Sense and knowledge; and it may be easily demonstrated, after what manner some certain Body may gradually advance to that Perfection, as not only to be capable of such Sense and Knowledge as Brutes have, but of any kind of perfection, whatsoever may happen in any Man or Angel; and so we may be able to understand the Words of Christ, that of Stones God is able to raise up children to Abraham, without flying to some strained Metaphor; and if anyone should deny this Omnipotence of God, viz., that God is able of Stones to raise up Children to Abraham; that certainly would be the greatest Presumption."

With all her curious store of learning, Lady Conway was never in any way ostentatious of it; and a favourite saying of hers, which many would do well to bear in mind, was that "Ignorance is better than Pride."

It has been already said that doltish Lord Conway was unworthy of his accomplished and devoted wife. Soon after the death of his first wife, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Delamer. She died in childbirth, but he excused himself for not attending her funeral on the plea of excessive grief. His

grief, however, seems to have been of rather a transient kind, for five weeks afterwards he again contracted matrimony—this time with a "young airie lady," who was lucky enough to outlive him, and to become the first of the three wives of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, and subsequently Duke of Buckingham. Lord Conway, who after the death of his first wife was created an earl, actually for some time held the important office of Secretary of State. In the world of politics, as might be expected, he was conspicuous only for his ignorance. As an instance of his total want of knowledge of ordinary subjects, it is recorded that when one of the foreign ministers talked to him of the "circles" of Germany, it perfectly amazed him. He could not imagine what circles had to do with affairs of state! In the present day a good many people would perchance be puzzled to discover why his lordship was stigmatised as particularly ignorant on that account. It does not appear that Lord Conway ever did a praiseworthy act in the whole course of his life. He was even mean enough to increase his wealth by carrying away the lead and timber from that glorious old structure, Conway Castle, though the local historians erroneously attribute this act of Vandalism to his grandfather, the first viscount. THOMPSON COOPER, F.S.A.

"LE TOIT S'EGALE ET RIT."

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

The child appears amid the joyous cries
Of friends; his soft and beaming eyes
Appear again reflected in their smiles;
Brows that are wont from sin or grief to lower
Become unbent; all from the magic power
Of infants' wiles.

Let it be June that reigns, or the dense fog
Of dull November bids us pile the log
On our loved hearth of home;
The child appears and sheds around us joy,
The mother trembles as she views her boy
Tottering alone.

If perchance talking (while we stir the blaze)
Of God and country, or of poets' lays,
Or souls upraised in prayer,
The child appears—adieu all conversation
On serious matters, or on church or nation,
For he is there!

When 'midst the reeds the wave is heard to sigh,
And drowsy sleep has closed man's weary eye,
And calmed the soul within;
Soon as the day-beam breaks upon the meadows,
We hear, while watching the retreating shadows,
The town and country's din;

Thou, child, art my day-beam, my soul the health
Which with the sweetest flowers enbalm his breath,
To court thy sense.
Or be it the dark wood, whose sadd'ning moan
Turns into murmurs sweet for thee alone,
Gilt with the sun's magnificence.

For thy dear eyes contain a joyous band
Of gentlest loves, thy blessed little hand
Has ne'er done aught but right ;
Thy tiny steps as yet are undefiled,
Thou pure and loveliest fair-haired child,
Circled with light.

To us thou seem'st the dove of Noah's ark,
With feet scarce fit to tread this earth so dark,
But on light wings to fly ;
Sweet startled lamb ! thou glancest round thy fold—
Twice virgin-like—with form of heavenly mould
And soul of purity.



Sweet is the smile of childhood, and his voice
Of trustful love (which bids our hearts rejoice),
His quickly dried-up tear ;
He yields his soul to all the joy of life,
His lip to kisses, dreaming not of strife,
Or cause of fear.

Guard me, O Fate ! guard every one I love,
Brothers and friends, yea, even those who prove
Their will to work my doom,—
From ever seeing summer without flowers,
Hives without bees, or without birds the bowers,
Or without children—home !
C. R. B.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FLOATING JACKET.

THE occurrence which it is proposed to relate in this paper is one which has to this time fairly set at nought the inquiry and research of such scientific men as have been made acquainted with it, and it is a case where the element of the natural is so combined and confused with the supernatural, that the mind is tossed in its conjecture from one to the other, without a chance of arriving at a solution of the mystery. It has been the object of the writer, while relating certain legends connected with, or arising in, the Island of

Barbados, to submit to the readers of ONCE A WEEK such matter only as could be authenticated, and to give chapter and verse for the account. On this occasion, though the anecdote certainly demands some redoubtable testimony—documentary or otherwise—all that can be offered by the writer is the personal evidence of a member of his family, who, in common with the governor of the island and his staff, were spectators of the phenomenon, though the population *en masse* must from time to time have witnessed it, besides such

visitors from adjacent islands as were attracted to Barbados by the extraordinary reports of this mystery.

Early in the beginning of 1800—the exact date unfortunately cannot be supplied—an event occurred which disturbed and alarmed the inhabitants of the Island of Barbados. News had been afloat some time in the spring of the year, of the mysterious death of a black fisherman, who was, it is presumed, well known, since his disappearance, (even in those times when a negro more or less was not a matter of importance,) created considerable sensation in the parish to which he belonged, and, indeed, all over Barbados. It seemed impossible, however, notwithstanding that several people were arrested on suspicion, to fix the guilt upon anybody. The clothes of the murdered man—for he *had* met with a violent death, if the testimony of the ground steeped in blood be of any weight—were discovered in a wood by some stray people, and were produced at a renewed committee of inquiry. But his *jacket*, which was a coarse knotted garment, such as fishermen wear on some English coasts, was nowhere to be found; nor could the body of the ill-fated black be recovered, notwithstanding a rigorous search in all directions. This mystery alone gave importance to the wretched negro's disappearance; but though unsolved it began to lose interest, and was dying a natural death, when, one morning, an inhabitant of St. Philip's parish staggered the local authorities by a report that the murdered man's *jacket* was floating in the middle of Tudor's Pond, which was enclosed in an estate hard by the main road, and in the centre of a field, through which it was approached by a narrow walk or foot-path.

Away rushed hundreds of gaping blacks and whites to the spot; and there, sure enough, was to be seen, floating about in the middle of Tudor's Pond, a *fisherman's blue jacket*.

The news spread like fire among the canes, (to use a local illustration,) and in a short time a great crowd encompassed the pond. The authorities, roused by this fresh stimulus into a hope of obtaining some clue to the agent of the late murder, now appeared upon the scene, but only just in time to see the jacket slowly sink and disappear. Drags were instantly employed, and, after some difficulty and loss of time in their carriage, boats arrived, and were launched into the pond. After some hours of unavailing labour, the boats were pulled up on the banks, and the crowd separated—full of surmises, suspicions, theories, and of hints at Obeah, the negro's *point*

d'appui of superstition. The mystery, however, was not to end here; for next day a large concourse assembled at the same time—between eleven and twelve in the morning—to watch for the possible reappearance of the jacket. Punctually at twelve o'clock the blue garment rose to the surface of the pond. Horror now fairly took possession of the spectators; some ran for guns, and others for the governor. Down came the authorities, with the chief official, and the member of the writer's family (his grandfather) alluded to above. There was the jacket floating calmly. A boat was now put out by order of His Excellency the Governor, and its occupants rowed up to the mystery: the boat crept on, nearer and nearer—till a man in the bows cautiously extending his oar attempted to secure the jacket. Just as he seemed on the point of touching it, down it sank like lead. The rowers backed water a little and waited. The jacket, after a brief space, rose again in the same spot. This time the boat made a rush at it—but once more the thing disappeared before the oar could reach it. The governor now gave orders that, on its reappearance, the jacket should be fired at. Accordingly the crack shots awaited its rising, with their rifles fixed in their shoulders and pointed at the spot in the centre of the pond. They were not disappointed—up came the jacket, and on its reaching the surface, a dozen bullets riddled it. The jacket, however, didn't sink: the water was white with the dashing of the bullets, and the object of their aim was severely agitated, but it was not till they paused and the boat approached that it sank—but *then* it went down like a stone; and it being by this time one o'clock, it rose no more that day. The island was now in a ferment of doubts and fears: scientific men (there were not many, it must be confessed, in the island at that time) shook their heads after vainly endeavouring to find a natural reason for this strange occurrence. "It must be a hoax," they said aloud, but how a hoax could possibly be worked in the centre of a pond, they did not deign to explain. Day after day, at twelve o'clock precisely, the goblin jacket rose to the surface of Tudor's Pond, and, day after day, eluded all efforts to secure it. The pond itself was guarded and watched incessantly, and dragged thoroughly at intervals, but to no purpose—the best swimmers in the island (and in Barbados, as in most West India Islands, the inhabitants seem to have an instinct for swimming, and are, as it were, "to the manner born") endeavoured to circumvent the delusive jacket, but were obliged to return to the shore baffled and exhausted. In vain, as it sank, did they

diver after, and strife to follow it to its retreat—panting and almost breathless, they were compelled to come up again and rest, while the provoking jacket would slowly rise before them as if in scoffing. Visitors from various adjacent islands arrived—the best shots, the most noted swimmers would try their respective skill, but fruitlessly. Approaching the jacket as closely as possible, the swimmers would dash out from their boat apparently upon the jacket, but they never succeeded in catching it. Day after day, and week after week, this went on in sight of the governor and other officials, and before thousands of spectators; and no one could “catch the jacket asleep,” as it was said.

Gradually, however, the pond began to dry up and expectation was raised to its height.

Nothing, however, was discovered in the pond, when all the water had evaporated under the severe drought—though it was dredged carefully, and when the rains refilled the basin, the appearances entirely ceased.

No one, as yet, has accounted in any way satisfactorily for this startling occurrence, though one or two theories were broached from time to time—one of which (suggested to the writer of this paper) was to the effect that some fish had got entangled in the jacket,—which might have been thrown into the pond by the supposed murderer—and so in its struggles to escape, and for fresh air, have dragged the jacket to the surface of the pond. This is fair enough, so far as the mere rising of the jacket and its elusion of pursuit are concerned, but how was it that it rose and sank at precise intervals? and how was it that no traces were discovered when the pond was dredged and dragged? Furthermore, is it likely that out of the hundreds of bullets actually fired into the jacket, not one succeeded in killing this entangled fish? Let some of the readers of ONCE A WEEK try and solve the mystery.

R. REECE, JUN.

ANA.

A WORTHY Scotch laird, whose county was represented by the late Right Honourable Cutlar Fergusson, the Judge Advocate in Lord Melbourne's government, found himself in London shortly after the assembling of a new Parliament. He called upon his right honourable friend, who asked him what he could do for him in town. The laird said nothing he would like so much during his stay, as being present at the debates in the House of Commons. “That being the case,” said the Judge Advocate, “I shall have your name placed on the Speaker's list.” Accordingly,

the following evening the laird was early in his attendance at the House, found his name on the list, and was told by the door-keeper to enter. Where the Speaker's privileged friends sat he knew not, but up the body of the House he walked, and took his seat on the second bench of the Opposition side, close behind Sir Robert Peel. An interesting debate came on, and the laird sat undisturbed until the House adjourned at midnight. Next day he saw his friend, whose first inquiry was, “What became of you, as I looked for you in vain in the House?” “Oh,” said the laird, “I saw you moving about, and tried to catch your eye: I was delighted with the debate, and shall now be a constant attendant.” From the laird's vernacular he was supposed to be a new Scotch member, and being a tall, portly, gentlemanly-looking man, so far as appearance went passed muster very well. Next night found the laird occupying his former seat; however, about nine o'clock, Lord Granville Somerset, who the previous evening had his doubts as to the genuineness of the reported Scotch M.P., went to the Sergeant-at-Arms and asked who that tall man was, sitting behind Sir Robert Peel? “Oh, he is a Scotch member, one of yourselves, Lord Granville.” “I doubt that exceedingly,” said his lordship, “or of his being a member at all.” The Sergeant-at-Arms, all excitement, flew round behind the Opposition benches, and gave the laird a sharp tap on the shoulder, desiring him to come to him. The laird so far complied; but not being accustomed to be treated unceremoniously, asked the stern official what he meant. “Why, sir, you were in the House last night.” “I was.” “You sat in the same place you have been now occupying.” “Yes, the very same; and what right have you to disturb me?” “You are in my custody, sir.” “In your custody!—for what? Hands off,” exclaimed the laird in any other tone than *sotto voce*. “Who are you?” asked the Sergeant. “Who am I? Go and ask Mr. Cutlar Fergusson. He placed my name on the Speaker's list, and if there is any mistake,” the laird being now very angry, “it was your duty, as the servant of the House, to have told me where to sit.” The Sergeant-at-Arms was so far relieved, but still holding the laird's arm, the latter again exclaimed, “Hands off, and tell me where my place is.” The House's official was only too happy to point out the *locus in quo*, and the laird took possession of his fresh seat in St. Stephen's, muttering to the Sergeant-at-Arms that it was a matter of indifference to him where he sat, provided he heard the speeches, but he must beg not to be again disturbed.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE LUNCHEON AT LOWNDS.

THERE was a sweeter, softer cadence in the poem after Frank Burgoyne took his leave of them that morning. It rose and fell with more pathos than before, for Linley felt that the pretty woman who was living temporarily with him liked him better than the interruption, though the interruption had come in a guise fair enough to have won its forgiveness from ninety-nine women out of every hundred. There was a dulcet flattery in this : Kate had been very judicious for once without design, the fact being that very young men did not interest her, she having the sense never to forget that she was thirty, and to leave rather than be left.

"I suppose it's time to go in and look for your husband and luncheon ; it's nearly one o'clock," Mr. Linley remarked, looking at his watch.

"I suppose it is : it always is time to go and do something else when one would rather not, I observe, in this abominable world."

"The world's as good as any we shall ever know anything about, I expect."

"Probably ; nevertheless I should like it to be all sitting in sunbeams that have not scorch in them, and being made to feel that that is enough. I have not thought once of what is to follow while I have been sitting here, and now I am recalled by hearing that I must rise up and go in." Then she rose up, gathering her shawl around her as if she indeed felt that she was going out of the sunbeams into chill life again, and adding, "Pious exercises always make my husband very hungry, I observe ; don't let us keep him waiting." She went in, and the poem was at an end.

The call came off, and the invitation to luncheon at Lownds on the Tuesday was given and accepted. There was not the shadow of embarrassment on Mrs. Galton's part at this her first meeting with Theo since Theo had been so honoured, as she deemed it, by Harold's choice of her—so disgraced by his defalcation. Theo had nerved herself to bear a sympathetic word or look, for she judged it impossible that such a thing as had befallen her could be passed over as though it had never been, by one who had known of its occurrence. But the event proved that she had armed herself against nothing, for neither the sympathetic word nor look was given. Mrs. Galton rather desired to sink the subject of Theo's wrongs, out of no

special love or consideration for Theo, but because a recognition of Theo's wrongs would have been an acknowledgment of Harold Ffrench having been more serious in the matter than she even now liked to believe he had been.

"You're not looking half as well as when you were staying in London with me, Theo."

"She looks better than she did when she came down." Mrs. Vaughan regarded the remark resentfully as a slur on her hospitality. "She came looking squalid."

"It is the Bretford air that disagrees with you, I conclude."

"The Bretford air is good enough ; it's not the air that disagrees with us at Bretford, is it, Theo ?" Sydney struck in. Sydney had not played a prominent part in the conversation yet, and it occurred to her that unless she were prompt she might miss an opportunity of telling a stranger how sorely she was tried, and what general injustice was done her at Bretford.

"I'm very well : it's my way not to look in quite such rude health in the autumn as I do at other times," Theo answered, unconsciously spoiling Sydney's golden opportunity, and averting the song of Miss Scott's injuries and independent resentment of them.

"When I was young I had sense enough myself not to go about looking moody and melancholy, and if I had not had the sense myself, my parents would have drilled it into me ; but now-a-days——" Mrs. Vaughan stopped and shook her head nervously, and Mrs. Galton asked,—

"Yes—what ?"

"Why, now-a-days girls are so inconsiderate ; *selfishly* inconsiderate, I will and must call it ; as to ruin all chance of establishing themselves, by going about with a downcast moody air, as if they had known all the woes of the world. There's Theo now, I speak to you as a friend, Mrs. Galton" (Mrs. Vaughan frequently spoke as a friend to utter strangers, to the dismay of those who dwell in the tents with her)—"Who would think Theo a mere child both in years and experience, to see her ? Never known a care, never known a sorrow, in her life : my dear brother has sheltered her like an exotic, and this is how she rewards him. Oh ! I have no patience with it ! no patience with it !"

Mrs. Vaughan had had small patience with all things since Frank Burgoyne had cracked

nuts for Sydney; none at all with Theo's pallor and occasional depression.

"I am very sorry that I don't look as I ought to look, Aunt Libby," Theo replied: the reprehensible pallor had given way to a scarlet flush at Mrs. Vaughan's declaration to Kate, to Kate who knew better, to Kate who knew all about it, that she (Theo) had never known a care or sorrow in her life, and that she had been tended like an exotic.

"I must say good-by now," Kate said, rising; "I can only hope that the bloom requisite for Theo's establishment will come back when the autumn is over. We shall see you to-morrow at two, then? There will be a cavalier for you, Theo: an interesting one, with his arm in a sling, and melancholy in his eyes."

"Oh! Frank Burgoyne, do you mean?" Sydney asked, with animation.

"Yes, I mean Mr. Burgoyne," Mrs. Galton replied sweetly, but through all the sweetness she contrived to make a tone of amused surprise run at Miss Scott calling him "Frank" Burgoyne. Sydney detected that tone instantly, and felt keenly that it would impart a rich flavour to the story when Mrs. Galton should tell it to the man now spoken about. Need I say that after this Miss Scott lavished no great amount of good feeling on the pretty woman who was always in such full possession of her senses, that she never lapsed into Christian-naming men, however intimately she might think of them.

In addition to the car to which the lazy pony belonged, the Vaughans kept a hooded box upon four wheels, known in the village as "our carriage." Theo had viewed it surreptitiously through the half-open doors of the chaise-house on two or three occasions, but she had never ventured upon a close inspection of it, on account of a lively remembrance she had of her aunt having made a statement of intolerance to all stable tastes on the part of young ladies.

This day, however, on which they were to go to luncheon at Lownds, Theo made its nearer acquaintance, and she was fain to confess, after a five miles drive in it, that creeping over in the car would have been preferable to this state transit, upon which Mrs. Vaughan had insisted. Mrs. Vaughan was a staunch advocate for etiquette, too, therefore she had desired that Theo should occupy the seat of the lowly with her back to the horses, while Miss Scott, the stranger, had the place of honour by her (Mrs. Vaughan's) side.

Being seated with her back to the horses would, under ordinary circumstances, have been a light evil to Theo. But the circumstances were extraordinary, so to say, for it was a gala-day, and on gala-days Mrs. Vaughan

belonged to what she called her "very best cap."

Throughout their wedded career Mr. Vaughan had heard at what appeared to him as hideously short intervals, of his wife's "best cap," and he hated it with a hatred that was demoiacal in its intensity for so good a man. It had been a thorn in his flesh and a saddle on his loins during the earlier and less prosperous portion of his career, for he had frequently been compelled to carry it in a box that resembled an ark for weary miles when they were going to those convivial gatherings yclept tea-parties. Such days were over for the Reverend Thomas now, and he no longer trudged out to tea with Mrs. Vaughan's prodigious best cap in his hand. But he keenly remembered those sufferings which he had borne with such exemplary fortitude, and the sight of the ark-like box was odious to him.

It was specially odious on this occasion, for Mrs. Vaughan had declared that "it would ride comfortably between Mr. Vaughan and Theo, if they would only sit as close to their respective sides of the carriage as they could." Which they did accordingly, and then had the box wedged in tightly between them, where it rode comfortably at the cost of considerable personal inconvenience to them both, but that was nothing to "the annoyance of not having a cap to put on your head when you got to a place," as Mrs. Vaughan observed.

They found their host, together with the Galtons and Frank and Ethel Burgoyne, in a room in the fitting-up of which they saw at once the fitness of things had been studied. It was the perfection of propriety as the chief room in a shooting-box, and for all that, women looked thoroughly in their places in it.

It was a long, low, lattice-windowed room, with a broad rafter crossing the length of the ceiling, in which he received them. To have removed that rafter, whose normal condition it was to look heavy and burthensome, would have been impossible. To utilise and make it conduce to the beautifying of the room had been Mr. Linley's task as soon as he came to Lownds. It was very ornamental now, that formerly obnoxious rafter, for it was of oak, and he had had it polished, and its grain brought out, and a substantial line of gold beading placed along it on either side. Above all, nailed to its centre were two pairs of antlers, and from these antlers trailed long creeping plants that hung down low, and then turned up again abruptly in a most extraordinary way, and that took their rise in tiny pots that lurked between the horns.

The fashion of the furniture, too, was extraordinary—as extraordinary as this gamey

and floral combination which I have described. The material savoured of the chase, for it was of the skins and horns of animals: the shape savoured of a Sybarite.

The faces of tigers snarled at you, and the claws of bears looked ready to catch and hug, and the fangs of one grand lion grinned at you, from the backs and tops of chairs and couches. When you turned these round you found soft seats of delight, elastic, warm, and cosy, and the wild sports of the field and forest that they had suggested vanished from your mind.

A pleasant room, with an atmosphere that was agreeable to breathe, for there was a fire in the grate—a bright, leaping little fire, that threw out no more heat than could be well endured in October—and the windows were open for the free admission of the rarified autumn air. A wide door at the end was open also, showing them the luncheon they had been invited to eat, laid out on a large round table, sparkling and bright with glass and silver, brilliant with October fruits and flowers.

“Shall we go into the other room? I believe we are all here: there is no one else to wait for, is there?” Mrs. Galton said, after a few minutes had elapsed, during which few minutes Mrs. Vaughan had been suffering agonies of uncertainty and qualms of doubt as to whether her cap-box had been brought in, and whether she was to be invited up-stairs to adjust it properly or not.

“No, we have no one to wait for. No probability of Ffrench coming, I suppose?” Mr. Linley asked carelessly, turning to Frank Burgoyne.

“None at all—that is, I fancy he is engaged with Lord Lesborough,” Frank answered, and Theo saw that he glanced uneasily at her as he spoke.

Mrs. Galton rose, and led the way into the dining-room, and Mrs. Vaughan was fain to follow, with her bonnet on.

“It’s rather singular,” Mrs. Galton began, in an explanatory tone when they were seated, “a cousin of mine, Harold Ffrench, has come down to stay at Madlington.”

“Oh! indeed!” (Mrs. Vaughan was but indifferently interested in the cousin of a woman who had shown such lack of consideration for her comfort and her cap.) “Oh! indeed! Harold Ffrench.”

“Yes; such a nice fellow. I wish he could have come to-day, don’t you, John? He would have been quite an acquisition, wouldn’t he?” Mrs. Galton addressed Theo this time, and glanced at her from between half-closed lids in a way that Theo found very hard to bear.

“He would,” she said. She had been shocked by the abrupt announcement of his being in her vicinity, but she felt that it was intended to be a shock to her, therefore she resolved to make the signs of its being so as few and little visible as possible. In such a case it is surely pardonable to deceive observant friends.

“Ah! to be sure, Theo knows him,” Ethel Burgoyne observed, in all innocence. “He’s a great friend of yours, isn’t he, Theo? I forgot to tell him till this morning that you were here.”

“I never heard Theo speak of him,” Mrs. Vaughan struck in, with prompt indignation; “why didn’t you tell me you knew him, child? I hate——” she was going to add that “she hated such sly ways,” but the Burgoyne alliance should never be frustrated by her. Frank might revolt at anything underhand.

“There was no occasion to speak of him, aunt, more than of any other man whom I have known and you have not.”

Theo was seated next to her host.

“Let me give you some Chablis with your oysters,” he said; then he went on in a lower tone, “Bravely said, Theo: you have known him, and, knowing him, feel that there is ‘no occasion to’ speak of him again.”

“I did not mean that at all, Mr. Linley,” she said aloud, and he raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, as though he would say, “if she would be indiscreet, well!”

“What didn’t you mean at all, Theo?” Mrs. Vaughan asked sharply. There was an element introduced into the conversation that was beyond her comprehension, and the being compelled to eat in her bonnet always “muddled her,” as she expressed it. “Sire, I hit where I dare,” is a principle that is frequently acted upon. Mrs. Vaughan, under the influence of wrath, felt that it behoved her to be rigorous as to Theo’s meaning and manners.

“I didn’t at all mean that Mr. Ffrench was not worth speaking about,” Theo answered.

“And who (pray, Mr. Vaughan, allow me to say a word to my *own* niece without trying to put me down with such looks) thought you did mean it?”

“Mr. Linley thought so, and it’s not at all what I meant.” Theo was nearly choking with wrath now, for Linley was smiling (derisively she thought), and Kate gazing at her with admirably portrayed astonishment.

“I am sure my cousin would be very much obliged to you,” Mrs. Galton said, coldly. Then she murmured in a low voice to Frank and Ethel Burgoyne who were seated near to her, “Heaven preserve me from friends who tilt at windmill on my behalf.”

"It did seem rather uncalled for—unless there's more in it than I know of," Ethel Burgoyne replied, looking at Theo curiously. Then Mrs. Galton played with her rings, and said:

"Theo Leigh is rather imaginative, you know, and imagination often leads people astray; don't mention this absurd scene to Harold, please: I should be sorry that he should know what a little fool she makes of herself."

"Was it *his* wife,—that Mr. Harold Ffrench's wife,—you were going over to Rockheath Park once to see, Mr. Linley?" Sydney Scott asked. Miss Sydney had been slightly in the background for a short time, and she hated being there; she came to the front again most effectively.

"His wife!" Ethel Burgoyne exclaimed, "his *what*?"

"Shall I betray him?" Linley shot these words in a low whisper at Theo, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne was watching her.

"Not now," poor Theo answered, and almost before the echo of her own words had died away she heard Linley saying,—

"My dear Miss Scott, I little thought that spoken words of mine so dwelt in your mind. This Mrs. Harold Ffrench is the wife of the man I knew long ago, Mrs. Galton, the man I thought your cousin might be when I heard his name first this year," he continued, addressing Kate.

"Oh! I see," Kate replied, and from Kate's tone Theo knew that she too was ignorant of what had been the barrier between herself and Harold Ffrench.

Theo was longing ardently that Harold Ffrench might tell the truth concerning himself to his possible benefactor, but she did not desire that anyone else should tell it: she trembled indeed with a sick pain at such a contingency. So now it began to afflict her sorely, this doubt she had as to whether Frank Burgoyne knew all about Harold or not. If he did know it, what motive had he for keeping silence with his grandfather? And if he did not know it, what motive had he for gazing at her curiously, as he had done from the first? She could but think he knew it, she could but fear he knew it; and if so, what must he, so frank, so honest himself, think of Harold Ffrench?

This statement of Harold Ffrench being in the neighbourhood appeared to cast a something that was partly gloom and partly restraint over the little party. The spirits of all flagged at that luncheon-table, though it was a round one, and no one person was isolated from another. Mr. Linley took Theo at her word—he did not betray the secret of Harold Ffrench

having a wife to the Burgoynes, but he made her feel that it was a mean thing to have pleaded for that protecting silence, and that Harold Ffrench was a something meaner still to need it. Over and over again as she sat there trying to partake with appetite of those viands for which the oysters and Chablis were intended to give her a zest, did she say to herself with a quailing heart,— "O Harold, why won't you tell all, and lose all, and let the world say the worst?"

That there was gloom and constraint over all things was visible enough to others besides Theo. Kate was annoyed by what had passed relative to Harold Ffrench. She was annoyed at Harold Ffrench's having elected to stay at Maddington, instead of having come on to Lownds to see her. She was annoyed with Linley for having addressed Theo in tones too low for her (Kate) to have caught the sense of them several times. Above all she was annoyed at the prospect that loomed before her, of having to entertain Mrs. Vaughan for so long a period as that estimable matron might choose to remain there. For Theo was palpably now—for some reason or other that remained a secret to Kate—absorbed with Linley. And Frank Burgoyne would probably devote himself to Sydney, when the ice of reserve that was over all just now should be a little thinner. The gentlemen remaining would be her own husband and excellent Mr. Vaughan alone, and neither excellent Mr. Vaughan nor her husband had been in the list of her panaceas for the woe of this luncheon, when the obligation of presiding over it had been finally thrust upon her.

As for Sydney Scott, she was labouring under a sense of most cruel injustice. That nutting episode and two or three brief chance meetings since it, had made her very intimate with Frank Burgoyne. He had shown himself willing to come round entirely from the side of her friend Theo to her own. He had paid her many compliments, buttoned many refractory gloves in her service, and been generally devotional to her, in a way that had made her remember keenly that he was Lord Lesborough's heir. She knew by experience what these long hours in a shooting-box, with a luncheon as an excuse for them, are almost sure to bring forth. She had gone with high hopes, she had gone prepared for anything save finding Frank Burgoyne distraught to the degree of being more on the alert when Mrs. Galton spoke, than when she, Sydney Scott, uttered notes that but the other day he had seemed to think were dulcet.

Frank Burgoyne was distraught, horribly so, and horribly conscious of being so. Mrs.

Galton was no fairer, no sweeter, no softer, or more enthralling than were dozens of women whom he had known, and who had smiled on and been forgotten by him. But she would not smile upon him : or at least she would not smile upon him particularly, nor would she particularly refrain from doing so. She caused him to see clearly that he was no more to her than another, that she considered him rather young—that she scarcely thought of him at all, in fact. So Frank Burgoyne, being unaccustomed to such a light regard from any woman about whom he thought at all, seethed in spirit, and was distraught in manner as he sat at Mrs. Galton's side, and Mrs. Galton's eyes were turned away from him languidly. He felt convinced that "those two girls had little in them," in comparison to this delicate woman with the material husband. He began to wonder why she had married the honest-hearted gentleman, who was obviously unable to reach the heights of regarding her in the dim religious light of semi-romance that he (Frank) was throwing around her. He questioned whether the "bogie of his boyhood," as he had once called Harold Ffrench, had been an active agent in the creation of that air of gentle melancholy that hung about her. He marvelled whether or not she had children, and if she had, were they that "all" to her that the "something dearest" should be to such a woman? In short he thought about her more perhaps than he should have thought of his neighbour's wife, and, not being vicious, he was sorry for it.

Sorry for it, and ashamed of it, though there had been no guilt in those thoughts. Still he was ashamed when he looked at John Galton's honest face, and Kate's apparently pure brow. There was all the sanctity of the married woman about her in Frank's eyes; spoilt and petted as he had been by women all his life, he had never learnt to think ill of them, for Ethel he knew to be pure and good, and Ethel was as a sister to him : all the weaknesses that she had, he knew.

So he turned himself resolutely from Kate at last, and found that the pretty girl whose gloves he had buttoned and whose nuts he had shelled, would not suffice to banish all thoughts of Mrs. Galton, even for those few short hours. Then once more he told himself that "there was more in Theo," and subsided into his old friendly relations with Miss Leigh, who responded to him half deprecatingly, as to one who was very generous, or very much deceived.

The shadows of dissatisfaction deepened when they rose from the table at last. For the first time Theo was panting to gain private

speech of Linley, and Linley apparently had no design that she should do so. Instead of suffering the party to drift asunder and divide into pleasant knots of twos, or more, he collected it together in the room they were received in first, and installed himself in their midst, in a way that did away with all hopes of anyone's gaining private speech of him. Then, even as her aunt raged in her soul at being compelled to sit in her bonnet with a full knowledge of her best cap being up-stairs, did Theo rage at not being able to speak to him, to have it out with him, about Harold Ffrench and Harold Ffrench's wife.

She longed to tell him that she could bear it all as it was, and to put it to his manliness not to make it unbearable by speaking of it till Harold Ffrench deemed the time ripe to speak of it himself. "Till Harold deemed the time ripe:" she would put no harsher construction on his reticence than that, even to herself. When he deemed the time ripe he would cease to live this lie, and be the candid gentleman she so hardily, so vainly, sometimes strove to think him.

CHAPTER XXVII. AFTER LUNCHEON AT LOWNDS.

HAD he come there unwittingly? or had he known of her being there, and come, hoping to see her again, without apparent design? She had not questioned thus when the note of his arrival had been first sounded, for all her thoughts had been of him then. But that first flush of excitement was over, and she was standing now at a window in the drawing-room, rather apart from the rest, asking that question keenly—asking it with an anxiety she could not subdue.

The dread that she had about him! There would be danger in meeting him, and danger in evading him, danger and pain. She could not foresee anything but discomfort arising from this combination, and when she thought of how it might strike her father, she felt pitifully helpless and uncertain how to act.

If he had come knowing that she was there, and designing to see her, he had erred, in that he had been guilty of something underhand. She could not bear to think this of him; she put the fear of it away from her resolutely, and told herself that he had come in ignorance, and that he would go to-morrow perhaps, and spare her the pain a meeting here, a meeting now, must cost her. She looked up, disturbed by a slight sound, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne had come over, and was standing by her side.

"Ffrench did not know you were here, Miss Theo, till Ethel told him this morning," he said, and Theo drew a breath of relief that was a half sigh, and replied :

"You say so—you mean it?"

"I do, indeed. I would have affirmed it before this, and more solemnly, had I known that you attached such importance to it."

"I do attach importance to it, Mr. Burgoyne, and I think you know why," she said quickly. She was longing to test his knowledge to the utmost; she was capable of ruthlessly probing her wound for the sake of finding out whether or not Frank Burgoyne was wholly in Mr. Linley's confidence.

He blushed more than the girl before him as she spoke, he knew well how this must pain her, and he was so sorry for her pain.

"Do forgive me," he murmured earnestly; "I had no right to broach the subject; but I do know enough, Theo, to make me feel sure that the assurance of the truth, the assurance that Mr. Ffrench did not know you were here, would be agreeable to you."

"Then you knew that I——" she stopped, half choked for an instant, and the blood rushed up in a flood to her brow. "Then you know that I— thought myself engaged to him once?" she went on, in a voice that she strained so hardly to steady that Frank felt more than pity for her.

"I know that he was engaged to you, and that for some cause he has lost you, Theo," he replied, so lovingly that Theo thought how pleasant it would be to have such a brother as this sympathetic Frank Burgoyne.

"That cause, that cause?" she interrogated eagerly, but Frank did not say whether or not he knew what it had been, and so Theo was still in doubt as to the extent of his knowledge on the subject. He only sat down on the broad seat of the latticed window, and talked to her of other things, of indifferent things, looking past her against his will the while at Kate, who saw him not. He could but watch her and her graceful affectations, and half sneer at them to himself, and watch them still, and finally gird at her in his heart for not playing any of them off upon him. He chafed under her neglect, under the spectacle of so much more being lavished upon Linley than upon himself, the "younger man." He set himself to watch her keenly; he tried to detect the minutest atom of assumption or unreality in Mrs. Galton's manner of regardlessness towards himself. To his ultimate loss he failed in detecting aught that could have put him on his guard, the lady was prepared to meet and baffle all suspicion of this unconcern of hers being other than the undesigned pure and simple offspring of her feelings towards him.

Mrs. Vaughan had thought of ordering her carriage directly after luncheon, for she was warm and weary. The day had been a failure,

an utter failure, in her estimation. Frank Burgoyne had been planted as far from her niece as was possible at the table. Theo and her host had spoken in low tones; her best cap had not been suffered to see the light; and Mrs. Galton palpably was at no pains to entertain her (Mrs. Vaughan). The sense of these evils was upon her strongly as they came back into the room with the oaken rafter, and it caused her to tell Mr. Vaughan that she should order the carriage, and go home at once; and why they had come she for one could not tell, for certainly they were not wanted.

"It will scarcely do to go just yet, will it, my dear?" Mr. Vaughan had replied, and there was a something about his manner of saying it that showed Mrs. Vaughan that the day had not been such a failure to her lord and master as it had been to herself. In truth he had been discussing church-rates and parochial matters generally with John Galton, and was very happy, and in no hurry to be put away on the back seat of the carriage and galled by the cap-box again.

"Whether it will 'do' or whether it won't (and why it shouldn't I should like you to tell me), I shall go at once," Mrs. Vaughan had rejoined. But just then Frank Burgoyne followed Theo to the window, and Mrs. Vaughan resolved to be all the thoughtful relative, and bear her bonnet and Kate Galton's neglect for yet another little while.

For Kate, graceful lady, charming hostess as she was, and could be at times, was negligent of Mrs. Vaughan. She had not wanted Mrs. Vaughan and her party here, and now that they were here, she let it be seen, not that she had "not wanted them," she was too well bred for that, but that she felt that she could not entertain them; that she lamented this incapability, but still was helpless. "It's a cruel kindness asking people to come so far, and having nothing to amuse them when they do come, Mrs. Vaughan," Mrs. Galton said once to Mrs. Vaughan. "I am afraid you find it very dull." Then Mrs. Vaughan had rejoined, "Oh! pray don't mention it: very nice and pleasant, I am sure," and had thought that were Mrs. Vaughan properly afflicted with fears as to its being dull she might ask her to "walk round the garden," or, "look into the dairy," or, "see the house," or propose any of the many other things ladies of an inquiring turn of mind and an active habit of body like to do when they find themselves in strange quarters. But there was no dairy to see at Lownds, and Mrs. Galton would not have offered to do the honours of it had there been one; and as for walking round the garden, she read at a glance that Mrs. Vaughan

would have bored her as to the names of flowers and plants. Therefore Kate did not propose any of the pastimes that Mrs. Vaughan had come to consider customary in a country house, and so Mrs. Vaughan felt herself neglected, and cast about for a vessel on which to wreak her wrath.

Theo was employed profitably, her aunt hoped, harmlessly she could but see, with Frank Burgoyne in the window. The legal recipient of her sorrows and angers was deep in the discussion of a large-hearted scheme for the furtherance of decency and order in labourers' cottages. It wounded his wife to see him so rosy and comfortable while she was crimson and uncomfortable; it hurt her that he should be discoursing in such a friendly spirit with the husband of the woman who was leaving her to her own devices; it aggrieved her horribly that he should permit enjoyment to appear upon his countenance when all was vexation of spirit with her. She was preparing to swoop down upon him with some significant reminder, with something that should at once and thoroughly rouse him to a sense of his baseness in being gay when she was sad—and savage—when her eyes fell on Sydney Scott, and wrath was averted from the head of her spouse.

To no one had the day been a greater failure than to Sydney. She had come prepared to see Frank Burgoyne do very terrible things in Mrs. Vaughan's eyes; she had come joyfully expectant of Frank and herself infuriating her hostess beyond those bounds of fury she had seen Mrs. Vaughan observe hitherto. She had thought herself round into rather a soft state of mind about the handsome young man whose prospects were so good, and had cashiered Hargrave of the —th, who had nothing but his pay, and not too much of that. She had told herself that "Frank understood her," and had bitterly lamented the lacking violet bows. It was hard on her, therefore, to come and find him pre-occupied with his own thoughts at luncheon (that refection, which former experience had taught her can be lingered over so long and pleasantly, and at which two can absorb themselves, and separate themselves from the rest so much more easily than at a more formal dinner). It was harder still to find him occupied with Theo in the wide latticed window after luncheon. These things were hard; but harder than all else was the fact of there being no one who could take Frank's place, and assist her in proving her indifference to this unlooked-for desertion. She was compelled to sit and look on, and to know that they knew she was compelled to be thus quiescent, which was worse than all else.

She could not even fall back upon Ethel Burgoyne, for Ethel had picked up a book and was evidently interested in it; besides, conversation with Ethel just then would have been as panada after caviare. His aunt was all very well as one of the family, but it was with the nephew that Sydney had proposed conversing principally to-day. Twice Mr. Linley attempted to draw her into the conversation with Kate and himself, but Kate did not back him, and Sydney did not respond. She had no intention of playing second to Mrs. Galton, so she made her answers to his polite attempts in good-tempered monosyllables, and waited.

Sydney had a marvellous power of looking bright, and unconcerned, and good-tempered, when in reality she was none of these things. She was none of them now, as I have shown, but she seemed them all; even clear-sighted Mr. Linley thought so, when he passed near her to get a screen for Mrs. Galton, and she (Sydney) said to him,—

"Very jolly it is, being here."

Her tone challenged an answer quite as much as her words, and after giving Kate the screen he came back to make that answer, standing before her in the way she liked to see men stand—in a way that showed lookers-on they were devoting their words to her alone, and looking down at her youth (she was redolent of that same wonderful spirit of youth) with the admiration those alone can feel for it who have left it behind.

"I was afraid you were not finding it jolly at all. I am an old bachelor, and I forgot that when I invited a couple of pretty young ladies I ought to have provided against monotony reigning by inviting a corresponding number of cavaliers."

"Well, I wish you had thought of it, Mr. Linley" (she was franker than ever, for she was resolved not to lapse into obscurity again). "Well, I wish you had thought of it, Mr. Linley, for my sake."

"I will be more provident the next time you honour me," he replied, and there was ever so small a tone of chagrin in his voice. He had hardly anticipated the pretty flirt telling him so jauntily that she wished for the society of another man, though he had been neglecting her.

"That is right, do," she answered, and then she lowered her voice, but not her eyes, and went on, "and then perhaps Mrs. Galton will be good enough to monopolise him, and leave me a chance of having a word with you, Mr. Linley, for you're the oldest friend I have here, you know," she went on pathetically, "except Theo, and I only knew her one day before I knew you."

When she said that, Mr. Linley remembered the night on the terrace, and the nutting the other day, and the way she had thrown him over then for Frank, and many other little episodes in this young lady's life that he had marked. He recovered the judgment he had nearly lost when she seemed to be frankly lamenting that there was no young cavalier here this day. He recovered his judgment about her, and declared her to be but a bungling coquette after all. However he remained there, standing before her, and looking down admiringly on the fair youthful head, until at last he took both her pretty little plump white hands in his, in order that he might read their palms and something of her character, "which was a mystery to him," he said, to her delight. It was at this juncture, just at the commencement of the reading, that Mrs. Vaughan's eyes fell upon her young guest, and wrath was averted from the head of the vicar of Hensley.

"I think it high time that we were going, if we are to get back to Hensley to-night, Mr. Vaughan," Aunt Libby exclaimed, rising up with a flutter that sounded through the room like the springing of an agitated hen.

"Surely not yet, Mrs. Vaughan; don't go yet," Mr. Linley answered, looking round at her, but not releasing Sydney's hands.

"But indeed I shall." Mrs. Vaughan snapped rather than spoke these words, they went off with a click in Theo's ears, and made her come away from the window, for they betokened anger.

"Will you order the carriage, Mr. Vaughan, or must I? will you be good enough to say good-bye to Mrs. Galton, and not keep the carriage waiting, Miss Scott?" The old lady was bridling her head at Sydney, and flashing glances of unmistakable anger at her, but Sydney would not cast her weapons from her and cry for mercy. ¶

"There will be plenty of time to tell what I am, and what I'll be, Mr. Linley, if you make haste. I won't keep the old horse waiting, Mrs. Vaughan; poor old fellow! I wouldn't be the cause of his getting a cold, and roaring more than he does already, for the world. That means that 'I shall be fortunate in all I undertake,' does it? how nice. And that other one—what's that? I never noticed my hand being so full of ugly marks before. Let me see if you have any of the same lines, Mr. Linley; here's one—no, it's a cut; however did you get that *tremendous* scar, Mr. Linley?"

He dropped her hands suddenly.

"It's not tremendous, it's a mere scratch, you little exaggerator," he said quietly. Then Frank Burgoyne, who had come up to hear what they were all talking about, said:

"Ah! I've often remarked that, Linley; it's a sabre cut, isn't it?"

"I am sorry there is no time to tell a story about it before Mrs. Vaughan leaves us to gloom," Linley answered. "You have had one little specimen of my skill in the art of narration, haven't you, Miss Leigh?" he added enquiringly.

"Yes," Theo replied curtly.

"Oh! yes," Mrs. Galton put in; "you told us some amusing nonsense the night we met you at Lady Glaskill's, about a girl being torn through some bars, and being married to the wrong man, and Harold Ffrench would be grand about it, and refuse to have his name given to the fictitious hero."

"You honour me too much by so clearly remembering the pith of my poor story," Mr. Linley said, bowing to Kate. "You remember it better than that, don't you?" he added abruptly to Theo, and Theo answered "yes," again, and asked him piteously with her eyes "why she did so remember it?"

To which mute question he did not make reply, but perhaps that might have been because the leave-taking became general at the moment, and Ethel Burgoyne was rather loudly demanding to know whether they would not all of them go to Maddington the following day, and see Mr. Harold Ffrench.

"Perhaps we may, my dear, if I feel equal to it," Mrs. Vaughan murmured; "but the charge that girl is to me words can't tell. I wouldn't have had her down if Theo had given me a hint—no, nor half a hint."

"Oh! she's all right, dear Mrs. Vaughan," Ethel said hopefully.

"Well, I hope she may be, but I don't think it," Mrs. Vaughan replied, relapsing into a state of doubt as to Sydney with virtuous celerity. "Such ways, and such manners, and such assurance in a girl of that age, makes me tremble! actually tremble!"

And Mrs. Vaughan trembled forthwith to an extraordinary extent, considering that she was neither cold nor hungry. Perishing starvation could not have shaken more vigorously than did Mrs. Vaughan under the influence of feelings that may not be analysed with regard to this young charge of hers, who suffered men to hold her hands and read her character the while.

(To be continued.)

MORE ABOUT PILCHARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

In a recent article on "Pilchards,"* the following passage occurs:—"For many centuries Cornwall, in addition to its tin and copper

* See Vol. XI., p. 467.

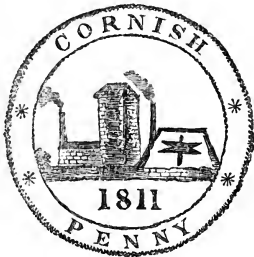
mines, has been celebrated for its pilchards, and in the 'arms' of the county a figure of this fish is conspicuous."

As the writer is in error in supposing the pilchard to form part of our county arms, it is only fair that the mistake should be corrected, and your readers set right. The Cornish arms are popularly known as "the fifteen balls," and are frequently adopted by innkeepers as a sign for their houses. The arms, as shown in the accompanying figure, are, sable, fifteen

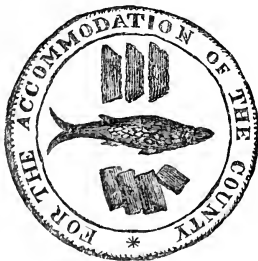


bezants in pile, the motto "One and all." The writer evidently had in his head not the arms of Cornwall, but the Cornish penny, in which the pilchard is a conspicuous object. The following representation of this curious coin shows on one

side an engine-house and whim with the legend "Cornish penny, 1811," and on the other side a pilchard between three blocks of tin and four cakes of copper, legend "For the accommodation of the county."



As "fish, tin, and copper" form the staple products of Cornwall, so do "fish, tin, and copper" stand pre-eminent as the county toast at public dinners. Pilchards and cream, in years "lang syne," are said to have been a dainty dish "down west," but in the present day we



believe they are preferred served up separately. The article states that the pilchard has become scarcer of late years, but though seasons vary in productiveness, the fishery is still of great importance. In the year just ended, besides the great numbers consumed in the county, the quantity of pilchards exported from St.

Ives amounted to 11,726 hogsheads (each hogshead containing about 3000 fish), and of the value of 27,849*l.* 5*s.* Of these, 7593 hogsheads were sent to Naples, 2411 to Leghorn, 1040 to Genoa, 505 to Venice, and 177 hogsheads to other parts of the Mediterranean. On the 27th September, 1846, St. Ives bay was said to have been full of fish, and "30,000 hogsheads were quickly enclosed" in nets, and on the 1st November, 1847, "upwards of 22,000 hogsheads were taken;" the quantity of pilchards caught that year being larger than in any one season for 30 years previous: 40,883 hogsheads were exported to the Mediterranean, besides a large consumption at home. The fish were sold at from 32*s.* to 38*s.* per hogshead.

The summer fish, though smaller than those caught in winter, are much more oily, a hogshead producing about four gallons, whilst the same quantity of winter fish only averages two gallons.

N. H.

WHAT IS A BURLETTA ?

MR. PEPYS records in his diary—"7th May, 1668. Then we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the garden; the first time I ever was there, and a pretty place it is."

What was once the well-known pleasure-ground, called Marylebone Gardens, is now occupied by Beaumont Street, part of Devonshire Street, and part of Devonshire Place, Marylebone. Antiquaries disagree as to the derivation of the name of the parish, which Mr. Pepys spells, according to the grossest pronunciation of the word, "Marrowbone." Some hold it to be corrupted from "St. Mary-le-Bourne" (St. Mary-on-the-Brook), from a small rivulet or bourne once flowing in the neighbourhood. Others trace it to a translation into indifferent French of "St. Mary-the-Good." De Quincey notes—*à propos* of something else, after his usual manner—"if I have read one, I have read twenty letters addressed to newspapers, denouncing the name of a great quarter in London, Mary-le-bone, as ludicrously ungrammatical. The writers had learned (or were learning) French, and they had thus become aware that neither the article nor the adjective was right. True, not right for the current age, but perfectly right for the age in which the name arose; but for want of elder French they did not know that in our Chaucer's time both were right. *Le* was then the article feminine as well as masculine, and *bone* was then the true form for the adjective."

There had been from early times a noted tavern in Marylebone Gardens, with bowling greens, much frequented by persons of rank

in the course of the last century. Lady Mary Wortley Montague alludes to the amusements and patrons of the gardens :

“Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.”

But the place afterwards fell into disrepute, and was made by Gay the resort of Captain Macheath and his friends. Previous to 1737 the gardens had been opened to all classes free of charge. An attempt was then made to improve the character of the amusements ; Mr. Gough, the proprietor, charged a shilling as entrance fee, for which an equivalent in refreshment was furnished. Public breakfasts were given, and evening concerts. The best singers were engaged, and fireworks exhibited. The gardens rivalled Vauxhall in gravelled walks and supper-boxes, statues, lamps, lights, music, and decorations. On the 4th June, 1772, in honour of the King's birthday, a grand concert was performed in the orchestra. Signor Torri, or Torré, the pyrotechnist, had prepared a representation of Mount Etna, in addition to the ordinary firework wheels, suns, globes, &c., and a transparency of the King and Queen, surrounded by stars. After the fireworks, the mountain opened, and discovered Vulcan and the Cyclops at work at their forge. “The fire blazed, and Venus entered with Cupid at her side, who begged them to make for her son those arrows which are said to be the causes of love in the human breast ; they assented, and the mountain immediately appeared in eruption, with lava rushing down the precipices.”

Added to these marvellous entertainments, a small theatre had been erected in the grounds. To this little building, and the purposes to which it was proposed to apply its stage, was attributable the question that for a long time seems to have vexed the mind of the theatrical public of the period. People were then incessantly asking each other, “What is a Burletta ?” and pausing in vain for a satisfactory reply.

Mr. George Colman, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, had translated from the French a little drama called “Le Tableau Parlant,” and, under the name of “The Portrait,” produced it upon his stage in November, 1770. The piece has quite the flavour of the Italian pantomime about it. A large portrait of *Pantaloon* is discovered. *Pantaloon* (Mr. Shuter) wants to marry his ward, *Isabella* (Miss Catley), but she is in love with *Leander*, the Harlequin of the drama, who has a servant, *Pierrot*, the Clown. *Pantaloon* pretends that he must be absent for some days. He returns secretly, and finds a table prepared with a supper for the regalement of *Leander*.

Pantaloon cuts out the head of the picture, puts his own head through the hole, and watches the lovers. After supper, in a spirit of mockery, they go through the form of kneeling to the portrait, and imploring *Pantaloon's* consent to their union. They then argue that the silence of the portrait signifies consent, when *Pantaloon*, from the picture, cries out, “It's a lie !” and then comes forward. Eventually he resigns *Isabella* to *Leander*.

“The Portrait” was enriched with music and songs, and was understood to be a “burletta.” It was received with applause at Covent Garden, and subsequently Mr. Colman gave his permission to the manager of Marylebone Gardens to produce the piece on the stage of his small theatre, on which, it was understood, he was at liberty to play “burlettas.” But what was a burletta ?

At this time and for many years after, the managers of the larger theatres at the west end of London were in possession of patents which gave them a monopoly, under certain restrictions, of the higher class of dramatic entertainments. The minor theatres were regarded as very humble places of amusement indeed, fit only for the exhibition of the feats of jugglers, tumblers, and mountebanks. Any attempt on their part to provide the public with performances of a more ambitious character at once excited the jealousy of the patentees, and brought down upon the offenders the terrors of the law. It was true the minors might give musical entertainments, but then music was far less cared for by the public of that day than at present. Ingenious efforts were therefore made to evade the orders of the Lord Chamberlain and the enactments of Parliament. Thus to be liable to punishment it was necessary that the performances should be for “hire, gain, or reward.” The minor theatres proceeded to call their entertainments “concerts,” to which an entrance fee was charged, while between the parts of the concert came the real attraction of the evening—a play was performed “*gratis* by persons for their diversion.” Garrick, it will be remembered, made his first appearance in London at a theatre which was then without a licence, and the Roscius doubtless rendered himself liable to be committed to prison as a rogue and a vagabond. The theatre was in Goodman's Fields. The playbill of October 19th, 1741, even describes it as the *late* theatre, as though it pretended to be merely a music-room. A concert of vocal and instrumental music was to be performed, “divided into two parts. Tickets at three, two, and one shilling. Places for the boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the theatre.” Between the two parts was re-

presented "An historical play called the Life and Death of 'King Richard the Third.' The part of *King Richard* by a gentleman who never appeared on any stage. With entertainments of dancing, by Mons. Fromet, Madame Duval, and the two Masters and Miss Granier; to which will be added a ballad opera of one act, called 'The Virgin Unmask'd,' both of which will be performed *gratis* by persons for their diversion."

Perhaps the obscurity of the theatre in Goodman's Fields made its defiance of the law comparatively safe. But Garrick changed all that. The unlicensed theatre became the most popular in London. The patentees became alarmed; they lured away Garrick to the west end, threatened legal proceedings, and finally succeeded in closing the theatre and nearly ruining Giffard, the manager. In 1785 the theatre had been rebuilt, a vigorous attempt was made to recommence performances of a superior class; the house opened under the name of the Royalty, with "As You Like It" and "Miss in Her Teens," Mr. John Palmer, the original *Joseph Surface*, being the manager. The first performances were not for hire, being for the benefit of the London Hospital. But all would not do. A notion had prevailed that the Lieutenant-Governor of "the Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower" and the magistrates of the Tower Hamlets had power to license the performance of plays; but this was a mistake. The Chamberlain asserted his authority: the patentees prevailed. Mr. Palmer was not permitted to play anything but the merest pantomime, and in a few months the theatre was compelled to close its doors.

In time, however, it seems to have been understood that *burlettas* might be performed at the minor theatres without infringing the rights of the patentees. Sir Vicary Gibbs was said to have given it as his opinion that even *operas* might be safely represented under a licence of the local magistracy and without reference to the Chamberlain, but much doubt and difficulty surrounded the matter. The major and the minor theatres were for ever at loggerheads. "The clashing interests, therefore, of the *Greats* and *Smalls*," writes George Colman the younger in his "Random Records," "under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain occasioned the affair to be convened before the Privy Council, who called in the Crown lawyers upon the subject, and the lawyers, after investigating the question of 'What is a *Burletta*?' solved it much after the manner of *Scrub* in 'The Beaux' Stratagem: 'their answer was that they could not tell: and they replied that they knew nothing of the matter!'"

Much of the difficulty appeared to arise from

the fact that the word *burletta* was a coinage. It was not in Johnson's "Dictionary." *Burlesque* was there, which the Doctor derived from the Italian *burlare*, to jest, and defined as signifying "jocular; tending to raise laughter by unnatural language or images." Nor was the word in the older Italian dictionaries, though in more modern Italian and French works it has found a place, with the vague definition of *comédie, opera buffa, &c.* "For my own part," Mr. Colman proceeds, "the rooted notions of an old theatrical stager make it difficult for me to consider a *burletta* otherwise than as a drama in rhyme, and which is entirely musical; a short comic piece consisting of recitative and singing, wholly accompanied more or less by the orchestra." This comes near the present interpretation of the word *operetta*, a coinage which was first introduced at the Lyceum, or English Opera House, as it was then called, only that the *operetta* is not necessarily comic. But Mr. Colman finds a difficulty in enumerating many pieces that completely come up to his description of a *burletta*. He names four only—"Midas" and "The Golden Pippin," by O'Hara; "Poor Vulcan," by Dibdin; and "The Portrait." All these come under the description of rhyme, recitative, and vocal and instrumental music, with nothing spoken. Indeed it was clear at one time that the minor actor, although he might sing, was not permitted to speak without the leave of the Lord Chamberlain. During Mr. Palmer's struggle against authority at the Royalty Theatre, Delpini, the clown, was committed to prison as a rogue and a vagabond for having called out "Roast beef" during his performance in a pantomime!

The managers at Covent Garden Theatre, however, at last, quite inadvertently, furnished their minor rivals with a valuable precedent, and a strong argument for latitude in deciding what was a *burletta*. An adaptation from Fielding's burlesque tragedy of "Tom Thumb" was produced at the patent house, "with the addition of songs," and the managers rashly announced the piece as a *burletta*. Now here was clearly spoken dialogue, without musical accompaniment. The *burletta* had extended its boundaries; the minor theatres could proportionately increase and strengthen their entertainments. They were no longer confined to recitative set to music. Their dialogue must rhyme, however; but who was to prevent the actor from slurring over the verse, and reducing it to the level of the forbidden prose? Soon the musical character of the pieces was brought down to a minimum. They were musical only in name. Mr. Colman relates "a harpsichord was

touched now and then, as an accompaniment to the actor, sometimes once in a minute, then once in five minutes, at last not at all," till in time musical and rhyming dialogue was altogether abandoned, and under the name of burletta was comprehended every description of dramatic entertainment.

The Lord Chamberlain, as licenser of plays, was left in a dilemma. He was unable himself to define what performances were or were not burlettas. He declined to undertake the task of bringing the minor theatres into a court of justice, when the result to be obtained seemed so uncertain. He continued to license, therefore, all the so-called burlettas that were sent to him, provided they were unobjectionable in other respects. In 1827, however, the Duke of Montrose being then the Chamberlain, a qualified form of licence was adopted, and the licence was granted for the piece sent in, "called by the manager a burletta," and "provided it be in legal acceptance a burletta." It was thus left to the patent theatres to take legal action in the matter, if they conceived the law had been infringed to their detriment, or their especial privileges had been in any way interfered with; the theory being that no great consequence could be attached to an injury which the injured would incur no risk or expense to have remedied, but preferred to endure patiently.

Still the patentees, though they made no distinct endeavour to have the term burletta satisfactorily defined, made occasional sallies, so to speak, from their strongholds of monopoly, and indulged in a raid among the minors, arrested a player now and then, and obtained his committal to Bridewell as a vagrant, by way of punishing his ambitious appearances in the regular drama. Especially they prevented the actors who were in the King's Bench Prison from exhibiting their talents on the stages of the transpontine theatres. Judge Kenyon was induced to abridge the privileges which the Bench prisoners had at one time possessed; he excluded all public-houses and places of public amusement from the liberty of the rules.

Meanwhile the minors went on boldly with their encroachments. Elliston, who, after the burning of Drury Lane Theatre in 1809, had taken the Surrey Theatre, hitherto used as a circus, ventured to trench upon the privileges of the patentees in the most glaring manner. He even presumed to "burletta-ize" Shakespeare; adding a jingle of verse here and there to the plays, with the occasional half-stifed squeak of a violin—by way of musical accompaniment—to maintain in some measure the traditional characteristics of the legalised enter-

tainments of the minor stage. Doubtless to his audacity and enterprise was due, in great part, the ultimate emancipation of the minor theatres from the arbitrary restraints under which they had so long suffered. It was not, however, until the Act of William IV., 1833, that the patent rights of the west-end theatres were so far abolished or modified that free trade in dramatic entertainments was established, and the minors were left at liberty to present their patrons with whatever kind of performances they most desiderated. The exigencies of the case, the uncertainty of the law, the increasing population and area of the metropolis, and the popular feeling against monopolies and restrictions in such matters, combined to call for Parliamentary intervention. Undoubtedly the destruction of the old privileges of the great theatres acted in some respects to the disadvantage of the actor's art; tended to scatter the players, to destroy schools of acting in which the beginner might work his way from the lowest to the highest grades of his profession, encouraged the indolent and the mediocre to be stars at the Coburg rather than subordinates at Covent Garden, to "reign in hell rather than serve in heaven," and prevented those grand combinations of artists accustomed to appear together, and to play with and up to each other,—those "powerful casts," indeed, which are such favourite subjects of reminiscence and regret with old playgoers. At one time, indeed, it seemed that the emancipatory Act would entail utter ruin upon the more important theatres, and when Drury Lane had become the scene of promenade concerts, and been perverted to the purposes of a circus, while Covent Garden was handed over to Italian opera, loud and long were the sighs for the good old days of privilege and monopoly. But better times have since arrived: at the one house the national drama still finds a sufficiently comfortable home, and at the other the native artist appears alternately with the foreigner, as a claimant for the favour of the public. Pretty generally it has been felt that the Act of 1833, in spite of some acknowledged drawbacks, was in the main a just and proper piece of legislation.

And the burletta question? It remained—it is still—unanswered. All need to answer it, indeed, is over. No one knows, no one cares, concerning the strict interpretation of the word, for it has disappeared from the playbills, and the thing itself has ceased to be. We have burlesques in plenty now-a-days, but never a burletta. As to Marylebone Gardens, they secured no long lease of popular favour, being finally closed in 1777.

THRUSHES.

EARLY in February, or (if the season be mild) towards the end of January, our ears, already longing for the sweet sounds of spring, will be delighted with the first few cheery notes of the boldest and most pleasant-voiced of all our spring songsters—the thrush. Perched on the highest bough of some bare tree—probably the ash or the fir—will the hardy little fellow take advantage of a bright sunshine to pour forth his clear, melodious notes, even if the snow be still on the ground, as a reminder that winter, as yet, has not entirely passed.

The thrush has for centuries been a very popular bird in all those countries of which it is an inhabitant, and, as is well-known to all those of our readers who may be skilled in classical lore, was highly prized by the Romans, not merely for its song, but also for the delicacy of its flesh. Thrushes were as common in the Roman markets during the reigns of the twelve Cæsars as larks are at the present day in our own Leadenhall, and on account of the estimation in which they were held, fetched on occasions very respectable prices; frequently being sold for as high a figure as would be reckoned by six shillings of our own money. The fattening of thrushes for these markets was a regular branch of trade with Roman bird-catchers, and the chief ingredients used in making the birds plump and juicy for the table of epicures were ripe, fresh figs and wheat meal. Horace himself, a regular *bon vivant*, informs us that “nothing is better than a fat thrush,” and he was certainly a good judge of such matters.

There are several varieties of thrush, and the missel-thrush, so-called because it is extremely fond of feeding upon the viscous berries of the mistletoe, was, there is reason to believe, the variety preferred by Roman gourmands. The missel-thrush is a larger and much handsomer bird than the song-thrush, but not so sociable, or so easily tamed; nor does its voice recompense its owner for the trouble bestowed on it in the same degree as does that of the song-thrush. The latter is easily tamed when taken young, and there are but few birds which repay care better, as thrushes will sing nearly all the year round with a little humouring; and there is scarcely a country cottage where one may not see a wicker cage containing one of these lively, speckled songsters. For ourselves we confess to a great aversion to seeing any English bird caged, more especially the lark, blackbird, and thrush, and we always entertain an involuntary feeling of respect for those gentlemen (and there are many such) who give

orders to their gardeners to leave the thrushes and blackbirds untouched, regardless of the few cherries and early peas they may help themselves to, as a recompense for the delicious “arias” and “cavatinas,” with which they regale our ears. The preservation of the thrush by gardeners is in itself a wise act (if only enforced for selfish ends), as these birds are so extraordinarily fond of snails, that even where there is a locust-like plague of those disagreeable visitors to our cabbage and lettuce beds, half a-dozen thrushes will suffice to clear them in no time. It is a pretty sight to see the thrush hopping across the smooth-shaven lawn in search of a meal, his head stretched eagerly forward, and his bright, beautiful black eye peering from side to side, to make sure of the absence of intruders of the human species. Occasionally he stops and tugs away at some luckless worm which has ventured to raise itself to the surface of the moist, damp soil, but on the slightest alarm away goes Signor Thrush like an arrow from a bow to the very top (always to the top) of the nearest tree where he will reconnoitre like a wary sentinel until the coast is again clear, and he can descend to finish his breakfast.

The song-thrush is the earliest breeder of all British birds, which accounts for its commencing to warble so soon in the year, the song of all birds in a state of nature being called forth by the impulses of courtship, and it is of course neither more nor less than the outpourings of love. Hence it happens that the thrush pairs in February and March, and I myself have seen young birds in a thrush's nest before the latter of these two months had quite expired. Thrushes have two and sometimes three broods in the year—usually in March and May, and if a third then towards the end of June. The place selected for building is a thick evergreen bush in a sheltered situation, the *under* boughs of fir-trees, and especially an old ivied wall in a shrubbery little frequented. The nest is always lined with either clay or cow-dung, and contains five or six pale greenish-blue eggs spotted with black. The young fly at a month's end from the period of hatching, and the female thrush, who is a good though timid sitter, often begins to lay a second time before the first brood are sufficiently fledged to leave the nest. When the hen bird exhibits this propensity strongly, she will sometimes have as many as four nests a season, which, at an average of five eggs per nest, gives a total of twenty young birds to one mother-thrush. It will be understood, then, how invaluable thrushes may be made for clearing our market-gardens of slugs and snails, which are the

favourite food of the thrush. Young thrushes, if brought up by hand from the nest, are to be fed on meal-worms and a fine paste made of fig-dust mixed with water. In these days, and in this country, it is not usual to see thrushes on the tables of gentlefolks, but in the rural districts, where the lads and young men in winter-time go netting or "bat folding," quantities of thrushes are taken thus, and eaten either in puddings or roasted. I have tasted (and I felt ashamed of myself) roasted thrushes, and found them to my taste, being really delicate and well-flavoured with something smacking of the partridge about them. On the continent, bird-dealers are barbarous enough to put out the eyes of these and other birds, asserting that it makes them sing better, as the poor little creatures cannot then, of course, distinguish night from day. But I hope never to hear of Englishmen encouraging so frightful and needless a piece of cruelty, and am of opinion that the majority of my readers would rather spare this bird for the sake of hearing its "wood notes wild" unfettered and free than immure it in a hopeless prison which, even if it be cared for with the most perfect kindness, must always be unnatural and impose restraint on the little songster's efforts to please. The restlessness of the thrush (when caged) during the pairing season is something quite distressing for any feeling person to witness, as the poor bird hops incessantly from perch to perch, protruding its head and beating its wings, moved of course by the instinct implanted in it by a wise Providence to escape and fulfil the paternal duties in which at that season the uncaged thrushes are engaged.

The thrush, the first bird of the year, makes his re-appearance with the early snowdrops. Ere many days have passed he will again be carolling forth to our country readers the intelligence that he has entered on the duties of the new year. May the omen be welcome to all!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

LONGO INTERVALLO.

I.

JANE FOLLETT is my love,
And we are both so young!
Her angel dwells above,
Where golden harps are strung,

II.

And bathes his waxen wings
In light that is not ours;
And crowns the harp he string:
With unfamiliar flowers.

III.

I know my Jane is known,
And hath an angel, there;
Because the sun comes down
So saintly on her hair;

IV.

Because she looks so sweet,
And smiles so tenderly,
Beholding at her feet
My heart's unrest in me.

V.

And therefore have I sworn
By all that sleeps or stirs,
To love her night and morn,
And be for ever hers;

VI.

And think, as I think now,
That when she once is mine
Our joined lives will grow
Both one, and that divine!

VII.

Jane Follett was my flame
In days that are gone by;
I wonder how I came
To love so foolishly!

VIII.

I marvel what I saw
In one so plain as she,
To touch my heart, or draw
A single sigh from me.

IX.

Her angel, if he sings,
It must be down below;
For both his waxen wings
Were melted long ago;

X.

And surely, if the sun
Still thinks it worth his while
To spend on such an one
His consecrating smile,

XI.

He must be faithless too.
Faithless! She broke her troth,
And when the day came due
Made havoc of us both.

XII.

I was so lean, and he
So plump, in purse and limb!
Of course she jilted me:
Of course she married him.

XIII.

Ah well; in Chamonix
I met her t'other day,
And saw, with fiendish glee,
She was both wan and grey.

XIV.

And if she'd kept her word,
And if she had been mine,
I could not now afford
This dinner, and this wine:

XV.

So, thus I drink, and swear
By all that sleeps or stirs,
It's not so hard to bear
The loss of hearts like hers.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

A TROUBLED TENANCY.



CHAPTER I.

THE strange story which I am about to relate embraces a short period at the close of October, 1862.

I, Henry Marston, solicitor, then aged 28 years, had just returned from a continental tour. Before leaving London I had arranged

finally to quit the chambers which I had previously occupied there; on coming back to town, therefore, I was, *pro tempore*, a homeless man.

Under these circumstances I gladly availed myself of a kind offer made to me by an old friend, a brother of my partner. He invited

me to take up my abode at his house, which was situated in a village twelve miles from London. Here, he assured me, I was heartily welcome to remain until I could find new quarters in town. Although he and his family were now absent from home, he wrote begging me to make myself comfortable at the Grange, adding that he had instructed his servants to show me every attention.

Inclination, no less than necessity, led me to accept the invitation. Heathfield was my native village; and, although my relatives had long left the neighbourhood, several friends of my boyhood still resided there. There was for me, moreover, another and a still stronger attraction to the place.

I had scarcely stepped upon the platform of the Heathfield Railway Station, when Stanhope, an old chum of mine, discovered me, and, after a few minutes' conversation, begged me to come to a ball at his father's house that evening. It was his sister's 21st birthday, and there would be a large gathering of our common acquaintances. I must excuse the brevity of the notice, for he was determined not to let me off.

For reasons of my own I had no wish that he should, and accepted the invitation. After dinner and a nap at the Grange, I dressed and joined the Stanhopes' party.

It was a brilliant entertainment, and, since the expectation which had chiefly led me to participate in it was not disappointed, I found it enjoyable. I soon discovered amongst the guests the lady whom I most desired to see, and ere long Edith Arnold was by my side, evincing, as I hoped, by her manner, a pleasure in my society similar to that which I was myself experiencing in her own. I secured her as my partner for several dances; and I fancied that she never looked so happy as when I claimed her, nor so sad as when I resigned her to another.

Encouraged by these tokens of her favour, I began to entertain the idea of making to her an important declaration. Such a treasure as Edith could not, I felt confident, long remain unclaimed. If I would possess her, I must lose no time.

Again she leant upon my arm.

"There is," I remembered, "a tide in the affairs of men." Reflecting thus, I drew my partner into a conservatory which opened from a saloon adjoining the dancing-room.

We paced this conservatory for some time in company with many other couples. The retreat was likely to be popular, for it had been arranged for the occasion with much taste, and its general aspect was beautiful and elegant in the extreme. Coloured lamps shone like

glittering gems above; while fountains flung up diamonds from beneath, amidst feathery fronds and scented blossoms.

But gradually the promenaders thinned; and at length, although after what space of time I cannot say, I found myself alone with Edith. I led her to a couch which had been placed at that end of the conservatory furthest from the drawing-room, and seated myself beside her.

Having proceeded so far, I confess I found it difficult to advance further, and an embarrassing silence convinced me that I was a bad hand at making an offer. When at last I opened my lips, it was only to experience, with painful vividness, the truth that

Words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

My faltering, roundabout observations seemed just rudely to sketch the outlines of my passion, and at the same time grossly to obscure its finer lineaments.

Meanwhile Edith listened pensively. As I drew near to the climax of my address, I naturally turned to watch her face. And I might well be pardoned for seeking inspiration and encouragement from such a source. Adequately to paint those eyes and cheeks, an artist would have needed to dip his pencil into pigments of summer sky and of molten apple-blossom; and the fair forehead gleamed out amidst rippling hair like a pearl from an *entourage* of golden fretwork. The countenance altogether was indeed one of rare beauty.

The conservatory for the most part was lined with blinds, which shut out the autumn night and pleasantly enhanced the light within. Near us was a door (leading to the garden) which had not been thus veiled, but which was left exposed, that it might be readily opened for ventilation. Thus, as I turned, the uncurtained entrance became visible to me.

In an instant there appeared amidst the blackness a horrible apparition—that of a wild unearthly face, surrounded with pale drapery, and glaring upon me with an expression malevolent and fiendish in the extreme.

Hardly believing my eyes, I started to my feet exclaiming unconsciously:—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"What in the world do you see?" cried Edith, rising in alarm.

"I scarcely know indeed," I answered hurriedly, for by this time nothing unusual was in sight.

I was just about to explain as well as I could what I had witnessed, when Edith's mother suddenly swept into the conservatory, and in accents of impatience told her daughter that they must leave immediately. My sweet

girl was, therefore, hurried away not only before I could complete the story of my love, but before I could explain the strange cause of its interruption. With a wondering look and a hasty bow, Edith followed her mother, and I was left alone.

The ball was at an end for me, now that she had departed. Grieved and excited at the unsatisfactory termination of our interview, I hastened from the house.

Before leaving the premises, however, I walked round the garden towards the conservatory, in order, if possible, to discover some solution to the visual enigma which had just been propounded to me. But all was dark and still. The lowering sky gloomed the whole garden into uniform blackness, and the chill damp wind seemed to whisper across the lawn that no living creature save myself was wandering there.

I now returned to the Grange, but could not obliterate from my brain the dreadful impression that had been stamped upon it.

A fact there was, too, connected with the vision which perplexed me beyond measure. I seemed, in some inexplicable way, to be familiar with the countenance. Although conscious that I had never before seen it under its late appalling aspect, I felt sure that it was not wholly strange to me.

I called upon my memory to account for this, but to no purpose; and retired to my room with an aching heart and a puzzled brain.

CHAPTER II.

THE Grange was an Elizabethan building, quaint and solemn, and the chamber allotted to me forcibly exemplified these general characteristics. Had I been superstitious, I should, I think, have entered the room with misgivings, for assuredly its wainscoted walls and deep recesses were precisely those surroundings for which ghosts are supposed to have a preference. I was too much occupied, however, with actual grievances to be influenced by imaginary terrors; and the extraordinary appearance which I had lately witnessed, instead of fostering in my mind vague dreads of new alarm, had simply laid a tax upon my understanding, which that understanding, in a matter-of-fact way, was labouring to discharge.

I took the precaution of lighting a night-light before getting into bed, anticipating, amidst my mental disquietude, a wakeful night. But it happened that I soon fell asleep, and forgot for a time both my love for Edith and the cruel interruption which I had met with in declaring it.

I awoke with a start under the impression that I had been spoken to. The words, which

I can hear to this day, seemed to abide with me after their actual sound had ceased. To the reader they will appear perhaps as ridiculously grandiloquent as to me in the silent watches of that night they at first seemed unspeakably awful. They were these:—

“Vile usurper! How long shall the avenging angel’s hand be stayed? Vacate this domain—to which thou hast no shadow of a claim—vacate it ere two days shall have expired, or thy wicked life is forfeited.”

Now, supposing that these words had been all,—supposing that I had been called upon merely to account for the sound or fancied sound,—I could easily have persuaded myself that I had simply been dreaming. But, in the subdued light which trembled through the room, I saw—yes, reader, I affirm it solemnly—I saw immediately before me the same demoniacal face which had suddenly appeared to me in the conservatory.

Although while half awake I was seriously alarmed by the apparition, I had no sooner grasped my usual waking powers of mind than I recovered myself and sprang out of bed, resolving then and there to clear up the ugly riddle. But as I did so, the cause of my perplexity vanished. Standing upon the floor, wide awake, I arrived at the certain conviction that I was the sole occupant of the room. I now entered upon a weary process of mental cross-examination, in the hope of eliciting from my confused impressions, facts on which to found some plausible theory as to what had occurred.

Nor was I long in erecting such a theory. It struck me as probable that the servants, wishing (from motives quite conceivable) to get rid of me, had been playing me a trick. The tenor of the absurd words which had been addressed to me seemed to warrant the idea. I was puzzled, to be sure, to account, on this hypothesis, for the *first* visitation. But I reflected again that the plotters might have contrived the former appearance for the purpose of averting my suspicions from any one connected with the Grange. And as to the fact that the face which I had seen seemed curiously familiar to me, I disposed of the difficulty by imagining that the agent employed by these impudent and stupid menials to personate their pretended ghost was some villager with whose features I had been familiar in my boyhood.

I need scarcely say that, so soon as I believed myself to be the victim of practical joking, I became angry. But I decided that the best way to take vengeance was to appear unconcerned, and simply to request, in the morning, that the trick might not be repeated. Accordingly I bottled up my wrath, got into bed,

and contrived to sleep soundly till daylight filled the room.

The footboy who waited upon me at breakfast—a pale-haired lad of seventeen—was naturally an object of my scrutiny, since I, of course, imagined that he must be in the plot from which I had suffered during the night. He was precisely like a cat; and, judging from his sly slits of eyes and stealthy movements, I could readily conceive him capable of any amount of underhand feline mischief. But this estimate of his character presently came to be modified.

Before leaving for London—where I was obliged to go early on account of a business appointment—I rang the breakfast-room bell, and requested that all the servants might come in. Two females shortly made their appearance in company with the page, and against the whole party I proceeded to bring my charge. After enlarging on the foolish and dangerous nature of the supposed joke with far greater warmth than I had designed, I completed my harangue with these words:—"I regret if my presence in the Grange is unacceptable, but having received an invitation from the master of the house to stay here, it is my intention to do so. The foolish means which some or all of you have employed to displace me would succeed with no one but a child or an idiot. I have to request, however, that these pranks may not be repeated. If they are, I shall report the whole matter to your master, who I doubt not, on hearing it, will out of regard for me, dismiss every one of you from his service."

The indignant silence with which these words were received at once convinced me that I had been hasty and unjust. The servants looked at one another in pure astonishment, and at me with an expression which seemed to question my sanity. In a few minutes they clamorously and angrily denied the charge altogether; whereupon, feeling the weakness of my position, I became somewhat cowed, and uttered words—probably neither dignified nor judicious—betraying the puzzled condition of my mind.

"I do believe the fellow's mad," exclaimed the cook angrily, as she followed her colleagues out of the room slamming the door behind her.

Mad! The word at first made me angry; it then set me thinking.

What if, after all, I were under some insane hallucination? Apparitions as vivid as mine had often been the result of cerebral disease. My hasty accusation of the servants seemed to give colour to the idea that my brain was disordered. How unreasonable the charge had been! How totally unlike the words of a domestic had been those bombastic expressions addressed to me in the night! How slight

and paltry altogether were the *data* upon which I had founded my suspicions!

At the very time when these thoughts were revolving in my mind, I happened to take up a large volume which lay upon a table near me. It proved to be that painfully interesting book by Dr. Winslow—"On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind." I opened the work at page 269, and my eye immediately fell upon the words:—"The perceptive powers are often the first to yield." Upon reading the succeeding paragraphs, a horrible doubt of my own sanity rushed headlong into my mind.

Had I been able to remain in solitude that day, I verily believe I should have lost my reason. But I was obliged to go to town immediately; and a few hours of enforced attention to the details of a complicated legal question drew away my attention from myself, and assisted me to recover my mental equilibrium.

On returning to the Grange in the evening, I was received by the servants with a curt suspicious manner which annoyed me, and which disinclined me to attempt their conciliation. After dinner I wrote an ardent letter to Edith, and what I hoped was a judicious one to her father, and, designing that both should be delivered next day, I retired at an early hour to my haunted bed-chamber.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE leaving town, I had provided myself with a bottle of laudanum, judging that, since it was possible my last night's visions had partially been the result of nervous excitement, a timely narcotic might prevent a recurrence of such annoyances. But I had not properly informed myself as to what quantity of the drug it would be suitable for me to take; I swallowed, therefore, what I now suspect was an inordinately large dose. I lighted a taper as on the previous night, and laid myself down, expecting to sleep soundly. But instead of sleep, the most extraordinary sensations seized me. My soul seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of delicious and ravishing happiness. Everything painful and annoying was eliminated from my thoughts; and, although the perplexities of the last twenty-four hours were not forgotten, I could trace in none of them the slightest cause for distress or disquietude. Sweet memories of Edith floated through my soul; and even the apparitions of the previous night assumed the shape of intensely interesting phenomena, which I judged it a privilege to have witnessed, and a pleasure, moreover, to study. My intellect, too, was wondrously lucid. I traced the most extraordinary affinities, and drew the subtlest logical distinctions with a clear-

ness which astonished and delighted me beyond measure.

This lasted long. I knew that the night was advancing, but I had no wish for sleep. A condition more enjoyable or desirable than that in which I now found myself, I could not have conceived.

While still experiencing these peculiar and intensely pleasurable sensations, I, for the third time, beheld the terrible object of my recent speculations. But not a particle of fear now had place in my mind. I sat up in bed, gazed at the apparition, and calmly reasoned respecting it. At length I addressed it aloud. It replied to me in language similar to that which it had employed on the previous night, reminding me that half the period of my probation had already expired. I complained of the harsh decree, argued my innocence, and challenged my persecutor to substantiate the charges against my character upon which my cruel sentence had been founded. But the inscrutable being, without heeding my remonstrances, repeated the prophetic threat, and then seemed to vanish through the wainscot.

My happy feelings continued long after this visitation, and I regarded my predicted dissolution with perfect calmness and content. Not until daylight began to glimmer between the mullions of the window did drowsiness creep over me; but when sleep actually commenced it held me with such tremendous power that I lay in a death-like stupor till noon. Repeatedly, as I afterwards learnt, the page had been to call me; but all his efforts had been insufficient permanently to arouse me from my slumber.

At twelve o'clock I awoke in such dire mental confusion and bodily discomfort as I had never before experienced. When the servant entered the room on my summons, he evidently regarded me with suspicion and alarm. "And what wonder?" I asked myself. "My conduct this morning is enough in itself to suggest to him the idea of my lunacy, and I am sure my appearance must confirm the notion."

And now there fell upon my mind once more the painful suspicion that my reason *was*, indeed, deserting me. In spite of the opiate, I had actually seen the accursed vision again. That was a terrible fact that could not be got over. I was as far off as ever from any solution of the mystery, save that dreadful one which now again suggested itself to my mind.

I dressed, went down, and in a sort of mechanical way, folded, addressed, and despatched my letters to Edith and her father. I found myself too unwell to go to town, and sank into a state of utter mournfulness and despondency.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when the following note was placed in my hands:—

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated yesterday, and also, on my daughter's behalf, of the communication which you have addressed to her.

"In reply, I have to inform you that my daughter and myself are entirely agreed that your proposal is one which cannot be entertained.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LAURENCE ARNOLD."

This cold, curt reply to my letters struck upon my heart like lead. What in the world could be the explanation of its chilly tone and laconic style? To this question my suspicions supplied a ready answer.

The servants had done it. I had offended them, betraying at the same time the fact of my mysterious visions. They had taken their vengeance by reporting me in the village as a man subject to insane delusions. Perhaps they were right! At any rate, I knew how readily such reports would fly about; how likely they were already to have reached the ears of Mr. Arnold and his family. It was agonising to reflect, too, how, supposing this to be the case, Edith would connect such reports with my extraordinary conduct towards her; and how, setting the fact and the rumours side by side, she would be ready to acquiesce in her father's decision. The Arnolds were comparatively recent comers to the neighbourhood; they had consequently but little previous knowledge of me to set against these newly-raised reports; and thus, as I saw with painful clearness, my chilly repulse was fully to be accounted for.

I had never before been in such a wretched dilemma as now. A suspicion of insanity, perhaps, is more difficult to disarm than any other. Whatever your behaviour, it is certain to be construed into a new proof of lunacy. It was clear to me that every act of mine was now so interpreted at the Grange.

It may be asked why I did not escape further annoyance by going quietly to a London hotel till I could find a settled home. Two considerations deterred me:—the possibility that, if I remained, I might get a further interview with Edith; the determination not to be beaten by a paltry spectre.

As my body gradually recovered from the effects of the over-dose, this determination grew stronger and stronger. My spirits revived, my intellect became quickened. At evening I endeavoured dispassionately to review all that had occurred, and to resolve upon some sensible

and decisive line of action. I was deterred from searching the house from end to end only by the remembrance that the servants would certainly take such an act as fresh evidence of my madness : and many another scheme for the solution of the enigma flitted through my brain.

The sudden recollection of the case of Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, whose end had been foretold to him, I remembered, in a vision somewhat similar to my own, once more depressed and unnerved me ; and I was struggling hard against this reaction, when my attention was arrested by a knock at the front door.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW minutes afterwards a card was brought to me. The gentleman whose name it bore had inquired for the master of the house ; but, learning his absence, had asked to see any one who might be considered to represent him.

I started at the sight of the name, which was familiar to me. Alfred Enderby was a young physician who, with his father, conducted a private lunatic asylum in the West of England. He had formerly been an intimate friend of mine ; but some time had elapsed since our last meeting.

I was annoyed and almost alarmed when I first realised who had arrived, thinking that some officious Heathfield friend, having heard of my spectral visitations and strange manner, had summoned a "mad doctor" to my aid. But upon reflection this seemed so unlikely, and further, as Enderby came into the room his surprise and delight at seeing me were so unmistakable, that I quickly laid aside my suspicions, and gave him a most hearty welcome.

A few words made clear to him the cause of my tenancy of the Grange. I asked him to explain *his* advent ; but he told me that his story was longer than mine, and that with my permission he would wait a while before relating it.

He now inquired the cause of my sorry appearance. The question led me fully to narrate the circumstances which, during the last day or two, had been giving me so much uneasiness ; and the relief which it afforded me to do so was great and immediate.

He listened with an interest which manifestly increased as I proceeded. The earnest attention, indeed, with which he heard the story, and the deep thought which it seemed to awaken in his mind, surprised me. I concluded my narration by saying :—"So now, my dear fellow, do if you *can*, enlighten me as to these strange visitations. At any rate, I hope you will not do as people here have done

—as I myself have once or twice been inclined to do—pronounce me a madman."

"You are as sane as I am," was the reply.

"Well," I said, "it is a comfort to be told that by so experienced a judge as yourself."

"I think," said the young physician, "it is in my power to give you further comfort still ; to clear up altogether the perplexity under which you have been labouring."

I opened my eyes incredulously.

"Yes," continued Enderby, "such is the fact indeed. Let me tell you first that your own story relieves me from a doubtful anxiety which it has been the object of my journey to dispel. In return for this good service, I undertake, in making known to you that object, to deliver you from your own difficulty."

I drew my chair to the doctor's side, for he spoke in an undertone.

"You remember, probably," he began, "a family named Merivale, who formerly resided, as I am told, in this very house ?"

"Certainly," I answered ; "in my boyhood the daughters were often my companions."

"About ten years since," my friend continued, "at a date later, I believe, than that at which you and your friends left the village, this family met with reverses of fortune. The ruin, in fact, was complete. They left the place, and a sale was held at this house. I will briefly go through all the circumstances, although with many of them you may already be familiar.

"The Merivales felt the blow keenly. The father and mother both died within a year of the date of their misfortunes, and these accumulated sorrows affected the intellect of the eldest daughter, Catherine. She went to reside with some distant relatives, who from the date of the parents' death treated the orphans as their own daughters. Their kindness to poor Catherine was unbounded ; and for a long time they endured her insane caprices, and believed that time would rectify her derangement. At last, however, a dangerous outbreak convinced them that they could no longer pursue the course which their affection had dictated ; and Catherine Merivale was placed under my father's care.

"Her madness now declared itself in a single strange delusion. She imagined that her family had been forcibly expelled from their old home—this very house—and that it was her mission and destiny to execute the vengeance of Heaven against the unjust and merciless intruder.

"During the last few months the poor lady's health had apparently improved. She had become more calm than formerly ; and my father and myself both hoped and believed that her

cure would ultimately be effected. The restraints at first imposed were gradually slackened, and she appeared still further to benefit by increased freedom.

"I am now satisfied that this more moderate conduct was the result of that deep cunning which not unfrequently attends madness, and that it was intended to disarm our suspicions and facilitate an escape. Three days ago the poor woman suddenly disappeared from the asylum; and her flight was accomplished in a manner which displayed the most remarkable ingenuity and forethought.

"Until to-day we were on a completely wrong scent in the pursuit. This morning, however, while reflecting on the special nature of Miss Merivale's delusion, it struck me as highly probable that she might have fled to Heathfield. By the help of an intelligent detective officer, I have verified my suspicions, and tracked the poor lunatic to this place. And now I have only to add that, from the description you give of your nightly visitations, I cannot doubt that she is under this very roof. The comparative emptiness of the house, and her thorough knowledge of the premises, have no doubt facilitated her concealment. We have both of us cause for the deepest thankfulness to Providence that the intensity of her delusion—under which she regards herself as the avenging angel of the Most High—has led her to delay the deed of blood (which be sure she would have perpetrated at last), and to utter, by way of preface, pompous threats and prophecies in token of her imagined divine commission."

On listening to this extraordinary narrative, my feelings, as may be supposed, were those of mingled pity, horror, relief, and gratitude. All was now clear to me as day. The face that I had seen was, as I at last realised, unmistakably that of the Catherine Merivale with whom I had played as a child; and thus the painful burden of my late oppressive doubt was wholly removed. The poor lunatic had probably arrived at Heathfield the same evening as myself; had watched me to the Stanhopes' and back; pursued me to my chamber—imagining me (the luckless visitor) to be the actual owner of the house, whom it was her mission to expel or destroy!

But no time was to be lost in discovering and securing the dangerous inmate. Her capture was accomplished by the detective officer, who, under the instructions of my friend, personated with wonderful skill and coolness a second avenging angel, and drew the unhappy lunatic from her place of concealment by means of bombastic phraseology, in which the counsel

of a sister-spirit was offered, and co-operation in the act of vengeance assured. Thus the mad-woman's delusion was made to accomplish her capture.

Once secured, she was treated with the tenderest consideration; and when she had been removed to a place of safety (a neighbouring asylum) for the night, my friend returned to me, and we examined together the rooms in which she had expatiated.

The Grange, above the ground floor, was curiously divided into two almost distinct parts, each approached by a separate staircase. In the absence of the family, half of the house was unoccupied at night, save that the coachman slept in one of its attics. My room had been situated in the other and now more inhabited division, where were the rooms also of the indoor servants. A passage, seldom used, and encumbered with lumber, united, as I now learnt, these two divisions, and opened by a singular sliding door in a panel of the wainscoting, into the very chamber where I had slept. By this approach therefore, doubtless well-known to the lunatic, she had clearly entered my room. For all that we could discover to the contrary, she might have wandered over the entire house at night. She had certainly visited the pantries, to supply herself with the necessary food.

It will readily be conceived that, in the eyes of servants and neighbours, I now became a kind of hero. The former dropped their displeasure, and addressed me with an affectionate familiarity (which I found it needful to check), anxious to be regarded as the partners of my late peril, and the sharers of my escape; the latter—to the full as demonstrative—overwhelmed me during the remainder of my occupation of the Grange with cards, inquiries, and invitations.

Since the strange reports concerning me had alone prompted that icy note from Edith's father, the facts which confuted those reports restored me to my previous position in the prudent parent's estimation. Edith, moreover, took to her bed on my account, and so inclined her papa for an opening of negotiations. My love for the gentle girl enabled me to detect my opportunity, and to seize it with avidity. My comfortable private fortune and fair professional prospects at length told favourably upon the somewhat calculating old gentleman; so that when, having found new chambers, I returned to town, my "troubled tenancy" of the Grange had yielded me two benefits, viz.:—the subject for a story, and (under parental sanction) the promise of a wife.

EDWARD WHITAKER.

SOLOTHURN.

ANY one whose last visit to Switzerland was made before the era of railways and decimal coinage, will scarcely know the country again. All—except the high Alpine region and the eternal snowy peaks which, seen in the distance, seem to hang in the air like petrified and crystallized clouds, the most spiritual and least substantial of all earthly visions—is changed ; in many respects for the better, in some respects for the worse. The odious currency of batzen and rappen has disappeared, which gave so many opportunities of petty extortion, and has given way to sensible francs and centimes. The railway system is excellent, the open cars preclude any nervousness as to the character of fellow-passengers, and in their perfect want of constraint, tell of a country where freedom is paramount and of immemorial antiquity ; and by means of it ready access is given to the Swiss Lowlands, which, if the Alpine region were taken away, would make Switzerland, both in an historical and pictorial point of view, one of the most interesting countries in Europe. On the other hand the railways are chargeable with the vulgarisation of some exquisite scenes, especially at the main stations, with their acres of engine-rooms and unsightly buildings. One flagrant instance is the Lucerne station. The first time I saw Lucerne was from one of the original country boats, such as that which Tell might have handled to save Baumgarten, or to leave Gessler drifting on the waves. The next was from the deck of a steamer. The third time I arrived at the station under every circumstance that could lend enchantment to the scene. A thunder-storm had just rolled over, powdering Pilatus and the Righi with snow ; the sides of those mountains were lighted with a carmine blush, as though the mouth of August were ashamed of its escapade of inclemency. There was a rainbow dipping in the lake, almost within reach ; then the sun set, lighting with radiating glories the tawny storm-cloud just behind the old watch-tower on the long wooden bridge, which is illustrated with the history of Switzerland. The scene was perfect, if the station with its appendages had not spoil the foreground, and I regretted the times of those rustic boats which Tell might have paddled ! By other towns where there is not a main-station the railway is as it ought to be, less seen than heard. One of these is Solothurn, or Solerne, which, though a place of decided historic interest, is seldom included in the sheep-track of ordinary tourists.

By Solothurn, the Jura, which in the neighbourhood of that bustling junction-station of

Olten is distinguished by its curious crests, like the teeth of an enormous saw, forms a huge wall of white calcareous stone, between 4000 and 5000 feet high, seemingly quite inaccessible, but able to be scaled by taking advantage of water-gullies and gaps in the cliff, of footways cut round projecting masses, and permanent ladders planted on the more precipitous parts. Solothurn is chiefly visited for the sake of ascending the Weissenstein, one of the highest of these tops, where there is an inn with spacious accommodation, devoted to casual strangers as well as permanent guests, who come to stay there in the summer-months for the sake of mountain air and the whey-cure, as the Germans call it. The view from the Weissenstein embraces the Alpine range from Mont Blanc to the Tyrol, the exact position of Mont Blanc being marked by an island in the Aar below. The Alps are generally more sublime in aspect in proportion as they are seen from a greater distance, and the view from the top of Jura best enables their gigantic proportions to be realised. The path from Solothurn to the Weissenstein is so accurately marked in Bedeker's handbook that no guide is needed. It first winds through a narrow glen called the St. Verena-thal, which is exactly like those in the Saxon Switzerland. In this limestone chasm the pathway follows a little stream ; the air is cool, and it is comparatively dark at midday, rendering it a delightful change from the blaze of sunshine without. On the way-side is placed a monument to an historian of Switzerland, Robert Glutz, of Solothurn. At the end of the gap a curious cave in a rock is seen, once said to have been inhabited by a female hermit, Saint Verena, who in her portrait is represented with a comb and oil-flask, with which she used to dress the heads of the people, as the legend attached to the portrait declares :

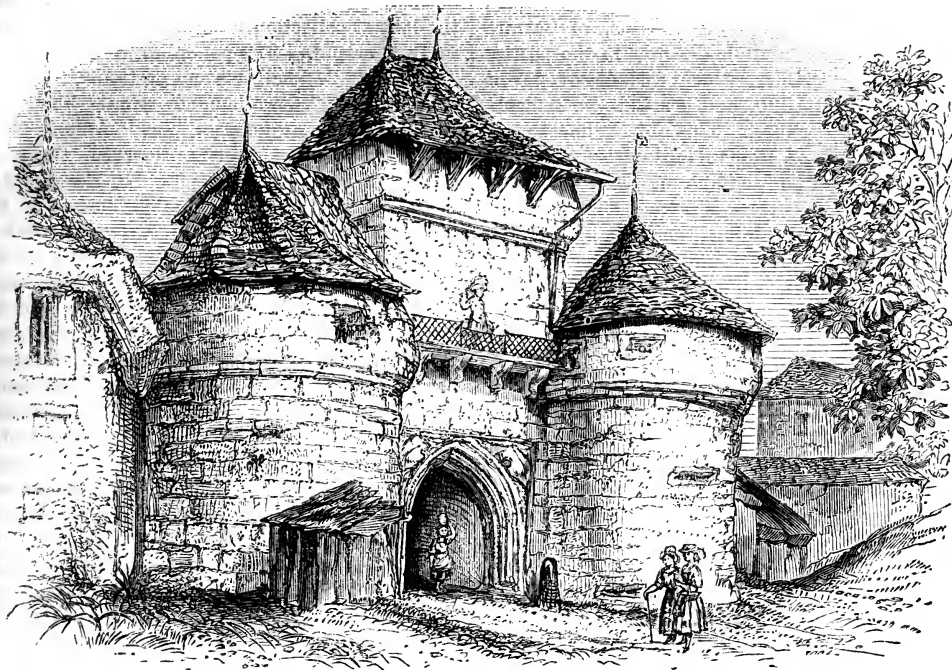
Pectore dum Christo, dum pectine servit egenis,
Hæc latuit quondam diva Verena cavâ.

Opposite is a chapel, dedicated to St. Martin, a saint who appears to have been everywhere, if he did not do everything. The chancel is built into a cavern, and the little church, with its over-shadowing rock, is highly picturesque. On leaving the glen the paths may be easily followed to the foot of the mountain-wall, which is scaled without more difficulty than a very high tower, the path being perfectly straightforward, though impossible to asthmatic lungs. About halfway up a very grand painting might be made from nature. The sheer dazzling limestone rock, with great pines clinging to the least chinks in it, would form the foreground ; below, at a great interval, the wide basin of western Switzerland, watered by the

Aar, and other impetuous streams which feed the lakes of Biel, Murten, and Neufchatel, leading the eyes up to the gates of Berne and Fribourg, and showing towns and villages almost numberless, as on a great green map, whose names in many instances are hallowed by their associations with the victories of freedom; associations doubly precious in these days of triumphant despotism, suggesting that what has been may be again, in spite of Prussian needle-guns, and all the but too efficient machinery of destruction with which the slave is now armed by the tyrant for the subjugation of the freeman!

In the hazy distance rise the Alps, the most

obvious peaks being those of the Bernese Oberland, like the forked rampart which fenced Asgard, the home of the northern gods, against the irruption of the giants. Though the Weissenstein is lower than the Righi, the view from it is less perplexing, and more solemn and sublime. For viewing the crests of the Jura, a point called the Röthe, lying somewhat higher to the left, is better adapted; and the great Swiss basin is better commanded by the platform called Haasenmatt, the highest place in this part of the Jura, measuring little short of 5000 feet above the sea-level. The inn on the Weissenstein still deserves its reputation for moderate prices, no common praise in a country which has



Basel Gate.

inherited in a metaphorical sense the peculiarity of the land of Juba in Horace, of being "the nurse of lions." The situation of the town of Solothurn, guarded as it is from the cold winds by the mighty screen of the Jura, together with its openness to the south and west, ensures it a mild and equable temperature, both in summer and winter. This accounts in some measure for the amazing antiquity of the place: as the ancients appear to have been much more guided by common sense than the moderns in choosing the sites of towns. On the clock-tower, which doubtless is the oldest monument of Solothurn, appears a Latin distich, founded on popular belief:

In Celtis nihil est Soloduro antiquius, unus
Exceptis Trevis, quarum ego dicta soror.

[Among the Celts nothing is older than Solothurn, with the exception of Trêves alone, of which I have been called the sister;] and this is corroborated by a German couplet:

Dieser Thurm gebawen ward ohn gfar
Vor Christi Geburt fünfthalbhundert Jahr.

[This tower was built about 450 B.C.]

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the former couplet is more likely to be true than the latter. If the tower was Roman, it could scarcely have been erected before Cæsar's defeat of the Helvetii, but it was more probably of

Burgundian origin. The tower itself is a square building of great strength, built of stones which have turned a very dark grey from extreme age, rough on the outside. Originally it appears to have had no opening in it but one very small door. In 1545 the clock was put up, which like that in Strasburg cathedral and in the Town-hall at Heilbronn, moves a number of figures when it strikes. At every stroke a mediæval warrior pats his breast, Death turns an hour-glass and nods, and a sitting figure opens its mouth. Of more authentic Roman origin is a memorial-stone, built into a house in the Schalgasse, the Latin inscription of which records that it was dedicated to the equestrian goddess Epona, in A. D. 129. Salodurum being mentioned in it as a Vicus ; and there is a figure of Venus, of Carrara marble, about an ell high, now in the possession of M. Wallier, which was discovered at Bellach about 1580, and is said to be remarkable for its elegance. This object almost completes the list of Roman antiquities when two pillars behind the church of St. Ursus have been added ; but there is a tradition of a stone sarcophagus, containing the remains of two bodies, having been found when the altar of that church was being repaired, bearing the inscription :

Conditur hoc tumulo sanctus Thebaïdis Ursus.

[St. Ursus of the Thebaïd is buried in this tomb.]

The most striking features of Solothurn, as it now stands, are its sturdy walls and bastions, which, before 1832, when they were partially demolished, were said to have given the town the character of a perfect fortress, and might, even now, if restored, be capable of keeping at bay an enemy unprovided with siege artillery. The gate-towers suggest the idea of mediæval fortifications grown corpulent, and are plainly to be assigned to the date when it was desirable to modify the building of town walls so as to resist the earliest cannon-balls. At the top of the angles of the bastions are little roofed towers, doubtless designed to shelter matchlock men. The space between the town and the bastions has been levelled and planted with lindens, forming agreeable walks, with fine views in every direction. The interior of the town is clean and airy, with plenty of fountains, and the old part very picturesque. A considerable area is occupied by palatial houses of the Renaissance period, the finest of which is the seat of the Bishop of Basel ; and one very good house is pointed out as the residence of the Pole Kosciusko, at whose fall, as Campbell records, "Freedom shrieked." His viscera were buried at the village of Zuchwyl, about half a league

to the south of the town, as an inscription records, on the 17th of October, 1817, when his body was taken to Cracow, where it rests beside the remains of Sobiesky and Poniatowsky. The churches in Solothurn all belong to that unfortunate time of the early eighteenth century, for even the cathedral of St. Ursus is not the original building which was built in 1050, though, for the period, it is a very handsome building, with a fine flight of steps leading up to it. St. Ursus was said to have been a soldier of the Thebaïd legion, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximinian, A. D. 302.

The historical importance of Solothurn is at once apparent when a visit is made to the arsenal, which was built in 1610. It contains the largest collection of armour and old arms in Switzerland,—372 panoplies, 445 helmets, 104 lances, 244 halberts and partisans, 31 one-handed and 22 two-handed swords, besides morning-stars, arquebuses, &c. Among the eleven remarkable banners preserved, there is one taken from Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in the battle of Nancy. Emblazoned on it is seen the portrait of the Duke, by Van Eyk, the court painter of Philip the Good ; he is represented on horseback, in the act of killing a dragon. But the number still to be seen is very disproportionate to that of the banners said, by the annalist Hafner, formerly to have been displayed here, which were no less than thirty-three in number, taken at the actions of Granson, Murten, Nancy, Ericourt, Dornach, Rennendorf, Rouen, Dreux, and Moncouth, the latter names suggesting victories of the Burgundians in France, and trophies which have twice changed hands. On the second story, close to the door, is a group of figures the size of life, sitting in council, representing the diet of the Confederates at Stanz in Unterwalden. Each representative of a canton is clad in his national colours, and behind him stands the standard-banner of his canton with the arms. The fashion prevalent at the period was a very singular one. The costume was divided down the middle, so that a man's right arm and leg were of a different pattern to the left, giving the effect of the two halves having been sewn together from different individuals previously split asunder. The faces, however, represented as belonging to the councillors, look serious enough, notwithstanding their irresistibly comic attire.

The name of Solothurn has been ascribed to the fact, that the Romans found one single tower standing from the remains of the town which the Helvetii burnt when they abandoned it to march forward into Gaul. But this view is sufficiently refuted by the supposed compo-

sition of the word from a Latin and Teutonic root. The word is more likely to have arisen from salt mines having been found in the neighbourhood. Certain it is, that the Romans found here a Celtic town, and gave the name *Salodurum* to a settlement of their own on its site. By it passed the road which led from the important town of *Aventicum*, or *Avenches*, to *Olstinum*, or *Olten*, and over the *Hauenstein* to *Augusta Rauracorum*, or *Basel*. Successive waves of *Burgundians*, *Huns*, and *Franks* swept over the Roman colony. The *Carlovingian* kings built a convent over the graves of the hero-martyrs *Ursus* and *Victor*. *Queen Werthra* built the minster of *St. Ursus*, which, at the division of the empire in 870, fell with the land into the hands of *Ludwig* the German. The pious *Bertha*, wife of *Rudolph II.*, King of the new *Burgundian* realm, in the year 938, invested the *Benedictine* cloister with many important privileges, so that a town of its dependents grew up round it; she surrounded the town with a ditch and wall, and it became a holy place, enriched by frequent pilgrimages. In 1048, at *Whitsuntide*, *Hugo*, Bishop of *Lausanne*, consecrated the minster of *St. Ursus* with great pomp and festivities, including a tournament, at which the Emperor *Henry II.* was present. As early as 1032, *Western Helvetia*, with *Solothurn*, was included in the German Federation, under the name of *Little Burgundy*. As a free town of the Empire, *Solothurn* received from *Rudolph von Habsburg* many new rights and immunities, amongst others, the privilege that no citizen should be tried by any but his own tribunals; and its municipal laws were embodied in a charter, which curiously defined the penalties for transgressions committed against the peace of the town: and the same monarch also allowed *Solothurn* to add to the number of its burgesses any man of free birth, as well as the vassals of the convent of *St. Ursus*, of the minster at *Basel*, and some others. The first treaty with *Bern* was made in 1308, to last as long, so it was said in the contract, "as one stone in the town walls should remain on another." *Solothurn* then stood by the side of *Bern* in all the contests for freedom; as, for instance, at *Donnerbühl* in 1298. *Hafner* says,

*Solothurn half mit Blut und Ehren
Dem grossen Bär sein Land vernehren.*

This league was afterwards joined by *Biel*, *Burgdorf*, *Neuenberg* or *Neuchatel*, the convents of *St. Urban*, *Granfelder*, *St. Peter* in the *Black Forest*, and by many individual princes and nobles.

In the savage wars of the middle ages, *Solothurn* won for itself the singular reputation of

humanity. When *Ludwig* of *Bavaria* and *Frederick* of *Austria* fought for the German crown, *Solothurn* inclined to the party of the former, and on that account *Leopold*, the brother of *Frederick*, appeared before the town, and besieged it vigorously for ten weeks. At the end of this time, a bridge, which connected the two halves of the camp of *Leopold* above the town, was swept away by the swollen waters of the *Aar*, with a number of soldiers who happened to be passing over it. Those who have seen the *Aar* would know that it would require good swimming down stream to save life under the circumstances, and men in armour left to themselves must have been inevitably drowned. But the people of *Solothurn*, worn and weary with the siege as they were, exerted themselves by pushing off in boats to save the enemy's troops, and all they were able to rescue they sent back to *Leopold's* camp. He was sufficiently noble to conclude peace immediately, and to present the *Solothurners* with a banner, which was ever afterwards displayed at the festival of *St. Ursus*.

The little town was as brave as it was generous, and was constantly engaged in wars with its numerous adversaries. On such occasions it was customary to dip the town banner in the fountain in the *Fish-market*, and the burghers used to swear to beat the enemy before it dried. In 1324, they helped the *Count of Froburg* to chastise *Götz of Wildenstein*, and *Bern* to destroy several towns on the *Swiss Rhine*, and in *Bern's* distress eighty stout men of *Solothurn* joined in the victory over the nobles of *Uechtland* at *Laupen*, 1339. They were also associated with *Bern* in frequent feuds with the *Prince-Bishop of Basel*. In 1381 the town bought the right of coining money from the Emperor, which was formerly a monopoly of individuals. In the raid which certain bands of *Englishmen*, who had served under *Edward III.*, made into *Switzerland*, a hospital close to the town was destroyed. The defeat of our marauding countrymen is recorded on the long wooden bridge at *Lucerne*. As the town grew in power, the neighbouring nobles saw their influence diminish and their possessions absorbed. *Count Rudolf of Kyburg* was obliged, on account of debts, to cede his demesne of *Balm* by the *Jura* to *Solothurn*. He thought to repossess himself of it by a *coup de main*. Assisted by a traitor in the cloister, the Canon *Hans von Stein*, he attacked the town on *St. Martin's night*, 1382. The burghers were forewarned and forearmed, and the murderous attack was successfully repulsed. According to one account, the traitor was drawn and quartered; according to another, he escaped,

and his house was razed to the ground. Then followed a well-executed plan of vengeance on the parts of the Solothurners with their allies of Bern. Many castles and towns belonging to the party of Kyburg were destroyed. But Bern won the lion's share in the partition of the spoil through the good nature of Solothurn. The men of Solothurn appear to have been remarkably self-sacrificing. At St. Jacques, the Thermopylæ of Switzerland, two hundred of them died. When in 1405 a part of Bern was burnt, Solothurn sent money and workmen, and stripped off the tiles from her own parapets to give them to Bern; and a similar act of charity was done in 1520, when a terrible hail-storm swept over Bern. A man of the Valais was doomed to die for robberies in 1419, but a number of pious ladies prayed for his life, through pity on his helpless children, and he was sent home. As at St. Jacques, so in the Burgundian wars, Solothurn did good service, and the battle cry "St. Urs and St. Vincens," struck terror into the enemy at Granson, Morat, and Nancy. Thus the town won with its blood a well-founded claim to be received at Stanz in Unterwalden into the sisterhood of states, 1481. The agent was the pious friar Niklaus of Flue. The Solothurners fought with good effect to bring the Suanbian war to a conclusion, and under the walls of Dornach the independence of the Mountain Federation was secured. But alas! the first seeds of demoralization were sown through the pugnacious habits which the people had acquired. The Swiss sought foreign service, and their military excellence secured them everywhere a hearty welcome. The Duke of Milan, the Pope, the Kings of France and Spain, knew how to appreciate and reward their help. When the town became alarmed, and would grant no more passes to the roving warriors, they used to escape over the walls. Tumults and seditions followed the return of the mercenaries, and a very serious outbreak, which menaced a revolution, was quelled by the intervention of the Confederates, 1513, certain burdens which pressed on the country people being remitted by the town.

A new apple of discord was thrown into the town with the Reformation. The country people favoured the new faith, the townsmen held by the old. The Reformers tried to surprise the town, but were baffled. They retired to the suburbs and destroyed the bridge. This the Catholics considered a declaration of war; and brought cannon down to the bank of the Aar. They were just going to fire on their fellow-citizens, when the Bailif von Wengi took his stand in front of the muzzle of a gun, saying, that if they must shoot, he would be

the first victim. So there was no blood shed. This deed is commemorated by a stone set up in 1813 on an eminence at the foot of the Jura, commanding an Alpine view only second to that from the Weisensstein. After this time the men of Solothurn distinguished themselves in the battles fought in France against the Huguenots, and the establishment of a French envoy in the town led to the introduction of foreign manners, while great progress was made in material prosperity. The tempest of the Peasant-War, which swept over South Germany and Switzerland, left Solothurn, through the moderation of its burghers, comparatively unaffected, but the serfdom of the country people did not finally disappear till 1785. In 1798, the aggressive liberty of the French Republic became dangerous to Switzerland. The Swiss protected the Royalist refugees. On the 10th of March, after a victory over the Swiss, General Schauenberg stood before Solothurn, threatening, if it was not surrendered in half an hour, to burn the town, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. The town was yielded, and the French liberated the so-called patriots within who had been imprisoned, sacked the treasury and the arsenal, and imposed after their manner a centralised government. In 1802 the people rose again against the French tyranny, and chased the members of the intruded government. Napoleon I. had the good sense to restore in great measure the old constitution. Solothurn was again disturbed by the victorious allies in 1813 and 1814. Some resistance was made by the Napoleonic faction, and civil bloodshed seemed imminent, when all was satisfactorily arranged by the flight of the weaker party. In 1828 Solothurn was chosen as the seat of the Bishop of Basel.

Since that period the town has enjoyed rest, for the passing storm of the Sonderbund war spent its violence elsewhere. It has some 5500 inhabitants, "citizens of no mean city," albeit a small one.

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE THREE WISHES.

THE eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury. In an eastern country the story-teller who invented such a just termination of his narrative would, most likely, have experienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such treasonable ideas. Herr Sinrock, however, says it is a

German tale; but it may have had its origin in the East for all that. Nothing is more difficult indeed than to trace a popular tale to its source; Cinderella, for example, belongs to nearly all nations; even among the Chinese, a people so different to all European nations, there is a popular story which reads almost exactly like it. Here is the tale of the Three Wishes.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favour which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers—"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die: go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly

uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favour to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:—

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

THE STORY OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER).

I.

HE crept near Dionsys the king;

A knife was hidden in his cloak;

With gyves the guardian soldiers ring

His limbs, and ask "for whom the stroke?"

"The king," the murderer's lips reply.

"For this thou on the cross shalt die."

II.

"Right ready I for death," he said,

"Yet grant, I pray, three days of life

Wherein I may my sister wed

To him who holds her plighted wife.

I offer you my friend for bail;

His life be forfeit if I fail!"

III.

Then thought the king awhile, but soon
 With wicked smile upon his face,
 "Agreed," he cried, "we grant the boon.
 Begone; thou hast a three days grace,
 But if in three days thou have fled,
 Thy friend shall perish in thy stead."

IV.

He told his friend, "The tyrant says
 I on the cross must pay my life,
 But grants me respite for three days,
 That I may make my sister wife;
 Friend, wilt thou then my surety be
 Till I return to set thee free?"

V.

The faithful friend with dumb embrace
 Consenting, pledged his life for life;
 The other, ere the three days' grace
 Was gone, had made his sister wife.
 In haste he strove to reach his home
 Before the hour of death should come.

VI.

The rain clouds break, and from the hills
 Swift streams descend and flood the lands;
 The headlong torrent falls and fills
 The river by whose brink he stands;
 Tall billows whirl the bridge away
 And thunder o'er its shatter'd stay.

VII.

Disconsolate he paced the beach,
 And look'd and shouted far and near,
 But, far as eye and ear could reach,
 No help could see—no help could hear;
 The waters like the ocean roar,
 And never boat dare venture o'er.

VIII.

He knelt upon the shore and prayed
 With suppliant hands, "Oh, hear me, Jove,
 Assuage the storm, and grant thine aid!
 The sun in midway stands above;
 When he has fallen from out the sky,
 Or I or my true friend must die!"

IX.

But angrier still the tempest grew,
 And wave roll'd foaming after wave;
 And faster still the fleet hours flew;
 Then frantic how his friend to save
 He leapt into the surging flood,
 Upholden by some piteous god.

X.

He gain'd the further shore and stood
 Acknowledging the helping hand,
 When from the fastness of the wood
 There rush'd on him a robber band.
 They crowded round in threatening mood
 And lifted bludgeons blocked the road.

XI.

"What want you? life is all I have;
 Nor that mine own, for 'tis the king's
 Have pity that my friend I save!"
 He grasps a club from one and springs
 Upon the band. Three fell as dead
 Beneath his blows; the others fled.

XII.

Now burns the sun with scorching rays;
 He totters, weary, on his knees;
 "Oh, hast thou borne me whole," he prays,
 "Through whirling eddies and through these
 Fierce foes? and shall I fainting lie,
 And my true friend in my stead die?"

XIII.

But hark! as hope his soul forsook,
 He hears a streamlet murmur nigh:
 He looks and sees a silver brook
 Break bubbling from the rock hard by,
 Rejoiced he bends him to the brink
 To lave his weary limbs and drink.

XIV.

The sun athwart the tree-tops show'd,
 And flung long shadows on the grass;
 And now along the homeward road
 With hurried steps two travellers pass;
 He hears one say as on they hie,
 "Now he upon the cross must die!"

XV.

Then anguish wings his feet. Afar
 All radiant in the sunset glow
 The towers of Syracuse appear.
 And now, amazed to see his woe,
 The honest herdsman of his home,
 Philostratus, perchance, doth come.

XVI.

"Go back! Thou canst not save thy friend!
 Go back! At set of sun he died!
 As swift the day drew near its end
 His trusting heart on thee relied.
 No tyrant's mockery could move
 His faith in thy abiding love."

XVII.

"Too late! Could not the goal be won
 Before his faithful life was lost?
 Then onward! Death shall make us one!
 The bloodstain'd king shall never boast
 That faith has fail'd! Let me die too,
 And prove that friendship can be true!"

XVIII.

Down sank the sun. He reach'd the gate,
 And saw the cross uplifted high;
 Around it gaping hundreds wait,
 And now they raise a man to die.
 He pierced the crowd: "Hold! set him free
 The death is mine. Lay hands on me!"

XIX.

The crowd stands fixt. The two in tears
 Fond mutual embraces fling,
 And not an eye undimm'd appears.
 They tell the story to the king.
 A thrill ran through him long unknown:
 "Bring both," he said, "before my throne."

XX.

The two were brought. Long silently
 He look'd on them with wondering eye;
 Then said, "Your faith has vanquish'd me!
 And friendship is no empty lie.
 Live both, and to requite the word,
 Oh, make me in your bond the third." B. J.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII. HAROLD!

"He will not come." Over and over again the girl said this to herself, and over and over again she felt a blinding shame that she hoped she might be telling herself a lie. He would not come, she tried to feel sure of it. He ought not to come, she knew that full well. But it would be so sweet to see him, it was so hard to know that he was so near and yet so far.

That drive home from Lownds had been dreary, not so much "dreary," Sydney averred, as disgusting. Mrs. Vaughan had striven—striven ardently, and with partial success—to make her voice heard above the grinding of the wheels. Now the roads were dry and stony between Lownds and Hensley, and the result of this striving on the part of Mrs. Vaughan was that Theo was nearly maddened by, and Sydney simply maddening to, Aunt Libby.

For Miss Scott had an aversion to being screamed at (especially in reprobation) over the stones, therefore she avoided as much of the unpleasantness as she could by putting over her ears the plump white hands which Mr. Linley had been holding. It was this gesture which made Mrs. Vaughan deem herself more of a wronged woman than ever, it was this that made her see Sydney's misdemeanours of a crimson hue.

Mrs. Vaughan had her little idiosyncrasies. There was no doubt about her possessing them, and no doubt about her fatal facility for developing them on the smallest provocation. She elected to give them full play to-day, so she went to bed with a headache immediately on her arrival at home, and sent a message to the cook to the effect that the luncheon at Lownds had been an early dinner in fact, and that consequently they would not require the dinner she had ordered before leaving in the morning, or indeed anything at all till they had a cup of tea at nine.

The two girls, in ignorance of this private embassy, came down at half-past six, dressed as usual, and finding the dining-room a blank they fell to wondering why it was so, and to wandering about the drawing-room like two stray spirits. Everyone knows the discomfort of a period of this description. Daylight is not dead in the sky, yet it is too dark to see to do anything; nor is it cold, yet a fire would be pleasanter than a grate full of shreds of

white tarleton. Again, dinner is what you are in the habit of expecting at this hour, and though you are not hungry you expect it now, and your heart swells with more anger than sorrow at seeing no signs of it. Theo and her friend had both been set wrong in a measure, and this was not the sort of thing to set them right.

"There goes the ghost of our chance of a dinner to-day, Theo," Sydney said, when the servant came into the room about a quarter to eight with the lamp, and asked them if they would like some bread-and-butter cut for tea. They were both lying down on sofas, and one girl was very miserable, and the other very cross.

"Bread-and-butter! no, none for me, thank you," Theo said; and then the servant looked at Sydney, who shook her head vehemently.

"No, none for me either; bring me a bedroom candlestick."

"You're not going to bed at this hour surely, Sydney," Theo said, turning round on her couch, and gazing with amazement on the little blonde who had lifted herself up on the opposite sofa, and was now employed in carefully dishevelled her long fair tresses.

"I should think I am indeed; I'm utterly worn out; these arrangements don't agree with me. I have been made very ill often by an unavoidable delay in the dinner-hour, and this is an avoidable one, therefore it's ten times worse. I feel shivered, and ill, and *dull* to a degree you can't comprehend in your abominable placidity, Theo. Mrs. Vaughan might have mentioned that she was in the habit of cutting off one's rations when one annoyed her."

"It would have been a break to have sat down and dined," Theo answered; "not that I am hungry."

Pending the arrival of her candle, Miss Scott stood up, and commenced divesting herself of her rings and bracelets. She was very delicately careful over these things: she polished them up with her filmy handkerchief one by one as she took them off.

"What's the matter with you, Theo? Do you take that affair (isn't this a fine opal? there, you can see it when I flash it so!) to heart much, after all? How about the presents? You have never told me whether you returned them or not."

"Oh, don't! I had none to return."

"How mean of him—horribly mean! and yet I doubt whether they're not more bother than anything, it's so awkward to go and give anything back; it looks as if you suspected a man of being low enough to regard the worth of them; besides, I get to like things, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Now, there's that ring, for instance, and a stud-brooch, opals and diamonds to match it. I begin to feel that I ought to give them back, because, you know, when Hargrave gave them to me I think he understood that I—understood what he—I mean what they——"

Miss Scott having rambled slightly during the whole of her explanation, now lost her way entirely, and stopped.

"Meant," Theo suggested.

"Yes, meant, if you like it; for my part, I hate things that are 'meant,' they always put one in the wrong place, and of all earthly things I hate being in the wrong place. Hargrave has been like a brother to me; he's such a dear fellow, you know; we're great friends, and I could love his wife, if he had one, like a sister; but if I have to guard against what he may 'mean,' or defend myself against what he has 'meant,' why, it will be a hideous nuisance."

"Has a necessity for guarding and defending yourself arisen?" Theo asked. She asked it with a fresher interest than she had yet betrayed, for Sydney's speech savoured of a certainty of something—of something concerning Frank perhaps.

"It hasn't—not exactly, at least, but one's always open to its arising; and then if one has to explain, and apologise, and say 'sorry' for a whole heap of things that would have been nothing if a lot of people hadn't talked them up to your misery, it makes it odious. No tea for me; I'll go up to my room, and you can come and say good-night to me when you come up, Theo."

With this permission she withdrew, leaving Theo alone—quite alone in the dull, cool drawing-room, that looked out on the garden which merged almost imperceptibly into the graveyard.

Miss Sydney Scott had no special gift for playing the martyr without sufficient cause, and she deemed the cause insufficient to-night, therefore she rang for Ann when she reached her own room, and suggested to that benign woman that a fire after what she had suffered below would be soothing.

"And missus is that queer that she doesn't care for dinner like, when anything have put her out; but, at your age, miss, lor, 'taint likely but what you're fit to eat whenever it's

the right time; now, couldn't you pick a bit of something for supper?"

Miss Scott thought that she could pick a bit of something for supper.

"That's right," the woman went on cheerily; "I know her ways and I pay no regard to them, and I would have had Miss Theo pay no regard to them either. I'll warm up a partridge in a little gravy, and bring up the tray in ten minutes."

"Go and tell Miss Leigh when its ready, Ann; it will be a capital arrangement," Sydney called out, as Ann was closing the door. But by-and-by the tray came up, and no Theo appeared to partake of its contents.

"Miss Leigh isn't in the drawing-room," Ann said, in answer to Sydney's inquiries.

"See if she's in her room, then."

But Theo was not in her room, nor did a carefully-conducted search, which avoided Mrs. Vaughan's room, succeed in finding her. "Perhaps she is gone to sit with her aunt," Sydney said, but even as she said it she doubted the probability of her surmise being correct, and the warmed-up partridge was eaten with a far less zest than would have attended its consumption had she not been marvelling greatly "where Theo could be."

The lone chill room had been too much for Theo; the lamp cast unpleasant shadows—lamps always do if you are in a room by yourself and your heart is low. She did not dare to disturb her aunt, she did not care to disturb her uncle, who was in his study, engaged in a tough tussle with a text which he did not understand, and which he was going to make clear to the church-going Hensley mind on the following Sunday. There were no books in the house that she cared to read, there were no thoughts in her heart that she cared to lie still and analyse. She was in that condition of mind when action is not alone meet and well, but an absolute necessity for the sufferer. So she rose up presently, and went out through the window, which opened like a door, out into that garden-graveyard where she had strolled with Ethel Burgoyne, and sat down on the tombs with Frank the first night of her arrival.

Rapidly along the paths, in and out from one to another with no cessation of speed, and no settled goal, Theo walked for awhile. Then the sound of the gravel under her feet grated harshly on her ears, and she went yet farther from the house, away on to the grass, and commenced threading her way amongst the tombs, in and out, in and out, till her progress grew into a quaint pattern, and she became gradually conscious of it.

Of it, and of something else that caused a

cord of feeling that was almost fear to tighten round her heart. She was some way from the house now; a spreading cypress, a yew or two, and a weeping elm intervened, and made her isolation seem a perfect thing; and the tombs that marked where the quiet dead were laid were about her, ghastly pale in the moonlight.

For the moon was up, her beams fell through a dense plantation that rose from the side of the garden, fell shattered into a thousand bits of living gold through the leaves down at Theo's feet. And moving along there, sometimes in the shade of that plantation, sometimes obliterating the golden bars, sometimes showing dark against the whiteness of a tomb, she, sheltered from observation herself by the dark cypress branches, fancied she saw a form.

For an instant she was startled, and she fell back involuntarily still further into the shade of the gloomy branches of that solemn cypress tree. Then she shook off the feeling that she feared might be superstitious dread, and went forward again, out from beneath the branches, from the concealing shade, from that dark haven of calm, along the silent turf, across the shimmering moonbeams, on to the form that had moved, that was moving still, which had troubled her for awhile.

There was no presentiment in her mind to prepare her for that to which she was going, to urge her on, or to restrain her. As unconsciously as the great majority in real life she went on in an unprepared state to that which nothing in reason could have prepared her for. At the worst she deemed that lurking form could be but a stray village dog or child; she went on to pat or reprove it, as the case might be,—went on with a conscience void of either fear or hope, and found herself face to face with Harold Ffrench.

No Romeo waiting in the garden with the warm pallor of passion and a southern night upon his face, but visibly a middle-aged gentleman who felt the cold, for his coat was closely buttoned, and he seemed to shudder. Only for an instant had she time to observe these things, in the next he was coming close to her with extended hands, and the words "My God! Theo! you here," on his lips.

"I am so glad." Freely she rendered up her welcome, honestly she showed him that it was joy to her to see him again. It might have been that five minutes before each had been feeling sore and sorrowful at heart on account of the other. But now, in this first moment of greeting, no sign was made by either of aught but genuine joy at once again having met. Life is very short. God be praised that some natures seize the golden moments without dimming them by retrospective tears!

It was nothing that the girl forgot that she had been injured by and had suffered for this man, but it was grand in him to forget that he had so injured, and caused her to suffer.

He had taken both her hands in his in his first agitation, for though he forgot the sorest part of the affair he remembered quite enough to be agitated. And now he released them one by one as he remembered more. Then she spoke again rapidly, for she pitied him so keenly for being there, and dared not show that pity, and knew that he knew she dared not show it, and bled at her heart for them both.

"I suppose you're on your way—you've missed the way to Maddington."

"Yes, I'm on my way to Maddington," he replied. It was disconcerting to him to be found out in this weakness, even by Theo herself. "What brought you out in the cold?"

They were such cool words,—they were spoken in so calm a manner,—and yet Theo could not quell her pity, or kill the fear she had of the hot thoughts that dwelt in both.

"The night looked so fine, and I—ought I to ask you to come in, Mr. Ffrench, or will you come another day?"

"Another day," he replied affirmatively; then he walked away hastily for two or three yards, and came back to where the girl stood trembling.

"What did you think of me?"

"When?" she answered. She was a coward then, poor child, and strove to fence with the necessity for understanding him at once. It was all rushing upon her now, and she could hardly bear it.

"When! when you learnt that I had been a mad fool, and that you had to suffer for that mad folly! Theo, I had lost my trust in man long before that day, but I lost my trust in God then."

He put his hands up before his face, he bowed it down upon them as a man who had lost his trust in all things, and still felt he could not put himself out as the snuff of a candle would do. She stood shuddering strongly, for his words were very horrible to her, and she dared not essay to comfort him.

"Go in, child," he exclaimed suddenly. "Go in; it would be absurd to tell you to forget that you have seen me here, but remember it only as one of the thousand follies of a man who is old enough to be your father; go in."

She tried to obey him, but she could not go till she had pleaded for himself against himself. She had loved him so well "once," she told herself, adding that she liked him so well now, that she could not bear him to continue this

silence which others might construe into shame.

"You are going to Maddington; the Burgoynes often talk of you," she began tremblingly.

"Do they?" he rejoined carelessly. He could not think about the Burgoynes just then. He was occupied in wondering where God's mercy had been when he suffered the calamity of which he had been the means to this girl to come to pass. The alteration in her was patent to him.

"Oh! Mr. Ffrench, if you would only——" she paused half fearfully as the question obtruded itself,—what right had she to counsel or direct this man, who was another woman's husband?

"If I would 'only' what, Theo?—explain my curse to you? No, I cannot: don't ask me to do it——"

"No, not that," she interrupted eagerly, "but go and tell Lord Lesborough that—that you are——"

She could not say "married," the word clung to her tongue, and rendered it incapable of articulating.

"Go in, for God's sake," he said hurriedly, as he marked her huskiness and gathering confusion; "tell me what you have to say another time,—another time, Theo," he continued, inwardly swearing the while that this was the last time he would ever risk putting the girl to such pain. Then the wistfulness of her face wrought upon him, so that as she almost sobbed out "good night," he caught her hand again, and pressed his lips upon it with the fervour that is generally put into the last intended caress.

There was a step behind her—behind the girl whose hand was being held to the lips of the man who loved her, and whose wife lived, and Harold Ffrench, raising his head at the sound, started erect, as though he had been stung, and cried out:—

"By my soul this was undesigned!"

"By my soul you are a scoundrel!" was the quick retort, in tones that made Theo cry out with a pain she had never thought to feel at the sound of her father's voice.

CHAPTER XXIX. AN EXPLANATION.

THEO had been loved like a daughter, and trusted like a son by her father. He had never been deceived by her; he had never anticipated being deceived by her in any matter, whether small or great, since the hour when she had first looked at him with understanding, and the great love of his heart had gone out to his daughter. It was very horrible to him to come upon her thus, and to have a doubt of

her perfect integrity forced upon him for the first time in such a way.

It did not occur to Theo to tell her father at once that this was no assignation, no planned romance under the moon, no trifling with his honour or her own. She did not suppose it possible that he could deem it such; she gave no thought to the fact of appearances being horribly against her. She only felt stung to her soul to hear such words as those he had given vent to used by her father to Harold Ffrench.

"Don't call him that," she cried, going up, and trying to cling to her father's arm as she was wont to cling to it, and feeling that he would not suffer her to do so,—why she could not tell. "Don't call him that, dear," she repeated. Then the recollection of her desolation came upon her, and she put her head on his shoulder, and said:—

"Kiss me, papa; oh, my dear father! I am so glad you have come."

"Don't add hypocrisy to it," he returned sternly; then, while Theo looked up at him with sad, wondering eyes, he went on, with a sob in his voice: "By God, I have trusted you so entirely, my girl, it breaks my heart to think how you have deceived me. I didn't deserve this, Theo, I didn't deserve this."

"Papa! do you think I came out here to see——" she did not name Harold, but she glanced round at him as he stood there with his hat off, waiting anxiously to speak.

"God help me, I do," her father rejoined.

"She did not," Harold Ffrench exclaimed, "on my honour."

"Your honour!"

They were only two words, but they were enough for both who heard them. Theo read in them all her father's hatred and contempt for the man she loved, and that man writhed under them. The position was a pitiable one for them all, and she felt the full pitiableness of it. But hurt, cut to the soul as she was to know herself suspected and Harold wronged, she pitied her father the most. She knew how she would suffer when she made him feel the truth. She knew how he suffered now in doubting her.

"Let us go away,—back into the house, I mean,—before I tell you how I came to be here," she said, very quietly. She had no desire to make a scene, or be emotional; she only wanted now to get in quickly, and right herself in her father's estimation.

"Good-night, Mr. Ffrench. I shall tell my father, and then he will be only sorry, not angry any more, that we came here to-night."

Theo held her hand out to Harold Ffrench as she spoke, and he took, and pressed, and released it, without a word. Then he doffed

his hat to the old man, who stood looking on angrily, and turned away to leave them.

"And now we will go in," Theo said, bringing her eyes back from that glance, that was half after Harold and half away into the past, "and you will soon say that I am no sneak, and that he is no scoundrel."

She did not say this in either angry or injured accents. She had a masculine way of looking at many things, and it seemed to her neither opposed to justice nor reason that her father should be aggrieved and wrongfully suspicious of her. The knowledge that he was so had been slow in dawning upon her, but as soon as it did dawn upon her she felt that appearances were against her, and that it would be idle folly to resent his having judged her by them.

They went in, and found Mrs. Vaughan down in the midst of the assembled household, recovered from her headache, and freely offering suggestions as to Theo's whereabouts, and Mr. Leigh's reasons for having come down in this way, and confusion was rampant for awhile.

Confusion which Theo cleared up eventually in her own honest straightforward manner.

"We have so much to say to each other, let us go into a room by ourselves and say it, papa," she exclaimed, going away to the door. Then her father followed her, trying to smile in apparent lightness of heart at his sister as he passed, an attempt which did not impose upon Mrs. Vaughan for an instant, or blind her to the fact of there being something wrong.

They went back, that father and daughter, into the room the drear dullness of which had wrought the evil of driving Theo to escape from it into the open night. When they had entered it, and Theo had shut the door, she turned to him, turned with a world of love in her outstretched hands and flashing earnest eyes, and began :

"I can't tell you quickly enough, that as little as I thought to see you to-night, did I think to see him out there."

"Theo, is this——" he interrupted.

"Stop, dear," (in a lovingly imperative tone, a tone that made him feel she would not permit him to be unjust to her). "I only heard of his being at Maddington this morning while we were lunching at Mr. Linley's. Now tell me what has brought you here, papa, and let us have done with that other subject."

Her father's arms were round her now, and he was kissing her on the forehead, and calling her by her pet name, in a way that proved to her right clearly that her simple statement had been accepted.

"The reason I came," he said, "(don't be

hurt, child) was that I learnt from a friend that there was danger to my daughter in the neighbourhood, and so, despite his offer to do so for me, I came down to guard her from it myself."

"Danger! from whom?" she asked; then a sudden recollection came over her, and she cried :

"Don't say, don't say, for it's untrue, you know, and you'll be so sorry."

"Sorry, by God, no!" he almost shouted, "I can never forgive him for being the cause of my having doubted my child."

She could not weep and moan, she could not lapse into the lachrymose. Those women are happy who can do so, for it gives them something to do, and aids in passing away an awkward time. But Theo could not cry: neither her mind nor her face grew blurred. So now, though her father was more affected than she cared to see him on her account, she only said :

"It's the friend who scented out a danger that didn't exist, that has caused the doubt; but you'll forgive even that some day or other, so I'm sure you will forgive the one who never hurt or wronged us knowingly."

She uttered this steadily enough, without the shadow of an alteration in her usual tones, but she shivered and trembled when he replied :

"Sorry for having been blind enough to distrust my daughter, even for an instant,—yes; sorry for having called down God's curses on the man who would have wrecked her honour had he not been found out in time, and who still pursues her when she is away from her father's protection,—never!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, you were never so hard, you were never so hard; and you think that you are right, and I can't make you feel the truth, though I feel it all so entirely myself."

"We'll say no more about it," he said huskily, "only this, that I'm sure of you again."

Then she asked him to make her feel that he was by staying there a few days, and then letting her go back to Bretford with him. When he had promised this, she, like a true woman, asked for one proof more.

"And you will scorn to turn informer, won't you? you will keep the secret that was told to you to save,—not that—but to cure me?"

"If you are cured, yes."

She drew a long breath.

"I think I am."

"There is but one thing will make me think it," Mr. Leigh replied.

"And that one thing, papa?"

"I shall believe you cured of the folly I

was foolish enough to encourage once, when I see you wipe this thing away from your life."

"What will make you believe that I have wiped it away?"

"When you can look forward, child."

"I can do that now; I shall be very happy with you and my mother, though my best happiness is gone."

"While you say that, while I know you feel it, how can I forgive that man, Theo?"

He thought of her as he asked this—thought of her as she had been on that day when Harold French first came down to the rough old sea-coast village. He thought of her as she was then, with all her young bloom about her, with her heart and cheek and mind fresh and unsullied as those of a child. As he thought of her thus, he showed in his face that his unrelenting words were not words merely, they were meant.

"What would make you, then?—and yet don't say, don't say," (putting her hand over his mouth) "it will come in time, even that, perhaps, and you will quite forgive then."

"Yes; if anything can make me quite forgive, my darling," he replied. "Now let us go back to your aunt; I will stay here a few days, and take you back with me, if you like."

"I think it will be better that I should go; yes, *much* better that I should go and be with you; then no 'friend' need write you false notes of warning about me, papa, wringing your dear old heart for nothing."

Miss Sydney Scott came to Theo's room that night after the latter had retired, and questioned her severely. "Why did you go out? and where did you go, Theo? Why didn't you ask me to go with you? I should have preferred it to coming up to bed, and then if we had been out together there wouldn't have been such a hullabaloo when your father came."

"I only went out in the churchyard."

"And meditated amongst the tombs; how ghoulish your tastes are for a girl of your age: didn't you feel creepy out there by yourself?"

"Rather."

"I should think so. I wonder what would induce me to go out there," she continued, walking to the window which commanded the graveyard, and placing her face against the glass, and her hands closely on either side of her eyes, and peering steadily for a few seconds into the darkness.

Suddenly she started, and said softly:

"Come here, Theo; gracious! come quick."

"What is it?" Theo asked, going up to her side.

Sydney turned a pale face round to look at her friend, her eyes were sparkling brilliantly,

and her teeth almost chattering. She was ecstatic and alarmed.

"There is a figure moving about down there, Theo—a man, I'm sure! *do* look."

"No," Theo said, shrinking back.

"But do, do! he can't see us." Then Sydney pressed her nose against the glass again eagerly.

"I see him now in the shade, I mean just out of the shade of a tree; I see him quite plainly, that is, I can see one shoulder and his hat. Oh! Theo, who can it be? oh! Theo, did you see anyone?"

Poor Theo faltered.

"You know I have not looked," she replied.

"Ah! but I mean when you were out, did you see anyone when you were out? Who *can* it be?"

"Don't let whoever it may be see you at the window, Sydney; pray don't, it's nothing extraordinary anyone being in the churchyard at night, after all."

"But I think it is extraordinary at this hour; all the village people would be gone to bed. Theo, I tell you who I think it is,—Frank Burgoyne."

Theo looked sharply up at Sydney, who had again brought her face away from the glass. The face was flushed now, and a smile of gratified triumph irradiated it; Miss Sydney evidently meant what she had said.

"May be it is Frank Burgoyne," Theo said tremulously, feeling very grateful to the vanity that was ever ready to suppose what it wished.

"And if it's Frank Burgoyne, what can have brought him here? *Did* you see him when you were out?"

"Indeed, indeed I did not, Sydney; do believe me, I did not."

"He must come hoping to see one of us; why else should he come, you know?"

"Probably it is to see one of us, but it's not to see me."

"Oh, Theo! what a thing if, after all, I'm Lady Lesborough; what a jolly take down for all those people at Bretford!"

"Why on earth should you care to take them down? and how could it affect them? You do attribute such a lot of motives to people, Sydney. I hope you will be Lady Lesborough, not for the sake of seeing other people savage, but for the sake of seeing you happy. I think Mr. Burgoyne such a nice fellow! now come away from the window," she continued coaxingly; she was very much afraid that some stray moonbeam might show Sydney presently that the one she watched was not Frank Burgoyne, and, above all things, Theo desired to avoid remarks being made about the nocturnal

visitant at to-morrow's breakfast-table. While Sydney imagined it to be Frank Burgoyne she would hold her peace.

After a time Sydney consented to withdraw, and go to her own room, the window of which did not command the garden and graveyard. And then poor Theo set herself seriously to work to decide on what she ought to do ; should she ever see Harold Ffrench, or should the contingency at which her father had hinted, and for which he evidently hoped, arise.

In the order of things it would be only natural that in time to come some one else should see in her a portion of that which Harold had seen, and so perchance desire to possess it for his own. She felt this, she acknowledged it to be but in the order of things ; perhaps (she was only a woman) she did not feel strongly averse to such a thing occurring. But how would she take it, what ought she to do when it did occur. Would the ashes of the fire that had burnt out her childhood, that had seared her youth, go on smouldering for ever, and scorch the tendrils of any new hopes that might arise ?

It seemed a terrible thing even to herself as she did it to sit there and weigh the merits of such a case, and calculate the chances of what she might be able to do in order to, at any cost, make her father think that the blight he so resented had not been eternally blasting in its effects on her. It seemed unwomanly, unworthy of one who had been dear to Harold Ffrench. But then, again, she owed it to a prior love, to the love her father bore her, to banish as many as might be banished of the signs of that early blight.

And all the while she sat there thinking of these and sundry other things, she could not lose the consciousness that was half agony and half bliss, that every flicker of the little candle that lighted her vigil was watched from below by one of whom she scarcely dared to think.

At last she came to a resolution that gave her a strange kind of strength, that imparted a feeling of endurance, a sensation of being able to bear things, which she had long lacked, despite that quiet treading of the path of duty which I have portrayed. She resolved that this early dream which her father, whom she loved so well, had denominated "a folly," should never stand in the way of her following any path upon which he placed her, and which he wished her to pursue. Her sorrow had caused him sorrow enough already ; he should never, willingly, be given another pang through her.

There came a strong party over from Maddington the following morning : the two Miss Burgoynes, and Frank, and the Galtons, and

Mr. Linley. These last had reinforced the Maddington party on the road, so they all came along together, with a view of taking luncheon with Mrs. Vaughan, "if Mrs. Vaughan would have them," Frank said, which Mrs. Vaughan was only happy to do at his instigation.

Kate Galton was on horseback, in a light-blue habit, seamed with black braid, and in immense spirits, and Frank was palpably in a bad case, though no one save Linley, and perhaps Kate herself, guessed the cause of it. It was Kate's speciality to be lighter-hearted in exact proportion as others were depressed, particularly if that depression arose from herself. She marked Frank's moody manner this morning, as she had marked it on that day when the first seeds of the disease that was affecting him were sown, and as she had no feeling with regard to him, she resolved to play the model matron, and discreetly point out to her husband how foolish young Mr. Burgoyne was, when she found a fitting opportunity.

"We couldn't get Harold Ffrench to come with us to-day," Ethel Burgoyne said to Theo ; and Theo, calm as she was externally, quivered in her soul as she glanced at her father, and saw him drinking in the words. "He leaves us in a day or two," Miss Burgoyne went on, "but I daresay you will see him before he goes."

"I leave in a day or two also ; I am going back with my father," Theo replied.

"And I am going back with her," Sydney Scott whispered to Frank Burgoyne. She reflected that if he had deemed it worth his while to risk rheumatism in a damp graveyard at night for the sake of watching her shadow on the blind, he might even risk being rebuked by the profane, for being rashly romantic, and bringing things to a climax under fear of so soon losing her.

But all he said when she told him that she was going back with Theo was, "Oh ! are you ?" and he did not look much more at the moment. But his manner had lost so much of its former buoyancy, that she was not much disheartened at his being so undemonstrative at the first shot. She would fire a few more before they finally parted, and give him another chance.

Before they had left the Lownds shooting-box that morning Mr. Linley had received a telegram from a man in town, who was more than a servant and less than a friend to him :— a man who wrote his letters, and corrected his proofs, and disabused the minds of too despondent duns of dread when they came and waited in the hall, urged to this repulsive line of conduct by thoughts of the "heavy accounts they

all had to make up next Tuesday,"—a man who was his secretary in name, and who was divers other things in fact.

The telegram was very brief; it consisted only of these words,—“Going fast; he does not know it; will shortly.” But brief as it was, and relating as it did to such a pleasant thing as the freedom of somebody or something, it plunged Mr. Linley into a state of melancholy that lasted until they had been on the road for some time, and joined the Maddington party. When that event came to pass he recovered a little, and entered into a very lively disquisition with John Galton as to the respective merits of a couple of colts the latter possessed, one of which was shortly to go into training.

It so happened that John Galton directed his whole conversation during the ride to Mr. Linley and Ethel Burgoyne. His wife therefore fell to the share of Frank, and Frank's elder aunt, whose mind was fully occupied with the management of her horse, and who consequently rather neglected Mrs. Galton. It was an opportunity which he dared not hope, which he did not “hope” (for he wanted to do that which was right), might arise again, so Mr. Frank made the most of it according to his lights.

There were a variety of interests and counter-interests, there was a wealth of plotting and scheming, innocent and the reverse, assembled that day inside that quiet rectory-house.

Events did not march far however this morning. Linley was the only one who made a decisive move on this board which I have endeavoured to place before my readers. He made it by saying when the hour of separation was coming on:

“What do you all say to meeting to-morrow at Lownds, all of you who are here now? I want my old friend (I may call you my old friend, though in years gone by we had but a cursory knowledge of each other) Mr. Leigh to come and see me in my country quarters.”

They all promised to go to him, all except Mrs. Vaughan, who did not care to take her best cap a perilous journey a second time for nothing. She declined on the score of the parish requiring her supervision the following day. “There was no occasion for her now,” she said; “her young ladies could go with Mr. Leigh.”

“And in order not to interfere with Galton's sport, and at the same time not deprive him of such delightful society, what do you say to dining in my bachelor hut at seven, instead of lunching there at two?” Linley asked, in that sort of generous, liberal way that implies

“you may find a Barmecide feast, or a baronial festival, my dear fellow, but you'll be heartily welcome to either, especially the latter.”

They all said that it was a good change, and assented readily to the plan.

“You will be liable to Harold Ffrench, of course you know that, Linley?” Frank said, interrogatively.

“If Mrs. Galton's cousin is with you still, I shall be most happy to see him.”

“I believe he will elect to remain with papa again,” Ethel put in.

“Papa, would you rather I didn't go?” Theo whispered, drawing her father into the bay-window.

“Certainly not, you are not the one, nor am I the one, to let you shrink from a meeting that's fair and above-board,” her father replied.

“Then it's settled that we all meet at Lownds at seven to-morrow,” the master of Lownds said, rising up; “that is right. Now, Burgoyne, had we not better have round the horses?”

They went off, and took the road at a swinging trot. It happened that the two fastest trotters of the lot were Kate Galton's horse and Frank Burgoyne's: this being the case they soon distanced the others, for there was no good cantering ground between the Vaughans' house and Maddington Park gates.

“Never mind, Galton,” Linley muttered to John Galton, as the pair turned a corner out of sight of those behind; “the young fellow is foolish, that's all.”

John Galton turned with a look of honest inquiry on his face towards the man who was speaking to him. Something in that man's eyes struck him, apparently, for presently he flushed, and asked:

“What am I not to mind? and how is the young fellow foolish? I think he's one of the nicest young fellows that I ever met with in my life.”

Linley laughed. “My dear fellow, all right; I am ready to think so too; on my word, Galton,” he continued, in a sort of admiring burst of enthusiasm, “you're one of the most sensible fellows I ever met in my life.” Then he drew rather nearer to Ethel Burgoyne, and began speaking to her, for John Galton was looking at him with a queer expression in his eyes. Mr. Linley had made another move.

When they reached the Maddington gates there was nothing to be seen of either Frank or Mrs. Galton. “They have kept up a trotting match to Lownds, probably,” Ethel said; “never mind, Mr. Linley, we have our own man with us; we can ride up without Frank.

Mr. Galton and you shall not come out of your road for us."

But Mr. Galton and Mr. Linley insisted on doing so, since the Miss Burgoyne's cavalier had deserted them for the lady for whose conduct Mr. Galton, and Mr. Linley too, in a measure, were accountable.

When they were riding back through the park, after seeing their charges safely off their horses, and not so much as catching sight of Harold Ffrench, John Galton commenced :

"What did you mean just now, Linley? I'm not quick at taking things, but I hardly liked your allusion."

"Not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme, 'eh!—no offence; I am but making a quotation, you know."

"It would have improved the play, to my mind, if that hound, Iago, had received a score or two blows from a well-loaded hunting-whip before they set about judging him like a man," John Galton said slowly.

Mr. Linley looked askance at him as they rode slowly along.

"Iago's is an ungrateful part; how the devil are *we* to know that he didn't mean well though he was a little over-zealous in the cause of 'finding out' Desdemona? But let me see; what gave rise to all this? oh! I remember; I ventured to hint to you that that foolish, impressionable boy, young Burgoyne, was boring your wife, and you treat the hint as though I had aspersed *her*."

"I fancied you were falling into the mistake into which a lot of fellows have fallen with regard to Kate,—through no fault of hers," he added hastily. "Because she has no end of good-nature, people think she is guilty of levity, very often when it's as far from her thought as—as—anything bad can be," he continued energetically.

"Of course, of course, that is all very apparent to a man who has seen life, and known women as I have," Linley replied hastily; "but Burgoyne is just one of those young asses who would sell their souls to be spoken about with a married woman; to be a diluted Don Juan, that is the best ambition he has at present, I'm afraid, and that sort of fellow, little dangerous as he is in reality, is awfully compromising to a woman. I like Burgoyne very much," Mr. Linley went on frankly, "and I wish with all my heart that you would give him a setting down, or empower me to do it for you, for his grandfather has the memory of that wretched Hugo who did something or other bad ever present in his mind, and he would be down on Frank to Frank's detriment at a word."

"Set him down for his own good as much as you please," John Galton replied, "but I will

not have my wife censured even by implication; here they come back to meet us," he added hurriedly, and his face grew violently red as he said it. He wished he had not used the word "they" in speaking of Frank Burgoyne and his wife after what Mr. Linley had said.

"We have had a charming trot; where are the Miss Burgoyne's? my horse never broke once, did he?" Kate exclaimed animatedly, appealing to Frank.

"Not once," he replied abstractedly, staring at her.

"You have blown him, poor fellow," John Galton said, leaning over, and patting his wife's horse; "let us walk home quietly now."

"I'll turn back with you, Burgoyne; don't be alarmed Mrs. Galton, I won't be a moment late for dinner," the master of Lownds said, politely taking off his hat to his fair guest as he turned back on the road to Maddington with Frank Burgoyne.

"I say, young fellow," he exclaimed, as soon as the Galtons were out of ear-shot, "you've done it, and no mistake; Galton is as jealous as the devil; how do you stand with her?"

"Good God! what do you mean?" Frank asked agitatedly.

What Mr. Linley meant, however, must be reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE BASSE.

THE basse, called also the "sea-perch," "sea-dace," "dace," and "salmon-dace," is a large salt-water fish, of very curious habits, and, having externally many of the peculiarities and attributes of the salmon, perhaps more closely resembles the river barbel in its ways than it does any other fish. Like the barbel it is fond of running outlets, and as the barbel delights in old wooden piles, or mill-boards, (or any-where in fact where there is wood-work), so does the basse frequent sea-piers and jetties, constructed rather of wood than of stone or granite. In such places when the water is clear, and the bottom rough and shingly, large basse may be seen poking their noses in the ground precisely after the fashion of the barbel; indeed a pig itself could not well be a more consistent proper than is the basse.

Basse run to a large size, from four to twenty pounds being the average. In places much frequented by them, they are often, whilst in shallow water hovering round the piles of jetties, shot with a gun by coast-guardsmen and others. The writer has seen basse thus killed, as well also as pike, in the river, (the latter a

system of poaching not to be tolerated by any true sportsman). Strictly speaking the basse belongs to the order of "Percidæ," though with the exception of its voracity, it has nothing in common with that curious and beautiful family of fish. All estuaries are fine feeding-grounds for basse, which in this respect resemble the flounder and grey mullet, as both those fish prefer to haunt places where the water is neither exactly salt nor fresh, and it is in such localities mostly that they are caught. Like most of the tribe, basse are night feeders, and during the day remain in a half slumbering state, basking in two or three feet of water, sometimes so motionless that it requires a very practised eye to distinguish the fish themselves from the old wood which usually forms a feature of their resting-places. They are not at all choice feeders, but will crowd round the steps of jetties, picking up any piece of the insides of flat-fish, or refuse of a similar description. They will even bite at a piece of the red gills of a cod-fish, or of bullock's liver. But the best bait for taking basse with hook and line is a mussel or limpet.

At some of our watering-places visitors amuse themselves by fishing off the jetties with rod, line, and float as in fresh water, and take thus basse, pouting, and other fish. But if fishing expressly for basse, a stout strong tackle must be used with a running line, and a hook as large as that for taking barbel, since basse seldom are caught under five to twelve pounds.

A piece of pilchard or herring is a good bait in thick water. Large basse are taken occasionally on the "long" or cod lines in deep water, and the writer has caught them thus weighing twelve or fourteen pounds. However, as a rule, basse prefer shallow water of one to three fathoms, and they especially like the creeks and outlets of piers and jetties, and old rutty roadways, dry at low water, but covered to the extent of ten or twelve feet when the water is at high tide. These old roadways are very common all along the coast, and are cut through the chalk and rock for the convenience of carts employed at low tide in collecting sea-weed for manure. The carts could not of course be drawn over the rocks themselves, and hence the necessity of cutting a roadway. In the deep ruts left in these roads basse delight to lurk. In a neighbourhood where basse are abundant you may, at low water, nail a short line, the stoutness of a clothes' line, across one of these roadways: then attach to it, at intervals of eighteen inches, a dozen hooks on smaller lines or "snoods," as they are called, baited with

pieces of limpet or polypus ("sea anemone"). As the water comes up the basse and codlings come in to feed, and when the tide is again at low ebb, you will usually find one or more cod or basse fast to your line, and lying high and dry on the sand. This is a pretty sport for school-boys, and is to be practised from September to February. The baits mentioned are to be preferred, because they are tough and hold to the hooks, whilst worms would be eaten off by the crabs and other vermin, and the hooks left bare before the fish had time to approach them. The lines should be re-baited every low tide, and examined as soon as the sea, after having covered them at high water, has again receded sufficiently to allow of the line being reached. At any sea-side place where there are rocks this pastime may be enjoyed; but it cannot be practised on a sandy shore, because there *must* be some hard foundation to nail the ends of the line to, for which purpose large ten-inch nails are the best to resist the power of the tide. The line must be nailed not much above low-water mark, and as far from the shore as possible. Good sized cod are thus often taken, but the majority of fish will be either basse, or codling of from one to five pounds. Still the curiosity and anxiety attendant on the sport render it a fascinating one for boys and youths.

In fishing for basse with the rod, always have a "gaff" at hand, as it is impossible to land a heavy fish on to a jetty otherwise, and they struggle exceedingly on being hooked. Basse spawn in the summer months in shallow water, and near the mouths of rivers, as, like the salmon and mullet, they are neither fresh nor salt-water fish. The flesh of the basse is firm and white, with a pink tinge, and it is very well tasted. The flavour resembles that of the salmon-trout, with which fish it has occasionally been confounded. On some parts of the coast the fish is sold at so much per pound, and usually fetches a fair price, especially when a Londoner happens to be the purchaser.

Rod-fishers in angling for this fish in shallow water, do not use a ground-bait, but sometimes sink a bag or net containing the entrails of a large fish or small animal, which is said from its rank smell to attract the basse. How this may be, I know not, but certainly at the steps of piers where fishermen "clean," that is, disembowel cod and other fish, basse are to be seen in large numbers darting after the intestines carried away by the tide. The basse is most common on the south and south-eastern coasts, and taken altogether is not an uninteresting fish.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

DR. DODD.*

WILLIAM DODD, born in 1729, was the son of a clergyman, who for many years was Vicar of Bourne, in Lincolnshire. After finishing his school education, Dodd was in 1745 admitted as a sizar at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He appears to have attracted the notice of his superiors by the closeness of his application to study, and he took his Bachelor's degree with some reputation. With an elegant person and good address, he distinguished himself in other ways; he was fond of company and dress, and in the refined language of one of his biographers,—for Dodd after attaining a sad celebrity had several,—he was a “zealous votary of the god of dancing, being in return distinguished by the favour of those fair priestesses who preside at his mysteries.” At an early age Dodd began to write, and in 1747 appeared his first work, a sort of mock pastoral. He was about twenty years of age when he hastily quitted the university, and repaired to London, where he began a gay life, relying almost entirely on his pen for support. He became acquainted with a girl, beautiful, but much below him in station; and having married her, he showed the recklessness in money affairs which characterised his whole life, by taking and furnishing a house in Wardour Street, Soho, a much better quarter in those days than now. This course drew on him the censure of his father, who hurried to town, and forced him to give up his house.

Dodd continued writing. In 1749 appeared “The African Prince in England to Zara, at his Father's Court, and Zara's answer,” suggested by the visit to England of two African youths, who were made much of here. He also wrote about this time a mock heroic, “A Day of Vacation in College,” and several other works, among them his “Beauties of Shakspeare,” the work by which he is best known; which is reprinted down to this day, and which can boast of the honour of having been quoted by Schlegel. He was ordained shortly before the publication of the last work in 1752, and in the preface to it, he took leave in the following words of what was then known as “polite letters”:—

“For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention; and I here, with no small pleasure, take leave of Shakspeare and the critics. As this work was begun and finished before I entered upon the sacred functions in which I am now happily employed, let me trust this juvenile perform-

ance will prove no objection, since graver, and some very eminent members of the Church have thought it no improper employ to comment, explain, and publish the works of their own country's poets.”

In the early years of devotion to his new profession, the outward demeanour of Dodd is said to have been exemplary: he was active and zealous, and was rapidly attaining some reputation as a popular preacher. But in the Historical Memoirs, which were received at the time of their publication as undoubtedly authentic, he is stated to have been the author of a work, “The Sisters,” published anonymously in 1754, “which gave no very favourable idea of the purity of his mind; many of the scenes there described are painted with a warmth of imagination, and a luxuriance of colouring, which cannot but be dangerous to the young and susceptible.”

Dodd had been active in promoting the establishment of the Magdalen Hospital, of which he was appointed the preacher in 1758. Here is a description of his performances by a lively contemporary, no other than our invaluable friend Horace Walpole; he dates January, 1760:—

“As soon as we entered the chapel the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts,—you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle; there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil, or to invite him. Prayers then began; Psalms and a sermon; the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very elegantly and touchingly. He apostrophised the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls; so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham; till, I believe, the city dames took them for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to his Royal Highness (Prince Edward), whom he called *most illustrious prince*, beseeching his protection. In short it was a very pleasing performance, and I got the *most illustrious* to desire it might be printed.”

Notwithstanding his farewell to “polite letters,” Dodd had continued to publish. His numerous religious works did not prevent him from having a keen eye to temporal matters, or rather they were undertaken with strictly worldly views. The grossest flattery to men who could serve was always ready, and Dodd occasionally erred by laying it on too thickly, as when on publishing an edition of “Bishop Hall's Contemplations,” he addressed to Miss Talbot, living in the family of Archbishop

* The materials of this sketch are taken mainly from contemporary biographies in the Gentleman's and European Magazines, the Life of Dr. Dodd prefixed to his “Prison Thoughts,” and other works quoted in the article itself.

Secker, so fulsome a dedication, with an eye to that dignity, that the archbishop interfered, and insisted on its withdrawal. But no flattery can be too gross for some men, and Dodd did not always miss his aim. On the appearance of a work by Dr. Squire, Dodd addressed to him a sonnet, with which the rising divine was so delighted, that on his appointment to the Bishopric of St. David's, Dodd became his chaplain. The piece, "replete" according to a critic, "with imagery and classical ideas," may serve as a taste of Dodd's quality.

Sonnet occasioned by reading "The Truth and Importance of Natural Religion," by S. Squire, D.D., Dean of Bristol, &c., afterwards Lord Bishop of St. David's.

Methought I saw in vision t'other morn,
 Celestial Reason in her azure vest;
 A star there was which blazed upon her breast,
 And placid sweetness did her brow adorn.
 Firm Judgment here, and gentle Candour stood,
 With meek-eyed Charity beside the queen;
 With many graces more, but chief was seen
 Instruction, hand in hand with Public Good.
 Attendant these on heavenly Reason came,
 And on religious shrine an offering laid!
 I saw it straight her whole attention claim,
 Then what it was, how could I but inquire?
 Instant with rapture, "'Tis my sou's," she said,
 "The polished page of my judicious SQUIRE."

Dodd, moreover, egregiously flattered this prelate in the Public Ledger, in which he wrote, and he was further required by being made in 1763 a prebendary of Brecon.

The Christian Magazine had been set on foot in 1760, and to it Dodd largely contributed. From one of its numbers we extract a criticism on Dodd himself: "His style is at once elegant and nervous; neither careless, nor yet affected; sufficiently open and diffuse for the pulpit, yet neither tedious nor redundant in the closet: in short, such a style as we would recommend to the imitation of those young divines who would desire to instruct without being tedious." The opinion of Dr. Johnson was scarcely so favourable; being asked whether Dodd's sermons were not addressed to the passions, "They were nothing, sir," growled the lexicographer, "be they addressed to what they may."

Dr. Squire did not lose sight of his panegyrist; it was he who introduced Dodd to the Earl of Chesterfield (Johnson's Chesterfield, and the author of the "Letters") as a tutor to his son,—a connection that was destined to have a fatal influence on Dodd's career. In the year following this event, he was appointed one of the king's chaplains, and in 1766 took his degree of LL.D.

Dodd had all along been living at a great rate, but he now launched out still more. Be-

sides his house in Southampton Row, he had another at Ealing, and he exchanged his chariot for a coach. He had dabbled in lotteries, and having gained a 1000*l.* prize, he engaged with a builder to erect a chapel near the palace of the Queen, calling it, after her, Charlotte Chapel. He also entered into a partnership with respect to Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury. In the former, he had set apart a particular gallery for the heir-apparent, but he was deceived in his hopes, for royalty let him alone. His income from his chapels was considerable, but there were heavy charges, and the old rate of living went on. Dodd was driven to expedients; a large "Commentary on the Bible" was undertaken and dedicated to Bishop Squire, who unfortunately died the next year. No matter what work it was, so long as it furnished an excuse for a dedication to some one in a position to aid him. "Thoughts on the Glorious Epiphany" were addressed to the Bishop of Chester; a translation of Massillon's Sermons was inscribed to the Prince of Wales; "Sermons to Young Men" were dedicated to his pupil, Philip Stanhope.

In 1772 the doctor obtained the rectory of Hockcliffe, in Bedfordshire. Returning from it to London in the same year, the coach in which were the doctor and his wife, was stopped by a highwayman, who discharged a pistol into the carriage. "Happily," says the author of the Memoirs, "(as it was then thought) the shot only broke the glass. On Dodd's evidence the man was hanged, and to this incident is probably owing the sermon published in the same year 'On the frequency of Capital Punishments.'"

In 1773, Lord Chesterfield died, and the doctor's old pupil succeeding him, Dodd was appointed his chaplain,—another source of income; but he was now deeply in debt. A sinking man will catch at straws, and the rich living of St. George's, Hanover Square, having become vacant, Dodd determined to have it if possible *per fas aut nefas*. The plan he adopted shows to what desperate straits he must have been driven. The presentation to the living was in the gift of the Crown, and Dodd caused an anonymous letter to be sent to Lady Apsley, the wife of the Lord Chancellor, offering 3000 guineas, if, through her means, Dodd should be appointed. The letter was laid before the Lord Chancellor, traced to its source, and communicated to the king. Dodd aggravated his offence by declaring that the application had been made at the instance of his wife, and without his knowledge, but the story was not believed. The consequences of this conduct were fatal to him. He was in the zenith of his popu-

larity ; it was an age of scoffers, indeed, and perhaps it was not difficult to find in the bland and fashionable preacher a suitable mark for satirical shafts ; “ the reverend doodle, Doctor Dodd ” had been more than once celebrated in verse, but those who revered and believed in him were numerous. But the press now opened on him, and Foote introduced into a piece at the Haymarket, a Dr. Simony, whose lady spoke of her husband as a “ populous ” preacher in English not much worse, it was said, than Mrs. Dodd habitually used. Dodd wrote an evasive letter to the papers ; “ to the torrent of popular invective ” he opposed his past life, “ hoping that ere long time would put some circumstances in his power which would lead to an elucidation of the affair. ” The elucidation never came.

Stung with shame, Dodd retired to Geneva to Lord Chesterfield, who poured oil into his wounds—a Buckinghamshire living was added to his means. Dodd’s preferments now brought him in about 800*l.* a year, but his extravagance outran his means. Desperately in debt—*hard ignarus mali*—he exerted himself in the establishment of a society for the relief and discharge of small debtors, while to assist himself “ he descended so low,” says a biographer, “ as to become the *editor of a newspaper.* ” Dodd having fallen to this pitch of social degradation, the ingenuity of infamy found a still lower depth—forgery.

Pressed by creditors, in February, 1777, he signed the name of Lord Chesterfield to a bond for 4200*l.* There was some slight irregularity in the bond, and application was made to Lord Chesterfield for a fresh signature. His lordship disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and Dodd, who then lived in Argyle Street, was apprehended. He immediately repaid the greater part of the money, and gave a judgment on his goods for the remainder. Those who had advanced the money would have withdrawn from the prosecution ; Lord Chesterfield, it is said, placed the bond in the hands of Dodd, who was standing near a fire, in hopes that he might destroy it, but presence of mind was wanting to the wretched man, and he missed his chance. The Lord Mayor ordered a prosecution, and Dodd was committed to prison.

The facts were too clear to leave any chance of escape : all that Dodd could plead was, that there was no intention to defraud,—he would have returned the money in the space of three months. The jury after a very short deliberation found him guilty, but with a recommendation to mercy. Sentence was postponed, to give time for the consideration of a point of law, and on the 26th of May, Dodd was brought up to receive sentence. Dodd had

once only been in the society of Dr. Johnson,* but in his distress he applied to him. There was nothing in common between the shallow flippancy of Dodd, and the great, rough, earnest nature of the man to whom he looked for help ; but to misery Johnson’s heart was more tender than a woman’s ; he was agitated on receiving the application, made through a third person ; paced up and down the room, and promised to do what he could. It was he who wrote the speech delivered by Dodd before sentence ; but in vain,—the forger was condemned to death.

Johnson’s efforts in his behalf continued, and he wrote more than one petition for the convict. These endeavours were seconded by an immense number of others ; charitable societies benefited by him, petitioned for his life ; so did the Common Council and the jury. One petition was signed by 23,000 persons, and was upwards of 37 yards long. The public services rendered by Dodd were clamorously urged in his favour. But the recent execution of the Perreaus for forgery left Dodd no chance, and although his partisans fell foul of the court and jury, it is not easy to see how, if he had been acquitted, the punishment of death for forgery could ever have been carried out again. At this very time a woman had been branded and a man executed for washing a halfpenny so as to make it pass for a shilling, and every session saw strings of men hung up for far lighter offences than Dodd’s. Dodd himself reckoned 150 capital offences ; twenty-three years later a more exact authority numbered *above* 160 different offences which subjected those found guilty to the penalty of death without benefit of clergy. The king was inflexible. Dodd meanwhile lay in his prison, living with great temperance, and buoyed up with hopes which some of his friends sustained to the last. His manner in other respects left much to be desired ; there was far too much assumption of the martyr. He wrote of himself as being “ conscious of the purity of his intention from any purpose to do injury, and happy in the full proof of that intention, by having done no injury to any man in respect to this unfortunate prosecution. ” In the “ Prison Thoughts, ”

* Dodd’s account is :—“ I spent yesterday afternoon with Johnson, the celebrated author of the ‘ Rambler,’ who is, of all others, the oddest and most peculiar fellow I ever saw. He is six feet high, has a violent convulsion in his head, and his eyes are distorted. He speaks roughly and loud ; listens to no man’s opinions, thoroughly pertinacious of his own. Good sense flows from him in all he utters, and he seems possessed of a prodigious fund of knowledge, which he is not at all reserved in communicating, but in a manner so obstinate, ungentle, and boorish as renders it disagreeable and dissatisfactory. . . . He is a man of most universal and surprising genius, but in himself particular beyond expression. ”

which he was now writing, he parodied the appeal of Cæsar :

My Philip, my lov'd Stanhope—is it THOU ?—
Then let me die.

The tawdry theatrical artifices which had secured his popularity in the pulpit clung to him still. He has a pain in his side, and when asked what it is, replies: "*Lethalis arundo.*"

In the preface to his "Prison Thoughts" he writes: "They are imperfect, but the language of the heart; and, had I time and inclination, might be improved. But——" Accepting Johnson's dictum, that a man's mind is wonderfully concentrated when he knows that he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it is difficult to believe on the evidence of the "Prison Thoughts," that Dodd supposed he would be executed. They are on a level with the lines to Dr. Squire; loose, hasty, and utterly unreal. We quote a few lines describing the scene in which Dodd was soon to appear as chief actor :

Crowd then along with yonder revel-rout
To EXEMPLARY punishment! and mark
The language of the multitude, obscene,
Wild, blasphemous, and cruel! tent their looks
Of madding, drunken, thoughtless, ruthless gaze,
Or giddy curiosity and vain!
Their deeds, still more emphatic, note; and see
By the sad spectacle unimpress'd, they dare
Even in the eye of Death, what to their doom
Brought their expiring Fellows!

This, too, is curious; a prophecy which some of us may live to see fulfilled :

———, yes, the day—
I joy in the idea—will arrive
When *Britons* philanthropic shall reject
The cruel custom, to the sufferer cruel,
Useless and baneful to the gaping crowd!

On the 6th of June, Dodd delivered to his fellow-prisoners an address, which had been written for him by Dr. Johnson.

The petitions for Dodd's life failing, other attempts to save him were made. "He (Johnson) told us," says Boswell, "that Dodd's city friends stood by him so, that a thousand pounds were ready to be given to the gaoler if he would let him escape. He added, that he knew a friend of Dodd's, who walked about Newgate for some time on the evening before the day of his execution, with 500*l.* in his pocket, ready to be paid to any of the turnkeys who could get him out; but it was too late, for he was watched with much circumspection. He said, Dodd's friends had an image of him made of wax, which was to have been left in his place, and he believed it was carried into the prison."

On the fatal morning, Dodd appeared composed; the cart set out for Tyburn amid constant showers, and Dodd appeared greatly affected as he approached his former house.

Let us borrow from an eye-witness an account of the last scene.*

"The doctor, to all appearance, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his night-cap.

"He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with; they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected; the other, I suppose, was the ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly unfeeling in everything that he said and did.

"The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the doctor took off the wig a second time, and then tied on a nightcap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his nightcap himself, and upon his taking it, he certainly had a smile on his countenance; very soon afterwards there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected, without any other signs of animation but in praying."

According to a very general belief, the efforts of the doctor's friends did not cease with the execution. It is said that the knot of the rope was placed in a particular manner under his ear, and that the hangman, who had been gained over by Dodd's friends, whispered, as the cart drew off, "You must not move an inch!" When cut down, the body was conveyed to a house in Goodge Street, where, under the direction of Pott, the celebrated surgeon, every attempt was made to restore animation. But the crowd had been enormous, and the delay in the transport of the body had been too great; nevertheless there were not wanting people who believed that Dodd had been resuscitated and carried abroad.

His wife, who seems to have borne him a sincere and lasting affection, died some years afterwards in indigence. ALFRED MARKS.

* A. M. Storer to G. Selwyn, quoted by Jesse in "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

THE DANCE OF DEATH.



I.

WHERE the shores of Brienz stand up rugged and steep
A cliff juts out far, and hangs over the deep,
For the ripples that under it ceaselessly play
Have been fretting for ages its basement away.

II.

The summit is crown'd with a meadow so green,
Where the flow'rs are so fragrant, and varied in sheen,
That the maids of the mountains have chosen the mead
As the spot where they best love their dances to lead.

III.

They have gather'd this evening from far and from wide,
From the shores of the lake, from the steep mountain side,
And the sweet summer breezes are render'd more sweet
With the scent of the flowers crush'd under their feet.

IV.

Of the maids of the valley not one is so fair
As young Ida, the girl with the sunny bright hair,
There is none that can boast of so lovely a face,
So winning a voice, or such infinite grace.

v.

The starry blue gentian has yielded its hue
To the depth of her eyes, and there blossoms anew,
And the pride of the mountain, the gay alpine rose,
Has crept o'er her cheek, and there lovingly blows.

vi.

Young Herman is straight as a pine, and as lithe
As a green willow wand : he is joyous and blithe ;
He is strong as the oak ; and his frank open smile
Is enough in itself a girl's heart to beguile.

vii.

The hunters of chamois all envy his grace
As he bounds o'er the rocks, in the heat of the chase,
His eyes are the keenest, they say, for the game,
And his gun is unerring in hitting its aim.

viii.

"They are made for each other," the bystanders cry,
As Herman and Ida dance gracefully by,
But little they guess from the light steps they take,
That their hearts are so heavy, so ready to break.

ix.

They were children together, and now they are grown,
They have found that their hearts are no longer their
own,
And Ida has plighted to Herman her troth,
And the blessing of heaven seem'd to smile upon both.

x.

But all their fond castles were built upon sand,
For a wealthier suitor has ask'd for her hand :
And her father has sworn that before Lammas tide
The rich bailiff shall take home his beautiful bride.

xi.

She has knelt in despair at her stern father's feet,
And intreated—but found it was vain to intreat ;
Then has run to God's-acre to pour out her woe
At the foot of the cross, where her mother lies low.

xii.

And the heart-broken girl finding nought of avail,
Upon Herman's broad shoulder has sobb'd out her tale,
And there she has promised to yield up her life
Before other than Herman shall call her his wife.

xiii.

But they seem to have thrown off their grief for a
space,
For their footsteps are lighter—more rapid their pace :
And her father himself scarcely knows his own child,
Her looks are so radiant, her eyes are so wild.

xiv.

"Have a care, have a care of the precipice brink !"
The women turn pale, and the stoutest hearts sink,
But they heed not the warning—with one ling'ring
kiss
And a closer embrace they dash down the abyss.

xv.

A plash in the water—a cry of a bird
Frighten'd off from her nest—is all that is heard,
A few rings on the lake, a few ripples on shore,
And the scene is as calm, and as bright as before.

THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

GIOVANNI LORENZO BERNINI—most florid
and meretricious of sculptors, who seemed to
be able to *mould* his marble as though it were
of a material as plastic as putty, to twist and
curve it in the air, and leave it fluttering there

as though it were so much gauze—had been
commissioned to execute a bust of King Charles
the First. Bernini's fame was European. He
was one of the most successful and best-paid
artists of his day. The well known portrait
by Vandyck, representing on one canvas the
full front, three-quarter, and profile views of
the king, was sent to the sculptor at Rome to
enable him to complete the bust. For his
work he received a thousand Roman crowns,
and the king ordered a companion bust of
Queen Henrietta. The civil wars, however,
interfered, and prevented the completion of
this commission.

There must have been something ominous
about Charles's look. Bernini said, as he con-
templated the Vandyck portrait, that he "had
never seen any face which showed so much
greatness, and withal such marks of sadness
and misfortune." Years before, Ben Jonson,
in his masque of the "Gypsies Metamor-
phosed," had made one of the gypsies say of
Prince Charles :—

How right he doth confess him in his face,

His brow, his eye, and every mark of state ;
As if he were the issue of each grace,

And bore about him both his *fame and fate*.

The words have a prophetic ring about them.
Doubtless Charles's regular features, grave ex-
pression, and noble but melancholy air, im-
pressed while they attracted the men about
him. Indeed, Macaulay has attributed to the
king's "Vandyke dress, his handsome face,
and his peaked beard," joined to consideration
for his many domestic virtues, the sympathy
and loyalty with which so many generations
have regarded his memory.

Bernini's bust arriving in this country seems
to have brought with it a prognostic of evil.
The story is to be found both in "Sir Richard
Bulstrode's Memoirs," and in "Aubrey's Mis-
cellanies." The bust had been conveyed up
the Thames in an open boat, to be landed at
Greenwich. In the carriage of it, the face
being upwards, "a strange bird, the like
whereof the bargemen had never seen," (Sir
Richard is content to describe it as "a swallow,
or some other bird,") "dropped a drop of
blood, or blood-like, upon the statue." And
although this was immediately wiped off by
the bargemen, still, notwithstanding all en-
deavours, the blood-stain "could never be
gotten off."

The ultimate fate of the bust seems to be a
matter of some mystery. A notion prevailed
that it had been destroyed in the burning of
Whitehall in 1697. It seems curious, how-
ever, that such a work should have survived
the iconoclastic days of the Commonwealth.
The Lord Protector was not likely to be very

careful about preserving the bust of his predecessor as an ornament of the palace. All Charles's art-treasures had been mercilessly brought to the hammer. The pictures, jewels, plate, and furniture of nineteen palaces were hurriedly sold by auction, and produced only 118,000*l.* Le Sueur's equestrian statue of the king (set up at Charing Cross in 1678), was sold by the Parliament to John Rivet, "a brazier living at the dial, near Holburn conduit," with strict orders to break it in pieces. The man, however, produced some fragments of old metal, and buried the statue underground until the Restoration made it safe to dig it up again.

Vertue, whose anecdotes of painting Horace Walpole "digested and published," was of opinion that Bernini's bust certainly survived the Commonwealth, and probably also the fire. One Norrice, frame-maker to the court, who saved several pictures, had been heard to aver that at the time of the fire he was in the room where the bust used to stand over a corner chimney, and that it was removed before that chamber was destroyed. Nearly the whole of the palace, with the exception of the Banqueting House, which still remains, fell a prey to the flames. Besides the royal apartments, 150 houses, inhabited for the most part by officers of the court, were totally burnt, while some twenty more buildings were blown up with gunpowder, to arrest the progress of the fire. Lord Cutts was in command of the troops, and was impatient to commence the blasting operations; yet, after he had ordered the drums to beat, half an hour elapsed before the explosion took place; time enough to save the bust if it was not—as Sir John Stanley, the deputy chamberlain, believed—already stolen. Sir John was dining in Craig Court when the fire began, at three o'clock in the afternoon. He ran to the palace, and perceived only at that time an inconsiderable smoke in a garret not in the principal building. He found Sir Christopher Wren and his workmen there, and the gates all shut. Pointing to the bust, he begged Sir Christopher to take care of *that*, and the statues. He replied, "Take care of what *you* are concerned in, and leave the rest to me." Sir John declared that it was not until more than five hours afterwards that the fire reached that part of the building. Norrice dug in the ruins, but could not discover the least fragment of marble. A figure of a crouching Venus, in the same chamber, was known to have been stolen, and was reclaimed by the Crown after being concealed for four years. But of Bernini's bust no tidings were ever heard. Dr. Edward Brown, in his "Travels," described a white marble

bust of King Charles in the Imperial Library at Vienna. But this could not have been Bernini's, presuming it to have been in Whitehall at the time of the fire. For Brown wrote in 1673, and the fire was not until 1697.

Besides the blood-stain on Bernini's bust, other omens of Charles's doom were not wanting. "Colonel Sharington Talbot was at Nottingham," writes Aubrey, "when King Charles did set up his standard upon the top of the tower there. He told me that the first night the wind blew it so that it hung down almost horizontal, which some did take to be an ill-omen." Presently, the same authority relates:—"The day that the Long Parliament began, 1641, the sceptre fell out of the figure of King Charles, in wood, in Sir Thomas Trenchard's Hall at Wullich, in Dorset, as they were at dinner in the parlour."

There had been a proposition that the king should be executed in his robes, and afterwards "that a stake should be driven through his head and body, to stand as a monument upon his grave." But this brutal suggestion was negatived. The king spent the last three days of his life in St. James's Palace, and was brought thence to Whitehall very early on the fatal morning of the 30th January, 1649. Of his demeanour on the scaffold let Andrew Marvell speak:—

While round the arm'd bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bow'd his comely head
Down as upon a bed.

Clarendon's description is as follows:—"The king asked the executioner if his hair was well. After which, putting off his cloak, doublet, and his George, he gave the latter to Bishop (Juxon), saying, 'Remember.' After this he put on his cloak again over his waistcoat, inquiring of the executioner if the block was fast, who answered, it was. He then said 'I wish it might have been a little higher.' But it was answered him it could not be otherwise now. The king said, 'When I put out my hands this way, then—' He prayed a few words standing, with his hands and eyes lift up towards heaven, and then, stooping down, laid his neck on the block. Soon after which the executioner putting some of his hair under his cap, the king thought he had been going to strike, bade him stay for the sign. After a little time the king stretched forth his hand, and the executioner took off his head at one stroke. When his head was held up, and the people at a

distance knew the fatal stroke was over, there was nothing to be heard but shrieks, and groans, and sobs, the unmerciful soldiers beating down poor people for this little tender of their affection to their prince. Thus died the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced."

The scaffold was erected on the west front of the Banqueting Hall. Opposite, on the site of the Admiralty, stood Peterborough House, from the roof of which Archbishop Usher attempted to witness the execution. We read in Parr's life of Usher: "At the time of his Majesty's murder, the Lady Peterborough's house (where my lord then lived) being just over against Charing Cross, divers of the countess's gentlemen and servants got upon the leads of the house, from whence they could see plainly what was acting before Whitehall. The primate, who could not stand the sight, fainted, was taken down and put on his bed."

Philip Henry, who also witnessed the execution, related that at the instant when the blow was given, there was "such a dismal universal groan among the thousands of people that were within sight of it (as it were, with one consent), as he never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again, nor see such a cause for it."

There is doubtless an inclination on the part of the royalist historians to exaggerate the sorrow and rage of the nation in regard to the putting to death of the king. Hume would have us believe that "women cast forth the untimely fruit of their womb when they learned it; and others fell into convulsions, or sank into such a melancholy as attended them to their graves; and that some, unmindful of themselves, as though they could not or would not survive their beloved prince, suddenly fell down dead." There is high colouring about this: yet, undoubtedly, among a large section of the people a profound grief prevailed. There is even a story of a learned Fellow of All Souls who died of the shock given him by the king's execution. Numbers of the clergy and gentry,—Philip Henry, Usher, and Evelyn, among them,—always kept the anniversary of the day as a strict fast, and this custom was observed during many years. The first Lord Holland used to relate that, during the lifetime of his father, Sir Stephen Fox, upon the return of every 30th of January, the wainscot of the house used to be hung with black, and no meal of any sort permitted until after midnight.

The loyalty of Westminster School was proved beyond question at this time. "We really were King's Scholars, as well as called so," says South, proudly. "Nay, upon that very day, that black and eternally infamous day of the king's murder, I myself heard, and am now a witness that the king was publicly prayed for in this school but an hour or two at most before his sacred head was struck off." At such a time, any expression of attachment to the king, or sympathy with his fate, had its dangers. We read that immediately after the decapitation, Hewson (originally a cobbler, afterwards a member of Cromwell's Parliament, and a colonel in the army) went with a party of horse from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange, proclaiming, as he went, "that whosoever should say that Charles Stuart died wrongfully should suffer present death."

After the execution the king's body was embalmed and removed to Windsor for interment. The Parliament sanctioned the expenditure of not more than five hundred pounds upon the funeral. No religious ceremony took place; the burial-service being at that time prohibited. No tablet or inscription marked the last resting-place of royalty. "I cannot," says Bishop Kennet, "but commend the piety of those gentlemen employed to inter the body of King Charles I., who, taking a view of St. George's chapel in Windsor to find the most fit and honourable place of burial, declined at first the tomb-house built by Cardinal Wolsey, as supposing King Henry VIII. was buried there, in regard his majesty would upon occasional discourse express some dislike of king Henry's proceedings in misemploying those vast revenues the suppressed abbeys, monasteries, and other religious houses were endowed with." Charles was said in his lifetime to have registered a vow, that if it pleased Heaven to restore him to his "kingly rights," and re-establish him upon the throne, he would give back to the Church all the impropriations then held by the Crown; and whatsoever lands had been taken from any episcopal see, or any cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey or other religious house, he promised thereafter to hold from the Church under such reasonable fines and rents as should be determined by some conscientious persons, whom he proposed "to choose with all uprightness of heart, to direct him in that particular." The scruples of the king's friends seem to have been removed however. The coffin was deposited in a vault in the centre of the choir containing two coffins—believed to be those of King Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour.

To quote Clarendon: "This unparalleled murder and parricide was committed . . . in the forty and ninth year of his age, and when he had such excellent health, and so great vigor of body, that when his murderers caused him to be opened (which they did, and were some of them present at it with great curiosity), they confessed and declared 'that no man had ever all his vital parts so perfect and unhurt: and that he seemed to be of so admirable a composition and constitution, that he would probably have lived as long as nature could subsist.'"

The coffin of King Charles had been seen on one occasion during the reign of William III., when the vault was opened for the interment of one of the Princess Anne's numerous children; but afterwards it seems to have remained altogether unnoticed, until indeed some doubt and question began to arise as to the exact spot in which the royal remains had been deposited. But in 1813 the vault was once more opened, on the occasion of the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, the sister of George III. Before the re-closing of the vault, search was made for the coffin of King Charles, in the presence of the Prince-Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, the Dean of Windsor, Sir Henry Halford, and others. The leaden coffin was found, and partially opened, and Sir Henry Halford published afterwards "An Account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I." (1813). The body was found in tolerably good condition amongst the gums and resins which had been employed to preserve it. "At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye in the first moment of exposure was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately, and the pointed beard was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view The back part of the scalp was perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and filaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted

themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra we found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even." Doubtless in the eyes of many people this curious investigation will wear the semblance of an act of gross desecration. But antiquarianism is, as a rule, rather monoculous; heedless what reproaches it may incur, provided its curiosity is satisfied. And certainly it has to be said that, after the Regent's *post-mortem* inquest upon the King, all doubt as to his place of interment may be considered as completely ended.

Byron, it may be noted, commemorated the examination in St. George's Chapel in lines, perhaps needlessly, foolishly virulent, composed "On the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I. in the royal vault at Windsor."

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptred thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life:
Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail! since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George!

Robert Southey enters in his common-place book—"I find in a newspaper: 'The sheet in which Charles's head was received, is preserved with the communion plate in the church at Ashburnham, and his watch also. The blood with which the sheet was covered, is now almost black.' The entry is without date: the newspaper quoted was probably very old. In the Scots Magazine for October, 1743, occurs the following:—"Died, The Hon. Bertram Ashburnham. He bequeathed to the clerk of the parish of Ashburnham and his successors for ever the watch which King Charles I. had in his pocket at the time of his death; and the shirt he then wore, which has some drops of blood on it. And they are deposited in the vestry of the said church." A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" (1854), quoting the above, inquires concerning the relics. He obtains no satisfactory reply beyond a reference to Horsfield's "Sussex" (1835), wherein may be read that "in the chancel of Ashburnham Church are kept, in a glass case, lined with red velvet, some relics of the unfortunate Charles I. These consist of the shirt with ruffled wrists (on which are a few faint traces of blood) in which he was beheaded; his watch, which at the place of execution he gave to Mr. John Ashburnham; his white silk drawers; and the sheet that

was thrown over the body after the execution. These articles have certainly been carefully preserved. Long were they treasured up as precious relics, fit only to be gazed upon by the devotees of the *Icon Basiliæ*. At length, however, the charm was broken by Bertram Ashburnham, Esq., who in 1743 bequeathed them to the clerk of the parish and his successors for ever, to be exhibited as great curiosities." Mr. Horsfield adds, in a note, that "the superstitious of the last, and even of the present, age have occasionally resorted to these relics for the cure of the king's evil." An objection has been taken to the watch alleged to have been given to Mr. Ashburnham, by reason of the absence of any proof that Mr. Ashburnham was near the king on the morning of the execution—certainly he was not upon the scaffold. The difficulty in the way of belief in many of the royal relics arises from the fact, that the owners will invariably maintain that they were given away by the king *on the scaffold*. The number of rings, watches, Bibles, and Prayer-books he is reputed to have carried with him to the block is quite remarkable; while according to the traditions of some antiquaries, he even took with him there backgammon, boards and sets of bed-hangings, and other articles quite as preposterous.

But the King had undoubtedly a great liking for watches and clockwork; and it is probable that many articles of this class, and at some time his property, though not in every case carried with him to the scaffold, are still extant. A ring-dial made for the King by one Delamain, a mathematician, is said to have been so highly esteemed by his Majesty that shortly before his execution he ordered it to be given to the Duke of York, with a book showing its use. In Sir Thomas Herbert's "Memoirs of the last two years of the reign of that unparalleled Prince of ever blessed memory, King Charles I." (1702), appears a particular account of the various gifts presented by the King immediately before his execution. His gold watch was confided to Herbert—who, with Bishop Juxon, was in almost sole attendance upon the King after his trial—to be delivered to the Duchess of Richmond. A small silver watch that hung by his bedside was carried by Herbert towards the place of execution. While passing through the garden into the park the King "asked Mr. Herbert the hour of the day, and taking the clock into his hand gave it to him, and said, 'Keep this in memory of me,' which Mr. Herbert kept to his dying day." This watch has descended as an heir-loom to William Townley Mitford, Esq. In Brayley and Brit-

ton's "Description of Cheshire" mention is made of another watch at Vale Royal, the residence of Lord Delamere, which it was stated had also belonged to King Charles, and was given by him to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold. This watch had come into the Cholmondeley family by an intermarriage with the Compeys of Overleigh, near Chester, who were related to the Juxon family.

The King's Prayer-book is now in the possession of the Evelyn family, of Wotton Park, near Dorking, descendants of the great John Evelyn. The royal Bible was given by the King to Sir Thomas Herbert. In the margin of the book "he had with his own hand written many annotations and quotations, and he charged that the same should be given to the Prince so soon as he returned." Herbert's account differs from the usual narrative, in which the Bible is bestowed by the King upon Bishop Juxon. In that prelate's hands he also deposited his George of the Order of the Garter, diamond and seals, to be transmitted to his eldest son. The word "Remember," was presumed to have reference to this charge. The Parliament, however, prohibited Juxon's so dealing with the George. A pearl which he always wore in his ear, as may be noticed in his portrait on horseback by Vandyck, was taken out after his death, and (in Walpole's time) was in the collection of the Duchess of Portland, attested by the handwriting of his daughter the Princess of Orange, and was given to the Earl of Portland by King William. In another account there is a little variation: "Charles wore pearl ear-rings, and the day before his execution took one of great value from his ear and gave it to Juxon, in charge for his daughter the Princess Royal."

Concerning the death of the King, Walpole records a note of some interest. The very day after the execution, a vote was passed: "That the Lord Grey be desired out of Haberdashers' Hall to dispose of one hundred pounds for the service of the Commonwealth, *as he shall think fit*: and that the committee of Haberdashers' Hall be required forthwith to pay the same to the said Lord Grey for that purpose." This order so covertly worded, argued Walpole, without any particular application, at the same time that the sum was small for any public service, joined to the circumstance of time and the known zeal of the paymaster, induced a suspicion that a reward for the executioner of the King was intended. "Mr. West has an authentic account of the execution, in which it is said that Richard Brandon, the executioner, having found in the King's pocket an orange stuck with cloves, was offered twenty shillings for it; which he

refused, but sold it for ten on his way home."

In a former number of ONCE A WEEK * certain notes were recorded, as to the probable executioner of the King. It may be interesting to add some further memoranda on the subject. The bulk of the evidence obtainable certainly points to Gregory Brandon (or *Richard* † Brandon; there seems some confusion about the Christian name), the common hangman of the time, as the man who, his face hidden by a vizor, struck the fatal blow. In "An exact and most impartial Account of the Indictment, Arraignment, Trial, and Judgment (according to Law) of Twenty-nine Regicides, &c." (1660), will be found the minutes of the trial and conviction of one "William Hulett, *alias* Howlett" of the charge. With what a reckless disregard of justice the trials of the regicides were carried on, it is not necessary now to state. On behalf of the prisoner Hulett, witnesses deposed, however, that the common hangman, *Richard* Brandon, had frequently confessed, though he had also denied, that *he* was guilty of the crime. One of the witnesses, William Cox, expressly states: "When my Lord Capell, Duke Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland were beheaded in the Palace Yard, in Westminster, my Lord Capell asked the common hangman, said he, 'Did you cut off my master's head?' 'Yes,' saith he. 'Where is the instrument that did it?' He then brought the axe. 'Is this the same axe?' 'Are you sure?' said my Lord. 'Yes, my Lord,' saith the hangman; 'I am very sure it is the same.' My Lord Capell took the axe and kissed it, and gave him five pieces of gold. I heard him say, 'Sirrah, wert thou not afraid?' Saith the hangman, 'They made me cut it off, and I had thirty pound for my pains.'"

This is a very circumstantial story, and would perhaps be deemed conclusive, but that the charge is continually recurring, and implicating other persons. The doubt and difficulty surrounding the case may have arisen in part from the circumstance, that upon the scaffold, at the time of the execution, there were *two* men in masks, though only one struck the blow; or may be due to that crazy passion for notoriety frequently manifesting itself in relation to any very famous offence, which induces innocent men to criminate themselves, and even willingly forfeit their lives to the law, in order to secure a certain wretched celebrity. Thus we learn in Mr.

Hunter's "History of Hallamshire," that one William Walker, who died in 1700, and to whose memory there was an inscribed brass plate in the parish church, had the reputation of being the executioner of Charles I. He had retired from political life at the Restoration to his native village, Darnall, near Sheffield, where he was stated to have made death-bed disclosures, avowing that he beheaded the king. It has been suggested that the tradition was due to the fact of the name of Walker (amongst many others) having occurred during the trials of the regicides as that of the real executioner.

In a letter preserved in the State Paper Office (says a correspondent of "Notes and Queries"), addressed to Secretary Bennet by Lord Ormonde and the Council of Ireland, and dated the 29th of April, 1663, their lordships request the secretary to move his Majesty that "Henry Porter, then known as Martial General Porter, standing charged as being the person by whose hand the head of our late Sovereign King Charles the First, of blessed memory, was cutt off, and now two years imprisoned in Dublin, should be brought to trial in England." But the further history of this charge has not been made public.

In March, 1772, an attempt was made by Mr. Montague, in the House of Commons, to repeal so much of the Act of 12th Charles II. c. 30, as related to the ordering the 30th of January to be kept as a day of fasting and humiliation. Mr. Montague declared his motive to be to abolish as much as he could any absurdity from Church as well as State. He said that he saw great and solid reasons for abolishing the observance of that day by the Church, and hoped he should not be deemed to be speaking too harshly if he should brand the prescribed service with the name of impiety, particularly in those parts where Charles I. is likened to the Saviour of mankind. On a division, there being for the motion 97, and against it 125, it was lost by a majority of 27.

The service therefore remained in the Book of Common Prayer as "appointed to be read in churches" until a royal warrant was issued, on the 17th of January, 1859, which abolished at once the services for King Charles's Martyrdom, the Gunpowder Treason, and the Restoration of King Charles II. It was, however, perceived that these services being appointed by Acts of Parliament, clergymen might feel embarrassed by the abolition being only the result of a royal warrant. A short Act of Parliament was therefore introduced and passed the same session, repealing the objectionable statutes. At the meeting of Convocation in

* See vol. xi. p. 14.

† In the Library of the British Museum is a tract purporting to be the "Confession of Richard Brandon the hangman concerning his beheading Charles the First (with Frontispiece) 1649." But the authenticity of this tract is open to question.

1857, Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, had expressed doubts as to the propriety in the present day of the services in question; and his views had been supported by Dr. Martin, Chancellor of the diocese of Exeter. In 1858 Lord Stanhope brought the matter before the House of Lords, moving an address to the Queen on the subject. It was then stated that great objection to the services prevailed, and that many clergymen, including the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, refused to read them, and already omitted them, without waiting for royal or parliamentary sanction to the course they adopted. Lord Stanhope was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Oxford, the Earl of Derby, and other Peers on both sides of the House. A similar address was voted by the House of Commons. Soon afterwards the 30th of January,—the Martyrdom of King Charles,—ceased to be observed by the church. DUTTON COOK.

CORFU AND ITS SPIDERS.

CORFU has always been an interesting place, conspicuous in ancient history, and a good central post for the modern sportsman.

In circumference it is about 120 miles, lying some ten or eleven miles from the mainland, west from Illyria. There are some very interesting remains of galley-sheds, still in existence on the mainland, which probably, in the old classical times, have housed many a fighting trireme, ready to be launched as soon as the Coreyreens, its old inhabitants, showed any symptoms of pugnacity or activity. Corfu was under the king of Naples, but A.D. 1336 the inhabitants yielded to the sway of the republic of Venice, and Ladislas, king of Naples, yielded all right to his possession about A.D. 1400 for the sum of 20,000 ducats; and a great acquisition it was for Venice, and most important as a check on the Mediterranean, for Corfu had some sixteen galleys, and became a little Gibraltar for them. The Turks tried for it in 1571, but failed; and when France in 1797 seized Venice she wanted sadly to bag the Ionian Islands as well, but the Vienna congress settled that Old England should be nominated Protector, and that duty she has performed, the last act being to remove her fortifications on the island, and hand it over to the present King of Greece.

The fortifications were of great strength, the Old Fort being situated on two points of rock, the interior cut away and perforated with all kinds of bastions, “à la Gib.” The New Fort is placed on the other side of the town, but its natural position is not so strong, being

commanded by a hill at the back, known as Mount Abraham. In these are stationed generally English forces, consisting of artillery, engineers, line, and sometimes militia regiments have been quartered, such as the Oxford Militia during the Crimean War, when our regular troops were required elsewhere; small detachments are posted on the various islands around, and altogether it is one of the most delightful stations one could be posted at away from the home circuit. For a sportsman it has special charms, as the distance to the mainland is small, and a short run across brings one to happy hunting grounds, and there an endless variety of “gibier,”—large and small, and from snipe to wild boars, from a cock sparrow to a chamois. Central as Corfu is, with its military and civil society, it is always lively and cheerful. Members of the R. Y. S. dropping in, and rowing on shore in their smart gigs, have often quiet days on shore; schooner yachts, cutters, yawls, with their awnings, the polacca, native-coasters, lie basking in the sun. The Xebecs, with their large lateens flapping lazily in the soft air, which seems to whisper gently that it is neither related to Rude Boreas nor the burning sirocco. The place itself, too, is so picturesque, with its old remains of a noble aqueduct, which passed from the back of the city to the port to supply fresh water to the galleys: now, instead of galleys, come the currant vessels,—fancy mince pies and no currants! so thanks to Corfu for supplying 50,000 cwt. annually of these dried grapes. How many an artillery officer has been comforted when leaving home, the white cliffs of Albion, and all its endearing associations by having his sport to look forward to. How he has looked over his tackle, double and sporting gear, if not too ill to care for anything, and counted on the snipe-ground, and feeling all the time that it was all bosh what people say in England about the Albanians taking pot shots at you from behind bushes and rocks when you make excursions on the mainland, so that they might make a practical bag of your double and ammunition. The fact is, that in foreign parts it is much the same as at home—one generally gets paid in the same coin which one circulates oneself; a kind word and good-heartedness “boil the peas in one's shoes” to a great extent, and the “barbarians” have a keen perception of character. They soon know how far they may go with their customer, and quickly sum up his softness or hardness, and his temper as well.

Many delightful excursions may be made inland, and I am only sorry there is not room in this short article for illustrations of incidents of sport, such, for instance, as wild boar adventures were. Two large pigs were galloping

along a narrow ledge on an immense façade of rock ; the first pig (shown hanging up in our engraving below, and weighing 300lbs.), was bowled over, and came tumbling, surrounded by a halo of loose stones ; piggy No. 2 fell by the same fate, but without rolling down the precipice. In this expedition the

Albanians were so delighted because my friend always wore a kilt, which imparted a "seigneuresque" character to the wearer, although the plain wool seemed very unassuming after the full, *outré* petticoat of the natives. The upper range of mountains, with their snow effects, the days after chamois, and the diffi-



culty of getting at them, the wild scenery they frequent, all should be described ; but whilst led away with the delights of the larger and more edible game, the poor spiders of the place are neglected, and awaiting our attention. So now for the Corfu spiders and their nests.

Their race generally in this country is especially associated with brooms and housemaids ;

and when we remorselessly sweep them away we little think of their delicate handiwork, and silken fibre and tissue, unless, perchance, we were struck some bright morning by the lovely net-work hanging on a gorse bush, and jewelled with dew or hoar frost. They are beautiful specimens for the microscope, and a most interesting work on their species as found in Great

Britain has been lately published by the Ray Society. In collecting specimens they should be laid out on cardboard, careful notice taken of the relative length of their legs, and each measured with great exactitude. The number of their eyes should be carefully noted, as spiders are divided into—No. 1, Octonoculina, or eight eyes; 2, Sexoculina, or six eyes; 3, Binoculina, two eyes; and the notes should distinguish them thus:—Their class, order, tribe family. The Octonoculina are the most extensive by far, the Binoculina the most limited. One great peculiarity of all spiders is the immense time they can remain without food, and who might almost be supposed to feed upon what would otherwise form their own web. As an instance of a "food abstinence spider," a specimen of a female spider known as "Theridion" was known to exist for a twelvemonth without food, being kept in a phial carefully corked.

When they are about to deposit eggs they generally spin silken cocoons for their reception. These vary greatly, not only in colour and strength, but in form, according to their species. In these cocoons the eggs are deposited, and they may be constantly seen in nooks of garden walls, under the eaves of houses, or in the corners of mouldings, and in rooms which have escaped the sweeping-brooms of the "Abigails."

Some spiders run readily on the water, and form an interesting class, some even being divers.

All spiders are supposed to be venomous, more or less, from the fact, which we have all noticed some time or other in our lives, that as soon as the victim, whether the fly, bluebottle, wasp, or insect, is caught in the web of the spider, down comes his majesty, and inflicts instant death; and yet the microscope has hitherto failed to discover any bag of venom, whence it could be supplied if the true verdict of the jury should be "Death from poison."

Our special friend, the Corfu spider, or Mason spider, as we will familiarly call him, belongs to the "Mygalidæ" family, one which includes the largest specimens known, and which are principally found in hot climates. One small specimen of this family only exists in England, but of this I am not sure. The largest specimen I have seen measures nearly five inches over, and seems a close relation to the crab. Some good specimens may be seen in the rich stores of the British Museum, the largest coming from the West Indies.

The Mygales are the most interesting creatures, and are called Mason spiders because they build their own houses in a very remarkable manner. We are indebted to a Monsieur Oudouin, who sings their praises, and claims a sort of superiority for the Mygale spider of

Corsica, which he calls the Mygale pionnière, or Mygale fodiens, or digging spider.

This individual seems armed with a sort of rake, consisting of five or six teeth, for earth-scratching, and he builds a cell in the ground, generally a sandy soil; and which reminds one very much of the sheath houses of the caddis-worms, which are so plentiful in some streams, especially chalk districts, and whose inhabitant at the proper time becomes a water-fly.

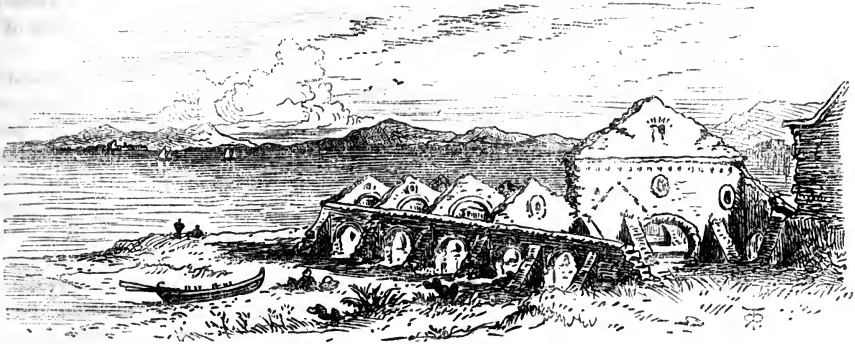
The Mygale nest varies much in size from one inch in length to three or four and even six or seven inches. In the West Indies, where the spiders are crab-like, the insects measure six inches over. One nest, especially mentioned and minutely described by Mr. Oudouin, was three inches and a quarter long and eight tenths of an inch wide. The nest, of cylindrical form, is made by boring into the earth; making his excavation, the next thing, having decided upon the dimensions of his habitation, is to furnish it, and most beautiful are his paperhangings. The whole of the interior is lined with the softest possible silk, a tissue which the "major domo" spins all over the apartment until it is padded to a sufficient thickness and made soft enough. Silk lining like this gives the idea of the Mygale having a luxurious turn. This done, and the interior finished, the Mygale shows his peculiarity by taking steps to keep out the οἱ πολλοὶ of intruders by making not only a door, and that self-closing, but a door with swinging hinge, and sometimes one at each end of his nest, which shows that he has a very good opinion of his own work within, and knows how to take care of it. But why is he so careful of his habitation? are spiders so hunted and persecuted by their fellows in hot climates? In this country we fancy that spiders are rather the terror of other creatures, the aggressors in fact. Surely Corfu spiders must be timid, for they not only have doors in their houses, but shut them, and when shut hold them tight, and very tight, and scratch over them to hide them when they go out for a stroll; the great wonder being how they ever find them again.

The French name for the Corfu spider is the Araignée maçonne, our name is Mygale nidulans (nest-making), Cænitzia nidulans, or Mygale cæmentaria; and not having met with any case where any one had seen the positive operation of making the door of these nests, I thought the details would be interesting, the more so as they corroborated pre-conceived ideas of their construction, and were noticed by a friend quartered at Corfu, who brought home the nest with him. The following is the description he gave me.

Lying out in one of the sandy plateaux

covered with olive groves with which Corfu abounds, enjoying his cigar and lounging about in the sandy soil, he came to a spider's nest. Examining it, he found the lid or door would not open, and seemed held firmly within

by the proprietor—as if Jack were at home, so he applied forthwith the leverage of a knife-blade, upon which the inmate retired to his inner chamber. The aggressor decided not to disturb him any more that day, but marking the



Ancient Galley Sheds, Corfu. See p. 274.

place—a most necessary thing to do,—thought he would explore further the next day, if fine.

Accordingly, the next day my friend called early, intending to take off the door and to watch the progress of restoration, and how it would be accomplished. After waiting a long time out came Monsieur Mygale, and looking carefully round, and finding all quiet, com-



menced operations by running his web backwards and forwards across the orifice of his nest, till there was a layer of silken web; upon this he ejected a glutine, over which he scratched the fine sand in the immediate neighbourhood of his nest; this done, he again set to work,—webbing, then glutine, sand; then again web, glutine, sand, about six times; this occupied in all about eight hours. But the puzzling part was that this time he was cementing and building himself out from his own mansion, when, to the astonishment and delight of his anxious looker-on, he began the finishing stroke by cutting and forming the door by fixing his hind legs in the centre of the new covering, and from these as a centre he began cutting with his jaws right through the door he had made, striking a clear circle round, and leaving

about one-eighth of the circumference as a hinge. This done, he lifted the door up and walked in. I then tried to open the door with a knife, but the insect pulled it tight from the inside. I therefore dug round him and took him off bodily—Mygale and nest complete. The hinge is most carefully and beautifully formed; and there appears to be an important object in view when the spider covers over the whole of the orifice, for immediately the door is raised it springs back as soon as released; and this is caused by the elasticity of the web on the hinge and the peculiar formation of the lid or door, which is made thicker on the lower side, so that its own weight helps it to be self-closing, and the rabbeting of the door is wonderfully surfaced. Bolts and Chub locks with a latch-key the Mygale family do not possess, but as a substitute the lower part of the door has clawholding holes, so that a bird's beak or other lever being used, Mons. Mygale holds on to the door by these, and with his legs against the sides of his house, offers immense resistance against all comers, and proves himself worthy not only of the naturalist but of the casual observer.



R. T. PRITCHETT.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

THERE are degrees in the arts which may be obtained without attendance at any university, passing any examination, or possessing any qualification beyond a fair amount of astuteness, and the capacity for invention. Such men have always prospered in every generation; at least, ever since the invention of printing, for a ballad in the Roxburgh Collection, which dates back almost to that period, describes many of the schemes by means of which the benevolent and unsuspecting were imposed upon. Before the introduction of the Poor Law, there were halcyon days for beggars, for they not only got an allowance from the parish, but made a very fair income by begging. It is true they were not licensed as they are in some countries,—as in Lisbon, for instance, where, under the protection of their brass badge, I have seen them invade every shop in a street, with all the boldness inspired by the knowledge that there was no Mendicity Society to vex them, nor policeman to make them move on. The evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons furnishes some very interesting information of the success with which they practised their profession. “They sometimes,” said a parish guardian, “collect as much as twenty shillings in a day, and there is a house in Whitechapel where they meet to enjoy themselves. Rumpsteaks and oyster sauce is no uncommon breakfast for them before going out to exercise their profession.” At this same house many a clever scheme has been planned for imposing on the public; and the plausible tales they tell would impose on the most suspicious alderman who ever earned a reputation for hard-heartedness by his efforts to protect the tender-hearted of both sexes from imposition. Here is a specimen of about as circumstantial a narrative as it would be possible to invent:—“I am the daughter of Mr. Davis, a Baptist minister at Reading. I formed a connection against the will of my parents; they talked to me, but my affections got the better of my judgment, and I married an apothecary, who became unfortunate in his business, and eventually a bankrupt. After this we came to London, and Mr. Sheriff Perring got my husband appointed purser in a man-of-war, and he was cut in two by a chain shot at Copenhagen. I was then pregnant, and was advised to go to the Lying-in Hospital, where I was admitted, and on leaving it, they advised me to go to the parish where I slept previous to my admission. I am going home to my father this evening. I read my sin in my punishment. I only want a trifle to get a

bed on the road: the waggoner will take me down, and whatever trifle you lend me, shall be remitted with many thanks by my father.” This tale was told with many tears to a parish guardian, a man who thought himself invulnerable in such matters, and drew from him ten shillings; to the great amusement of the begging fraternity, no doubt.

A custom of the rich London parishes at one time to farm out their poor, added considerably to the number of street beggars. The person who contracted to maintain them for seven or eight shillings a-week found it to his interest to let them out in the morning as early as they chose to go, and to stay out till it was so late that they could not with any decency ask for supper. He sometimes went beyond this, and gave them two shillings a-week to take themselves off to lodgings of their own, and only show in his house when the parish officers came to inspect them. Of course the establishment of Unions has put an end to the supply of beggars from this source, and the operation of the Police Act has also contributed to the removal from the streets of old hands. It may be doubted, however, whether the knowledge of this has not to some extent benefited those who still practise mendicancy, by raising the inference that they are really fit objects of compassion, who have been driven into the streets by absolute starvation, and who are only suffered to remain there because unknown to the police. This, however, is a mistake; the Police Act cannot prohibit a beggar from walking in the street, it only allows a policeman to apprehend any person found begging; and as these persons have a sharp eye for policemen, they generally contrive not to be caught in the act. As an almost invariable rule, it may be assumed that these people are impostors; at least, so the Mendicity Society tells us, and they have great knowledge of the subject, gained in the best possible school—experience.

The last Report published, not only tells us how we are imposed upon, a knowledge of which may save us something in future, but it gives us the satisfaction of seeing that a just retribution has overtaken many of those who have successfully imposed on us in the past.

In the year 1863 nine hundred and one vagrants were apprehended by the Society's officers, of whom half were convicted. Many of these were boys under fifteen years of age, who were the habitual associates of bad characters, and who in consequence of their apprehension have been sent to Reformatories. It must not be supposed that the Society merely performs the function of avenger of the charitable on impostors; it is indeed a kind of in-

insurance office for the benefit of those who desire to expend some portion of their means on the absolutely destitute. In return for a subscription the subscriber receives a certain number of tickets, which entitle the persons presenting them to one meal at least. Thus a charitable individual by carrying a supply of these in his pocket, is able to relieve a really destitute man or woman in the most effectual manner; the old hands having a decided objection to using them. There were altogether 45,477 meals given away by the Society during the year. The effect of the introduction of sewing-machines on the class of needlewomen has been disastrous, which is contrary to the general belief on the subject,—a belief arising, I may say in passing, out of statements made by the manufacturers of sewing-machines themselves.

For the detection of that numerous and industrious class who get their living by writing begging letters, a department has been added especially for the purpose of inquiring into the antecedents of these people. It seems that there are regular scribes for this kind of business, who not only get a fee for writing the letters, but a per-centage on the contributions elicited by them. These are the men who are so accustomed to this kind of composition that they can give the most pathetic aspect to a tale of woe, and throw something of a poetic haze over the details of misfortunes of a most homely character. The statements in the letters they write are not always false, but they are sure to be highly coloured, and there is a professional style about them easily recognised by those who have an opportunity of reading many of their productions. Sometimes the application purports to be from the churchwardens of a parish on behalf of a poor woman who has had twins, or it is from a lady who has seen better days and been reduced to great distress by the premature death of her husband.

Mary Jane W—— and Magdalen F——, the former the widow of an army surgeon, the latter of a private medical practitioner, are examples of this class, have had excellent opportunities of obtaining a respectable maintenance, but it is found that both are drunkards, constantly quarrelling with each other; while a son of the elder woman, who leads a dissolute life, and has forged the name of a former benefactor to a bill of exchange, shares the proceeds of their appeals to the benevolent.

Appeals purporting to be from clergymen are not always to be relied on. One of these which appeared in a newspaper, asking for aid for “the aged widow and daughter of a county

magistrate,” was an invention from beginning to end, and it is satisfactory to know that the reverend gentleman was caught at last and sent to prison for three months as a rogue and vagabond. Another appeal to the benevolent, which was made by a real clergyman, was written by a man altogether unworthy of being assisted by the charitable. There is no tale so truthful in appearance as that invented for fraudulent purposes. Beware of the woman-servant who has come to London to get a situation, who has been taken ill, obliged to pledge her clothes, and who has now got a situation but cannot go to it unless a kind friend will make her a present of a few shillings to redeem a portion of them. Another woman went about with a petition, purporting to be signed by the vestry clerk of Fulham, and backed by a letter from a clergyman guaranteeing the statements it contained, which described the sad condition to which Mrs. Brown, a laundress, was reduced in consequence of her horse taking fright at a railway train, throwing her only son out of the cart (by which he was so much hurt that his life was despaired of), and damaging itself to such an extent that it had to be killed, by which misfortune she, the above-mentioned Mrs. Brown, lost 40*l.* The Rev. L. J. L. is something worse than the ordinary begging-letter writer, though he is not exactly an impostor so far as the title is concerned. Another, J. R., based his claim for assistance on the ground of his being a lecturer and author on agricultural subjects. On inquiry, it turned out that his interest in agriculture was in getting orders for manures, and his lectures appeals to those who dined at the same table at the inn where he chanced to be staying, and that he was a swindler in partnership with two of his sons. Another person has hit upon an expedient for raising money by copying the list at the General Post Office of the letters insufficiently addressed, and then writing to persons of the same name, telling them their address is wanted, and founding thereon a claim for remuneration or charitable assistance.

There is, in short, no conceivable misfortune which does not form the subject of begging letters and advertisements headed, “To the Charitable,” or “To the Benevolent and Affluent,” “To the Humane and Benevolent,” “To those who can Feel for the Sick and Hungry,” “To those who will Lend unto the Lord,” “Awful Distress of a Clergyman’s Daughter,” “Sad Reverse of Fortune,” “Literally Starving,” “An Urgent Appeal,” and so forth. Viscount Percy Vernon de Montgomery is an author in difficulties, who intreats you to send a few shillings for a copy of one

of his works : or, if you prefer it, he will be equally obliged if you will lend him 10*l.* for a short time. The title he has chosen wants an air of reality, but is the kind of thing one is not surprised at a tailor assuming, which is what he really is by trade, or ought to have been if he had followed his father's business, as he was desired to do.

Here is another way in which the feelings of the charitable are worked upon, and which I do not think is generally known. A fellow takes up his position on or near the edge of the Serpentine, with a dog, a piece of cord, and a brick. When he sees a likely person approaching, he makes a great display of tying the cord round the brick, and begins to call the dog, who is either a willing accomplice, or as well able to divine that these preparations bode him no good as Bill Sykes's dog. When the individual or individuals he wishes to impose upon are quite close, he contrives by an observation addressed to the animal to let them know that he is extremely sorry to have to inflict death on the faithful creature. The chances are a hundred to one that some of the persons for whom the remark was really intended, stop and ask him why he is going to drown the dog. Then he tells them that he cannot afford to keep the poor thing ; that nobody would buy such an animal—which is confirmed by the animal's appearance—but that if he had a shilling to pay the fare of an omnibus to and from Islington, he would take it to the dog's home there. It would be a great loss of time to him, but he would not mind that, for he had only picked the dog up in the street himself, because it followed him and was starving. Is there any lady—or man either, for that matter—who would not, under these circumstances, spend a shilling in the performance of a humane action ? And I fancy that somebody else usually adds a sixpence to compensate him for his loss of time in going so far to do that which, after all, is a consequence of his too great humanity ; whereas he might, as these benevolent persons think, have driven the starving creature away, as they cannot help admitting to themselves they would have done.

Another ingenious fraud, to which I myself once became a victim, and which has been repeatedly tried on me since, is practised by a stout elderly Frenchman. I think his plan is to *exploiter* a certain district, and when he has worked this until he gets too well known, he betakes himself to another. I imagine this, because I met him repeatedly between Victoria Square and Buckingham Palace ; and I have since been addressed by him once within the last two or three weeks, and have seen

him more frequently close to the Metropolitan Railway Station in Farringdon Street. His mode of proceeding is this. He walks up to you with an old two-sous piece in his hand, and in the tone of a person who is merely asking a question, he requests, in the French language, *monsieur* or *madame*, as the case may be, to direct him to a money-changer's. As his request is certain to be listened to by those who don't know him, and the probability being that the person addressed cannot give him the information, the usual result, I take it, is the transfer of whatever copper coins he may chance to have in his pocket to the penniless foreigner, who takes care to back his application with a pitiful tale of distress. It might be supposed that as he speaks only French, the persons he is able to impose upon must be limited in number ; but this is not the case, as I imagine anybody, even if his knowledge of that language does not extend beyond *Hé, Lambert!* would find no difficulty in comprehending what was meant if he had a two-sous piece held before his eyes by a stout party who lays particular emphasis on the words, "change des monnaies."

J. F. de R. is another foreigner who claims to be the author of a book, which he urges the benevolent to buy. The tale of distress he tells is no doubt often successful, but a man who, like him, has an income of 60*l.* a year can hardly be a fit object of charity. Lastly, there is a regular gang of foreigners who go to houses with a piece of paper on which is written "Please direct the bearer to some one who speaks French,"—or, "The bearer is a Swiss manufacturing chemist ; he would feel obliged by your speaking to him in French, or directing him to some person who can speak that language." If the bearer takes nothing by his application, it is because there are no coats or umbrellas in the hall.

How to deal with beggars is a question which is receiving great attention, but the settlement of which is surrounded with difficulties, and no solution has been proposed which is not open to objections. The most likely method of preventing the deaths of individuals from actual starvation would be to extend the system of the Mendicity Society ; that would at least enable every person in need of a meal to obtain it for the asking, and it would be only just to the labouring class that from every such person a certain amount of work should be exacted, when he is capable of performing it. No obstacle or formality whatever should be placed in the way of the applicant, and the meal should be given freely to all who asked for it.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXX. SYDNEY'S SURMISES.

MISS SCOTT was sorely distraught both in manner and mind, for all her normal steadiness and self-possession, and for all her experience of this species of light skirmishing, till she could get Theo alone, and relieve her feelings by speech.

"He never hinted to me that he was there last night," she began, "those old cats of aunts of his watch him so closely."

Theo felt herself to be the meanest of all impostors, knowing so well as she did the one who had been "there" last night. For an instant she felt tempted to make a clean breast of it: the next instant she felt tempted to do nothing of the kind.

"It's useless mincing the matter," Sydney went on (there was this great bliss in conversing with her, she never waited for your answers)—"it's useless mincing the matter; he's immensely fond of me, I can see that; and I have never made a mistake yet," she continued, with a large air of experience, so large an air in fact that it might have been gained from the passionate and apparent attachment of the whole army, nothing less. "If he does not know his own mind before I go, though, I can't be expected to wait till he does, can I?"

This was a downright question; besides, Miss Scott had to pause for more breath; therefore Theo said, "certainly not."

"Certainly not," Sydney repeated after her, with a mocking emphasis; "you're like every other girl in the world, ready to agree to anything that one doesn't want you to agree to; I didn't expect spite from you, Theo."

"You will never get it either. I am not quite sure what I ought to say to you about Frank Burgoyne; if I only knew what to say, I'm sure I'd say it."

"You're very kind, uncommonly kind; now, Theo, have I ever come in your way? I ask you, have I ever taken away one of your gentlemen?"

Theo laughed. "I never had any in my possession to be taken away."

"Then you *can't* be jealous of me."

"I am not indeed," Theo replied heartily.

"Ah! I'm delighted at that," Sydney said, in a tone in which disappointment would make itself heard. "I'm delighted at that; there is nothing that would be so odious to me as the idea of making anyone jealous of me. I couldn't bear it; oh! I wouldn't do it, not on

any account, if I could help it. I have done it sometimes unconsciously, for men *will* like me, you know; of course that's pleasant, but the other is horrible, isn't it?"

"Very pleasant—I mean very horrible; oh, yes, I quite agree with you."

"I can see Mrs. Galton hates me," Sydney said, letting her hair down before the glass, and trying the effect of a different arrangement. It was always gratifying to Miss Scott to think that Mrs. or Miss anybody else hated her.

"Why should she hate you?" Theo asked.

"That's what I say to myself!—why should she? But she *does*, anyone can see with half a glance. I'm not going to be put down by Mrs. Galton, though: she could have slain me to-day when he handed me the butter at luncheon."

"You don't suppose she wanted all the butter, do you?" Theo asked, laughing.

"No, it wasn't that; she didn't like to see Frank paying me so much attention. The butter indeed! how absurd you are, Theo! You must have seen her look. Ouf! she glared like a pretty-faced cat; I'm sure, though, there ought to be no question of cutting out in the matter; *she* is a married woman, and I have never attempted to cut her out."

Theo tried very hard to interest herself in Sydney's surmises. It seemed ill-natured not to do so. Theo had perfectly recovered the little sore feeling that came over her on that first day when Frank Burgoyne had paused on his path to her to provide nuts for Miss Scott.

"Then you really feel that he likes you, dear, and you are sure you like him?" she said, sympathetically. Sydney, however, was not one to care for the tone sympathetic,—it threw too serious a hue over all things.

"Oh! I don't know about 'really feeling' and 'being sure;' how can one be sure of anything, especially when a man is hedged in between a lot of old aunts?"

"It is ridiculous to speak of the Burgoynes in that way; Ethel is very little older than we are, if she is at all."

"I don't want to say a word against them, only I hate being watched and glared at as if I were the most outrageous flirt in the universe." Sydney fervently prayed at this juncture that Theo might say she "thought she was;" but Theo neither thought nor said it. Her friend's ambition had not been fully

fathomed by her yet, and even had it been Theo Lough was too conscientious to gratify it.

"Did they glare at you too? I thought Mrs. Galton did the glaring? And all this fierceness was thrown away upon me; I wish I had seen it, Sydney."

"I wish you had, because it is great fun to see a lot of women spiteful to choking point, and unable to help themselves; Frank would go on, you know."

"Go on what?—handing you the butter?"

"Paying me attention generally, Theo," Sydney replied loftily. "If you didn't see it for yourself, I am not the one to tell you about it. I detest talking about myself. What shall you wear to-morrow? I shall be pale, and go in pink."

"You will be pale."

"Yes; I turn very pale at night if I am at all thoughtful, and I shall be thoughtful to-morrow," Sydney replied, deciding on her rôle for the morrow with the gravity of a judge; "and one white flower in my hair: bother this sudden move of going back to Bretford just as I have got used to all your aunt's vagaries!"

"I am sure my aunt would be glad to keep you longer, if you'll stay. I must go back with my father; he wants me, and I want him. I have been away from him too long already," she continued sadly.

"Then of course you must go; and it won't matter whether you do or not if Frank proposes to me, for then I can go and stay at Maddington," Sydney replied, suffering her selfishness to crop out in the frankest manner; "and if he doesn't, why then the sooner I get away the better, for I should be bored out of my life here: isn't mine a charming philosophy?"

"Very charming indeed,—what there is of it; the philosophical portion of your speech was microscopic, though."

"Perhaps you will like the philosophy of the one I am about to make better. I always make the best of things; I shall make the best of my house when I've one of my own, by having you there as much as possible. That's rather a pretty speech from one woman to another now! I wouldn't say it to any other girl in the world than you, Theo," Sydney said brightly, in blest oblivion of the scores of school companions and friends of later days to whom in moments of confidence the like speeches had been made by her.

"Very pretty indeed, and very nice of you; if you could mention at once in what direction your house is likely to be I could take a yearly ticket on that line, and so be in a position to run down to you often," Theo said, smiling.

"Rather witty, and more than rather vicious," Sydney replied coolly. "Well, women are all alike! even you have the taint, Theo; you're a wee bit, I won't say 'annoyed,' but 'astonished' at my being so liked. Shall I wear my hair turned back or over my forehead to-morrow night?"

"You look very well with it either way."

"Do I really now," Sydney exclaimed with the freshest delight; "no one is less conceited than I am; I never thought myself pretty for a minute in my life; I wonder other people do, don't you?"

"Think you pretty?—yes."

"No: wonder at other people thinking me so; they say they think me so at least. I don't believe them. Of course I know that I am not hideous, but then my mouth is wide, you know (don't you hate a button-mouth? I do), and my nose isn't quite straight, and, as Hargrave says, I have ever so much more mind in my forehead than any Greek statue that was ever chiselled."

"I agree with Mr. Hargrave; and your nose is nicer than any stupid straight one."

"Oh, you're delicious, Theo! you're not a bit like other girls, making people uncomfortable whenever they can. I think you charming, and I don't mind telling you so; but then I very seldom meet with anyone, like myself and you, who is equally open and above any little paltry jealousy." Sydney pranced about the room as she spoke, with her head aloft and her face flushed with excitement. The sound of her own praises was to her as the smell of powder to the young war-horse.

"Hargrave, you must know, Theo, abominates anything statuesque in real life, and his taste is perfect,—oh! perfect. He always says, 'Fancy waltzing with the Venus of Milo, or having a Juno to pour out your tea.'"

"No, I can't fancy his doing the one with the Venus, or Juno doing the other for him," Theo replied, laughing as a vision of the crisp carrotty locks, and the stiffly-carried head which surmounted the well set-up form of the gallant young officer rose up before her. "It's quite a treat to hear you speak of Hargrave though, Sydney; he has been absent from your conversation for a long time."

"He has; not only absent from my conversation, but from the country; he is in Dublin now, going to Lords-Lieutenant's balls, and flirting with Irish girls, probably. He was very nice, though," she continued seriously, "so nice that I should not wonder, dear, at your falling in love with him if you saw much of him. When I have a house of my own you shall see a good deal of him; he will be safe to like a friend of mine."

"Poor Hargrave! if he could hear you, how gratified he would be; can't you let him manage matters for himself for the future?"

"Theo, I only meant it kindly towards you," Sydney replied, with severe gravity. "I should not benefit by it at all, further than the benefit it would be to me to see two people of whom I am fond—yes, very fond—happy together."

Theo looked at her wonderingly. "She really believes herself for the moment," Miss Leigh thought; "she plays so many little harmless parts, and rushes into them all with such spirit, that she really believes herself; she is quite exalted now."

Presently Sydney came down from her temporary pedestal, and resumed the manner of every-day life.

"I won't be so selfish as to keep you here talking any longer, dear, for I'm so sleepy that I can hardly keep my eyes open, and if I don't go to bed now they will be heavy to-morrow with too late sleep. Now go, I won't be selfish enough to keep you a minute longer. Good night,—and, Theo dear, if you do see Ann, tell her I'd like some biscuits and a glass of sherry. I'm tired."

That evening, while Theo had been sitting, listening to her friend's frivolous surmises, Harold Ffrench had received a telegram, and had started off at once in what appeared to the Burgoynes a most extraordinary state of excitement as an answer to it. "I have received news from town which will take me away by the next train," he said to Lord Lesborough in a broken, altered voice; and when Lord Lesborough said, "Dear me, no bad news I hope, my dear Harold," he could only say in a bewildered manner that he "did not know yet."

Nor did he, in truth. Once before he had received a somewhat similar telegram, and he had acted upon the supposition of its truth, to his own lasting remorse, and Theo's lasting sorrow, he feared. The former telegram had told him of the death of his wife, this one which he now held in his hand told him that she was dying.

He dared not believe it, he endeavoured not to hope that it was true. And he failed! From the bottom of his heart there rose up a big prayer that would be prayed—a prayer that, fervent as it was, mingled itself with the gurgling of waters, with the sound of the soft Greek tongue, with the noise of a cry that had burst from his soul through his lips years, years ago, when a veil had been torn down by a mistakenly impassioned hand.

If that prayer were realised! if that prayer were only realised! "My God!" he thought,

"what a vista opens before me, for the girl loves me still."

He went off, and took his ticket, and wrapped himself up in a corner in his railway rug, just as though his journey were one of the common-place things towards a common-place goal which men take every day. Went off and took his ticket, and started on the journey towards death and liberty about the same time that Theo was hearing that Sydney would wear pink and be pale on the following day, and praying God to give her grace to bring sunshine on her father's heart once more, if it might be that the option of doing so should be offered her.

It was in the dull grey morning that the train by which he was travelling reached the London terminus. The out-look over the house-tops of that east-end district, that he had had as the carriages crept slowly home, was a disheartening one. All was murky and cheerless, cold, ugly, raw, and uncomfortable that morning in the world (so much of it as he could see) and in his own heart.

Life was not up and doing in the home-steads of that business locality yet, save in a few instances. Still looking at those houses over which hung that deep air of all being at a standstill within, which marks the exterior of the abode where all are sleeping; looking at these houses, steeped in quiet as they were, gave him no sense of rest, no respite from that soul-fatigue which was bowing him down. He called to mind—the carriages the while lazily creeping home—early hours that he had known in other scenes, when his heart had been hotter than now it was, and sorrow and waiting had been harder things to endure. Hours when the night, the dark gloomy night, had merged into a clear, grey, bright childhood of young morn, that found him standing on some hill, perhaps, at the foot of which a village wrapped in slumbers lay. Hours which had brightened imperceptibly, and brought a certain soft peace to his soul as the greyish tints grew warmer, and a little shade of pink came over the east, and blushed away the mists in a way that made him know that hour to be the maidenhood of day. Hours when life, the sleeping life around him, had wakened up, thrilled into being as it seemed by that blush, when action had resumed its sway, and rest had been rather softly laid aside than broken rudely. Such hours he had known often:—how often!—and he passed many of them in review before him as the train crept slowly home over the summits of sordid-looking houses, which in their grim repose gave him no sense of rest, but only of stagnation.

There was an hour in his past that was

given back to him more vividly than the others which he remembered. Memory has an artist's hand very often; she photographs a "something," and then touches it deftly with gorgeous tints, with tender accuracy, with loving skill. She brought him back such an hour now: she touched it in such a way: she galvanized that golden hour from the past!—between the taking of the tickets and the final stopping of the train.

This was the scene, bereft of the tints by which memory enriched it: this was the hour, devoid of the colour and glow!

He was a boy! Not that, for the law allowed him just three days ago the honours and dignity of manhood; but a boy in heart and feeling, though his years were twenty-one. A great indignant cry, followed up by cantos of melodious strains, had throbbled over from the land of classic story, to the university at which he had been studying. The time for doing this was over now (at the hour I speak of), and he was on his way to "Greece and the struggle for liberty;" that was all, he thought. In reality he was hastening forward to the worst of bondage and slavery.

There was with him one who had been his sworn friend and comrade through numerous school-boy joys and sorrows, through various college difficulties, through so much of the weal and woe of life as either of them had yet known. A sharp, brilliant young fellow, this latter, a year or two older than Harold; a man with a limitless faith in himself, and that which he was destined to achieve; likewise with a limitless faith in the folly or the vice of the rest of the world.

Such the *dramatis personæ*. The scene was the deck of the yacht. Time, that moment when the purple-pink hue broke over the brow of the morning, and blushed away the mists that had prevailed before.

They were on deck together. Harold, then the more active, as he was ever the more impassioned, of the two, was leaning over the bulwark, looking eagerly along towards the east, gazing with his soul in his eyes at the first sign of the sun-burst which should presently flake the sea, flood the scene with living gold. The other man, his friend, was lying down by his side, and both were silent, and the heart of one (of the one who now recalled that hour) was very full of the glory of the world God has made, and of faith in the goodness of the creatures He has placed in it.

Well! that hour and its illusions were long past; nothing was left to him now, save the memory of it.

The train stopped: even that memory was gone.

He stepped out on the platform shiveringly, and looked round for a porter to fetch him a cab, while he endeavoured to get himself a cup of coffee. As he did so, a man rushed past him from a carriage that was farther back than the one he had occupied—a man whose gait and figure he seemed to know. But he did not pause to think more about the man, whose face he had not seen. The atmosphere was cloudy even under shelter on that chill foggy morning, and his mind was troubled about matters so important that they had the power to cast out all thoughts of possible acquaintances.

He had to take a long dreary drive through a wretched part of London, and then another train for a short distance in order to reach the suburb where lived the woman, if still she lived, who was his wife. As fate would have it, the sole cab that could be found for him was a four-wheeled one, drawn by a horse about which there could be no manner of doubt. A horse whose head was so low in the world, and whose knees were so hopelessly broken and swollen, would be safe to miss every train his unhappy "fare" might be desirous to save. However, there was no other cab to be taken, so he took this, and went away at an excruciating jog-trot that was worse than a walk, inasmuch as it was no faster, and jolted him more severely.

Huge drays lumbered up at every corner to obstruct him, gigantic loads of cabbages perpetually blocked the way, the earliest of all butcher's-boys locked his wheel in a fast embrace, and then swore at his well-meaning but unquestionably irritating driver for full five minutes. He was taken down a very "short cut," and when at the extreme end he was ignominiously draughted back again, because the "road was up." The horse grew lamer every minute, the driver more considerate to that luckless quadruped. The busy stream of life poured faster and faster through the streets every instant. London had shaken off slumber as far as his eye could penetrate, and every one was going the usual pace but himself.

Delay was awful to endure; he had never known aught so slow as this progress he was making, save a day's old Times or an evening party. Delay was maddening, for she who had injured him so might die deeming him cruel at the last.

He would get out and walk; he would hail the first hansom. This was a good thought, a bright thought; it irradiated two long streets in the which no hansom could be found. They either did not grow in those regions, or at that hour; anyway he could not see one, look out of which window he would.

He gained the station from which he had to take the train for a short distance at last, and then he found that the train he had hoped to catch was gone, but that in half an hour there would be another; so there was more waiting to be done. More waiting, and more writhing under the consciousness that he might stab at the last, the solemn "last," and be misjudged.

That half-hour passed, the brief journey was over soon, and at the station at which he alighted he found a hansom and a horse that was not lame. The day was clear and bright now, well on her way to her first grand junction, the breakfast-hour of the great majority. But his spirits and his brow could not clear and brighten in company with her. He was afraid to think or hope in fact, and he could not help doing both.

A sharp drive through a street or two of houses, which you cannot pass without marveling who on earth can live in them, they are so devoid of all purpose in point of architecture, so guileless of design in their turrets, which are far too tiny for anyone to harbour the thought for an instant that a room lives inside those symmetrically arranged bricks,—up a stupendous hill that rises right away out of these streets in a way that suggests to you that if ever you have a spite against the denizens of these latter you can go up there with a proper apparatus and pour a sufficient quantity of molten lead upon their dwellings with extraordinary effect,—and then across a common, the last thing between himself and those abodes of pretentious suburban bliss, in one of which he was going to meet his wife.

We have seen this man only as a lover, as Theo Leigh's lover, heretofore; we shall now see a little of him as a husband.

The garden gate of the "villa residence" where she who had borne his name, and had the power to keep that name sacred or to dishonour it as the case might be, had lived, stood open when he reached it, and on the gravel path that led up to the door there were the marks of a pair of wheels, double marks,—they had been, and they had returned. He saw them without remarking them, and his own hansom wheels crushed these previous ones out with speed as he dashed up to the door.

The door was opened to him in a second by a pallid boy, whose trembling fingers had refused to adjust his jacket round his young person with that perfect propriety which it is the ambition of a "Buttons" to achieve. Harold Ffrench stepped over the threshold, through the portiere, into a carpeted hall,—out of the fresh, clear winter air into an atmosphere that was made up, God knows of what! There was

an unearthly sweetness, a languid fragrance about it that he had never met with before.

He went on, he had not seen her for years; he went on, knowing now that she was dying.

The door of a room was open opposite to the head of the flight of stairs by which he ascended to look his last upon her. He went through it, and then he paused for a minute, and, with his head bowed upon his hands, prayed for strength to bear whatever he might see, whatever he might hear. Then very reverentially he approached the couch shrouded by silken curtains on which lay that the existence of which had clouded Theo Leigh's life; approached it at the signal of a man who rose from his knees at her side—a priest of her own faith, of the Greek Church, to which she had returned of late years: and so, after long years, once more he looked on the face of his wife.

(To be continued.)

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BLOCK OF COAL.

CHAPTER I. MY ANCESTORS.

THE wind is howling dismally, the rain is pattering against the window, and I am sitting by the fire after dinner, in the very plenitude of snugness, with my favourite book, my favourite chair, my well-accustomed pipe, and my spaniel snoring at my feet. I have tapped my second glass of port, and having found my place, prepare to read. I believe I do read; but somehow the intense snugness of the whole thing overpowers me, and while fancying I am following the words, I am really looking over the book and into the fire. Possibly I am in the incipient stage of going to sleep, and the only thing that keeps me from it is a habit that I have of finding out likenesses in everything. If I am ill in bed, I torment myself with the likenesses in the bed-room paper, peopling it, if the pattern is ugly, with the faces of the persons that I dislike; and now that I am neither ill nor uncomfortable, but only sleepy, I am finding faces in the fire. However, I need not go far to find them, for there is one face that has been pertinaciously staring at me for several nights together, and to night in particular it has been looking so knowing, that I cannot help fancying that it wants to talk to me.

I suppose I must have spoken my thoughts, for I was considerably startled by hearing a voice, as if in answer, "So I do, and I am much obliged to you for breaking the ice."

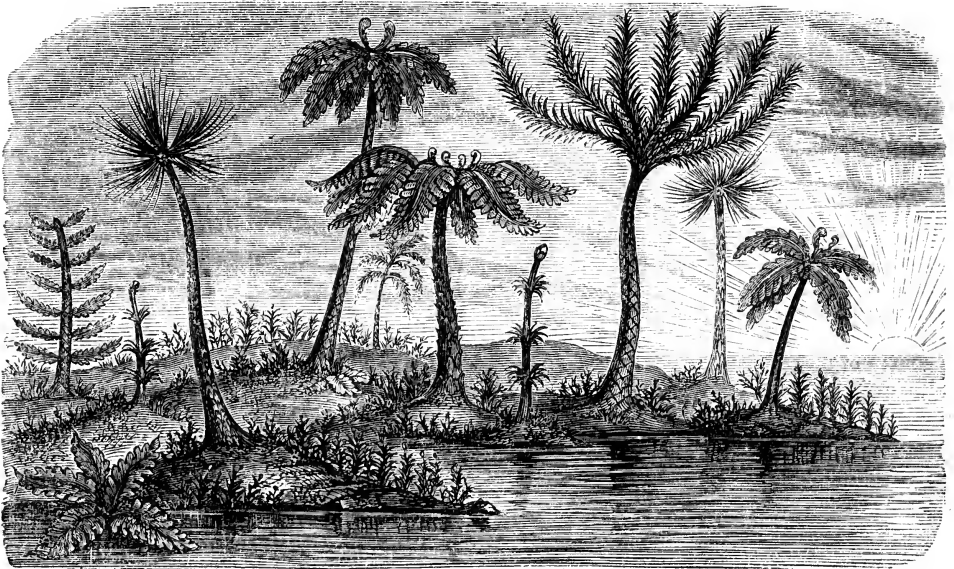
The bare mention of the latter made me shiver, upon which my friend in the fire, giving an encouraging little blaze, proceeded to remark that he entertained a warm affection for me,

and seeing that I was not inclined to read, proposed to tell me some of the principal events of his life. I presume I must have nodded assent, for he briskly added—"Well, then, order me a fresh lot of small, and I will fire away."

"I cannot exactly remember," he went on to say, "how I was formed, except from tradition—but as the members of our family (and it is a very large one, for I have relations in Staffordshire, Lancashire, South Wales, Newcastle, Scotland, and indeed in most parts of the country) are pretty well agreed upon the point, I may take it for granted that the account is tolerably correct. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that the ancestors of myself, and all my kith and kin,

were trees—nothing more nor less than stems and leaves, which the rays of the sun had ripened and made green, and it almost makes me believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis, to find myself giving out that heat which the rays of the sun stored up in the leaves of my forefathers—so much so, that a celebrated engineer, George Stephenson by name, actually called us "bottled sunshine." If you don't believe it, examine me closely through a microscope when I have finished giving out my heat and become a cinder, and you will find, by treating me with nitric acid in a particular way, not only the structure of the tree, but will also be able to tell from what particular class of a tree I descended.

It is agreed on all sides that this family



Ideal Restoration of Ancient Coal Forest.

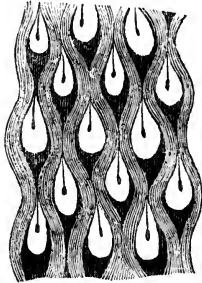
forest was a very peculiar race of trees, and grew in a peculiar manner. Some have thought that I was formed by the accumulation of a large thickness of vegetable *débris*, which had drifted down from the higher grounds in floods and inundations; but the most recent opinion is, that our ancestral trees grew fringing the margin of the coast so closely, that their roots were actually in the salt water.

Picture to yourself a large basin of shallow salt water, such as might be formed by a "lagoon" of the present day; or a coast line indented with a succession of these lagoons. The ground rises inland, with very gentle elevation; so much so, that an unusually high tide breaks through its barrier, and converts the whole country for many miles into a vast

swamp. On every side, far as the eye can reach, is a vast forest of quick-growing tropical trees and plants, some of them actually growing as it were out of the salt water; and those in the interior form the bogs and swamps with which the surface is covered.

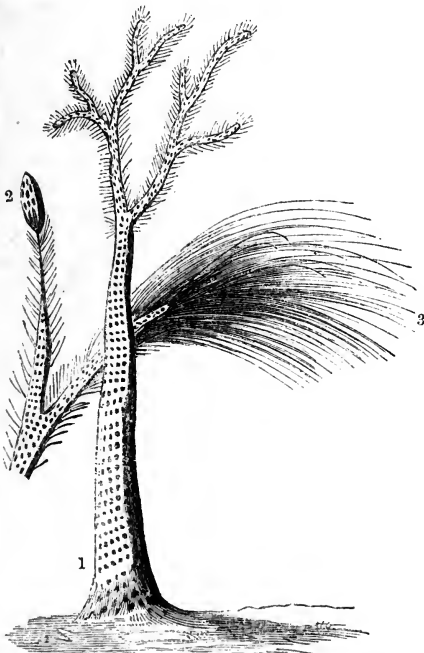
Between the trunks of the trees, which are lofty and of strange form, both in stem and leaves, the ground is obscured by thick groves of ferns, thus adding to the decaying vegetation and the rank fertility of the scene. The silence is intense, and naught is heard of that fulness of animal life which makes your tropical forests of the present day so noisy and discordant; nothing but the frequent dropping of a trunk as it has come to maturity, withered, and died, breaks the frightful still-

ness of the scene. Even the atmosphere is not such as you enjoy, but was warm and moist, such as you have in your forcing houses, and so unfitted for animal life that tradition has not handed down to us accounts of any animals having ever been known to have



Pattern of Scales on Bark of Lepidodendron.—Nat. size.

lived at that time, save and except a few, very few, dragon-flies, still fewer air-breathing kinds of lizards, and some shells and fishes. This is the more curious, as in the era before and the era after the coal, animals were very

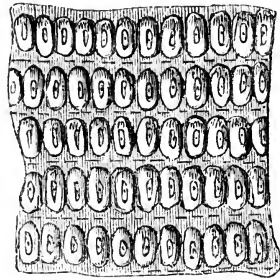


1. Lepidodendron stem. 2. Fruit (called Lepidostrobus. 3. Flower of Lepidodendron.

abundant, and assumed extraordinary dimensions. I like to look back in thought on those wonderful forests, and those uncanny shapes, and have so often heard from members of my family some of their principal features described, that I seem to see them standing

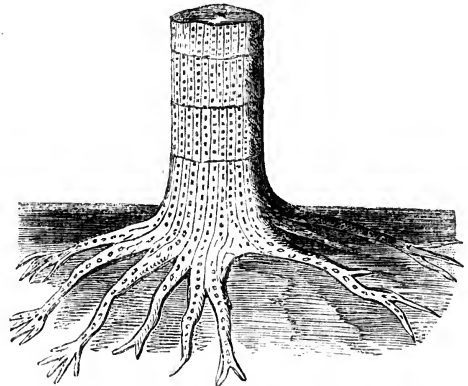
before me. There was the Lepidodendron, or scale tree, because the markings on the bark resemble so many scales. This must have been of a considerable height, for my relations at Jarrow, in the Newcastle coalfield, possessed one forty feet long. It had a very curious bark, with most regular markings, which get gradually smaller as they got nearer the top, which, by the way, was fringed with short feathered spikes. Indeed, I am of opinion that in its natural state the spikes grew from the very base of the tree, and that the singular scale markings were caused by the shedding of these spikes as the tree grew old.

Another tree, and indeed the most common



Bark of Sigillaria.—Nat. size.

one, was the Sigillaria, which, though not so tall as the Lepidodendron, had its stem marked in a regular pattern, which gave its name, "sigillum," a seal. There were great variety of patterns of this bark, upwards of fifteen



Base of Sigillaria Tree, with Stigmara roots attached.

having been found in a fossil state in England alone, and the one most frequently found and the prettiest is that known as *Sigillaria elegans*. The most interesting feature, however, in the Sigillaria is the fact that, whereas most of these ancient trees have only been found in fragments, which have been reconciled and put together by the skill of your geologists,

this latter tree has been frequently found in different coalfields in exactly the same position as when it grew, with roots and all firmly remaining in what was once the soil, and what has since become the bottom of the coal-seam, which miners call the underclay. Now this underclay is found under every seam of coal, and was noticed to contain almost invariably a matted and tangled mass of roots and leaves (fossil), permeating the clay in every direction. Geologists could not make it out, until at last a very clever man, Mr. (now Sir William) Logan, when pursuing investigations amongst my relatives in South Wales, found out that no coal-seam existed without the underclay, and came to the conclusion that it was once the soil in which the *Sigillaria* lived, a discovery followed up by another that these roots and fibres were the roots of the *Sigillaria*, which for many years had been called *Stigmalaria*, and was thought to be a plant of itself.* Since then the trees have been seen *in situ*, with the *Stigmalian* roots attached; so that I and all related to me have really to thank Sir William Logan for a very desirable addition to our pedigree; for it rather reflected upon us, having an ancestor at our very feet, and not knowing anything about him. Perhaps you would be good enough to reach the scuttle, and give me another dose of small, before I go on to tell you some more about our reeds and ferns.

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

OLD LACE.

"Our English dames are much given to the wearing of costly laces, and if they be brought from Italy, they are in great esteem."—BACON.

THERE is something fascinating in the very name of lace—old point lace. How the words conjure up floating visions of ancient beauties, arrayed in all the glory of their mediæval magnificence—old lace, either fairy-like and filmy in texture, or heavy with the marvellous wealth of patient needlework bestowed on each spray. Who does not look on it as fabulous in price, and utterly mysterious in manufacture? Our ancestors loved and valued it far more than we do,—they made inventories of it, and handed it down from one generation to another among the family heirlooms. An Italian lady of the present day parts with her lace only when in the most dire extremity. Its possession gives her a social status; and many a Signora whose poverty prevents her keeping any indoor servant, who sweeps her room and opens her

door herself, appears at a ball in a flounce whose money value would keep her whole family for months. How the great painters of old luxuriated in its creamy colour, and lingered lovingly over its mazy designs! They did not disdain sometimes to furnish those designs themselves, and to this day various kinds of lace are known by the names of those artists who introduced them most often into their pictures. Did not the brother of Titian write dedicatory sonnets to certain Venetian dames,—accompanied by a series of lace designs; which I must confess look remarkably like one of our modern crochet productions. Wonderful is the ignorance which prevails on this important topic. I have been asked, "if that was Maltese lace?" when I have been wearing a piece of point, each of whose delicate flowers might well represent a year's patient toil on the part of some poor nun, whose very convent is now probably swept away. Alas! my countrymen, you have much yet to learn,—even the best informed among you believe that all old lace is Guipure, and all modern, Brussels. But this must now be all changed, the fiat of fashion has gone forth—old lace is to be worn, and forthwith everybody must know all about it, and at the moment of need, has not Madame Palisser come forward and given us a large volume of gleanings on the subject? It is not then to instruct the ignorant, that I venture to write these pages—it is rather to point out to those of like tastes with myself, how they may contrive, at reasonable cost, to procure the treasured article for themselves. Italy, the land of churches, is yet the richest hunting-ground for lace; for though it was not made exclusively for the use of churches,—as witness the family arms worked in many cinque-cento relics, also the quaint but exquisite bands worn by the Doges of Venice, and those graduated borders in Raphael point, of children adorning the chalice, made expressly to ornament the front of state dresses for old Neapolitan dames,—yet the religious fervour of the middle ages consecrated their best of everything to the house of God; and Italy, once thickly besprinkled with convents, had an unending source of supply in the busy fingers of their inmates,—fingers long ago crumbled to dust. Did the life labour of one set of nuns fail to complete some elaborate priestly vestment,—there were many fresher eyes and younger workers ready to take up the unfinished toil, and bequeath to us, "the heirs of all the ages," those rare monuments of industrial needlework. Three winters spent in Italy have enabled us to collect some lace, and much experience; we went there with a

* Sir Wm. Logan was the first to point out that no underclay existed without *Stigmalaria* roots; but Mr. Binney and Professor King, of Galway, both claim the honour of having demonstrated that these roots belonged to the *Sigillaria*.

great admiration for lace in general, and for some antique bits given, or left to us, in particular. We returned from thence with a deep reverence and earnest and loving veneration for these matchless webs of embroidery, which I at least prize far above jewels.

Most English travellers learn to know Italy first at Florence. Supposing you have arrived there, anxious to begin your lace-hunting expeditions—if you only desire to buy lace to wear, do not wish to have any trouble about it, and are regardless of expense, then in the shops of Conti, Ristori, and others, you will find lace beautifully restored and “got up” in a marvellous manner, and perhaps, rather less in price than you could get it in Regent Street; but if you prefer hunting on your own account, and bringing forgotten treasures to light, you will enjoy a rummage through an old curiosity shop, and while pursuing your researches after lace, will pick up much amusing information about various other coeval antiquities. Make friends with those weird old-fashioned dealers in back streets, and you will ere long learn as I did to look on Italy, not only as the original home of sculpture and painting, but as a glorious land, where lace lay hidden away from unappreciative eyes, awaiting my eager hands to bring it (perhaps torn to cobwebs) from its burial-place to light and admiration. Let it be fully understood by your Italian servants, that you are ready to buy lace, and they soon collect a number of itinerant vendors of that article. Our Caterina was an invaluable ally—at first she regarded the lace fever as a freak, which it was her duty to put down as much as possible, but finding that we had an almost equal desire to collect musty old vases, cracked china, and even bits of marble, she fell back on lace, as at least a ladylike possession, and fostered our fancy to her utmost power. The moment we became known as lace collectors, we were persecuted by women with bundles, who insisted on showing us not only lace, but all kinds of curiosities, and old clothes;—for Italian ladies always sell or exchange their wardrobes: an English maid would find her perquisites sadly curtailed in an Italian household: thus a princess, of historical name, will send round all her children’s summer hats for sale, with an old ball dress of her own, and a few trinkets which are rather out of date;—and in spite of our protestations that we only wanted lace, it required a very sharp remonstrance from Caterina before the rubbish was cleared away, and from some mysterious recess the required article would be produced,—and then a battle of tongues would begin between our damsel and the dealer respecting prices. I never

could get over my surprise at the coolness of these people; they make some enormous demand, and abate it instantly without the slightest embarrassment; one half their price is generally enough, but they often take much less; it depends entirely on the buyer’s acquaintance with the language and knowledge of the true value of the article, whether he is much, or only moderately imposed on. I remember a man once asking us ten Napoleons for a casket, and coming down in an instant to eleven francs. A friend of ours was once offered a Venetian wine-glass for the moderate sum of two hundred francs, being a great bargain, and he replied ironically, “I’ll give you two francs.” “Signor, it is yours,” instantly said the glass merchant, and the astonished Englishman was obliged to pay two francs, and become the possessor of an ugly wine-glass which he did not want. The lace-menders of Florence are deservedly celebrated; they cunningly trace out, and replace a torn pattern, so that the restoration is hardly observable; one of them well known as “La Tempesta,”—though that is not her real name,—who put many of our purchases into a wearable state, told us her great-grandmother, still alive, but in her dotage, once understood all the stitches of the lace her grandchild was employed in mending, and at a lucid interval could sometimes explain them to her descendants. Lace in Florence is on the whole dear; but there is a greater choice here than elsewhere, therefore it affords greater facilities than other towns for any one wishing to make a collection of all varieties.

The small towns round Florence have been nearly rifled of all their curiosities, but among the churches of the picturesque village of Pistoija, there is still some good lace to be found. Our guide offered to bring some to the hotel if we would wait a few days, and we were most anxious to obtain a cravat with long ends worn by a terra-cotta representation (nearly life size) of St. Joseph, but were informed it was hopeless to try for that, as it had been “vowed” by a great lady during her illness, and so it was unobtainable.

No traveller should miss seeing Pescia, a lovely little village about half way between Florence and Lucca; it lies snugly nestled at the foot of olive and vine clad hills, surrounded by exquisite scenery, and those who can make up their minds to some degree of roughing, may here study the primitive life and costume of the industrious Tuscan peasant in perfection. The air is so mild, that the earliest fruit and vegetables for all the larger towns round are supplied from its celebrated gardens; there are large silk-winding esta-

blishments in the neighbourhood, and an artist may find unending studies in the contadini, wending their way up the mountain paths, under the trelliced vines, bearing on their heads bundles of mulberry branches for the young silkworms. These sheltered retreats furnished a rich harvest of lace to the dealers, and some gleanings are yet to be found by observant travellers. The natives tell you aggravating tales of the days when point lace was so plentiful, they trimmed their sheets and made themselves aprons of it. They procured us some lovely Spanish point, which profane hands had sewn up with washed blonde and cotton lace, and exquisite d'Alençon sprigs stitched on to coarse net with the thickest of thread, and the clumsiest of workmanship,—nevertheless, La Tempesta's magic fingers have restored it to nearly its pristine beauty.

At Lucca itself, many of the couriers and servants make collections of lace for the benefit of visitors, but the villages beyond the Baths of Lucca are as yet unexplored ground. The lace-dealers, who have swept the plains, have rarely penetrated their mountain fastnesses. Artists, who are always striving to forsake well-trodden paths, and surprise nature in her unguarded moments, bring home tempting tales of the wealth still stored in those far-off heights, such as bronzes, lace, majolica china, and slender-stemmed Venice glasses, which they have seen the children employed in pounding on the door-steps.

These village churches still retain most of their old decorations intact, though some few specimens have found their way to South Kensington, and a lace flounce belonging to a certain Virgin was described to us in such glowing colours, that I begged the gentleman, an artist, to return at once and secure the treasure for us; he said he had offered sixty scudi (about 13*l.*) for it, but that bribe was not enough; he thought we might get it for eighty scudi, and promised, if possible, to procure it for us in the course of the summer. These negotiations take more than a year to conclude: you inform the *curé* that you wish to purchase such an article belonging to the church, and will offer so much for it,—he calls a meeting of parishioners, and informs them of the affair, and they settle by vote whether the offer is to be accepted, or refused. Our particular flounce has never yet come to hand; the next spring the artist told us the bargain had proceeded so far, that the money was paid, and he had possession of the lace,—when an obstinate villager, who thought he had not been properly consulted, made himself altogether so disagreeable, and insisted so much on the lace being restored, that the

poor *curé* came in despair, to implore the artist to return the flounce for the sake of peace; so we were disappointed. However, our friend has promised to keep his eye on the lace, and to agitate the question again, so I do not despair of seeing it appear some fine morning unexpectedly.

I know little about lace in Milan: there are some handsome pieces displayed in the shops there, but I should fancy in that lively and stirring city few things have any chance of being overlooked, or forgotten. In the hushed and solemn air of Venice, on the contrary, one always believes there is some mystery just going to be unfolded,—some Isis to be unveiled, or some hidden treasure to be discovered; and in the dreamy state of mind induced by this continual expectation, it seems difficult to understand how people can go on buying and selling calmly like ordinary mortals; and yet Venice was the only place where the sacristan openly offered us church lace for sale, and where in some vestries they seemed to keep a deep drawer, in which were regularly placed such laces as were too costly for wear, or too much torn to be used again; any of which articles might become your own on payment of the stated number of florins.

Venice, who once bestowed on the lace-wearing world a greater variety of marvellous and intricate patterns than any other city, sleeps now over the memory of her bygone glories; but in some of her haunted and gloomy palaces, the state beds are still decorated by coverlids of crown point, lined with blue or crimson satin, and solemn-looking women still bring out of secret store-places, and offer for sale, bits of that world-famous point, where one fantastic device is piled on another till the original pattern is almost lost.

The islands round Naples do not present many attractions to a lace collector, though well worth visiting on other grounds. Capri, with its buried treasures and ruined palaces, once reeking with the cruelties of bloody Tiberius, now, lovely as a dream, looking, under the magic colouring of a Naples sky, like a glowing turquoise floating in a sea of pearl; and Procida, whose fair daughters still don their Greek dresses, and dance in classic round on *fête* days: but the middle-age churches of these islands were never wealthy enough to count much lace among their possessions, and the little you can find is coarse and poor in quality. Ischia, the largest and richest of the group, is a more promising field: it now boasts a daily steamer to and from Naples, and some good hotels, from whose wide marble verandahs you look through trellis-work and vines on the deepest

ultramarine blue sea, with Naples gleaming white through a faint opal-tinted mist in the distance, and Vesuvius with a light cloud resting on its summit, while below are quaint villas and dark orange groves laden with golden fruit,—to us it was a delusive picture of midsummer, for even in March the cold was almost unbearable: the floors of the uncarpeted rooms were lined with highly glazed tiles, and a brazier of wood ashes made a wretched substitute for a fire: had it not been a question of health, we could not have braved the discomfort. Our patience was rewarded by finding a peasant woman, who brought us some of the loose-sleeved shirts worn by the peasantry, trimmed with good but coarse lace, and a long altar-cloth, in such good preservation that we rather doubted her right to sell it; but after a chat the islander was quite content to retire, having got through her morning comfortably, and collected subject of talk to retail to her village companions: after two or three visits she gave us the altar-cloth for about a third of her first demand, and we soon afterwards returned to Naples. In the course of our wanderings there we made acquaintance with Seraphina Albin, *Via Costantinopoli*, near the Museo; whose shop is a very fairyland and dream of delight to all curiosity lovers. She herself has a real passion for old lace, and if you are a favourite (she is a little fastidious in her fancies) will take you up-stairs, and exhibit to your wondering eyes undreamed of stores of lace, lying away in boxes and drawers, or being sorted in heaps on the floor: your only chance of examining these coveted treasures is, to seat yourself regardless of dust on the uncarpeted boards, and pore leisurely over—quaint old cinque-cento baptismal coverings, with the armorial bearings of forgotten nobles, woven in the midst of mythological monsters, and fabulous animals, and hoards of Raphael point, in every degree of strength and firmness: for this kind of lace, and the bolder and more effective designs, fit for furniture, Naples is an *El Dorado* still. Many a day have I sat there, discussing the pleasant theme, and sorting out such bits as suited my taste, and Seraphina would now and then bestow on us a delicate priestly sleeve, just fit for a pincushion, or a strip of trimming, “because you are so fond of lace,” and then we always knew we had paid too much, and this was a salve to conscience, for Seraphina has one, albeit rather seared by years of Neapolitan shop-keeping. Most friendly and polite was this buxom Italian to us, but she has an eye that can flash forth fiery reproof, if dangerous topics are started, and a

voice, whose shrill sharp tone would sometimes make the tall-necked Venetian glasses shiver and jingle as they stood in dusty array on the high shelves, backed by hideous majolica plates, and curiously carved ebony and ivory caskets. Most strange it was to explore those mediæval wonders—engraved Venetian mirrors, and chandeliers with coloured flowers, and many-tinted leaves, woven into their fragile stems, and pictures of gaunt evil-eyed monks, simpering virgins, and ghostly saints with dislocated limbs in every stage of dilapidation, lying side by side with hawking parties, and various other scenes of secular revelry. (Let me here remark, that nowhere in Italy can you get pictures, whether original or copied, so cheaply as in Naples; poor art has here very little gilding for her wings.) La Seraphina has a husband, a meek, white-faced little man, who drags the boxes about at his spouse’s command, clears up the shop, and carries home the parcels; he does not know the price of anything, and is evidently of far less importance in the establishment than the cat; such a sleek well-conditioned animal, who has learned to walk about among the fragile merchandise without breaking anything, and must be conciliated, as in his absence the mice eat up so much of the lace:—imagine such luxurious and profane animals! Seraphina told us the supply of some of her curiosities was becoming very scarce; but the lace as yet was unending. We saw very little lace south of Naples; some was brought to us at Salerno, which had, they told us, been found in a tomb, but it was more curious than beautiful.

In the Eternal City, where the Church of Rome still holds high court and state as of yore, I suppose there is more lace to be seen and purchased than in all the rest of Italy. Amidst the varieties of millinery displayed in priestly vestments, lace has always been highly prized, and still holds a foremost place. It is whispered, that even the grave cardinals, as they walk in scarlet robes, to do homage to their temporal head on festival days, are as proud of the costly lace they display, as any court beauty can be of her flounces and lappets. There are audacious spirits to be found, who venture boldly to speculate as to what would become of all that lace, should the Pope and his court ever be compelled hastily to vacate their present homes.

All over Rome you will find people ready to exchange any amount of lace for its equivalent in coin. The shops in the *Corso* are well known; there is one in the *Via Frattina*, and another in the *Ripetta*, where sometimes

a great choice of lace may be seen ; but it is in the Ghetto (Jews' quarter), where the greatest prizes are to be procured—the finer kinds of Rose point are to be found there in great variety.

Few ladies are courageous enough to invade the unsavoury alleys of the Ghetto ; they go to see the accredited lions of the place, and look no further. Certainly those noisy, dirty lanes, crowded by squalid children, with the cast-off clothing of all Rome hanging round the dark, low shops, do not look tempting to the casual visitor. Our first visit to the Ghetto was in search of a shop, easily found,—it is on the left hand side just after leaving the Capitol, where damask draperies, old cabinets, and such things as artists delight in were to be sold. Our object was not to invest in that kind of property, but to get the owner of the shop to give us the name of a lace-selling friend of his : to do this, of course we had to go through a great deal of talking, and ultimately to purchase as the least bulky thing there, a much worn chair-cover, which excited great amusement at home. In vain we explained it was that rare old damask, whose rich folds and crimson glow are the admiration of all painters, our ragged chair-cover was a standing joke for some time,—nevertheless, we gained our object, and were introduced to a tobacconist's wife, who had a small but choice stock of lace,—and many a journey did her husband make to our rooms, much to the horror of Caterina, who sharing her countrymen's prejudice against all Jews, declared there was a look in that Hebrew's eyes which made her shudder. He persisted in bringing us piles of damask, with red and gold, or white and silver dresses, of antique cut, and wonderful richness,—invaluable properties for a studio, but useless then to us. We procured through him however some lovely specimens of lace. The Roman Jewesses have preserved various secret methods of mending and restoring fine lace in the most artistic manner. You must look closely after these menders, or they will neglect their work. I remember buying a piece of lace, and agreeing to pay eleven francs for mending it, but when it came back to us, it had been disgracefully done,—the holes being cobbled roughly up with coarse thread, and we had some difficulty in explaining to the stubborn Hebrew, that the value of the lace was much depreciated by the mending, and instead of our paying his wife for it, she ought to reduce the original price of the article. The poor Israelite rocked himself about and moaned over the affair piteously, but agreed to the justice of our words, and instead of deserting us as we expected after

this slight disagreement, he became a perfect nuisance—never a day passed without his swarthy face appearing with a fresh bundle at our door, till Caterina in a pet refused to admit him at all.

The days have passed in Rome when cabinets might be bought, containing secret drawers filled with rare lace ; but the most exquisite and unique lace I ever saw was so obtained ; it has tiny lilies, and fairy-like flowers, raised on stems, which appear to have been stiffened by horse-hair, or possibly the fibre of the aloe, which seems to have been sometimes used to fix the lace on the parchment patterns, while it was in progress.

No lace is, I believe, now made near Rome, save by the contadini of Ortricoli and other small villages, who use a kind of coarse lace to edge the folded linen head-dresses they wear, which is made by knotting linen threads together in fanciful patterns, with long fringes hanging from them ; it has a very good effect for toilette furniture.

Italians will sometimes tell you they think our machine-made imitation laces just as handsome as anything they possess ; and I believe many a Roman lady in her secret soul looks on our Honiton point as the most beautiful lace in the world. I have seen Honiton flounces offered for sale there at forty pounds, which I should have considered dear at fourteen. I think, myself, we have much reason to be proud of our Honiton and other laces of home-produce, and remembering the extraordinary progress that has been made during the past few years in their manufacture, especially in Ireland, I really believe if the proper linen thread could be procured, they might in time rival their old-world ancestors,—but however beautiful in themselves, I doubt if modern lace will ever compete successfully with old. It wants the interest of antiquity, the romance of association, and the halo of fascination which imagination always flings around places and things which have taken their share in our world's history. M. A. W. D.

LOVE'S GREETINGS.

(AFTER THE GERMAN.)

I.

How many stars in Heaven do shine,—
How many clouds float there,—
How many birds are soaring high
In the blue summer air,—
So oft I greet my love !

II.

How many moted atoms dance
In the dazzling sunbeams' light,—
How many fire-flies gleam and dart
Through the still summer night,—
So oft I greet my love !

III.

How many fishes swim or lie
In the cool purling brook,—
How many branches bending down
On its clear waters look,—
So oft I greet my love!

IV.

How many flow'rets scent the air,
And bloom in wood and wold,—
How many a lamb doth bleat within
The Highland shepherd's fold,—
So oft I greet my love!

V.

How many dew-drops fall at eve,
Pearling the sleeping turf,—
How many drops of healing rain
Water the thirsting earth,—
So oft I greet my love!

VI.

How many fruits fall ripe and red
Upon the orchard ground,—
How many fleet and furred feet
On sunny uplands bound,—
So oft I greet my love

VII.

How many fledgelings safely sleep
Within their warm soft nest,—
How many anguish-broken hearts
For ever are at rest,—
So oft I greet my love!

MARGARET SWAYNE.

MISTLETOE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In a paper on mistletoe in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK* it is stated that M. du Hamel has succeeded in making it grow on all trees except the fig, the hazel, the oak, and the juniper. It is remarkable that *the oak* should be among the exceptions, as the sacred mistletoe of the Druids was *that which grew upon the oak*.

The mountain ash is not mentioned amongst the trees upon which it springs up spontaneously. But there is a mountain ash tree in a garden at Odiham in Hampshire, on which it grows with the greatest luxuriance, without the health of the tree appearing to be impaired by it. Having only been acquainted with the place for a few years, I am unable to say whether the parasite grew spontaneously in the first instance. That which, however, appears the most curious feature of the case is, that the whole of the mountain ash seems to be so impregnated with mistletoe, that wherever a bough is cut off a swelling begins to form, upon which delicate sprays of mistletoe immediately make their appearance.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

VISCÍ AMANS.

THE WATERLOO DESPATCHES.

ALLUSION having been made in a recent number of ONCE A WEEK* to the manner in which the news of the victory of Waterloo reached London, a few additional particulars, which can be attested by many who still remember the event, may perhaps not be deemed irrelevant.

Before the English government received any official notification of the battle, an intimation reached them from the house of Rothschild to the effect that they need be under no apprehension, a victory having been gained by the British arms. No further particulars were given, nor, I believe, were any known, until the arrival of the A.D.C. charged with the despatches from head-quarters.

Major the Honourable Henry Percy was, after the battle of Waterloo (with the exception of the late General Sir George Cathcart), the only one of the Duke of Wellington's staff who was not wounded, and no sooner was the fighting over than the duke ordered him to hold himself in readiness to proceed to England with the despatches, the moment that they should be written. This was done very rapidly that same night. Major Percy started at once without changing his clothes, and crossed the Channel in an open boat from Ostend to Dover, whence he proceeded to London in a post-chaise and four, the captured eagles and colours projecting from the windows of the chaise on either side, and awakening the greatest excitement and enthusiasm in all the towns and villages on the road. He reached London at a late hour of the evening, and finding no one at the Horse Guards, drove to the house of Lord Bathurst, to whom the despatches were addressed, as Minister at War, but he was from home, and Major Percy proceeded to Lord Liverpool's, where, learning that the Prince Regent was dining at Mrs. Boehm's, in St. James's Square, and that most of the ministers were there also, he went on thither with Lord Liverpool, who, in the absence of Lord Bathurst, opened and read the despatches. The Prince Regent was much overcome (as stated) on learning how heavy was the loss. There was no list of killed and wounded, which it would have been impossible to make out in the few hours that elapsed before Major Percy's departure, but as many names were given as could be collected before finally closing the despatches.

When the reading was concluded, the Prince Regent, turning to the messenger, said, "I congratulate you, Colonel Percy," on which the Duke of York, who was present, in-

* See page 35.

* See Vol. XI., p. 681.

stantly bade him "kiss hands," and they detained him there in conversation till long after midnight.

The next morning Major Percy called, by appointment, at the house of the Duke of York, and followed H.R.H. down the Mall to the Parade, where an immense multitude of spectators were assembled, thronging even the roofs of the houses. A loud and long-continued cheer broke from them as he alighted from his carriage, and the band struck up "See the conquering hero comes." Major Percy was young, tall, and very handsome, and, though himself unhurt, his uniform was stained all

over with the blood of those who had fallen around him in the battle.

Four others of his family served during the great war. Two of his brothers and his cousin, the late Duke of Northumberland, in the navy, and one brother in the army.

The eagles and colours were afterwards consecrated at Whitehall Chapel and placed over the communion table, such of the wounded soldiers as were equal to the exertion being present on the occasion.

The despatches subsequently brought by the late Lord Arthur Hill were those announcing the capitulation of Paris.

I.

"THE TRAVELLERS."

(FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.)



I.

"FRIEND! thou hast wander'd long:
Now travel-soil'd and weary thou art come
To rest awhile within my peaceful home,

Where fair-hair'd children throng.

With wistful eye thou scann'st each youthful face,
As seeking likeness to some friend to trace.

II.

"Weary and sad thine air:
And as thy footsteps tread my quiet hearth,
Dust they have gathered in remotest earth

Blends with the ashes there.

Now, with the shadow deep'n'g on thy brow,
Thou askest all thine heart hath kept till now."

III.

"Thy father, where is he?
Thy mother and thy son, whose fair young face
I see not gladdening the accustom'd place:
Where may these dear ones be?"
"O friend, long absent, whom we greet once more,
They too are travellers to a distant shore.

IV.

"They walk'd not by the light
Of sun or moon: thick darkness veil'd their way,
Our anguish'd hearts in vain implored their stay:
They vanish'd into night.
And as the shadows hid them from our view,
A warning sounded, 'Ye shall journey too!'

V.

"I watch'd them all depart:
Thrice did we gather round our darken'd hearth,
Thrice did we hush the unconscious infants' mirth,
And weep with breaking heart:
Thrice, with a miser's hand, myself must lay
My much-loved treasure in the earth away.

VI.

"And so they vanish'd—all.
Our hearts went with them, and all hope, all love,
All that we evermore of bliss could prove,
Seem'd hidden 'neath their pall.
But when the dead were parted from our sight,
I saw the living rise on wings of light.

VII.

"I mark'd their upward flight:—
As birds of passage, our short summer o'er,
Through dark'ning skies and gathering tempests
soar
To lands where all is bright—
Such was their journey; now, all perils o'er,
They rest for ever on that brighter shore.

VIII.

"My mother led the way:
And then my first-born follow'd: his young face
Long time had worn a melancholy grace.
He shrank from childish play,
And to my father clung, who linger'd last;
But now all three beyond our ken have pass'd.

IX.

"And if thou wilt, my friend,
When day is o'er and all the earth is still,
To their last home on yonder lonely hill
Together we will wend.
Thence from that city of the dead gaze down
On the hushed turmoil of the sleeping town.

X.

"Ah! many bright eyes there
Were blinded once by hopeless sorrow's tears,
And mourning hearts look'd onward to long years
Abandon'd to despair.
Yet are their dead forgotten: 'neath the stone
Are laid to moulder, and not *there* alone.

XI.

"They moulder in the heart!
Yes, e'en of those most fond, most tried, most true:
Time heals all wounds, and life speeds on anew;
So death and life must part:
As springing flow'rs their grave-stones hide from
view,
So budding joys o'ergrow their mem'ries too."

M. M.

LOVE'S MARTYRDOM.

I.

"No, Lionel, you are mistaken; I can assure you I never intend to marry. You must, therefore, allow me to defray the expenses of your son Herbert's education. It is absolutely necessary that he should go to the University; for he will one day inherit the Middleton estates, and it is right that he should be fitted for the position which he will be called upon to occupy."

"But, Walter, I really cannot avail myself of your generous offer; I should not feel myself justified in doing so."

And the speaker, who was a man of about forty, and of gentlemanly appearance, seemed to be thoroughly earnest in what he said. The person whom he addressed was by many years his junior, though the expression of his countenance told of heavy troubles already encountered. Of a handsome presence and refined manners, he seemed the very type of an English gentleman. He was the owner and actual occupant of Middleton Park, a large and flourishing estate in the county of S—. The two were distant relations—some sort of cousins; and the younger had just sent for his cousin, Lionel Middleton, to induce him to send his son to college, and to allow him, as the actual head of the family, to pay for the University education of young Herbert Middleton, who would one day succeed to the estate.

But to this the father of the presumptive heir offered the most serious opposition.

"You are still young, Walter. Some day you will change your mind with respect to marriage; and then what would be the result? Herbert will have contracted expensive tastes and habits, and will have formed acquaintances unsuited to the position in which he was born; the consequence will be that he will be ruined. He will be unfit for the hard labour and toil of life; and will still retain the airs, though he may lose the position, of a gentleman at large."

"Come, Lionel, I don't think you give your son a very good character. I fancy that if I had said as much, you would have resented it, and justly too. You are determined not to accede to my request. Your argument, however, might be thoroughly overthrown by one simple thing. You evidently think that I shall have children of my own; I tell you that nothing on earth will induce me to marry. As for beauty, I heed it not for a moment. The days when I was open to that fascination have passed—never to return. Come, do let me persuade you?"

"You are very urgent, and it is with great

reluctance that I refuse ; but it cannot be. Time will work all sorts of changes. Depend upon it, you will be the ancestor of many generations of Middletons."

A dark shade settled on Walter Middleton's brow as he listened ; a spasm passed quickly across his face, and there was a sharp contraction of the mouth that startled his companion. He regained the mastery of his feelings presently, and said, in a somewhat light tone,

"Well, Lionel, you seem resolved to thwart my purpose ; suppose we come to a compromise. Send your son to Cambridge : let him have the chance of mixing with gentlemen ; and, in order to guard against the danger which you fear, we will send him to the bar. Tell him nothing about the estates. This plan will serve a double purpose. He will be ready to occupy worthily the position as head of the family ; or, supposing your fear respecting my marriage to prove well-founded, he will be prepared to enter upon his battle with the world."

"Well, Walter, your way of putting the case is most ingenious ; but yet I am not persuaded. I have no doubt you are at present thoroughly resolved to live and die a bachelor. But I speak from experience ; and men always change their minds in these things. With this conviction strong within me, I do not wish Herbert to be dependent on one upon whom he has no claim whatever. Moreover, I am sure he would not like it himself."

"But why say a word about it to him ?"

"You may be sure he would not be very slow to find out the mystery of his going to the University. He has never had any such expectation ; and knows well that I could not afford it."

"I see you are determined to oppose me."

"You must not be offended, Walter, if I say that I cannot accept your generous offer."

"Really, I cannot see the force of your reasons. I would bind myself not to marry."

Lionel Middleton laughed at this.

"I would not for a moment be instrumental in placing you in so false a position. If I were to consent to your arrangement, I should consider that I was robbing your children."

Walter Middleton fixed his eyes with a steady gaze upon his cousin. There was an expression of extreme pain on his face ; and he said in a stern, sad tone of voice,

"Lionel, I see I must speak more plainly. I will now convince you. And when you have heard my story, you will never again suppose that I shall take a woman to my home—as the mistress of Middleton Park. More—I have already made the most solemn vow that man can make, that I will never wed another

than my first and only love, who is beyond the reach of all consolation and comfort of even my devoted passion.

"You have probably had little chance of becoming acquainted with the incidents and events of my early days, and the circumstances of my education. I will explain all to you, as well as I can, in order that you may better understand what I am about to narrate. I was reared and trained most scrupulously and carefully by my father, Reginald Middleton. There was no stint of money, no lack of trouble, no question of cost, in procuring me the very best instruction that could be had, and in filling my head with every species of knowledge and learning that was considered necessary for a gentleman. At the same time, my mind was impressed with high notions of my future position in life. I was told repeatedly that the Middletons were an old family in the county ; that for centuries back they had been lords of the soil ; that there had never been a stain on their escutcheon. The greatest attention was paid to anything which, though seemingly insignificant in itself, might in any way bear upon the pride and honour of the family ; and I was taught that the deepest sin of which a Middleton could be guilty, would be a breach of the code of honour, or an action derogatory to the dignity of the house. I used to listen to these warnings with a species of awe, fearing lest by mere inadvertence I should offend against the pride of the Middletons. In fact, a kind of superstitious dread completely seized upon me, and in everything that I did or said I made it my great aim to sustain the character of my race. As I grew older this sort of fear gradually passed away, but it was replaced by a nervousness that influenced my bearing and conduct, and governed in a great measure the current of my life. I felt a species of reverence for my father—more perhaps as the head of our house, than as my parent ; the position of chiefdom seemed to have more claim upon me than any natural affection for the author of my being.

"Meanwhile I had imbibed in a great measure the prejudices and ideas which Reginald Middleton so carefully guarded. I looked upon high birth, pure blood, and a long pedigree, as far transcending all other considerations : as things against which nothing could for a moment bear comparison. Honour, uprightness, integrity, were qualities most estimable ; but to carry their full weight they must be found in the possession of a gentleman of birth and blood. These were the qualifications which I was to look for in my companions : money was a secondary consider-

ration. And indeed my father, while duly sensible of the great advantages entailed by the possession of riches, and the great discomforts arising from lack of them, nevertheless specially cautioned me against associating with men whose only claim to the consideration of society lay in their wealth. I was repeatedly warned to avoid upstarts, and vulgar parvenus, loaded though they might be with the treasures of Croesus; to choose my friends from those whose families could rank with ours, and whose names were as free from stain.

"You must know that my father was a man of the most rigid and punctilious sense of honour. He would have preferred utter ruin to anything that could in any way have reflected upon his good name, or brought him to a level with what he called the greedy business-spirit of the age. I remember on one occasion an old friend played him false: he had borrowed a large sum of money, and had solemnly pledged his honour to repay it, which doubtless at the time he fully intended to do. However, the man repudiated the debt, positively abused my father for alluding to it, and repaid the kindness which he had received by the most gross and deliberate insult. I urged that measures should be taken against him. My father would not hear of it. In the first place, the man bore a good name, and was of an old family; and it would have been hard that an old and honourable house should incur disgrace for the offence of one of its members. In the next place, he said that it would be most derogatory that he should appear as plaintiff in an action for the recovery of money. This I tell you merely to convey to you some idea of the opinions and prejudices which swayed the actions of my father.

"I went to Oxford somewhat earlier than is now usual, and when I took my degree I had barely reached the age of twenty. One of the companions whose acquaintance I made during my stay at the University, and with whom indeed I contracted a close and intimate friendship, was Charles Norman, the son of an old, though somewhat poor, family in our county. I courted his acquaintance, both because I liked the man himself and because he fulfilled all the conditions which I had been directed to exact, and possessed all the qualifications which had been pronounced indispensable in the associate of a Middleton. He was not a fast man, but he had the *entr e* of every set in the University. He was quiet and reserved, perhaps somewhat haughty; but he had a way of checking the familiarity of some of the objectionable men among the fast set that especially elicited my admiration. He was a

man with whom it would have been extremely unsafe to take a liberty. No one, that I knew, ever ventured to play a practical joke on Charles Norman. His opinion was seldom given, but was invariably listened to with respect. I do not think he was very popular: he was too reserved for that. But he was much respected; and he was never known willingly to wound the feelings of anyone with whom he came in contact.

"With me he threw off his reserve: though it was a year before our friendship ripened into what it ultimately became. The only subject on which he seemed inclined to maintain his impenetrable reserve with me, was his family. He never seemed to care to speak of that. I well remember that it struck me as being exceedingly strange—this reticence on the subject of his race.

"Such was Charles Norman:—the friend whom I selected from among my companions at Oxford. But it was another member of his family who was destined to exercise so powerful an influence over my life. Charles Norman had a sister—an only sister. You must bear with me, Lionel, when I speak of this. It is a subject that I have never before mentioned to any living being; you are the only one who will ever know it. I went to stay with the Normans one vacation, with the full consent and approbation of my father. There I met Beatrice Norman. In most respects she was the exact counterpart of her brother. There was the same air, the same expression of features, the same stamp of high birth and breeding. The resemblance in features was most remarkable. But there was one salient point of difference between young Norman and his sister. Charles, as I have said, was reserved, haughty, and distant in his manner: Beatrice was warm, frank, and affable. The first time I saw her, the brilliancy of her deep blue eyes, the charm of her manner, impressed me most powerfully. There was a fascination about her that I found it utterly impossible to resist. And on every occasion of our meeting, I discovered some new charm, some new power of attraction, that overmastered me, and bound my heart to her more firmly than before. In short, I was deeply in love with her. Then followed during a whole year the alternations of hope and despair, which, I imagine, must fall to the lot of all lovers. But I was by nature hot and impetuous, and my love ran on in a stormy and troubled stream. I felt as if I could not delay: there were many suitors for the hand of Beatrice Norman; and though she manifested no preference for any one of them, still I could not endure the thought

that some bolder rival might outstrip me in the race, merely from backwardness on my part to grasp the prize. True, I had heavy misgivings as to the answer which I should receive to my suit ; I never, in spite of her warmth and openness of manner, could discover any indication of a partiality for myself : still, I determined to seize the first opportunity of learning my fate from her own lips, and ending the intolerable state of suspense from which I was suffering.

“It was a splendid day in August. There had been a small pic-nic party in the grounds of Norman Priory. I had managed to keep close to Beatrice nearly the whole of the time—much to the chagrin of many envious rivals. Something that day encouraged me to hope. We had wandered some distance from the rest of the party, and were seated under the shade of an old oak. Beatrice Norman knew what was passing in my mind : I was sure of it : and she confessed it to me afterwards. There was a shade of uneasiness and trepidation in her manner, such as I had never before witnessed : but there seemed no desire to break off the conversation which I had commenced. What I said on the occasion, I could never distinctly remember. It matters but little now. Gradually I approached the anxious question, hesitating and stumbling like a nervous child. When I had clothed my thoughts in the most appropriate words that I could command, and had declared the depth and intensity of my love ; and when I paused, in eager and fearful expectation of some word, some sign in answer to my passionate pleading, her eyes for a moment rested on me, and a sigh escaped her. I took her hand gently in mine, and pressed it ; and then a thrill of the most exquisite joy passed through me, for I found the pressure returned, and Beatrice Norman leaning on my shoulder. I pressed my lips to her face ; and then the cup of my happiness seemed full even to overflowing.

“The rest of the day was spent in quiet confession of our loves, and it was arranged that on the next our intended engagement should be made known to General Norman and Reginald Middleton. I remember well how rapidly the hours flew : I lingered at the Priory as long as I could : I could scarcely tear myself away : and when at length I reached Middleton Park, I was in a perfect delirium of joy at what the day had brought forth.

“I went to the study which was devoted to my especial use, and remained there in silent contemplation for some minutes. My father had not retired for the night, for I saw the

light shining under the library door as I passed along. I felt so impatient to communicate my news, that I was leaving my study for the purpose, when the butler informed me that Mr. Middleton wished to speak to me. I immediately made my way to the library, as I was anxious to impart my good tidings.

“My father was standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the empty fire-place, and his arms folded across his chest. There was a strange, stern expression upon his face that startled me directly I saw him. I had never seen him look so stern and fierce before ; I have never seen him look so since. I conjectured at once that something unusual had happened to put him in such a mood. The fact of his sending for me seemed to indicate that I was in some way implicated in the cause of his displeasure. I could not help wincing before the stately hauteur of his looks. For a moment it flashed across my mind that his anger was connected with the Normans. Perhaps that was because they were uppermost in my thoughts. The idea, however, passed instantly away.

“As I approached him he eyed me rather fixedly, and said, in a slow though not harsh tone, ‘Shut the door, Walter, if you please.’

“I complied with his request, and then his stern interrogatory commenced.

“‘You have been to Norman Priory?’

“I signified my assent.

“‘You have come straight home?’

“I resented this question, but his icy, inflexible look subdued me.

“‘I have come direct from Norman Priory,’ I replied, in an indignant tone.

“‘You are unusually late this evening.’

“‘I believe I am rather later than usual ; I did not hurry away.’

“‘So it seems. Now, Walter,’ and his features somewhat relaxed, and a more genial expression settled for a moment on his face, ‘you seem to be getting very intimate with the Normans?’

“‘My friendship with Charles Norman is of old standing ; lately, too, it has become closer.’

“‘Yes! young Norman is a very good fellow—a thorough gentleman in every respect. I have no objection to him.’

“As he said this he fixed his eyes upon me with a glance that seemed to pierce me through and through—to read my inmost thoughts.

“He continued.

“‘I have no objection whatever to young Norman—I rather like him. I remember when you first formed his acquaintance I was very pleased. But—you know, Walter—circumstances are continually changing our opinions of things and people. It always has been so,

and it always will be so to the end of the chapter.'

"I was considerably surprised. I immediately imagined that Charles Norman must have got mixed up in some transaction which had offended my father's ideas and prejudices, for I knew how little would sometimes cause such a change of opinion.

"I hope," I said, with confidence in my tones, 'that Charles has done nothing lately to incur your displeasure?'

"I repeat," he answered, 'that Charles Norman is rather a favourite of mine. But I want you to do something for me, Walter—I do not often ask for any sacrifice at your hands, it will therefore be easier for you to comply in this case. I wish you to drop the acquaintance of the Normans.'

"I started back as if I had been shot.

"Reginald Middleton immediately noticed the action, and the great effect which his words produced upon me.

"Ah!" he said, 'my suspicion is correct. I have fancied for some time past that Norman Priory possessed some extraordinary attraction for you besides your college friend. I see I was right. Now, Walter, this matter promises to be very serious. If you have any thoughts or aspirations tending to Charles Norman's sister as their object, let me entreat you to lay them aside and crush them for ever. Nip them in the bud, before they have time to blossom or grow to maturity. Perhaps it was unwise of me not to speak before, but I trust things have not gone far yet: the encouragement of any such ideas on your part will lead to unpleasantness or dissension between us.'

"But," I remonstrated, 'without at all admitting the correctness of your surmise, I must think that this is a most unexpected and sudden demand.'

"My father frowned at these words, but I was determined not to yield without a battle—not even to appear to yield, for it seemed to me utterly beyond the range of possibility that he should insist upon his demand.

"Nevertheless, Walter," he answered, 'I must make it. The reasons why I did not speak before are, first, that I never dreamed of your forming an attachment in that quarter; and, secondly, the facts which influence my determination have not long been within my knowledge.'

"Surely, sir, your reason for wishing me to drop the Normans is not so strong as to be insuperable?'

"Excuse me, it is absolutely insuperable.'

"What is this reason?' I demanded, almost fiercely, and with a flush of excitement burning in my cheeks.

"My father, instead of resenting this outburst, placed his hand upon my shoulder, and said quietly, 'My poor boy! my poor Walter! you love Beatrice Norman?'

"I do love her; I love her more dearly than all the world—more dearly than my life.'

"For God's sake! Walter, hush; do not speak like that. Heaven help us, for I have spoken late. I most solemnly adjure you to crush this love—to stamp out this passion from your heart.'

"It is impossible," I cried, in despair. A pang of intense anguish shot through my mind. How fearful a shock, after the happiness that I had pictured for myself. How a few hours had changed everything, almost destroyed my hopes, and raised most terrible fears.

"It must be done, Walter," he answered, and the old stern air confronted; me "the heir of the Middletons could never wed with the daughter of the Normans.'

"But"—I stammered nervously, fearfully, passionately withal—"the Normans are an old family—almost as old as the Middletons. Where could I hope to find one more worthy?'

"Walter, I will not seek to go further into your secrets, or ask you how far you have compromised yourself with Miss Norman. I will only tell you this—there is a barrier between you and them which is absolutely impassable, and which will scare even you back when you know the nature of it.'

"Nothing will scare me back," I answered defiantly.

"But Reginald Middleton was patient, though he never lost the stern, inflexible look.

"Yes, Walter, you are mistaken. Do you know who the mother of Beatrice Norman was?'

"It was Eveline Morton, the daughter of Charles Morton.'

"You are right.' And then he came close up to me, and whispered a few words in my ear.

"It is false!' I almost shouted.

"My father glanced at me for a moment like a wounded lion; but he made allowance for the intensity of my passion, the bitterness of my anguish.

"Pardon me," I said.

"I tried to say something, but I could not shape the words. My tongue seemed tied, a cold perspiration hung upon my brow: I felt a dead chill, and a faint sickness at the heart. I became giddy, the various objects in the room danced round me, and then I seemed to fall back on to something. I remember nothing more till I found myself in bed, and my father standing by my side. There was a serious look upon his face—a look of alarm—

as if he expected me to address him in some wild and incoherent tones, but I hastened to dispel this fear: I put my hand out to him, and said—

“Father, you are quite sure of what you have told me?”

“He looked angry for a moment, but his countenance immediately relaxed.

“My boy, think you I would have told you such a thing, made such a charge against one of the oldest families in the county, without being in possession of proofs?”

“Proofs!” I muttered despairingly.

“Yes; but you had better not talk any more about this now.”

“It is better that I should hear the worst at once.”

“Be it so, then. I pledge you my word, the word of a Middleton, that I have indisputable proof of the accuracy of my statement. Pray for strength, Walter, to conquer your inclinations. I seek not to know what stage affairs have reached. But, my son, my only son, whatever may have passed, whatever may influence you, whatever may betide, never allow yourself to incur shame or disgrace. Remember, you are the representative of our house; let not its honour be tarnished in your keeping. Good night; God bless you!”

“And with a quiet step he left me.

II.

“I lay for hours that night sleepless on my bed, pondering over the words which my father had spoken to me, and the wonderful transitions of the day. I reviewed again and again its events: the avowal of my passion, my acceptance by Beatrice, the terrible revelation in the library. Once a thought flashed across my mind, that it might not, after all, be so bad as had been represented to me: that the worst view of the case had been hastily taken. But a moment’s reflection scattered all hope. Reginald Middleton was my informant—had pledged me his word—insuperable barrier to my hopes.

“I was compelled to accept the statement. The question then arose, what course I should pursue on the morrow. How should I meet Beatrice? What must I say to her? On the one hand, there was the heavy displeasure of my father; on the other, mastering all feeling else, my love, my deep and passionate love, for Beatrice Norman. It was utterly impossible that I should give her up; no earthly consideration could ever induce me to blot out from my heart the image of her who had already exerted so powerful an influence over me. Moreover, I had won her love; I had deliberately and openly wooed her. Could I, then,

even if my own heart had been unscathed, could I draw back, and leave to her only the bitter memory of my base desertion? When I had avowed my love, and had so induced her to reveal the inmost secrets of her heart, was it possible that, on the very day after my confession, I should seek her with a treacherous face, and tell her that circumstances had caused me to repent of my offer; that I found cause to change my mind? What plea, even had I wished it, could I have found? My conscience smote me, and a voice within me told me that I should never have spoken to her till I had thoroughly resolved to run all risks, and to make any sacrifice for the sake of the love which I sought. If I had meant to submit my conduct to the wishes of my father, why had I not made sure of his consent before broaching the matter to Beatrice? Why had I acted in this manner, and exposed her to so unmerited a trial?

“The real cause of my perplexity it was utterly out of the question that I should reveal to her. I knew well that she would feel as strongly on the point as my father. What excuse, then, could I have found for abruptly terminating our engagement, had I most eagerly wished it?

“But I did not wish it for a moment. Terrible as was the secret which had been imparted to me, much as I respected my father’s feelings, highly as I prized the unsullied honour of the race of the Middletons, one determination remained fixed and immovable in my mind—I would never surrender the love of Beatrice Norman.

“I resolved on a compromise. Often have I cursed the hour in which I came to this resolution, and wondered at my temporising conduct; but I could not see at the time what fearful consequences would ensue. Any course would have been better than that which I adopted. Better far to have renounced her love boldly and for ever, or to have defied the anger even of Reginald Middleton, than to have carried out the line of conduct from which such fatal consequences resulted. But I could not foresee the fatality of my decision. I acted, as I considered, for the best. I did not know that I had a disappointed, malicious, and vindictive rival. Could I have anticipated what happened, my line of action would have been widely different. How many of us think we could secure success and happiness if we could but dip into the future, and gather some slight clue to coming events!

“I resolved then to go to Beatrice in the morning, and implore her, for the sake of our love, as a token of her trust in me, to allow our engagement to remain secret. I trusted to

the chapter of accidents to set things right. Fond, vain, delusive hope! the rock on which so many fortunes are shattered, the happiness of so many lives destroyed.

"I anticipated resistance to my petition, but I was prepared to press it eagerly. It seemed to me that by this means alone could I ever hope to bring matters to a satisfactory issue.

"I rose early in the morning, and immediately after breakfast set out for Norman Priory. Though I had some misgivings as to the success of my mission, nevertheless I was buoyed by that vague feeling of hope which every man experiences who has thoroughly set his mind upon the accomplishment of an important design. I was resolved to exert every power of persuasion of which I was master in order to effect my purpose, and at times I fancied that by perseverance I should carry my point.

"I met Beatrice the moment I entered the Priory. She came eagerly forward to welcome me.

" 'Walter,' she said, 'I am glad, so glad, to see you; I have been thinking over all that you said to me yesterday. I am going to speak to papa this morning. I was just going to him when I saw you coming.'

" 'My darling Beatrice,' I answered, nervously, as I pressed my lips to her face, and I thought how another minute might have complicated my plans; 'have you told any one yet—have you told Charles what has passed between us?'

She seemed somewhat surprised at my serious air.

" 'No,' she replied; 'I have not yet had an opportunity; but I am longing to do so. You are such a favourite with Charles—the only friend almost that he has. You know he is rather reserved.'

"I hesitated. It seemed to require a cold-blooded effort to broach the subject. I already felt unequal to the task.

"Suddenly I said, 'Beatrice, I do not wish you to tell your brother yet.'

" 'Not tell Charles!' and she laughed—a ringing, silvery peal of laughter. 'No, no, Walter; it would not be fair to keep it from Charles, he will be so delighted to hear it.'

"Her cheerful, merry, laughing face as she gazed upon me with her blue eyes, sent a dead chill to my heart. How could I,—how could I tell her what had made me so early a visitor on that bright summer's morning?

" 'Beatrice,' I said, with a forced, hard expression of countenance, 'Beatrice, my dear, I am not joking. I am really in earnest. I do not wish you to tell Charles at present.'

"She looked at me for a moment half doubt-

fully. The smile was gradually dying away from her face, and a dark cloud was occupying its place. She came close to me, and with her hand on my shoulder, and looking earnestly and steadfastly up into my face she said, 'What do you mean, Walter, dear? Do you seriously wish to withhold our confidence from my brother?'

" 'It is not exactly that, Beatrice,' I muttered, 'but I have a particular reason why I do not wish you to tell Charles yet.'

"She was standing in the hall, and as I spoke to her, she caught up a hat and light shawl, and then almost drew me after her into the shrubbery. She made me sit down on one of the seats there, almost before I knew what she was doing.

" 'Walter,' she said, in a deep, solemn tone of voice, 'have you repented of what you said to me yesterday? Were you too much carried away by the feelings of the moment? Do you wish me to give back to you the word which you then pledged to me?'

" 'Beatrice, my darling, never—do not misjudge me.'

" 'What, then, is the meaning of your request? Why must I keep secret that which will give so much pleasure to my father, to Charles,—to everyone?'

" 'Beatrice, you believe in my love, my great love for you; you believe in the sincerity of that passion, which I yesterday avowed? For the sake of that love, for the sake of my passion, I implore you to consent to what I ask. Tell neither Charles nor General Norman—nor anyone—what has passed between us. Let the knowledge of it be sacred—let it be between ourselves alone?'

"The blood mantled in her fair cheeks as she listened. It seemed as if strong indignation were rising, and battling desperately with her love,—indignation that anyone should be ashamed to own the daughter of the Normans. But the struggle was sharp and decisive. She loved me more than I ever thought for. She cast an imploring glance at me; and then throwing both her arms round my neck, said, in a trembling whisper—

" 'I will trust in you, Walter. You will not ask me to do anything that is wrong. This is to be merely for a time?'

" 'Yes,' I answered; 'for a time only.' The words seemed to blister my tongue, but I could not yield up my love; I hoped that something would happen to deliver me from my dilemma.

"Her head fell upon my shoulders, and she convulsively grasped my hands.

" 'Walter, this is to be quite secret? Mr. Middleton is not to know it?'

"No one must know it."

"Her bosom rose and fell with rapid beats.

"What," she murmured, "what is your reason for this wish?"

"Hush! Beatrice; do not ask me; I cannot tell you now."

"She asked me no more questions on the point; she resigned herself with apparent calmness to my wish; but the look of happiness and joy with which she greeted me on my arrival had disappeared, and an air of disappointment and sorrow clouded her face. I did not stay long on that occasion; my feelings were of too painful a nature to admit of much further conversation between us. I felt that I was acting in a dangerous way; evil consequences might spring from this secret engagement which would be beyond my power to stay. Beatrice, too, must have had mournful reflections at the sudden obscuring of her vision of happiness. I could detect the signs in her manner, though she strove heroically to conceal her disappointment.

"And yet I indulged in a hope that all might be well after a time; that my father might relent of his determination to visit the sins of the father upon the head of the child; many things might happen to smoothe away our difficulties. I remembered the old saying respecting the course of true love, and drew some kind of comfort from the fact that it never did run smoothly. Anything seemed better than that the tie which bound me to Beatrice Norman should be suddenly snapped asunder. At the worst, I could but defy my father.

"Fool that I was! If I had ventured to defy Reginald Middleton, I should have been a penniless beggar the next day; the Middleton estates were not entailed; and then how should I have acted as the protector of Beatrice Norman? Should I expose her to the hard trials of the world, the bitter struggles of poverty? But I refused to look at that side of the picture. I was young, ardent, and energetic. Surely there must be some means by which I might attain my purpose. I clung tenaciously to hope; and many a golden dream of happiness rewarded my blind faith in fortune; many a joyous illusion charmed my sanguine mind.

"My father said no more to me on the subject. He doubtless conceived that enough had already passed, and that if I had not resolved to obey him, nothing further would avail. But there was everything to favour the idea of my having yielded. I scarcely ever went to the Priory, and on two or three occasions had managed to be out of the way when Charles Norman called. On the surface everything seemed peaceful, and I believe

Reginald Middleton flattered himself that his word had with me been law.

"But I saw Beatrice frequently, nevertheless. For some months our love and engagement remained a profound secret: at least I imagined so: and we revelled in the idea of its having been kept so quiet. Beatrice, indeed, never seemed quite happy: there was always a cloud on her brow: care was destroying rapidly her peace of mind. On one occasion we were startled during our interview by the sudden appearance of a gentleman advancing pointedly towards us. He raised his hat as he came near to us, and with a 'Good morning, Miss Norman,' passed slowly on.

"Who is that?" I asked, hurriedly and in some alarm.

"Mr. Launcelot Merton."

"Beatrice, our secret will be discovered: who is this?"

"A friend of Charles's: he is very often at the Priory. But I do not think he will say anything about having met us. He will not attach sufficient importance to it."

"I did not like the meeting with this gentleman, especially as when I got home my father said to me in a cool off-hand way:

"I met Mr. Merton, this afternoon: his father was a very old friend of mine: and the son is exactly like my old college companion in appearance: I was quite struck with the likeness. He is an old suitor for the hand of Beatrice Norman. They say he is pretty often at the Priory now."

"I first reflected that I had had a narrow escape from meeting my father whilst I was with Beatrice; and thankful I felt for it. And then I saw that this speech was intended to test me. Every word sunk deep into my mind, and awakened feelings of the bitterest jealousy and hatred against Launcelot Merton. Why, I know not, for I should as soon have doubted my own existence as the constancy of Beatrice. But I at once detested this man, and divined him to be my enemy.

"Much, however, as my father's words inwardly affected me, I believe I maintained a perfect control of myself: for I could see that his eyes were firmly fixed upon me. He appeared quite satisfied, however, with his scrutiny; and I am confident that from that moment he gave me credit for having thoroughly banished Beatrice Norman from my thoughts.

"On several subsequent occasions, when I was out with Beatrice, I encountered Merton; and I began to grow alarmed lest the news of our meetings should get wind. But strange to say, nothing of the sort occurred. Beatrice said she did not think he would say anything

about it; and she was sure he would not, if he knew that she wished it to be kept quite quiet.

"Nevertheless I hated him more and more for the persistency with which he always intruded upon our walks; and once or twice I had almost determined to ask him why he continually dogged my steps. But had not sober reflection deterred me from carrying my purpose into execution, my design would have been frustrated, for he suddenly discontinued the annoyance.

"One day in the midst of our conversation, Beatrice turned round somewhat sharply upon me:

"'Walter,' she said, in an unnatural tone of voice, 'how much longer must we keep this secret? I dread every day lest it should become known. You know it was only for a time.'

"'Yes, my darling,' I answered, 'it is but for a time: you will not surely distrust my love?'

"I looked at her beseechingly, and then became aware for the first time that there was a strange light in her eye, an almost wild expression on her countenance. We were sitting down on the same seat as when I had first asked her to keep our engagement secret. She seized my right hand in hers, and said:

"'Walter, if you will not let me tell my father or my brother, will you tell me why this must be kept secret? What is the penalty attaching to the declaration of our loves? What is the dread terror that is overhanging our lives?'

"'Beatrice,' I said, trying to soothe her, 'will you not bear with me yet a little longer?'

"'Yes! but why not tell me? Oh! Walter, let me implore you to tell me. Let me hear it from your own lips.'

"'What could her words mean? They almost caused my heart to stop, as she finished the last sentence.

"'I know your reason!' she said, when I did not answer: 'Oh! Walter, Walter, the barrier is impassable!'

"'Nonsense, Beatrice,' I said, as I strained her to me: and yet shuddered to think that she had echoed my father's words: 'you do not know what you are saying. Do not agitate yourself.'

"She looked at me for a moment mournfully, and then burst out into a wild laugh.

"'Yes, I know, Walter. Your family will not sanction your engagement. And why? I will tell you; because——'

"'Hush! my Beatrice.'

"'I must speak.'

"'Not now——' I began, but she stopped me.

"'Yes, now! It is because——because my poor dear mother forgot to exact her rights at the hands of my father—the great General Norman. The shame has fallen upon me. I am Beatrice—merely Beatrice—not Beatrice Norman. Walter, you have known this long. You cannot deny it. Why, then, have you kept me on in this suspense? Oh! my love—my heart will break. Walter Middleton, may God bless you now and for ever!'

"With a sudden spring she bounded away, and sped at a mad pace to the Priory. It was the last time I saw her for many years. I ran after her up to the door, but could see no one. I rushed in, regardless of everything but her safety. The first person I met was the General himself. He seemed somewhat taken aback at my scared appearance, but I paid little heed to his bewildered look of astonishment.

"'Your daughter, General,' I exclaimed.

"'What of my daughter, Mr. Middleton? I do not comprehend you. What is the cause of this extraordinary excitement?'

"'Your daughter has just passed in here. She is unwell. For God's sake go to her at once.'

"The General caught some slight portion of the excitement under which I was labouring, and hastily summoned the servants.

"Beatrice had retired to her room, and, as I afterwards found out, persistently refused to open the door; nevertheless, her father was not alarmed, or did not choose to show his fear to me, for he came back and said Miss Norman was slightly fatigued—nothing further, and that she would soon be well again. My alarm, however, was by no means dispelled. I was a prey to the most terrible fears. Who had broken the secret? Who had divulged to Beatrice the cause which had deterred me from openly avowing our engagement? Who had whispered the fatal words into the ear of that innocent and unsuspecting girl?

"During the whole of the night I lay awake, reflecting upon the terrible pass to which matters had come. I vowed that I would brave anything, dare anything, undergo anything, rather than hold Beatrice any longer in suspense. Everything should be sacrificed. She should be mine in spite of the stain upon her birth, in spite of the pride of all the Middletons! Then came the bitter question that tormented me through the long hours of darkness. Was it too late? Was Beatrice already beyond the reach of my love—of all consolation? That flashing brilliancy of the eye, that wild expression of the features—

what did they mean? Could it be too late?

"The thought drove me into a perfect agony of terror. Visions the most hideous coursed through my brain and threatened the overthrow of my reason. The multitude of wretched thoughts and grievous fancies that were crowded into that night seemed enough to destroy the happiness of a lifetime.

"In the morning, at the breakfast-table, I had so far recovered the outward control of my feelings as to talk calmly and quietly to my father, but I took the first opportunity in the day to make inquiries at the Priory. Beatrice was worse: she had remained in a species of delirium the whole night, and there was every indication that her reason was leaving her. So her brother told me; he was wild with grief. He was at a loss to account for it. Strange to say, nobody questioned me; nobody seemed to think anything of the fact that I should have first given the alarm. Nobody connected me in any way with the terrible calamity that had befallen the Normans.

"But my conscience smote me bitterly.

"In a short time the state of Beatrice's mind could admit of no question: her pride had been touched; her spirit had been cruelly wounded at what she had heard. The tidings had reached her, that her mother had never been wedded to General Norman, that she herself was but an illegitimate child, and that this was known to the Middletons. So great was the shock, that her mind had been completely shattered, and after a short struggle her reason fled.

"And it was my work! The result of my misjudged compromise, of my blind faith in fortune? Bitter reflection! that so sad a wreck should have been the consequence of my faltering. I shall never forgive myself to my dying day.

"But who had told her the fatal secret? I have never found out: but I have a strong suspicion. I know the sting of disappointed love is sharp, and the motive power of revenge strong. I believe Launcelot Merton was the man. I feel sure of it.

"Lionel, I cannot prolong this sad story. Beatrice is still alive. She is at Dr. —'s, but her reason never can return. Lionel, you will believe me now, when I tell you I shall never marry."

* * * * *

Herbert Middleton went to the University, and his uncle provided the means, for no further opposition was ever made to the scheme which had been proposed, and Walter Middleton had won his cousin over to his views.

MARK SHATTOCK, B.A.

"ONE OF THE SMARTEST MEN IN THE STATE, SIR."

"Yes, sir—that's so. Less than three years ago he landed in this city, from Mexico, with his shirt and pants, and he's worth three millions of dollars this day if he's worth a red cent, sir. Your side of the pond, sir, is not prolific in such men as Abraham Webster Robson, sir. Why, sir, that man supports a Baptist Chapel entirely, to say nothing of his offerings at collection times. Yes, sir, he's one of the smartest men in these parts, sir."

Such was the description given by Augustus Clay Mason, of the New York Screamer, of a gentleman who passed us in Broadway, in one of the most sober, steady, respectable turn-outs that could be seen in New York.

Upon inquiring as to the peculiar claims of Mr. Abraham Webster Robson to this desirable character, I learned the following story, which I must give in my own words, as some of the expressions used by my friend would be almost unintelligible to a reader in this country.

Abraham Webster Robson spent his early life in the poor-house of the town of Albany; at the age of fourteen he was suddenly missing from the muster-roll of the establishment, and when next heard of he was a stoker on the property of one of the Mexican mining companies.

Here he stayed till, at the mature age of twenty-two, he landed in New York from a Mexican trader, with little more than his "shirt and pants."

After some little wharfing, labouring, &c., he became porter in one of the largest newspaper offices of that city, and by a steady course of industry and sobriety for six months gained the respect of his employers so far as to be advanced to the use of the pen instead of the broom. The post chosen was that of under-assistant to the editor of the commercial department of the paper; it was his place to prepare the share list with the latest quotations for the inspection of his superior; to watch carefully the markets, and report thereon. His extraordinary aptitude for this business gained him such confidence that soon the editor would simply look at his notes and send them to press without any further revision; his knowledge of mining in Mexico made his information on any matters of that kind very acceptable to speculators in those kinds of securities, and in less than fifteen months from his first appearance in New York he became a sort of minor authority on all such subjects.

Amongst the mining companies of Mexico, none were larger than the Santa Maria del Cohahuila; the shares originally valued at 100 dollars, and only 75 paid up, were now at about 900 premium: to hold shares in the Santa Maria del Cohahuila Mining Company was to the original shareholders an investment of the best kind.

The mine yielded steadily year after year, and there seemed no end to its productiveness.

In New York party feeling runs high, and it happened that the chief proprietor of the shares and chairman of the Santa Maria Mining Company ran for mayor, and was very ably backed by the New York Bouncer. The opposition candidate was as ably backed by the New York Trumpet, and forthwith those gentlemanly allusions to the private lives and means of the candidates, so characteristic of the political literature of America, were freely made in those papers. Amongst other charges an anonymous writer in the Trumpet made the assertion respecting the chairman of the Santa Maria Mining Company, that he had paid dividends out of capital; that the scheme of the mine was bad; that the engineers reports were "bogus;" with sundry other compliments.

Mr. Henry Hudson Chevy, the chairman in question, immediately placed the books of the company in the hands of public accountants, and they certified them correct in every particular; the return of the rich proprietor for mayor, and the confusion of the New York Trumpet, were the consequences of this ill-judged attempt at detraction.

This battle had occurred some few years previously to Mr. Abraham Webster Robson's first introduction to the office of the rival paper, but the feud still existed; the subordinate's directions from his superior were "you must keep the Santa Maria Mining Company before the public, if it's only to rile the Trumpet; it's a paying concern anyhow, but when you can, rile the Trumpet."

The subordinate entered into the spirit of the thing, and scarcely a mail came in but the Trumpet was riled with reports of the increasing productiveness and richness of the mine.

It may be as well here to state that Mr. Henry Hudson Chevy had a daughter, to whom report gave truly all the charms of her sex: at least such was the impression of Mr. Abraham Webster Robson, who had met the young lady at a boarding house at Saratoga Springs, and being rather a handsome muscular man, had attracted the favourable attention of Miss Chevy, contrasting, as he did, in his full and

vigorous manhood with the thin, straight-legged, flabby-fleshed dandies of that fashionable resort.

He had made up his mind that Miss Chevy should become Mrs. Robson, and his early career had taught him that difficulties exist only to be overcome, and that to wish anxiously for success is at least seven-tenths of the power required to obtain it.

The different barriers of society, easily leaped over or pushed aside at the Springs, existed in granite-wall strength at New York, and it was only at church and other public places that the incipient lovers could still nourish their growing passion by sundry stolen glances.

In a few months after the visit to the Springs, the editor's secretary became thoughtful and moody, wrote much and often, particularly to his old Mexican friends, and on the receipt of their replies, became again cheerful and hopeful.

Just about this time the Trumpet had in Mexico a special correspondent, who described everything that came in his way, in the most simple, natural, and straightforward manner. The world of New York was not a little astonished at the reports of the country appearing, after every mail, in the Trumpet, but there was such an air of truth that people came to rely upon the statements of the simple Mexican correspondent as they would on the gospel.

He had already crushed an intended cotton company by some telling statistics on the subject of the growth of the cotton tree; and the collapse of a quicksilver and platinum mining company was attributed in no small degree to his description of the works of the proposed undertaking.

One day Mr. Robson went to the house of Mr. Chevy, in Fifth Avenue, and requesting an interview, formally desired leave to pay his addresses to that gentleman's daughter. He knew his request would be refused, and he knew why—he could not keep the young lady, he was only an editor's secretary; and with some kindly hints from the elder gentleman as to the advantages of modesty and humility, he withdrew.

The next morning there appeared in the New York Trumpet the following strange piece of news from the Mexican correspondent. It was given in quite an incidental manner—

"Cohahuila, November 9th, 18—.

"You have, I daresay, heard of the great Santa Maria del Cohahuila Mining Company. I was at the works yesterday, and a better managed establishment it has not been my lot

to witness anywhere. The machinery is admirable and effective, and from the appearance of the ore and the reports in the neighbourhood, I should be disposed to think the mine all but inexhaustible."

"Cordona, November 10th, 18—.

"This morning, reading over the sentences I wrote last night, I am struck with the truth of the adage, 'Appearances are deceitful.' Intending going again to the works this



morning with a view to a more minute description, I met an old half-caste Indian, of whom I asked the way to the mine. The man seemed surprised, and said in a dreamy senile voice—'The mine—yes, senior—the mine—

this way,' and leading me by another road as I thought, to the spot, brought me to a clump of underwood, showed me a largish opening in the side of the hill, pointed to it, and said, 'the mine!'

“‘No, my friend,’ said I, ‘The Santa Maria mine.’

“‘This is the Santa Maria mine,’ said he, ‘I worked here fifty years ago; see, here is the heap of refuse, and here is the place where the windlass used to stand to haul up the stuff. Aye, sir, fifty years ago. I worked here till the revolution came and made soldiers of us all, the mine was nearly worked out then from this side.’

“‘I was, as you may imagine, not a little astonished at this information.

“‘And how about the other side?’ I inquired.

“‘The works’ side?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Well, there will be no works in three months, for the mine will be worked out on both sides, and all the money they have spent on machinery will be lost.’

“‘And who knows this but you?’

“‘No one. All who worked here are gone: I am left alone.’

“‘And why don’t you tell this?’

“‘Why should I? My son keeps me; he sells the wine and Bourbon to the men in the mine: if they break it up he will sell no more wine. Why should I tell them and be laughed at too? No! let them find it out.’

“‘Why did you tell me?’

“‘You asked for the mine and the mine is here—I am old and foolish—I forgot the works till you spoke of them. Why should I tell when I am not believed; and my son will lose three months’ more trade if I am believed? No! I shall not tell.’

“‘But I shall.’

“‘No, senor, you will not, for I have told you by mistake, by misfortune, and I shall kill you—I have killed many men in my time—if you do not promise me on your word and this cross not to tell.’

“‘The old fellow had pulled out a little ivory crucifix, and stood over me with a long-pointed stiletto in his hand. I laughed it off, though I was terribly frightened of the old fellow’s half lunatic looks.

“‘I will not tell; that I won’t; give me the cross.’

“‘I kissed it, had the satisfaction of seeing the dagger replaced, and was not sorry to find myself safe at my inn.

“‘I need only say that I thought, under all the circumstances of the case, the air of the place was not good for my health; I therefore date this from a village some twenty miles’ distance from the old wanderer’s wine-shop. As for the story—there it is—true or not. It was not my business to risk my life to inquire. The place I am now at, &c. &c.”

And so the letter went on. On the morning this news appeared in the New York Trumpet, Mr. Chevy came into town for advice as to the probable truth of the story. If true, he was next door to a pauper!

His broker referred him to the only man likely to know anything about it—our hero, Mr. Robson. Now it is admittedly unpleasant to ask advice to-day of a man to whom you refused permission to address your daughter yesterday.

Mr. Chevy went round town.

“‘Robson is the only man likely to know,’ and accordingly he went, at last, to Mr. Robson and told his story.

“‘Most unlikely thing, sir; but still such a man as Watson, so generally reliable, is worthy of credit on most matters. Can’t you wait to decide about the affair until the next mail?’

“‘My whole fortune is in that mine: I have bought up share after share till I have nearly all. I am a lost man if that old cuss is right. Why didn’t they think of it? It’s not the first time these old mines have been tapped in a new place, and yielded for years, and then given out all at once. Shall I sell, Mr. Robson, or not?’

“‘I should say not. You see you don’t know it’s true. What can you sell at, too?’

“‘Sell, sir! Last night my shares were worth one thousand dollars cash, sir, and now they’re not worth ten dollars, sir, not ten altogether.”

“‘You’d better go over and see the Trumpet’s people. You know they’ve an old grudge against you on that mining question.”

Mr. Chevy went to the Trumpet’s people and inquired. All perfectly regular, right time for mail to arrive; there could be no doubt about it; it had occurred before. Mr. Chevy had better sell.

At night he was still undecided. Next morning the Trumpet published an extract from a private letter.

“‘Cordona, Nov. 12th.

“‘We had a muss here last night. An old half-caste drew his shiner on the correspondent of the New York Trumpet—he had followed him for twenty miles, stabbed and cut him about badly. From all I could hear, it appears that it was some row about a mine the old man had discovered, and told the correspondent about, and the ‘greaser’ was afraid of his splitting. Anyhow, there was a muss, and the old man’s in a bad way, with two pills from a six shooter—

they say there's just a chance of his pulling through."

Mr. Chevy could wait no longer, he went down and sold his shares, one and all, at twenty dollars a share, and washed his hands of the whole concern, liabilities and all.

Mr. Chevy went home, dined, and prepared himself to break the news to his daughter—could not—got tipsy—and put it off till morning.

At breakfast he read the following in the New York Bouncer :—

"The mischievous and false statements of our learned (?) contemporary's Mexican correspondent, published the day before yesterday, are illustrative of the singular meanness and cowardice with which men may become imbued from the constant habit of allowing the interests of truth to become subservient to those of selfish aggrandisement, and the gratification of party revenge.

"It is not unknown to our readers that some years ago a dastardly attack was made on the public honor of Mr. Henry Hudson Chevy, our worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen.

"Years ago, we say, and yet, though years have passed, it is worth the while of that respected instructor of the public morals, the New York Trumpet, to concoct a deliberately false statement in order to ruin the man that their previous mendacity had entirely failed to crush.

"We have ascertained, on the best authority, that the correspondent of the New York Trumpet was never within 150 miles of the place described in his last letter, for he was down with fever at a grog-shop on the very days on which he dates his letters, more than that distance from the place from which he dates his letters.

"If our excellent fellow-citizen has, on the faith of that letter, sold out his shares in the Santa Maria Mining Company, he has been ruined by the most rascally and impudent forgery that was ever recorded in the annals of commercial history."

He had hardly finished this, to him, most interesting paragraph, when Mr. Abraham Webster Robson was announced.

"Have you seen this?" said Mr. Chevy, pointing to the article.

"I wrote it," replied Robson, "and I am now here to make the same request I made a day or two ago. I know you are ruined: still, I make it."

"My dear sir, I said things on that occa-

sion I ought not to have said: I retract. You are richer than I am now; my daughter needs a protector. If you have her consent, I will give mine."

Miss Chevy did consent, and some days afterwards when Mr. Chevy talked of borrowing and beginning life again more humbly, our hero said he need not be in a hurry.

"What I want to know is this, Webster." (They were father and son now, nearly.) "Who bought those shares? That I can't find out. Wilson, through whom I sold them, says he cannot tell: it was through another broker.

"I think I could find out in a short time, Mr. Chevy."

On the day of the wedding Mr. Chevy could not help asking, "Who bought those shares? I'd give half the little I'm worth to find out."

"I know a man, sir, I could bribe to tell."

"I'd give 1000 dollars to know."

"Well, if you'll trust me with them, I'll get the information."

"There you are, Webster: now let me know before the day's out."

Robson took the dollars, and throwing the roll at his wife said—

"There, Mrs. Robson, is some pin money for you. Now tell him."

"It was Abraham, father."

"What Abraham?"

"Mine to be sure—now," said the bride, with a fond look at her husband.

"Yes, sir, I bought those shares. I went to the broker—told him I wanted the money for three days—I bought in from you at twenty dollars a share. After that letter in the Bouncer they rose at once to the old price within twenty dollars, and I realised, sir—at 980 dollars a share."

"And who wrote those letters in the Trumpet?"

"I did," said Abraham, "I did the whole thing from one end to the other,—letters and all. I wrote them here in a hand like Watson's, sent them to Mexico, and got them posted there to the Trumpet, and that's how it came about."

"And there was no old half-caste after all?"

"No."

"And what made you sell out at 980?"

"Well, sir—you see, I got private news from Mexico by the same mail that the mine was drowned out."

Yes, sir, he's the smartest man in this State, I calculate you'll think after that story.

A. STEWART HARRISON.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI. AT THE LAST.

DEATH'S seal was upon her : but for all that it was such a common-place face to have caused such a wealth of anguish to such a man.

She was lying with her eyes closed when he first knelt down by her side, and all the casual observer would have seen was a large white face, coarse features, and ill-marked brow, and a mouth that had been voluptuous in youth, but that now was pinched and drawn. He saw more than this : he saw the face of the woman he had vowed all unwittingly to love and cherish years, years ago, while still a boy ; the face of the woman whose own conduct had forced him from the hard task ; the face of the woman who had been the cause (innocent in that, though) of his seeming a scoundrel to Theo Leigh.

She opened her eyes after a while, and asked, "Is he here still?" in a querulous whining tone; and they told her in response that "her husband was," and so presently she turned her eyes upon him.

"So, you could come for this?" she asked; and there would have been sarcasm in the poor dying voice, had he allowed himself to hear it.

He stooped down : he was very tender to aught that was weak or womanly. She was very weak now, in this parting hour, and very womanly withal in her mild attempt to embitter it.

"Zoë, let us forgive," he said, as softly as though she had anything to pardon in him.

She moved her head wearily on the pillow, this woman with the beautiful soft Greek name, who was dying.

"I can forgive," she muttered; "take my hand," (she drew it from beneath the coverlet) "and tell me you will too,—everything."

He took her hand.

"Everything, everything," he whispered.

"Then raise me up, and with my head upon your shoulder, I will tell you truly what became of *her* whose head would have been more welcome there than mine has ever been."

"Of Leila," he said mournfully, obeying her.

"Yes : she did not die."

"He lied, then, even though all was so long over," Harold said, more to himself than to her.

Her breath came quicker and shorter. "You must lean me back," she muttered brokenly;

"lean me back, and listen ! Leila lived for years. Harold, do you remember when I was first false to you ?"

He bent his head in bitter assent : had she merely sent for him to stab him ?

"I gave myself to him on condition that he should never let you know that Leila, who loved you still, and whom he had forced away and kept till—till——"

"God ! She was never *his*, say ?" Harold Ffrench cried ; and the answer was a weary closing of the eyes, a weary movement of the lips, a weary, sad, painful fleeing of the soul from the frail body. The Greek woman, the bride won in such a romantic way (for Linley's tale had been Harold's true story, with the substitution of Constantinople for Athens), the wife who had been a curse to him, the sister of the girl who had first waked love in his soul, was dead !

Her last words had been perhaps the bitterest drop in the bitter cup his connection with her had forced him to drink. For years, from the date of that rash chivalrous marriage which had marred him, up to the day of Linley's introduction to Kate Galton and Theo Leigh, Harold Ffrench had never heard of Leila. He had never dared to seek tidings of her while his love for her lived, because of his wife, her sister. And when at last time killed that love, the day for seeking tidings of her was long, long past. So he went on till that night when Linley told him that Leila had "expiated her offence against the heaven-born passion Love in the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus."

He had grieved at the hearing ; grieved as a man must grieve when he learns that the lovely thing he loved has come to a cruel end. He had grieved and believed ; now, on her own death-bed, his wife had deepened the grief by abolishing the belief, and substituting for it a fear that a deeper wrong had been his, a deeper degradation Leila's, than he had ever feared.

He moved away presently : away out of the presence of the senseless form that had been a burden to him so long : away down into the drawing-room of the suburban villa where the signs of her, its late mistress, were manifold.

A luxuriously furnished room, heavy with perfume, and reeking, as it were, with ornaments. Not with the ornaments that tend to elevate the taste of those who look upon them,

but of an order that told clearly what manner of woman she had been who had selected them.

There were gorgeous vases, vases all red and gold, of queer fantastic shape, standing on the floor, with their bases buried in deep wool mats dyed of a brilliant scarlet. In these vases gaudy flowers bloomed, or drooped rather, for the heavy air, the atmosphere of artificial perfume, was killing them.

He looked round at the low soft couches, on which soft furs and oriental rugs were thrown, at the little Maltese dogs, their hair tied up with pink and blue ribbons, that were lying upon them. He marked the colour and the warmth, and the mighty amount of everything that could tend to relax and enervate the body and mind, and the absence of all that could purify, brace, and refine. Then he sat down with a sigh, and thought of how the ignorant strong-natured girl he had married had been true to her fleshly instincts, true to her disregard of more ennobling influences to the last.

There were gilded toys about, movable figures arrayed in the last Paris fashions, that waggled their heads and wriggled their hands when you pulled a wire. There were many volumes of coloured engravings, whose bindings caused you to blink. There was a wearisome waste of all such things as a tasteless woman with plenty of money to spend and an eye for bright colours is sure to collect about her. But there was not a single thing about the room which told that the woman who had occupied it had possessed either heart, soul, or mind.

He had never been in that house before. The little dogs, the only things that had loved and lived with his wife to the last, came round him cringingly, as Maltese terriers will, expecting either a kick or a biscuit, but there was no recognition in their servile eyes, no friendship in the wags of their time-serving tails. He had never been there before, he had never seen his wife since that hour to which she herself had alluded, when he first knew her false to him.

He had never known a moment's love for her; but when he had first recovered from the stunning blow the deception which made her his wife had dealt him, when first he recovered from that, and along through a series of years that appeared interminable, he had striven to "make the best of things" for her and for himself. She was a babyish-minded, ignorant, plain young girl. She had already shown herself an adept at intrigue in a way that had wrecked his life; still he reminded himself that she was his to guard and improve now, let the means by which she had become so be

ever so reprehensible. He strove with all his strength and mind to so guard and improve, and her low ignorant cunning baffled him at every point, till he sickened over the task.

Then there came a day when the man who had aided him in carrying her off "under a mistake," as he (Harold) still supposed, appeared upon the scene. She brightened a little, came out of her apathetic languor, seemed to throw off a few of her wearily childish ways and tedious laziness, when this friend came, till at last Harold knew that both friend and wife were foully false to him.

The men could fight. Harold had the poor consolation of leaving a scar that never wore out on the hand of the man who had wronged him. But the woman,—the plain soulless woman who had been the cause,—what of her?

Her lover—the one who for some cruel spite had played at being so—would have none of her, that Harold knew. She relapsed into her former apathy, making no defence, caring not what became of herself; so he, reproaching himself a little perhaps for that he had never loved her, suffered her to remain a clog to him, sought no divorce, and separated from her only to her greater comfort.

The friend who had done him this last injury was David Linley.

It seemed such a motiveless wrong, such a causeless injury. It remained a profound enigma to Harold French why David Linley should have wrecked their friendship for this woman without a charm, till on her death-bed she told him brokenly that Leila had been loved by Linley, and had never loved Linley in return. He saw it all now: there had been a motive, and the motive was jealousy, which sought to sting, no matter how or when.

His "love for Leila was a long-dead thing," as he had once said to Theo Leigh. But he could not help thinking with some of the old passion of the glorious-faced girl whom he had loved and lost in his youth. She had been true and tender, then, after all; she had loved him, and her fate had been so hard, so horrible! It was so vague to him even now.

He roused himself from this dream of the past, and the thoughts of the present came to him and caused his heart to bound. Life held much for him still. The past would be swept away like an ugly dream; the future was all his own to give to Theo Leigh.

How he longed to hold her to his heart and tell her all!—his early love, his wrongs and sufferings; to lay bare his life before her, in fact, and hear her say that she would take what was left of it. How he longed to do this, and to bring back the bloom to the fresh young

cheek that had blushed its best blush for him, and that the moonlight told him but the night before had grown so very pale.

But he had been over hasty once. He would wait now till none could censure him for being premature. There would be safety in such waiting he felt proudly, for Theo Leigh was true as steel he knew.

By-and-by he summoned the confidential servant who had lived with his wife for years, and she told him, rather more whiningly than was well, how her mistress had cared for him and craved for his presence at the last. He tried to believe it, though; he wished to believe it, wished to think that she had been only weak and erring, not wicked and heartless.

After a time he asked the question which he had summoned her to ask, and which parched his tongue in the asking.

"Mr. Linley never came here?" he said, lifting up one of the little dogs as he spoke.

"Never, sir. That you should think such a thing, with my poor dear mistress——"

"Hush!" he interrupted; "I meant the question as no reflection upon her; I only want to know the full measure of my debt to him," he muttered, putting the little dog down again.

The woman coughed and sighed before she spoke again.

"He never came near this house, and I was always with my poor dear lady when she went out. Would you not like to see her, sir? She looks so peaceful and happy, it might comfort you."

He could not refuse it: it would have looked brutal to do so; besides, a refusal might wring this woman's heart, and she had been faithful, and was true according to her lights, he thought. Still he could not avoid going along to the chamber of death lingeringly and slowly; there was something in going at all from which his soul recoiled.

He went in very softly. "All that was left of her now was pure, womanly." She lay there in raiment that was not whiter than the face, which did look very happy and peaceful. There were flowers on the pillow, and on the coverlid, and between the waxen fingers of the gently-folded hands there was a broken lily. It all looked very pure and stainless, and there was a solemn hush in the room.

He stood there gazing upon that which was left of the woman who had been his wife, and his heart was filled with as solemn a hush as that which pervaded the room. He could not tear himself away. He could only stand and think very softly of her and of the solitary life she had led for years in loveless penitence.

Presently there was a sound of tiny patter-

ing feet, then a rushing, and worrying, and scraping, and the little Maltese terrier came from under a chair that stood by the head of the bed with something in her mouth. "Here, Julie, Julie!" the maid cried affrightedly. But before she could rescue it Harold French had taken from Julie's mouth a scarcely-worn glove, and read on the inside of the wrist the name of "David Linley."

CHAPTER XXXII. SAVED AND LOST.

"GOOD GOD! what do you mean?" Frank Burgoyne asked.

"Mean? Why, that that fellow, who is not the fool *you* take him to be, has fathomed your feelings for his wife. You have been mad," David Linley replied sternly. His game seemed very clear to him now; he liked Theo himself, and he would have won and worn her if he could have done so. Failing that, however, as he felt that he should fail, strive as he might, he resolved that Harold French should never have her. It had been Harold's misfortune through life to win love that Linley coveted: Linley had still one arrow in his quiver to let fly into the heart of his former friend.

Frank Burgoyne grew flushed and uneasy.

"You exaggerate in the most horrid way, Linley," he began hotly; "there has been nothing in my manner to Mrs. Galton, for whom I have the deepest respect——"

Linley groaned impatiently.

"Talk that trash to women, they'll believe you perhaps. My dear fellow, there's been that in your manner to Mrs. Galton, and, by Jove! that in Mrs. Galton's manner to you, that if Harold French gets hold of it you're ruined with your grandfather."

"I will not allow Mrs. Galton's name to be handled in this way, or her conduct to be called in question," Frank replied indignantly.

"Then teach her to be more careful, show her that it is incumbent upon her to be more careful, not alone for her own sake, but for yours. Good Heaven! your grandfather will fancy himself justified in anything—a married woman! his favourite cousin!" Linley said earnestly.

"You are making the most groundless accusations in your anxiety for my welfare, Linley; you are over-shooting the mark altogether," Frank said nervously. He was miserably conscious of the state of his own feelings towards Kate, and miserably uncertain as to how far he had betrayed them. This uncertainly kept him under, as it were, and gave David Linley the mastery.

"I can only tell you that Galton is on the alert; he told me to speak to you. I don't

wish to asperse Mrs. Galton, but when a married woman sees a man is in love with her, it looks rather fishy if she suffers the thing to go on."

"I have never thought of her for an instant save as an agreeable companion," Frank replied moodily.

"It is most unfortunate, *most* unfortunate, then, that your manner should have implied so much more. Knowing that she is a flirt, and that you are impressionable, I ought never to have thrown you in contact; the fact is, I fancied you were sweet on that charming girl, Theo Leigh."

"So I am," Frank said hurriedly. He was ready to say or do anything to avert the possibility of the shadow of suspicion falling upon Mrs. Galton's admired head. The folly had all been his; he alone would pay what penalty that folly cost.

"I am heartily glad of it. No, I won't come in, thank you; I must get over to Lowndes, and dine as quickly as possible. I have to run up to town to-night to see my lawyer. I shall tell Galton before I go that Theo Leigh is the one, and I'll let *her*, Mrs. Kate, know it too, or she will be compromising you."

"For God's sake don't say too much," Frank said, in a bewildered tone.

"If you regard your interests at all, too much cannot be said," Linley replied firmly; "*you* know the trifle that's required to make a very considerable difference in your grandfather's will. By Jove! I shall think that Mrs. Galton has gone a little further than I gave her credit for, since you are ready to risk so much for her favour."

"I have never had her favour in the way you imply: I have never been scoundrel enough to seek it. Say of me what you please, but for God's sake don't saddle her with the consequences of my confounded stupidity." Frank spoke quite warmly; he was ready to do anything to establish that guilelessness of Kate in which he himself so firmly believed.

"I wish I could credit you quite, my boy," Linley said. "Be careful, that's all I can say. Don't rouse John Galton's jealousy, or it will be all up with the woman, as well as yourself. Don't look savage, Frank; I have spoken for your good. If you say 'drop it for the future,' good; I will do so. Come over to dinner to-morrow at seven, I will make a diversion by bringing back a lot of town news, and be careful."

"I will," Frank replied eagerly; "you'll see I will."

David Linley shook hands heartily with Frank Burgoyne, and then rode rapidly back to Lowndes.

"You'll excuse my dressing to-night, won't

you, Mrs. Galton?" he said, going into the room where Kate and her husband were. "I have to run up to town directly, to see my publisher about that confounded book of mine."

"Nothing wrong, I hope? Certainly, don't dress; you will be back to entertain your guests to-morrow, I presume?" Mrs. Galton said languidly.

"Oh yes," he said, he should be back; and there was nothing very wrong, only some "copy" missing. Then he offered his arm to Mrs. Galton, and they went in, and he made a choice selection of viands, and flavoured the same with the right sort of wines, and had altogether a capital dinner, partaking of it with the keenest appetite, just as though he had not heard that morning that the woman to whom he had been one colossal wrong, from the moment he first palmed her off upon his friend so falsely, lay dying.

When it was time to go off to catch the train he did it as quietly and blithely as possible, making jokes the while with Mrs. Galton about the new-born dandyism he was betraying in gloves. "It's a shame for you who never used to wear them at all to travel in such as these," she said, taking up a pair of pale lavender ones, in which he had written his name delicately and legibly; and he agreed with her "that it was a shame; but I have rushed from one extreme to the other under your auspices." He travelled up in those gloves nevertheless.

It is not essential to follow him upon that journey; the scenes through which he passed, are perhaps better left untouched. It need only be told that he was more fortunate than Harold Ffrench, in that when the train crept slowly up to the terminus in that grey morning hour he trusted to his own wit rather than to the porter's, and so procured the solitary hansom waiting there, which wafted him speedily on towards his goal. But he was more unfortunate in one thing: when he reached his goal he lost a glove, while Harold found one as we have seen.

The host was back in admirable time to recover his fatigue, and receive his guests on the following day. He wore an outside mantle of extreme good humour and high spirits, but Kate had a habit of lifting up corners of such mantles and looking beneath. She did so on this occasion.

"Something has gone wrong with you," she whispered, after the Leighs and Sydney had arrived, and while they were awaiting the Burgoynes, and were all trying not to look as if they were anxious for the Burgoynes to come. "Something has gone wrong with you, I am sure. Can't the missing copy be found?"

"No, and it makes me awfully anxious; but cover that anxiety if you can, that's a good creature," he replied; and Kate promised, but did not believe him.

It was easy enough to cover his anxiety, and conceal it from the earliest arrivals, for Mr. Leigh went back into the past at sight of Linley, and enlarged upon the same for John Galton's special behoof. It was a rare treat to Mr. Leigh to meet with some one who felt an interest in that particular epoch which was brought to his mind by the meeting with Linley. John Galton felt and looked genuine interest at once in Mr. Leigh's reminiscences, just as he would have felt and looked about anything that concerned anyone whom he liked however remotely.

As for Theo and Sydney Scott, they had not come to that age yet when we mark the mien that is not shown to us.

But when the Burgoyne appeared upon the scene David Linley became what he had never had cause to accuse himself of being before—a fidgetty dispenser of hospitalities. "I am awfully afraid of things going wrong even now, though they're well in train," he said, half to himself and half to Kate Galton, with a startled look, when she laid her hand on his arm gently and told him he must take her in to dinner. "How should they? and what matter if they do?" she answered, rather scornfully. She was becoming weary of this reigning at his shooting-box, and having to play the hostess to "so many women."

"Ah! you don't know how I have set my heart on it: how should you?" he replied. Then he laughed, and got himself together with a shake, and asked impressively, when they had all seated themselves, and there was the usual silence, "why he had not the pleasure of seeing Harold Ffrench?"

"He had to go up to town last night," Frank Burgoyne replied.

"He received a telegram which carried the day against my father's dismay at his departure," Ethel explained. "Do you know we have all, even Frank, come round to liking Mr. Ffrench very much; he is so nice when you know him, and he has *such* a story!"

"Has he indeed? Should you have thought he looked like a man 'with a story,' Miss Leigh?" Mr. Linley asked of Theo, who sat shivering, and thinking, "now it will *all* come out, it will all come out."

"But he has," Ethel persisted; "a story that there can be no harm in telling if *we* Burgoyne don't mind telling it: the secret of our father's liking for him is to be found in his story."

"Do tell it, if it isn't long," Kate Galton

said, uttering the first portion of her sentence aloud for Ethel, and the latter part in a dulcet whisper, that fell upon Mr. Linley's ear alone.

"It might be made a great deal of by aid of your gift," Ethel Burgoyne replied, looking at her host; "as I haven't your gift, however, I will not draw it out to its ruin; it is simply this," Ethel began to blush, and her colour brightened as she proceeded; "my father fell in love, desperately in love, with Harold Ffrench's mother, after he was engaged to our mother; and she, who was afterwards Mrs. Ffrench, was so honourable that, though she loved my father, he believes to this day nothing would ever tempt her to make another woman miserable; that is all the story."

"How unlike a woman," David Linley said, laughing.

"How like her son," Theo Leigh cried quickly.

"How uncommonly lucky for your mamma that she met with such a generous rival, that is all I can say," Mrs. Galton remarked quietly. And then they went into the question of whether it be nobler to give up everything or to brave everything for love, which topic imparted a piquancy it would otherwise have lacked to Theo Leigh's soup.

Frank Burgoyne, in accordance with the plan he had proposed of misleading everyone as to his sentiments regarding Mrs. Galton, had taken Theo Leigh in to dinner. He had devoted himself to her in the marked manner which men will show without an end or aim at times, and Theo, feeling grateful for this lapse he was making into those habits which had been his during the days of his broken arm, had responded sympathetically. The devotion, conventional as it was, and the sympathetic response to it, were both patent to Sydney; therefore, though Miss Scott had adhered to a portion of her original intention by wearing pink, she waived the paleness, and came out with such a brilliant colour through annoyance that she looked remarkably pretty.

Pretty in so brightly blooming, so unmissably *young* and fresh a way, that David Linley saw with bitter vexation that she quite put Theo Leigh out. The latter should have had the winning warmth and colour to-night, if Frank Burgoyne's heart were to be caught in the rebound, when warned off the premises by regard for Mrs. Galton's fair fame. However, he hoped that a lot of wine and a few judicious words might place Frank in the right groove. Once there, he would run easily enough. The matter, if it were to be managed at all, must be managed quickly, he told himself, for Harold Ffrench was free now, and unless this thing settled itself speedily, Harold Ffrench

would soon know a better happiness than the one he had lost at starting.

"I am not going back to the drawing-room with all those women alone," Kate whispered to her host, when dinner was over; "can't we all move together?"

"Do you want to flirt with Frank Burgoyne?" he asked, directing her gaze at the same time to Frank and Theo.

Mrs. Galton glanced hastily towards the pair, and tried a little laugh.

"Indeed I don't," she said, shaking her head; "were I free to have any offered me, I would have no boy's love."

She said it in a very low tone; but Frank Burgoyne had a habit of hearing her lightest accents. She despised him, then, despised and disregarded him. She had fathomed that he loved her, and resented the impertinence in the orthodox "noble matron" manner. Frank felt very guilty and terribly cast down.

Presently he looked up, across the table, at the husband of the lady on whose account he was enduring sensations of humiliation and remorse. He looked up, and found John Galton's eyes fixed on him with an expression of pitying contempt. The expression was not there in reality: it was only Frank's distorted judgment which read in that interrogatory look such a meaning. But the mistake did him good: strung him up to "have done with this folly at once."

"Before you go to-night I must speak to you, Theo," he whispered, bending his head towards her in such a way that all at the table marked the action. And when Theo looked up at him with frightened eyes, and tried to stammer out an answer that should sound as if she did not know perfectly well what he meant, he felt that he was, as he expressed it to himself, "in for it, and no mistake, now."

David Linley disregarded Mrs. Galton's suggestion as to the simultaneous return of both sexes to the drawing-room. He was nervous and excited himself, and he wanted more wine than he cared to take before women to steady his nerves. It was as much to him as his hopes of Heaven that this last best joy should be taken from Harold Ffrench, for he (David Linley) had loved Leila, and Leila had never loved him. He desired that Frank Burgoyne should warm his imagination Theo-wards as much as was possible with wine, and Frank forwarded his desires in this respect freely.

In the drawing-room, meanwhile, things were not going so fast. Stagnation generally seizes the souls, and manners, and tongues of women when they retire for that privileged twenty minutes or so after dinner, unless they happen to have babies, or contumacious cooks,

when their conversation is a maddening thing to those other women who have not either.

The Burgoynes were old enough and well-bred enough to conceal the extent to which they were bored. For full five minutes Ethel, gently seconded by her sister, made conversation, and contrived to make her words fall trippingly off her tongue. But there was no response made by the others to these efforts of hers. Charming, vivacious, fascinating as Mrs. Galton could be, and was ordinarily, she could also be quite the reverse of these things on occasions. One of these occasions presented itself now. She had nothing further to hope from the Burgoynes; such social radiance as they could shed upon her would be over soon, for it could not extend into Norfolk. While, as for Theo Leigh and Sydney Scott, they were wearisome to her to the last degree. Therefore Mrs. Galton sat in an easy attitude and complete silence before the fire, and gazed with much satisfaction at the reflection of her own pretty face in the back of a highly-glazed screen.

Nor were Theo and Sydney enlivening as companions on the whole. Theo had had her nerves considerably shaken by those meetings with Harold Ffrench and her father out in the goblin-garden, as Frank called the graveyard the other night, and they had not recovered their usual tone again. More than this; she began to see, it began to dawn upon her, that it was within her ability to do or accept a something that would heal the soreness of the past, if she could honestly obliterate that past from her heart. And this she began to feel she could do.

In fact, the girl was in a flutter—in the throes of the dread that it did not lie in her to act honourably and well towards everybody, herself included.

Life is very hard!

As for Sydney Scott, she was simply "huffed," as the phrase goes, and huffiness, thank heaven, is a thing to be got over. There was not a particle of malice in the girl's composition, and on an emergency arising she would have been capable of doing and daring anything for anyone who would ask her so to do and dare. But in the meantime, while quiet reigned, and hum-drum was prime-minister, Sydney could but feel just a little splenetic and rosily indignant with Theo for having come between her and all the admiration that was going.

The pretty blonde was so pretty that she might have been more generous even in her own heart. But it was the thick spot in that otherwise transparent porcelain, it was the flaw in what would else have been a perfect copy of

a glorious little Venus,—this strong desire that she had to take and enfold, to have and to hold, all that was sweetest in the looks, and words, and manners of all the men who might be within her range. She could not help it. She meant no harm, and she paid whatever penalty might be due, in the bitter, sick soreness which seized and cramped her when she did not get all she desired.

At the same time, though this might all be guileless enough, it must be acknowledged that there was a touch something quite the reverse of noble in her suffering wrath to obtain in her soul against Theo, simply because poor Theo had been the recipient of some of the looks, and words, and manners that evening for which she (Sydney) hungered.

"You are soon going to leave us, Miss Scott, I find," Ethel Burgoyne remarked to her at last.

"Yes, in a day or two. I'm going to travel up with the Leighs."

"Miss Leigh and you live very near to one another, do you not?"

"Ye—es," Sydney replied, as if the admission compromised her rather.

"That is very pleasant for you," Ethel Burgoyne went on, feebly it must be confessed, but really because she had nothing better to say.

"Yes; it is pleasanter to have one's acquaintances near to one than at the other end of the world, I suppose," Sydney replied, again in the same dubious tone, and with a certain monotonous drawl that was aggravating to listen to.

"But you are very intimate, are you not?" Ethel persisted.

"Oh! we see each other often. I don't know about being very intimate: I haven't known her—I mean she hasn't known me very long."

"Isn't that the same as your not having known her, that you corrected yourself? I fancied you were great friends from your coming down here to stay with her."

Sydney almost shuffled on her chair, and felt hot and flushed. Miss Ethel Burgoyne was most innocently (or was she doing it out of malice?) putting her in an awkward position. On one side was a strong inclination to ignore all special intimacy with or kindly feeling for the traitor Theo, who had dared to let some loose laurels that were flying about light upon her own brow instead of bowing her head to the dust, and suffering them to waft along to their proper destination on Sydney's. And on the other side was the reflection that her position at Hensley altogether was incompatible with a declaration of utter indifference

to and cold regard for the cause of her being there at all.

"I came down here because she was so dull and wanted me," she said, almost snappishly, and very loud; "but I hate the country: so much is made of every trifle, and you hear of a thing till you hate it; It's all very well for Theo," she went on in a lower key; "she likes flirting, I suppose, and while there's anyone to flirt with she's amused, or seems to be; but I never do flirt, and——"

"You don't care to see anyone else indulge in such idle folly, do you?" Ethel Burgoyne said, in a laughing tone; then she took Sydney's morsels of white hands in her own, and went on, looking into the now sparkling blue eyes, "My dear, talk in that strain when you're ten or fifteen years older, but not now—no! don't even do it then, or people may say that you are a spiteful, soured woman, which you never will be in reality; but the habit of saying whatever may first come upon the tongue grows upon one, dear."

She was too young and too good not to take a small semi-flattering lecture from a still young and pretty woman well and gracefully. So she threw off a few smiles on the spot, and shook off the appearance of chagrin at once, just in time in fact to be her own best self when the men came into the room.

There being only four gentlemen, a rubber seemed inevitable; but David Linley knew better, even while suggesting it, than to suffer it to come to pass. He knew well that from a sober respectable game of long whist such as Mr. Leigh would play, Frank would not arise prepared to go to extreme lengths about Mr. Leigh's daughter. The rattle of a dice-box on the desperate uncertainty as to red or black would have urged him on to commit any madness; but not whist, not debates as to where were the honours, and who perchance would gain the odd trick.

The inevitable, or rather the apparently inevitable rubber, was evaded therefore deftly.

"We'll have a rubber; you'll like a rubber, Leigh?" the host asked, in a genial tone.

"Yes, certainly: I shall like it of all things. Won't some of these ladies——" Mr. Leigh was beginning, when Linley interrupted him.

"By Jove! I punched a lot of wads out of some cards in the gun-room before dinner! I hope we have another pack; I will ring and ask."

He rang and asked accordingly, and great search was made throughout the lodge, and, of course, not another pack found. Whereat Mr. Linley expressed much concern; so much, indeed, that Kate, who fathomed him just at this special place, almost determined to make him

feel what he expressed for a few minutes by declaring that she had a pack in her dressing-case. She relented from her purpose, however, on the birth of the reflection that it was not well to rile Linley for nothing.

"It being impossible to accomplish a rubber without cards, we will put up with music; you shall play to us," Mr. Linley said to Sydney.

"I hate playing."

He sat down by her.

"When I ask you?"

"When you say you'll put up with it I should think so."

He made in reply one of the silly speeches shot with satire which his experience taught him to believe would tell upon a woman.

"I would 'put up' with strains from Pandemonium, provided you were the singer of them, or from Paradise, supposing I were in Pandemonium, on the same conditions. Do you believe me?"

She did not believe him, but she was charmed with him, — charmed, odd as it may seem, by that very ugliness from which she had at first revolted,—charmed with the flattery that she felt to be false,—charmed into obliviousness respecting Frank and Theo.

Mr. Burgoyne had seated himself near to the father and daughter. He had refrained from the only spot in the world on which his foot would willingly have rested just then, that spot, namely, that was nearest to Kate Galton, and had put himself close to the girl with whom (to avert suspicion from that other one) he had declared himself to be in love. Then Theo's heart sank a little with—was it fear or hope?—and her father's rose.

Her heart would have sank still lower could she but have looked into Frank Burgoyne's. He was compelled to brace himself, to string himself to the point by constantly reminding himself that he "stood committed after what he had said to her at dinner." She deluded herself with the notion that the embarrassment he was evincing came from love for her, and a knowledge that she had loved Harold Ffrench.

It was a "very nice evening, and thank you so much for it, Mr. Linley," all the ladies said to him when they were going away. Before it was over Frank Burgoyne had redeemed the verbal pledge he had given Theo, and she was bound to bury all thoughts of the man who had come to her under the slanting sunbeams on that bright spring morning down on the rush-covered bank. In making the announcement of what "he had done" to Linley, Frank Burgoyne felt that he was saving what by his idle attentions he had risked of Kate's fair

face; and in hearing it, Linley felt that once more "though his wife was dead Harold Ffrench had lost."

(To be continued.)

A FORGOTTEN MANIA.

IN a recent volume of ONCE A WEEK* we inserted, under the title of "Timbromanie," some notices of the mania which during the last few years has seized upon gentlemen and ladies, old and young, for collecting the postage-stamps of various countries. This mania has seized upon the female portion of the community more vigorously than the rest—we suppose, because the dear creatures have less to do and to think about, and cannot live without indulging a rage for some pet or other, animate or inanimate—and has created a literature of its own, including postage-stamp albums and guides, and even a Postage-Stamp Magazine.

It is little more than a quarter of a century ago that another mania, of a somewhat similar character, took possession of a very large section of the public, we mean that of frank-collecting, a humble branch of that peculiar phase of that "worship of relics," which develops itself in hunting after autographs—"the worst specimens of great men's writing," as a witty author calls them. As it is now just a quarter of a century since Sir Rowland Hill's penny postage system put an end to the popular and pleasant abuse, which was so long enjoyed by the members of our two Houses of Parliament, and of sundry official personages, on which this mania was based, the following brief account of the franking privilege and frank collecting may not be uninteresting to our readers.

In very early times the sovereign had his own messengers who carried dispatches, and we read of them under the title of *nuntii*, in the times of John, Edward I. and Edward IV. The latter sovereign during his Scottish wars is stated by some of our annalists to have established stations, or *posts*, where relays of messengers and horses were kept ready for the royal service. He arranged these at intervals of about twenty miles, so managing matters that, like the *ἄγγαροι* of the Persians, of whom we read in Herodotus,† they should hand on the dispatches or letters from one to another, so that news could travel nearly 200 miles in a day—a wonderful feat in those times. The price of *post*-horses was fixed by Edward VI. at a penny a mile, and we read that in 1581, one Thomas Randolph was appointed postmaster for England; but it does not appear that this office was directly con-

* See Vol. ix. p. 193.

† B. viii. ch. 98.

cerned with letters, as such, until the reign of James I., who granted it to one Matthew Le Quester. It was the king's post, and, as a matter of course, the letters of the king were sent free. It was an easy step to include the king's household and his ministers within the royal privilege. It was but a second step further in the same direction, for the king to ordain that the letters of the members of his two Houses of Parliament, while sitting at Westminster, engaged on the king's business, should enjoy the same rights as regarded their correspondence. The final step was taken in the same direction, when it was arranged that the privilege should last even when Parliament was not actually sitting; and thus the right of sending their letters free became by degrees an acknowledged 'jus' of every member who had a seat in either house of the Legislature. Thus "franking" began.

As an established and recognised system, the privilege of franking dated from the days of the Commonwealth, and we believe that the late Lord William FitzRoy possessed in his extensive collection some specimens of that date. It was not, however, established at once, but seems to have grown into a practice and a privilege* by degrees. At all events, in the 23rd volume of "The Parliamentary History," we find that early in 1660, on Colonel Titus reporting the "Bill for the settlement of the Post Office, with Amendments," Sir Walter Earle proposed the addition of a proviso for the letters of members of Parliament passing free during their sitting. Sir Heneage Finch, speaking with a warmth not unworthy of his descendant, the late Earl of Winchelsea, denounced the suggestion as "a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the house." Mr. Prynne and several other honourable members also spoke against it, and Sergeant Charlton supported it, saying, "That the letters of the Council went free." The question being called for (with cries of "divide," we suppose), the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimston, ancestor of the Earl of Verulam, was unwilling to put it from the chair, saying "he was ashamed of it." Nevertheless, the proviso was carried and made part of the bill; and though the Lords objected at first, as in our days they objected to the admission of Jews into the Lower House, yet, before the end of the session, both Houses considered it consistent with their personal honour to secure the exemption.

At this time letters were mostly folded as

parcels; and, so far as our own researches have extended, we have not found it possible precisely to define or limit the extent and meaning of the term. All kinds of strange things were sent free by his Majesty's post under cover of this privilege. Dresses, boots, shoes, slippers, window-curtains, Valenciennes lace, books, partridges, pheasants, and haunches of venison, are among the articles thus transmitted; and we have seen a frank of Lord Maynard, dated about 1720, which conveyed a buck free from his lordship to a friend in Essex. Indeed it is said that live animals have been "franked" by this process, and that one ingenious gentleman thus sent a pack of hounds from one country residence to another by instalments of two or three a day at the expense of the public.

In the bill which bestowed the revenues of the post office on Charles II., there was a clause specially providing that all members of the House of Commons should have their letters free; this clause, however, was omitted by the Lords, because no corresponding provision had been made for the passing of their own letters free of cost; but a compromise was eventually made on the assurance that the noble lords should enjoy the same privilege. At first the number of franks daily allowed to members of Parliament was unlimited; but to stop the abuses thence arising in the middle of the last century the privilege was restricted to the number of ten letters a day, and in point of size and weight limits were fixed, which applied to every privileged person, with the exception of members of the Administration, who still sent and received their letters free *ad libitum*. The first inquiry as to abuses connected with Parliamentary franking appears in the journals of the House of Commons in 1735; and more stringent measures were adopted in 1764, when a committee was nominated "to inquire into the several frauds and abuses in relation to the sending or receiving of letters and parcels free from the duty of postage." Among various abuses proved to exist, it is related that one man in the course of five months had counterfeited 1200 dozen franks of Members of Parliament, and that a regular trade of buying and selling franks for use had been actually established by various persons up and down the country.

These restrictions, however, did not affect members of the Administration, and it is therefore probably true that even in the present century George Canning "franked" the whole of "Clarendon's History" to a friend in Ireland, and that Mr. Poulett-Thompson (afterwards Lord Sydenham) in the same way forwarded three haunches of venison to his constituents at Dover. Originally, too, nothing more was

* There is an entry registered in the Journals of the House of Commons, dated Oct. 19, 1666, "That Edward Roberts be sent for in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, or his deputy, to answer (for) his abuse and breach of privilege in exacting money of the members of this House for Post Letters."

required than that the peer or M.P. should write his name in the corner of the envelope, leaving the address to be filled in by other hands. This, however, was found to have led to the extensive sale of "franks" above mentioned, and accordingly, a further proviso was passed, insisting that the entire address should be written by the franker. Ultimately, in 1784, in order to check fresh abuses, it was resolved that the date and the place where the letter was posted should be added in the same handwriting, and the number of franks which each member might send was limited to ten letters a day, though he might receive as many as fifteen.

Of course, a noble lord like the late Lord Holland or Lord Albemarle, who had held a seat in the Upper House for half a century, or like Mr. Byng or Mr. Coke in the Lower House, must thus have been practically in receipt of a large income at the public expense, as his fifteen letters daily, each probably subject otherwise to some fivepence or sixpence postage, came to his park-gates free of cost; while the clergyman at the parsonage, and even his Roman Catholic fellow-peer, had to open his purse every morning when the postman called. In 1838 it was calculated by Sir Rowland Hill that no less than 7,000,000 of franks passed annually through the Post Office, amounting in bulk to about thirty per cent. of the whole number of letters transmitted, and subtracting nearly a million from the income of the department.

It was no doubt a painful thing for noble lords and honourable members to give up this pleasant and agreeable privilege—for such it really was—at the bidding of Sir Rowland Hill, but the irrevocable fiat went forth in 1839, and when the penny postal system was brought into active operation on the 10th of January, 1840, all "franking" was abolished, an exception being made in favour of Her Majesty's own letters and those addressed to the Postmaster-General and sundry Government departments on business.

We have said that it was a pleasant privilege, and so it was. Nothing could be more agreeable than the power of obliging a friend in trifles at the cost of the country. It was like the luxury of putting your hand into John Bull's pockets and pulling out sixpences to give to importunate friends and poor relations. Besides, the habit of signing his name on the outside in the corner of every letter gave a man an adventitious importance, at all events in his own eyes, so that it was only with great reluctance that the peers and M.P.'s gave in to Sir Rowland Hill's newfangled project. His late Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, used to enjoy nothing more than

franking letters for his friends when he went down to his club; and almost every good-natured peer or M.P., as he passed into St. Stephen's, used to be waylaid daily by a host of importunate applicants for a frank.

There were, however, all kinds of absurdities connected with the old system: for whilst a frank cleared the General Post-Office, it was of no value as to the London district (or two-penny) post, nor did it clear the various penny district posts between large towns and villages in the country.

In latter days frank-collecting, as a branch of autograph-hunting, became, as we have said, extremely popular, and almost every young lady you met had a quantity of franks in her scrap-book. The "Great Duke" would never frank if he could help it, from conscientious motives, and accordingly the fair daughters of England had recourse to all kinds of *ruses* in order to obtain a frank from His Grace. Letters of inquiry as to the characters of imaginary servants who had (never) lived at Stratfieldsaye, and of imaginary privates of fictitious regiments, among which it was impossible to distinguish the feigned from the *bonâ fide* applicant, were the means usually resorted to by the bolder of the fair sex in order to elicit a reply from "F.M. the Duke," with the word "Wellington" in the corner of the envelope. The frank of the "Duke" has been known to sell at auctions for a guinea, and that of Lord Byron at two and three pounds. That of Lord Nelson would fetch a similar price, and so would one of the Duke as "Arthur Wellesley." The franks of many "peers" and commoners who had held their titles or seats for only a few weeks before franks were abolished became greatly in request among collectors, and fabulous prices were asked and paid for those of the late Mr. A. Raphael, Mr. T. B. Macaulay, the late Lord Seaton, and the late Duke of Bedford, to say nothing of a dozen or two others whose names are duly recorded in the London Gazette as "Members Returned to Parliament," but have long since been forgotten.

An extensive collection of franks is nowadays a curiosity, and those who cherish a taste for such a thing must be contented to be regarded as amiable and antiquarian enthusiasts, and "worshippers of relics." But it is curious to look back more than a quarter of a century, and to see the same firm, bold, round and legible hand of Lord Palmerston with the "thick up-strokes," which he recommended so recently to the good people at Romsey as one prime object of education; to mark the prim, neat, square hand of Gladstone, then fresh from Oxford; the rapid, flowing penmanship of Lord John Russell and the late Sir Robert Peel, the

huge gaunt, rugged signature of Harry Brougham, the scholarlike and thoughtful text-hand of Lyndhurst, and the small copper-plate "chirographum" of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. It is curious to see franks of all the tribe of O'Connells addressed to Tommy Moore at Sloperton, and those of statesmen long deceased addressed to Sidney Herbert, and Gladstone at Eton and at Christ Church, and to Dr. Newman at Oriel. All these things touch upon tender, pleasant reminiscences, and call back days that are long since passed away.

The writer of this article, when a boy, made a large and valuable collection of franks, which is thought to be tolerably perfect, and has amused his leisure hours, and has been turned to practical account by him in various ways. But the three largest and most complete collections undoubtedly are those formed by the late Rev. E. R. Williamson, Vicar of Campton, Bedfordshire, by the late Mr. Upcott, of Islington, and by Lord William FitzRoy. There is an extensive and curious collection also in the possession of Mr. Blott, late Inspector of Franks in the General Post-Office. The Queen, also, has a collection of the Peers and M.P.'s who held seats in her first Parliament. In procuring those she is said to have employed the services of the Hon. Colonel Murray, Sir Charles Phipps, and the ladies of her court; but I have never heard that Her Majesty was able to succeed in making her collection quite complete.

E. WALFORD.

A GRAVE DISTURBANCE.

THE mystery of the Floating Jacket, which was narrated in a recent West Indian paper, does not stand alone amongst the wonders of Barbados. There is another marvel equally unaccountable, and which in its day attracted no less inquiry and stimulated no less curiosity.

In the parish of Christchurch, Barbados, there is a mysterious vault in which no one dares to deposit the dead. It is in a church-yard near, and at an elevation of one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The following details concerning the remarkable disturbances in this vault are taken verbatim from the original document in the writer's possession, under the hand of his esteemed friend the late rector, the Rev. Thomas Harrison Orderson, D.D., who was an eyewitness (with many others whose names will be mentioned in their proper place) of the occurrences to be related.

July 31st, 1807. Mrs. Thomasin Goddard was buried in the vault, which, when opened to receive her, was quite empty.

February 22nd, 1808. Mary Anna Maria Chase, daughter of the Honourable Thomas

Chase, was buried in the same vault in a leaden coffin. When the vault was opened for the infant the coffin of Mrs. Goddard was in its proper place.

July 6th, 1812. Dorcas Chase was buried in the same vault, and the two first coffins were in their proper places.

August 9th. The Honourable Thomas Chase was buried in the same vault. Upon its being opened the two leaden coffins were dislodged from their situation, particularly that of the infant, which appeared to have been thrown from the corner where it was first placed to the opposite angle.

September 25th, 1816. Samuel Brewster Ames, an infant, was buried, and when the vault was opened the leaden coffins were found to have been thrown from their positions, and were in much disorder.

November 17th, 1816. The body of Samuel Brewster was removed from the parish of St. Philip, and was buried in the vault, and great confusion was discovered among the leaden coffins.

July 7th, 1819. Thomasin Clarke was buried, and there was much disorder among the coffins.

N. B.—Each time the vault was opened the coffins were placed in their proper order and position, and the mouth of the vault was regularly closed by masons.

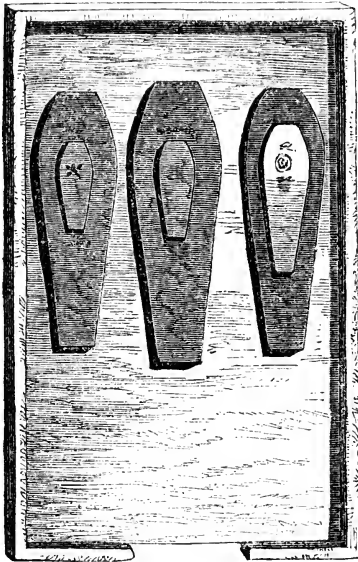
The vault is twelve feet long, and six and a half wide, and is partially hewn through a flinty rock. The entrance to it was secured by a massive stone, which it required six or seven men to remove.

April 18th, 1820. The vault was opened in the presence and at the request of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Combermere. The Hon. N. Lucas, R. B. Clarke (now Sir R. Bowcher Clarke, Chief Justice of Barbados), and R. Cotton, Esqrs., were attending.

The condition of the coffins on this occasion can best be appreciated by a reference to the engraving below, which exhibits on one side the position in which the coffins were left on July 7th, 1819, and on the other the disorder which was presented on April 18th, 1820, the day on which Lord Combermere inspected the vault.

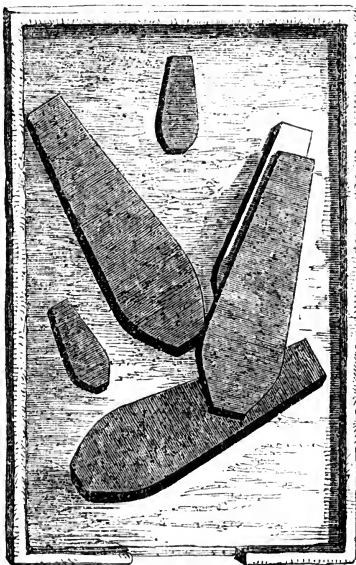
These are the simple facts of the case, nor can the writer venture to make any suggestion that might give a clue to the cause of these amazing occurrences. The approaches of the vault render it virtually impossible for any ingenious or mischievous person to tamper with its contents. Further than this, had it been practicable for any one to have entered the rock, the achievement of dislodging the coffins single-handed would have been superhuman,

and it is not easily to be credited that a piece of mischief of such a character would have been entrusted to many hands to carry out. Nor,



Origin 1 position in 1819.

again, can it be reasonably conjectured that these results were produced by some convulsion of the earth, for the effects were too local, and



As discovered when opened in 1820.

nothing but the coffins themselves exhibited the least trace of violence or subterranean shock.

It may be remarked here that the material

of which the coffins were composed might possibly have something to do with their displacement, since there is an instance of a somewhat similar disturbance having taken place in England, where the coffins were (as those in the Barbados vault) of lead. The reader will observe that the confusion and disorder were noticeable only in the case of the leaden ones, the wooden ones were merely turned over, and not flung about. The parallel occurrence alluded to took place in a village of Suffolk named Staunton. It is stated that on opening a vault there certain *leaden* coffins, which had been fixed on biers, were found to be displaced and thrown about, much to the consternation of the villagers. The coffins were replaced as before, and the vault perfectly closed, when, another of the family having died, it was re-opened, and its contents were discovered in great confusion. Two years after, they were not only found all off their trestles, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to lift it) was found on the fourth step which led down to the vaults, and it seemed perfectly certain that no human agency had effected this. This account is to be found in Captain Alexander's "Transatlantic Sketches," but the writer of this paper has never been able to find the name of Staunton in the county of Suffolk. If reliable, however, some little light is thrown on these coffin disturbances by the fact of the coffins in both the Barbados and Staunton vaults being made of lead.

Of course the negro mind attributed these mysterious results to supernatural causes. Colonel Chase, it seems, was a man of evil disposition, violent, and intemperate. He died by his own hand. His daughter, owing to his cruelty to her, starved herself to death; and the negroes affirmed that the other coffins would not endure the company of the Chase family, and had endeavoured to expel them. It certainly assisted this superstition to know that no disturbance occurred till Colonel Chase was deposited in the vault. No negro would approach the churchyard after nightfall (at least, without whistling very loudly to scare away the "duppies," as ghosts are called in Barbados); and such consternation, alarm, and disquiet were created by the mysterious proceedings in the vault, that the coffins were removed and buried in the earth elsewhere, and the vault was closed, as it now remains. A relative of the writer is the present rector of Christchurch, and has confirmed this. The sketches from which the engraving is taken were executed on the spot by another relative of the writer; and his father, some years since, had two models constructed, exhibiting the various displacements to which the coffins were

subjected; one of these models he presented to the late Bishop Blomfield, who took a great interest in this mysterious matter of the vault; the other is, I believe, deposited in the British Museum.

R. REECE, Jr.

A LEAF FROM THE CHESTER REGISTER.

In the year 1607 we find an entry which proves that even Turks must have placed reliance on an Englishman's promise;—"Given to a stranger borne at Jerusalem, who had a testimonial for a collection under the Great Seale, for a collection for his ransome to the Turke, 12*d.*" The churchwardens had a very good notion of making things pleasant at the expense of the parish. Thus they ordered payment of 2*s.* for "meetinge together and setting of things right amongst themselves," and a like sum on another occasion for the trouble they were at in "meetinge together for seekinge of workmen to make a fitt seete in a convenient place for brydgrumes, bryds, and sike wyves to sit in." That they were loyally devoted to his Majesty King James may be inferred from their paying the ringers, "in remembrance of the most happye delivrance of his Majestie from Gowrie's conspiracy in Scotland, 2*s.* 4*d.*" The parish benevolence was exercised to the extent of 12*d.* in the case of William Winckfield, "who had a passe from Sir Thomas Gaets, Knight, Governor of —, in the province of Virginia, under the Honourable the Lord Delaware, Lord President of the sayd province, and Vicerent of our gracious sovregne King James." Archbishops and bishops seem to have been in very poor circumstances in King James's reign. There is an entry of 8*d.* "given to collectors for reliefe of an Archbishops being a stranger," and another of 2*s.* to a "straunge Bishopp that traaveled throue the countrie." Travelling preachers were frequently entertained. Mr. Francis Lawson, "who maid us a very good sermon, for his charges was presented with 2*s.* 8*d.*" Was paid for "a pottle of sacke, the 10 April, which sent to the preachers when Mr. Jenison preached, 2*s.* For a quart of sacke to Mr. Blaxton when he made a sermon here, 18*d.*" "Paid the charges of Mr. Mace and another preacher at the taverne, 5*s.* Gave to Mr. Banks, a banished minister, 2*s.* 6*d.*" We might quote many entries of this kind, but those quoted will be sufficient to prove that facilities for religious instruction did not abound in those days as they do in the present. It does not appear as if it were strictly just that they should pay "for Mr. Richard Colmer's dyner, and his man's dyner, 12*d.*," while "to

the reliefe of Richard Lawson and his fammilye, lying in God's visitation" (the plague), they should contribute only 8*d.*, and only half that amount to "Widowe Haswell lying sore sicke." On the last day of July, 1614, 12*d.* was given to "one John Chester, late of Ratcleefe, in the countye of Middlesex, mariner, taken by the Turkes, who spoiled him of his shippe, called *Prymeros of London*, and toke all his goods in the same to the ye value of three hundred pounds." The next entry is a very curious one: "Out of the cess payd to the hands of Mr. Edward Hutton, for and toward the buylding of a churche in the contrey wheare the Ladye Elizabeth (subsequently Queen Elizabeth) dwelleth, 6*s.* 8*d.*" In 1618, there was paid to John Rutter "for one of the King's Majestie's carriages from Newcastle to Bishop Awcklande, 20*s.*;" but we are not told for what reason this sum was paid. The next payment explains itself, and proves that it was once the practice to have other books besides the Bible and Prayer Book in churches; it occurs in 1619:—"For enlarginge of the leathers for the clasps of the Paraphrasis of Erasmus, 4*d.* For makyng of two chaynes, and the irons whereupon Jewell and Hardin and the Paraphrasis standith on in the church, 6*s.* 8*d.*" Hard measure seems to have been meted out to Ferrie the piper's wife, when she was paid 12*d.* "for avoiding her out of the parish when he was pressed for a soldier." Soldiering does not appear to have been a profitable occupation, if we may draw any conclusion from such entries as these:—"Given to gentlemen soldiers who had been taken with Spindola, and had a passe, 6*d.* To two gentlemen soldiers with a passe from the maior of Newcastle, 8*d.*," and so forth. Seven travellers with two testimonials received 12*d.* A little boy who came with a passe, and whose father had been taken by Dunkirks, 6*d.* "A poore scholler, being a churchman, and wantinge means to travell withall, 4*d.*" To another traveller with a pass, "being a marchante in seekinge his servante (slave?), 12*d.* To Athanasius, a Greek, that passed to the court, 12*d.*" To "a poore woman, who havinge her husband murtheared in his bed, and haveinge certificaite from Scotland and a pass to travell to London, havinge a woolve in her weeme feedinge, 12*d.*" The last extract we shall make is one which illustrates a state of things happily long since passed away. The date is 9th April, 1609:—"Mem. That Mistress Kathren Johnson, of Twistle, widowe, hath caused her name to be given in, &c. That she hath taken her abod at her sayd mansion-house of Twistle, and hath confyned herself there to abyde and remayne, according to a staitt enacted 35 Eliz.,"

G. L.

HANS EULER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF J. G. SEIDL.)



“HARK, child—again that knocking! Go, fling wide the door, I pray; Perchance ’tis some poor pilgrim who has wandered from his way. Now, save thee, gallant stranger! Sit thou down and share our cheer: Our bread is white and wholesome,—see! our drink is fresh and clear.”

“I come not here your bread to share, nor of your drink to speak. Your name?”—“Hans Euler.”—“So! ’tis well: it is your blood I seek. Know that through many a weary year I’ve sought you for a foe: I had a goodly brother once: ’twas you who laid him low.”

“And as he bit the dust, I vowed that soon or late on you
His death should be avenged ; and mark ! that oath I
will keep true.”
“I slew him ; but in quarrel just. I fought him hand
to hand ;
Yet, since you would avenge his fall,—I’m ready ; take
your stand.

“But I war not in my homestead, by this hearth
whereon I tread ;
Not in sight of these —my dear ones,—for whose safety
I have bled.
My daughter, reach me down yon sword,—the same
that laid him low ;
And if I ne’er come back again, Tyrol has sons enow.”

So forth they fared together up the glorious Alpine
way,
Where newly now the kindling east led on the golden
day.
The sun that mounted with them, as he rose in all his
pride,
Still saw the stranger toiling on, Hans Euler for his
guide.

They climbed the mountain summit ; and behold ! the
Alpine world
Showed clear and bright before them, ’neath the mists
that upward curled.
Below them, calm and happy, lay the valley in her
rest,
With the chalets in her arms, and with their dwellers
on her breast.

Amidst were sparkling waters ; giant chasms, scarred
and riven ;
Vast crowning woods ; and over all, the pure, blest air
of heaven :
And, sacred in the sight of God, where peace her trea-
sures spread,
On every hearth, on every home, the soul of freedom
shed !

Both gazed in solemn silence down. The stranger
stayed his hand.
Hans Euler gently pointed to his own beloved land :
“’Twas this thy brother threatened ; such a wrong
might move me well.
’Twas in such a cause I struggled :—’twas for such a
fault he fell.”

The stranger paused ; then, turning, looked Hans
Euler in the face ;
The arm that would have raised the sword fell power-
less in its place.
“You slew him. Was it, then, for this—for home and
father-land ?
Forgive me ! ’Twas a righteous cause. Hans Euler,
there’s my hand !”

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

MINNA WENLOCK.

CHAPTER I.

MINNA always used to sit by me in church. Her father and mine went shares in a pew in the church of a popular preacher somewhere at the West End—I forget the clergyman’s name—I even forget where the church was—but the man himself I shall never forget. I have no hesitation in saying that he was a striking preacher. I know that the first time I was

taken to hear him I was taken out again, very soon after the sermon began, roaring violently. Directly he got into the pulpit his eyes began wandering to find a victim ; at last he fixed them on our pew, and began to make a series of grossly personal allusions to the fact of my having eaten too much plum cake the evening before—at least so my guilty conscience interpreted his words. After this somewhat unfavourable introduction, the terror that man inspired me with was something awful. He had a way of turning up the sleeves of his coat and asking the godless man, who seemed usually to sit under the gallery, to come out and wrestle with him. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the godless man invariably declined the conflict. I got used to this in time, but at first it was a grievous disappointment. I think I may confidently state that, in the opinion of the juvenile part of the congregation, the godless man would have had decidedly the best of it. I attended that church for only half a year, but the preacher left an indelible impression on my mind. I only heard my friend once again—six years afterwards. His church was very empty, but I observed that the godless man was still there, sitting in about the same place that he formerly occupied, and showing, I am sorry to say, the same sad want of pluck.

The great bond of union between Minna and myself was our hatred of that clergyman. I cannot deny that we quarrelled occasionally over the distribution of sweetmeats and other trifling matters, but on that one point we always agreed. Indeed we had serious thoughts of appealing to the godless man to release us from our troubles, or at all events make a stand-up fight of it. We thought that our enemy, even if victorious, would receive considerable punishment, and we naturally felt that that would be a great consolation to us. Our enterprise, however, failed from the difficulty of communicating with our champion. When my father moved to another part of London I left that church and lost sight of Minna Wenlock. I had never seen her since she was of the mature age of seven.

I was sitting in my chambers one morning after luncheon, smoking, and reading law, when Charley Hawkins walked in, looking restless and melancholy. I knew what was coming directly I saw him ; there is no mistaking that look—something had happened, and he was going to confide in me. Everybody confides in me ! Why, except that I hate it, I’m sure I don’t know.

“I was just passing by here,” began Charley, “and so I thought I would look in and see how you are getting on.”

"Oh, I'm hard at work reading law," I said. But I am afraid I have not much moral courage, for when I saw Charley sit down and deliberately take his gloves off, I felt that I should give in without another struggle.

"I say, what do you think?"

"Well," I said, rousing myself for a final effort, "I was thinking that the difference between a contingent remainder and a springing—"

"Oh, no shop! I didn't mean that—I have something to tell you."

I felt it was all over with me, and as it was to come, it had better come quickly, so I said nothing.

"I say, old fellow,—I'm in love." I must do him the justice to say that he looked rather confused as he made this confession; but as to my certain knowledge Charley had been in a chronic state of love ever since he was four years old, the gravity of the announcement did not startle me. I merely nodded an acknowledgment of the fact, and said, "I know—Emily Blair—you told me about that a month ago."

"No, no," he said, "it's not Emily; that was a passing fancy, this is an affection which will last my life,"—or something to that effect. We have all heard the sentiment before. I had frequently heard it from Charley at different times with reference to different idols, consequently I did not feel overwhelmed by the intensity of his passion.

"Well, and when is the happy event to come off; is it to be to-morrow, or the day after?" I asked, quietly puffing at my pipe, and adopting that playful and sarcastic tone at which I am so successful.

"Don't be a fool; I only met her the day before yesterday at the Mowbrays'."

"Oh, she was at the Mowbrays'? Which was it, the girl in blue with the snub nose, or that pretty Miss Dawkins?"

"No; it's Minna Wenlock—she's staying there."

"Minna how much?"

"Wenlock. That girl in pink with dark hair."

"Her hair was light and curly."

"No it isn't."

"Of course an acquaintance of two days enables you to pronounce an opinion on the colour of a young lady's hair twelve years ago," I said, reverting to gentle sarcasm; "but I still maintain my assertion that her hair used to be light and curly."

"You don't mean to say you know her?"

"Why, it does not seem as if I did, but I knew a Minna Wenlock years ago."

"I say, I was going to the Mowbrays'; sup-

pose you come and see if this is your old acquaintance?"

"You were going to the Mowbrays'? why, you shameless villain, you were there only yesterday."

"Well, you see, I forgot my umbrella yesterday, and I was going to get it, and I thought we might just look in and see how they are."

"Oh! you left your umbrella?"

"Yes, I left my umbrella." And I am glad to say Charley blushed.

I would not go to the Mowbrays'—not that I did not care to see Minna, if she were really there, but I did not want Charley's company,—so he went off alone to get his umbrella.

I sat down, lit another pipe, and began recalling all my recollections of Minna. I wondered what kind of woman the curly-headed little girl I remembered had grown into. I wondered whether she was going to be married and live happy ever afterwards. Of course she would be happy. My ideas of matrimonial felicity are, I am afraid, rather exaggerated. Should I not have been happy with Julia, if—well, never mind; Julia thought otherwise, and married a captain with big whiskers. My whiskers are not large, and I always hated military men.

CHAPTER II.

WE had cantered up Rotten Row and down again, and I do not think we had spoken once the whole time. I had been looking at Minna, and thinking what a pretty girl she had grown to be, how well her habit fitted her, how well she sat her horse, what a pretty colour her hair was, and a hundred other things, all connected with Minna. It was now three weeks since Charley Hawkins had incidentally led me to the discovery of Minna. I had lost little time in renewing our acquaintance, and by this time we had almost returned to the intimacy of our childhood.

We had not spoken a word for twenty minutes. What Minna had been thinking of all this time I cannot pretend to say. Our canter had subsided into a trot, then into a walk, when a great raw-boned chestnut came cantering up and suddenly stopped on the other side of Minna, and a voice muffled in a pair of huge moustaches said, "How do you do, Miss Wenlock?"

The voice belonged to a great hulking beast—as I immediately pronounced him to be, and I still stick to my opinion.

"Alfred," said Minna, turning to me, "let me introduce you—I don't think you know each other; Mr. Stanton, Captain —," somebody, I couldn't catch the name. I turned to

talk to Mr. Wenlock, and Minna and the captain began a review of mutual acquaintances, laughing and joking over a hundred incidents of which I knew nothing. I had been silent before, and now that I wanted to talk I could not get a chance. How could Minna chatter so with that idiot? You see I had already settled to my own satisfaction the intellectual capacities of that son of Mars. I was very glad when Mr. Wenlock cut short the conversation by proposing it was time to go home to luncheon, and the gallant captain bowed himself off.

"What's that man's name?" I asked Minna, as we turned to go home.

"That man's name is Captain Sperling, and that man is a friend of papa's."

"Indeed! I thought he was a friend of yours; he did not seem to favour Mr. Wenlock with much of his conversation," I said, in my most pungent and sarcastic tone.

"I suppose papa's friends may talk to me if they like, mayn't they?" said Minna, laughing.

"Oh, certainly!—if you like," and I cut Sultan over the ears with my whip. Sultan, being unused to such treatment, resented the insult by putting his head down and kicking violently for a couple of minutes. In the struggle my hat fell off, and as it was handed to me by the groom I had the satisfaction of seeing Minna in fits of laughter.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Wenlock, as I came up with them. "How muddy your hat is. Curious thing,—hats always fall off in the muddiest places."

"Is it spoilt?" said Minna, with a queer twinkle in the corner of her eye.

I preserved a dignified silence, and continued my occupation of removing the mud from my hat.

"You had better wait till it's dry. Hats always spoil if you touch them when they are wet."

"Thank you—I think I will go to a hatter and get him to put it right. Good morning," and I turned to go.

"You had better come in and have some luncheon on your way."

"No, thank you; I am afraid I have some work to do at the Temple."

"Oh, papa, you know we must not take Alfred away from his legal studies," and that same miserable twinkle was in the corner of her eye.

I rode off fully convinced that I had behaved to Minna in a severe and dignified manner. Her levity was really very reprehensible, and I determined to console myself for my lost luncheon and cosy chat afterwards by a good

afternoon's work in chambers. In a few hours the conviction forced itself upon me that I had made a fool of myself—that conviction has gradually been strengthened.

"I say, Stanton," said Charley, some days after this, as the long vacation drew near, "what are you going to do this vac.?"

"Well, I was going to Switzerland with Donell, but I have given that up. That brute, Perkins, insisted on joining us, and Donell says he did promise to go with him one year, and doesn't like to throw him over, so I got off."

"If you are about that part of the world, come down to Warley on the first; we shall have a jolly party, and the governor has improved the shooting since you were there."

"Thanks—I'll come."

"That's all right. The Wenlocks will be there."

CHAPTER III.

WARLEY HALL is about a mile from the town of the same name, a straggling little seaport, like a dozen others that dot that coast. It is a dirty place, but there is variety in its dirt. It is red in some places, black in others, sometimes redder, sometimes blacker, as iron ore or coal predominates. The men are red or black, the houses are red or black, as if the town were divided into the two factions of coal and iron. Some of the houses, it is true, have attempted to preserve a neutrality, and have aimed at being white. This subterfuge is evidently looked upon as mean. The stains upon them show that attempts have been made to make them pronounce an opinion one way or the other. The attempts have failed. But the houses have now an undecided look about them which contrasts unfavourably with the sturdy and grimy partisanship of their neighbours. The children, it need hardly be said, have a Solonian horror of neutrality; perhaps not so much on account of their decision of character as from a rooted antipathy to water.

When I got to the Hall it was nearly dinner-time. Everybody was dressing, and I saw no one till I came into the drawing-room, very hungry. There I found the Mowbrays and Miss Hawkins, who immediately began overwhelming me with questions about everything and everybody. Then Miss Mowbray attacked me. She keeps her eyes fixed on the ground while you are speaking to her, and occasionally shoots up a killing glance. Her eyelashes are long; they show better when her eyes are down, they would not be so much noticed if she looked up. She speaks low and rather indistinctly; she does not open her mouth much, her teeth are not regular enough

for that. You have to stoop down to hear what she says, and that gives a confidential air to the conversation, which makes the women hate her. I think she rather likes being hated by them. It is a distinction not difficult of attainment.

"Do you know," she began, "your old friend Minna Wenlock is here?"

Yes, I had heard it.

"Oh, how clever you are; you know everything."

"Does he? I wish Mr. Stanton would tell me what's to win next year's Derby," yawned Captain Sperling, who was straddling, like a bold Briton, before the fire.

"Oh, you droll creature, he's not a prophet," and the battery of eyes opened on the captain, who stood the fire remarkably well.

I walked to the window and looked out. Through the tops of the trees planted on the slope below, I could see the river sweeping round towards the town; beyond the river the ground rose, and in a dark patch of turnips on the side of the hill two men with two white specks moving before them.

"How well those dogs work," I said to Captain Sperling, who had lounged up to the window after me.

"Yes, but they'll be deuced late for dinner."

"Who are they?"

"Young Hawkins and Captain Brown—there's a point." And presently two little puffs of smoke made two white patches against the dark turnip field.

"Mr. Stanton is too much occupied to speak to us, Minna," I heard Miss Mowbray say, as I turned from the window, and saw Minna standing by the fire-place.

"For whom are we waiting?" said old Mr. Hawkins, looking at his watch. "It is a quarter past seven and dinner is ready."

"Captain Brown and Charley have not come in."

"Never wait for young men, do we, Miss Wenlock? Stanton, take Miss Wenlock," and off we went."

"Do you know, Alfred," began Minna, after we were seated at the table, "I am going away to-morrow?"

"Going! where?"

I think my voice and face must have betrayed what an interest I felt in Minna's movements, for she looked earnestly at her soup-plate, and began talking very fast.

"Well, papa wants me to join him in Scotland on Saturday, and I had promised the Browns to go and spend a few days with them, so I must go; and if I go to-morrow I shall only have two days with them, and I could not very well propose to go for a shorter time,

could I? For my part, I would much sooner stay here, but it's all settled now."

Well, here was what I believe gentlemen who indulge in pugilistic encounters would call "a facer." Here was I, who had given up Switzerland on purpose to hang about with the chance of seeing Minna (for, between ourselves, Perkins is not a bad fellow, and my antipathy to him was exaggerated to suit the occasion); I who had stayed in town till the end of August with the view of improving my mind in the present and my pocket in the future, and had solaced myself with the idea of a delicious holiday with Minna at Warley, and now I should only see her for one evening—it was too bad.

"But I don't see why I should bore you with my plans; you will have a pleasant visit here, I've no doubt."

Minna, Minna, that was cruel, and you knew it.

"I don't think I shall," I said, and I thought Minna looked rather pleased at the contradiction. "I had looked forward to it very much, but now—" and I am afraid I looked rather foolish.

"Hush," said Minna, turning to me; "here is Captain Brown; you must not say anything to him of my likes or dislikes."

I had hardly any opportunity again that evening of talking to Minna.

After the ladies had gone to bed I went to smoke with Charley Hawkins. His deep attachment for Minna had evaporated under the influence of more recent flames.

"Nice girl, Minna Wenlock, isn't she?" he said, as we took up our candlesticks to go to bed.

"Yes."

"They say Sperling is spooney on her. He's going to stay with the Browns. You know young Brown is to marry his sister."

"Who says so?" I said, adverting to the first part of his information.

"Well, Laura Brown told me."

This blow, following on that which I had received in the earlier part of the evening, sent me to bed in a state of the deepest dejection.

I have found that my profoundest thoughts and most brilliant ideas generally come just before I fall asleep. So it was that night. The Browns' house was near the second station up the line, and on Saturday Minna was going to Scotland. To go there she must pass Warley. The idea was decidedly a brilliant one. How I developed it will appear.

CHAPTER IV.

"AND so, Minna, you are off to Scotland on Saturday," I said, next morning, in the

breakfast-room, affecting an indifference I am afraid I did not feel. "That mid-day train is a capital one."

"Is it? Papa told me to travel by it. Mrs. Rowe is to meet me at Carlisle and escort me on; from the Browns' to Carlisle I must manage without an escort."

So far so good. Then I made my second plunge.

"Have the Browns many people staying with them?" I asked, in my most innocent manner.

"Not many, I believe. Mrs. Brown's rheumatism has been so bad that they have put off most of those whom they expected."

"Hawkins tells me your friend Captain Sperring is going there. He is some relation of the Browns, isn't he?"

"Is he?" said Minna, looking out of the window. I felt very homicidally inclined towards the gallant captain.

"He's not a particular friend of mine," she added, after a pause, turning round with a smile. "I know you never liked him, principally, I believe, because you can't cultivate such magnificent whiskers. But he is rather a bore, and I don't like him as well—as—I used to do."

Oh Minna, Minna, why did not I hug you on the spot. I believe I should have done so, or otherwise misconducted myself, had I not heard the rustling of a dress, and Miss Mowbray's voice saying, "Oh, what a charming tête-à-tête—I am so sorry I interrupted it."

Minna left soon after breakfast.

Saturday came at last,—a fine, bright frosty morning.

"Such a scent lying! Let's get out soon after breakfast," said Charley. "We'll shoot down by the bourne side to-day, Stanton; there are old Ingle's turnips, we haven't been there this season."

"I am afraid I must go off to Carlisle to-day," I said, as unconsciously as I could. "I'm quite out of cartridges, and if there is a good gunsmith there I should like him to look at the locks of my breech-loader—they are rather out of order."

"What a bore!" said Charley. "Haven't you enough cartridges for to-day? I'll go with you to Carlisle if you will put it off till Monday."

I managed to decline this offer, and at twelve o'clock drove down to Warley to meet the Scotch express.

When the train drew up at the platform I rushed down the line of carriages trying to find Minna. I had almost given it up, when in the corner of a compartment which I had passed over as empty I saw a bit of a bonnet and a brown shawl which I knew.

"That compartment's engaged, sir; plenty of room in the next," said the guard, opening the door of the next compartment.

"All right—a young lady from Alltown,—I've come to meet her;" and after some scrutiny my plea was allowed, the door was unlocked, and I got in, trying to look unconscious. I am afraid it was a failure; I remember I thought it was at the time, and Minna tells me she thought so too. Where was I going to? only to Carlisle—how very odd we should meet. I think I blushed, and I am sure Minna did. The train started again, and we were alone in the carriage. But now that the opportunity had come my courage had oozed away. Minna took up a book and began reading resolutely, vouchsafing only an occasional monosyllable in answer to my spasmodic attempts at conversation. I looked at my watch; ten minutes had passed, and I had made no progress.

"Minna," I began, screwing up my courage; but Minna was looking out of the window, and broke in with, "What a pretty house, and what fine old trees, so much finer than you generally see in Cumberland, and what a beautiful river!—is it the Eden?"

It was the Eden, and I told her so. Then she wanted to know where it rose, and where it flowed to. Then she developed a great curiosity to know the names of the hills on the right, and then of those on the left; in fact, for some time her appetite for local information was insatiable. A pause came, and I looked at my watch. Half an hour had passed; in ten minutes we should be at Carlisle.

Now or never; I went and sat down on the seat beside her.

"Minna," I began, plunging at once into a little speech, which I had concocted two days before, and had been revising and correcting ever since, and which I then believed to be a model of pure English and manly pathos. "Minna," I said, "if the devotion of a lifetime—" so far I got, but after that the speech was forgotten, and I went on in a more disconnected but perhaps a more natural way. What I did say does not much matter—Minna thought it could not have been done better, and after all she was the chief person interested. To the world in general it might seem rather foolish, and, to confess the truth, I really have no very distinct remembrance of what it was.

All I know is, that we were roused from a very pleasant dream by a voice shouting at the carriage window, "Carlisle." And not many months afterwards my name appeared in the second paragraph of the first column of the *Times*, closely followed by that of a certain Minna, who from that time ceased to be Minna Wenlock.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT COPROLITE* WORKS.

THERE are perhaps scores of readers of ONCE A WEEK who have never heard of the great part that the "coprolite" plays in the present days of agriculture. The coprolite is a fossil remain, and until within the last few years was considered of no commercial value; but modern science has clearly demonstrated that it is one of the finest manures that a farmer can possibly use.

These coprolites are found in several counties, but in none so plentiful as in that of Cambridge. They run in veins, about from eight to ten feet below the surface of the ground (similar to geological strata), and, when washed and pulverised, are largely used in all kinds of nitrate, super-phosphate, and other chemical manures. The advantages gained by using such are too well appreciated by the agricultural community to need any further favourable notice from me. The largest works or diggings for obtaining these valuable fossils are at the little village of Abington, about thirteen miles from Cambridge, and four miles from the little town of Royston.

Armed with a letter of introduction to the manager (Mr. Charles Cooper), we were received by him with the greatest cordiality, and, accompanied by him, commenced an inspection of these interesting works.

Here was a tract of country nearly two hundred and fifty acres in extent, some parts of it submerged in large lakes of limpid mud, the refuse of the numerous washing-mills by which the works are studded; around could be heard the labouring groan of the steam-engines, the unceasing flow of water, and the merry hum of the voices of nearly four hundred men at work, whilst the musical din of the engineers' and blacksmiths' hammers at the repairing sheds adjacent, made a pleasant addition to the busy and interesting scene. Here may be seen thirty or forty men stripped and hard at work in deep trenches, digging the precious coprolites, whilst others are in constant attendance, ready to convey them to the washing-mills.

The method of preparing the coprolite for market may be divided under four heads; viz.,

digging, washing, grinding, and mixing. On these works the coprolites are only *dug* and *washed*, ready for the grinding-mills, the latter process being carried on at Ipswich. It may be necessary for the reader to understand the process of digging and washing, as carried on at Abington, before he can enter thoroughly into the subject.

The men are divided into gangs, one portion digging, the others filling, washing, and loading. The strata are found about nine inches in thickness; a party of men carefully remove the top soil, which is afterwards replaced, and then dig a trench about six feet wide and eighty or ninety feet long, until the strata of coprolites are reached; these are then removed in small and peculiar trucks especially constructed for the purpose, several of which are attached to each pit, or gang of men, and drawn by a horse on a line of tramways to the washing-mills. A brief description of these trucks may not be uninteresting. They are mounted on four (flanged) wheels, with a body independent of the frame or carriage, and connected only by a rod running completely through and uniting the two parts; the top or body when loaded is kept in its upright position by means of a small catch, or bolt; the truck is then run abreast of the washing-mills; a boy draws the bolt or catch, and the body of the truck turns over and discharges its contents into the ring of the mill. Simple as this may be, it tends to show how nicely time is calculated on these extensive works. When the men have removed the fossils from their bed, the land is undermined, and large iron crow-bars or levers are inserted on the surface, by which means the whole mass is thrown over the ground already dug; by these simple means a fresh seam of coprolites is exposed to view, and so whole fields are dug without the necessity of barrowing such vast quantities of earth. The mills for washing are erected at convenient distances from each gang of men, and are constructed as follows; first, there is a ring, composed of strong sheet-iron, well riveted together, about eighteen feet in diameter and two feet deep; into this ring the coprolites are thrown, and are kept continually in motion by means of wrought-iron harrows, similar to those used for agricultural purposes, until the clay and fossils are separated. At certain times or stages of washing fresh streams of water are allowed to flow into the ring, and at intervals a small trap or sluice is drawn up, and the refuse water, or, as it is locally termed, "slud," runs from the mill and falls into an immense reservoir, whence it is removed by means of a dredger, or "Jacob's-ladder," above the mills, and then

* "The word coprolite is taken from two Greek words, *κόπρος*, dung, and *λίθος*, a stone (kopros-lithos), or fossilised dung or excrement. The microscope oftentimes detects membranous matter in these fossils. The coprolite is composed of phosphate of lime; that is to say, it contains lime, together with a salt, which neutralises its power. The admixture with sulphuric acid causes it to heat, and the affinity of the acid to salt being stronger, it is carried away with the fumes, the lime remaining, which being mixed with ammonia, becomes superphosphate of lime. This is the sole food of plants. The coprolite belongs to a silurian age, supposed to have been buried long before the creation of man."

finds its level in the immense beds prepared for its reception. After a certain time this "slud" becomes hardened, the top soil is replaced, and the land is again fit for tillage. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement the engines not only drive the washing-mills, but also work the dredgers, or "Jacob's-ladders," and pump all the water necessary for the entire use of the mill.

Numerous amusing anecdotes are told by the men respecting that persevering class called "Amateur collectors of curiosities," who hang like birds of prey around the pits, eager to purchase any particular fossils which may be unearthed. Unsuspicious gentlemen of this class have frequently paid high prices to the workmen for worthless imitations of coins, beads, &c., said to be of ancient date, but in reality of the most modern manufacture.

In connection with the works is a large reading and lecture-room, erected at the expense of a number of resident gentry. During the week this room is amply supplied with various periodicals, and on Sunday evenings Divine service is held there—one of the neighbouring clergy officiating.

A visitor to these works may form a pretty correct idea of the great gold diggings: here are men in every variety of garb, smoking, laughing, and working, forming one of the most interesting scenes that a person could witness.

We cannot conclude this short paper without expressing our respect for the energetic manager (Mr. Charles Cooper), for his great kindness and attention to us during our visit, feeling certain that similar kindness would invariably be shown to every person anxious to make a personal inspection of the "Great Coprolite Diggings." GEO. SANDYS.

A DORSETSHIRE LEGEND.

I.

THORKILL and Thorston from Jutland came
To torture us Saxons with sword and flame,
To strip our homesteads and thorpes and crofts,
To burn our barns and hovels and lofts,
To fell our kine and slay our deer,
To strip the orchard and drag the mere,
To butcher our sheep and reap our corn,
To fire our coverts of fern and thorn,
Driving the wolves and boars in bands
To raven and prey on our Saxon lands.
We had watch'd for their galleys day and night,
From sunrise until beacon light;
But still the sea was level and dead,
And never a sail came round the Head.—
We watch'd in vain till one autumn day,
When a woolly fog that northward lay
Suddenly rose, and the broad grey sea
Sparkled and danced in the full bright sun
(The shadows were purple as they could be):
Then stealing round by Worbarrow Bay,

Past Lulworth Cove and the White Swyre Head,
The black sails came, and every one
When they saw the sight turned pale as the dead.

II.

The black sails came in a long curved line,
Like a shoal of dog-fish, or rather of sharks,
When, chasing the porpoise in the moonshine,
They leave behind them a drift of sparks.
Those coal-black sails came slowly on,
Past Kingsland Bay and Osmington,
By the white cliff of Burden Hill,
Past Kimmeridge and Gadcliff Mill;
Then with a bolder fiercer swoop
Bore down the Danish robber troop,
Skimming around St. Adhelm's Head
With its chantry-chapel and its rocks
Stain'd green and brown with tempest shocks,
And its undercliff all moss and heather,
And ivy cable and green fern feather,
And steer'd straight on for Studland Bay,
Where all our Saxon treasure lay.

III.

Their sails, as black as a starless night,
Came moving on with a sullen might;
Rows of gleaming shields there hung
Over the gunwales, in order slung;
And the great black banners flutter'd and flapp'd
Like ravens pinions, as dipp'd and lapp'd
The Norsemen's galleys; the axes shone.
Every Dane had a hauberk on,
Glittering gold; how each robber lord
Waved in the air his threatening sword.
One long swift rush through surf and foam,
And they leapt, ere the rolling waves had gone,
On our Saxon shore, their new found home,
With a clash of collars and mail and spear,
With a laughing shout and a rolling cheer,
Like wolf-hounds when the wolf's at bay
Those bearded warriors leap'd ashore
(If there was one there were forty score)
And dragg'd their galleys with fierce uproar
To where our fishing-vessels lay:
Who dare resist? Woe worth the day.

IV.

They stole our casks and stole our corn,
And slew our sheep and burnt our ricks,
And long, long, long before the morn,
Had storm'd our church, and spit on the Pix,
And fill'd the chalice and paten with blood
Of monks they'd hung to the Holy Hood.

V.

Thorkill was old and worn and grey,
The best of his years had pass'd away;
Grim and silent, he hated our race,
He'd sworn by Odin he would deface
Every cross on our Saxon shore,
And light the cliffs for fifty mile
With fires to make the Norsemen smile.
But Thorston his brother was fair and young,
With chest like a bull, and knotty brow,
Bold and frank, and merry and brave,
Liking nothing so much as a blow,
And no home like the tossing wave,
A walrus-horn at his breast there hung,
Great rings of gold and amber bound
His wrists and ankles and neck around.

VI.

They seized our Bishop Witkind,
And bound him while they drank to Thor,
Who had brought them safe to the Saxon shore.

The old man, patient, calm, resign'd,
His pale thin face all streak'd with gore,
Stood praying there, as they ate their feast
And quaff'd the mead and slew the beast.
He stood in his robes of cloth of gold,
And jewell'd mitre and broider'd cope,
And while the legend and tale they told,
The helmsmen bound him with knotty rope ;
And they scoff'd, and mock'd, and drank to him,
Cursing his gods ; and then they flung
The logs from their bonfire, limb by limb
Maiming and bruising and torturing him,
The while the abbey bells they rung,
Till Thorkill threw him upon the board,
And Thorston smote him with axe and sword.

VII.

Our women were hid in Wareham caves,
There looking out on the sky and waves ;
They were praying for us, who, on the downs,
Were watching the flames of our burning towns.

VIII.

We trapp'd the sleeping wolves as they lay,
Drunk with wine 'mid their spoil and prey ;
Thorkill and Thorston with cords we bound,
The others we lashed as one lashes a hound ;
Their hands were red with our children's blood,
Having slain a dozen in Peverel Wood.
We led the rest out to the splashes,
Down by the brook near the pollard ashes,
Seating them there on a fallen tree,
Ankles and knees tied fast with cord,
A twist of oziars in each rogue's hair,
As a grip for the hand, so that the sword
Might sweep at the necks left white and fair.

IX.

There they sat, but not like felons,
Or trembling like doves in the falcon's talons,
But bold, erect, and with eyes keen bent,
To see our Elder-men's intent.
Caring no more for the blow of death
Than a tough oak does for a passing breath,
Thorkill and Thorston, stiff as stone,
Stood bound to a neighbouring tree alone.

X.

The outermost man was first to die,
Then we beheaded the next in turn,
Throwing his head on a heap of fern,
Laid there to sop up the Danish blood,
As you throw a dead dog carelessly
When you've caught him poaching in a wood.
As the headsman pass'd he severally
Ask'd each in the row if he fear'd Death,
Ask'd him, growling between his teeth, —
"What befell my father must happen to me.
Better to perish and gloriously
Than live a felon and slave like thee."
The fourth man said, "Be quick, I pray,
For we've been guessing this very day
Whether a headless man can feel ;
Let me then grasp a knife in my hand,
And if, when my head falls, I shall throw
The knife in return for the coward blow,
Then you Saxons will understand
That I felt the pain—strike quick, thou slave,
Come settle the matter, thou sturdy knave."
The headsman lifted his axe and smote,
But the knife dropped down on the gory sand.
"Aim at my face," the fifth man cried,
"I will not flinch, for it is our pride
In Jutland never to blench or shrink,
Mouth to quiver, nor eyelids to wink."

The headsman smote him full in the teeth,
And he dropt dead on the crimson heath.

XI.

Alfric paused when he saw but two
Of all the Norseman band remained,
Thorkill and Thorston, they of the crew
The proudest, though with fresh blood bestained.
Thorston was still in the bloom of youth,
Eyes all glowing with love and truth,
Golden hair that fell clustering down,
Over his cheek of rosy brown.
"Do you fear death ?" said one of our band,
Swinging the axe in his threatening hand.
"What is fear ?" cried the stripling Dane.
"But I pray thee let no serf strike me,
Nor one whose hand these murders stain."
Then I, who had power to pardon and save,
Came and said, "What if I spare thy life,
Thou Jutland robber ?" "Who is it asks ?"
He said, with bold eyes glancing brave ;
"We Danes know nothing of Saxon tasks.
What must I pay to thee, Earl ?" he said.
"Loose him," I cried, and he was free.
Alfric, madden'd to hear the Dane,
He, who had slain his sturdiest men, —
Ran with his heavy curtal axe,
And said, "If the older rogue go free,
Thorston at least shall pay the tax."
But the young Dane threw himself swiftly down,
And Alfric falling, the binding cord
Was in the struggle cut with a sword.
Thorston his freedom quick regained,
And with one blow was Alfric brained.
Yet in a moment twenty or more
Bound the Dane faster than before.
Then I asked Thorston if he would deign,
Being a noble Pirate and Dane,
To grasp us with the hand of peace,
And let all strife from that day cease.
"Yea will I," bold the young man cried.
"Gladly," cried Thorkill, "once for all,
Friend on the wave, and friends in hall."
"Undo the rope," I cried : 'twas done,
And we were friends ere set of sun.
Twice was the battle at Wareham won,
For we found the old saw still run true,
"Brave enemies make brave friends," they say.
Bertha, my sister, Thorston wed ;
And when old Thorkill was one year dead,
Thorston o'er Jutland's fiords blue
And over the mainland had the sway. W. T.

PROSCRIBED !

Of all the many memoirs relating to the great French Revolution, few are more interesting (which is saying a great deal) than those in which Louvet, a proscribed deputy, narrates his hair-breadth escapes, giving us as they do a wonderful insight into the social condition of France during the Reign of Terror. Well may he assure his readers "that they are about to enjoy a spectacle worthy of some attention,—that of a man, a single man, in death-struggles with fortune, and confronting a host of enemies." Let us reproduce the "enjoyable spectacle" of a man in circumstances such as, happily, few representatives of the people have ever had to en-

counter ; such as no other deputy with whom we are acquainted ever survived to relate.

Jean-Baptiste Louvet de Couvray was born in Paris in 1760. He was the son of persons in the middle class of life, and had himself taken to literature at an early age. His youth is perhaps the best excuse that can be offered for the character of his romance, "Faublas," on which he was still engaged in the spring of 1789. He did not long remain an idle spectator of the great events which were attracting the attention of all Europe, and when elected to the National Convention in 1792, he was already well known by his writings and by his speeches at the Jacobins. Far be it from us to recall here the history of the Convention, or of the Girondists, of which party Louvet was one of the foremost men ; still less would we narrate Louvet's share in the struggles which resulted in the triumph of Robespierre over that party. Enough, the last day of May, 1793, from which the fall of the Girondists dates, has gone by ; the deputies who have escaped arrest have fled to Normandy, in the hope of sustaining their cause by an appeal to arms. The attempt has failed ; at Caen, where they are, is placarded the decree of the Convention which declares them to be outlaws. Nothing is left but to turn southward ; to retreat towards Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, which are making a last effort. The few battalions which have espoused the cause of the Girondists separate, that of Finisterre carrying with it the deputies ; it is decided to hasten to Quimper, where, it may be hoped, means will be found to embark for Bordeaux. But the march is scarcely begun before the faint-hearted fall off ; they know that they are struggling on the losing side, for the Convention is recognised. The deputies determine to brave alone the dangers of the journey ; disguised as volunteers, and accompanied only by the necessary guides, they will avoid the towns as much as possible, and hasten to the sea coast by cross roads. A difficult task, for the news of their approach flies before them, and the country is roused. At Roternheim the little band narrowly escapes arrest, and only gets clear by ready wit, bold faces, and rattle of arms. They do get off, but only fall into fresh dangers. The morning is hot, and quick marching is now necessary ; but there are stragglers who can scarcely drag themselves along. Cussy has an attack of the gout, and groans at every step ; Buzot is too heavy even when relieved of his arms ; Barbaroux, as fat at eight-and-twenty as other men at forty, has sprained his ankle, and limps wearily along ; Riouffe, who lives to be imprisoned and to

write his memoirs, has had to throw away his tight boots, and now walks on tiptoe, his naked feet all bleeding. In vain do the stragglers beg for a halt in a little village, where they despatch a bacon omelette and cider. "Parbleu !" says the host, astonished at the vigorous delivery of the patriotic songs which accompany the poor repast, "you seem to be good patriots ; but what enemies some people have ! I believe, from the description, that it is for you that two brigades of gendarmerie are on the look-out at Carhaix." They start to their feet ; they must away. Night falls before Carhaix is reached ; the guides declare that the town cannot be avoided in the dark ; a few false steps, and they would all be plunged in the bogs ; even by day it would only be possible to pass at so short a distance that discovery would be inevitable. After consultation : "March closely, look well to arms, and get as quickly as possible through the narrow street." Amidst dissent from the stragglers, the proposition is carried. In profound silence they get through almost the entire length of the street, when a little girl comes out from the shadow, opens a door which lets a ray of light out on to the street, and says to those inside, "There they go !" The pace is quickened ; the most tired find fresh strength for an hour's rapid march, and then with ear to the ground they listen for the tramp of horses. No, not a sound ; there is no pursuit ; but the two best guides,—where are they ? They wait for them for a full hour ; scramble over hedges and wade through morasses in quest of them, but two hours' search only bring the searchers nearer to the dreaded town. Happily, however, they find that they are not far from Quimper, whither two guides have been sent on to warn friends of the approach of the party. In a wood near the town they lie, in heavy rain and overwhelmed with hunger and fatigue, awaiting help, which happily soon comes.

Let us pass over the breathing-time that the proscribed deputies get here. On the 20th of September, Louvet, Guadet, Buzot, Pétion, Barbaroux, and Valady, embark on board a Scotch vessel bound for Bordeaux ; a voyage of no small peril, made under closed hatches, for the ships of the convoy are to be feared as much as the English cruisers ; the risk of carrying such a freight, too, arouses mutiny, hardly quelled by firm words and assignats.

After no small risk they are safely landed in the Gironde ; but, alas ! things are as bad at Bordeaux as at Caen : the "Maratists" have won the day, and the "section Franklin" lords it over the respectable classes. So far from finding shelter and encouragement, it

is as much as the deputies can do to find any one to guide them out of the town. Nothing for it but to duck under again, for Guadet has revealed his name, and on the third day after their arrival, four hundred men, with two pieces of cannon, invest the country-house in which for the moment the deputies lie hid. For a few days they are harboured by a good curé, who, disregarding the murmurs of his village, refuses to let them go till he has found for them a fresh retreat—a hay-loft, where they have, except at rare intervals, to lie completely buried in hot new hay, and to remain for forty-eight hours without food or drink. Louvet in desperation determines to make for Paris, where his wife is; better to die on the road than thus; but the inaction of these last days has aggravated a hurt in his leg, and he can scarcely move. He must wait; but, as we shall find, he does not abandon his project.

Domiciliary visits, and threats of punishing by house-burning and imprisonment all who should harbour suspected persons, made it difficult to find any who had courage to receive the unfortunate deputies; seven times in a fortnight do Buzot and Pétion change their hiding-place. At one time we find a charitable soul, an “astonishing woman,” Louvet may well call her, harbouring seven men in her cellars. But provisions are dreadfully scarce, and all the bread that the hostess is by law allowed does not exceed a pound a day. To save breakfast, therefore, they rise at noon, dine off vegetable soup, and are only too happy if for supper a small piece of beef or a few eggs deck the scanty table.

But the danger of so many hiding together is too great; the friends must separate. “Wherever,” says Barbaroux to Louvet, “wherever thou findest my mother, strive to be to her as a son; no resource of mine but I will share with thy wife should I ever meet her.” The two friends never met more; Barbaroux fell by his own hand.

Louvet, Guadet, Salles, and Valady set out together, but the last soon parts from them to meet his death. Guadet has relied on friends; he finds to his bitter disappointment that they refuse even to escort the wretched trio, who are fain to seek shelter in noisome caves. On the 14th of November, 1793, they set out in drenching rain for a house where Guadet feels sure they will be well received. Travelling for safety by muddy cross roads, it is four o'clock in the morning before they arrive. Standing under the trees, and vainly attempting to shelter from the rain, Louvet and Salles await the result of Guadet's application at the house. An hour passes before a servant is

roused, and the lady is informed of the condition of her friend. In vain does Guadet plead; he must return to his companions, to whom he relates what has taken place. Louvet falls senseless on hearing of the heartless refusal to aid them. “Give my friend fire and shelter, if only for an hour,” pleads Guadet once more. “Impossible” is still the reply. “A little vinegar, then, and a glass of water!” The door is closed pitilessly in his face. Louvet regains his senses; the cruelty of false friends has roused his whole soul, and in spite of all that Guadet and Salles can urge, he will now execute his project of starting for Paris; the most wild and desperate journey, surely, that ever mortal undertook, for every village has its committee busy arresting “traitors;” and “to be suspected of being suspected” is imprisonment and death! Throwing away superfluous clothing, he is careful, however, to retain a “National” overcoat and “a little peruke” for disguise; he then shares his money with Salles, embraces him and Guadet, and dashes off on his long march, not without a certain regret, for he looks back towards his friends, who on their side follow him till they see that his resolution is not to be shaken. They then turn towards Bordeaux, where they are caught and guillotined.

Louvet has gone only two leagues, when he reaches Mont-Pont. At the entrance of the town is a sentinel, placed there expressly to arrest any suspicious-looking persons coming from the Gironde: and as Louvet draws near, he observes this man, who seems to watch him attentively. What can be done! For one thing he slackens his speed and gets his passport ready, so that no delay in presenting it may call attention to its irregularities. There is no need to show it, for the man is asleep. Stepping lightly over the butt-end of the musket which bars the way, Louvet walks on quietly for a while, and then resumes his quick pace, unfortunately awaking the sentinel, who, however, shouts after him in vain.

At the next inn Louvet finds pen and ink, and, by their aid he improves his passport into one that will do duty at all events in the villages, if he can only keep out of the towns, which swarm with emissaries sent from Paris, many of whom must know him by sight. But the landlady reveals other dangers: “Ah! monsieur,” she says, looking at his muddy clothes, “one can see that you haven't always worn such clothes as those!” Dangers great enough, for all landladies are not sympathising; not a few would be glad to earn the hundred francs which reward the arrest of a traitor. At Louvet's next inn there is one of this sort. How she pities the poor seigneurs,

she says, as she cooks his omelette, and the poor priests who are guillotined by dozens ! How brave and good was Charlotte Corday, and what a wretch was Marat, whom she justly killed ! But there was something in her manner which put Louvet on his guard ; he threatened her with the guillotine, and bullied and swore like a true Jacobin. The wily woman kept on, and when Louvet went to bed, he was careful to see that his pocket-pistols were in order. There was some comfort in these, and still more in a blunderbuss, which, after discharging four bullets and fifteen buck-shot, showed a formidable bayonet ; but it was not even from this alarming weapon that his chief assurance was derived. Wrapped in a morsel of glove and hidden on his person, was a strong dose of opium, as a last resource ; and the last care at night and the first waking thought were for the safety of the drug which, if it came to the worst, should cheat his enemies of another victim on the scaffold. The night passed without a surprise, but the danger was not over yet. "I shall be back in a moment," says the landlady, as Louvet finishes his dinner, "and then you can pay me." She does come back, with a heavy countryman, whom she introduces as the citizen-mayor, come to look at the traveller's passport. Ready wit, pleasant stories, and thin wine, soon convince the mayor that all is right ; but this does not suit the hostess, who fetches the syndic, and, when he too is gained by the adroit little man, two other authorities. In vain, however : all agree, without seeing them, that never were papers in better order.

Louvet had now so thoroughly acquired the character he was to play, that he fell into an opposite danger, and was on the point of being arrested as a thief, a catastrophe which was averted only by the intercession of an honest carrier, whose good offices did not even cease here. "Why, how will you get on with your leg in that state ?" he says, when, after leaving the inn, Louvet overtakes him on the road ; "get up into my cart ; after all, I believe I'm right ; you don't look to me like a robber !"

What a piece of good luck ! It is true that the cart jolts so much that Louvet has to cling on to whatever is nearest, to avoid being thrown out ; but then the leg is at rest, and the good carrier continues his protection with repeated assurances that, "after all, you don't look to me like a thief." This new way of travelling, too, allows more liberty ; in the villages it will not be necessary to hide at all ; the bad leg wrapped up and the worn air, will exactly suit the character which is to be assumed, that of a volunteer coming out of

hospital and getting homewards. At the inns on the road the carrier is well known, and it is to him that all questions will be addressed. The only danger will be in passing through the towns, and then Louvet will creep under the canvas which covers the goods, and so pass unnoticed. If anything unforeseen should occur, Louvet, as we know by this time, has his ready wit to fall back upon.

It was needed at Aix, a little town near Limoges, where, contrary to the expectation of the carrier, a guard had been set. They came upon it so suddenly that Louvet had no time to hide. The eyes of a score of soldiers were fixed on him as the sentinel, a boy of sixteen, advanced : "Passport, citizen !" "Wait," replies Louvet, raising his leg painfully, and then with an oath such as our troops swore in Flanders ; "go and get yourself knocked about by the brigands of La Vendée, as I have done, and then on your return go boldly anywhere ; your wounded leg will be passport enough !" and amid the laughter of the soldiers and the confusion of the little sentinel, the cart drives on.

But Limoges was the carrier's home ; and after a few days' rest, Louvet parted from his protector with tears of gratitude. It had been the worthy carrier's last business to find another who would continue his protection ; but the situation of Louvet in these new circumstances was much more critical. The travelling accommodation was shared by seven other passengers, all thorough-going Jacobins, and the wagon was heavily laden, so that short journeys were necessary, and the time of exposure to danger was thus lengthened. The only interest the other passengers had in hiding Louvet, who was now to pass as a deserter, was that they might make themselves agreeable to the carrier ; they would instantly have denounced the man whom they now consented to screen, had they had any suspicion of what he really was, and this gave rise to a very awkward state of things. The inns at which the carrier put up were the best, and at some of them were sure to be found deputies, commissioners, or government agents, with which classes the roads swarmed. To a great many of them Louvet's face must be well known ; but how to keep out of their way ? To show too much anxiety about doing it would be to betray his secret, as a simple deserter could have no fear of being known personally. All these dangers grew thicker and thicker as they went on. At Châteauroux, Louvet had taken the precautions usual on entering a town. Covered up with cloaks, coats, petticoats, packages, and straw, and sat upon by men, women, and children, until almost stifled,

he hears a functionary get into the wagon, after examining the passports, "fearing lest some Girondist should escape." A far worse trial awaits him in the same place. A traveller from Paris sits down at table with the

party. "What news?" they ask him. "Madame Roland has just been guillotined," he answers. Madame Roland,—the friend of Louvet, and one of the brightest ornaments of his party!—she was dead, and Louvet, to



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sustain his character, has to share the cruel joy of his companions at the horrible news. Often in this manner had Louvet to hear of the deaths of his friends. To-day it is Madame Roland; to-morrow, Cussy, whom

he had left in the south; a few days later he learns the death of Manuel and Kersaint; shortly afterwards, that of Roland, who refuses to survive the loss of his wife.

Meanwhile, the slow progress of the wagon

had brought the party to Orleans, the chief town of the department which had elected Louvet as its deputy, and where he was consequently well known by sight. How things had changed! A fugitive in disguise, the late deputy would be only too glad to get himself smuggled out unseen. The gates of the town were shut in consequence of the domiciliary visits, which had added forty miserable wretches to the five hundred who already crammed the gaols. Forty more *Louvetins*, and the man whose name thus attached to another was a death-warrant, was hiding in a wagon at the closed gates! The passports were examined, and the town was entered. After four mortal hours spent in leaving and calling for parcels, they start again, and reach the gates on the other side of the town. They are stopped. "Why?" they ask; "our passports have already been examined." "It has nothing to do with that; get down, all of you," replies the guard. "But, why?" they again object. "Every one must come down," he repeats, in a threatening tone. "That won't do," he cries out, when the men have left the wagon; "the women must come down too! Some men get off in women's clothes." The carrier trembles for his charge, and again observes that the passports have been duly examined. "Who talks of passports? It's the faces I want to see; we know something that you don't. Come down, all," he cries; "I warn you I shall search. Now, then, you women!" There is no help for it; the women come down, leaving Louvet without the friendly shelter of their petticoats. Hastily removing the packages from his head and chest, Louvet throws some straw over the lower part of his body, drags over himself a cloak luckily left behind, then replaces the packages, and putting his loaded blunderbuss in his mouth, awaits the result of the search with his finger on the trigger. The examination of the passengers' faces lasts for five minutes, which seem five ages. "No one else in the wagon?" and then the officer jumps up. "I heard him," says Louvet; "I felt his weight in the wagon; the extremity of one of his feet rested on my thigh! With his hands he felt several packages lying behind the back seat, and gave several blows on the benches at the foot of which I lay pell-mell with a heap of little parcels. Had he stooped ever so little, and removed a few straws or the corner of the cloak which covered me, I should have pulled the trigger, and all would have been over."

Through hosts of perils, Paris is safely reached at last on December 6th, after three weeks of such travelling as has fallen to the

lot of few mortals. Giving the carrier a gold watch over and above the price agreed on, Louvet throws himself into a cab and hurries to the house where he should find his wife. The door of the house which sheltered his wife is opened by a child whom Louvet recognises as the son of a deputy.

"What!" he cries, does not M. Brémont live here?"

"No; my papa lives here, and here he comes."

It would be death to be seen by the deputy; Louvet flies down stairs, learns that his friends have removed, and, in spite of the danger of being recognised, he runs through the streets to their new abode. He knocks at the door, and hears the voice of his wife. Let the reader imagine the joy over the proscribed man who had been snatched dozens of times from the very jaws of death! But Louvet finds once more how little he can trust even to friends of a lifetime when their own safety is in peril by harbouring him. The man on whose assistance he relied bids him leave the house within half an hour; and it is already past ten at night, after which time, any one found in the streets is conducted to a guard-house, where he must produce his *carte*, bearing his name, address, and description. Louvet has no *carte*, and to thrust him out at this hour is to force him on to the scaffold.

"To-morrow," he replies, "I will leave; there's but one way of removing me before that time; bring hither my murderers yourself!"

Received for a few days into the houses of different friends, Louvet hides till his wife has hired a lodging, where he may be secure from the most formidable visits. These visits were of two kinds: those made by the sections, which took place always in the day, were merely hasty inspections, made with the general view of noting suspicious circumstances. For these Louvet was now quite prepared. At the first whistle from the porter below, or on a knock being heard, he at once fled to his hiding-place, and while his wife was slowly opening the door, he had all the requisite time for hiding himself securely. During the hour or two during which a talkative visitor would sometimes remain, he found solace in reading Virgil's *Georgics*, or the *Idylls* of Gessner, or the journals, or in writing. If it came to the worst, there were always provisions ready to enable him to stand a prolonged siege. To obtain light, a candle and a phosphorus-box were kept ready; a fresh supply of air was attainable through a sort of valve. The walls and flooring of the room were thin, and the neighbours might learn that there were two persons in the lodging supposed to

be inhabited by the lady only. To avoid the danger of being overheard, therefore, a thick tapestry was spread over the walls, and over a stout carpet Louvet walked in a pair of worsted slippers, thickly soled with hair.

All these precautions would avail nothing against the visits made by order of the Comité de Sûreté, or of the municipality, which had for their object the discovery of some person specially indicated. These expeditions were made at night. What could avail against them? Louvet's wife was well known and hated by some of those in authority; for both to hide would be certain destruction; a little damp straw lighted, and the effort which nature would make to resist suffocation, would betray to the guillotine. Only one plan could be found: it was suggested by Louvet's wife. The blunderbuss and pistols were always placed, loaded, under the pillow, and often, the pair, aroused by the knocking of some late lodger, started up, clutched their arms, and waited breathlessly for the fatal summons to open. What a life! Day after day are there accounts in the journals of friends hunted out from their hiding-places; one day it is Lebrun, formerly foreign minister, who is discovered in a loft, disguised as a workman, and is led off to death. Rabaut, who, like Louvet, had built himself in, is betrayed, and is dragged from between his two walls to the scaffold; his wife sits over a well, and then fires a pistol at her head and falls. Too surely is the prophecy of Vergniaud, the great orator of Louvet's party, fulfilling itself: "The Revolution, like Saturn, is devouring its own children!"

During two whole months Louvet leads this life. But terror is still "the order of the day." During this winter, Lyons, Toulon, and Nantes have witnessed deeds, the recollection of which will make men shudder for ages. The butchers, weary of guillotining, have invented newer and quicker ways of extermination, for which new names have to be invented; women with babes at the breast are included in the batches to be shot down, or are thrust into the boats which are scuttled and sunk with their crews; "death," in the phrase of the day, "is vomited in great floods."

But nothing can deter Louvet from prosecuting a fresh attempt on which he has determined; he will make his way to the Jura, and there seek among the mountains a retreat which his wife may then come and share. A friend provides the means, disguise, carriage, and passport, and on the 7th of February, 1794, Louvet starts again in "complete carmagnole," the correct costume for a thorough-going patriot: large trousers of black worsted,

a short jacket of the same colour and material, a tricoloured waistcoat, and short, flat, black hair (represented by a "Jacobin" wig), a red cap, an enormous sabre, and an immense pair of moustaches. Abundance of swagger, roughness, and oaths, will materially aid the effect of the costume. Let us give a last scene, in which the old readiness and assurance are again required.

All the travellers by the vehicle which conveys Louvet are taken to the municipality, where their passports are examined by a member of the Comité de Surveillance. This functionary takes Louvet's passport, reads it attentively, looks long at its owner, and, instead of handing it back, retains it in his hand while he proceeds to examine the others. In vain does Louvet stretch out his hand. "One moment!" is the constant reply. All his companions despatched, Louvet still remains.

"You are going to rejoin the army?"

"I should have thought you'd looked long enough at my passport to know that I'm on business!"

"Ah! on business; yes!"

"Well, then, let me have it?" but the hand which holds the passport is once more withdrawn.

"You are in a great hurry."

"Well, you're not, at all events."

"But have you nothing to say to me?"

"No!"

"No? But I've something to say to you."

"Out with it, then."

"I have to say," taking one of his hands and pressing it, and placing the passport in the other—"that I hope with all my heart you'll finish your journey without any accident."

Strange behaviour, which puzzled Louvet as much as it will the reader.

This was his last danger. We need not tell how he lived in "the caverns of the Jura," continuing there the memoirs already begun in those November days, "in the grottoes of Saint-Emilion, in the Gironde."* A few days after their completion, in July, 1794, Robespierre fell, and Louvet was recalled and again sat in the Convention. He opened a bookseller's shop in the Palais Royal, and thrived well; but the trials through which he had gone would have worn out a frame of steel; they had told upon Louvet. He was made consul at Palermo, and set out; but died in August, 1797, in the arms of his wife, who had shared his dangers.

A. MARKS.

* It was here also that Salles wrote "Charlotte Corday," a tragedy in five acts and in verse, a piece which has been published quite recently. The manuscript, after being long supposed to be lost, was discovered by accident at the end of 1863.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII. "MY NIECE'S ENGAGEMENT."

It was a very tender subject to touch upon with her father. Theo knew that he would be glad to the point of being blind to what she might be feeling, if the art were hers to conceal feeling at all. But still it was so tender a subject that she dreaded touching upon it.

All the way home from Lowndes that night she, sitting silently in the corner of the carriage, wandered about the English language, seeking for words that should best tell the tale of Frank Burgoyne's offer, and her acceptance of it. She wished that she possessed Frank's graphic gift, for, on thinking it over, really she could not remember that he said more than a word or two. Yet he had made himself intelligible—sufficiently intelligible, that is to say.

Mrs. Vaughan was sitting up awaiting them on their return; and Mrs. Vaughan was much depressed, as was only natural on the part of the solitary waiter for the gay and reckless who were out enjoying themselves. Mrs. Vaughan had all the materials for utterly subduing and rendering them miserable and downcast immediately they entered ready at her hand. Over her injured head (she felt injured at being left at home, though she had distinctly refused to go) she wore a pallid little shawl, that looked as if it had seen some suffering, to represent chilly weariness. On her lap she held a large book of a religious nature to show how she had been enabled to endure said chilly weariness. These means accomplished her end. They all felt profoundly sorry—for themselves—the instant they came into her presence.

"Ugh! I'm cold; I'll go to bed," Sydney said quickly.

"It will be but a short night," Mrs. Vaughan remarked, in sepulchral tones.

"I am afraid you have been dull by yourself, my dear Elizabeth," Mr. Leigh suggested cheerily, sitting down and stirring the fire. He could not help feeling cheery; he saw in Theo's face that she had something to say to him; and an undefined feeling of satisfaction with all men and women and things sprang into being in his soul at the sight.

"I am never dull with this near me," Mrs. Vaughan replied, patting the book rather fiercely; and then the Reverend Thomas essayed to cough down a sigh that arose at the thought of the pleasant night that was in store for him.

"And what sort of an evening has my little

girl had?" Mr. Leigh asked, in that tone of affected liveliness which is so ghastly, and so hard to bear at unseemly times. Theo felt this present time to be unseemly for the display of such facetiousness, and therefore did not know how to respond to it.

"The evening was well enough; why shouldn't it have been? Of course it was nice there; but then the drive home is long and cold, you know," she answered, putting her arms across her father's shoulder, and her head down upon her arms with a weariness that made her uncertain as to whether she was very happy or not.

"You seemed to find it pleasant, anyway," Sydney exclaimed abruptly. "Now to me there is nothing particularly pleasant in going out to see people all bored with one another, as all those people seemed to-night; Mr. Linley is the only one who ever has anything to say for himself, and he was knocked up with that journey he had taken about his rubbishing book, which isn't worth it, I dare say."

"If she thinks Mr. Linley the only one who ever has anything to say, she won't mind when I tell her what Frank has said to me to-night," Theo thought.

But here Theo reckoned without her host, or rather without due reflection on the various intricacies of Miss Sydney's nature. When rest and apparent peace were over that clerical mansion that night; when Theo had told her father the tidings that were so hard for her to tell in the precise manner in which she desired to tell them to him, so hard for her to tell partly because they were so joyous for him to hear; when Mrs. Vaughan had made incidental mention for the forty-eighth time, Mr. Vaughan counted, within the hour, to her own special fraction of the Church, of "my niece's engagement,"—when all these things were, and many others besides that may not be catalogued here, Theo went in, like a restless spirit, in plaited hair and cambric, to communicate as much as she should have the rash daring to communicate to the sleepy Sydney.

Miss Scott was in the debateable land between slumber and waking when Theo entered her room, that is to say, she had just gone over a precipice with velocity, and her heart was thumping, partly with the bound she had given in her bed, and partly with honest indignation at the idea of anything so puerile as a precipice which didn't exist coming between

herself and the sleep she coveted. The entrance of her friend at this moment with a candle that looked like sitting up was not calculated to restore her equanimity. She asked somewhat snappishly, "What do you want? Is the house on fire?"

"Nothing so bad as that," Theo replied; "only I—I want to talk to you a little."

"Talk away, my dear; you won't mind my going to sleep, I hope, if your talk's to be long."

"It won't be long, Sydney; do just turn your head and look at me. You know what you said to me yesterday about going to Lowndes to-day." Theo was getting nervous: she feared that the event would lead Sydney to accuse her (Theo) of something like dishonesty in having listened, as she had listened, to those sayings of "yesterday"; she was getting nervous, albeit she was innocent of this great offence, therefore she stammered.

"What I said to you yesterday about going to Lowndes to-day?" Sydney repeated after Theo. Sydney felt intuitively that something antagonistic to her statements of yesterday was forthcoming, consequently she was non-committal now, and prepared to act upon the defensive.

Theo found herself on a wrong course; she therefore "tacked across," and made a slight progress on her way to elucidation.

"Sydney, dear, I thought till to-night that Mr. Burgoyne was very much attracted—I mean, was very fond of you. Of course he is 'attracted' by you, every one must be that." Theo spoke very hurriedly, and there was almost an apogetic cadence in her voice, hardly as she strove to eradicate it, for she knew that such would be precisely the cadence which would be most offensive to Miss Sydney.

Sydney looked fearlessly right out of her eyes, as it were; she saw very clearly what was coming now, but she was determined to make no sign of having been punished in this race which she had run with Theo. After all, this was but a rehearsal,—practice is always good.

Thinking thus, Miss Sydney looked fearlessly, as I said before, right out of her eyes, and said:

"And to-night, I suppose, you have found that Mr. Burgoyne rather prefers your noble self? You don't think that I didn't see that too, do you, Theo? Well, dear, all I can do is to congratulate you both on his offer, if he's made you one, and on your having had the sense to bury your dead, and give up going about and doing the victim to man's perfidy business any longer."

Theo looked guilty, miserable, in a moment;

it was an unkind thrust from her little friend; but her little friend was capable of doing a good deal in that way.

"Good night, Sydney; I thought I would tell you at once, because——"

"It's rather nice to receive an offer from the future Lord Lesborough: oh, yes, dear, I quite understand. Good night. You must say, Theo," she continued virtuously, "that I have been a regular brick. I have been discretion itself, for your Master Frank isn't averse to flirting."

This being kind and unanswerable, Theo did not attempt to answer it.

"You didn't see my joke last night when I was talking to you, Theo," Sydney went on with the most joyous frankness; she *did* rebound very soon; "you didn't see that it was I who would have to come and stay with you when you're married, and be got off. How dense you were!"

"I suppose I was: the truth is, I was not listening to what you said, Sydney."

"That was civil, but I'll forgive you. Now I'll give you a bit of advice, for I am not blinded by being spoony on Mr. Frank, which you are," (how heartily glad Theo felt that she was!)—"don't give him too much rope, for he'll take it, and if I know anything at all of men, which I rather flatter myself I do, he's one who will always make love to the lips that are near; and don't be jealous, for that is a bore to yourself; and good night, Theo, I am so glad you have been so lucky."

Perhaps it was not the nicest or most soothing parting-speech that could have been uttered: doubtless the bright little blonde meant it to be both these things: still she felt a trifle disappointed when she marked how very faint was the impression that it made on Theo Leigh.

There was such a universal air of elation over the whole house the following morning that Theo almost expected to see her esteemed relatives, together with the tables and chairs, burst into Terpsichorean demonstrations. It was almost mortifying to discover what a mere nothing she had been before in the eyes of her uncle and aunt by the light of this sudden refulgence with which they beamed upon her. Viands were lavished upon her, fears as to her complexion no longer assailed Mrs. Vaughan, she heard her manners described to her father as being so "innately well bred that Mrs. Vaughan felt, after seeing them in a niece of hers, that she had nothing further to wish for in life. Mr. Leigh, in his satisfaction at what had transpired, accepted these tributes to his daughter radiantly, believing, after the manner of honest people, that they were honestly paid

to Theo, and would have been paid to her in any case. In fact, Theo was nauseated by her young success before it was one, indeed; for though Mr. Burgoyne had spoken the conclusive words to her, there was still Lord Lesborough, Mr. Burgoyne's grandfather, to be consulted. What would *he* say to this contemplated marriage of his heir? Theo was the only one who could answer that question without flinching; though she felt that, if he said "No," not all that wild brawling Hensley water would suffice to put out the flame of Aunt Libby's wrath.

"I suppose you won't go out this morning in case?" Mrs. Vaughan said to her brother with a transparent air of mystery, and an abrupt halt on the word "case," which said more plainly than aught else that she meant in "case Frank came."

"No-o, I shall look at the paper," Mr. Leigh said. "You young ladies will be ready to go back to-morrow?" he continued, addressing Sydney Scott and his daughter.

"I shall, papa."

"And I shall, Mr. Leigh," Sydney replied promptly; then, recovering her politeness, she added, "although I'm sure we have had a most delightful visit, Mrs. Vaughan."

Mrs. Vaughan was too well pleased to be down, as she otherwise would have been, upon the first portion of the speech. She accepted the latter part with smiles that were so broad, so free and flowing, so rich in colour, and gorgeous altogether, that they really resembled flags of triumph. When she had waved these over the heads of her own household for a while, she went out to make the village happy.

"I hope to goodness Aunt Libby won't say anything in the village, papa! did you caution her?"

"Bless my soul, no!" Mr. Leigh replied; "but of course she——"

"Will," Theo interrupted; "yes, she will, I'm sure,—she always does."

"Dear old lady! Yes, she always does say what she oughtn't to say," Sydney said, in a low tone; "shall I put on my hat and run after her, Theo, and stop her from talking? I know I can stop her, frighten her into complete prudence, and yet only tell the truth."

Sydney's eyes sparkled with fun as she spoke. Theo was much melted by the sight of this earnest interest on behalf of her affairs.

"Yes, do, Sydney; I wouldn't have a word said till——till——"

"Oh! all right, I understand," Sydney replied, rushing off blithely.

In the meantime the momentous subject had been broached at Maddington, and, as was only just and natural, Lord Lesborough was

violently opposed to that for which he had been verbally anxious for years. "It was true that he had desired to see Frank married," he acknowledged; "marriage was the only safeguard against that destruction towards which he was distressed to see Frank drifting." Here he left off being tender, and burst into wrath. "But such a marriage as this! It would be but a repetition of the d—d affair that ruined—yes, ruined—his father."

"Having made her an offer, and she having accepted me, I'm not going to be hounded off it," Frank said doggedly. "I shall stand to it, sir, which will save you the trouble of looking out for a cause for quarrelling with me any longer."

In his heart Lord Lesborough loved his grandson, but being obstinate unto death himself, he had always elected to believe that obstinacy had been the rock upon which Frank's father had split, and that in the natural course of things obstinacy would be the rock upon which Frank himself would split. Still, he loved his grandson, and he was horribly angry with those words, which appeared to cast a doubt upon that love.

"You know you like her yourself, papa," Ethel said to him, reproachfully, when Frank had gone out of the room.

"I do: nevertheless it is not the match for Frank to make."

"I think he's very fond of her," Ethel pursued, not that she was in reality very firmly convinced of anything of the sort, but it is a nice womanly thing to say on such an occasion, so Ethel said it.

"He'll get over that," Lord Lesborough replied stiffly.

"Not if he's the true Burgoyne I take him to be," Ethel went on, warming to her theme and feeling, as was natural, ten times more interested in Frank's love now that she was put in the position of counsel for the defence than she had been before,— "not if he is the true Burgoyne I take him to be. Why, papa, you of all men would disown him for it if he could 'get over' a genuine thing soon. What did you tell us the other day?—that, well as you had loved our mother, you never loved her with the deep wild love you had for Harold French's mother! You never got over it,—why should Frank?"

"I wish Harold were here," was all Lord Lesborough's answer.

"So do I, with all my heart," Ethel replied; "he would plead for Frank, he—do promise one thing, that if he thinks well of it you will too; he knows Theo, you know."

Accordingly Lord Lesborough promised, and Ethel went into suspense for at least ten

minutes after the incoming of every train, and eagerly awaited the advent of Harold Ffrench, who had promised to come back to Maddington as soon as he could. He was, in truth, on his way to them now, for after Julie had transformed herself from an innocent bundle of floss silk into a ruthless detective, he had no heart to stay in the house where was lying the dead body of her who had been his wife. He was on his way back to his friends and Maddington—Maddington that was so near to the spot made sacred to him by love. He was on his way back, he was free, he was happy with a feverish happiness; he was on his way back to—what?

Mrs. Vaughan had a very pleasant progress through part of the village before Sydney ran her to ground and unearthed her. The mere mention of "my niece's engagement to Mr. Burgoyne" took away the breath of the majority of her auditors, and as the majority of her auditors would have burst their kindly hearts rather than have suffered her to perceive how staggered they were, the delight was doubled. Mrs. Vaughan had, it must be confessed, no bad notion of what constitutes success and imparts the extra sheen to it. She painted quite an effective picture of Theo's having come, and seen, and conquered in an incredibly short space of time. She mentioned, in a light and airy manner, the youth, the extreme youth, the childhood almost, of said conqueror, who was put back by her excellent aunt to "between sixteen and seventeen," in a casual kind of way that of course made an immense impression on old ladies between sixty and seventy. Mr. Burch's three daughters, who were all pronounced at the county and assize balls to be "remarkably effective, handsome girls," and who all made a point of grouping in the window according to their lights whenever Mr. Burgoyne rode past it down the village street, and who had individually and collectively hoped a great deal from the way in which he had raised his hat to them at divers times, said, "Ah! how very nice! Soon be married, of course; there being nothing to wait for if Lord Lesborough were agreeable." At which poor Mrs. Vaughan, not having the faintest notion yet whether or not Lord Lesborough would be agreeable on this occasion, went into the smiles of uncertainty, and the Burch trio were partially avenged.

But the Miss Dampins were as water in the desert to a panting hart; they were sympathetic, rejoiced, intensely curious. They plied Mrs. Vaughan with questions in a way that made her love them, and resolve to buy a lot of their unpleasant comforters and cuffs, and other results of their incessant knitting. They

went into the matter in an able-bodied way you would not have expected from such gentle old ladies. Their joy at the hearing was a genuine thing, and they wound up by sending such abject messages of congratulation to Theo in the warmth of their hearts, that Mrs. Vaughan was ashamed to deliver them.

Mrs. Vaughan had always been a little what her more envious neighbours about Maddington termed bumptious; but this day Maddington, as it were, oozed out at every pore. She even hurled it at the heads of the harmless peasantry, promising those who were out of it, work, and those who were in want of it, soup, all from Maddington. "I will speak to my niece, Miss Leigh, and she will let Mr. Burgoyne know; you may have heard" (this in a condescending way, as if the benighted wretches should be forgiven even if still oblivious) "that Miss Theo and Mr. Burgoyne are, &c., &c."

She had gone half through the village dispensing her news and her smiles, making some miserable and herself happy, and still she had a fair field, the other half, before her. She had left, wary old sportswoman that she was, the best bit of land for the last. In the portion still to be beaten there lived her husband's predecessor's widow and four maiden daughters. And these had never taken kindly to Mrs. Vaughan, and Mrs. Vaughan had never taken kindly to them. They disliked one another simply in the unreasonable, motiveless way some women do dislike those of their own sex who have gone before or followed after them. The dislike had never grown into a feud, but always remained what it had been at first,—a bitterly civil, cantankerous, and hopeless aversion.

Before, however, Mrs. Vaughan could enter and make their home too hot for them to dwell in it calmly, she met Sydney Scott, who had been sauntering about looking for her for some time, and who was hot and tired, and consequently just a little cross.

"Well, Mrs. Vaughan," she began, "have you done your rounds? Why didn't you bring me with you to carry your basket?" Miss Scott's tone was cordial to a degree, but as she made no attempt to withdraw her hands from her jacket pockets as she spoke, the suggestion as to the basket was idle.

"I have not been to my paupers to-day," Mrs. Vaughan replied; and Sydney, being merely a frivolous worldling, felt her blood run cold at hearing such mention made of some of her fellow-creatures. "I have been making a few calls."

"Oh! you've made some of your calls already; they hadn't heard the big news yet, had they?"

"No, they had not heard—when I went in," Mrs. Vaughan said, with a little cough.

"Did they hear while you were there? How quickly things must fly," Sydney asked innocently.

"I shall leave you here, my dear, for I must go in and give the Blands a look," Mrs. Vaughan answered testily; she was very unwilling to be baulked of this crowning joy.

"Very well, good-by, I'll go home then," Sydney said, turning away. Then, as she saw that the Blands saw from their window that Mrs. Vaughan was designing them the dubious honour of a call, and that the old lady was therefore fairly committed, and could not follow and question her (Sydney) at once, she added, "Poor Theo's first affair! To think that it should all have gone utterly to smash, as it has gone! There, don't wait: they're looking: go in."

"Lord bless my heart!" Mrs. Vaughan panted, as she walked up the Blands' garden. "The monster!—the wicked, unfeeling, little monster,—to deal me such a blow here in the gate of the enemy! Oh, my poor heart! that I should have lived to boast too soon to any of the Hensley people: but, thank God! it *wasn't* the Blands."

In the nature of things, no call could be a comforting thing after this. Mrs. Vaughan went in weak and came out worsted. The Blands had numberless easy triumphs over her that day. She was dubious in statements, deprecating in style, dolefully depressed in soul. She had been brave, she had not feared her fate too much, or held her own deserts and the deserts of her niece as small. She had answered a victory to the world before it had been officially declared to herself, and now she learnt from a well-informed ally that it was defeat, and that she had been over-anxious in the well-doing of making her acquaintances throb with envy.

It may seem a small thing to some people, this blow that had been given her. But when her position in the parish is considered, in conjunction with the earnest desire common to all women to better the same, the full force of the blow will be understood. Henceforth she would be known as one who had striven, and had a fall. Henceforth she would be open to ribald mention as one who had overrated the amount of toleration felt for her at Maddington; as one who had intrigued to ensnare the heir of Maddington for her own niece, and been promptly put into her proper place at the very moment when success appeared to be about to crown her unworthy efforts.

Such thoughts as these rushed through her mind as she constrained herself to sit and talk

to the Blands, in the sketchy manner that was the natural result of the morbid dread she had every time the garden gate swung open that either the butcher or baker were coming in, and would "tell all" to the Blands' servants. She pictured the scoffs that would be uttered in that case immediately she removed herself from the house, and the glances of mingled pity and contempt that would fall from the Blands' eyes upon her discomfited back as she went down the garden. As she pictured this scene she pitied herself so profoundly that she could scarcely constrain herself to talk at all.

No thought of any possible pain that Theo might feel in what Sydney had termed the smashing of her first affair arose to soften her. Not that she was an unkind or a cold-hearted woman; but her own position in the parish, her social status as the clergyman's wife, and the own familiar friend of the Burgoynes, was very dear to her, so dear that when peril threatened it, no matter how remotely, she could not entertain the idea of another's sufferings. During the whole period of her sojourn at Hensley she had been eminently respectable. She had never made a mistake, she had never seemed to aim at much, and she had never fallen short of that at which she had aimed. Scoffers had essayed on more than one occasion to throw derision on that best bloom of her life—the Burgoyne connexion; but they had failed, for no man or woman could say that in that quarter she strove for more than was willingly ceded to her. But now!—her heart quailed as she thought of how now, in steering clear of the Charybdis of the Burgoyne distrust, she would infallibly fall foul of the Scylla of general discriminating contempt. These thoughts were very hard to bear; so hard that they would not admit of one gentle, pitying, sympathetic one being given to Theo. Her niece's engagement, instead of being the crowning glory she had anticipated its being in the morning, would be the one spot on the hitherto undimmed radiance of her Hensley career.

CHAPTER XXXIV. "WHAT MATTER A LITTLE MORE WAITING TO ONE WHO HAS WAITED FOR YEARS?"

To have stayed in that house where the life had fled and the glove had been found, and David Linley had to the last, to the very last, been falsely friendly with that false wife, was more than Harold Ffrench could do. Had Julie suffered things to remain as the more discreet and deceitful human beings in the house would have desired, Mr. Ffrench would have done one whom he deemed faithful (the servant who had stayed with his wife for so many years) the grace of remaining to

see that wife buried. By way of justifying what he had mistaken for affection,—by way of rewarding that woman's fidelity with a show of supposition on his part that such fidelity and affection was not unmerited,—he would have stayed, and have shown that he believed the best of her who was gone. But not now, not now.

Not now, with that woman laughing in her sleeve at his having been hood-winked so long and so well. Not now, with the echo of the lie she had uttered to him but just now still ringing in his ears. It would be unworthy of him now to stay and seem to sorrow and to sympathise in ever so small a degree. Let her be buried decently and in order, for the sake of humanity; but he was exempt now from all claim on his special interest in the sorrow of the surviving maid, and the dignity of the dead mistress.

For she, that mistress, had degraded him. Not once in hot youth alone, not in agony and shame, not with a sudden fury repented of and atoned for afterwards through long, weary years of well-doing and remorse. She had degraded and deceived, and been coldly systematically false to him since the day when they both were young, to the last, to the very last.

So he could not stay there in the house with the mocking falsely humble and respectful glance of the one who had aided and abetted, ever ready to fall upon him. He could not take up his London life again at once, that cold solitary life which he had led in stagnation of soul for years. The life which brought him in contact with nothing warmer through the live-long day than some well-known page from some well-loved book read in youth, and cherished now as one of the very few things that were still the same as then. The life which left him long solitary hours to be disposed of God knows how at those periods of the day when other men of his age and standing went from the cold of business into the warmth of home. The life athwart which the shadow of a friend so seldom fell that when it did that life seemed strangely darkened and saddened through the rarity of the thing. The life which, if he had known was to be his for so long when first it was thrust upon him, would have been cut short by the horror of it and the utter inability to face it. The life that should be ended soon and swept away from his memory by the charmed notes of promise which should be uttered, the clouds which should be melted away before the light of love which lived for him in the eyes of Theo Leigh.

Even with the prospect of this joy before him he could not take up that life again, though

but for a brief space. He would go back to Maddington. He wanted reassuring, he desired to feel the sense of security the sight of Theo would give him. He needed to be with people who thought well of even if they did not like him, and for whom that sorrowful story of his was not written upon his brow legibly in type that those who ran might read. All this he needed, and all this he would have down at Maddington.

Together with something brighter still: the sight of Theo's face when she should hear the truth from him, and turn to him with such balm for what he had suffered in it, and such a joyous pledge of recompense in the future. How she would forgive him for that fond folly of his, divided by such a tiny line from guilty selfishness, which had caused him to linger by her side down on those bleak marshes alone on the rush-covered bank. How she would forgive him and love him. The train sped slowly after that thought arose.

It was scarcely absent from his mind during the whole journey. It was present there and vivid the whole time, and it was very comforting.

The only thing, the solitary shadow that fell across and marred the brightness of it (and that very seldom) was the thought that would arise once or twice of how many more years had passed over his head than over hers. So many years as he had known beyond her must he strike off from the roll of those which he might hope to know with her. He found himself regretting his age, and fervently praying that the blood of youth could bound through his veins once more. For youth would be her portion for many years to come, and the richest bloom of womanhood, especially with such a physique, would be hers when he was grey-haired and maybe decrepid.

The train seemed very slow to him. It was useless his asking himself "what matter a little more waiting to one who has waited for years?" The "little more waiting" that was rendered a necessity by space intervening, by space alone! thank God, he said almost aloud, was more bitterly hard to bear than aught had been for years. He so longed to lift the sorrow from the young heart, and the cloud from the young eyes that had been the one so light and the other so bright when first they turned towards him.

His greatest, his only ambition, now, was to have a home where Theo would be also, and to be at rest with her. Had this incubus, which was but just removed from him, been lifted away from him years ago while youth and the desire to do something, to make a stir in the world, had still been his, he might have

striven and failed, and been more embittered than he was as things were. So he looked leniently back upon that long series of desultory attempts to do so little that when those attempts failed he scarcely marked the failure of them. Failure on a larger field might have driven him down into depths from whence there would have been no arising—into depths from which he told himself now no man could have arisen to Theo Leigh. Therefore he felt leniently towards that long inactive career which sometimes he had regretted while still leading it, and thought that as that inactivity had led him into comparatively little evil, so now after it he was fairly entitled to nurse the sole ambition left to him—to cherish, and dwell upon, and yearn to realise the vision of the peaceful, quiet, loving life which should be his with Theo.

“What matter a little more waiting to one who has waited for years?” How had he borne that enforced quiescence? he asked himself. How had he suffered this clog to chain him away from all that was most prized by his man’s heart? How had he been enabled to keep love from being the lord of all during those last few months especially? From what portion of his passionate weakness had come the strength which had enabled him to refrain from testing whether love were indeed powerful enough in that girl’s heart to make her consider the world well lost for it?

He had been sorely tempted, horribly tried! Tempted and tried by that very unguardedness and perfect trust of hers which after all had been her tower of strength. He shuddered, now that she would so soon be his own in all honour, to think of how often he had cursed the social bonds that bound them both, and been on the point of bursting them, when he had reflected on how brief a thing after all life was, and how benighted were those who laid down laws for themselves, only, as it seemed, to make that life miserable.

But there was nothing between them any longer, nothing; neither shadow nor substance. Nothing save the green fields and hedge-rows which lay between the train and Hensley.

Harold French walked fast when he got out of the train at Hensley, walked fast as a man is apt to walk when he has something pleasant to do and is in haste to do it. He was in mourning, in such mourning as a man can go into at once in these sombrely clothed days without making any material change in his dress. But there was no mourning in his face, and none in his heart. He was a brighter, happier man than he had been for long years; and he was a better man too, as is often the case when one is happier.

He was in broad charity with all men except David Linley, whose heart even then, in that happy, gentling hour, he could have torn from his breast and flung to perdition without compunction. But for the rest of the world he had such glowing kindly feelings, such a wealth of toleration, such a mighty sympathy.

All things were fair, fair as the future that had opened to him, fair as the face of the love of his boyhood, or of her who had awakened this later love in his soul. Nature smiled so softly that her child, the winter season, grew rosy and warm in her rays. There was a promise in the sunshine, and on the light wind that was up there was a hope, as he walked on towards the fate that was in store for him.

“God! what days we’ll have together!” he said aloud to himself, as he got into the Maudington grounds, and walked along even faster than before, impatient to announce himself and then go on to Theo. “Dear little thing! she who was satisfied with the prospect over those bleak, hard marshes, while I talked to her of better things and more luscious scenes; to take her where I have been myself, and see her whole soul leaping towards me while I tell her what I was suffering then. It is worth having lived for, this; it will be no bad reward for the hell I have known.”

Faster and even faster along the avenue, with many of the hopes that were his in his long-left youth coming back to him, and crowding tumultuously through his brain. Resuming all unconsciously the very gait that had been his in youth, carrying his head more buoyantly, his hands in his pockets more carelessly, his heart in his breast more blithely than ever he had done since that day when he had stood on the deck of the English frigate and lifted the Greek girl’s veil.

He made as many plans as a girl with her first pocket-money for giving pleasure to others—to those to whom heretofore he had unhappily given little else save pain. He bethought himself of where it would be well for Theo and himself to take up their head-quarters when they were in England, in order that they might be within an accessible distance of her father. He even laid down a plan very susceptible of improvement of cultivating that mind of hers which in its uncultivation was still so inexpressibly dear to him. He never thought for an instant, as he strode along like the man he felt himself to be once more, but that he should have her for his own, to do with her as it seemed good to him so long as he should live.

So on to the house where he seemed to be expected, and wished, and waited for, in a manner that was very pleasant to behold,

especially by Ethel, who had never been wont to be demonstrative towards him. But now she came forward through the whole length of the oak parlour when he entered it and found her there alone, and gladly made him welcome, telling him how happy she was to see him, and how much they *all* had been and were wanting him, in tones that had the genuine ring of the metal.

"That's very good of you," he replied; "I'll hear what you want me for when I come back. I'm just going over to Hensley."

"Oh! do wait a little," Ethel began earnestly.

He shook his head, he was in no mood for more waiting; he had been waiting for years for much, for months for this very thing which now he was about to make is own.

"I shall be back before long," he answered, thinking the while that it would be extremely probable that he should be nothing of the kind; "but I have something to do, and I must go and do it at once."

He was about to leave the room as he spoke, but Ethel checked him.

"Mr. Ffrench, do stop."

He stopped and went back to her, and she held out her hand, and when he gave his she held it fast.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh! it's about Frank; do sit down, and I will tell you, but you mustn't be impatient, will you?"

"I will try not to be impatient, if you will try to tell me quickly."

"So I will; as if your Hensley business, which is probably about a gun, or a dog, or a saddle, couldn't wait! I always find when men have particular business down at Hensley that it's at the farrier's or the vet's."

"Mine is neither; however, go on."

"Well, then; you know what a dear boy Frank is, and that papa is often just a little perverse with him?"

Harold Ffrench nodded and asked,

"Has he smashed the Baron again?"

"Oh, no! nothing bad, he has only fallen in love."

"Ay, and with whom?" he had no suspicion, not the faintest shadow, as to what her answer would be, and Ethel had none either as to how it would touch him.

"He has fallen desperately in love, poor boy, and proposed, and been accepted, a thing papa has always been wishing him to do if the girl was nice; and here now when they are both tremendously in love, and no girl can be nicer than Theo Leigh, papa—What's the matter?"

He had not started, or smote his chest or

his forehead, or fainted, or gone ghastly white, or given any other melodramatic sign of emotion. He had merely flushed; a strong man's flush of disappointed passion and cruel jealousy is no pleasant sight to witness.

"What's the matter?" Ethel repeated wonderingly.

"Nothing; an old wound that I'm apt to feel after exertion; go on."

"Well, Frank—but I didn't know you had ever been wounded?"

"Long ago, and it was to death I thought at the time; go on." It was to death now—the death of all good within him, but he would hear to the end.

"Well, Frank can't get papa's consent to their engagement—it's cruel to him and to her too, poor girl, but if you——"

"Are they so devotedly attached to each other?" Harold Ffrench interrupted bitterly.

"I believe they are, and you can't wonder at it; any girl would be sure to be won by Frank if he tried to win her; he has every quality to attract and endear him to a woman; do speak to papa, Mr. Ffrench," she went on earnestly, "he promises to be influenced by you; and even if you don't care for Frank, you like Miss Leigh, so just think of what she must have been suffering all these days—with her temperament to be subjected to such a mortifying uncertainty."

"She shall know no further suffering if I can avert it; I will go to your father at once."

"That's good of you; before you go to Hensley?" she added inquiringly.

"Yes, before I go to Hensley; in fact, my Hensley business was very unimportant."

He was sitting now with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped together, and his head bent down low as though he were gazing earnestly at the pattern on the carpet. Miss Ethel, looking at him, marked the deadening influence that seemed to have come over him suddenly, and also for the first time observed the black clothes.

"I have been so selfishly interested in dear Frank's affairs that I didn't see—" she began hesitatingly, then she added more rapidly, "I fear you have lost some friend since we saw you."

He saw her eyes travelling down from the black tie and jet studs to the band that was round the hat which was lying on a chair by his side.

"I have lost the only being in the world who was dear to me," he said savagely, "don't speak to me about it any more; lost! I have been losing all my life."

He rose up as he spoke, and Ethel, feeling very sorry for him as she did, still hoped that

he was going to put the memory of his losses away from him for the nonce, and proceed on his mission on behalf of Frank the favourite without delay.

"Are you going to papa now?" she asked.

"I hardly know; I think, if you'll allow me, I will take a stroll first; the young people," he smiled grimly as he said it, "can exist for an hour or two longer in uncertainty—cheered and supported as they are by their mutual passion."

"I don't expect you to have much sympathy; with that sort of thing," Ethel replied smiling; then she looked at him and wondered why she had not expected him to have much sympathy with "that sort of thing;" there was no incongruity between himself and the subject. "But I know you will do Frank a good turn if you can," she went on earnestly, "and you see, if he is balked in this thing, the very thing we have all been urging upon him as a sure means of pleasing papa, why, there's no saying how it may affect him; is there?"

Harold Ffrench did not answer for a minute or two. He was asking himself during that pause why he should interest himself in the matter?—why he should obey the behest of Miss Ethel and strive to smooth the path of his rival?—why he should interfere between Frank and the possible perdition a disappointment might drive Frank into? But when he had asked himself why he should do this thing, which would be putting his hand to that fatal wheel of fortune which was crushing him, he remembered Theo. Remembered Theo, and resolved that never another pang, another doubt, should be hers while he could save her from it.

"No, there's no saying how it may affect him," he replied in an indifferent tone; "well, my voice shall be raised for the happy pair; where is your father?"

"He keeps in his own study, and declares he feels the gout coming on."

"And where is Fra——, your nephew?"

"Gone down to see Theo, I believe," Ethel replied laughing; "I never thought to see Frank so completely upset; he was as pale and agitated as a girl this morning, and so touchy."

"Is he?" Harold Ffrench replied sarcastically. "Miss Leigh will, without doubt, repay him for his anguish."

Then he went off to speak to Lord Lesborough; but had he known the true cause of Frank's pallor and touchiness, he would have, even at the risk of seeming to play Frank false, have carried out his original intention and gone over to Theo at once.

Lord Lesborough was sitting by the fire in his study with a table covered with bills by

his side, and a portentous frown of calculation on his forehead. The bills were all duly docketed, and they were all paid; therefore at first sight the frown appeared to be a work of supererogation on the part of his noble brows. But they had a mission, those bills, and they were fulfilling it. They had been incurred by Frank at divers periods of his career, and they had been assiduously looked up this morning by Lord Lesborough in order to feed the flame of his wrath against his grandson. One of Lord Lesborough's legs was extended straight out before him, too, after the manner of one who is suffering from the gout.

"How are you, Harold? glad to see you back again," he exclaimed, shuffling his papers about with a great air of business as Harold Ffrench came in.

"I'm here only for an hour or two," Harold replied, shaking hands with his host.

Lord Lesborough picked his leg off the chair in most unseemly haste.

"You don't mean to say you're going off again to-day?" he asked, "I wanted to talk to you about that boy; he's got himself into a d—d mess."

Harold Ffrench felt the blood rising to his face and throbbing in his veins. It was hideous to the man who loved her better than he had ever loved anything in life to hear Theo Leigh alluded to in this way. He could not answer the allusion immediately, so he said,

"I'm sorry to hear that you have signs of the gout about you."

"Yes, I'm afraid it's coming on," Lord Lesborough replied, promptly acting on the reminder, and replacing his leg on the rest with much circumspection and many facial expressions of anguish.

"Been taking too much port wine?" Harold suggested. In reality, he neither cared for nor believed in Lord Lesborough's gout or its cause at this juncture. He only wanted to gain a little time before the subject of the death-blow of his own hopes was mooted.

"It's not that," Lord Lesborough replied quickly. Port that had been ten years in bottle and three in the wood, was much affected by him, and he had an exceeding great dislike to hearing that its effects were not invariably all that was desirable. So now he replied somewhat testily that "It was not that," and then went on to add,

"It's chiefly mental with me; if a thing weighs on my mind it's almost sure to fly to—to——" he hesitated and rubbed his leg; he had not quite made up his mind whether he would say to his "knee" or his "foot."

Then Harold Ffrench determined that he

would no longer strive to evade the very subject which he had come to discuss.

"What is weighing upon your mind now?" he asked, rising up and leaning his back against the chimney-board.

"That boy's folly—you have not heard yet?"

"Yes, I have heard from your daughter that he has engaged himself to Miss Leigh. On my life I can't consider it a folly on his part."

Once more Lord Lesborough forgot the effect of his mental excitement; he took his leg down from the rest and planted both feet firmly on the ground.

"You're about right, perhaps," he said; "the girl is more foolish still to have imagined for an instant that I should permit the thing to go on."

Harold Ffrench stood silently looking down on his old friend with a glowing face and steady eyes for a few seconds. At last he said, holding his hand out to Lord Lesborough as he spoke,

"You have treated me as your son for years, and I am very grateful for the love you have shown me for my mother's sake; Heaven knows your unswerving friendship has been the only light in a preciously black career; but if wrong or insult is offered to Theo Leigh at your instigation or from a member of your family, I shall banish that solitary light, and say good-bye to you and Maddington for ever."

"Are you mad, Harold?" Lord Lesborough asked, wonderingly.

"God knows I have enough to make me mad. No; I think I'm sane enough now. Come, Lesborough," he continued abruptly, "grant me this favour—let your grandson be happy with that girl, who is far too noble for him, or for any other man that I know."

"It's not the match he should make," Lord Lesborough replied, shaking his head and rubbing his leg.

"Not the match he should make; I agree with you in the letter, but not in the spirit. What do you want him to marry? Not money, I know. She has no rank certainly, but she is a gentlewoman born and bred, and she has a heart of gold; if it is set upon your grandson now" (he gave a gulp over the words), "don't try it, for God's sake."

"You speak very warmly of the young lady," Lord Lesborough said. "One would think——"

"Stop! don't 'think' about it," Harold interrupted. "I will tell you why I speak so warmly of the young lady, and when you have heard it you will put no obstacles in the way your grandson is going if you're the man I take you to be."

Then Mr. Ffrench sat down, and in a low voice, for his heart was heavy, he told the man who had loved *his* mother the story of that first meeting down on the bleak marshes, the love that grew out of that meeting, the constraint, the suffering, the blight that ensued, and lastly the cause of that constraint and suffering, and its recent removal.

"If this was broken off you might have her still," Lord Lesborough said somewhat huskily.

"Have her still, after she has found out her first mistake, and loved another man according to her years! God bless her, *no*. It is natural that this should have come about. Let her be happy at last."

"If she can be happy with that boy after *you*," Lord Lesborough said somewhat scornfully. "However, I won't interfere; and you will come to Maddington as usual while I live, won't you?"

Soon after this, Harold Ffrench went away, and late that evening Theo Leigh received a note from Ethel containing warm congratulations from the whole family, and a promise of coming to call on her (Theo) the following day. Frank was with her when she received the note, but instead of handing it him, she kept a nervous hold on it long after she had read its contents.

"What more does Ethel say?" Frank asked.

"Not much," Theo replied.

"Let me see," he said; then she handed it to him, and he read, "Harold Ffrench came down for a short time to-day, and won a most complete consent from papa; it seems he has a great admiration for you, Miss Theo, and he has quite succeeded in making papa share the feeling."

"Curse him for interfering," Frank thought, as he gave the letter back.

(To be continued.)

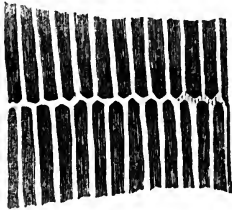
PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BLOCK OF COAL.

CHAPTER II. MORE OF MY ANCESTORS.

CONSIDERABLY revived by the application of the contents of the scuttle, my friend in the fire resumed his discourse.

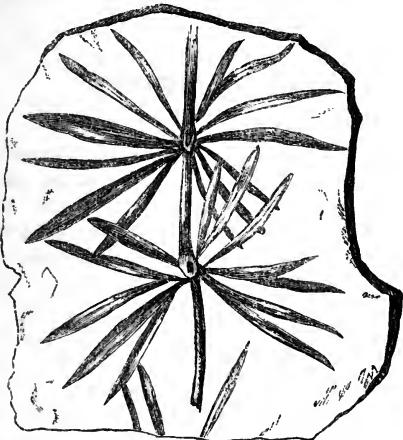
One of the most singular features about my ancestral forests was the dense growth of underwood and ferns that filled up every available spot between the taller trees, and fringed the banks of the water-side. Not, generally speaking, of the same puny character as the ferns that you are so fond of collecting, but of a much more gigantic build, resembling in size the giant ferns of Killarney. There was a great profusion of big, sturdy-stemmed plants, something like, though on a much larger scale

than, your present Equisetum, or mare's-tail. These Calamites, as they were called, were upwards of thirty feet in height, and almost thick enough to allow one to climb up them. They were jointed at intervals, and between the joints were delicate longitudinal lines or striæ. The flowers, at least what are presumed to be the flowers, were arranged in beautiful spikes or whorls, called Asterophyllites, and were amongst the most graceful of the coal flowers. These



Stem of Calamite. (C. Suckovii.)

Calamites formed a sort of intermediate growth between the great tall tree-ferns that I have lately told you of, viz., the Lepidodendron, the



Asterophyllites—probable Flowers of Calamites. After Mantell.

Sigillaria, and such like, and the more modest and graceful herbaceous ferns which clothed the ground with such a thick carpet. The most abundant of these, as far as we know,



Neuropteris (N. Loshii.) From Phillips.

were the Neuropteris, or nerved fern, of which we possess several species. The leaflets were of

considerable size in some of these varieties, and were distinguished by their delicate veining. Then there was the Sphenopteris, or wedge-shaped fern, which was more graceful and subdivided than the former one. It is a very plentiful fern in the coal measures, 28 varieties having been discovered. The Pecopteris, per-



Sphenopteris Affinis.

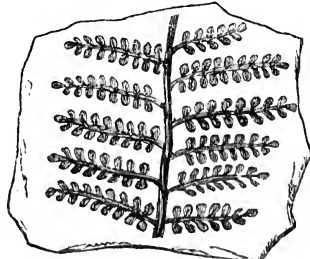
haps, is the most common of all the ferns. The leaves are more regularly and closely set on their stems, although in different species we find different arrangements.

As there are 60 species of the Pecopteris known, it can easily be imagined with what luxuriance it grew. So well preserved are



Pecopteris Lonchitica.

these ferns that it is not uncommon to find the little fruit-patches on the backs of the



Pecopteris Adantoides. After Mantell.

fronds. If I were to go on telling you the names and characteristics of all the varieties

now known, I should send you to sleep; for the great coal botanists, such as Hooker and Brogniart, have already detected 140 species; and yet there must still be a great number of my ancestors not yet come to light, for this number is only one-twentieth part of the living species known to be growing in Europe alone; compare then this small area with that required for the growth of so many successive coal forests! But so little is known, even yet, of these, except in detached specimens, that very probably some of these ferns may have belonged to the tall tree-ferns. One reason why comparatively so few have been found is due, according to Dr. Lindley, to their wholesale destruction by immersion; and he, to a certain extent, proved this by soaking in water different woods, mosses, grasses, and ferns for a considerable time, and he found that the ferns held out in fair preservation for a much longer period than any of the others. But, after all, consider the millions and millions of ages that have elapsed since these coal trees grew, and again at the violent changes that their remains have undergone, and you will be almost inclined to smile when you think how feebly approximative must be the small experiments of man.

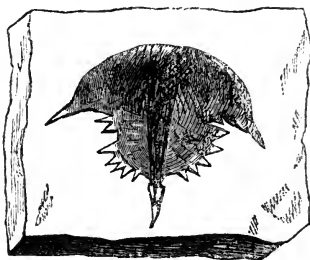
You will naturally ask me, Were there no trees with woody tissue, with pith and all complete, amongst my stock of forefathers, or were they all overgrown ferns? There were trees with woody tissue, but it must be confessed that the search of our family records has not produced so much information on this point as it has on others. You have seen specimens of Araucaria, or Norfolk Island Pine, at Kew, or some other conservatory. Most of the coniferous trees to which I owe my birth were of this type. Now, as to the pines and firs of the present age, they are very degenerate in the matter of pith, which diminishes as the tree grows. My ancestors were famous for pith, and some of the pith specimens, known to collectors as Sternbergia, were often an inch in diameter. As to the fruits of these trees, they are not uncommonly met with, though whether they belong to the same species of tree as does the pith I cannot quite say. They are about the size of a hazel-nut, and are called Trigonocarpum. Of the leaves I know still less, so will not hazard any speculations. But we have had enough of still life, or rather, I should say, of vegetable life; for what animal life



Trigonocarpum. there was did not detract much from the silence of the forests; and before I tell you of the fearful convulsions from which my forefathers suffered, I must say a few words

about the living creatures, which were more numerous in the carboniferous waters than on the land. If the insects were in appearance like the ferns, they must have been rather a gloomy lot. But few specimens have been found, and those of a species of beetle; and any collector lighting upon a colony of fossil insects or their wings would enshrine himself for ever in the annals of the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street.

When we consider the frail and delicate texture of a wing, we cannot wonder that so few escaped destruction. Of crustaceans and their foot-tracks along the muddy shores we have plenty of evidence, and in the Coalbrookdale measures a very perfect *Limulus*, or King Crab, was found. Scorpions there were, too,



Limulus, from Coal Measures, Coalbrookdale.

“with ominous tails,” as Sir Wm. Armstrong spoke of them at the British Association meeting at Newcastle, and Mr. Salter thinks that he has seen spiders. But of actual air-breathing reptiles we have still fewer memorials, and those that we have appear to have belonged to a sort of amphibious lizard, which did not require any very great purity of atmosphere. All that we have to go by in our speculations is the discovery of detached bones, the key to which it is often extremely difficult to find; but, fortunately for the geologists, there is a very clever philosopher, Professor Owen by name, who only requires a bone or two to build you up an entire creature. The worst of him is, that when the creature is built, it is almost useless, from the long name given it by its godfather: and the owner of a bone sent to the Professor the other day from South Wales was christened by him *Anthrakerpeton crassosteum*, a name which I had rather not trust myself to say twice over. However, the great peculiarity of these reptiles was, that they do not seem to have required much air to breathe; indeed, it used to be the fashion to say that the atmosphere of the carboniferous flora was so steaming and oppressive that no animal of any sort whatever could live in it; but this view has been considerably modified of late years, although there can be no question but that the atmosphere caused by the mass of rank vege-

tation with all the decaying and fermenting destructive processes constantly going on, must have been heavy to a degree, and unfit for anything like pure respiration. The remains of the water inhabitants are, as I said before, more numerous than those of the land. The chief interest in these shells and fishes arises from the question, Did they inhabit fresh or salt water? or, in other words, did my ancestors flourish by land or the sea? as from the great frequency of a shell called *Unio*, which bore a resemblance to the fresh-water mussel, they were thought to be necessarily of fresh-water origin. It was afterwards found out, however, that this *Unio* had several very important features distinguishing it from the mussel, so its name was changed into *Anthracosia*, and it was considered that it lived in salt though shallow waters; and this notion was confirmed by the discovery (often in the same bed with the *Anthracosia*) of a number of shells, such as *Nautilus*, of whose marine origin there could be no doubt. A curious fact bears on this, viz., that the water found in the coal measures (as seen in mines and pits) contains bromine and iodine, which are important constituents of sea-water; and in one deep pit in Leicestershire this water is so strongly saline that it is pumped up and taken to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to serve in the baths there as a substitute for sea-bathing. So I really believe, what with the *stigmaria*, the shells, and the water left in us, that we are more "old salts" than anything else. But I think I have told you enough of my pedigree, and perhaps have been rather prosy; so stir me up, please, and I will get on with what more immediately concerns me, viz., how I was formed.

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

"WHAT A BORE!"

"I AM much obliged to you for your long letter," writes Lady Diana Beauclerk to George Selwyn, in 1776; "indeed it was not at all a —; but I dare not write the word, because you seem to have such an objection to it; and, as I am quite ignorant of its *sens radical*, it is better not to use it." The expression her ladyship hesitated to employ was no doubt "*a bore*"; the term had come into vogue some few years; but it was still regarded by many as being in a sort of *quarantine*—a member of the slang family that could only be received into good society after undergoing a period of probation, and producing certain certificates of respectability; and even then must be admitted and acknowledged under protest, as it were. Captain Grose, the antiquary, interprets bore, "a tedious troublesome man or woman: one who bores the ears of his hearers with an

uninteresting tale; a term much in fashion about the years 1780 and 1781." Mr. George Selwyn's male correspondents, however, had taken up with the word some time before. The Hon. Henry St. John (nephew of the great Bolingbroke) writes, in 1766: "I own it appears ridiculous in my situation of life to be a patriot, but I think I can explain to you when we meet (for it would be vastly too *borish* in a letter) my reasons to justify to you the opposition even of a poor younger brother on half-pay." In the following year the Earl of Carlisle sends a packet of letters brought from Paris, "which, if they are French, the Lord deliver you from the *bore*." Soon afterwards the earl, writing from Genoa, hopes to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Selwyn at Dover, in November, "and *borring* him with a thousand questions till we rearrive in London."

A cant term is not always intelligible to the persons employing it, even when these are native and to the manner born. No wonder then that the foreign student finds in the slang with which all languages are supplemented an endless source of confusion and difficulty. A German gentleman, Christian Augustus Gottlieb Gœde by name, came over on a visit to England in the year 1802, and subsequently published a record of his opinions of English life, manners, and customs. The book is of considerable interest, and is marked with much intelligent observation and acute criticism. In his studies of national notabilities, the beau of the period seems to have struck Herr Gœde as a singularly ridiculous and pitiful person. Easy gallantry is apprehended to be quite foreign to the national disposition. The English coxcombs are found to exhibit themselves in extravagantly affected attitudes, and, in an attempt at reconciling French ease with their own refractory and repugnant natures, to wholly realize and justify the strange-looking caricatures of Mr. Gilray and other satirical artists of the day. The gentlemen of the army are especially affected with this foolish behaviour. "But of all their extravagances," notes the critic, "their fashionable cant is the most absurd. It is generally an unintelligible gibberish: a compound of broken French, seasoned with some significant and original English terms. There are always some which have a run. Thus '*the boar*' lately made a considerable figure among them. At all public amusements which created languor or satiety, everybody complained, '*the boar*.' This is the more extraordinary, as there are only foxes and hares hunted in England." The slang word *bore* had much

troubled and misled Herr Gæde, it is pretty clear.

Mr. Hotten, in the last edition of his "Slang Dictionary," attributes to Shakespere an acquaintance with the slang signification of the word. I allude to the passage where *Buckingham* says to *Norfolk*, of *Wolsey*,

"I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the King;
I'll follow, and outstare him."

But Mr. Charles Knight would have us understand the word to mean, rather,—*wounds, thrusts*; as in the "Winter's Tale," "Now the ship *boring* the moon with her mainmast." Certainly, in considering *Wolsey*, *Buckingham's* mood is not one of languor and *ennui*; not the normal state of a man undergoing *boredom*. On the contrary, he is in a towering passion. *Norfolk* expostulates with him upon his exceeding violence:—

"Be advised:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion."

This is not the way he would have addressed a man who had been simply *bored*, according to the modern meaning of the term.

A little book published at Cambridge in 1803, called a "Gradus ad Cantabrigiam, or a Dictionary of Terms, Academical and Colloquial, or Cant, which are used at the University," suggests the deviation of *bore* from the Greek *Bápos*, a burden. But this proposition is of course only a piece of university jocosity.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the Alfred Club, established in Albemarle Street in 1808, but now merged in the Oriental, Hanover Square, relates, "that it was much haunted, like all other clubs, with *boars*—tusky monsters delighting to range where men most do congregate, as they are kept at the spear's point pretty much in private society." It was Sir Walter who first noted that the *boar*—or *bore*—is always remarkable for something respectable, such as wealth, character, high birth, acknowledged talent, or, in short, for something that forbids people to turn him out by the shoulders, or, in other words, to cut him dead. In fact, if the *bore* were not respectable, he would not be permitted for one moment to bore anybody. Men are not fond

of endurance for its own sake. Much of this respectability, however, as Sir Walter says, "is supplied by the mere circumstance of belonging to a society of clubbists, within whose districts the boar obtains free warren, and may wallow or grunt at pleasure. Old stagers in the club know and avoid the fated corner and arm-chair which he haunts; but he often rushes from his lair on the inexperienced." According to this view, we have to thank the clubs for the perpetuation of this interesting, but not otherwise attractive, class of creatures.

Whatever its origin, however, the word *bore* now finds acceptance everywhere—is acknowledged in the most distinguished societies; is admitted now not merely into the slang, but also into the regular dictionaries of the language, without being branded as vulgar, or even colloquial. Webster defines *bore* to be a "person or thing that annoys or wears;" and Mr. Hotten cites an effective and amusing employment of the term in its most modern sense by no less a person than the late Prince Consort, in his address to the British Association at Aberdeen, September 14, 1859. The Times report is quoted:—

"I will not weary you," said the Royal President, "by further examples with which most of you are better acquainted than I am myself, but merely express my satisfaction that there should exist bodies of men who will bring the well-considered and understood wants of science before the public and the Government,—who will even hand round the begging-box, and expose themselves to refusals and rebuffs to which beggars are liable, with the certainty besides of being considered great *BORES*. Please to recollect that this species of 'bore' is a most useful animal—well adapted for the ends for which nature intended him. He alone, by constantly returning to the charge and repeating the same truths and the same requests, succeeds in awakening attention to the cause which he advocates, and obtains that hearing which is granted him at last for self-protection, as the minor evil compared to his importunity, but which is requisite to make his cause understood."

A word which has thus been stamped with royal approval in a manner so signal, needs no further defence or advocacy. It may now pass from hand to hand—or rather from mouth to mouth—without hindrance or question of any kind. Thus securely planted in the language, it will flourish for all time probably, spreading out deep and strong roots below, and far-reaching branches over head.

DUTTON COOK.

DOCTOR CAMPANY'S COURTSHIP.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR JACOB," "JOHN AND I," &c. &c.



PART I.

CHAPTER I. THE DOCTOR'S LOVE-STORY.

A LONG low coast-line, a steely-grey sea flecked with spectre-like sails, a modern white villa breaking the monotony of the marsh-

land, and two lovers walking slowly on the glistening sands.

The time is evening—the place is Bercamb. Difficult as to geography, having no topography at all, Bercamb is neither village, nor hamlet, nor parish, a coastguard-station only,

with a thatched tumble-down hovel called "The Royal William," with a black tarred cottage or two of retired smugglers, with mile after mile of brown moor and willowy-green marsh, with no clear horizon, with aguish mists at night, with blowy blue skies by day, with one solitary white villa—like an ostrich's egg in the sand. An enterprising baker comes once a week from Rye to Lydd Point, and brings a stray letter for somebody, which is stuck in the panes of the Royal William to get yellow, or an owner. This baker excepted, no one, nothing, connects the great worlds of Rye and Lydd Point to the little world, or rather the no-place-at-all, of Bercamb. 'Tis true that the coastguard officers eat and drink, that the Royal William shakes almost to falling with tipsy sailors' laughter on Saturday nights, that old Southerden the retired smuggler has daughters who are courted, that there are occasional groups of merry brightly-dressed girls at the villa—that Bercamb, as a place and as a people, is substantially dead to the world, alike oblivious and buried in oblivion, "is landed away" as the poem runs,

From all the great world's woes.

To-night, however, it is not so. Two lovers walk hand in hand along the shore, their faces turned to the setting sun, and the glory it makes about sea and sky—their talk playful and yet solemn, as the talk of all real lovers is wont to be.

The girl was twenty-two, slight, small of stature, had brilliant black eyes, and wavy black hair; her dress was pink,—the pink of rose-leaves, of sea-shells, of harvest sunsets. When she spoke, she had a habit of playing with her hair, with the folds of her dress, with her lover's fingers; a restless inconsequent habit that might mean over-happiness, over-uneasiness, over-coquetry—or nothing!

The man was hardly older in years, but older, immeasurably older, in all else. He had the gravest of grave ways, a sweet uncertain smile, tremulous tones of voice when saying boldest things; almost womanly shyness at times, at others almost womanly daring; a square well-made frame, herculean physical strength; wore country-made clumsy clothes, and looked a gentleman always.

"Marian," he said, "there is no more for us to say, then—you and I?"

She had strayed from him a little during the last few moments, had plucked a sea-plant here, teased a crab there, written cabalistic letters on the sand, made no answer to his remarks. On hearing his last words, she left her occupation—somewhat ruefully, and put both her hands about his arm.

"No more, Hopner—not a word. Why should there be? We are to be married, to be good, to live like the people in novels, happy ever after."

"Do you love me?" he continued, still very earnest.

"Love you, dear boy! Love is hardly the word. To love is to die for one another, like Max and Thekla,—to be jealous of one another, like Othello and Desdemona,—to be separated from one another, like Petrarch and Laura. People who love never marry at the parish church, never grow stout and rich, never call each other 'my dear.'"

The young doctor seemed vexed and puzzled at her lightness.

"You do love me, Marian. Why are you ashamed of confessing it?"

"By what proofs have I convinced you of love, sir? I am all attention."

"You—you—promise to be my wife. Oh! Marian?" cried the young man, gathering force and freedom with every word. "Oh! Marian, love, the sea is smooth, the sky is fair, the ship is freighted—will you make shipwreck now? No, that indeed would be too, far too, cruel."

He turned to her in his passionate pleading, as the child turns to its mother, the dog to his master, the criminal to his judge, the peasant to his Virgin.

She smiled, kissed his hand, reassured him with a whispered word, and all the clouds cleared again.

"Since you were a wee wee orphan child, I loved you as my queen," he went on, ringing constant changes on the one theme next his heart: "It would have broken my heart to lose you then—I cannot do it now. Doesn't there seem to be a fate in it, Marian, a good, bountiful, blessed fate? Had you never been left fatherless, I should not have protected you; had you been less lonely, my love might have proved of little worth. You remember the Greek play we were reading together last night, and the lines, not one, but a hundred expressing the same idea."

"*That which is foredoomed abides from the oldest time.*" *Æschylus* was right," interrupted Marian, looking dreamily and gloomily towards the heavens, as if to read the foredoomed fate there. "And you are right too, Hopner; a fate is in it."

"A good, blessed, bountiful fate, darling, not only for poets to write of, but for the angels to smile down upon."

He smiled, by way of applauding his own thought, and did not heed her silence.

Silently she allowed him to put his arm around her, silently she submitted to a lover's

kiss, a lover's monotonous vows. When he ceased speaking, she became animated.

"Let us climb the sand-banks, and look out of the telescope," she cried with eagerness; "perhaps Papa's waggonette may be in sight. He promised to be here before dark."

"I believe you love my father the best, after all," said Hopner, playfully.

"I believe I do. Isn't that natural! He is exactly to me as my own father would have been—perhaps more. Like a little bird fallen from its mother's nest, starved, cold, naked, he found me ever so long ago. Who so well-dressed, so well fed, so petted as the little bird now? Go first, please, Hopner, the path is too narrow for two, and you tread on my pretty pink flounces."

It was Marian who chose the resting-place, Marian who fixed the telescope, Marian who took the first sight.

"He is coming, Hopner, and Jessie with him, and somebody else—Mr. Wright the curate—no, Cousin Charley—no. Who can it be?"

"Let me look, darling."

"In a minute. It is somebody handsome, somebody wearing a moustache——"

"Nonsense!" cried Hopner, seizing the telescope almost rudely, "nonsense, Marian——"

"In a minute, Hopner, dear. Don't be so impatient. I tell you we are going to have visitors at Bercamb Villa, and oh, how nice it will be,—I see a moustache too, and a foreign-looking person——"

Young Dr. Campany possessed himself of the telescope at last, and sighted the distant carriage. He focussed each individual thoroughly; first, burly rosy-faced Papa Campany; secondly, fair-haired childish sister Jessie; thirdly, the stranger. Who could he be? No neighbour from Rye, that was evident; Rye society ever carried with it the tailors', the barbers', and the shoemakers' hall-mark. Square-cut clothes, square-cropped poll, square-toed boots—these peculiarities always marked the Rye gentleman at the outset. The man making Jessie *vis-à-vis* in the waggonette carried no locality with him. He might have been from London or from Japan, from Paris or from Peking. There was nothing extraordinary in his appearance, and nothing unfavourable—Hopner owned this regretfully—a slight graceful figure, features almost femininely-delicate as to curve and colouring, light-brown waving indolent hair and beard, a singularly broad chest, faultlessness of dress, infallibly gentlemanlike—this was all!

"Well!" said Marian, sharply.

"Well!"

Her lover's voice had a strange coldness and

abruptness in it, stranger for the tenderness and devotion that Marian was wont to hear. With womanlike tact she divined the cause, and with womanlike tact she concealed her divinations.

"You are a cross boy. Does he want his tea, does he want his pipe, does he want his cosy arm-chair, and Marian to play to him? He shall have all, then, if he'll only be pleasant, and not frown, and not set his teeth."

Thus caressing him with her sweet capricious voice, she led the way home over the ridge of sand-hills, along the level strip of marsh-land, across the meadows, finally into the Villa garden. The house was a prettily-built one-storied structure, and with the garden formed a little well-defended fortress, both being surrounded and protected by a high broad bank. Marian darted bird-like from one room to another, nor rested from calling "Grannie, Grammie," till a delightfully silky, silvery-looking old lady hobbled forth to hear her story.

The ladies busied themselves, with the assistance of Naomi the maid, in preparing tea and toast. Hopner sat down at the bow-window of the drawing-room, and watched the waggonette gloomily.

In a quarter of an hour, the weary horses stood panting at the front door, the girls were kissing each other, and helping Naomi to unload the carriage of fruits, poultry, eggs, books from the Rye Library, letters and newspapers—the stranger had been introduced as Mr. Elgar, and now seated himself composedly opposite Hopner. The two men were left alone whilst tea, gossip, and other things progressed in the kitchen and hall.

Hopner chatted a minute or two somewhat distantly, and then begged permission to read his letters. "Letters only reached one by chance at Bercamb," he said, smiling in spite of himself, "and were as much of rarities as in the gold-diggings." Mr. Elgar, of course, bowed assent. The letter-reading occupied some time, but once or twice Hopner looked up.

The first glance convinced him of a pre-conceived error with regard to Mr. Elgar's age. Despite his smooth brow, his slim figure, his perfect teeth, the young doctor saw that so much youthfulness was only apparent and artificial. He saw also that when the door was opened suddenly, and the wind lifted Mr. Elgar's hair from his brow, a straight line of white lay under the loose light curls. What had bleached the fore-locks so thoroughly and completely?

The second glance convinced him that Mr. Elgar had been to Bercamb before. People who visit a place for the first time, explore a land-

scape, drop their plumb-line of observation into the heart of it, ask the why and wherefore of horizon, of heath, of growth or alterations anywhere; and people who return to a landscape, open their eyes but halfway, nod to the coast-line approvingly, make involuntary recognitions of shadow, slope, stone, and are startled by a new object however insignificant.

"I believe my father is indebted to chance for the pleasure of your acquaintance," said Dr. Company, feeling necessitated to say something.

"How singular! How fortunate!—at least for me. I ran down to Rye last night, not knowing a creature there; to-day I am, as it were, a member of your family! A man stumbles upon luck sometimes."

Dr. Company looked savage.

"I fear Bercamb will disappoint you. For an artist there is absolutely nothing except a terribly unpicturesque castle of Henry VIII.'s time, mere blocks of wall——"

"But I am not an artist. My errand to this neighbourhood is entirely antiquarian and topographical. I shall sketch and examine the old moral church, which possesses curious monuments."

"It will take you little more than an hour."

"Then I want to make out a map of the harbour of Rye as it formerly stood."

"My dear sir, you can purchase such maps in Rye for a shilling."

Mr. Elgar smiled.

"Hardly the kind of map mine proposes to be, Dr. Company; moreover, even were topographical and antiquarian motives of no weight whatever, I have one of the utmost weight, which will keep me for a week."

"What is that?" asked Dr. Company, in a voice that should have said, "Go to the Devil with your motive!"

"Your father's amiable invitation."

Hopner excused himself hastily, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER II. MR. ELGAR PAINTS SHADOWS.

THE two Doctor Companys, father and son, were the best of friends. Hopner was grave, almost melancholy at times, and given to resent jokes; his father was as full of play as a kitten, ever boyish and buoyant, delighting to be teased. Both men differed as much in great things as in small, in character as in habit, in likings as in whims; but both respected each other's character, habits, likings, and whims, and accordingly were such friends as one seldom sees.

With regard to Mr. Elgar arose a little sharp discussion.

"You had no right to bring an entire stranger amongst grandmamma and the girls, sir," pursued Hopner; "granted that he is all

he appears to be, what good can his visit do?"

"What good, Hoppy? I think you lack hospitality strangely. Mr. Elgar called upon me, as strangers often do, to inquire about Rye, and the people of Rye: how to get here—how to get there—I could do no less than offer him a seat in my waggonette. Besides, it is the duty of every one to encourage science and the like."

"Science! I don't believe science has anything whatever to do with that man's coming here. He's—he's—an adventurer, nor more, nor less."

"I should think I am old enough and shrewd enough to know a gentleman when I see him: and—I can't help saying so—Hoppy, you're neither good-tempered nor good-mannered this morning."

Hopner blushed, bit his lip, and said no more. Their conversation took place on the morning after arrival, when Mr. Elgar was giving the girls sketching lessons, and by some undefinable process both father and son suddenly found themselves discarded by the ladies, and needed by no one. Instead of the low loving talk on the beach, the play with shell and shingle, the stolen kiss Hopner had anticipated so fondly, he was put off with a capricious excuse, a satirical reproach, or a downright rebuff. Dr. Company, the elder, in nowise blamed Mr. Elgar for taking the first place; he loved to see his daughter and orphan niece happy; he was so simple-hearted and good himself that selfishness appeared to him but supremacy, egotism but earnestness. After his hasty words to Hopner conscience smote him, and he said, mediately, "Never mind, Hoppy, we'll all pic-nic at Southerden's after dinner, and I'll see if I can't put little Marian beside you. It is too bad that your courtship should be spoiled, really."

Hopner growled something about his courtship being concern of nobody's, and poor Dr. Company resorted to the merry group on the lawn. The young man pocketed his favourite Æschylus, put on his light holland pea-jacket, whistled to his dog, and set off for a walk, never looking back.

Marian was the first to notice his movements. Half with a view of displaying her power before Elgar, half from unaffected concern at her lover's mood, she jumped to her feet, calling loudly, "Hopner, come back, I want you."

But Hopner shook his head, and went on.

"Shall I run after him?" asked Jessie, a tall graceful girl, with little but Marian to fill her world at present; "do let me, dear Marian."

Marian's cheek was crimson with pique and

excitement. She let her cousin go, first whispering with a frown, "Tell him he's more than unkind, he's ungentlemanly, and I'm very angry with him."

As soon as Jessie had quitted them Mr. Elgar left off drawing, took Marian's pencil from her fingers and obliged her to look up. Their eyes met and said, who can tell how much to each other?

He was the first to speak.

"You do not mean to say that you are engaged to that man?"

"Yes," answered Marian, hurrying over her words as if each one burned her throat; "and such being the case, he must be respectfully spoken of, if you please."

Mr. Elgar bit his lip, bowed, made a cold apology, and pretended to draw, but the girl felt that his eyes were upon her, and she tried in vain to regain composure. Meantime, Jessie had remonstrated with her brother, and finding her remonstrance somewhat curtly received, rejoined the sketchers slowly, one hand swinging her straw hat, the other shading her eyes.

Whilst she was yet out of hearing, Mr. Elgar said, "I fear I have made you very angry."

"I had a right to be angry."

"True, but there are one or two circumstances that will excuse my conduct. In the first place, Dr. Company is so inferior to yourself that even his dog is aware of it, and creeps away humbled before you."

"The dog is ugly and knows that I dislike him, that is all."

"No, that is not all. In the second place, Dr. Company will never be your husband."

Marian's eyes lit. A child might have seen that such a prophecy was to her as a reprieve to condemned sinners. She turned her face aside, let her trembling hands fall to her knees, and said dreamily, almost rapturously, "How can I tell that your prophecies are worth having?"

"Ask your own heart, as I have asked mine," he said, in a low desperate voice.

Both drew deep breaths and were silent. The sun was sparkling on the opaline sea, the sweet heath-scented air blew in their faces; around them lay the wide-stretching, wild-looking Romney marsh. No sound broke the stillness but the deep bark of Hopner's dog, as he clambered over the sand-banks after his master.

Jessie's shadow suddenly stood betwixt them and the sun, and then all embarrassment, all down-looking unsatisfied glances, all lip-tremors, must cease. The pencils made a continuous sympathetic murmur on the drawing-blocks. Marian's drawing oftenest needed correction, and then the master's hand would

guide her own; once, a stray tress of her wavy black hair touched his cheek.

"Why have you omitted one striking feature in your sketch?" asked Mr. Elgar suddenly of Jessie. "By discarding that bit of low running wall and the deep shadow it makes on the marsh, you rob your scene of its one redeeming variety. We,—that is, Miss Carrington and I,—have each our striking object in the foreground: she, her dismantled church, I, the shipping of the harbour—you have none."

Jessie's fair face was suddenly overshadowed with an expression of pain; tears came into her eyes, and she looked at her cousin pleadingly.

"What a baby! Well, Jessie, I'll relieve you from the difficulty of explanation. The fact is, Mr. Elgar, some years ago (when we were mites of children), a murder happened at Bercamb, and just beneath that wall—the shadow, you observe, is so opportune—just beneath that wall, they discovered the body."

"Was the murderer ever discovered?" asked Mr. Elgar, carelessly.

"No, that's the worst of it; that's why I hate and dread approaching the place," cried Jessie; "he may come back at any moment; he may be lurking about when we least expect it; he may murder again."

"Not if he is clever," retorted Mr. Elgar, with a shrug of the shoulders; "startling successes should not be repeated."

Marian seemed delighted at Mr. Elgar's coolness and poor little Jessie's enthusiastic horror. She would not let the subject drop.

"If it were not for the moralities of the ten commandments, and that sort of thing," she said, "I should call a successful murderer a hero; society hunts him down, society hangs him if possible, society does not look upon him as an avenger of his own wrongs—which he undoubtedly is. If, instead of witnesses, and counsel's defences, and judges' speeches, we could have the naked history of two hearts, the heart of the murderer and of the murdered, then perhaps a nearer approach to moral justice might be possible. What is your opinion?" she added, turning to the visitor.

"I can hardly give one, having thought little of the subject. One thing, however, is patent to the most casual observer, and that is, the immense retribution awaiting crime, and especially murder-crime, irrespective of all legal retribution. For instance, we will fill out for ourselves the outline of the story just suggested——"

"Oh, please do no such thing!" cried Jessie, trembling, and tearful with childish fear.

"Please do not, Mr. Elgar."

"Nonsense, Jessie. Mr. Elgar, go on,"

said Marian, authoritatively, and of course he obeyed her.

"It is night," he said, looking fixedly at the broken wall in the distance; "night, with plashes of angry rain on the marsh and angry waves on the shore. No lightning, no light of moon or stars, only the red signals of the harbour, breaking the sullen ominous darkness. What matters blood on such a night, seeing that there is no human eye to witness it?—merciful, albeit horrid, waves to wash it away. Not a soul is stirring in all the space of sea-green sticky moorland between Rye and Bercamb, but the white ague mists rise and throttle each other silently, and the spirit of murder, shapeless, incorporeal, yet full of dread, is moving about——"

Jessie put a little imploring hand on the story-teller's arm; but Marian's eye showed approval, and Marian was sole umpire. He went on:

"The coastguardsmen, as they pace their allotted area, hear a woman's shriek. They know not from whence it comes, but remember that the sailors who lodge at the Royal William have wives, and, not unnaturally, suppose a quarrel there. But the Royal William is still, dark, asleep. The shriek comes elsewhere. The low running wall is alike a shelter and a secrecy to the story of two lovers, who met yesterday in love and to-day in hate. The man is the younger, a mere boy, and the woman is beautiful and a coquette, a village Cleopatra. Both are passionate, and one has been wronged. What follows? Blood—unseen; but blood, nevertheless—is on stone and reed and shingle. The tide comes up slowly and surely, and covers a corpse. The place is silent; the murdered tell no story——"

He half rose and pushed the locks from his brow.

"But, but there are tongues enough and to spare. Think you the murderer has no ears for them? He rushes into the Babels of men, into the eternal silences of unexplored lands. Wherever he goes, there are cold dark waters of an inevitable tide, a body with red stains upon it, a creeping horror of night and death, and——"

His eyes were wild, his lips white and quivering, his whole bearing that of a man in blind terror. Jessie uttered a scream and drew back. Marian alone maintained entire calm.

"You are an admirable actor," she said, smiling. "How readily you seize upon the leading features of a picture! It happens that the Bercamb mystery precisely answers to your story, or rather your story answers to the Bercamb mystery. There was a woman murdered, and the tide set in, and the murderer

escaped. But now, having had our fill of horrors, let us taste something else. Jessie, darling, run in and ask grannie for luncheon—cakes, tarts, or something of that sort."

"So, you have been in Bercamb before?" she asked of Mr. Elgar in the same breath.

"What made you think so?"

"Firstly, because you speak of the Royal William; and, secondly, because you know that the tide swamps our marsh. Strangers don't dream of these things."

"Then I must be looked upon as an exceptional stranger. I have never been to Bercamb before."

"But how came *you* to know every particular of the murder?"

"Pshaw! Why does one read the newspapers?"

She broke into a pretty satirical laugh.

"Good heavens, Mr. Elgar! It happened nearly twenty years ago, and you look no older than Hopner."

"Then I must have read some other story, and confused the two. But, before your cousin joins us, I have a request to make of you."

"A request of me? Pray go on."

"Somehow, I hardly know why, but I feel nevertheless sure that your cousin, Dr. Campney, is inimical to me."

Marian blushed.

"Hopner has been rude, and wanting in hospitality, certainly; but you must excuse——"

"Oh, yes! I can excuse anything, so long as you see the need of excuse; and I much fear, dear Miss Carrington, that you alone will see it."

"Papa—my adopted father, having once showed you hospitality, will not withdraw it," she said eagerly. "Jessie, perhaps, may partake of her brother's feelings; what does that matter?"

"Nothing matters, if you promise to be my friend."

Marian was prevented from reply by the return of Jessie.

EMPEDOCLES;

A LEGEND OF MOUNT ETNA.

"My voice begins to fail, the cold creeps up
Slowly towards my heart. Then, ere I die,
Let me, Philemon, tell thee what I wish,
Lest the gods take me, and there come the cry
Of my last anguish, as to Charon's boat
The shadow leads me. Go, Philemon, go!
To the near village for a bowl of wine,
And wreaths of violets that there fairest grow.

"Now he is gone; his shadow on the wall,
That sunny vineyard wall, has passed away.
Quick! ere he comes again. I'll wrap my robe
Around my shrunken limbs, now that the day

Begins to close o'er Ætna's crest of fire,—
I will arise and climb by slow degrees,
Tacking the stony path that ends at last
In the lone track above the chestnut trees.

"I go to seal my teachings with the seal
Of Zeus himself. I, who have taught that fire
Is our earth's essence and the great sun's soul,
Centre and source of all things. I aspire
To have these young men think that Iris bore
Me up to Heaven. Quick! while strength remains:
Where is my fig-tree staff? The road is long,
And through my heart again run knife-like pains.

"Fire in the sunshine ripens seed and fruit;
'Tis fire subdued that pulses in the blood;
Heat, which is fire, creeps through the fir-tree's sap,
When the glad spring comes dancing through the
wood;
Fire in the central earth sends forth the plant,
Green, shooting upwards, and gives growth and
life
To every moving thing, from moss to star,
And with cold Death wages an endless strife.

* * * * *

Now I am through the vineyard, and the trees
Below me spread their fans and prickly fruit;
And mid the boulders shoot dwarf-junipers,
And through the soft moss creeps the sun-bleach'd
root;
And now, before they miss me, I am come
To the black ashy slopes; but I am weak
Or I would raze my footprints, lest they find
Their master, whom, perhaps, ere now they seek.

II.

"The vulture, scarcely larger than a crow,
Floats far beneath me. O, ye gods, hear now
An old man's prayer! Oh, take me to yourselves!
I have been serving you so long below;
Nor let Philemon guess that I have leapt
Into the flame; but let him tell them all
That Mercury call'd me to you as I slept.

"Now, from a pinnacle of cloven rock,
I look down on the old and wrinkled sea,
Lipping around thy bays and weedy shores,
Thy cliffs and caverns, pleasant Sicily.
Farewell, ye waves, whose hollow music once
Murmur'd to me as at my life-long task
I sat, year after year, where yonder roofs
Red in the sunset seem to lie and bask."

As thus he spoke, the old philosopher,
Knee-deep in lava-dust, stood still to hear
The shattering burst of flame, the bellowing roar,
That rose from the volcano; but no fear
Shook his weak frame, his leaden eye was fixt
On the soft sulphurous earth, spongy and warm,
Where boil'd the crater the black crags betwixt.

III.

Fool that he was! no lie can seal a truth,
Or mark it with the stamp of the Divine;
That only which is meant to live will live
And needs no lie to back it, no red sign
In the rent heavens; nor eclipse of moon;
Nor falling worlds. Hark! from the sulphur
shroud
That hung o'er Ætna came a bursting fire
And burning stones that pierc'd the noisome cloud.

And in the black dust, at Philemon's feet,
There fell a sandal, with the brazen heel
Stamp't with the name of old Empedocles.

The earth seem'd all at once to shake and reel,
As the great giants under Ætna bound
Writhed in their torture, and the twilight sky
Turned to a crimson, and a gush of fire
Rose, as if sent in angry mockery. W. T.

MARRIAGE NOT A LA MODE.

Not very long ago, whilst engaged in making some genealogical inquiries, I had occasion to search the registers of St. George's, Hanover Square. Among them I found three dingy volumes, marked A, B, and C, respectively, containing such records as exist of about 7000 marriages which were performed by the Rev. Mr. Keith and other clergymen, not in that highly fashionable and aristocratic church, but at a little chapel in May Fair, where the marriage law of the land was as regularly and effectually evaded, as it has ever been defied at Gretna Green, or within the precincts of the King's Bench and the Fleet Prisons. The entries in these volumes extend over nearly twenty years; and although there is a duplicate set in the Bishop of London's Registry, covering, we believe, a somewhat longer period, yet, as these are not readily accessible to the public, a few words upon the subject of their contents, and on the irregular marriages which marked the earlier half of the "Georgian era," may not be wholly void of interest; at all events in the eyes of our fair readers, to whom marriages, whether à la mode or not, are thought to be matters of some concern, however lightly they may be thought of by the "lords of the creation."

It was not until the Council of Trent that the presence of a clergyman was held to be necessary to the performance of a marriage; but the practical evils which were found to result from secret unions were so great, that it was then resolved by the Western Church that they should not be performed but by a priest, and in the presence of two witnesses. The canon law, however, not being received in this country, all matters matrimonial were regulated by the common law, under which, "whilst in virtue of domestic institutions, a form was enjoined for the more solemn celebration of matrimony, and persons departing from these regulations were liable to ecclesiastical censure; still other and more private modes of contracting a marriage were tolerated by the law." *Fieri non oportebat; facta valebant.* Hence marriages *per verba de presenti*, and even *per verba de futuro*, though informal and irregular, if followed by cohabitation were regarded as valid, and the ecclesiastical courts refused to annul them.

But in spite of all efforts on part of the Church and the State * to prevent clandestine unions, these informal marriages continued to take place in London under the Tudors and Stuarts. Within a few years previous to 1686, many thousands of such unions were celebrated in London alone, many of them in churches and chapels exempt from the visitation of the Bishop as ordinary. These were called "lawless churches," and the clergy who performed there "lawless parsons;" but, in spite of hard names and censures, it appears that they drove a thriving trade, and amassed large fortunes.

In the Bishop of London's Registry there is an entry showing that the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, in February, 1686, suspended for three years *ab officio et beneficio*, one Adam Elliott, Rector of St. James's, Duke's Place, for solemnizing marriages without banns or licence. This suspension, however, was withdrawn in the following May (on the technical ground, it would seem, that his church was extra-parochial, and not subject to the ordinary), on which the rector resumed his friendly offices, and married, on an average, at the rate of sixteen couple a day. It appears from the register of this chapel that, between 1664 and 1691, there are nearly 40,000 entries, and that on special days the worthy high-priest of Hymen made happy—or miserable—between thirty and forty couples.

The old chapel in May Fair, however, is that with which we have more particularly to deal just now; so let us return *a nos moutons*. This chapel, which earned the reputation of being second only to that in the Fleet, in respect of what we may be pardoned for styling "Cryptogamia," was built about the year 1730, in consequence of the increase of new streets and squares on the north of Piccadilly. The person chosen to officiate there was the Rev. Alexander Keith, who is described by Horace Walpole as having "constructed a very bishopric of revenue" by his weddings at May Fair, which he had the impudence to advertise in the public papers. His practices, however, gave offence, not without good cause, to Dr. Trebeck, then Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, who, in 1743, instituted against him proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, the result of which was his excommunication† and

committal to the Fleet,* or to Newgate—it is not certain which; though he certainly died in the Fleet Prison in 1758, after fifteen years' imprisonment. The secret weddings, however, did not cease at May Fair, where Keith fitted up a house as a chapel, and continued to work by deputy, as appears from the following advertisement:—

To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner house opposite to the city side of the great chapel, and within ten yards of it; and the minister and clerk live in the same corner house where the little chapel is; and the licence on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be the better known, there is a porch at the door, like a country church porch.—*Daily Post*, July 20, 1744.

The author of an interesting and scarce work on the "Fleet Registers," states that Dr. Keith's curates here, after his imprisonment, were the Rev. Peter Symson,† the Rev. Francis Denevan (both "Fleet Parsons"), the Rev. John Grierson, and a Rev. Mr. Walker. While in prison Keith seems to have had a keen eye to lucre, having kept his wife's corpse embalmed and unburied for many months—a circumstance which he ingeniously contrived to turn into an advertisement of his trade. At all events we read the following in the *Daily Advertiser*, January 23, 1750:—

We are informed that Mrs. Keith's corpse was removed from her husband's house in May Fair the middle of October last to an apothecary's in South Audley Street, where she lies in a room hung with mourning, and is to continue there till Mr. Keith can attend the funeral. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is through Piccadilly, by the end of St. James's Street, and down Clarges Street, and turn on the left hand. The marriages (together with a licence on a five shilling stamp and certificate) are carried on for a guinea as usual, any time till four in the afternoon by another regular clergyman at Mr. Keith's little chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, opposite the great chapel, and within ten yards of it; there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."

* It would appear that Keith's troubles did not end with his imprisonment, for another "Fleet Parson," named Wyatt, set up an opposition "Marriage-shop" in May Fair, not, however, very successfully, if we may judge from the following:—

"The town being informed by this paper for some months past of a Fleet Parson that had opened a chapel in May Fair in order to supplant Mr. Keith, we think it not improper to acquaint the Public that we shall not trouble them on that score any more for the future, he having decamped on Thursday last, and returned to his own place, the Fleet."—*Craftsman*, Nov. 26, 1748.

† It seems, however, that he managed to net 57l. 12s. 9d. by his ministrations within the previous month.

‡ The following is a copy of one of Mr. Symson's hand-bills:—

G. R.
At the true Chapel
at the old red Hand and Mitre, three doors from Fleet Lane, and next door to the White Swan,
Marriages are performed by authority by the
Reverend Mr. Symson, Educated at the University
of Cambridge, and late Chaplain to the Earl of
Rothes.
N.B. Without Imposition.

* Banns were first directed to be published by Hubert Walter about A.D. 1200; and the constitution of Wm. Ia Zouche, A.D. 1347, states that "Some, contriving unlawful marriages, and affecting the dark, lest their deeds should be reprov'd, do procure every day, in a damnable manner, marriages to be celebrated without publication of banns duly and lawfully made, by means of chaplains that have no regard to the fear of God and the prohibition of the laws."

† Keith, resolved to give tit for tat, "excommunicated" in turn at his chapel Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, Dr. Andrews, Judge of the Court, and Dr. Trebeck.

The *Craftsman* for August 6, 1748, tells us that he turned to a like good account the death of his son, whose corpse "he had carried on a bier by two men from the Fleet to Covent Garden Churchyard. In their progress," says the writer, "they made several halts, and crowds of people assembled to read the inscription, which referred to the father's persecution."

In 1753, while a prisoner in the Fleet, Keith had the hardihood to publish a pamphlet styled "Observations on the Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages," with a portrait of himself prefixed. The following extracts from the pamphlet, which is now extremely scarce, will serve to amuse our readers:—

"Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing; is an old proverb and a very true one, but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backwards, and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the numbers of the inhabitants of England."—"As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day," &c.—"Another inconvenience which will arise from this Act will be, that the expence of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Flete-parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their cloathes."—"I remember once on a time, I was at a public house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls, there were fiddling, piping, jigging, and eating: at length, one of the tars starts up, and says 'D—m ye, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner, and . . . the joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Flete. I staid their return. They returned in coaches; five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they continued the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage-adventure, he at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; 'for,' added he, 'it is a common thing when a fleet comes in, to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time, among the sailors.'" He humorously concludes: "If the present Act in the form it now stands should (which I am sure is impossible) be of service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been the occasion of it, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my *Chapel*, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though not the greatest."

It was not until 1753 that the subject of these clandestine marriages was taken up seriously by the Parliament, when Lord Hardwicke brought in a bill (26 Geo. II. c. 33), enacting that any person solemnizing matri-

mony in any other than a church or public chapel without banns or licence, should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years, and that such marriages should be void. It did not pass into law, however, without the most violent opposition. Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, who had himself found a wife in the Fleet, gained such popularity from his fierce resistance to the bill, that (if we may believe Wilkinson's *Memoirs*) his chariot was dragged along for many days by the populace. He was supported by Nugent and Charles Townshend in the Lower House, and by the Duke of Bedford in the Upper, as we learn from Horace Walpole (*Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 284). At length, when he found that all further open resistance was in vain, Fox changed his tactics, upheld the bill with all the additions, alterations, and erasures which had been made to it and in it, and, to the infinite amusement of the House, pronounced over it a parody of Anthony's oration over the mangled body of Julius Cæsar.

"It appears," says the compiler of the Fleet Registers, "that the alterations made in the bill were made in order to defeat it when returned for the Lords." Be this, however, as it may, the tactics of Fox and his friends failed; as, in order to out-manceuvre the opposition in the House of Commons, the House of Lords consented to pass the bill, even though it appeared before them like Banquo's ghost, "with twenty mortal murders on its head." It appears that, while the bill was under debate, it created great popular excitement, and our regret is great that we have no contemporary *Punch* to refer to, in order to show the actual state of feeling in town and country. Handbills, however, on the subject were distributed, both pro and con., those in favour of the bill urging that secret marriages had been the ruin of many families, that the religious respect for marriage was entirely subverted by them, and that the legal evidence of them was imperilled; while those on the other side contended that Lord Hardwicke's bill would discourage marriage altogether, and that it was brought in for the protection of the fortunes of noble and rich persons against alliances with the middle classes. These latter handbills endeavoured, like Lord John Russell, to make political capital out of the hereditary national hatred of Popery, declaring that it was the Council of Trent which had first annulled* clandestine marriages, and made the presence of a priest a necessary condition of every marriage, and that it was "after that

* This is not a true accusation. The Council declared them "vera et rata," but condemned them as informal.

excellent precedent" that the bill in question was drawn.

As may be easily imagined, the Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages gave no quarter to the marriages at May Fair, which were effectually stopped from that day forward. It is clear, however, that "marriage *not à la mode*" did not die without a struggle, and that Hymen's high-priest was "game to the last;" for it is on record that on the very day before the Act came into force (March 24th, 1754), no less than sixty-one couples were married in the little unpretending chapel.

We learn from more than one allusion in Horace Walpole's Letters that this Marriage Bill was the subject of common talk in West End circles for many months before it arrived at the dignity of becoming actual law. Thus in a letter to George Montagu, under date July 17th, 1753, he writes,—“Lady Anne Paulet's daughter is eloped with a country clergyman. The Duchess of Argyre harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking place [effect] immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady Day.” In another letter, Horace Walpole relates the following *bon mot* of Dr. Keith, the marriage-broker,—who, to do his memory justice, appears in his anger to have spoken words prophetic of the future glories of Kensal Green, and the cemeteries of Highgate, Nunhead, and Norwood:—“‘God d—n the bishops,’ said he (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon); ‘so they will hinder my marrying [trade]. Well, let 'em. But I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, by God, I'll underbury them all!’”

In the *Connoisseur* for October, 1754, we find the following witty and satirical remarks upon the effects of the recent Act on Dr. Keith's chapel:—

I received a scheme from my good friend Mr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on its original principles. The reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforth to be put up on sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messrs. Henson & Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction, Mr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the doctor himself expresses it), a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himself with a tight young filly. The doctor makes no doubt but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan, than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *fleet*. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the Parliament, that, as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that

his place of residence in May Fair may still continue the grant mart for marriages.

Then follows a “Catalogue of Males and Females to be disposed of in Marriage to the best bidder, at Mr. Keith's Repository, in May Fair”:—

A young lady of 100,000*l.* fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

A homely thing who can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding—this lot to be bid for by none but country parsons.

A very pretty young woman, but a good deal in debt—would be glad to marry a member of parliament, or a Jew.

A blood of the first-rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

Five Templars—all Irish.—No one to bid for these lots of less than 10,000*l.* fortune.

And the article concludes with the following advertisement:—

Wanted four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women, willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia.

It is as well known that the first Lord Holland* was married in the Fleet, as that Lord Brougham and Lord Eldon were married at Gretna Green. But the following random extracts from the May Fair register-books at St. George's, Hanover Square, will serve to show that, at all events, a private marriage in the little chapel at the corner, with a porch like that of a small country church, was not the low and plebeian thing which at the first blush it might appear to be:—

1753, June 29.—Lord George Bentinck and Mary Davies, Hanwell.

1748, March 23.—Hon. George Carpenter and Frances Clifton.

1749, September 14.—William, Earl of Kensington, and Rachel Hill, Hempstead.

1751, July 21.—Edward Wortley Montagu and Elizabeth Ashe, St. Martin's Fields.

1752, June 30.—Bysshe Shelley and Mary Catherine Michell, Horsham.

1752, June 15.—Henry Trelawney, Esq., and Mary Dormer, St. Margaret's.

1751, May 25.—Hon. Sewallis Shirley and Margaret, Countess of Oxford.

1753, March 7.—William Shirley, Esq., and Madalane Julie Le Blanc, St. Margaret's.

1753, March 15.—James Stewart Stewart, Esq., and Catharine Holloway, of St. Matthew's, Friday Street.

1753, August 31.—George Montague Martin, Esq., and Elizabeth Berkeley, St. George's, Hanover Square.

1752, February 14.—James, Duke of Hamilton, and Elizabeth Gunning.

* His wife was Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

Of the above, it may be remarked that the fifth entry refers to the grandfather of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and that the last entry records an event with which Horace Walpole has made all the world familiar.* He writes to Mr. (afterwards Sir Horace) Mann, under date February 27th, 1752:—"The event which has made most noise since my last is the extensive wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings;" then describes an assembly at Lord Chesterfield's, where the Duke of Hamilton made love to Miss Gunning; and proceeds to give an account of the whole transaction in terms which we quote below.

This Miss Elizabeth Gunning was the second of three fair sisters, of Irish extraction, without fortune, but nearly related to the first baronet of the same name. Two out of the three were far-famed beauties in their day—twin stars in the world of fashion and rank, as every reader of Horace Walpole will remember. He says that they are generally declared to be "the handsomest women alive," and is willing to admit the truth of the statement if they are regarded as a pair, though he adds, "singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either." They could not walk in the park or go to Vauxhall without being followed by such mobs, that they were generally driven away. One day, when the sisters went to Hampton Court, the housekeeper showed the company into the room where the Miss Gunnings were, instead of into the Beauty Room. Mary, the eldest of the sisters, became Countess of Coventry. The story of the second, Elizabeth, shall be told in Horace Walpole's own words:—

About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, but debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at a masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh with the other; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of 300*l.* each; he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring. The Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop. At last, they were *married with a ring of the bed-curtain*, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel. The Scotch are

* Letters, vol. viii. p. 51. It is not a little remarkable that his great-uncle, another Horace Walpole, was married clandestinely at St. James's, Duke's Place, on the 26th of March, 1691, to Anne, daughter of Thomas Duke of Leeds, and widow of Robert Coke, of Holkham, in the county of Norfolk, Esq.

enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares, that now he will marry the other. The Duchess was presented on Friday. The crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered into chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatres, when it is known they will be there. Such crowds flock to see the Duchess pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise the next morning.

Miss Elizabeth Gunning was not content with a single dukedom, but after the death of the Duke of Hamilton married John Duke of Argyll, and was eventually created a peeress of Great Britain in her own right, as Baroness Sundridge and Hamilton.

An interesting account of the Miss Gunnings, given *verbatim et literatim*, as written by the parish clerk of Hemingford Grey, in Huntingdonshire, to the late Mr. James Madden of Cole House, Fulham, will be found in the pages of "Sylvanus Urban;" and those of our readers who wish for further information about them will find it in Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy."

In a future paper we may possibly place before our readers some interesting matrimonial reminiscences of the old chapel in the Savoy, the Mint, the King's Bench, and the Fleet, our chief authority being Mr. J. S. Burns' curious and now very scarce book on "The Fleet Registers," from which we have gleaned a large portion of the facts which we have placed upon record in these columns.

E. WALFORD.

AUTO DA FÉ.

THE stars were glimmering pale; the mists of morn
Rose like white shrouded sprites of those that lay
Infolded in sleep's strong captivity,
In dreams of horror, or imparadised
Within the rosy warmth of present love,
There in the sleeping town, and pass'd away
Beyond the distant lindens; and beyond.

Faint spears of light came trembling through the
room,

The umber'd room, on one, fair, fairer far
Than Erycina in the vale of Ide,
Who from the closing of the marigold
Had sat, but slept not, with deep ears that heard
A voice low calling in the dead of night,
Making her life all ear; sad-eyed she sat,
Now thinking on her bitter past, and now
Prophetic dreaming on the things to come—
And ever and anon from far away
The eternal voices of the singing sea
Making weird music out of silence came—
Thus as she gazed upon his gifts she saw
Therein the shadow of her Eden, sounds
Of frozen love were melted by her tears,
Her fingers trembled like the Autumn leaves,
And her foud heart was beating as of yore.
"Farewell," she cried, "a long farewell!"—and then

The hallow'd relics of his love she threw
 Into the dying fire,—a lock of hair,
 An amber ribbon, and a faded rose :
 A rose, which spoke another language now,

Its grace and perfume lost, but not its thorn ;
 Sonnets and letters full of burning vows—
 All tinkled in the ashes cold and still.
 Full morning came—the last star sank—lut she,



She, only she, the darling of an hour,
 The plaything of a night's short bravery,
 So young she had but climbed twice seven hills
 Of years, a flowery road, and one of weeds,

Who never more might hear the mavis sing,
 Nor merry merle, nor oriole in the glen,
 Lay stark beneath the smiling of the sun,
 Dead—while the hubbub of the city rose.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUTHORS.

Is the present Emperor of the French aware that, in publishing his "Vie de César," he is treading a beaten path? that his predecessors on the French throne have, from a remote age, sought to unite the fame of authorship with the glory of regal position? and is he aware of the fact, that their efforts in this quarter have not unfrequently been accounted dead failures? Julius Cæsar has already been handled by one of them, and with poor success, for Louis XIV., at the age of sixteen, produced a translation of the first book of the Commentaries of Cæsar, under the title "Guerre des Suisses, traduite du premier livre des Commentaires de Jules Cæsar, par Louis XIV., Dieu-Donné, roi de France et de Navarre." This work, consisting of eighteen pages, was printed at the royal press in folio, 1651.

Louis XIV., however, was not the first French monarch to try his hand upon Julius Cæsar; he had been preceded by Henry IV., who translated the whole work, and did not give it up after the first book. Will the present "Vie de César" reach a second volume? and, if it does, will it extend to a fourth? Those who know best the occupations of the Imperial writer, say that it might be rash to feel sure beyond the first volume, or to calculate on more than a second. Let us see whether there is much novelty in the circumstance of a monarch becoming an author. We shall only look at the emperors of Rome and the kings of France. We know well enough that our own Alfred translated Boethius, Orosius, and Bede, and that Henry VIII. won the title of "Defender of the Faith" by his literary tilt with Luther; and that James I. wrote against tobacco; and we are not disposed to revive the dispute about the Eikon Basilike.

Let us then turn to the Roman emperors after Cæsar, who was an author himself, or neither Henry IV., nor Louis XIV., nor Louis Napoleon, would have had much to say about him.

Augustus, we are told by Suetonius, composed several works, which he was wont to read to a circle of friends. Among these were, "Exhortations to the Study of Philosophy," which we have no doubt the select circle listened to with possible edification, and probable *ennui*. He wrote likewise his own memoirs in thirteen books, but he never finished them, or brought them beyond the Cantabrian war. His epigrams were written in his bath. He commenced a tragedy upon Ajax, but, little pleased with it, he destroyed it; and in answer to the select circle which asked—"What had become of Ajax?" "Ah! poor fellow!" replied the emperor, "He fell

upon the sponge, and perished;" meaning that he had washed the composition off his papyrus.

Tiberius, says the same author, composed a lyric poem on the death of Julius Cæsar, but his style was full of affectation and conceits.

Claudius suffered from the same passion for becoming an author, and composed several books of history, as well as memoirs of his own life, and these were read in public, for the friendly circle was too narrow for his ambition.

He also invented three letters, which he supposed were necessary for the perfection of the alphabet, and he wrote a pamphlet on the subject, before assuming the purple. After having become emperor, he enforced their use. He wrote also, in Greek, twenty books of Tyrian, and eight of Carthaginian, history, which were read publicly every year in Alexandria. Nero composed verses, Domitian a treatise on hair-dressing, Adrian his own life; Marcus Aurelius wrote his commentaries, which are lost, and his moral reflections, and letters to Fronto, which are still extant. Julian the Apostate was the author of a curious work, the "Misopogon, or Foe to the Beard," a clever and witty squib directed against the effeminate inhabitants of Antioch. A few passages from this work will not be out of place.

"I begin at my face, which is wanting in all that is agreeable, noble, and good; so I, morose and odd, have tacked on to it this long beard, to punish it for its ugliness. In this dense beard perhaps little insects stroll, as do beasts in a forest; I leave them alone. This beard constrains me to eat and to drink with the utmost circumspection, or I should infallibly make a mess of it. As good luck will have it, I am not given to kissing or to receiving kisses, for a beard like mine is inconvenient on that head, as it does not allow the contact of lips. . . . You say that you could twine ropes out of my beard; try it, only take care that the roughness of the hair does not take the skin off your soft and delicate hands."

Valentinian I. is said to have emulated Ausonius in licentious poetry.

Of the later emperors some have obtained celebrity by their writings.

Leo VI., surnamed the Wise, was the author of a very interesting and precious treatise on the art of warfare. He also composed some prophecies, sufficiently obscure to make the Greeks in after ages find them apply to various events as they occurred. Constantine VI. was also an eminent contributor to literature. This prince had been early kept from public affairs by his uncle Alexander, and his mother Zoe, so that he had sought pleasure and employment in study. After having collected an

enormous library, which he threw open to the public, he employed both himself and numerous scribes in making collections of extracts from the principal classic authors. The most important of these, and that to which he attached his own name, consisted of a mass of choice fragments, gathered into fifty-three books. This vast work is lost, together with many of the books cited, except only two parts: one treating of embassies, the other of virtues and vices. Constantine also wrote a curious geographical account of the provinces of the Greek empire, a treatise on the administration of government, and another on the ceremonies observed in the Byzantine Court; a life of the Emperor Basil, an account of the famous image of Edessa, and a few other trifles.

Let us now turn to the French monarchs, and we shall find that they began early to take the pen in hand; and, unfortunately, the very first royal literary work in France was a blunder. King Chilperic wrote a treatise on the Trinity, under the impression that he had a gift for theological definition, and he signalled his error by asserting that the word Person should not be used in speaking of the three members of the Trinity. Having burned his fingers by touching theology, the semi-barbarian king attempted poetry with like success. But his pretensions did not end there. He added the Greek letter *ν* to the Latin alphabet, and three characters of his own invention, so as to introduce into that language certain Teutonic sounds. "He sent orders," writes Gregory of Tours, "into every city of his kingdom, that all children should be taught in this manner, and that ancient written books should be effaced, and rewritten in the new style."

The great and wise Charlemagne, perceiving the glories of his native tongue, and the beauties of his national poetry, carefully collected the Teutonic national poems, and commenced a grammar of the language. Robert II. was not only a scholar, but a musician; he composed some of the Latin hymns still in use in the Church, with their accompanying melodies. His queen Constantia, seeing him engaged on his sacred poetry, one day, in joke, asked him to write something in memory of her. He at once composed the hymn, "O constantia martyrurum," which the queen, not understanding Latin, but hearing her name occurring in the first line, supposed to be a poem in her honour.

Louis XI. is supposed to have contributed to the *Cent Nouvelles nouvelles*, which collection, however much credit it may do him in a literary point of view, is inexcusably wanting in decency.

A volume of poems by Francis I. exists in

MS. in the Imperial Library. It contains, among other interesting matter, a prose letter, and another in verse, written from his prison to one of his mistresses. The king was bad in his orthography, as may be judged from the following portion of a letter written by him to his mother at the raising of the siege of Mézières:—

"Madame, tout asetheure (à cette heure), yn sy (ainsi) que je me vouloys mettre o lyt (au lit), est aryvé (arrivé), Laval, lequel m'a apporté la serteneté (certitude) deu lèvemant du syège de Mésyères."

I presume a schoolboy would be whipped if he wrote as bad a letter as this king.

Louis XIII. had, says his epitaph, "a hundred virtues of a valet, not one of a master;" but he could write sonnets, and compose the music for them. The best, perhaps, is that composed on, or for, Madame de Hautefort,—

"Tu crois, ô bean soleil!
Qu'à ton éclat rien n'est pareil;
Mais quoi! tu pâlis
Auprès d'Amarylhis,"

—set to music which is charming. But Louis XIII. was more of a barber, gardener, pastry-cook, and farmer, than an author.

Louis XIV., besides his translation of Caesar's Commentaries, Book I., composed "Memoires historiques, politiques, et militaires;" but his writings were not remarkable, as his education had been so neglected by his mother and Mazarin, that, according to La Porte, his valet, he was not allowed to have the history of France read to him, even for the sake of sending him to sleep.

Louis XV. wrote a little treatise on the course of the rivers of Europe, and printed it with his own hands. It consisted of sixty-two pages, and contained nothing which was not perfectly well known before; as, for instance, that the Thames ran into the North Sea or German Ocean, and that the Rhone actually fell into the Mediterranean. In 1766 appeared a description of the forest of Compiègne, and guide to the forest, by Louis, afterwards Louis XVI., composed by the unfortunate prince at the age of twelve.

Louis XVIII. wrote an account of a journey from Paris to Coblenz, which was published in 1823.

This work was full of inaccuracies and mistakes, so that it became the prey of critics.

Finally, Napoleon I. wrote much, but not in the way of bookmaking, though he began a history of Corsica, which remained in MS. His writings have been collected and published in five volumes, under the title, "Œuvres de Napoléon Bonaparte. 8vo. 1821—22."

S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV. CONGRATULATORY.

THE engagement and the agreeable assent to it from Maddington was not allowed to interfere with the original arrangement. Theo and Sydney Scott were to return to Bretford with Mr. Leigh, and Hensley was to be left to its normal quiet.

Lowndes was to be left to itself too. The Galtons were going almost immediately, and David Linley declared he would not remain there in solitude. Lowndes had answered his purpose entirely, he had no reluctance to quit it now. It had been the centre of that sociality which had resulted in Harold Ffrench's stumble on the very threshold of happiness.

Mr. Linley heard of Harold Ffrench's brief visit and its pleasing results from Ethel; Mr. Linley was "intensely interested in the young people," he said. He also averred that he had quite a fellow-feeling with Ffrench in the matter; and on the strength of this fellow-feeling took occasion to expatiate largely on Harold's good-natured share in the affair to Theo.

At first Theo listened in silence to his speeches on the subject, but at last she told him that he need not say any more about it. "I quite appreciate the kindness, and good-nature, and 'right-feeling' as you call it, Mr. Linley, that Mr. Ffrench has displayed; you needn't din it into my ears constantly. I don't see that he could have done anything else, for my own part."

"I won't; but I must say Ffrench has acted unselfishly at least," he replied; "generally he lets other people manage their own affairs without let or hindrance from him; but he really took the trouble to put the thing properly before that old dunderhead Lesborough."

"Do you call Lord Lesborough a 'dunder-head' to Frank?"

"Possibly I do; why do you ask?"

"He oughtn't to let you then; at any rate, I won't let you speak of Lord Lesborough in that way to me."

"You're mounting guard over the family dignity rather early; have you anything else to say?" Mr. Linley asked suavely.

"Yes, that I don't need to be told now that Mr. Ffrench is unselfish; I know it, I've known it all along."

"I don't think you're aware of the full extent of his unselfishness in this instance

though," he said impressively, "and you ought to know it; really such an act of self-abnegation as his ought to be made known to the one for whom he has made it."

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly; "why do you—how dare you talk to me in that way about Mr. Ffrench? He has been kind, but he would be the last to desire what he has done to be looked upon in the light of a sacrifice; the last to desire it," she repeated scornfully; "he would think such a supposition an insult to me."

"Then you are—what I half fancied you might be—ignorant of the death of his wife. He was free to renew his vows, you see, but he has ceded you to the better man and the brighter fate," Linley said quietly, watching her sharply the while.

He had had no wish to pain her in the matter. That is to say, he had had no desire from the beginning to pain her *much*. He only wanted to wound her in such ways through Harold and about Harold as should prevent her ever being able to give Harold a taste of that joy in the autumn of his life of which Linley had defrauded him in the spring.

David Linley had no wish to pain Theo in the matter, but he was watching her keenly to see "how she would take" the intelligence; and she, marking the keenness of that glance, answered with the most unaffected coolness.

"His wife dead? poor thing!"

"Poor thing truly," he said, with something like emotion, as old recollections crowded upon him.

"I know nothing of their story, but whatever it is, hers must have been a very hard life. Did she love him much?"

"I believe she did at first; hardly in a way you would understand, though. Poor Zoe! he represented liberty to her when she played off her little ruse; when she got the actual thing she ceased to care much for its representative."

"I know nothing of their story, and I don't want to know anything of it," Theo said quietly; "but I should like to hear that all the fault was not on his side."

"All what fault?"

"The fault that caused those long, long dreary desperate years of separation, and all the harra that came from it. I can't think that it was all his fault; but I should like to hear."

"Oh, she was harmless enough, poor little soul, when I knew her," Linley replied, with some embarrassment; "you see that habit of amusing himself with every girl he comes across is never a pleasant sight for a man's wife to witness."

To which Theo replied, "No, it couldn't be," very decidedly, and then paused for a few seconds, and then shook her head, and said, "no, it wasn't," more decidedly still.

This conversation took place on the evening of the day before their return to Bretford. The Lowndes' party and Frank Burgoyne were at the vicarage, and they were all as restless and ill at ease as people who are assembled to be happy together on a last evening almost invariably are. Mrs. Vaughan had invited them in a burst of enthusiasm, which faded out the moment she discovered that their acceptance of her invitation would cause a great disturbance in her household. Not only had the enthusiasm faded, but truth to tell, a certain something that strongly resembled ill-humour reigned in its stead. "I suppose I needn't give those people supper, Theo," she said to her niece the day before, in a tone that made Theo feel herself to be a miserable sinner on the spot, and the cause of all things unpleasant. "I suppose I need not give those people supper, Theo."

"Don't give it to them on my account, Aunt Libby," Theo replied indifferently. Truth to tell, she was very indifferent as to whether her friends fed heartily in her presence or not. It never occurred to her to think her friends hungry when they came to see her.

"Instead of scoffing at my well-meant endeavours to make things pleasant under existing circumstances, I wish you would give me the benefit of your advice," Mrs. Vaughan exclaimed tearfully.

"My dear aunt! Well—let me think. No; give them tea and coffee when they come; they all dine late, and don't want anything more."

"Don't want anything more," Mrs. Vaughan repeated sarcastically. "My dear child, one would imagine you had been accustomed to entertain paupers, hungry paupers, to hear you talk of people "wanting" anything more; you *must* learn to be more careful in your conversation with your present prospects." And Mrs. Vaughan threw up her head, and flattened her little back, and thrust forward her little chest like an enterprising pouter pigeon, or a mistress of deportment for the upper classes, as she spoke.

"Oh, give them the supper; let us have the supper by all means, Mrs. Vaughan," Sydney Scott cried. The supper appeared to her the

sole element left in Hensley out of which pleasure might possibly be extracted. "If we don't have supper, how on earth are we to get over the evening?" Miss Scott asked of Theo later in the day. "It may be all very well for you, Miss Theo; but for people who are not just engaged to each other, let me tell you, a country congregation of this sort is tedious to the last degree."

Finally the supper was decided upon, and when once the fiat for it had gone forth, Mrs. Vaughan went into the clotted cream, blanch-mange, and whipped syllabub questions in a way that relieved her guests most completely and entirely of the onus of entertaining her.

If the truth and the whole truth be stated though, it must be told that when the evening came it was not the "people who were just engaged" who found it the least tedious. It may have been that excess of happiness made Frank remarkably quiet, not to say subdued: at any rate, something had that effect upon him. As for Theo, after that conversation which has been recorded with Mr. Linley on the Harold Ffrench subject, a conversation which took place before tea, she grew remarkably quiet too, but quiet in a gentle tender way that offered a marked contrast to Frank's unmistakable sullenness. She was not regretting anything; circumstances had killed anything like love for Mr. Ffrench. David Linley, too, was very thoughtful. He could not help thinking a little of the dead woman who had been his toy, his tool, his slave, but never his love. He could not help thinking of her now as he sat looking at the one he had intended to be the third victim of his hate to Harold Ffrench.

For the rest: Mr. Leigh was happy in an unfeigned sober way that neither sought to hide nor to make itself manifest. He was exceedingly gratified at the climax to which things had come. He had arrived at Hensley anticipating all manner of unpleasantness, in consequence of that warning he had received as to Harold Ffrench's proximity to Theo. The turn things had taken was delightful to him, and he showed that he thought it delightful, but he showed it so quietly that none who knew him less well than Theo could have discerned it at all.

Mrs. Vaughan was happy too, but in a qualified way. She had her doubts about many things, amongst others whether Theo felt properly impressed by the honour that had been done her, and also whether Theo felt duly grateful to her excellent aunt for that aunt's share in bringing the honour about. Mrs. Vaughan also had her doubts as to the lobster-salad, the construction of which she had in

an evil hour of blind confidence entrusted to Sydney Scott, turning out well. "She's sure to have put in too much of something, the giddy-pated thing," the old lady said to herself, constantly glaring at the unconscious Sydney, who disregarded the glances, and suffered them to pass without verbal retorts in an unprecedented manner.

Sydney, in fact, was finding the evening far from tedious, though her friend Theo was the nominal heroine of the occasion. Miss Scott was agreeably occupied in watching Mrs. Galton—Mrs. Galton's silken skin was so visibly rubbed the wrong way by this latest achievement of Theo's.

This was the second head of big game that had fallen to Theo's gun before the eyes of Kate, the far more skilled sportswoman. Mrs. Galton was not precisely envious or jealous, but still she did not like it. She had thought but little of Theo, honestly thought but little of her, for Theo's was not the type of grace to touch Mrs. Galton. It was hard, therefore, to feel that Theo was on the highroad to all that for which she (Kate) had ever pined,—rank and position.

Mrs. Galton began to think more of Frank Burgoyne from the moment his engagement was made known to her. The shock his proposal to Theo caused throughout their circle, the talk and speculation, the surmises and excitement it created, made her feel him to be the important man he was, in a flash. In the order of things it was out of the question that he could have married her, but for all that she did feel sore at his selection of Theo Leigh.

She had offered Theo congratulations in due form however. Theo had on Mrs. Galton's arrival that evening unwarily accompanied that lady up-stairs, for the purpose apparently of seeing her take off her bonnet; and as soon as they were alone Mrs. Galton said what it is proper to say under such circumstances. She took both Theo's hands in her own, kissed Miss Leigh on the brow in the approved benignant feminine fashion, and said.

"I find I have to congratulate you, Theo; really, you lucky girl, I'm very glad."

"Thank you," Theo replied.

"Thank you! Is that all you're going to say to me?"

"What more is there to be said?" Theo asked. "Have some eau-de-Cologne?"

"No; I won't have anything but a free confession from you that you are very thankful now for not being linked to my cousin Harold in any way that would have caused you to miss this chance."

"I don't know that we need talk about that now," Theo replied.

Kate looked out through the veil of nut-brown hair she was re-arranging.

"There's no harm in talking about it if you have quite got over all feeling for Harold, Theo; of course, if you have not, I will keep silence on the subject. Shall I?"

"Just as you please," Theo replied quietly.

"No, dear, it shall be as you please. The recovery has been rapid, marvellously rapid, I own; still I hope, that is, I *hoped*, that it was a recovery; if it is not, as I said before, I'll keep silence on the subject. Shall I?"

"If I say 'yes,' she'll take that as a declaration of the recovery not being perfected yet," Theo thought; "and if I say 'no,' she'll go on talking it over till I'm frantic: anything is better than talking of it; and, after all, what does it matter what she thinks?"

"If it is not, as I said before, I'll keep silence on the subject. Shall I?" Mrs. Galton asked once more. To which Theo replied,—
"Yes." And so the matter dropped.

Dropped, that is, as far as conversation on the subject of it with Theo was concerned. But there was still Frank to be congratulated.

Now Mrs. Galton did not set about doing this in the manner that is especially odious to men,—publicly, that is, in the face of the whole congregation. Had she done this, she would have had the pleasing knowledge that Frank was feeling exquisitely uncomfortable and ashamed of himself, as publicly congratulated men are apt to feel; but she would also have had the fear of his being annoyed with and suspicious of her. She would not risk this, for at last Frank Burgoyne had become interesting to her.

So she, knowing that to the one who can wait all things will come, waited for a quiet opportunity to say her little speech to him. That opportunity came at last, and she seized it promptly, like the active quick-witted woman she was. Seized and utilised it at once unobserved, as she imagined, by all then present. In this, however, she was mistaken: Sydney Scott saw and marked her.

The occasion taken by the fair strategist was the move in, or rather the confusion arising from the anticipation of the move in, to supper. Mrs. Vaughan was one of those excellent women who, through the very intensity of their desire to see all things done decently and in order, create, entirely by themselves, confusion, disorder, and frequently rank anarchy and despair.

The first sign of the approaching supper was given about an hour and a half before it was to be eaten, by Mrs. Vaughan's partially subdued but palpably uneasy desire to get out of the room. She had a presentiment that grew

and strengthened in a frightful manner each moment that she was delayed, that somebody was doing something that ought not to be done to the table, or the viands, or the silver, or the glass. "I couldn't tell what it was," she explained, after the guests were gone. "I couldn't tell what it was, my dear, but I felt it in my throat; and, sure enough, when I *did* get out at last there was cook rubbing up my second-size silver salver with a glass cloth, and the grey-cat licking his paws, and looking at the trifle; and I wish," Mrs. Vaughan continued, with a rapid linking together of cause and effect,—“and I wish, my dear Miss Scott, that you wouldn't put your chair right in the doorway when you see a person wishes to get out of the room quietly and without any fuss.”

"I didn't know what you wanted, Mrs. Vaughan," Sydney replied. "I saw you were very uncomfortable, but I didn't know what about. Of course if I had known you wanted to go out and look at the grey cat licking his paws, I'd have let you pass; but I didn't, so I sat still."

Sydney had sat still, and Mrs. Vaughan had thus been compelled (as she fancied) to confine her flutterings to the room, the doorway of which was partially blocked by Miss Scott. But Mrs. Vaughan had not done this calmly. She had disturbed the deep repose, not to call it the dull quietude, which had been hovering over this small celebration-gathering of hers previously. She had broken up the deep repose, and caused people to wonder whether they were expected to make moves towards a departure yet, or whether there was anything more coming.

"Don't you think I had better order the carriage?" Mrs. Galton whispered to Theo.

"Oh! dear no," Theo replied.

"I'll just ask the Burgoyne what they think. I know she doesn't like late hours—she told me so herself," Mrs. Galton said, rising, and moving a little apart from the group of which she had previously been one, a move which brought her closer to Frank Burgoyne in the most undesigned way.

"Mr. Burgoyne, you'll hear for me what your aunt thinks about the propriety of making a move, won't you?"

"Yes, if you like," he replied aloud. Then he crossed over, and spoke to Ethel, and then returned with her message, "No, certainly not; don't think of going yet," to Mrs. Galton.

He was near to her at last, and no one was within ear-shot. Her opportunity had come.

"You have not thought me remiss or indifferent because I have refrained from doing aloud what everyone else has done—congratulating you?" she asked, in her lowest voice.

"I have not."

"I suppose I ought to do it now. I suppose it is a settled thing?" she went on softly, and (he thought) anxiously.

"Thank you; it is a settled thing, I suppose," he replied, somewhat confusedly. This was a very newly-born thing, this interest which Mrs. Galton was displaying towards him, and, like the majority of newly-born things, it was perplexing to a man—he did not know how to handle it.

"Then now I may venture to express a portion of the deep interest I take in you; you will be so happy, for you have won her, and you must have loved her dearly to have sought her so soon."

It did not occur to Frank to question why Kate should be more free now to express interest in him than she had been hitherto. He was but a man, and it was pleasant to have this admirable creature feel and express interest for him at all—doubly pleasant, since he had doubted her feeling the slightest interest in him previously. He thought more about the former portion of her sentence, but it was the latter part of it that he answered. "I ought to be happy, for she's a dear good girl."

"That she is," Mrs. Galton replied, glancing at Theo; "and you may imagine how peculiarly pleased I am, and what my feelings are now that I see such a fair prospect before her."

Frank made no answer; he knew that Mrs. Galton was making allusion now to Theo's first love-dream. He did not care about it, but he was not quite sure that he liked to hear it spoken about.

"It is an inexpressible relief to me," Mrs. Galton went on; "before this I have really felt ashamed to look Theo in the face; not that I was responsible for my cousin's idle folly, but still he was my cousin, and I always remembered that when I looked at poor Theo."

"That's all gone and past," Frank said gloomily.

"Of course it is: utterly and entirely gone and past, and no one can rejoice more heartily at its being so than I. I little thought, Mr. Burgoyne, that morning when you came to us under the walnut-tree, and just broke our monotony only to let us relapse into it deeper still by your speedy departure—I little thought that morning, that I should be offering you *such* congratulations before we parted."

"I don't believe you thought about me at all that morning," he said; and then he felt profoundly ashamed of himself and his imprudence in thus betraying chagrin.

This was the small scene which had been re-

garded attentively by Sydney Scott, and found sufficiently recompensing by her for the burden and heat of the evening. Sydney told herself that it was righteous indignation on Theo's account which made her look with an unfavourable eye upon the free display of fascination Mrs. Galton was making to Theo Leigh's lover; in this she deceived herself, as is by no means uncommon even with those who judge themselves more rigorously than did Miss Sydney Scott.

It came to be understood before the Leighs left, that the marriage should be in the following August. In the commencement of that month Frank would come into possession of certain properties that had been bequeathed to him by another relative; and though Lord Lesborough had given his consent to the latest arrangement his heir had made, and was on the whole well and generously disposed towards him, it still seemed to be only judicious that Frank should not embark upon the sea of matrimony in entire dependence on his grandfather.

Theo was taken in procession by the Burgoynes to Maddington, before her departure to have an interview with the head of the house. Lord Lesborough kept his leg on the rest during the whole of it, in order to be able to lapse into preliminary twinges of the gout did the meeting fall short in the smallest particular of any one of his requirements. But the meeting did not so fail. Theo Leigh had great tact, and she was very fond, in a grateful, clinging way, of the man before whose mighty relative she was now being trotted out.

Her father was with her naturally on the occasion. He had gone with her to the important ceremony of her solemn recognition as Frank's betrothed, fraught with the determination to show Lord Lesborough that he got as good as he gave. In other words, that Theo Leigh was not held to be overpoweringly honoured by any man's choice of her. This determination was rather thrown away, however, for when they reached the audience chamber it was made patent to them (despite that lurking gout-symptom) that Lord Lesborough did not deem Theo to be overpoweringly honoured himself.

Of the journey back to Bretford little need be said. So much of my story remains still unwritten that I need not essay to draw it out by throwing a great air of importance around, and spreading the description over several pages of a transit by train. So I will only say that my party of three, Mr. Leigh, his daughter, and Sydney Scott, travelled from Hensley to Bretford in perfect safety, since it would not suit my purpose to kill or maim them just yet.

Average reader, sojourner in the every-day paths of life, you do not require to be told what the majority of Theo Leigh's acquaintances said on her return to Bretford as soon as the report of this new engagement of hers made itself heard amongst them. They spoke of Mr. Burgoyne as "that poor young man," without having the faintest idea in their innermost hearts why they pitied him. "He can't know how she has been jilted once," some of the matrons said, in a tone that made some of their young military heroes wince, and resolve solemnly to be extra careful as to the quality of the soft nothings they were wont to whisper to said matrons' daughters.

CHAPTER XXXVI. "AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US."

HER lines were cast in pleasant places, or, at least, they bade fair to be cast in pleasant places in a very short time. They all said at Bretford that it was a mavelloous match for her, and that she was a wonderfully lucky girl to be going to make it. She told herself the same things constantly, for she loved Frank with a true healthy love, and her father walked more erectly than he had done for months; indeed his daughter's engagement had removed nearly all of that gall and bitterness which had embittered his existence of late from his heart, and left it free to beat healthily again. The cloud that had covered Theo's head had been removed, he told himself, by a higher hand than had placed it there. Theo would be guarded safe and sure now from everything from which a man could desire his daughter to be guarded. She would be a viscountess; better than this, she would be the wife of a man whose past career was unsullied by secrecy or subterfuge—whose future was bright as such a past deserved.

Mr. Leigh was very happy in these prospects of Theo's. He was happy to see that Theo's was a far soberer, truer joy than she had had in that first inauspicious engagement of hers, which had been far less brilliant outwardly, and so far less calculated to touch the majority of girls than this one. This love of hers for the younger man, though by no means so young a love as that which had blazed up little more than a year ago, and burnt itself out, was still a better love. It was calmer, less exacting, less fearful. It was likewise far deeper and more likely to last.

She clung very much to her companionship with her father in these days, talking to him frequently of the old days down at Houghton, the days before Harold Ffrench had come there. They never spoke of aught that had transpired after that bright April morning

when I brought them before you first. They dropped their lives at that epoch, as it were, and took them up again in these days, passing over all that had gone between.

All that had gone between. All the sweetness, and the sorrow, and the sympathy that had made that period the richest portion of her life. Rich in such thoughts as could never be hers again. It was hard sometimes to pass it over in silence, but she knew that Mr. Ffrench's forgiveness was not perfected in her father's heart as yet, and until it was so, she could not bear him named. For, though her love for him was a dead thing now, she thought kindly of him still.

They spoke more of her approaching marriage than most fathers and daughters do: such a topic is the mother's more especially; but in this case it was with her father that she made little plans for the future—plans in which he always had a share. Was this because of some doubt she felt that in his heart he was not well-assured of her perfect satisfaction with that future, and that until he was so assured he would remember the happiness she had felt in a widely different one, and remember the one who had changed that happiness into misery for a time.

Lord Lesborough was suffering from a tedious wasting illness, and Lord Lesborough's heir—because his aunts willed it so lovingly—spent much of his time at Maddington. But even when he was in London he was not extortionate in his demands on Theo's time and attention. He never sought to withdraw her from her father's society; and though always pleased to be with her and to speak with her about his future life, and his public hopes, he would stroll about for hours alone when he went to spend long quiet days with them.

From time to time pompous messages were wafted up from the sick-room at Maddington to Theo *via* Ethel. "You are first favourite with papa," that young lady wrote; "he discourses on your merits by the hour together to Harold Ffrench, who comes here sometimes, or rather by the five minutes together, for that's the extreme length of time which Mr. Ffrench stays in his room. When papa is better and you're Mrs. Frank, Hugo Burgoyne will retire into the obscure corner of the gallery again."

These things were very pleasant to Theo, and they made her feel more tenderly still towards Frank. It was not in her, she feared, to "forward" in any other way this man who was to be her husband. But in his own family, or rather with the mightiest member of his family, she had done him good service already. Occasionally a fear crossed her mind

that Frank, though he liked her to be well liked by all his family, did not care very much for the larger need of toleration that was now awarded to himself, and that he only accepted the situation because it was not worth while to dispute it. But she strove to put that fear behind her. She desired to believe him to be all that was good and dutiful.

These messages from Maddington were balm and oil to her father and mother. Mr. Leigh would have regarded with unfavourable eyes any alliance, however brilliant, for his daughter, to which the family of the one who might desire to make it with her did not incline. From the Burgoynes there had been no demur; more than that, from the Burgoynes there had been every evidence of a satisfaction as complete as his own; therefore was Mr. Leigh happy with a fulness of content that made Theo feel that some things could not be too dearly purchased.

On the whole, it will be seen, that this was a happy time enough, for there was much to make life very bright to the girl who had known much sorrow, to the girl one of whose most poignant sorrows had been the knowledge that through her had been dealt the blow which had bowed a head never before bowed by aught approaching to shame—her father's. It was a happy time; for unless two lives could have been entirely un-lived, there was no possibility of her life to come being brighter and safer than it promised to be.

If Time could have been arrested there, if he would only have stood still and suffered those who had sorrowed so much to be at rest, at peace! There was a dead lull, such a lull as we see and feel sometimes after a mid-summer tempest, when Nature seems too tired to do any more, and so lies down, showing us how grandly calm she can be in fatigue. But if you have lived on the brink of the ocean, as I have done for years, watching all its changes, and marking all its moods, you will know that Nature's power is but taking a brief respite, and that she will rise up soon in such a storm as must wreck many.

She wakes from her lethargy, from that fear-disarming torpor, by such gentle degrees at times that you disregard the signs, and fall as prone before her fury as though no such indications of waking had been given. A feeling of something has been over you, perchance—of something that is not fear, and that "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain"—which, after all, is resemblance close enough to make the majority melancholy.

This lull had lasted then for a space that was all too brief to look back upon, but that had not been so very brief in reality. Summer

was over everything once more—summer as warm and soft, but a trifle less bright perhaps to some than that past one of '51.

The lull was very perfect, very soft, and full, and deep, one gentle June evening at Bretford. Out on a terrace in front of Mr. Leigh's house they stood enjoying it. "They" were the father and his daughter, and that daughter's future husband.

The marriage that was to be in August, towards the latter end of August, had been spoken about freely between them that evening.

"We shall come here first, Frank, when we come back from the Continent, here, before we go anywhere else, shan't we?"

"Certainly we shall," Frank replied. He was rather indifferent, to tell the truth, as to where they should go first when they returned from the Continent. He would have said "certainly we shall," had Theo suggested the Bights of Biafra.

"I don't ask that; you'll have other places that you must go to first, but by-and-by. What days we shall have together again, Theo!" her father said to her.

"Ah! what days we *shall* have, dear; there will be hardly any break, papa, not so much of a break as when I went to Hensley, in fact."

She left her lover's side as she spoke, and went round to her father's, looking up into his eyes with some of the old sweet gladness in her own that he had missed so long, so sorely! He was very happy then.

"Theo will have to rely principally on you next season," Frank Burgoyne said; "you see, if things stand as they are" (he meant if Lord Lesborough still lived), "I'm to come forward for West—shire, and I must make a show of attending to my electioneering interests, and I shan't care to know that Theo is out alone."

"Theo won't be out alone much," Theo replied. "I can promise that much, can't I, papa? I suppose you won't be much interested in reality, Frank?—I'm very ignorant about politics."

"Remain so; that is all I ask," he rejoined, laughing.

"I don't think Theo would have been the ideal wife for a man who had had to work out his own career," Mr. Leigh remarked. "Yours was made for you."

"Which accounts for my indifference concerning it, and for hers too, for that matter. I wish I had been compelled to work for a career; by heaven, it's the only thing to make a man of a fellow."

"It's a very fine thing, and answers occasionally," Mr. Leigh said quietly.

"Papa, don't pretend to think that it has

not answered in your case," Theo began earnestly. "Why, mere success would have been nothing to what you gained so early, and have kept so long; to have made a name for such gallantry so young, and to have held it untarnished all these years! I had rather have that knowledge of my father than any other that could be given me."

"You see, the child can be enthusiastic," the father said, turning half away and scanning the offing, because he would not let them see that he was touched by her loving proud mention of that which he never talked about himself. Then the trio walked on in silence for a few moments, in complete silence till—there! when the blue, crimson, and gold, the tricolour of departing day was flaming over the west, when the broad bosom of the water that rolled on at their feet was studded with a myriad diamond stars that were again momentarily shattered into yet a myriad more, when the voices of the seamen weighing anchor in the river were raised aloft in that evening strain that is less sweet than solemn, when the pall of silence was over all else around, and the grey mantle of the grand still night was descending rapidly, when the day was done, when the hour of deepest calm had come,—then it was that Theo heard the first breath of the coming storm.

They had walked along in silence for a few minutes—in a silence that not one of them felt impatient to break. Suddenly Theo heard an exclamation that was partly a groan, and she looked and saw that her father had crossed his arms firmly, as he had done that night when the tale of Harold's shame, of Harold's wife, was told them.

He had stopped, clasping himself over the chest in that firm clasp which he had often been wont to give himself when, standing in the bows of his boat, he would be leading on a cutting-out expedition. The attitude was the same, but there was a touch less of "something" over all that wrung her heart to tears, for that clasp lasted but for an instant, then it relaxed, and his arms fell prone.

There were no tears in her eyes though, and no falter in her voice, as she moved closer to him quietly, and asked him had he spoken to her, had he said—anything?

While she questioned him thus quietly, Frank Burgoyne stood near to her, looking more startled and anxious than the girl whose heart was shedding tears, and for a few moments there was no answer.

Only for a few moments, but, "my God," Theo thought, whenever in after years she recalled them, "the agony of them, the agony of them!" Those moments were of dread and

horror so condensed that they might have been spread over a whole lifetime, and have made that life bitter.

Theo could not have said what had come over her father, no word-painting can describe that change, none could have said precisely in what way he was not as he had been a minute before. There had come a tinge of pallor over that bronzed old face that might have been the work of months of sickness, and there had come a weaker compression of the lip, and a trembling where before there had been power in the frame.

The anguish of it! of that standing there, and being as powerless as the stones at her feet to avert, or assist, or understand, indeed, this fell visitant, whatever it might be. The anguish of standing in that melting summer air, knowing nothing, save that the only rock she had never split upon—the love that existed between her father and herself—was being shattered then.

He spoke at last, and even his voice was changed. Is it worth being born into the world to see such things come to pass? So they led him in helpless as an infant between them, and the doctors came, and told sorrowfully how the strong man was stricken with paralysis.

It was not so much that for a time they did not know the worst, as it was that they would not think the worst. We are apt to say to the truth in such cases, "get thee behind me," far more determinately than to Satan. His wife and daughter sat there by the side of his bed for hours, and days, and weeks, knowing well that he would never rise from it again, and be as he had been—knowing this well, and refusing to believe it, and telling each other and themselves that it was not so.

Had he been weak, puny, ailing, had he been other than he was, in fact, a god of strength and courage to his daughter, she would have suffered less; she must have suffered less, for it is not in the heart of woman to lament in like degree the falling of a sapling as the shattering of an oak. Theo could not tend upon him with the unceasing devotion of her mother. She had been so proud of him in his strength that it broke her down utterly to have to minister to his weakness.

Shall I linger over these scenes? they were simply heart-breaking, for as after a brief space there ceased to be hope, there soon also ceased to be anxiety. It was a dull, numbing heart-breaking time, nothing more.

There dawned a day at last when he could speak; but the bitter terror that altered speech created in their hearts! It was God's decree, and morning and night in the course of her prayers she said fervently, "Thy will be done."

But "not in this way should he have died, not in this way," was her hourly cry.

This was the end of it all,—of that which had commenced more than fifty years ago, when a little midshipman of nine he had first cocked his hat and drawn his dirk for the king,—of that early promotion which made him a distinguished man while still a mere boy, promotion the fruit of a daring so winning, bright, and bold, that, bring him what it would, none could be found to grudge it; the end of that restless, courageous spirit that lost all that early gain because, when blows were striking anywhere for that mythical liberty for which so many men have suffered, he carried his sword thither and drew it with effect, erring against the routine which commanded him to remain quiescent;—the end of a life that had risked itself freely on the chilly shores of North America—that had offered itself up for the salvation of Greece—that had nearly ebbed away in floods from fearful wounds made by Mexican blades on Mexican plains—that had staked itself right willingly a thousand times, and never hesitated at placing itself where sharp, immediate payment of that stake might be claimed;—the end of a life that had been without fear, as all men could attest, and that, if it had not been without reproach, was at least as free from it as the lives of men whose blood does not flow pale may be. This was the end, this was the end!

It was very sad! Even those who have never tingled to the tales told by the lips they love of such deeds, must feel that after them such an end was very sad. The poor child, his daughter, felt it to be cruelly, crushingly so, for she had fallen into the error of imagining that he had made himself famous by his sword, and that there was a twist in nature's mind when she could bring such a man to such a pass as this.

He laid there for awhile scarcely living, yet not dying, they told them; and Theo sat by his bed-side through long summer days and evenings, watching the shipping on the river, and trying to interest him sometimes about the steamers and their destinations. But it was but a flaccid interest he took in these things. He liked to dwell rather in that past which had been glorious to him, than in these tame-current days. Whenever he did speak of a future, it was of hers as Frank Burgoyne's wife.

It rejoiced her often to perceive how dear this thing was to him; how he comforted himself in it, and, by reason of his knowledge of it, resigned himself the more humbly to this sorrow of his own. She had never known before how he wearied over what would become of her when he was dead and no longer able to take care of her as he would have her cared

for. How he had doubted and distrusted what the morrow might bring forth for his child in a way that was entirely foreign to the brave carelessness of his spirit. But she read all these truths clearly by the light of that reliance he displayed on Frank Burgoyne, and his satisfaction in her prospects.

These prospects were not brought before her too vividly just now, for she herself removed the onus that would otherwise have been on Mr. Burgoyne of coming down to Bretford whenever he was able to do so. "You see I must devote myself to my father now while I can," she had said to Frank, with a little gulp over the last three words; and Frank had responded, "Yes, of course; well, then, you see, I had better not bother you by coming when I'm in town next: I'll write."

"You wouldn't bother me," she replied; "we both know very well that you wouldn't do that, but it must be dull for you to sit down here by yourself, and very sad to see me as I am now about papa."

"Well, I will try to content myself with writing until your father is better, Theo," Frank said, and he looked as though he could content himself very easily with so doing, then he added, "Don't let Mr. Leigh imagine that I keep away on account of his illness; tell him we both thought it better till you had more time and were less tired. As it is, I feel that I'm in the way, and I can do no good."

"No, you can do no good," Theo answered. "I'll tell him, but he doesn't heed much now."

With bitter, mute misery they marked that he heeded less and less as the days sped on. This withering foe that had come upon him while still in the pride of his manhood,—this blight that had blasted him in an instant,—seemed to lay deeper hold upon him day by day; and soon they knew that its progress might not be arrested,—that this first seizure required no assistance from a second edition of itself to prove fatal.

There, through those sultry July days, he laid,—the man whom I showed to you when this story opened erect and vigorous; an old sea-lion, murmuring occasionally little scraps of prayers that he had learnt in boyhood, and being very helpless and very patient always. They scarcely liked to tell him how old brother-officers came about them, constantly tendering their heart-felt sympathy for that which Theo felt to be so bitingly hard—so void of mercy. They scarcely liked to tell him of this for the fear they had of arousing an anxiety about himself which slept now. They did not quite realise that he had done with all hopes and fears for himself.

Currently, out in the world that knew of

that blow which had fallen, speculations were rife as to who would succeed Mr. Leigh; whether his widow would make a successful claim for those arrears of half-pay that were due to him; whether he had been provident enough to insure his life for his daughter; and whether the man who would be appointed in his room would have a large family for "if so, these apartments would be cramped." These were the subjects suggested to the passers-by, by the shaded windows of the house at the corner in which one of them lay dying.

Kneeling by his side one night, waiting there in awe, Theo grew conscious of a desire that her father had that she should pray for him—aloud I mean, she was always praying for him in her heart.

So she began the prayer of prayers in a low voice, and she saw him trying to follow the words that she accentuated in the steady voice that never failed her when she was near him.

He opened his eyes when she came to the prayer for forgiveness of our own sins, and his last words were:

"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

As Theo rose and staggered away out of the room,—staggered under the first real blow that had been dealt her,—she uttered a passionate hope that "Frank would come and say something to her." She panted, she longed for kind, gentle, reassuring words. The ground seemed shaken under her feet, and every impulse of her loving nature urged her to cling to Frank.

"If he would only come in; if he only knew, he would be here directly," she kept on sobbing to herself, as she sat in a darkened room, and listened with a painful earnestness to every slow footstep that passed to and fro in the house. She felt, with an intensity of feeling that was nearly sickening, what was being done in that other darkened chamber, in which the spirit had fled. Then soon there fell upon her ear the soul-subduing knell that tolled out the tale to all in the place of one more comrade gone—of one of their band having received the last promotion.

While she was waiting for him thus eagerly, Frank was on his way to her. When he was about a hundred yards from the house he met Sydney Scott, and at the same moment the passing-bell commenced its sad chime.

"That's poor Mr. Leigh," Sydney said, mournfully; "I would like to go to Theo, but I dare not;" and she shuddered, and then added, "besides, no doubt she doesn't want anybody just now."

So he did not go to the one who wearied for him just yet.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN BESS.

WE once gave a short account of "How Bluff King Harry's Bed was Made,"*—an equally short space will suffice for a narration of what it cost his daughter Elizabeth for her board. It is headed "A declaration, or briefe collection, of one year's expence for all the ordinarie dinners and suppers, with her Majestie breakfast, and breakfast for the guard, furnished with bread, beere, ale, Gascoigne wine, and with all manner of victuals of flesh and fish, rated according to the market prices, at highest condition; wherein is sett downe what the charge of one messe of everie diet is in one flesh-day and one fish-day, and 220 flesh and 145 fish days, and then for 365 days, being one whole.

"Her Majestie's diett for breakfast, dinner, and supper on a flesh-day cost 11*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, or for 220 days 2793*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* On a fish-day it cost 9*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.*, making for 145 days 1390*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*; and the total amount for the year being 3804*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*" Pretty well for the Queen's Majestie, the difference in the value of money considered, and the comparative cheapness of provisions in those days.

Each of the most important functionaries had a separate table, the allowance to each being the same, the total cost yearly for each being 966*l.* 13*s.* 6½*d.* The same holds good with respect to all the subsequent ones mentioned below.

Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Treasurer, Mr. Comptroller.—A diett of ten, and ten dishes, dinner and supper; for one flesh-day, 3*l.* 1*s.* 8½*d.*; for one fish-day, 1*l.* 19*s.* 3½*d.*: total for one year, 3866*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*

Two Ladies in ye presens, Lady Roxburgh, Maids of Honour, Mr. Cofferer, Mrs. of Household.—A diett of seven, and seven dishes, dinner and supper; for one flesh-day, 1*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*; for one fish-day, 1*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.*; total for one year, 2966*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Two Clerks of the Kitchen.—A diett of six, and six dishes, dinner and supper; for one flesh-day, 1*l.* 10*s.* 3½*d.*; for one fish-day, 1*l.* 1*s.* 9½*d.*: total for one year, 491*l.* 3*s.* 11½*d.*

Gentlemen Ushers, Chaplains and Subamer, Presens Waiters or Second of Ladys, Phisition, the Robbs, Mr. Cooke.—A diett of five, and five dishes, dinner and supper; for one flesh-day, 1*l.* 5*s.* 5½*d.*; for one fish-day, 17*s.* 6½*d.*: total for one year, 2036*l.* 1*s.* 10½*d.*

Mrs. Anslow.—A diett of four, and four dishes; for one flesh-day, 13*s.* 6½*d.*; for one fish-day, 9*s.* 3*d.*: total for one year, 216*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*

Mrs. Southwell, Mr. Secretary's Chamb., Apoticyar, Shirurgeon, Stending Wardrob, Removing Wardrobe, Porters at gate, Counting-owse, Pantry, Grome Porter, Byair, Seler, Buttry, Scullary, Woodyeard, Poultry, Scalding-hous, Pastry, Larders, Privy Kitchen.—A diett of three, and three dishes, dinner and supper; for one flesh-day, 10*s.*; for one fish-day, 6*s.*: total for one year, 2763*l.*

Maids of Honours' Chamber, Lady Walsingham's

Chamber, Mrs. Specker, Sempster, Tiremaker, on-fexionary, Waffrey, Chandry, Ficher-howse, Almary, Lander for ye Body.—For one flesh-day, 5*s.* 10*d.*; for one fish-day, 3*s.*: total for one year, 945*l.* 1*s.*

Howse-keeper.—A diett of two dishes, served once a-day; for one flesh-day, 3*s.* 2*d.*; for one fish-day, 1*s.* 6*d.*: total for one year, 45*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*

The Guard.—A diett of one dish, served once a-day; for one flesh-day, 11*s.* 8*d.*; for one fish-day, 5*s.* 2*d.*: total for one year, 168*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Boyllinge-howse.—A diett of one, and one dish, at dinner and supper; for one flesh-day, 4*s.*; for one fish-day, 1*s.*: total for one year, 55*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

"The somme of all thes dietts is 18,431*l.* 13*s.* over and beside sacke, renish and sweet wins, butter, eges, faussery, frutry, spicery, confexionary, lights, wood, coall, carriages, expences *extra curia*, supplies and necessarys in ye offices, wages, bordwages, command, and wast, liveries, almes, offerings, and the stable so much as paid by Mr. Cofferer."

ANA.

A NEW OPENING FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.—Not long ago there appeared in various publications the copy of an epitaph on a tombstone, below which the widow had caused the announcement to be engraved, that she continued to carry on her husband's business; thus preserving a certain bond of union between the dead and the living, and making a profit out of the grave. Not long ago it occurred to a photographer that he might increase his business by announcing that he copied photographs of deceased individuals, and prepared them in such a way that, if placed in coffins along with the defunct, they would endure for any number of ages. Since that time the practice is said to have become common on the Continent; and it is very evident that a good deal may be said in its favour; more than can be said of a novel proceeding of a well-favoured widow, who, lately in one of the foreign cemeteries, instead of hanging a crown of immortelles on the tomb of her deceased husband, hung a portrait of herself.

THE RULING PASSION.—Whoever has visited Nismes has seen the ruins of the great amphitheatre, and will remember how dangerous it appeared to climb to the summit. An anecdote is related in a local paper, of a youngster who would persist in mounting the walls, in spite of the orders and threats of his father, in search of bats, which abound among the ruins. One day, his father caught sight of him very high up, and, notwithstanding the risk to himself, he managed to reach his boy and seize him by the leg. Dragging him from his hold, he held him suspended by the leg in the air. "Now," said his father, "will you ever climb up here again?" The position was

* See Vol. VIII. p. 377.

enough to frighten the boy, who could see nothing between him and the ruins a long way below; but instead of being alarmed, he exclaimed eagerly, "Stoop a little lower, father; I can see a whole swarm of bats in a crack just out of my reach. Let me get them, and I will promise you not to climb up here any more."

"WOULD-BE WIVES, BEWARE!"

A CAUTION FOUNDED ON FACT.

Of all the people I have ever known but have never seen, there is not one I should so rejoice to meet as a certain person who, I believe, is identical with my former college acquaintance, Hugh Devon. This identity, however, is somewhat beside the question; but, as I invariably associate him in my own mind with the facts which I am going to relate, I will "say my say" about him, premising that he has nothing whatever to do with the story.

"Handsome Hugh," Hugh Devon! I wonder if he remembers his old name! My acquaintance with him began at Cambridge. He was a sizar at — College. Who he was, what he was, where he came from, no one knew, though many asserted and conjectured, and some few even tried to look as if they could tell. The generally received idea, however, was that he marvellously resembled the handsome wife of "our" confectioner, and that "somebody else knew something" about him. But really, beyond knowing that he was poor and not proud, we could find out nothing.

You will wonder why "we," that is "our set," who boasted not a few "swells" among us, and included the choicest spirits of the day, should have troubled our heads about so insignificant a being! The fact is, he was clever; clever after a fashion appreciated by very young men. He was also remarkably handsome, even as men count beauty; though smooth and polished as a woman, he was lithe and agile as a tiger, and powerful as a prize-fighter. Independent, too, sarcastic and subtle, yet there was an indefinable charm in his manner, an irresistible attraction that rendered him what ladies term either "dangerous" or "fascinating," according to their education and principles.

I left the bosom of "Alma Mater" rather suddenly, owing to the death of my father and some consequent pecuniary embarrassments at home. I never again saw Hugh Devon—nor will you hear of him again, at least under that name.

For some time I lived a very restless life; for, though my family interest could have

obtained me almost any appointment, yet I could never touch the *principal* (alias "Hard-cash") in sufficient sums to render the acceptance of these very honourable, but almost honorary, situations anything more than a temporary expedient. What a jolly time that was though—and what an idle fellow I was, to be sure! Ah! I am older now, and being rich and prosperous, and having many admiring friends, I look back to those days and wonder how, being so poor, I dared to be so independent, so careless, so happy. I almost believe that memory makes mistakes; I doubt whether that impecunious young scapegrace, so jovial, so contumacious, was really myself. If I could feel sure, as I think, that he was not that selfsame person—then how I would shake my head and—but—well, as it is, I will only say, "Boys will be boys!"

After trying many ways of bread-winning, I came down to the pen (not that I thought it *infra dig.* in those days, certainly not). As I have hinted, I am very highly connected; consequently my intimate knowledge of various aristocratic family matters proved of great service to me in the capacity of assistant-editor of a Peerage. Once fairly in harness, and with the wheels in a groove, I soon learnt to do my work willingly and well. I took a thorough interest in it, and nothing in any way connected with the subject escaped me. Among other scraps of information picked up some year or so after I had been engaged on this book, I noted the following announcement in "The Times" with a view to entering it in the proper place:—

MARRIED.—On the — inst., at St. —'s Church, Southampton, the Hon. Herbert D'Aulnoy to Louisa Mary, only child of T. Smith, Esq., of Roseville Villa, Putney, and Coggles Court, Billiter Lane, City.

Ha! thought I, lucky fellow. Beggared nobility, ambitious wealth, youth, and beauty. Bless you my children, "and they all lived happy ever after!"

But, stop! Let me think a bit. Who is this "Honourable Herbert D'Aulnoy?" Who? Who? I say. Vainly did I seek through all attainable records of English and foreign aristocracy to find the name. No. No Herbert D'Aulnoy. So with a sigh at the vanity of romances in general, and this in particular, I closed my book, having first placed a conspicuous (?) in red ink over the entry which I had unsuspectingly made.

The next year or two passed pleasantly and swiftly. Without referring to my papers it would be difficult for me to say exactly how soon the incident I will now relate, occurred.

By that time I was editor in chief, and had a clerk, who from time to time submitted to me such possibly useful items of information as he had extracted from the papers. But to my story—

“Born.” Alas for heirs presumptive! a long list. “Dead,” also a large number, but terribly unaristocratic, so, of course, very uninteresting. “Married,” only one couple. “At the British Embassy, at —, the Hon. H. D’Aulnoy, nephew and heir presumptive to the Right Hon. Earl Desborough, of Castle Desboro’, Ireland, Cavendish Hall, Blankshire, Scotland, and the Château de Montmorency, Auvergne, to —, —, —, &c., &c.”

The old story! I remembered the name. I took down my little red note book. “Yes, um—um—m. Yes—um—um. Well! a man may marry twice if his first spouse be only considerate enough toward his natural love of variety to gratify him, and to give him a chance of change either through divorce or death! (I wonder which you and I would prefer, if we were women!) But our gentleman had been somewhat impatient; and I much doubted whether any notified event, such as would have justified this second marriage, could have escaped both John’s eyes and my own.

Again, “Earl Desborough?” Who is this D’Aulnoy? Yes, who? In despair of arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, I addressed a letter to the noble head of the house of Desborough, in my character as editor of the Peerage. Just such a reply as I expected, and rigidly polite, perfectly decisive. Not known here! but alas, for the honourable Herbert, the letter did not suggest that we should “Try next door.”

I always was chivalrously inclined; and this affair irritated me. It savoured of base deception at the least. Visions of young and unsuspecting females, victimised by a heartless, designing, mercenary bigamist, floated before me, until I imagined myself a second Don Quixote, receiving the reward of dauntless devotion—I belong to a corps of V. R.—in (golden) laurels from the fair-jewelled hand of some rescued heiress. To this second marriage (?) was duly notified, in red ink under the other, with a note of admiration (!), beside the large (?) mentioned above.

My friend Curteis is a splendid fellow. I need not describe him further. Every one knows the sort of man who is claimed by every one, ever so slightly acquainted with him, as “my friend so and so,” and who is universally called “a splendid fellow.” Of course he is handsome, and tremendously powerful, and of

course he is in the army. Of course he was in the Crimea, in India, in China, probably in New Zealand at the same time. “Medals?—V. C.?” Of course. Been everywhere and done everything that anybody else would have done if they had had the pluck—and could have had the chance! There it is! Of course he has had the chance. He is successful! How I do love a successful man! Depend upon it, there is a something wanting about a man who is not successful. I speak this seriously. “Can’t get on!” Bah! Put “will” for “can.” Try again, and again, and yet, yet once more—again! Now! Be ready! Keep your eye on the starting flag; off! Run fair! and you may carry off the “Two thousand”—at least you will be “placed,” and that is what you would not have been had you made a “waiting race” of it. That is what few men can afford to do. But all this *par parenthèse*.

My friend Curteis, being a splendid fellow, had come home (he was always coming home from vague foreign parts), and was on the point of marriage, after a very short acquaintance with a very lovely girl, a co-heiress, a daughter of the only living representative of one of the oldest firms in London. As this account is founded on facts, I cannot very particularly designate the family; suffice it for convenience that I stand godfather once more, and name them Folger.

Curteis invited me to go with him to their house in Porchester Terrace, to dinner. As he was such a splendid fellow, I was charmed to accept the challenge; the more, as I knew there was another co-heiress equally lovely and equally rich. To my great annoyance I found she had been staying for some time at Brighton with an aunt; and, alas! for my anticipations, that, during her absence there, she had become engaged. The husband elect was evidently of good family. One of his cousins was a Maid of Honour, another, a married cousin, was employed in some other capacity in the Royal household. He had also an uncle a peer. Letters were produced from them in answer to his announcement of his engagement. He had shown these letters with charming frankness, remarking that now Ada would see what a wild boy he had hitherto been. The two ladies expressed much joy at the prospect of his becoming steady, and settling down in England; their anxiety to see their new cousin—of whom the married one (to Ada’s mystification) professed some jealousy. That from the peer was hopeful, but stern, and rather pious. (The bridegroom was his heir-presumptive.) All these duly certified by the coronets, and crests, and monograms, were shown—rather

triumphantly, I fancied,—to “dear John,” and, by reason of my being his friend, also to me. They were written on thick cream paper, stamped with the Royal arms, and with “Buckingham Palace” in black,—so there was no doubt about their being genuine.

An irresistible curiosity prompted me to ask the name of Miss Ada Folger's *fiancé* as we strolled to our club after dinner. The answer startled me. You, of course, are prepared for it. “Herbert D'Aulnoy, the Honourable Herbert D'Aulnoy—I believe he was in the Blues. Sold out or exchanged, or something. They say he was in the Bays, but I never heard of him.”

“Herbert D'Aulnoy,” I repeated.

“Yes. And pretty proud Mademoiselle Ada is of her tame honourable !”

“Curteis ! Curteis ! my dear fellow, why don't old Folger make inquiries ?”

“Well, you see—I don't know—he don't think it's serious yet—and she met the man at a decent house, Lady Vesey's, you know—and then—the best set, you see,—and she has rather a temper of her own—and these letters, you know. But what—why do you ask ?”

Of course I told him my suspicions ; he implored me to go with him to old Folger in the City the next morning. I did so. Mr. Folger had not been there. We drove up to Porchester Terrace. There was evidently something wrong. “Say I *must* see Mr. Folger.” Few people would have denied themselves to that peculiar intonation of his voice. The servant came back. “Mr. Folger would see Colonel Curteis alone.” I guessed it all. Ada Folger had eloped with the fascinating Herbert four days before ; under pretence of returning to London for a day or two. A telegram from the distracted aunt had arrived at daybreak that day.

“He shall marry her, the scoundrel,” roared the father.

Curteis then related the whole of what I had told him the night before. But while we were discussing the matter,—for I had been admitted,—a letter arrived from Ada. They had been married at Brighton, with her maid for a witness, and were now *en route* for his “château” in Auvergne. He was out, and she wrote imploring to be allowed to see them for only five minutes ! She was so happy with him, &c., &c. I persuaded Curteis to come down to my den, that I might show him the proofs of this man's repeated deceptions. By a strange coincidence, my clerk John, who had been much interested lately in an affair which he heard had turned out “bigamy,” laid before me two other cases against this same man, but from private sources and under promise of

secrecy. I could only swear to the facts—the names were not even known to me in one case !

To cut a long story short, the parents thankfully received their poor Ada back, when the villainy of the affair was made known to them. I should mention that the “honourable” bridegroom had induced the unsuspecting girl, who was two-and-twenty, to make over the whole of her property to him the day after their marriage. He sold all out of the funds on the day of the discovery, and then disappeared. We also found that he had purchased his letter-paper of some one of the West-End stationers, representing himself as one of the *employés* of the Household. The letters, of course, were forgeries. So much for this particular case. Need I say the family shrank from the publicity of a prosecution. The matter was hushed up, for their own sakes.

Not long after, he again crossed my path. A man I know very well (not Curteis, you will understand), a very good sort of man, came to me one day in great distress. He is proprietor of a terrace of very small houses in Camden Town. It is called “Paradise Row.” When I tell you that there are gardens in front, where clothes-line-props grow, and that most of the tenants keep canaries, you will at once see the place where lived the fresh victim of the Honourable Herbert. A widow lady resided at No. 3. I use the word lady advisedly ; not only because she had “seen better days,” but because she was a gentlewoman born. She had one only child ; and, as her husband had died in this girl's infancy, it had been her sole occupation and delight to educate her, till, at the age of eighteen, Marian Woodhall was perfectly competent to fulfil the wretched post of governess. Better had she been trained to be a maid of all work ! However, no doubt the gentility of the family was better preserved. About four years after this, when she was two-and-twenty, she found herself the unexpected legatee of four hundred pounds “to do what I like with,” no doubt she thought.

Now my good friend Dobbs (the landlord) always admired Marian. She was undeniably pretty ; and had a sweet, pensive, mournful manner about her, that I will acknowledge was very winning. He had made up his mind to ask her to be Mrs. D., when that mighty 400*l.* came. He knew what the world would say if he proposed now. A proud man was Dobbs, so he postponed the offer.

I am now about to relate facts with which I have only lately been made-acquainted. It seems that Marian had read an advertisement in the paper to this effect :—

FRANCE.

WANTED, a GOVERNESS, to superintend the Education of a Young Lady about twelve years of age. She must be thoroughly accomplished; though more in the capacity of companion than teacher, as Masters attend. She will be expected to take entire charge of her pupil during the frequent absence from the Château of the Head of the Family; must not object to reside in the provinces during the greater part of the year. Two months' vacation in the twelve will be granted, and she will be treated in every respect as one of the family. Salary, £100 a-year. Apply by letter only, stating real name and address, to M. le Baron H. D., No. —, Cannon Street, City.

Poor Marian Woodhall thought Heaven was too good, and immediately answered the tempting advertisement. The next day, during her mother's absence, a most charming French gentleman made his appearance. He was the unhappy father of the amiable pupil. Left a widower a year after his daughter's birth,—he, a noble, a baron, and the intimate friend of the emperor, young, handsome, and rich,—yet desolate, untempted by the seductions of beauty,—hitherto he had secluded himself as a monk, devoting his whole time and energies to the education of his little one. Now he desired the assistance of an English lady; one of the renowned, clever, beautiful, pure, chaste English women! No other should teach his daughter. Madame la Baronne—(sob)—had—(choke)—The English Mademoiselle would be the very person, but he had—most unfortunately, almost closed with another lady. Might he, however, call to-morrow, when Madame might be at home? He did call; “Madame” was at home, and then this amiable and virtuous nobleman, M. le Baron D’Aulnoy, suggested that she should accompany her daughter; he found this so charming an arrangement; Mademoiselle was young, Mademoiselle was inexperienced, and the world was wicked. Yes, Madame must do him the honour to be his guest while the young lady kindly officiated as his daughter's companion. He would come the next day to settle all that was necessary for the journey.

Mrs. Woodhall was obliged to go out on business, and during her absence the Baron came. This day he avowed himself completely overwhelmed by Marian's attractions, and implored her to come to the château as his bride. She meekly declined. She explained to the great nobleman how humble were their circumstances; and to give him some real idea of their position, told him, laughingly, the amount of her “fortune!” Four hundred pounds! Unfortunate confidence! He smiled, told her, of course, that he was content with her, she was fortune enough for any man, &c. —you and I know how to say such pretty

things, I suppose, and can fancy the rest! Suffice it that he pleaded well; Marian was young and fond; the mother foolish and proud of her child; the Baron (he turned into a duke's heir-presumptive on the second day of the engagement!) was—well, say—a man of the world! Mrs. Woodhall, simple and single-hearted, with perfect faith in her darling's perfections, spread the news of her glory far and wide; and Paradise Row plumed itself in the reflected light of two carriage lamps, when he came one evening, in his own brougham with two very smart ladies, to take her to the Opera.

It was a weary watch the widow kept that night!

Humbled and heartbroken, stripped of all she valued most dearly, Marian returned to her mother's desolate home ten days after.

You can divine the rest. When by some unmanly craft he had accomplished his desire, he confessed himself a beggared impostor, and offered to marry her if she would give him her £400. This she at once drew out of the savings' bank and placed in his hands. (“Mine, to do as I like with!”) He kept his word, went through the ceremony, and then told her she was his thirteenth living wife!

I need not say the mother received back and forgave her child. Through Dobbs, I urged them to prosecute, but they, too, shrank from the public scandal of such an affair.

This is the last I have heard of the “Honourable” Herbert D’Aulnoy. Why I always identify him with my old acquaintance Hugh Devon I cannot say, but so it is! I can honestly aver that there is no man living I would so gladly meet. He once came to my office when I happened to be out, and inquired of my clerk why I had omitted his name in the “last edition” of my Peerage? He affected great indignation; wrote down his name, pedigree, and address (which was as false as the others, by the way); regretted much not seeing me; and appointed an hour for calling the next day. I was at home. So was he—probably; at least he did not show himself at my place. I gave strict injunctions to my clerk, the next time he should come in my absence, to kick him down-stairs in my name. I regret to say John has never had that pleasure yet; but if the “Honourable” Herbert D’Aulnoy should darken my doors again, I should feel it my duty to communicate certain facts about him to Sir Richard Mayne and Mr. Pollaky, and to ensure his conviction for bigamy, trigamy, quadrigamy, or perhaps octogamy, at the Old Bailey.

VERE HALDANE.

THE OMENS.



Oh, when I went a-wooing
 To win my darling May,
 'Twas in a sunny island,
 An island far away,
 Where skies are blue for ever,
 Where earth is always gay!

And as I went a-wooing,
 I met with omens three:
 An eagle skyward soaring,
 A cushat on a tree,
 That sat and coo'd a love-song,
 A love-song unto me.

The third, an emerald serpent,
That wrought no ill to man,
Slid through the blossom'd jungle
To woe a brooklet ran,
A little brook that merrily
A song of joy began !

And all these happy creatures
Had voices unto me :
The eagle soaring skyward,
The cushat on the tree,
The snake and laughing brooklet,
Gave counsel fair and free.

Be wise as I, the snake said,
To choose your darling May ;
The eagle : Bold and ready
Be to bear the prize award ;
Nor lose the golden moments
In profitless delay !

And when your May is chosen,
Thus did the cushat coo,
Like me, be constant ever,
Be tender and be true ;
For well I know your darling
Will still be true to you !

The brooklet prattled blithely,
As on it ran apace—
When home you bring your darling
That chosen spot to grace,
Let mirth and joy and leisure
Have there abiding place !

And thus I went a-wooing,
And thus it did betide,
The tender-hearted maiden
Became my winsome bride :
And dear is she, far dearer
Than all the world beside !

Crylon.

T. S.

THE STAGE "MACBETH."

THE tragedy of "Macbeth" is supposed to have been first brought upon the stage in the year 1606 : the leading character being sustained by Mr. Richard Burbadge. In a ballad upon the story of "Othello," written after the death of the great actor, and coming down to our time in a manuscript of about the reign of Charles I., occur the lines—

"Dick Burbadge, that most famous man,
That actor without peer,
With this same part his course begun,
And kept it many a year.
Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow,
That such an actor had,
If we had but his equal now,
For one I would be glad."

That Burbadge "began his course" with *Othello*, is clearly a mistake on the part of the ballad writer. The actor's first Shakespearian part was probably *Shylock*; first played in 1593. This was succeeded by his *Richard III.* in 1594. In the following year he appeared as *Prince Henry*, and in 1596 as *Romeo*. He played *Brutus* in 1601, and *Hamlet* and *Othello* in 1602; *Lear* in 1605; *Macbeth* in

1606; *Pericles* in 1608, and *Coriolanus* in 1610. In all, Mr. Burbadge is credited with the "creation"—to use the modern term—of twelve of Shakespeare's chief characters, besides having been the first representative of the leading parts in other great dramas of the time. He played in Ben Johnson's "Every Man in his Humour" (he is believed to have been the *Kitely* to Shakespeare's *Old Knowell*), and in "Every Man out of his Humour;" he appeared also in "Volpone," "Epiccene," the "Alchemist," and in "Catiline"—probably too in "Sejanus." He was celebrated for his performances in Marlowe's "Edward II.;" in Marston's "Malcontent," and "Antonio and Mellida;" in Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," and "The White Devil;" in Cyril Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy;" in Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness;" and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," "Maid's Tragedy," "The Captain," "Valentinian," and others. He died in 1618, being then about forty-nine years old, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.

In addition to the ballad lines quoted above, other tribute in prose and verse to the singular merits of Mr. Burbadge is yet extant. It is clear that the actor made his mark upon the time, and that his fame was long held in loving remembrance by his brother players, by the dramatists, and the theatre-loving public in general. Richard Flecknoe, who in Charles the Second's reign wrote various plays, poems, and masques, published in 1664 a "Short Discourse upon the English Stage," containing very flattering mention of Burbadge. It is clear that Flecknoe, although he could never have seen the great Shakespearian actor, yet was deeply impressed with his extraordinary reputation. Mr. Payne Collier is inclined for many reasons to attach greater value to the evidence of one who thus speaks, not merely from the narrow ground of his own individual observation, but from traditional authority, founded broadly upon the combined testimony of numerous spectators. Flecknoe's description may in this way be regarded as a sort of digest of public opinion concerning Burbadge :

"Who did appear so gracefully on the stage,
He was the admired example of the age ;
And so observed all your dramatic laws,
He ne'er went off the stage but with applause ;
Who his spectators and his auditors
Led in such silent chains of eyes and ears,
As none, whilst he on the stage his part did play,
Had power to speak or look another way.
Who a delightful Proteus was, and could
Transform himself into what shape he would ;
And of an excellent orator had all,
In voice and gesture we delightful call :
Who was the soul of the stage ; and we may say
'Twas only he who gave life unto a play,

Which was but dead, as 'twas by the author writ,
Till he by action animated it :
And finally he did on the stage appear
Beauty to the eye and music to the ear ;
Such even the nicest critics must allow
Burbadge was once, and such Charles Hart is now."

The verses were inscribed to Hart, an actor of considerable fame after the Restoration, who was moreover the great-nephew of Shakespeare ; Hart's father being the eldest son of the poet's sister Joan. The merits of Charles Hart as an actor are recognised by Sir Richard Steele in Nos. 99 and 138 of the "Tatler."

Like Betterton, upon whom the great Shakespearian parts, including *Macbeth*, were presently to devolve, Burbadge appears to have been an artist as well as an actor, and to have possessed no mean skill as a painter of portraits in oil colours. It has even been conjectured,—on very slender grounds, it must be owned,—that the head of Shakespeare, engraved by Martin Droeshout, on the title-page of the folio of 1623, was from a painting by Mr. Burbadge. One argument in favour of this proposition is not very flattering to the actor-artist, however worthy of consideration it may be in other respects. The editors of the folio, Heminge and Condell, might, it is stated, have illustrated their book with a portrait possessing higher pretensions as a work of art, but that they preferred the less skilful picture painted by the actor, who knew Shakespeare intimately. Betterton, who died rather less than a century after Burbadge, left behind him a reputation for his admirable portraits of his friends and associates.

In 1664, Betterton was performing *Macbeth* at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, otherwise known as the Duke of York's Playhouse. The tragedy was played according to the text of Shakespeare, and apparently afforded no great pleasure to King Charles and his Court, whose inclinations were in favour of a less legitimate style of entertainment. Mr. Pepys chronicles—"To the Duke's playhouse, and saw 'Macbeth.' The King and Court there ; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared I think as pretty as any of them ; I never thought so much before ; and so did Talbot and Mr. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me at the handsome woman near me ; but it vexed me to see Moll Davis in the box over the King and my Lady Castlemaine, look down upon the King, and he up to her ; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see

who it was ; but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire ; which troubled me." After this the play seems to have been altogether neglected for some eight years. Meanwhile a new theatre had been built in Dorset Garden, at an unusual expense, upon a sort of joint-stock principle, the subscribers being called "adventurers." The Duke's company were transferred to Dorset Garden Theatre, under the management of Lady Davenant (Sir William's widow), Betterton, and Joseph Harris, an actor famed for his versatility, who was alike distinguished in *Romeo*, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, and *Cardinal Wolsey*. The rival Theatre Royal, however, appears to have won the larger share of public favour, until the Duke's company bethought them of introducing "a new species of plays called operas"—the word seems at this time to have signified not so much the introduction of music merely, as costly embellishments in the way of scenery and mechanical appliances, with the addition of dancing and posturing. "*Macbeth*," in the form of an opera, was then brought upon the boards. The alterations and additions were attributed to Sir William Davenant, though his name was not placed upon the title page of the new version. "Dances of fairies" were invented for the cantation scene in the fourth act, and choruses were added, the words being supplied by Davenant, or culled from Middleton's "*Witch*." (This play was not printed until 1778, but a manuscript copy had been in Davenant's possession some time before his death.) The music to "*Macbeth*" was composed by Matthew Locke—originally a chorister in the cathedral church of Exeter, afterwards a pupil of Edward Gibbons, but who had already arrived at sufficient distinction to be commissioned to compose the triumphal music for the public entry of King Charles II. He was subsequently appointed composer in ordinary to the King, and arranged for the Royal Chapel a musical service, in which the prayer after each of the Ten Commandments had a different setting. This was considered an inexcusable innovation, and the singers obstructed the public performance of the service. Locke published his church music with a preface, vindicating his own views of it, and denouncing the mutinous critics who had attempted to disgrace him as a musician both in the eyes and ears of royalty.

Not content with his scenic and musical innovations, Davenant made material changes in the play itself. He tampered with the lines, converting them into rhyme in many places, and he appears to have been especially busy in the way of "writing up," as it is called, the rôles of *Macduff* and his wife. On the first entry of

Lady Macbeth with the letter, *Lady Macduff* is made to accompany her. She is the guest of the *Macbeths*—and a very insipid scene follows between the two ladies. To the words:—

“Hear it not, Duncan,”

Davenant adds,

“For it is a bell

That rings my coronation and thy knell—”

in lieu of the proper lines. Other alterations are equally senseless. In the fourth act, *Malcolm* and *Macduff* meet at Birnam Wood, instead of in England. *Lady Macbeth* is haunted by *Duncan's* ghost, and endeavours to persuade her husband to resign the crown, in a scene where, as Davies says, “Poverty of sentiment is only exceeded by wretchedness of rhyme;” but just as at the banquet she cannot see the shade of *Banquo*—so now the ghost of *Duncan* is not visible to *Macbeth*. *Rosse's* description of the murder of *Lady Macduff* and her children is given to *Lenox*. The sleep-walking scene, and *Macbeth's* converse with the *Doctor*, are much mutilated. The exquisite lines beginning, “My way of life,” are omitted. *Lenox*, and not *Young Seward*, fights with *Macbeth*, and is killed, and *Macbeth* has a line given him by way of a dying speech. The greater part of the last act indeed is wholly Davenant's. As Steevens said of this adaptation, “almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised or arbitrarily omitted.” Mr. Geneste thinks this censure a little too unreserved; yet he admits that there are scarcely six consecutive lines in the play which Davenant has not most needlessly and wantonly garbled. For some eighty years, however, this dreadful version kept the stage with more or less regularity, and satisfied the public, to the absolute suppression of the genuine play. It was in Davenant's version that Betterton gained the applause of the town. After the death of Betterton, the part of *Macbeth* was given to an actor named John Mills, whose qualifications were simply of a physical kind. This seems to have been due to the partiality of Wilks, who had arrogated to himself managerial power in the distribution of parts, and had assigned to Booth and Powell, both of whom were far better qualified than Mills to play *Macbeth*, the inferior rôles of *Banquo* and *Lenox*. Powell was very popular with his audience, not simply as an actor, but as a very jovial companion over a bottle—the play being finished. The indignation of a country gentleman at the undervaluing of his friend and favourite, is said to have broken out on one occasion in a remarkable manner. Heartily weary of Mills, and impatient at the inactivity of *Lenox*, the squire, on the appearance of Powell in the

fourth act, could contain himself no longer, but cried out lustily, “For God's sake, George, give me a speech, and let me go home!”

Wilks did not himself undertake the part of *Macbeth*. As *Macduff* he had won golden opinions, receiving an especial tribute of praise in the *Tatler*, No. 68. Yet at one time he had contemplated resigning the character to an inferior actor, one Williams. Learning, however, that in such a case Booth would claim to play *Macduff* in lieu of *Banquo*, Wilks retained the part. Davies was of opinion, that in the violent expression of horror at the murder of the King, Booth might have surpassed his rival. In the more touching portions of the play, however, it was agreed that Wilks stood unrivalled. “His skill in exhibiting the emotions of the overflowing heart with corresponding look and action, was universally admired and felt. His rising after the suppression of his anguish into ardent and manly resentment was highly expressive of noble and generous anger.” Mr. Quin, with a commanding face and figure, was found in *Macbeth* to be deficient in animation, while his voice wanted variety and flexibility. In his last scenes he was without impulse or passion, and his whole performance was heavy and monotonous.

It was not until 1744 that “*Macbeth*,” as written by Shakespeare, again came upon the boards. This was at Drury Lane. *Macbeth* was played by Mr. Garrick, *Lady Macbeth* by Mrs. Pritchard. “What does he mean?” asked Mr. Quin, as he read Garrick's announcement of the production of the play as originally written; “pray, don't I play *Macbeth* as written by Shakespeare?” There is some excuse to be made for Mr. Quin's ignorance—actors are at all times, and necessarily, inclined to study their own parts rather than whole plays; and copies of Shakespeare were neither so cheap nor so numberless as at present. Greater people than Mr. Quin were equally uninformed on the subject. Sir Richard Steele, in the “*Tatler*” (No. 167), was content to quote the following lines from Davenant's “*Macbeth*,” with the notion, apparently, that he was adhering to Shakespeare's text, pure and undefiled:

“To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day
To the last moment of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle, &c.”*

* We subjoin the original lines, that the reader may perceive at a glance the merciless and purposeless garbling to which our bard was subjected.

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle, &c.”
There is a change in every line but the fourth.

Hitherto "Macbeth" had not been a very favourite play with the actors. This arose in a great part no doubt from a notion prevalent among them, that the leading part did not afford sufficient opportunities for winning applause from the audience. They complained that *Macbeth* was not a character of the first class, and that "all the pith" of it was exhausted in the first and second acts. It must be remembered that the actors before Garrick relied for effect much more upon elocution than action. A great part, in their eyes, consisted of a number of long speeches to be most musically uttered, or rather intoned—and no doubt the last three acts of "Macbeth," delivered in this motionless melodious way, with all abruptness and violence and passion omitted, had been found to have a somewhat drowsy effect upon the audience. Garrick smiled as he learnt his predecessors' opinions of the part—he should be very unhappy, he said, if he should fail to keep alive the attention of the spectators to the last syllable of so animated a character. But then Garrick was, upon the stage, quite the inventor of gesture. Before him "the action" had followed "the word" at a long distance, and in the faintest way. The ceaseless "bustle—bustle," with which his enemies upbraided him, was indispensable to the life and interest of the closing scenes in "Macbeth."

Yet it was not without some trepidation that Garrick approached the part. The small wits of the day had for some time been making him the subject of their satire—pelting him "with quips and sentences and paper-bullets of the brain," as *Benedick* says. And Garrick was easily alarmed—terribly sensitive on the score of criticism. It was a favourite plan of his to try and disarm ridicule by anticipating it—to ward off and weaken the attacks of others by being the first to attack himself. With this view he published a humorous pamphlet, professedly anonymous—entitled, "An Essay on Acting; in which will be considered the Mimical Behaviour of a certain Faulty, Fashionable Actor, &c. To which will be added, a short criticism on his acting *Macbeth*." And he prefixed by way of motto—"Macbeth has murdered Garrick." Much critical skirmishing ensued—all needless and foolish enough. Garrick had only to appear before the footlights to put his satirists utterly to the rout. But probably he was shrewd manager enough to know that these preliminary discussions stimulated public curiosity, attracted large audiences, and filled the coffers of the theatre. Still, even Garrick's version of "Macbeth" was not wholly pure. Besides the omission of certain scenes which he deemed to be not con-

ducive to the action, and what is popularly held to be "a judicious use of the pruning-knife" in relation to passages thought to be too long, he owned to a few additions in some portions of the play, "necessary to the better explanation of the writer's intention!" And he composed a pretty long speech for *Macbeth* when dying, "which," as *Davies* admits, "though suitable perhaps to the character, was unlike Shakespeare's manner, who was not prodigal of bestowing abundance of matter on characters in that situation. But Garrick excelled in the expression of convulsive throes and dying agonies, and would not lose any opportunity that offered to show his skill in that part of his profession." The dying speech was generally admired however. "Nothing," says a critic, "could be more suitable or striking than to make *Macbeth* mention with dying breath his guilt, delusion, the witches, and those horrid visions of future punishment which must ever appal and torture the last moments of such accumulated crimes."

The success of Garrick in *Macbeth* was enormous, and the part remained for a long time an especial favourite with him. When he was in Italy, he was requested by the Duke of Parma to give a proof of his skill in action, and he at once threw himself into the attitude of *Macbeth* contemplating the air-drawn dagger. The duke required no further evidence of Garrick's excellence—he was at once convinced of the actor's genius. In Paris, at the house of Mademoiselle Clairon, the great French actress, he recited the dagger soliloquy, and quite "carried away" his audience. Clairon, though unacquainted with the English language, was so excited by the actor's gestures and expression, that she caught him in her arms and kissed him. Mrs. Garrick, who was present, used to relate the story, and add, "all were surprised—but David and I were delighted." In the great scene after the murder of *Duncan*, and again at the banquet when the ghost of *Banquo* rises, Garrick was nobly supported by Mrs. Pritchard. In 1776 an engraving was published from a painting by Zoffany, of this great actor and actress in "Macbeth." Mrs. Pritchard, in a high, powdered head-dress, and far-spreading hooped skirts, has the daggers in her hands. Garrick is dressed in a court suit, with a bag wig, ruffles, and broad gold lace upon his coat and waistcoat. Mrs. Pritchard quitted the stage in 1768. She was noted for her fine voice and distinct articulation, but her manner was thought to be deficient in grace; and Garrick complained that "she was apt to blubber in her grief." After the loss of Mrs. Pritchard, and perhaps from the difficulty of supplying

her place, Garrick seems to have laid "Macbeth" aside. At the rival theatre the part of *Lady Macbeth* was essayed by Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Barry, among other actresses, with varying success. But no rival displaced Garrick in the part of *Macbeth*. His supremacy was voted by acclamation. Barry was pronounced lukewarm, Mossop forcible but ungainly, and Sheridan intelligent but weak.

In 1773, an attempt was made at Covent Garden to reform the costume of "Macbeth," and Mr. Macklin accordingly—the "great Glamis" of the night—appeared habited in a tartan suit. It was argued that Shakespeare had clearly intended that Scotch dresses should be worn, from his making *Malcolm* in the fourth act observe on the entrance of *Rosse* :—

"My countryman, but yet I know him not."

As Steevens notes, "*Malcolm* discovers *Rosse* to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress—this circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits." But the experiment was unfortunate. Macklin was at this time over seventy years of age—his figure was awkward—and his attempts at heroic tragedy had never been much favoured by the public. "He looked more like a Scotch piper, than a general and prince of the blood, stumping down the stage at the head of an army"—and it is to be feared that the audience fairly laughed at him. After two or three performances the irascible tragedian quarrelled with his brother players—then with the public—the pit demanded that he should be discharged—and a riot of a desperate character ensued. Macklin proceeded against five of the rioters in the Court of King's Bench, and they were found guilty. The matter was, however, compromised, Macklin's costs being paid, and three hundred pounds' worth of tickets being taken for the benefit nights of himself, his daughter, and the managers. Said Lord Mansfield to the actor on the conclusion of the case, "You have met with great applause to-day. You have never acted better."

In 1784, at Drury Lane Theatre, a new interest was given to our tragedy by the appearance of Mrs. Siddons, on the occasion of her benefit, in the character of *Lady Macbeth*. John Kemble, though a member of the company, was not yet of sufficient importance to claim to play *Macbeth*. He had only made his first appearance in London during the previous season—and "Gentleman Smith," as he was called, was the leading actor

of the theatre. A muscular and vivacious Charles Surface—his original character—he was probably a very unsatisfactory *Macbeth*—at least he was completely outshone by the superior fire of the lady of the evening Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Macbeth* was pronounced to be a perfect piece of acting from beginning to end. All that had been hitherto said of Mrs. Pritchard, was now strictly applicable to Mrs. Siddons. Her physical advantages were supreme—while to a lofty intelligence, wonderful passion, and perfect elocution—she joined dignity of manner, and a marvellous self-command. She seemed absolutely possessed by the character she represented. It is related of her, that when some years later she was playing *Lady Macbeth* to the *Macbeth* of her brother Charles Kemble, he threw the cup from him in the banquet scene with such violence, that it broke the branch of a glass chandelier standing on the table, and hurled the fragment within an inch or two of the lady's face. She narrowly escaped serious injury. Yet she sat speechless and motionless the while, as though made of marble.

The entry of *Lady Macbeth* after the discovery of the murder of *Duncan*, her affected surprise and horror, and subsequent fainting, have been generally suppressed by the players. Garrick was afraid to risk Mrs. Pritchard in this situation; it was feared that even so esteemed an actress would not escape the derision of the galleries—gross hypocrisy being always found on the stage to be highly provocative of mirth. Macklin thought that only Mrs. Porter, an earlier tragic actress of great dignity, would have been tolerated by the audience in this scene. Mrs. Siddons yielded to her fears of the least cultured of her audience, and omitted the part. It may be noted, that at a recent revival of the tragedy at Drury Lane (1864), Miss Helen Faucit restored this scene—at least upon the first night of her performance—it was omitted during subsequent representations.

In the sleep-walking scene, Mrs. Siddons won especial admiration. Her appearance with the lighted taper, her majestic figure clothed in shroud-like draperies, her strangely fixed gaze, her somnambulist movements, her solemn voice sunk to a whisper yet still articulate, powerfully impressed the audience. It was hinted that the artistic arrangement of her dress was possibly due to the friendly aid of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Boaden chronicles having seen the great painter on the occasion of the first performance sitting in the orchestra—"all gaze—all wonder." After this, the part of *Lady Macbeth* seems to have been

regarded as the exclusive possession of Mrs. Siddons during the remainder of her brilliant career.

She was presently supported by a worthier play-fellow than Gentleman Smith. John Kemble was permitted to appear as *Macbeth* on the occasion of his benefit. Of course a season or two later, upon the retirement of Smith from the stage, the part devolved upon him absolutely as a matter of right. Concerning his performance, a note or two may be recorded. For Shakespeare's stage direction in the second act, "*a bell rings*," Kemble substituted the clock striking two. His warrant for this change was probably the

"One, two : Why, then 'tis time to do it"—

of *Lady Macbeth's* sleep-walking scene. And no doubt the deep tolling of the clock added to the theatrical effect of the scene. But Shakespeare's bell-ringing had reference to the preparation of *Macbeth's* drink, and may, perhaps, be considered further as a pre-arranged signal between the husband and wife, as to the opportunity for the accomplishment of the murder. In the previous soliloquy, Kemble was considered too explosive, and deficient in repose—not a usual fault with him ; he missed too, it was said, the air of fascination with which Garrick's eye pursued "the dagger of the mind." The address to the witches at the pit of Acheron was without Garrick's harmonious elocution and impressiveness. Kemble's voice was of no great compass, and was apt to become very flat in any long sustained effort. He was probably conscious of failure in this respect, for after a few performances he cut down the invocation to two lines—much, it was said, to the comfort of the galleries—all impatient to arrive at the *armed head*, the *bloody child*, the *infant crowned*, with a *tree in his hand*, and the other fantastic results of the witches' conjurations.

A change which greatly dissatisfied the audience at this time was the omission of the ghost of *Banquo*.* Whether this "horrible shadow" should or not be visible to the spectators, has long been a favourite subject of discussion with theatrical critics. Churchill's friend, Lloyd, in his poem of "The Actor," casts ridicule upon *Banquo's* "mealy" aspect, and argues in favour of the abolition of the ghost :—

* "Perhaps it was to compensate the non-appearance of *Banquo's* ghost that in the cavern scene, a set of little beings, never before exhibited, hopped round the cauldron in different coloured smock-frocks, representing the 'black spirits and white, red spirits and grey' who are evoked by the witches to mingle in their unhallowed orgies."

Life of Bannister, by Adolphus.

There is a story to the effect that Edmund Kean—a child at the time—personated one of these spirits.

'When chilling honours shake the affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full ;
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place
To frighten children with his mealy face ?
The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the empty chair."

On the other hand it must be said that Shakespeare's stage direction is explicit enough. "The Ghost of *Banquo* rises and sits in *Macbeth's* place." And the ghost is always a favourite with the audience. His suppression has invariably given rise to disappointment and discontent. The matter-of-fact spectators decline to believe in the presence of a ghost they can't see with their own eyes. So probably to the end of time "our dear friend *Banquo*," with a "mealy face," daubed here and there with vermilion, will continue to manifest himself very substantially at *Macbeth's* table. He will remain the *crux* of stage management. How to get him on ? how to get him off ? how to make him look anything like a ghost—respectable, if not awful ? how to avoid that dreadful titter, which is generally audible among those of the spectators whose lively sense of the ludicrous will assert itself even in one of Shakespeare's grandest scenes ? Upon a darkened stage a ghost skilfully dressed in vaporous draperies, may be made sufficiently impressive, as in "Hamlet," for instance. The shade of *King Claudius*, if tolerably treated, seldom provokes a smile even from the most hardened and jocose of critics. But in "*Macbeth*" the scene must be well lighted, for the courtiers and guests are at high banquet, and the ghost must appear towards the front of the stage, otherwise *Macbeth* will be compelled to turn his back upon the public, and his simulated horror of speech and action will be absolutely thrown away ; if the actor's face cannot be seen, his acting will go for very little indeed. Even in our days of triumphant stage illusion, it must be owned that the presentment of *Banquo's* ghost still remains incomplete and unsatisfactory ; but where such adroit managers as Mr. Macready, Mr. Charles Kean, and Mr. Phelps (to mention no others) have failed, it seems vain to hope for success. Pictorially, *Banquo* has fared much better, as all who are acquainted with Mr. Maclise's "*Macbeth*" will readily acknowledge.

A curious fact in connection with the *Banquo* of Betterton's time may be noted. *Banquo* was represented by an actor named Smith ; but the ghost was played by another actor—Sandford. What makes this division of the character between two performers the more inexplicable, is the fact, that Smith was possessed of a handsome person, whereas Sandford was certainly "of a

low and crooked figure." He was the "stage villain" of his time; but it is difficult to credit that in such wise he had a prescriptive right to personate the ghosts of the theatre.

From the earliest times the stage seems to have taken up with the delusion that the witches are to be considered in the light of comic characters. Even in the present day this idea prevails to a certain extent. The witches of Davenant's "Macbeth" were supported by the low comedians of the theatre; and Davenant had seen plays at the Globe and Blackfriars theatres before the Civil Wars, and probably only followed the practice of the old stage in this distribution of parts. The utmost licence in the way of grimace and buffoonery seems to have been permitted to the witches. They were dressed after the manner of the conventional witch, the Mother Bunch and the Mother Goose of the children's books, in tall conical hats, with mufflers under their chins, high-heeled shoes and scarlet kirtles, and they carried crossing-sweepers' birch brooms in their hands. They were in the habit of performing in the course of the play certain comic dances, in which they leaped high in the air over their brooms, greatly to the delight of the galleries. Kemble suppressed this monstrous interpolation, and thereby incurred much popular disfavour. Provincial audiences indeed declined to submit to the elimination of their favourite dance. At Bristol, in 1803, there was quite a riot in the theatre, and the gallery refused to suffer the performances to be proceeded with until the dance had been properly executed. From the more refined audience of the Bath theatre better taste and more forbearance might have been expected. But the result was the same. Kemble was not listened to until the witches had jumped over their brooms in the usual comic manner, and even "down to the year 1828," says the historian of the Bath stage, "whenever 'Macbeth' has been acted at Bath, it has been accompanied with an exhibition which would disgrace the lowest strollers in a barn; the dance has been attended with more applause than the finest scenes in the play, and that not merely from the gallery, but from the other parts of the house." In 1828, however, Mr. Macready being the *Macbeth*, the manager was bold enough to omit the dance. He had taken the precaution, however, to have the preposterous performance duly rehearsed in case the demand for it should be too powerful to be resisted.

So far back as 1770, there had been an attempt at reform in the matter of the witches' dresses. The tragedies of the French stage had just then become fashionable, and there was rather a rage for classical draperies. So at Covent

Garden a bold innovator presented the witches attired in "the Sybillic taste," but the change was not greatly relished—a complaint arose that the weird sisters had been denationalised—made Roman rather than Scottish, and that national associations had been sacrificed at the shrine of a false decorum. *Macbeth* himself, it was argued, had styled them "filthy hags," and it was demanded that in age, features, dress, and manner, the witches should be made to correspond with this description.

Gradually, Matthew Locke's music, which Garrick had dispensed with, found its way back again to the theatre, and still keeps a hold more or less secure upon the public. Singers from the opera have been expressly engaged to mingle with the witches, and strengthen their choruses. The lovely Mrs. Crouch was to be seen, in Kemble's time, the daintiest witch, and in the most fantastic dress, that ever was seen, in a fancy hat and feather, velvet skirt looped over a satin petticoat, with powdered hair and rouged cheeks, point lace collar and cuffs, and apron—sure such a weird sister was never seen before or since upon a blasted heath. In later productions of "Macbeth," importance has still been attached to the singing witches, though no such fancy dresses as this have been tolerated. It has been found very hard to divest the tragedy of the operatic character which Davenant first gave to it. Within modern memory, only one production of "Macbeth" without Locke's music has taken place. This was at Sadler's Wells, under the management of Mr. Phelps. The performance was remarkable for its strictly textual character—not only were *Lady Macduff* and her child restored, but the drunken porter appeared on the scene, and the old man who reports that *Duncan's* horses did "eat each other." *Macduff* even entered at the end, "with *Macbeth's* head upon a pole," severely testing the gravity of the house. But the revival, in intention and execution, did honour to Mr. Phelps's exemplary management of his small theatre, raised by his efforts to singular importance as a place of entertainment.

DUTTON COOK.

DOCTOR CAMPANY'S COURTSHIP.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.

CHAPTER III. OLD SOUTHERDEN'S TEA PARTY.

AFTER an early dinner, the little party set out for their tea-drinking at Old Southerden's. The girls carried baskets of fruit and cakes. Dr. Campany (the elder, for Hopner had not yet returned) and Mr. Elgar bore telescope and sketching-stools. A short walk over sand-hill and stunted heather led them to the domain of the whilom smuggler, who was also

the patriarchal authority, the magisterial mag-nate, the wit, the wise man, the all in all to Bercamb.

Old Southerden owned a shiny black house, an enclosed odd-and-end garden, and two or three sheds of miscellaneous appearance. He possessed boats, too, and made a good trade of fishing in the mackerel season, living in kingly ease at other times. His two daughters, Rosa and Tilda, shared his heart and hearth,—two broad-shouldered, raw-boned, florid young women, who wore very bright colours on Sundays, and hobbledehoydish gear at other times. Indeed, it was Old Southerden's pride to have made his "boys," as he called them, hirsute and weather-proof. He delighted to see them go a-fishing, wear oil-skin blouses, drink rum, and fight any one who interfered with them. It must be confessed, to the credit of Rosa and Tilda, that they were very well-behaved, good hearted girls, and seldom indulged in the two latter pieces of manliness. The old man himself was extremely peaceful of disposition, though his scarred brown face, naked sinewy limbs, and somewhat free use of warlike words, would imply a former life of quite other tendency. He did not talk of his discarded trade in the presence of strangers; but to Rosa, Tilda, and their lovers, spun many a yarn of smuggling experience.

To-day, he met Dr. Campany's party with a long low whistle, signifying, in the first place, gratification; in the second, mystery.

"Well, Southerden," said Dr. Campany, smiling, "See, I've brought *my* boys now, and we want tea and prawns on the sand-banks as soon as Mr. Hopner returns."

"You shall have 'em, Doctor, and betterer than common, too, because we've a lot coming from 'Rye a-gipseyin'; and, ban't you in a hurry, you shall see all the fun. The boys are putting on their frippery, and the fiddler is blackin' his highlows, and we're all square." He added, with a chuckle, "It's Rosa's weddin' day to-morrow, and her young man's ship lies in Rye harbour. Benjamin is the chap I mean, him as has allus lived with us, you know."

They were just then joined by Rosa and Tilda, both looking very shiny, soapy, and complacent in their Sunday dresses of gaudy stuff. The preparation for the feast commenced forthwith. Cloths were spread out on the sands, kettles were filled, bread was sliced, plum-puddings were cut up,—nothing failed that might imply hospitality, and a due reciprocity of it to come.

"How happy you will be to-night!" said Jessie, surveying Rosa's movements with a smile of girlish pleasure. "Is he very handsome, Rosa? Do tell me."

"Handsome, Miss Campany? For the matter of that, I haven't been much given to looking at him. He's handy at helping with the house-work, and allus contented to live on cold wittals; and that's better than being handsome, for poor folks."

"Where will you live after you are married?"

"Benge talks of setting up as a boatman at the ferry, but he's got another year to serve in his ship; and I shall stick to Tilda and father, and see *him* once in two months or so."

"That's a very long time, Rosa."

"Long, Miss! Folks who see little of each other are the fonderest; so I kinder count on. I ban't one of yer sort that allus want a man huverin' arter me. A little o' that kind o' thing, like a little o' porpoise oil, goes a long way."

Jessie was silent for some time. To her, all courtship, love-making, and marriage savoured of romance. She looked upon Rosa as a very matter-of-fact inflexible person, and wickedly hoped that Benjamin did not waste too much worship upon her.

Two pleasure-waggons now appeared in sight, with flags waving, garlands streaming, bands playing. Rosa begged for Dr. Campany's telescope, and looked out eagerly. First, the nearest vehicle was scanned, then the most distant, but both unsuccessfully. She delivered up the instrument with an angry gesture. Benge was not there.

"Perhaps he preferred to walk from Rye," suggested Jessie kindly. "He will surely come, Rosa."

"He can ride, or walk, or stay away as he pleases," answered the vexed girl, and then she isolated herself among kettles and sauce-pans, as if in deprecation of all sympathy.

When the waggons had drawn up, and the roysterous holiday-makers had begun to arrange themselves on the sands, Dr. Campany and his party drew aside in order not to interfere with the conviviality, and yet be enabled to observe it. Nothing damps the free enjoyment of the lower orders so much as the presence of their betters. Leave your work-people to themselves when you give them a holiday, and they will regard you as friends; sit down to feast with them, and you are master or mistress at once.

Here at Bercamb were pictures of life without end; life Beranger-like, Bohemian, savouring of by-streets, by-morals, by-manners. The men were mostly sailors, and the women mostly sailors' daughters; not a spark of anti-pathetic spirit existed among any, not a spark of would-be or social superiority. They met,

and rare is it to find people who meet so in these days, solely and purely as men and women wishing to be happy together. As they showed themselves to-day they would show themselves to-morrow, and would show themselves life-long. Coarseness cropped up here and there naturally, but outward coarseness for the most part. It is surprising how sound at the core are some of these rude fraternities. The men romped with the girls, made broad jokes, kissed openly; but both knew what honour meant; happy for some gentler-bred folks if they knew it so well!

Meantime, Rosa and Tilda poured out hundreds of cups of tea; Old Southerden, with the united efforts of his one hand and the hook that supplied the place of the other, uncorked bottle after bottle of ginger-beer; plum-pudding and cake disappeared; the mirth grew "fast and furious," yet Bengé did not come.

And Hopner remained away also. Marian consoled herself for his absence much easier than could Dr. Company and Jessie; both grew quiet and sad as the evening wore on, and both, somehow, accused Mr. Elgar of causing their darling's strange conduct, for Hopner was all in all to his father and sister. It was curious to compare the bearing of Marian with that of Rosa—the gentlewoman and the peasant-girl—under the similarity of circumstances. Rosa, perhaps, was the most aggrieved, seeing that *her* lover's absence resulted in no degree from fault of her own; and Rosa seemed independent of sympathy. With flushed cheeks, boisterous laughter, loud jokes, she led alike dance, song, and "kiss-in-the-ring," rudely flinging back every condolence as she would have flung back a stinging wasp. There might be hardly dignity in this, yet a child must have discovered the womanly indignation and bitterness that raged beneath; and real womanliness has dignity always. Marian made no pretence of indignation, because she felt none. To her Elgar's visit was as the golden calf to Israel, the Trojan love to Helen, the Ogygian Isle to Ulysses, something new, indescribable, to be little spoken of, to be looked back upon, sighed after—remembered for ever and ever. She knew—what woman does not know as much?—that her presence set his pulse beating, his heart dreaming, his soul on fire. She recognised her power by the touch of his fingers, the tremor of his lips, the light in his eyes; and as he never tried to conceal, rather put forward such testimonies of homage, she could but contrast her two lovers, with ever-decreasing favour to the earlier and legitimate one. Hopner had ever been a shy suitor, the manliest men are often shy suitors, and Hopner had showed some

temper. Marian determined to teach him better manners.

They formed a pretty group. Dr. Company, broad-shouldered, ponderous, rosy, and white-haired; Jessie to his right, her fair hair in curls, her dress childishly simple, her face all smiles; close by, Mr. Elgar, the talker and entertainer of all, with stories of travel and experience, with Tennyson and the Brownings at his tongue's end, with curious books and dreamy thoughts uppermost in his mind; Marian's face was turned to him, and what a face for a lover to look upon! One sees such faces in pictures, seldom in life: a face in which beauty of all kinds is combined, beauty of eye, of colouring, of lips, of brow, of smile, of frown. There are some women who are not beautiful till they love, and Marian was one. She had never thought it worth while to be lovely before, and now she could not be lovely enough.

When the sun had seemed to melt and dissolve into a thousand rainbow reflections upon the sea, Dr. Company proposed returning home. Mr. Elgar, with worldly wisdom, offered Jessie his arm. Marian followed with her adopted father; all four talked, and all four talked of anything but the subject of their thoughts.

When crossing the threshold of the villa, the kind old doctor pressed Marian's hand, and whispered,

"You won't quarrel any more with him, my dear? Promise me that you won't."

Marian lifted up her beautiful mouth to be kissed.

"Quarrel, Papa; what matters how much we quarrel? It will all be smooth sailing by-and-by."

"Will it?"

"Of course, Papa. And you mustn't think it's entirely my fault that Hopner left us to-day; he's very clever, and good, and nice, and all that, but,—but no one is perfect, and——"

"Never mind," said Dr. Company hastily. "Only let us see the smooth sailing as soon as may be. I've no love for squalls myself."

He forgot the kiss in his vexation, and sat down to supper with little appetite. Nine o'clock struck; the marsh was dark and silent; the sea sounded plaintively in the distance. Not even Mr. Elgar's sparkle of conversation, not even the cheery lamp and hissing urn, and kindly prattle of Grandmamma, could make Bercamb Villa pleasant and like itself to-night. Jessie looked nervous; Marian was excited, captious, and hard to please. Dr. Company moved restlessly from the table to the window, looking out for Hopner. By-and-by a dog barked.

"There he is," cried Jessie eagerly. "Make

some more tea, Grannie ; Papa, fill your pipe ; Marian sit down to the piano."

She ran into the hall, holding a chamber candlestick above her head, but just as she reached the front door, started back with a surprised and disappointed——

"Why, it's Rosa Southerden !"

Rosa, for it was indeed she, took no notice of the young girl's greeting, but brushed past her with wild haste, and entered the drawing-room unceremoniously. She did not speak, she did not cry, but her haggard looks and discomposed gestures were sufficient alone to create alarm, and the whole little group collected round her instantaneously.

"Benge, Benge," at length she said, "come to him, doctor ; for the love of God come to him. He's dying ; my Benge's dying."

Dr. Company stopped her with a kind but firm tone of command.

"Speak out, my girl," he said, "speak out, straightforward and short. What is the matter with the young man ? Where is he ? How long has he been ill ?"

"He was found lying on the marshes—(sob)—and had been lying there—(sob)—no one knows how long but God and the Apostles—(sob)—in a fit, or collapse, or something—(sob)—and the waggon was nigh a-going over him, but the horses saved him, and stood stock still, and he's brought home a-gasping for his last."

"I will go to him at once, my dear," said Dr. Company, feeling in his pocket for his lancet. "Good night, Jessie and Marian, good night, Mr. Elgar, I may be home late."

"At least, allow me to accompany you, sir," Mr. Elgar said, preparing to wrap himself in his plaid.

"Yes, do go with Papa, and bring him home safely," cried pale frightened little Jessie. "Marian and I will sit up to hear of poor Benjamin."

"Nonsense, darling ; you girls go to bed. Come Rosa, come Elgar, we'll do our best for Benge, and leave the rest to Another."

And Dr. Company stepped out cheerily into the damp darkness. Rosa followed him, sobbing bitterly. Elgar came last, having lingered to kiss Marian's hand at parting.

CHAPTER IV. MIDNIGHT ON THE MARSHES.

MEANTIME, it must be confessed that Hopner had spent the day in a very unheroic fashion. Burning with indignation, and craving muscular exertion, as hot-headed youth ever does, he rambled on till Lydd Point was gained, and some six or eight miles divided him from his love and his hate. Lydd Point offered just the distraction he needed, a coastguard officer to

swim and sail with, a wild sea of breakers, plenty of solitary shore on which to read about Fate and the foredoomed, and a nature in tune with his stormy mood.

When he had tired himself, starved himself, tormented himself to his heart's content, he began to think of returning. Evening had set in, with wet wintry clouds driving across the stars, with melancholy singing and shrieking of waves, with uncertain tremulous winds, with big cold rain drops now and then.

Hopner's host, or rather would-be host (for the poor lieutenant at Lydd Station had certain Duke-Humphrey days in summer time on account of the butcher's neglect), filled him a glass of hollands and a plateful of cold meat, watched their disappearance with bright eyes of contentment, and then whistled a merry God-speed.

"Come again soon," he said, "and bring the young ladies, if you like. We've a snug little boat for state occasions."

The young doctor muttered something about young ladies not being always easy to bring, and started off. As he strode forward and pierced deeper and deeper into the dark heart of the night, something like calm took possession of his mind. He chided himself now for the day's folly and the day's unhappiness. He determined to make and keep peace with his beautiful Marian ; to show friendliness towards Elgar,—to be amiable, in fact,—amiable, winning, and self-possessed. Nothing should induce him to quarrel with Marian again, the game was too hazardous, too fruitless at best. She was his—his love, his betrothed, his future wife, and "*the foredoomed abides from the oldest time.*" He had the authority of *Æschylus* for being happy. Marian was his, because Fate so willed it.

Quickly though he walked, and straight though the road, he could not reach Bercamb much before midnight. This conviction in no-wise troubled him. He regretted to vex his father and Jessie, but he should coax them into good humour in a minute ; and if Marian were a little vexed, why he must coax her also. How pleasant the latter task seemed as he anticipated it ! What tender words arose to his lips ! What winning excuses to his mind ! The practical young doctor grew quite poetical over his little love-story. He even looked up to the stars and wished for a rhyme to Marian.

When he came within sight of Bercamb he saw, to his great surprise, that people were still astir. Lights gleamed at the Royal William, at Southerden's cottage, at the Villa, and some one bearing a lantern moved slowly across the marsh. He could only see the

shifting spark of light, but his practised eye told him the rest.

Something was the matter.

Hurrying forward, he made his way bravely through the rush-grown slimy sand-hills, his

face towards Bercamb, his back towards the sea, when a black cloud suddenly divided, and the moon shone out full and fair. The flood of light was so vivid, so unexpected, and so magical in effect, that Hopner paused for a



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moment to look around him. As he did so, he became aware, and the conviction brought at first unmitigated surprise only, that the midnight, and the wild sea, and the lunar splendour, were not his alone. Another eye,

another mind, another physique were under the influence of a nature so strange, and yet so magnificent. He stood still and looked hard at the figure hurrying along the shore, a figure not only eccentric in itself, but in its move-

ments. Hopner's first thoughts were of a madman, his second of Mr. Elgar. It was unmistakably he,—Dr. Company's visitor, Marian's elegant teacher of perspective, Grannie's fine gentleman, little Jessie's abhorrence.

But how metamorphosed from the smiling, imperturbable, polished man of the world of yesterday! His clothes were torn and disordered, his hair streamed loosely in the wind, his neck was bare, his arms seemed raised against a thousand adversaries. Beating the air blindly, rushing now to the right, now to the left, stopping sometimes as if before some sudden obstacle, Mr. Elgar might well have personated, in his temporary frenzy, an Orestes fleeing and fleeing in vain from his fate.

After a lengthy and perplexed consideration of this strange scene, Hopner continued his way. Surely at the Villa he should gain some clue to Mr. Elgar's mood; surely, his father's unknown guest was not a stray lunatic! Though somewhat of a psychologist, Hopner felt that here he was quite a novice. Nothing could have been more rational, lucid, and free from speck of insanity than Mr. Elgar's conduct and conversation. Sane men do not rush by the sea at midnight, throwing their arms about, and making unearthly gesticulations. He was sorely puzzled. Half way between Southerden's and the Villa a gruff voice greeted him with

“Ban't it Dr. Company, the young 'un?”

“The same. Who are you? and what do you want?”

“I'm Sammy, Tilda Southerden's young man, and ha' been to the Villa arter you. There's a bad job up at Southerden's, and your Pa ha' been a callin' out for you this two hour and more.”

“Who is ill there?”

The ferryman described poor Benjamin's state to the best of his power, and Dr. Company immediately turned back with him. It was rather a trial of his patience, this delay in the solution of the new mystery; moreover, he hesitated as to the propriety of leaving Mr. Elgar unwatched in the neighbourhood of Bercamb Villa; but reason decided. His father and Sammy could return at once, and whilst the moonlight lasted, Mr. Elgar had no power to cross the sand-hills unobserved.

Benge lay in an empty boat-house adjoining Southerden's cottage. He had been carried thither for the sake of perfect quiet; and despite the uneven floor and bare wooden rafters, the women had contrived to bestow a comfortable, cared-for look about everything. Warm rugs covered the poor young man's body, his head rested on a snowy linen pillow; chairs, cordials, and comestibles were provided for all.

Rosa sat beside her lover's improvised couch, sobbing tearlessly, and incapable of action. Tilda moved about, intent upon services of hospitality. Sammy stood by, aghast and mute. Except the two doctors, no one else was present.

Hopner surveyed the sick man silently for some minutes, and then approached his father.

“You have opened a vein?” he whispered.

“Of course.”

“We can do no good. You had better go home.”

“He must die!”

“I fear so.”

Dr. Company rose at once. Wanting the courage to address Rosa, he fumbled for his stick and made his exit without a word. Hopner followed him out upon the marsh, and advanced a pace or two in silence. When safely beyond hearing, he laid his hand upon the old doctor's arm, saying—

“When did you see Mr. Elgar last?”

“Elgar! Why, what a queer fellow he is; so apparently cold-blooded, yet as chicken-hearted as a woman! He all but swooned at the sight of that poor young lad dying there; and at the sight of blood, made his escape altogether.”

“Would you believe, on the best of evidence, that he is mad?”

“On no evidence whatever. He is as sane as I am.”

“Indeed, sir, he is no such thing. I am not joking,” added Hopner, earnestly. “Ten minutes ago I saw that man raving like the veriest bedlamite. If you allow him to enter the house again, I cannot answer for the consequences.”

“What in the world is to be done?”

“You need do nothing. Only leave everything to me.”

“But, Hopner”—the poor Doctor ran his fingers through his hair desperately—“but, Hopner, it can't be—can't possibly—can't miraculously be. If Elgar is mad, you're mad, I'm mad, the whole world's mad. What you saw was either a tipsy sailor, or a ghost conjured up by the Lieutenant's hollands, or—”

“My brain was never clearer in my life, I assure you, sir, than when I saw Mr. Elgar acting like a madman on the sands. Will you believe me, or will you not?”

“I suppose I must, but—”

“But go home to bed, dear sir, and leave the rest to me.”

“And Benge?”

“There is no more work for doctors now—only for women. The lad is dying.”

“I would have given a good deal to save

him. The poor fellow was to have been married to-morrow, too, and to old Southerden's daughter," said Dr. Company, with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders. Then father and son called out a grave good-night, and parted.

Hopner returned to the ever-active Tilda.

"He may remain in precisely the same state for hours," he said, "and there is nothing to be done that you cannot do as well as myself. I will return in an hour's time; meantime, continue the fomentations as I have directed." He paused, and touched Rosa on the shoulder kindly. "Don't give way to despair: we cannot have all we wish in this world," he whispered. "Even were we kings and queens, our dearest friends must go when bidden. God does it all, and does it for the best."

The heartbroken girl kissed the kindly hand held out to her in a dog-like, pitiful, dumb way. Hopner passed out with tears in his eyes. He did not go straight towards the shore, but walked round to the front of the cottage.

The front-door stood open, and a rushlight burning on the table showed him the old man sitting drearily in the back doorway, his head bowed down, his one hand hanging listlessly, his pipe lying unused on the ground. Grief shows itself in no way so strongly as in neglect of dearly loved luxuries. Southerden had lost a wife, money, properties, and privileges of all kinds, but never before had he lost heart—and pleasure in his pipe.

"Why, Southerden, you playing the woman, too!" cried Hopner, with forced cheerfulness. "Nonsense, old boy; smoke your pipe, and think of better days. It's very sad, Heaven knows, and Rosa will grieve for a long time; but she's young, and the poor lad Bengé would never have been a hale man——"

"Ha?" asked Southerden, starting up eagerly.

"Well, an epileptic fit of this kind, you know, is sure to repeat itself, and leaves no soundness behind, either of body or mind. Without doubt, the poor fellow has had slight attacks before."

The old smuggler brought his eyes upon a line with Hopner's, and pausing between each sentence, as if to give additional weight to it, said,—

"Dr. Company, it's neither epilepsy, nor any other learned 'lepsy that Bengé ails, but a judgment of the Almighty. He's as sound as an akern, I tell you; 'tis a judgment of the Almighty upon my sins."

"I can't quite see your meaning," said Hopner, mildly.

"I'm mindin' that you *should* see it,

though. Look here, Doctor: I'm a man as has feared neither Christ, nor divil, nor human creature; yet he's beaten, circumvented—by what?—by judgment. Haven't I been the sinnerest of sinners; haven't I cursed, and sworn, and stood at naun but mudder."

Young Dr. Company began to think old Southerden as mad as Mr. Elgar. He was extremely psychological, this young man,—thought too many people mad, himself mad, every one mad, at times.

"Well?" he said, knowing that madness is ever mildest when met by smiles. "Well?"

"It ban't well, but ill. Come close, lest the very walls hear. 'Tis a secret as I've niver breathed to mortal man, and if it woren't for judgments, and divils, and 'postles a tormentin' me, I'd never breathe it to yer now."

Hopner approached the old man, and listened intently.

"The poor lad lying there is no other than the son of her as was mudded at Bercamb eighteen years agone, and the mudderer was his father. No one ever known it, and if I'd niver knowed it, I'd put a pint mug o' golden sovereigns in your hands now."

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA."

"O a golden comb for golden hair,
And milk-white pearls for a neck as fair,
And silver chains, and all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!

"O silken 'broideries, green and blue,
And wrought with crimson thro' and thro',
With coral and amber, all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!"

"And where is the good ship sailing from
That brings these brave things safely home?
And by what name do you hail her free,
And who is her captain on the sea?"

"My ship comes sailing from the west,
And her name is call'd 'The Sailor's Rest';
And the bravest man of all her crew,
Her captain, is my lover true."

"O never will that ship come home,
Wherever she be sailing from:
I warn'd my hands beneath the stars,
By a fire made of her broken spars."

"And three days dead the captain lay,
But how he died no man may say:
I laid him out by the pale moonrise,
And made a shroud of the 'broideries."

"With coral and gold I weighted him,
And still he was light enough to swim;
With silver chains I bound him down,
There was never a corpse so hard to drown."

"His black hair lines an eagle's nest
On a sea-girt cliff in the lonesome west:
Now, jet for coral there must be,
And instead of amber, ebony."

ALICE MACDONALD.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII. FRANK'S SENTIMENTS.

It was all over. The one who had fallen was buried, and his place in the ranks was filled up by an old brother-officer, who had been expectant of this good thing for years, and could not, therefore, affect aught but the most superficial sorrow at the loss which was his gain. The new appointment was an amiable, kind-hearted man, but he had a large family, and some members of the same demanded that he forthwith make a tour of investigation over the suite of apartments that had fallen to his share, and report to them without delay how the furniture was to be apportioned.

Death is sad enough, heaven knows, at any time, and under any conditions. But it is saddest when it falls in the midst of a but recently attained sunny spot, and when its effects are upon the "living left" immediately. There would have been woe and tribulation throughout the Leigh household whenever and however this bolt had been let fly. But things had become so very bright to them just before it; and now, through it, things must of necessity be temporarily so very black.

It was in the order of things; nevertheless it was very annoying that the incomers should desire to have their carpets fitted to the rooms before the Leighs' carpets were removed from the floors. They (the Leighs) were only to sojourn in the place for six weeks after the date of the funeral. Truly there was no temptation to remain there longer; they had no desire to do so. Yet, for all this willingness to depart, the knowledge that they had to do it, weighed heavily upon the mother and daughter. Their sorrow was so very young,—so cruelly heavy a thing as yet. Time would lighten and render them less averse to the trouble of moving under it. But this was precisely what could not be granted them. Pity, friendly consideration, sympathy, assistance, if it were needful, in any small matter. But not time. Time was government property, and must not be wasted; moreover the incomers were anxious to come in. Time, like a pitiless master, sped the six weeks away in most unseemly haste.

All Frank Burgoyne's best qualities came out and aired themselves at this period. He was considerate and most manfully tender to Theo, and Theo responded to him, as it was in her nature to respond to consideration and

tenderness. She had entered into this compact at first out of a feverish desire to please her father, and make him feel that the world was not all barren and hard for her, that her plan of life was not upset through Harold Ffrench. Having done this for her father's sake, she was soon repaid by coming to like Frank for his own; and now, in these latter days, the liking merged into something warmer, and Theo grew to love her future husband well.

But though all Frank's best qualities came out, they did so, it must be acknowledged under circumstances so adverse to them that their flourishing at all was a marvel. Theo was much harassed and worried at this epoch about things that might not even be fully confided to Frank, and these things told upon her, and rendered her less pleasant to the eye than she had been formerly. Frank Burgoyne was not superhuman: he liked what was pleasant to the eye.

August, the month in which the marriage had been arranged to take place, had come and gone before those weary weeks of hopeless, helpless waiting were half over. It was October when the last barren honour of a military funeral was offered to Mr. Leigh, and in the same month they left the place to which they had come scarcely more than a year before with high hopes of various kinds.

It was a pleasant time of year. Heaths and commons look well in the autumn; one is apt to fall into the error of imagining at this season that they look well all the year round. Mrs. Leigh and her daughter, with the natural aversion of country people for closeness and thickly populated parts, eschewed London, and decided on settling themselves in a little house on the breezy brow of Hampstead Heath till such time as Theo should be married, and the mother be free to select her own residence.

It was an unfortunate settlement to have made, as it turned out. "It's nice, and fresh, and quiet," Theo said to Frank Burgoyne, when she had acquainted him with their final decision as to their place of abode; "you didn't know where to advise us to live, Frank, but I think you'll like the place we've chosen."

"I daresay," Frank replied; "don't think much of the neighbourhood as a rule, though."

"It's lovely about there, and we can have plenty of nice walks," Theo said.

Now "nice walks" did not enter into Frank's

category of things pleasant. They were all very well when taken in an unpremeditated way, quite away in the country; but to lay oneself out in cold blood to take them in a suburb was a very different thing.

"Ah! ye-s-s; I wish you hadn't gone quite so far out of the way: it's a day's journey to get there."

"Is it very far out of the way?" Theo asked. She was hopelessly ignorant of localities and their respective worth. She did not know how inaccessible were all places beyond Mayfair and Belgravia to the Frank Burgoynes of this world.

"Is it very far out of the way? we seemed to get there very soon, I thought, and get the omnibus——"

"Omnibus!" Frank interrupted. "My dear Theo, your mother doesn't take you about in an omnibus, does she?"

"Of course she does," Theo replied.

"What on earth for?"

"Well, Frank," she said, with a laugh, "the sole carriage in our family is the box upon four wheels down at Hensley, you know."

"That's going from one extreme to another," Frank replied, in an annoyed tone; "but there's something incongruous in your going about in an omnibus; I can't have it."

"Very well," Theo said; "it's rather far for a walk certainly, but if you object to the omnibus I shall have to trudge. I must go there frequently to see how they are getting on with the house before mamma goes in."

"You must take a cab, of course."

"I mustn't take a cab, of course," she said brightly; "don't mind such things, Frank," she added, suddenly and seriously. "I shall not be less worthy of better things, shall I, for having ridden in omnibuses?"

"Less worthy!—you're a darling girl; but you don't quite understand these things. Well, as the house is taken it's no use saying any more about it; it won't be for long."

Theo blushed. "It must be for some months, Frank."

"Perhaps you're right; for two or three months it may be; you'll be settled there soon now, won't you? by the time I come back you will be quite ready to receive me, and do the honours of Hampstead Heath as an inhabitant."

"Are you going away?" she asked, with a slight touch of disappointment in her tone; "it's so much to me to have you with me, Frank, that I'm afraid I'm getting selfish about it."

"Yes; didn't I tell you that I was going down into Norfolk for a week or ten days?"

he replied, with a great assumption of carelessness.

"No; where?"

"To Galton's. Oh, yes, I must have told you, because he asked me long ago."

"I suppose you forgot it," she said, rather sadly.

"I suppose I did," he said quickly. "By the way, speaking of Galton, do you ever hear anything of Harold Ffrench now?"

She shook her head.

"I think, if you should chance to fall in with him again, it will be just as well to give him to understand clearly that you don't want to hold any communication with him; I think it will be just as well, don't you?"

"Perhaps it will be; I mean, it will be if you think so," Theo answered. She was beginning to feel far less interested in whether she saw or did not see Harold Ffrench, than in Frank's being fully satisfied and entirely pleased with her.

There was a pause after this, for Theo about this period was apt to be completely worn out in body very often, and so less lively in spirit than it behoves a girl to be in presence of her lover. Now, as regarded this particular of her fatigue, Frank was delightful: he never upbraided her for it by word or manner. He was sorry for it in a sympathising way whenever it chanced to come before his notice prominently; but he endured its existence with a good grace, and never reproached Theo for it by the display of any exuberant vitality on his own part.

So now, after Theo had agreed with him that it would be perhaps as well that, if she chanced to fall in with Harold Ffrench she should make it apparent to him that what had been was not any more, or something to that effect, one of these customary calms befel them, and they sat for a space very silently. At last Theo spoke.

"When did you say you were going down to Norfolk, Frank?"

"Oh! in a day or two. I must go; it's a deuce of a bore, but I must go."

"Why is it a bore?" she asked simply. And here he remarked, that the pure and simple interrogation, when one is not prepared to give an equally pure and simple response, is about the most unpleasant form of question to which one can be subjected.

Frank shuffled.

"Because I would rather stay with you," he said, and Theo believed the assertion, finding it a pleasant one after the manner of women.

"Never mind, Frank: it will be only for a week or ten days, you say. What a lot I

shall have to do while you're away killing partridges with that dear, good-natured Mr. Galton. My soul recoils," she continued, with a little hardly achieved laugh, "from the task of moving; the going out from here will bring back all things so vividly."

"Dear Theo," Frank said soothingly, and he was a capital comforter in this, that he never talked reason in a time of distress by way of alleviating the latter.

"I am more than half glad after all that you will be out of it," she continued; "if you had stayed in town you would have felt bound to come down and see me sometimes through the turmoil; and I don't look at all well when I'm very dusty, and my eyes are red. No, you'll find Mrs. Galton far pleasanter to look upon for the next ten or twelve days."

She said it carelessly enough, in her desire to reconcile herself aloud to this proposed absence of his. But he fancied he detected a hidden meaning in her words.

"Really, Theo, I don't think Mrs. Galton would thank you for making such a speech."

"O yes she would: she likes people to think and say that she's pleasant to look upon," Theo replied. "I have always thought it. I was completely carried, fascinated out of all judgment by her the first time I saw her. I remember I called her 'charming,' and my poor father said she was as full of airs and graces and falsity as a performing monkey."

"A choice comparison."

"But then he didn't like her, you see, Frank, and he was half afraid that I was going to set her up as my model, and copy all her lights and shades (especially the latter), so he meant it as a warning."

"She has the best manner of any woman I know," Frank said, decidedly; "any one might make her a model with advantage."

"You think I might, for instance?" Theo asked. It was scarcely a pleasant sound in her ears—this unconditioned praise of another woman's manner.

"I said any one might," Frank Burgoyne replied. "I didn't mean you particularly, you little goose: there's a perfect repose about her that is as far removed as the north pole from the south from coldness or stupid indifference; it's wonderfully taking. A pity your friend, Sydney Scott, hasn't it."

"It wouldn't suit Sydney," Theo said, laughing. "Fancy Sydney with Mrs. Galton's manner, and walk, and voice."

"They would be far more becoming in Sydney or any other woman than that assumption of boyish frankness and loudness in which Miss Scott indulges," Frank Burgoyne said, severely.

"Oh, Frank, you've forgotten the nutting," Theo cried.

"No, I have not; I have not forgotten anything: she flirted furiously at me, if you mean that."

"And what did you do, sir?—one can't get up a flirtation unassisted."

"She always tired me, I know that," he replied; "she was well enough, but a little of her went a long way."

Theo was feeling rather warmly towards Sydney at this special juncture. The bright little blonde, having nothing else on hand at the time, was being very friendly and devoted in numberless small and not easily to be re-counted ways. She had volunteered her services on more than one shopping expedition, and she had approved herself great in the giving of advice relative to the most becoming way of having sable garments made up. "Black, dead black unrelieved, would make you look hideous, Theo, with your dark skin," she had said honestly. And as Theo had no overweening ambition to look hideous, she had availed herself of Sydney's instructions as to the "relief" of the aforesaid black.

"She's not faultless, anymore than any one else, but she's very nice, and amusing, and good-hearted," Theo said earnestly. She was feeling very warmly towards Sydney, partly, it may be here admitted, because Frank Burgoyne was uttering speeches that savoured of disparagement of that young lady. Had his allusions to Sydney been more enthusiastic, Theo might perchance have remembered the nutting, and the wail for the absent violet bows, and sundry other things which she now elected to forget or magnanimously pass over. However, Frank's recollections of Sydney were not of an order to place Miss Scott in the worst light before his betrothed bride; therefore female friendship reigned triumphant, as it is wont to do, of course, and Theo declared Sydney Scott to be "nice, and amusing, and good-hearted, though not faultless."

"She's very brusque, if that is what you call frank; and she wouldn't hurt any one who didn't come in her light, which you may consider good-hearted," Frank replied. "That is my candid opinion of the young lady," he went on.

"Oh, Frank, it's an unjust one," Theo answered. Then she checked herself, remembering that after all Sydney Scott was not a point on which it was quite worth while to have a debate.

"I suppose you won't see much of each other when you go over to Hampstead," Frank inquired presently.

"I don't see why we shouldn't; in fact—

well, to tell the truth, I have asked her to come and stay with me as soon as we're settled," Theo said, rather confusedly.

"Good Lord!" Frank groaned.

"What is the matter?"

"What *can* make you want to see more of that little mass of affectation?" he asked.

"I remember the time you didn't think her that," Theo said, trying a laugh and failing. "Why did I ask her?—oh! because I shall be quite in a strange land, you know, and rather dull sometimes, I fancy; besides, I like her; you surely have no serious objection to it, Frank?"

"Serious objection?—why should I?"

"That's precisely what I want to know."

"I only think she'll be a bore. Of course if she 'amuses you' (I must confess I can't imagine how) it's all right; she is just the mixture of giggling school-girl and sharp garrison-town hack that is most odious to me. But if you like it——"

He did not say what might be expected to happen if Theo liked it; he paused on the speculation, and began a whistle under his breath, as it were,—a whistle with no heart in it, but a great deal of ill-temper,—a whistle of that soured, soundless character that is infinitely aggravating to listen to.

"Whatever she may be she isn't a bore," Theo argued.

"That's just as you take it; you must forgive me, Theo, if I don't congregate together with her at your new place at Highgate—Highbury—which is it?"

"It's neither," Theo replied laconically.

"Where is it, then?"

"I had better not give you the address again till you are on the verge of visiting it," she replied; "you will forget it before occasion calls you that way, since your memory is so bad for that special quarter."

"Don't try to be sarcastic, dear," he replied with that big air of superiority of every sort to which a woman is tolerably sure to be subjected sooner or later when she ventures upon a verbal passage of arms with a man. "Don't try to be sarcastic, dear; that essaying to be sarcastic is one of your friend Sydney's most disagreeable habits. I should be very sorry to think that you had caught it of her."

She was very tired. The only one who had been uniformly tender, considerate, and loving to her had been "gone away" such a very little time. She had been sorely buffeted. She was very tired!

"I won't try to be sarcastic, or anything else you don't like, Frank, really," she said, almost meekly; "only *don't* snub me for

liking Sydney Scott, and sometimes wishing to see her, for I'm often lonely, you know."

"Lonely! when you have me!" The grand creature to whom she was engaged could scarcely realise the possibility of loneliness and himself revolving in the same orbit.

"Lonely! when you have me!"

"I haven't you always—or often, even. I might as well bewail or behowl myself because you are going down to the Galtons, and ask how you can care for pointers and partridge-shooting when you can see me."

His fair Saxon beauty clouded over with a dark red flush.

"We are talking mere imbecilities now," he said coldly. Then, seeing that Theo's face fell, he added suddenly: "And it must be my fault that we are doing so, for you're a sensible, dear girl."

Which afterthought was all very well in its way, but was utterly powerless to efface the impression made by the former part of his sentence.

"Come Theo," he said, after a time, seeing that Theo still continued grave, "you're not going to be glum, are you?"

"No, certainly I'm not; but I had engaged to ask you to do something to-morrow night, and now I scarcely know how to do it."

"Never mind; tell me what it is."

"You won't like doing it, I'm sure, now; but, after all, I only engaged to ask you, and you can refuse."

"What is it?—to go and see that there are no leaks, or cockroaches, or other abominations at the new house? My dear Theo, you'll soon have a place of your own, a decent one too, by Jove! You'll never like this one, I'm persuaded, away on those wilds."

"It's not that, Frank," she said, half laughing, and more than half vexed; "it's not that at all; it's nothing half so bad in reality as you have imagined, so I have courage to ask. Will you go with the Scotts to the ball to-morrow night?"

"No, why should I?"

"There's no reason why you should, of course; you may imagine that I'm not bent upon your going; only it was arranged that you should go, you know, before——"

She stopped suddenly, and Frank nodded his perfect appreciation of all she had said, and thorough appreciation of all she wanted, and found herself unable, to say.

"And now Sydney Scott seems to think it rather hard that you should be kept away, as she calls it, on my account; it's rather flattering to you, sir, for Sydney is at a premium here."

Frank Burgoyne smiled.

"Does she pretend to you that she cares for me to go? she doesn't mean it; it would be different if I were not done for."

"Really I don't think your being 'done for' makes the smallest difference in her wanting to dance with you."

"Those balls are awfully slow affairs, are they not?"

"I never found them slow," Theo answered candidly. In truth those balls had seemed dazzling scenes of delight to her, unhappy as she had been when she attended them.

"Ah! that was because you were fresh; I have heard that they are mere travesties of the military balls. However, as you have set your heart upon my going with your little friend, I'll do it."

"I think perhaps that Sydney's heart is more set upon your going than mine is, since I shall not be with you, Frank; but it's very good of you to say you'll go, very good indeed."

Frank looked as if he thought himself noble to a degree.

"I suppose there will be a whole army of Scotts, won't there? we shall go in procession."

"Oh, no: Sydney stands alone; only her father and mother will be there; here's the ticket."

Mr. Burgoyne took it with much unconcern.

"Need I write to old Scott, and express myself obliged for this?" he asked, "because I ain't obliged, you know. I hate anything of the kind."

"Well, as you like; it would be civil, but if you don't want to be that, I will tell Sydney to-night that your grace is going, and that she had better stand in a secluded corner and keep that portion of the British army there assembled at bay till you vouchsafe to arrive and lead her forth in the mazy dance."

He laughed. "You may tell her I'm going," he said. "I will just look in for an hour, and then come back here and talk to you, my darling." Which remark settled the subject.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE BALL.

FRANK—a recruit for the overflowing ranks of the noble army of martyrs—came down the following night and exhibited himself to Theo's admiring gaze in glorious garb. That is to say, his garb was not glorious by any means,—the dress of the day does not deserve this epithet,—but solemnly arrayed in slight mourning, as it is the custom of men to be when they are going to attend that most festive of all gatherings—a ball.

The ball-room was a long apartment, with stone walls and marble busts at the upper or

honourable end. It struck a chill into Frank's heart as he entered it, partly by reason of these stone walls and partly because the light which pervaded it was of the dim religious order. A band was perilously perched in a little gallery (a temporary erection) behind and above the row of marble busts. And countless fair beings were the same—that is, perilously perched on benches on all sides of the room.

It was scarcely what one could have called a brilliant scene on the whole, but at least there was brilliancy in one portion of it, as soon as his entrance was marked. The spot of ground on which Miss Scott stood seemed positively radiant, as that fair young being brought herself and her partner up abruptly at sight of Frank, and welcomed him with a gracious smile, and a well-gloved hand. She was incapable of speech by reason of having galloped all her breath away.

"Shall I introduce you to a partner, Mr. Burgoyne?" she asked, as soon as she had recovered herself in a measure.

"Thank you," he was about to add, "not just yet," but she nipped his refusal in the bud.

"There's Miss Clarissa Smith sitting down as usual; look, shall I take you up to her?" She pointed as she spoke to a lady who had been young at some remote period.

"You're very good," Frank replied stiffly. "I think, if you'll excuse me, I will——"

"Or, see, if you don't like her there's her second sister. I wouldn't advise *her* for a round dance though," she continued, reflectively; "she has what we should call a gaudy action in a horse."

Frank tried to look disgusted with the manner adopted by his guide in this strange country, into which he had adventured himself. He tried to look disgusted, and he failed; more than that, he tried to feel disgusted, and not even in that could he quite succeed.

"There are four more Miss Smiths somewhere about the room," Sydney said cheerfully; "fancy coming to a ball with five of one's sisters!"

"I can't fancy it," Mr. Burgoyne replied.

"Will you take another turn, Miss Scott?" Sydney's partner, who had, like the far-famed Arab steed, been standing meekly by throughout this conversation, here ventured to suggest.

"Presently," Miss Scott replied; when she did take another turn she meant to take it on the arm of Mr. Frank Burgoyne, but she did not care to make her meaning manifest.

"The Miss Smiths being unpromising, as far as I can see, perhaps you will be good enough not to hand me over to one of them," Frank said.

"If you would rather not, I won't, certainly: but what is to be done?"

It was all plain sailing now. Frank's course was obvious.

"Nothing—unless you will take pity on me yourself."

Sydney showed signs of a readiness to desert at once. It was useless the young ensign with whom she had been dancing assuming a look of humble trust that she would not leave him. It was useless his delivering himself of the hope that she "wouldn't spoil the best waltz of the evening in *that way*."

"Oh! you know everybody, and can find a partner directly," she said aloud; "then she added in a whisper, "don't be disagreeable, Mr. Hargrave: what will Theo Leigh think of me if I don't try to make things pleasant to Mr. Burgoyne?"

Hargrave declined to see the force of this.

"I have no doubt that Theo Leigh would forgive you for not making such a tremendous fuss as all this about him," he said, rather sulkily; "let him stand in a corner if he can't find a partner. Our fellows never have much difficulty in getting one here, though," he continued with a small, well-pleased laugh, that Sydney could have smothered, and was determined to punish him for.

"Your 'fellows' are more easily satisfied then, I conclude; come! it must be so," she added, a trifle imperiously, "and I'll give you the next quadrille."

"So you really mean to throw me over?" Mr. Hargrave asked, to which Sydney replied, "Oh! not that, certainly; but——" here she ceased all efforts at explanation, and went off with Frank Burgoyne.

When the dance was over Sydney made a fleeting allusion to her mamma.

"We can't work our way through that crowd, that is very clear," she began; "if we do, away will go the better part of my dress, and mamma is there."

"Never mind: she will know you can't be lost," he responded.

"Ah! but I must get to her presently, to introduce you."

Now Mr. Burgoyne had no marked inclination to be introduced to the parent-bird. Sydney was all very well, for an hour or two, he told himself, especially bedecked as she was on this occasion and brilliant from excitement. But a matured, expanded Sydney, from that he would abstain.

"Till I can pilot you in safety down to the dowager's divan you may as well beguile the moments of waiting by telling me who's who in 18——"

"Shall I begin with the beauties or the peculiarities?" she asked.

"Begin with what you have most of," he replied.

"H'm, well! that's putting me in rather a difficult place. There are the six Misses Jones, for instance——"

"You called them Smith just now," he interrupted.

"Ah! they were the Smiths, but there are six Joneses too; they run in half dozens in these regions; that is Miss Jones passing along there in a blue dress and a green wreath: sweet taste, isn't it?"

"Under which denomination do you place her?—beauty or peculiarity?"

"That is hard to say; she's the beauty of the family, for the others are ever so much uglier; some people out of her family may admire her too. I have no prejudice in favour of such an extreme length of nose myself."

At this moment Miss Jones came too near to be openly discussed. She was tall, fine, dark, flashing. Small wonder that Sydney had no prejudice in favour of Miss Jones' style of beauty. By her side, the bright little blonde looked stumpy.

"Do you see those two Oakhursts, in their eternal black dresses?" Miss Jones asked of Sydney, as she came to a pause near her.

Sydney nodded. "Yes; they always look nice—not that I think them pretty," she replied.

"Nice, do you think they look? Well, now, I think them so dowdy-looking; black wants so much relief, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Sydney assented carelessly. She wanted Miss Jones to move on, and Miss Jones evidently had no desire to do so. Miss Jones was partnerless at the moment, and Frank Burgoyne looked promising.

"Talking of black, I saw Theo Leigh to-day; how well it suits her! but then she's pretty in everything," Miss Jones remarked, rolling her big dark eyes round upon Frank. She had never been introduced to this gentleman, therefore it was quite allowable, she thought, to discuss the girl he was engaged to before him, and seem not to know him to be what he was.

Frank turned his head away, and looked and felt annoyed. Sydney replied curtly:

"Yes; she does. Oh! there's mamma."

"Wait one minute, Sydney," Miss Jones cried, and then she made a whispered communication to Sydney, with many noddings of her head, and flutterings of her fan, and archings of her eyebrows, and rollings of her eyes. She was regarded as "a fine animated creature" by the members of her own family, and

by very youthful marine officers generally. Small boys clothed in the uniform of that glorious corps, mentioned with pride the number of times in which they revolved round her in the mazy dance during the evening. She had a bounding way of taking the room at the first strain of waltz or gallop that caused their brains to whirl. "She was a fine creature, and could go the pace and no mistake," they said to one another as they wiped their brows when they had deposited her after a burst of the kind. Perhaps the secret of their adoration for her might be found in the fact of a progress with her never being wholly unmarked. When they lacked height, she had it. "She showed off well in a crowded room where little girls were lost, you know." Frank looked at the fine creature while she was making her whispered communication to Sydney, and he hated her. He hated her for her evolutions—after the manner of ungrateful men—though they were all gone through by her for the purpose of pleasing him. He hated her for calling the girl he was going to marry "Theo." He hated her for tapping Sydney Scott with her fan. "Why the deuce when women can't handle it better do they carry one at all?" he asked himself. He couldn't bear her blue dress and her green wreath. She looked to him like a woman who, when she had achieved an introduction to him for herself, would bring up her six sisters, and bid him stand and deliver himself up to one of them for a dance. In a word, he detested Miss Jones. He knew that if he urged a flight from her that he would be carried in procession, and shown to Mrs. Scott; but of two evils he favoured the unknown, and longed for the moment when dutiful scruples should again assail Sydney.

That moment came at last. "There's mamma making a dear old funny face at me," Sydney suddenly exclaimed, directing Frank's gaze as she spoke down along a vista that was bordered by beings with backs, and defenders of their country. Two sets of quadrilles had just been begun. And the onus was off Sydney of attending to any one save Frank for at least one dance more.

"Shall we go and see what she wants?" Frank asked, looking as he spoke at a wide old lady who was attired in what resembled silken bed-curtains, over which an arabesque pattern had been formed by an unsteady hand. Then his eye fell upon a something crimson with what looked like a shaving-brush stuck in at the top which surmounted Mrs. Scott's head, and he felt sorry that he had asked "shall we go and see what she wants?" "Why do British matrons wear turbans, and attempt to achieve a faint resemblance to the Turks?"

he groaned inwardly in spirit, as he led Miss Sydney up to her mamma.

Now Mrs. Scott had come to this ball fraught with the firm determination to render all honour unto Mr. Burgoyne. "I know what's due to the nobility—none better," she had said when Sydney had told her that Mr. Burgoyne was going to be there, and that they must all be civil to him. "I know what's due to the nobility,—none better; it isn't they as give themselves most airs as has mixed with the best; before I married your father, Sydney, I sat down to dinner many a time with a lord's son."

"Well, Mr. Burgoyne isn't a lord's son, and never mind telling him anything about those dinners before you married papa, mamma," Miss Sydney had replied. The mention of them was not by any means agreeable to her, for she had gathered that the sole sprig of nobility who had partaken of her maternal grandfather's hospitality in those bygone days which Mrs. Scott recalled with unction, had been a naval cadet, the son of a lord mayor who had recklessly run up a long tailor's bill, and then affably dined with said tailor to decrease it. No wonder that Miss Sydney said:

"Never mind telling him anything about those dinners."

Mrs. Scott was absolutely basking in the fulgence of her own smiles when the pair came up to her. It had always appeared to her a most unjust dispensation of Providence that all the good that had come of that visit to Hensley which her daughter had paid, should have fallen to Theo Leigh's share. The mother had some undefined feeling of Sydney having been wronged in the matter, for before the climax came, Sydney had communicated her belief in a widely different climax approaching. There had been a semi-tone of reproach in Mrs. Scott's salutation to her daughter on that daughter's return. "I never expected, after what you said, to see you come back as you went, Sydney; young men have no business to trifle with girls in that way, and if I were your father I should take the matter up. I'll be bound that's what Mr. Leigh went down for—to bring him to the point with Theo."

"I don't think that," Sydney had replied; "but I do think that Theo got him away just to spite me: I know he liked me best."

"To be sure he did," the fond parent replied, with a touch of the true parental prejudice; "and I have made no secret of what I think of their conduct in taking a young man by surprise, as one may say, before he knows his own mind; but they ain't married yet, and they've behaved as bad to you as can be."

Which speech caused Sydney to regard her-

self as much wronged, and as being fully justified in doing anything. Nevertheless, she practised the virtue of Christian forgiveness, and kept "very friendly," as has been seen, with Theo Leigh.

CHAPTER XXXIX. KATE IMPROVES.

AFTER that sojourn at the Lowndes shooting-box, John Galton and his wife returned to the Grange, and had a very quiet time there together for some four or five months. As these were winter months, it was really very dull; even Miss Sarah could not feel much surprise at Kate finding it so. John Galton had a habit of going off several miles to the coast, and lurking about in holes in the marshes through cold winter nights with a long duck-gun, a brace of big dogs, half Irish spaniel half retriever, and one of those rough beings only to be found on the coast, who are partly sailor, partly fisherman, and partly on the loose look-out for a night on the marshes with any gentleman fond of wild-duck shooting and a position for many hours in a damp hole in the mud.

John Galton was a thorough sportsman, and as yet he had never had his ardour damped by ever so slight a touch of rheumatism. A mallard would repay him for any number of hours' waiting, and a brace of snipes for any amount of wet. But Kate was very dull while he was away—so dull that she came at last to feel that there must have been something after all in this companionship which she missed.

At one period she took, as a sort of forlorn hope, to being very intimate with Miss Sarah. She would saunter down to Miss Sarah's cottage in the morning with little Katie and some cream or new eggs; and she would be made to repent having taken either of the latter, usually through a habit Miss Sarah had of accepting them with a grim allusion to the time when such goods from the Grange were hers of right in a measure, the time "before John married." "Well, John is married now, you see," Kate would reply as good-humouredly as she could, "and still you get the eggs and cream, so you've nothing to complain of." Upon which Miss Galton would put her sister-in-law and her sister-in-law's good intentions to flight, by asking sharply:

"Have I ever 'complained?' Don't I bear *poverty*, and *obscurity*, and *obloquy*, and *scorn* in silence, ow—a!" when Miss Sarah's lamentations reached this point there was nothing for it but flight, and Mrs. John Galton would be driven back to the desolate Grange, where the very watch-dogs hung their tails despondently because their master was absent.

But Kate's visits were surely, though slowly, working upon the one to whom they were paid. The particles of real kindness that were in them might be infinitesimal, but the dose was constantly repeated, and so told at last, and met with its due reward. "John, I really think your wife is improving," Miss Sarah said to her brother on more than one occasion, "her conduct is much more like that of a respectable married woman than it used to be,"—which meagre praise of the woman who was, despite her faults and follies, so unspeakably dear to him, John Galton had to accept and even to appear grateful for.

At length there came a break in the monotony which had hung over all things for so long a time. As a candid and honest historian, I cannot say that the break was one whit more acceptable to any one of them than the monotony had been.

John Galton had departed one biting winter's afternoon with his duck-gun and dogs for a night on the sands, leaving Kate rather more resigned to her approaching solitude than usual: she had just received a fine relay of new books. "Don't forget that we have to dine at that place to-morrow, John," his wife said to him as he was getting up into the trap; "that place" being the rectory, and to-morrow being the day of the first feast given within its walls by their new rector. "No, I won't," he replied; "I shall be back by twelve o'clock to-morrow; if you have nothing better to do, come along the road to meet me, will you?"

She promised him that she would do so, and then he drove off, and she went back to the cosiest corner of her drawing-room, and turned over the new books in pleasing uncertainty as to which of them she should first fall upon and devour.

The one she finally decided upon was that novel of Mr. David Linley's, which he had been compelled to go up to his publisher about while she was staying at Lowndes, and she began to read it with that pleasant clearness of vision for its faults and shortcomings which we are all apt to be endowed with while reading the work of an acquaintance. It is so nice to pick out errors of taste and grammar, and violations of the unities and propriety in the printed words of one whom we know. So Kate read away happily, and reviewed as she read far more severely than any of the literary journals had done.

She had the prospect of a long afternoon of uninterrupted bodily ease and mental relaxation before her. Instead of a dinner she had (after the manner of women when they are left to themselves) ordered tea at six. "Tea and something nice," she had said to John;

and John, when giving the order to cook in the kitchen, had added,—“which means that she'll trouble us for something else ‘nice’ at ten, interfering with one's supper-time.”

John Galton had been gone an hour; it was now four, and so much of the wintry sky as she could see from her corner of the couch near the fire began to look dark. “He'll have a terrible night of it, poor old fellow!” she thought; “it is plucky though to go through so much hardship and find it all sport; *he'd* never do it,” she brought her hand down on the open page before her as she thought this of Linley. “He'd never do it; after all he was right, though he did not mean me to think him so, when he said that the man who could do all such things was not so far behind the one who could only write about them.”

Little Katie was stretched out on the rug before the fire with a Punch scrap-book and a tiny terrier puppy, and one or two other antidotes to dulness around and about her. The child had had more of her mother's companionship lately, and she seemed to love it so much that Kate unconsciously granted more and more of it daily to the innocent courtier. This latter was supremely happy just now, for she had been promised the exquisite bliss of having “tea with mamma;” moreover, the terrier puppy had been her “very own” but for two short hours. It was drear dull winter without, but in this room there was warmth and comfort, of so perfect an order that Kate's ardent prayer that she might have no interruption had been quite natural.

Before settling down thoroughly she had run over a list of possible callers, and she had given herself a good and sufficient reason after naming each one for that one not coming this day. “The Reynolds have a child with the scarlet fever, so she'd never come near *my* child, and Mrs. Sparks wouldn't be unfeeling enough to leave her husband now he has sprained his ankle; Mrs. Williamson never calls when she *knows* it's getting time for her to have another dinner-party, stingy old thing; and as for the Caldwells, dense as she is, she must surely know that I shall have quite enough of her to-morrow dining there.” Then she thought favourably of one or two more acquaintances, who always got neuralgia if they came out in an easterly wind, and she blessed the wind for coming from the east this day, and went on with her book luxuriously.

Suddenly, in the midst of a chapter, the writing of which had made David Linley's hard old head ache even, he had so elaborated the intricacies of the situation in which everybody was plunged in it,—suddenly, in the midst of this, there fell upon her ear the knell of

parting peace, the sound of the hall-door bell, and the next minute Miss Sarah Galton came into the room.

She was not a pleasing interruption, undoubtedly. Even had she not been the interrupted lady's sister-in-law she could not have been deemed a pleasing interruption. As it was, Kate, watching her as she came forward in ungainly cloth-buttoned boots, and barge-like goloshes, felt her to be unbearable.

The guise in which Miss Sarah Galton adventured forth in wintry weather was comfortable, she asserted, but certainly it was not becoming. The sad-coloured bonnet, which “came well-forward,” as she phrased it, might be forgiven—indeed, it had a distinctly marked purpose about it, and so far was estimable; it had been built to come well-forward, and it came well-forward, covering Miss Galton's ears from the cold blast, and saving those organs from many an ache. But the petticoat and dress, that were short enough to be hideous from every point of view, and long enough to catch up and carry all extraneous matter in the shape of mud that might be in her path, were not things to be tolerantly looked upon.

“Such a walk as I have had,” Miss Galton began breathlessly, sitting down opposite to Kate; “I thought I should never have got here: I tried the fields, and my goloshes were sucked off my feet several times.”

“How very uncomfortable for you,” Mrs. John Galton replied. She was marvelling much why Miss Galton had come at all, and why, of all ways, by the field-path.

“How very uncomfortable for you,” Kate said drowsily. Then she resigned herself, put her book down with a sigh, and added:

“You must stay to tea with me, Sarah. John is gone off for some duck-shooting, so I dined early with Katie, and ordered a heavy tea; you'll stay, won't you?”

Miss Galton looked sour. Heavy teas, any number of them and of any weight, could be hers in her own house. She had come up to her brother's to-day intending to have a good generous dinner at seven, and to see if the plate was in good order, and whether John's wife had a decent cook or not. She had another motive besides the anticipated dinner in coming, but the dinner had been a powerful one. So now, when Kate offered her the paltry substitute of a heavy tea, she looked grim, and replied:

“I *suppose* you're surprised to see me.”

“Oh no! I am not,” Kate answered, though a little surprise might have been forgiven her, since Miss Galton had not been to the Grange for several months. “Oh no! I am not: I

am glad to see you now you are come ; go up to my room, and take your things off : you'll find a fire there. Katie, go with your aunt."

Miss Galton looked more grim on the instant. "A fire in her bed-room, and coals such a price," she thought. Nevertheless she resolved to go up, and take off her boots by that fire in preference to going into a more inexpensively arranged chamber.

"Of course you wonder to see me," Miss Galton persisted. "I will tell you—dear, dear, how this wind affects my breath—what brought me : partly I was down in the village, and I thought I would just pass by the end of the station, and ask Mrs. Banham if she could let me have half-a-pint of cream on Friday night, for I have asked the Caldwells to tea, and while I can get it anyway, I will not ask the clergyman I sit under to drink his tea without cream." Having said this with much severity, Miss Galton paused to gain breath, and mark whether or not Kate was withered.

But Kate was not withered by any means. Eventually she knew that the cream for Mrs. Caldwell's tea would go down to Miss Galton from her (Kate's) own dairy. She knew this, and was right willing that it should be so, and she knew that Miss Galton knew it also. So she declined to be withered, and only said :

"Oh ! indeed ; and then ?"

"Then, after I had heard from Mrs. Banham that Friday was just the very day of all that she would have the greatest difficulty, the *greatest difficulty*, in obliging me, I went on to the platform ; I thought I would just go—just go on and see the three-o'clock train come in."

Miss Galton made another pause from lack of breath, and Kate suggested :

"Hadn't you better go up, and take off your bonnet and wet boots ?"

"In one minute, if you'll listen," Miss Galton replied severely. "Catherine, do keep that nasty dog away from me ; of *all* the play-things *in* the world to *give* a child, a filthy dog is the worst."

"He's a dear little, clean beauty, and he has only just left his mother," Katie the younger argued indignantly. She mentioned the latter fact as if it were something meritorious, something that redounded to puppy's credit vastly. Indeed, in a vague and undefined way, she held that his having "only just left his mother" was puppy's chiefest trait. Others he might develop in time, but at present he had done nothing else worthy of record.

"Perhaps you had better take puppy up into the nursery to tea, Katie," Mrs. Galton suggested.

"Oh, mamma ! you promised I should stay

here, and give him some cream out of my *own* saucer."

"Cream for dogs !" Miss Galton ejaculated ; "do you know, little miss, that your poor aunty only allows herself cream sometimes as a treat for her own tea."

"Oh ! that's nonsense," Katie rejoined emphatically. The plaint was intended to be very touching, but Katie looked at the respective parties, and was touched in the wrong direction. She was but a child ! The puppy was so very pretty, and the poor old aunty was so very plain.

"Don't let me be the cause of my brother's child being banished, pray," Miss Sarah said, with some asperity.

"Very well ; she shall stay here, since you don't mind her," Mrs. Galton replied. "I wish you'd go and take your things off though, you would be so much more comfortable."

Mrs. Galton gave utterance to the wish as heartily as she could under the circumstances. She was not the sort of woman who takes a pride and pleasure in putting her own inclinations entirely out of court, but she did it on this occasion with a tolerable grace.

"Yes, I'll go," Miss Galton said, rising up, and marching in her muddy goloshes straight over a white Astracan rug ; "but, as I was saying, when I got on to the platform, I stayed there, speaking now to one and now to another, as one *does*, you know, Kate."

"Yes," Kate assented, knowing well the while that she never did anything of the kind.

"And so I stayed there till the train passed—that is, it didn't pass as usual, it stopped, and one of the most extraordinary women I ever saw in my life got out."

"Ah ! indeed," Kate replied, seeing her sister-in-law waited for her to say something.

"Yes, one of the most extraordinary,—I may say, *the* most extraordinary ; she had about a dozen yards of rich silk trailing behind her ; and though she is quite old, quite old enough, at all events, to have known better, she had a little round cap of fur on her head that would suit that child."

"Who can she be ?" Kate said, carelessly.

"That's what I wondered," Miss Galton snapped out ; "when she had got herself, and her maid, and all her boxes (she'd about a dozen of them), she began crying out in a cracked voice, 'could any one tell her the way to the Grange ?' The Grange indeed ! I told the station-man that we wanted no maniacs at the Grange, and that they had better keep her there till she was sent for ; and then I thought I would come and tell you about it."

"Good gracious !" Kate exclaimed, rising up with a sickening feeling of some evil being

about to crowd down upon her, "it must be my aunt, Lady Glaskill; I will send and see."

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT WITH THE REBELS.

In the evening of a fine June day, in the eventful year of 1849, the train from Florence to Leghorn was dawdling along the line in a manner unusually dilatory. It seemed to be taking a stroll to look at the country; the convenience of the passengers being quite a secondary consideration. Grand-ducal prudence had fixed the maximum of speed at twelve miles an hour, and the impatient subjects were forced to content themselves with a pace which was fast only in comparison with that of their own diligences. In a compartment of a first-class carriage was seated a lady, with a boy of about ten years old. The lady, whose pale face showed signs of long watching and anxiety, was gazing absently out of the window. The sun had set, and the thick mist which was rising from the marshes had blotted out the lower landscape; but above it rose, with a sharp purple outline, that hill which told her that they were nearing Pisa. The train, however, dragged on more slowly than ever—stopped and whistled, and then stopped again. The lady, who had been tapping with her foot impatiently at every fresh delay, put down the window and looked out. She shivered as the cold night air struck her, and closed the window again, looking anxiously towards her son, who was coiled up fast asleep on the opposite seat. At last the train started again, and ran slowly into the Pisa station.

"You must get out here," said a porter, opening the carriage door.

"No, no," said the lady in Italian, but with an accent which betrayed that she was a foreigner, "we go on to Leghorn. Here are our tickets," she added, holding them out to the porter. He did not look at them, but said:

"I am sorry you cannot go on to Leghorn to-night, the town is in rebellion, and the rails are torn up."

"I must get on," said the lady firmly.

The porter shrugged his shoulders. "You will have to walk then, and when there they won't let you through the gates without a pass."

"Where can I get a carriage?"

"I don't know," answered the man; "at the Aquila Nera they may be able to give you one, but you will have to drive yourself. When those dogs of Livornesi have tasted blood, I for one would not care to go near them."

"Come Phil," said Mrs. Reeves, turning to

her son, and speaking in English, "we must get out, it seems."

"What can we do, mamma?" asked the boy, whose feelings were divided between the jolliness of a row and the fear of being murdered by the rebels.

"We must get on to Leghorn somehow or other; poor papa will be dreadfully nervous if we do not arrive."

A babel of sounds rose from the passengers as the news of the revolution spread down the platform. Some were questioning eagerly and arguing fiercely, for party passion ran high; while others crossed themselves, and muttered a prayer to the Virgin for those who were perhaps already past earthly help. Mrs. Reeves, dazed and stunned by the noise and confusion, stood for some minutes not knowing what to do. She appealed to some of the bystanders to help her in getting a carriage, but they were too busy with their own woes to think of alleviating those of others.

"How did it happen?" exclaimed a chubby-faced little porter, who was surrounded by a circle of gaping women. "Why, they had an assembly in the Piazza. They were told to disperse, they wouldn't. So the sbirri charged up the Strada Reale with their swords drawn, and drove the scoundrels out. Corpo di Bacco! the whole Piazza was red with blood. They followed them down the Via Arnolfi, killing all they could get at. When they came to the canal they found the Veneziani had barricaded the bridge. The brave sbirri charged the barricade, but the Veneziani shot them down like dogs, massacred them, cut them in pieces, and threw them into the canal!"

"Santa Maria! Vergine benedetta!" shrieked the women in chorus.

"How did you hear it?" asked one, who had shown some signs of incredulity.

"Hear it! why Gigi Pulci told me; he's a sbirro, you know."

The woman nodded.

"The Veneziani thought he was dead, and threw him into the canal. He swam down it, through the harbour, and out to the English fleet. The admiral himself took him in a boat, and put him ashore. I saw him in Pisa an hour ago."

"I know Gigi Pulci," said the incredulous one, "and I know he can't swim. Why, a year ago the boat in which he was going out to the lighthouse was upset, and if it had not been for Sandro the facchino, who was with him, he'd have been drowned."

"Then, cospetto! the saints saved him from those murderous ruffians," said the fat man unabashed.

The faith of his audience, which had been

wavering, accepted this explanation as orthodox, and again raised their chorus of sympathy.

"The troops were called out; it was no use, for the Veneziani drove them out of the town like sheep. And now they have fortified all the gates, and kill every one who tries to get in."

"But what shall we do?" groaned one of his audience.

"Do? why stay at Pisa; it's a better town than Leghorn," said the little man, briskly.

"But my husband?" suggested another.

"If your husband is a galantuomo they have killed him by this time; if he's a Veneziano, or any other scoundrel of a revolutionist, it is better for an honest woman not to return to such a man: so stay and get another at Pisa—they are not difficult to find, with such a pretty face as yours."

"Wait here for me," said Mrs. Reeves to her son. "I will run to the Aquila Nera, and see if I can get a carriage."

The boy sat down. The passengers were gradually leaving the station, but many still remained, undecided what to do or where to go, and shuddering at the stories of the fighting, which were growing in atrocity with every fresh repetition. The boy listened eagerly.

"I shall walk to Leghorn," said the incredulous woman, stoutly; "those Veneziani are not bad fellows, and they won't hurt a lone old woman like me. Who'll come?"

Nobody responded to this invitation, but the women shrank back, and muttered a prayer for the help they were not likely to get from their own exertions.

"If you are a friend of those birbanti, go," said the fat man, with virtuous indignation; "they'll let you in, no doubt, and it is better for us that all the hornets should be in one nest."

"Testa d'asino!" answered the woman, indignantly, "my two sons are gone to fight the Tedeschi in Lombardy, and as for the Veneziani being birbanti, for my part, I would sooner be a Veneziano than a spy." She raised her voice as she made this last hit, and the remaining passengers, hearing the noise, crowded round to see what was the matter.

The porter, on whom this imputation had been thrown, was preparing himself for an angry answer when a man who had been walking up and down the platform, and occasionally listening with a smile to the exaggerated stories which were being circulated, pushed through the crowd and interposed with, "Come, my honest woman, if you stay chattering here so long, you won't be able to walk home to-night. You had better be off," he whispered, as he gently pushed her out of the crowd, "you will only get yourself into trouble here."

He turned with a laugh to the porter. "These women's tongues run faster than their thoughts."

"If they'd keep their tongues to themselves," grumbled the fat man, unappeased, "I don't care a quattrino for their thoughts."

The man turned and resumed his walk. The boy watched him as he paced up and down the platform, his head bent down and his eyes fixed on the ground. It was half an hour since Mrs. Reeves had left him, and the boy was getting impatient. He got up and walked towards the door of the station. His mother met him; there was a weary, hopeless look on her face.

"There is no carriage to be got," she said. "I have been to all the inns in the place."

She sat down on the bench with a sigh. Her husband was ill, dying perhaps, in Leghorn, and she could not get to him. She had left him that morning to consult a doctor in Florence. The doctor's opinion had been even worse than she had expected—had crushed the slight hope to which she had so long clung. Any mental excitement, he had said, would in all probability bring on a recurrence of the disease, and the next attack might prove fatal. And now he had been exposed to the excitement of the rising in Leghorn, which, though the accounts of it were no doubt exaggerated, would probably be quite sufficient to upset the nerves of an invalid. Besides, he was expecting her return, and every moment added to the danger. What was she to do?

The man who had been pacing up and down the platform stopped and looked at his watch. The dejected attitude and hopeless look of Mrs. Reeves caught his eye, for he paused for a minute, looking earnestly at mother and son, as if undecided in his mind what course to pursue. He then walked up to the lady and took off his hat.

"May I ask if you are one of those who were disappointed of getting on to Leghorn to-night?"

The lady looked up at the person who had addressed her. He was a tall but thin man, with a black moustache, and a beard of a cut which showed to those who were acquainted with political signs that he was a liberal.

"I am," she answered, "but I can get no carriage, and the boy could not walk so far."

"If you got to the gates they would not admit you without a pass; you would subject yourself to inconvenience—perhaps insult. You had better make up your mind to stay here for a few days; the Aquila Nera is a good inn."

She shook her head.

"I will promise," he went on, lowering

his voice, "that any letters you entrust me with shall be safely delivered in Leghorn."

She shook her head again. "I must go myself."

"You are particularly anxious to get there to-night?"

"My husband is very, very ill," she said, with a choking sob, "and I am not able to get to him." She buried her face in her hands and wept. The boy nestled up to her, and laid his head upon her shoulder.

"I may be able to help you," said the stranger stooping down to her, and speaking in a lower tone, "but that man may hear us; will you walk to this end of the platform with me?"

She got up and walked with him. When they had gone some distance from any listeners, the Italian turned to his companion.

"A carriage will be here in a few minutes to take me to Leghorn. I am happy to offer you and your child seats in it."

The lady was beginning to thank him.

"Wait a moment till you have heard all," he said, checking her. "I am a liberal: what these men," he added bitterly, "call a revolutionist and a republican. You are not," he went on with a smile, "afraid to trust me?"

"On the contrary, I trust you the more readily."

"That is right. I can take you, as I said, as far as Leghorn, and I will try to get you into the town, but in that I might fail." He paused; his companion was going to speak, but he went on. "I am known to the members of the liberal party in Leghorn, and I have no doubt of their admitting me, and if you would not mind my passing you off as my wife——"

"Oh! anything to get into the town—to return to my husband."

"Very well, then, we can but try. If we fail—well, never mind; it will be time enough to think of that when we have failed."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," broke in Mrs. Reeves warmly.

"No, no," he said, "it is a pleasure to me to serve an Englishwoman; but," he added hesitatingly, "but there may be some risk."

"I will run it."

"You are courageous, like your countrymen," he said, with a smile. "Come, the sooner we start, the better. I hear the wheels of the carriage."

They had driven some distance before the Italian spoke. "I must introduce myself," he then said, "my name is Pietro Sergardi."

"And mine is Mrs. Reeves."

"No," he said with a smile, "your name for the present is the Signora Sergardi, and this the Signorino," he added, patting the boy's head. "Does he speak Italian?"

"I have lived in Italy all my life," said the boy.

"That will do then. If there is an occasion for either of you to speak, let your son do so. Your accent would betray you."

"And now," he added after a longer pause, "let us arrange our schemes. If I fail to get you into the town, you will drive back half a mile to the place where the road from St. Giacinto joins the main road. There is a small inn there, l'Albergo dei Monti: the driver will know it. See the landlord alone, and mention my name: stay there a couple of hours, and then get him to show you the way to the Villa Luini: it is on the seashore. A boat will be waiting for you at the bottom of the garden, which will bring you into the harbour."

"But the chain across the harbour mouth will be up," suggested Mrs. Reeves.

"Never mind," he said smiling, "we have means of evading those little precautions. But this is merely problematical. I hope to get you into the town more easily."

They relapsed into silence. The boy had fallen asleep, and his mother, fatigued by her journey and the anxiety she had gone through, began to doze. They were awoken by the sudden stopping of the carriage.

"There is a fire, and a picket of armed men in front. Am I to go on?" asked the coachman, turning round and tapping at the window.

"Of course," answered Sergardi, "they won't shoot you," he continued, as the man hesitated.

"They're devils incarnate, these Livornesi," muttered the man as he started again.

Mrs. Reeves opened the window and looked out. Far away round the land side of the town stretched a semicircle of watch fires; and as she looked the cry of the sentries, "Alerti, Alerti!" was heard in the far distance, faintly and indistinctly, gradually swelling louder and clearer, till it was taken up by the deep voice of the sentinel at the watch-fire before them, and then passed on, growing fainter and fainter till it died away again in the distance.

"Excuse me," said Sergardi, shutting the window, "you must show yourself as little as possible."

"Chi va là?" shouted a loud voice, as the carriage came within the range of the fire-light.

"Amici," shouted the coachman, pulling up.

"Amici," repeated Sergardi, putting his head out of the window.

"Have you a pass?" asked the sentry.

"We have not, but——"

"Then you can't pass; my orders are positive."

"But, galantuomo," said Sergardi, jumping from the carriage, "you know me—Pietro Sergardi."

"My orders are positive," said the man sullenly, "if Garibaldi himself were to come without a pass, he'd have to go back again."

"Who's on guard with you?" asked Sergardi.

"There's Sandro the facchino, and Bartolucci the chemist of the Strada Reale, and Gianni Sanzio the butcher of——"

"Ask Bartolucci to step here; he knows me, and will answer for me."

The sentinel called. A man who was dozing by the fire got up and came slowly towards them.

"What is it?" he asked, peering into the darkness; "I have had work enough to-day, without being disturbed every moment."

"I want you to tell this honest man who I am,—Pietro Sergardi."

"Il capitano!" exclaimed Bartolucci, "pass, and welcome,—a thousand times welcome."

"He has no pass," said the sentry, still unsatisfied.

Bartolucci whispered a few words to him.

"Why did he not tell me his right name? I would have let him pass on my own responsibility."

"Hush!" said Bartolucci, "there are spies everywhere; his name is Pietro Sergardi. Do you understand?"

The man nodded.

"My wife and child are in the carriage," said Sergardi.

"They were better off at Florence. This is no place for women," said Bartolucci sharply.

"They were in danger there, and I wish them to be here," answered Sergardi haughtily.

"As your Excellency likes."

The carriage drove up. "I will go with you to the gates," said Bartolucci, mounting on the box.

"Very well, drive on."

In a few minutes they reached the walls of the town, and as Bartolucci gave the pass-word the heavy gates swung open. Behind them was a barricade; out of the rude embasures of which two field-pieces were pointing down the road.

"We are prepared," said Bartolucci, pointing to the defences.

"I will help my wife out; you go and tell the guard who I am," said Sergardi, jumping from the carriage.

Mrs. Reeves and her son followed him.

"Put down your veil," he whispered, "they might notice your foreign face." The caution

was not needed, for a cheer rose from the guard, to whom the captain's arrival had been announced, and they pressed round him to shake his hand with shouts of "Viva il capitano, evviva!"

"Silence," said Bartolucci, "we may have spies and traitors even here."

"Spies," shouted a gigantic facchino, "let them know if they like that the captain has come, the news won't give much consolation to their employers."

"Thanks, my friend," said the captain, "my wife and child are tired; I will wish you good-night now, we shall meet at the barricades to-morrow."

"The pass-word for the night is 'Verde, bianco, e rosso,'" whispered Bartolucci.

"Buona sera."

"Easier than I expected," he said, turning to Mrs. Reeves when they were through the barricade. "I seem in favour with them to-day, to-morrow—who knows?" and he shrugged his shoulders.

As they left the barricade a figure, which had been crouching against it, rose quietly up, and silently followed them. The streets were dark and deserted, and only the occasional challenge of a sentry broke the stillness of the night.

"Do you hear that," said the captain turning round suddenly, and peering into the darkness, "there is some one following us. There has been a challenge at each barricade, immediately after we had passed."

"I can see no one," said Mrs. Reeves; "whoever it was, he must have turned down the Via dei Pazzi."

They walked on.

"This is our house," said Mrs. Reeves, as they turned on to the quay by the canal. "Many thanks again and apologies for the trouble I have given you. I hope you will let Mr. Reeves thank you in person?"

"I will wait upon him in a day or two; I shall be very busy meanwhile. You have played the rebel very successfully to-night, do not forget the lesson you have learnt."

"I will not," said Mrs. Reeves, smiling. "Good-night, and success. Good-night."

As the captain turned down the street into the Piazza, a figure rose from under the shadow of the canal bridge and silently followed him.

They waited for the captain the next morning at the barricades, but he did not come, and Mrs. Reeves never saw him again. Four days afterwards his body was found in the canal, with a stiletto wound in the back. There were traitors and spies in the town, and this is how they got rid of one of the enemies of their employers.

DOCTOR CAMPANY'S COURTSHIP.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR JACOB," "JOHN AND I," &c. &c.



See page 411.

PART III.

CHAPTER V. TWO LOVERS.

DR. HOPNER CAMPANY and Mr. Elgar did not meet till the first grey light of morning, sword-like, divided the dark world in halves,

showing a lulled, level sea, and a region of pale-brown marsh-land, speckled with browsing herds.

The villa lay to the left of them, silent, asleep, with blinds drawn, giving no sound anywhere; far off, a pale blue line marked

where the tide narrowed and hollowed into the old harbour; undulating sand-banks hid the silent shore and the main-sea, and the ships that were sailing on it, none knew whither.

A cool breeze blew upon the faces of the two men as they approached each other, both resolving upon self-empire, both full of hate, of embarrassment, of secret, ill-concealed suspicion. Hopner spoke first.

"I have been waiting for you," he said, icily.

"Have you? I own that my late hours are a great breach of courtesy, and as soon as my host and hostess wake, will shrive myself duly."

"There is no occasion, sir. My father considers his obligations to you as host annulled by circumstances which are as unexpected as they are invincible. I regret to say that we have to surrender the pleasure of regarding you as our guest from this hour."

"I can't quite understand you," jested Mr. Elgar, pleasantly; "but go on, Doctor."

"In plain English, then, Mr. Elgar, unless you can explain your extraordinary absence, we feel justified in withdrawing our hospitality."

"Extraordinary absence, do you call it? I suffer from severe nervous headaches, when nothing relieves my agony but long and violent out-door exercise. Is that so very extraordinary, Dr. Company?"

"Perhaps not; but you have omitted one fact from your own defence. Does headache drive people, by the sight of mere blood-letting, to all kinds of extravagant gesticulations, to wildness of deportment, to tearing of hair and wringing of hands?"

The psychological young doctor planted himself in front of his patient, and watched him narrowly. Mr. Elgar did not seem pleased with such watching, turned deadly white, and clenched his fist threateningly.

"You devil!" he said, between his set teeth; "you spy!—you ungentlemanly beggar!—you——"

Hopner's eyes lit. Here was madness,—unmistakeable, developed, dangerous.

"Hush!" he interrupted, softly. "If you show yourself to be a maniac, there are two men within call who will take care of you as such. If you are sane, accept things as they are, and go."

Mr. Elgar collected himself at once.

"A pretty state of things truly! I come among kindly-hearted people as a stranger, and because a young madcap of twenty-three takes it into his head to be jealous, I am turned out as a lunatic. Speak the truth, Dr. Company: am I mad, or am I not?"

"Whether you are mad or not, concerns

me in no degree whatever," replied Hopner, disconcertedly. "I am only concerned with the safety and comfort of my family, and I cannot but consider both endangered by your presence."

"You are jealous of me, and have been jealous of me from the first. I won't say without a cause. Marian——"

"By whose permission do you thus familiarly name my cousin and future wife?"

"By her own. Marian did me the honour of confiding her fears"—Hopner's face blazed with passion: he tried to stop Mr. Elgar, but in vain—"her fears lest you and she were not exactly suited to each other. I confess to having coincided with such an opinion; and really, Dr. Company, if my conduct is allowed to be strange, surely *yours* must come under that head also. Pray, whose walk was the longest in continuance, and the most unwarrantable, yesterday?"

The young doctor felt himself fairly worsted. Seizing readily upon the first weapon that offered, he made answer:

"At least, you will allow that my absence had the better cause. It is more reasonable, especially in a lover of twenty-three, to take a solitary walk when angry with his betrothed, than it is for an experienced man of the world to rave like a madman at the sight of blood. There is an easy way, however, by which we may settle our dispute. Take us into your confidence—tell us who and from whence you are—give us a letter of introduction to one of your acquaintances, and things shall be placed upon their own footing. I have no wish to prove inhospitable, much less ungenerous."

During the latter part of Hopner's speech the face of Mr. Elgar had gradually lost its cold satirical calmness. Drawing back a little so as to stand less fully in the light of the young doctor's critical observation, he said, hoarsely and angrily,

"And I have no wish either to satisfy your impertinent curiosity or to trespass upon your so-called hospitality. Rest assured, however, sir, that I shall remember both the one and the other, especially as contrasted with the courtesy and—there is no other word for it—fitness of your father's conduct."

He turned away with a haughty bow, and walked hastily towards the Rye road. Hopner followed him, a mixed expression of relief and bewilderment on his face. When the light agile figure of the whilom guest of Bercamb Villa had disappeared behind the sand-hills, he lifted the garden-latch softly, and entered the house.

He hoped for a few quiet hours of sleep and meditation before the time of revelation came.

But, alas! hardly was the threshold crossed ere a pale aghast figure stopped his way, and Marian almost crushed him with her unspoken anger.

"Dearest," he said, "it is not my fault. Mr. Elgar is no fit companion for you or little Jessie. Forgive me, and retire to rest."

"No—" sobs of indignation choked her utterance, "no, Hopner, it is solely and shamefully your fault. However you may ask, or expect my forgiveness—I will never, never yield it."

"Hush, Marian, you are saying you know not what."

"I am saying what is in my heart, and what is in my heart only, Hopner. You had no right to turn Mr. Elgar like a beggar from your doors—your father's doors. How can you expect me to regard him but as injured? How can you expect me to regard you but as unjust and ungenerous?"

"Listen, before you judge so harshly, Marian. I tell you again and again that I have only done what was right and wise."

"You always think yourself right and wise," she interrupted bitterly.

"Oh, Marian!"

"I hardly know what I say, and I hardly care, Hopner. You may make long explanations and long apologies—you can never convince me of your blamelessness in this matter."

Hopner's face had passed from vexation to wrath, and from wrath to moody sulkiness.

"I will not try to do so again, Marian. Let us mention Mr. Elgar's name no more."

And he forgot the commonest canon of etiquette—brushed past his betrothed without a good-night greeting—slammed the door of his room—finally threw himself on his bed in the uneasiest frame of mind imaginable.

Was there no way of uprooting this evil?

He was clear-sighted, and knew that he had put his rival in the most attractive light, namely, that of a victim. Marian's fancy would deepen, could but deepen with every circumstance arrayed against Mr. Elgar, so long as it remained unproved. He might appear an adventurer—a gentleman under false pretences—a would-be topographer—a runaway lunatic—no matter. Hopner felt keenly the disadvantage of his own position.

Unless he could prove some of his suspicions, he stood a chance of losing Marian. This fact rose out of many others as plainly as a star out of marsh mists.

Long and anxiously, the young doctor pondered on all the occurrences of the last four-and-twenty hours, trying to induce some damning certainty against Mr. Elgar; trying

to see some way of safety for himself. After much close thinking, the following conclusions were arrived at.

Firstly. That Mr. Elgar had undoubtedly laid himself open to suspicion by his plain refusal of giving any reference or information regarding his antecedents.

Secondly. His temporary mental aberration needed explanation.

Thirdly. Why had Mr. Elgar come to Bercomb at all: especially why had he come under the pretence of topographical inquiry?

Fourthly. If all these points could be satisfactorily cleared up, something might transpire to reinstate himself, Hopner, in Marian's good opinions, and settle the vexed question of Mr. Elgar's integrity once and for ever.

Having brought his perplexities and puzzles to a conclusion, no matter of what impotent sort, Hopner fell into sound slumber—the slumber of healthful young blood, of worn-out muscles, and of a long-neglected, late-satisfied appetite.

When he awoke, the sun was direct southward, and he knew by the silence of the house that a solitary breakfast was in store for him.

It seemed hard that he should suffer so much for the sake of his father's good-natured imprudences. No wonder the coffee tasted bitter, and the ham salt as poison, that morning.

CHAP. VI. A LAST KISS.

THE sun rose bright and beneficent as if determined to bless the day; white sails lay upon the blue waters like feathers; buoyant breezes danced along the heatherlands and the reedy banks; butterflies lit indolently upon large clover-heads, as if the sparkling sweetness of the summer was too much for them.

And old Dr. Company, with his two girls dressed in white cambric skirts and sailor-like blue jackets, their bright hair all blown into tangles, their cheeks red and glowing, their voices raised a little by way of mastering the noisy waves, wandered along the shore, which was desolate and all to themselves that morning.

When Jessie caught sight of Hopner's advancing figure she uttered a little scream of joy, and jumped up to meet him. Marian held her back.

"No, Jessie, Hopner has been naughty, and like all naughty children must be punished. When we sulked at school we——"

"Nonsense, Marian, I can't have you speak of Hopner in that way. Remember, he's to be your husband."

"But, papa, what chance have I of being

happy if my husband is allowed to be ill-humoured for days together without reasonable cause?"

"He considers that he had reasonable cause, my dear."

"Papa, you always take Hopner's part, which I consider hard."

"I take no part at all, Marian; I merely state an opinion."

"Which is, that Hopner was right in kicking Mr. Elgar out of doors for no cause whatever, and that I am wrong in blaming him for it."

"For Heaven's sake, Marian, let us hear no more of Mr. Elgar. What is he, that all our peace should be disturbed by him? The man is gone—let his memory go too."

Marian's cheeks crimsoned.

"I do not advocate Mr. Elgar's cause, papa—I advocate the cause of justice. Hopner has acted unjustly——"

"My dear girl, at least let older heads than yours judge that——"

"The heart and not the head judges here, papa, and a child must see that Hopner is wrong."

Hopner was now within hearing, and Dr. Company dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Marian," he said, "remember the duty a daughter owes her father, a wife her husband, and forbear to take upon yourself more than is right, or womanly, or becoming. I am vexed with you—do not force me to say that I am displeased."

He kissed her, by way of sealing his past forgiveness and future severity, and said no more. The passionate, roused girl just accepted the kiss, and that was all; gathering up her books and work, she almost knocked poor Jessie down in her brusque retreat, virtually knocked down Hopner's dog, would fain have ignored his master's coming, and set her face towards the cottage.

Hopner could be severe and paternal upon occasions. This was one. Forcing Marian to make way for him, he planted a firm hand upon her arm, which said more than his face, "I am, every man is, the master."

"Don't hinder me, don't speak to me," cried Marian, with a vain attempt to stay a dash of tears. "I see that I am a child still, a helpless dependant always—to be brow-beaten by you, subservient to all, nothing but a toy to anybody. The lesson is not well learned yet. Let me shut myself up and study it."

"Marian!"

"I know what you would say, Hopner. I should not have said this a week ago, nor two days ago, perhaps; women live quickly

you know; but shall I tell you what has changed me?"

Hopner bit his lip as if to keep back some stinging thought.

"I am not afraid to hear your answer, if you like, Hopner."

"Marian, I think Mr. Elgar's coming has changed you a little."

"Yes," she replied, moving farther from him, and speaking with her face turned to the sea. "Yes, perhaps so. Mr. Elgar is so unlike you and papa, and every one else I have ever seen. He does not think that men should live solely to perform the round of daily business, that women should live to fill a place in the house solely; he feels that there is such a thing as intellect in the world, that beyond the common-place horizon of life, poetry shines like a star for those who seek it. Hopner, I shall never feel the same pleasure in our hum-drum Rye parties, our chit-chat of everyday trifles, our droning existence that began one way, and will end one way——"

She put her fingers to her ears.

"The droning drives me mad. I can't bear it. I can't return to it. Hopner, you have power to do me great harm; use it if you will, use it to whip me into brute-like obedience, to make me—not your wife, only free women can be wives; but your servant, your slave, the nurse of your children. Oh! are you a man, and will yet do this thing? Think of it, Hopner. I shall marry you, I shall bear your name, sit by your hearth, pray with you at church, smile upon you, kiss you even, and all, all without love!"

The little group on the beach were quite beyond hearing now, and Marian almost shrieked out a reiteration of her last words.

"Without love, Hopner, without love in youth, without love in the world, without love in death! Take me if you will, but do not reproach me afterwards, for I have told you all!"

The young doctor answered her calmly. He had suffered so much, and had been so much shocked during the last day and night, that for a time outward emotion was impossible to him.

"You have told me all, Marian! I thank you for such candour. And I will be candid also. Do not blame me if my candour be cruel; recollect that you have been cruel first."

She looked at him in a bird-like suspicious way, drew deep breaths, writhed, as if her pretty skirts were poisoned, and the ground she trod on volcanic, finally gasped out.

"For Heaven's sake, be quick."

Hopner went on slowly. The young man had possessed no vices till now, was singularly

free from those small vices of temper that make the chiefest unhappiness in the world ; but love and hate, and the sense of bitter wrong, stung him into gall and bitterness.

"I take you, Marian. Though you have told me all, though you have so heartlessly deceived me, I take you. We need be neither friends nor lovers, for awhile, but you are not free nevertheless. You will never be free to marry Mr. Elgar."

There was a silence,—long, deep, and only pointed by almost inarticulate sighs.

At length the woman said (even in chains the woman is master), "Do you think I alone shall suffer? Have you no pity on yourself?"

"None whatever."

"Nor on your children—they may be made to hate you!"

"Pshaw! There is no need to look so far forward. I shall die early perhaps."

But her arrow had hit, and she knew it.

"Hopner, you are not so wicked as you imagine yourself to be. When you are alone, and perforce remember the days that are gone, and the times (oh, how many!) that I have come to you as a baby-girl for protection—oh, Hopner, you cannot, dare not do it!"

He turned away, trying to steel himself by the recollection of her own hard words, trying to put Mr. Elgar's face before her agonised one—in vain. She lay prone on the wet sands, clasping his knees, wetting them with her tears, burning them with her kisses. A low groan issued from his lips. He stooped down to raise her, and some impulse, he knew not what, prompted him to kiss her brow.

Then he whispered a word or two of penitence, and rushed away. Marian regained instant composure. Hopner walked along with big tears falling down his bronzed cheeks.

"It is all over," he thought, "my father's fond dream, and my own one hope of all others. Marian will never love me, and shall, unloving, never be my wife. I thought to tame her into gentleness and submission, to force circumstances into my favour. Alas! everything is against me. I shall kiss Marian as a lover, never again."

He could not join Jessie and his father yet, and was about to take a dip in the isolated sea beyond Southerden's domains, when the old man suddenly came upon him.

"I say, young Doctor Campany, yer the very indivijetable I'm wantin'—"

"Ah, poor Benge! I had almost forgotten the lad—how is he?"

"Well," rejoined Southerden, with a strange glisten, half of tears, half of smiles, in his sharp grey eyes, "well, well."

Hopner stared incredulously.

"There's wells of many degrees, Doctor Campany, wells o' this world, wells o' the betterer world up yonder. Benge has got well—he's gone."

"I feared as much, and poor Rosa?"

"Women must blare—that's the worst on 'em," answered Southerden ruefully. "They blare at a weddin', and blare at a berryin'; but as I was a tellin' you last night, had Benge lived, there 'ud ha' been blaring still; things wouldn't ha' prospered for my poor boy—I mean Rosa."

He dropped his voice, looked round furtively, and added—

"Where's that man as was wi' your father and his boys, yesterday? I want to know partikeler."

"Mr. Elgar—he is gone."

"Where to?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself."

"But you must know somethin' o' him—where's he abidin'—where's his family—what's his craft?"

Hopner's curiosity was now awakened.

"Why do you want to know anything about Mr. Elgar?" he asked, impatiently. "We are quite at sea now; but there are ways of getting information."

The old man thrust a bare brown foot into the sand with temper, shook his one hand threateningly, uttered a low oath of dissatisfaction, and strode away to the cottage, beckoning Hopner to follow.

Tilda and Rosa sat at the kitchen-table, eating potatoes and mackerel in that mechanical immoveable way usual to the unlettered orders when in grief. Silk and satin can afford to starve, to choke with tears, to abjure meat and drink for a day; fustian and serge can afford no respite from daily toil, and consequently from daily meals.

"The Doctor, boys: yer go on a' yer eatin', we ban't a' stoppin' yer," said Southerden, moving towards an inner room. "We couldn't abear the poor lad to lie by himself in the shed, and ha' moved him among us—here he is—look on him."

He closed the door softly, and approached the bedside. Hopner followed him. Both gazed intently on the dead face.

Death is the greatest of all great lawgivers and levellers. The last garments one wears carry more dignity and awe with them than the king's purple, the conqueror's crimson, the priest's sable; thus robed, we are no longer poor, no longer rich, neither gentle nor boorish, neither lords nor slaves. Death brings us to the only eternal and immutable level, he makes us men and women, and therein ful-

files the office of his twin-sister Life, who heralded us into the world as mere men and women at first.

Hopner thought something after this fashion, as he contemplated the calm brow and sad sweet lips of the dead sailor. He wondered, moreover, how it was that the coarseness of birth, and breeding, and employ, had fallen from him as easily as the garb he wore when living: he lifted one passive hand, and noticing the shapeliness of the fingers, said involuntarily—

“Surely this young man was born of gentle parents!”

“See yer nothing else?” asked the old man, inquisitorially—“see yer nothing here?” lightly touching the brow, “and here?” resting a forefinger on the delicately-shaped nose; “and here?” finally raising the slightly-dimpled chin with both hands; “bekase, if yer can’t see nothing, I can. Where’s yer eyes, Doctor Company, where’s yer wits, that yer can’t see a likeness to—”

Hopner caught up his words quickly.

“A likeness to Mr. Elgar—a strong likeness to—”

“It’s more ’an a likeness, it’s two selves, two relations, two—”

“Two brothers!—is it possible—Mr. Elgar is also the son of a murderer?”

“It isn’t brothers, I tell yer,” said the old man, in fierce excitement, “it’s father and son—Mr. Elgar isn’t the son of a mudderer—he’s the mudderer himself—the Lord be praised, for opening it to our eyes!”

A long and low-voiced conversation followed, which it is not necessary to transcribe here. Sufficient to say that Hopner left the cottage with a clear conviction in his mind of some truth, he knew not how much, lying at the bottom of the old man’s story.

A DEADLY FEUD.

THOUGH the tragedy I am about to relate was consummated in the reign of Queen Mary, I must ask the reader to review for a moment the earlier history of the Forest Laws.

Every schoolboy knows that the tyranny of the early Norman kings was felt most keenly in their cruel exactions for the preservation of game. To kill beasts of the chase was as penal as the murder of a man. We can easily understand how stoutly our ancestors battled for the *Charta de Foresta*, which was extorted with as much reluctance as the *Magna Charta* itself. Even when the laws had undergone considerable amelioration, persons keeping dogs within the limits of the forest were obliged to cut away the balls of their fore-feet, to render them in-

capable of pursuing game or of hunting the deer. Great dissatisfaction arose from time to time in respect to the encroachments of the limits of the royal hunting grounds. Taking the forest of Selwood as an example, as closely connected with our story, we may note some of the changes to which it has been subject.

This tract of land skirted the boundaries of Wiltshire and Somersetshire, occupying the declivity of the high land, and descending into the vale. In the olden time it must have been very picturesque, for even now it is a pretty bit of landscape, despite modern improvements and high farming. The original extent of the forest was about twelve miles in length and five in breadth, but lands bordering on the old limits were afforested after the coronation of Henry the Second. However, we learn that in the twenty-sixth of Edward the First, in 1298, there was a perambulation to reduce the forest to its ancient and lawful bounds, made in 1225, and ratified by the great seal of England. Under Edward the First, then, the limits of the forest were once more arranged, commissioners being appointed by the king to meet those sent by the landowners. Malcolm de Harleigh and John de Wroteslighe, on the part of his majesty, met Galfred de Wrokeshall and Hugh de Popham, knights of the county of Somerset; and, in the presence of the verderers, they made oaths as to the bounds of the said forest. “All the bailiwick of Selewode was afforested of vert and venison.” As time went on it appears that the neighbouring landowners and cottagers obtained a prescriptive right to depasture their cows or geese on the outlying parts of the forest lands; and now we find the position of matters so far changed that the commonalty are interested in the preservation of the royal forests and commons. Towards the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth the nobles began to slice off pieces of the outlying wastes and commons, enclosing them for their own pastures or parks. A belief in the rights of the soil is so inherent in human nature that it is not surprising that the people rose and resisted to the very death this encroachment on their privileges. They were first despoiled of their lands by the king, and now that the forest laws had fallen into desuetude, they were robbed of their pasturage by the nobles. The evil had attained to such a height that in 1549, third of Edward VI., a proclamation was issued, to restrain certain nobles and gentry from enclosing the commons and converting them into their own pastures and parks, and commanding that all ground that had been thus enclosed should be thrown open by a certain day, under heavy penalties.

The good intentions of this order were dis-

regarded by those persons who had secured to themselves portions of the forest of Selwood ; the consequence was, that the cottagers and others assembled in a tumultuous manner in the eastern part of the county of Somerset, and broke down the enclosure of the parks of Lord Stourton and Sir William Herbert. A royal commission was issued to quell the disturbance ; but it appears that the bitter feelings excited on this occasion were destined to have a tragic ending.

There was a certain family named Hartgill, landowners in Kilmington, in which parish is part of the forest of Selwood. They were people of consideration, for one Edward Hartgill had been sheriff of Wiltshire in 1477, and a mortuary chapel still exists in Kilmington church, which is supposed to have belonged to the family. These Hartgills—father and son—took a decided part against Lord Stourton in the matter of the enclosures. They insisted on the restitution of the lands, a course of action which was doubtless very irritating to his lordship, who regarded the Hartgills as untrue to the distinctions of class, a feeling for which had survived the feudal system. But the Hartgills, who “were favourers of the Gospel,” looked with more charity upon the poor than was usual with the arrogant gentry.

Notwithstanding all opposition, Lord Stourton held to his encroachments ; but a special order came down from the Privy Council—inspired, probably, by the Hartgills—requiring him to desist forthwith from proceeding with his begun enclosure, and to avoid giving occasion for “further misliking” amongst his neighbours. At this juncture the plot thickens. Lord Stourton dies, leaving his title, estates, and hereditary hatred to his son Charles.

Strype, in his “Memorials,” from whom these facts are mainly drawn, does not say whether there was any family connection between the disputants ; but we find that Dame Elizabeth, widow of Lord William, was sojourning at Kilmington with the Hartgills, and we learn further that her son came over there, and “was earnestly in hand” with William Hartgill to be a means unto the said Dame Elizabeth, that she should enter into a bond in a great sum of money that she should never marry. The other refused to do this, unless “Lord Stourton would assign out some yearly portion for his mother to live upon.” The end of the matter was, that the said lord fell utterly out with William Hartgill.

After the lapse of a few weeks, it being then Whitsuntide, Lord Stourton came again to Kilmington, armed with the pretended grievance that the Hartgills had been hunting in his park. He was accompanied by a great many

men with bows and guns. The Hartgills, hearing of his approach, immediately took refuge in the church, all except John, a lusty young gentleman, who rushed back to his father's house to secure some weapons of defence. As he ran several arrows were discharged at him ; but he secured his retreat, and returned to face his foes, and it appears, too, was followed by several of his father's retainers, armed with cross-bows and guns. This drove the Stourton party away from the immediate vicinity of the church, and so the younger Hartgill got near to hold speech with his father. The old people, with two or three of their servants, had taken refuge in the tower of the church, for it seems they knew the desperate character of their assailants.

It is curious to reflect that the modest but picturesque church of Kilmington, which still keeps watch and ward over the quiet village, should actually have been used as a sanctuary. One can imagine old Hartgill's face peering cautiously out of the lancet window, and with earnest gesture begging his son to take horse and ride up to Court with all convenient speed to tell the honourable council how he was used. The son, before he left, took the precaution of having meat and drink pulled up by means of a basket for the use of the prisoners in the tower. Truly the church was a refuge in very time of trouble !

No sooner was young Hartgill well out of sight than Lord Stourton's party returned, keeping the old people for many hours in a ferment of terror. One of his lordship's men went to the pasture, and “there took out Hartgill's own riding gelding, worth eight pounds, and shot him with a cross-bow,” noising abroad that the owner had been hunting with it in the park.

John Hartgill succeeded in his mission ; the council were greatly irritated against Lord Stourton, and they immediately sent down Sir Thomas Speake, the high sheriff of Somerset (an ancestor of the African traveller), to deliver the captives, and to bring up Lord Stourton with him ; which was done, and the offender was committed to the Fleet. He could not have tarried there long ; for, according to Strype, his lordship was soon again at his old practices, and continued his malice to the Hartgills all through King Edward's reign, “taking from them whatever corn and cattle he could any ways come by.”

On the accession of Mary the sufferers made humble suit to the queen and her council for some redress. The council called the parties before them, and Lord Stourton promised that if Hartgill and his son would come to his house and desire his good-will, they should have it,

together with their goods and cattle. Upon this the Hartgills, trusting his promise, went to Stourton House, attended by one Darkcombe. As they were proceeding onwards, in a narrow lane, they were set upon by several of Lord Stourton's men, who attacked John Hartgill, and wounded him so severely that he was left for dead. A cook of Lord Stourton's came by after the affray, and taking pity on him, helped him to a neighbour's house, where his hurt was attended.

This at last became a Star Chamber business, and "the matter appeared so heinously base on the said Lord Stourton's side that he was fined in a certain sum, to be paid to the Hartgills, and was, moreover, imprisoned in the Fleet." My lord had evidently a friend at Court, for he got out of prison again, obtaining a licence upon some pretence to retire for a while to his country house, being engaged, however, in a bond of 2000*l.* to return to the Fleet. He offered to pay at once the sum of money ordered by the Star Chamber, and affected to desire an ending and quieting of all matters between himself and his neighbours, for the furtherance of which he desired the Hartgills to appoint a place of meeting where they should receive the fine. The old chronicler describes "that the latter received his errand, but were in much doubt to adventure themselves." At length a meeting was arranged at Kilmington church, and at ten of the clock one cold January morning Lord Stourton came, true to his appointment. But there came such a conclave with him of men on horseback and men on foot, that the Hartgills were in great dread. The open space near the church was nigh filled with this concourse, consisting of fifteen of Lord Stourton's own men, sundry of his tenants, besides several gentlemen and justices, to the number of about sixty persons in all. His lordship went into the church house, which was about forty paces distant, and thence sent word to the Hartgills, who were sheltering themselves under the sacred roof, "that they must come out, for the church was no place to talk of worldly matters;" whereupon they adventured themselves, coming within twenty paces, old Hartgill, after due salutation, saying, "My lord, I see many of mine enemies about your lordship, therefore I am much afraid to come any nearer." Upon this the company said, "they durst in all they had, they should have no bodily hurt." Upon this comfort they approached to my lord's person. Lord Stourton then discoursed upon the reason which had brought them together, saying if they would come into the church house he would pay them the money. But the Hartgills refused to go into any covered place, the

church excepted. At this refusal there was much demur and talking, but some one present thought good that a table should be set upon the open green, which was done accordingly. Lord Stourton laid thereupon a cap-case and a purse, as though he intended to make payment; and calling unto the two Hartgills he said that the council had ordered him to pay them a certain sum of money, which they should have every penny; "but marry, he would first know them to be true men." This was the watchword, which was no sooner said than Lord Stourton laid hands on William Hartgill, adding, "I arrest you of felony." Immediately ten or twelve of his own men surrounded the Hartgills and thrust them violently into the church house. Here his lordship produced "two bands of inkle" which he had in readiness, and he caused his men to bind them with the same. He took from them their purses with his own hands, and finding afterwards a turquoise in one, gave it to Lady Stourton. When John Hartgill was bound he gave him a blow on his face (Sir James FitzJames and Chaffin looking on). At this moment young Hartgill's wife, no doubt alarmed at the commotion, rushed into the church house, encountering Lord Stourton at the door. He spurred and kicked at her, making a great rent in her hosen with his spur, and finally gave her such a blow with his sword between the head and neck that she fell backwards as though dead, and "for three hours the company had much ado to keep life in her." Such is the extraordinary account of the illegal arrest of two unoffending gentlemen, made in the presence of so many persons that one is surprised that a feeling of common humanity did not come to rescue the oppressed. But the worst remains yet to be told.

Lord Stourton kept the Hartgills fast bound all day, without meat or drink, at the parsonage. About an hour after midnight they were conveyed to a house of his called Bonham, where he himself lay. The next day Lord Stourton sent for two justices of the peace to examine them, pretending that his prisoners were to be delivered over to the proper authorities the next day. The so-called justices must have been under his influence, for they merely ordered the poor men to be unloosed of their bonds. About ten of the same night Lord Stourton sent four men—creatures of his own—to Bonham House, to fetch away the Hartgills to the place appointed; and it came out afterwards in confession, that they had orders to rid them of their lives if they made any noise by the way. The four ruffians brought out the two Hartgills into a close yard adjoining Stourton, and there, causing them to kneel with their hands tied behind them, the

murderers beat them till they thought they were stark dead, "my lord in the mean season standing at the gallery door, which was not a coy't's cast from the place." This done, they wrapped them in their own gowns, and carried the bodies through a garden into the gallery, where they were joined by Lord Stourton, he bearing a candle and leading the way before them. One of those who assisted in carrying the elder Hartgill missed a plank and fell down into a hole, the body with him. While extricating their victim the poor old man "groaned very sore," upon which Farree, swearing a dreadful oath, exclaimed he was not yet dead. Syms, another of the murderers, said it would be a good deed to rid him of his pains. Lord Stourton himself interposed, ordering both their throats to be cut instantly, lest a French priest lying near should hear them. "Then Farree cut their throats, my lord standing by with a candle in his hand." One of the men said, "Oh, my lord, this is a pitiful sight. Had I thought what I now think before the thing was done, your whole land would not have won me to consent to such an act." To this his wicked employer answered, "What, faint-hearted fool! is it any more than ridding the world of two knaves, that living were troublesome to God's law and man's; there is no more account to be made of them than the killing of two sheep!" Their bodies were then tumbled into a dungeon. Syms and Gough were let down by means of cords, for there were no stairs, and there they finished their hideous work of death by digging a grave for their victims, covering them first with earth and then with paving stones. Lord Stourton kept walking up and down on the planks above, "oftentimes calling to them to make speed, for that the night went away." Let imagination picture this wicked lord and his creatures, foul from their deeds of darkness, stepping forth into the clear dawn of God's holy light—surely the hand of Justice will not tarry!

And justice did not tarry, for we learn from history, that on the 28th of January, 1556, Lord Stourton was had to the Tower, and on the 26th of February he was arraigned at Westminster Hall before the judges of the council. "This lord thought to bear out himself, for he was a papist, and the Hartgills were favourers of the Gospel. But the queen and the council," says Cooper, in his "Chronicles," "were greatly displeased at this, and willed process and judgment to proceed against him."

For a long time he would not answer, whereupon the Lord Chief Justice declared "that if he would not answer he should be pressed to death by the laws of the land." Afterwards he made answer, and was cast by his own

words, and then condemned to be hanged, together with four of his men.

On the 2nd of March, Lord Stourton rode from the Tower, with Sir Robert Oxenbridge, the lieutenant, and four of his servants, with certain of the guards, through London towards Salisbury, where he was to be executed. The first night they lay at Hounslow; the morrow they came to Staines; thence to Basingstoke; and so to Salisbury, where he suffered death.

Execution was done upon him March 6th, in the market-place. "This lord made great lamentation at his death for his wilful and impious deeds."

There is a tomb in Salisbury Cathedral which was erected to his memory. It is of singular construction, having three circular apertures on each side, intended to represent the armorial bearings of the family, which were derived from six springs rising in the ancient park of Stourton. A twisted wire, with a noose, emblematic of a halter, was hung over the tomb as a memorial of his crime till about 1775.

CORNELIA CROSSE.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BLOCK OF COAL.

CHAPTER III.—I AM FORMED AND MEET WITH
UPS AND DOWNS.

I HAVE told you how my ancestors, the Lepidodendron, the Sigillaria, the Calamite, the Araucaria, the Fern, and such like, lived and grew by the side of, and perhaps occasionally submerged by, the salt or brackish waters of the seas of the carboniferous period. There, too, they died, forming, as each fell, a fresh addition to the thick mass of rotting vegetation that was ultimately to become a coal-bed. Many a year must the forest have flourished, and many a successive growth must have replaced that which in the course of nature had fallen; for it has been calculated that to obtain a bed of coal three feet thick, it must have taken a thousand years, or, in other words, that the materials for forming the seam must have been accumulating for that length of time. This, then, was my earliest cradle, and a very unhealthy cradle it must have been; but I was not yet fully developed—for which purpose I had to be subjected to a process of which the whole earth partook, more or less. The earth had been unsettled for a considerable time, as it often is at the present day in tropical countries, and shakes and sundry shivers gave a premonitory warning that one of those series of oscillations might soon occur which would considerably alter the features of the land. Even in temperate zones these changes of level take place; and, indeed, the coast of Norway is actually measured

to be rising at the rate of two or three feet in a century. This is, of course, a slow and long-continued process, and one that is scarcely visible to the eye; but changes in tropical climates are usually more sharp and sudden, and very probably depend on a different cause than the gradual elevation. It was this latter catastrophe that happened to my ancestors, who found themselves rapidly descending by a depression of the whole land. As a matter of course, as the land got lower the tide swept over it, bringing a quantity of silt and sand, which, as time went on, became hardened and conglomerated into sandstone.

This was occasionally varied by eruptions of the rivers from the interior, bringing down with the storms and freshes large deposits of mud, with occasional "snags and sawyers," in the shape of a drifted tree. And so time went on, and what with alternate layers of sand and mud, piled on top of the debris of the forest, I began to find that a very considerable amount of pressure was fast developing me into something very like what I am. You will probably ask me how it is that I consider the depression to have been sudden instead of gradual. My reason for thinking so is because certain of my relations in Staffordshire and South Wales are rather proud of showing some of their ancestral trees, standing (though, of course, fossilized) just as they were at the time of the catastrophe, with their trunks running not only through the coal-bed, but also through the sandstone and shales above—a fact which seems pretty clear that the trees had not time to die and fall before they were overtaken by the depression. I mentioned "snags" just now—a term which I suppose you know as an Americanism for trees drifted down and caught, so as to form an impediment in the course of a stream. Now, after a long alternation of sand and mud deposits over the buried forests, one of two things might have happened—either a gradual or sudden elevation of the land might have taken place, so as again to have afforded a new land surface; or, as often happens in the deltas of large rivers, such as the Mississippi, soil might have accumulated round a collection of "snags," and an island have been formed, which would very soon increase, and be as soon covered with a growth of vegetation. Whichever of these two causes might have operated, it is quite certain that a fresh forest grew up in time, many feet above the old one, and the same interesting programme acted over again. Fresh changes in level ensued—fresh destruction and fresh creation—and you may guess the awful pressure that was put upon me when I tell you that, in some

coal basins, as in South Wales, there are not only nearly 80 feet of coal, but also 12,000 to 14,000 feet of shale and sandstone in the thickness of the measures. Added to this pressure, the intensity of which no human being can imagine, were the chemico-dynamic forces of heat, the effects of which were to turn your humble servant, the offspring of leaves, into a block of coal. Indeed, the experiment has been tried, of subjecting hay, grass, and all that kind of thing, to a very great pressure and heat, and although the means at the command of your scientific men are ridiculously feeble as compared with nature, the result had the effect of turning out a material so far like coal that, at all events, it would burn. On a still smaller scale, the same phenomena may be seen in the interior of a rick of new hay, which, when stacked before being sufficiently dry, will be found to be perfectly black and charred where the pressure and heat has been greatest.

To turn away, however, from this rather painful subject, you will naturally be anxious to know how, with so many thousand feet of my relations and their incumbrances on top of me, I could ever emerge so as to be accessible for the purposes for which I was created. This, again, was due to elevation—not, I suspect, such a local and sudden change as occurred to each successive forest, but a grand upheaval of continents, which very possibly did not occur till after the carboniferous age had passed away; nay, might not have happened till the general elevations of the glacial epoch, which, as compared with the coal era, was a thing of yesterday. But at whatever date it occurred the results were fortunate for you, for otherwise I should have been so deep down in the earth that you would never have got at me, but only at my highest relatives, who, between you and me, are rather superficial, and, in my opinion, not half so valuable as I am.

In the Welsh coal field you can see traces of this elevating process on the hill sides, which are fashioned into steps or terraces, showing where the period of elevation stopped, allowing a sea-beach to be formed, before the process recommenced. Ups and downs, however, were not the only treatment that I experienced; for I became subject to all sorts of cross fires, by which my hitherto smooth and unbroken surface became full of wrinkles and furrows, forming deep troughs or valleys, which I believe you geologists called *synclinals*, in opposition to *anticlinals*, which would be equivalent to the crest of the wave or the upward convergence of the beds. This again, though highly unpleasant to me as conducing to irregularities, was good for you, as, if my surface had been left

with an unbroken dip, the inclination of the beds, though very gradual, would soon have carried the coal strata so low beneath the ground, that it would have been found impossible to sink pits to such a great depth; whereas, by the occurrence of these troughs and anticlinals, the lowest portion of the coal measures is often brought up comparatively near the surface, and thus put at the same advantage as the beds at the crop of the basin, by which I mean the edges, where of course the coal is most superficial. Another convenience obtained by this cross force is, that the coal districts, instead of being perfectly monotonous and level, are often thrown into hills and valleys, so that the coal measures in the former can be easily reached by merely driving a gallery, instead of the more expensive process of sinking a shaft. Again, as the evolution of these forces has been accompanied by the chemical agencies of heat, and probably some electrical or magnetic effects, it has produced a change in the character of the coals, by which one seam is rendered more valuable for certain purposes than another, as you will perceive when I come to talk of my relations and their peculiarities. In addition to these great disturbances, which have had so much to do with the general arrangement of our beds, there have been local ones, which perhaps have tried us even more severely and made us full of faults. A fault in mining parlance is where some displacement has occurred in strata, causing the seam, or bed, to be thrown up or down, to a different level to what it was before. If up, it is called an upthrow fault; if down, it is a downthrow: and you can easily imagine that much good and evil may result from such an arrangement.

It is very awkward, for instance, for a colliery proprietor, who has sunk a lot of money in his pit, and has come upon the coal, out of which he hopes to reimburse himself, to find that he is all of a sudden brought up by a displacement of the coal seam—that in fact he has lost it, and probably finds instead that there is a hard wall of rock showing its unwelcome face where the coal should have been. Perhaps he is aware of the existence of this fault, knows whether it is an upthrow or a downthrow, and also to what extent the coal is altered in level. If so, he can work away through this hard rock with a certain satisfaction, knowing where to look for the coal afterwards, and feeling that it is only a temporary hindrance; but, on the other hand, he may not feel at all certain as to the thickness of the fault, or whether the coal beds may not have been thrown up or down to such a number of yards, that it would be tanta-

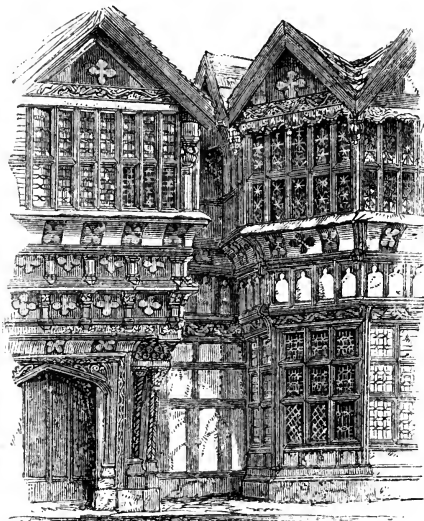
mount to losing it altogether. Indeed, faults are so important in their extent that it frequently happens, as in the case of a portion of the Newcastle field, that a fresh basin is created by the existence of a fault; or, in other words, that seams of coal have been made practically available which would not have been so had it not been for it.

Sometimes faults are an unmixed advantage, for I must tell you that we, or rather the shales and rubbish with which we are associated, are very treacherous, and are given to harbour large bodies of water or gas, which latter, whenever it has a chance, speedily becomes ignited and does us a deal of damage. If anything occurs to let out the water, the whole of the colliery is frequently drowned out, and there is then a lamentable loss of life. In these cases faults often act as a sort of natural tank, by which the pent-up water or fire (supposing the coal is on fire) may be prevented from making an universal irruption, and spreading destruction on everything around. So you see that what is meat for one is poison for another.

I daresay that you will think that, after such a history of ups and downs and disturbances from every side, nature would have left us alone to bide our time. I, having lived pretty well at the bottom of the basin, have been left tolerably quiet; but some of the junior members of the family, who lived in the top stories, were subject to a frightful epidemic called denudation; when this took place I can't exactly say, except that it was after that great and gradual uprising; but the effects were terrific, so much so that vast masses of coal beds, rocks, and strata generally were carried away bodily by means of strong currents, which may indeed have acted at the same time that the coal-basin was being elevated. Professor Ramsay points out that 9000 feet at least have been carried away from my unfortunate relations in South Wales; they have disappeared utterly, leaving great gaps behind them in the shape of valleys and precipitously escarped hills. Where they have gone to, Heaven only knows. Perhaps some have found a resting-place under the Bristol Channel, to be available some future day, when I and mine have been all used up. Perhaps they have become nothing but debris of the coal period, to serve as material for the succeeding geological age. But I have been rather egotistical of late, and shall wind up my subject by a few words on my friends and relations, some of whom are worth knowing, while others are so unmanageable that they are scarcely worth—sending to Blazes.

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

OLD MORETON HALL.



Interior of the Court.

CHESHIRE has been aptly termed by antiquaries and genealogists "the seed-plot of nobility;" and if we may believe Mr. E. P. Shirley's "Noble and Gentle Men of England," it contains at this day a larger number of old county families than any other of our English counties, in proportion to its size; and no unworthy compeers of the Grosvenors, Egertons, Leighs, Wilbrahams, Davenports, Warburtons, and Stanleys of the time were the heads of the Moretons of Moreton in successive generations, until they became extinct in the male line.

Little Moreton Hall, long the seat of one, and we believe the elder, branch of the Moretons, is one of the most curious timber houses in Cheshire, or, indeed, in the kingdom. It dates from the fifteenth century, but it marks the site of an older mansion, of which some faint traces still remain. It stands on the road leading from Congleton towards Newcastle, towards the south-east corner of the county, amidst a sandy plain, looking towards the borders of Staffordshire.

According to Lysons, the Hall belonged at an early period to the noble and knightly family of Moreton, whose heiress, about the reign of Henry III., married Gralam de Lostock. His son, after the usage of the times, took the name of Moreton from his property, and was the grandfather of Gralam de Moreton, who was living A.D. 1354. The descendants of this personage continued possessed of this hall in strict male descent till the death of Sir Walter

Moreton, Recorder of London, just a century ago, who in 1763 bequeathed the estate to his nephew, the Rev. Richard Taylor, vicar of West Firle, Sussex, who assumed the name of Moreton under his father's will, and was the father of the late owner, the Rev. William Moreton Moreton. The seat and property now belong to this gentleman's daughter and heir.

It appears that Moreton and the adjoining estate of Rode (or Odrode, as it was once called) were joint manors in the old Saxon times, or, as some topographers assert, two separate manors within one "ville." After the Conquest they passed into the hands of Norman grantees, who were Hugh, predecessor of the Barons of Montalt, and William Fitz Nigel, of Halton. The manors were subsequently divided, and gave their names to two distinct families.

This division of the manor of Rhode between the old family of Rhode and the Moretons was probably the cause of some curious differences which arose between those two houses, and which were, it is to be hoped, set at rest by an "awarde made in the 5th year of our Sovereign Lord King Henry VIII." by one William Brereton, Esq. These seem to have arisen out of the moot question of personal precedence, and they were settled rather comically on the following terms, that "whichever of the said gentlemen may dispend in lands by title of inheritance 10 mark or above more than the other, he shall have the pre-eminence of siting in the church and in going in procession, and with all other like cases in that behalf." The document, signed by Brereton, is still in the possession of the Moreton family, whose pedigree is proved by the Heralds' Visitations, and by successive "Inquisitiones Post Mortem," reaching down to the reign of Elizabeth.

The "Old Hall," as it is called in the neighbourhood, stands only a short distance from the road, and is approached by a small stone bridge over a moat, which encloses about a statute acre of ground; and of the entire building three sides only are now standing.

Entering over the bridge from the south side, we find ourselves at the portal of a very ancient gateway, which admits us into the court. The buildings over this gateway are very lofty, and were probably used as sleeping rooms, except the long gallery above, and a room on the south side opening into it.

The sides of the gallery are almost entirely composed of a series of bay windows; the roof is of oak resting on brackets, and formed into square compartments filled with quatrefoils. Scattered about over the parlour of the hall and large parlour are the following inscriptions,

carved in the woodwork, together with the arms and crest of Moreton :—

GOD IS AL IN AL THING.

THIS WINDOW WAS MADE BY WILLIAM MORETON IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD MDLIX.

RICHARD DALE, CARPENTER, MADE THIS WINDOW, BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

It was almost needless for Lysons to have added that the chapel and other parts of the building "might have been of an earlier date."

Over the window at the west-end is a figure of Fortune resting on a wheel, with the motto "Qui modo scandit corruet statim," and at

the other end is another figure with a globe and an inscription "The Spere of Destiny, whose rule is Knowledge."

Ormerod, in his well-known "History of Cheshire," thus describes the Hall :—"The principal apartment on the north side of the court is lighted by a large bow window forming five sides of an octagon. Beyond is the dining parlour, over the mantel-piece in which are the arms of royalty, and in the windows are the arms of Brereton and Moreton, and the badge of the House of Lancaster. Another pane, which has been destroyed, in all pro-



Old Moreton Hall ; South-east View.

bability contained a repetition of the white rose, to which the Moretons had a twofold reason for attachment,—the well-known predilection of the gentlemen of Cheshire for the princes of that line, and also the circumstance of their being military tenants under the Duchy of Lancaster, to which by consequence their fealty was due."

The bow windows of the Hall and the adjoining apartment, according to the same authority, appear to have been added at a later date. The most ancient side of the house is undoubtedly the eastern. In this is a small and

very curious chapel, divided into the regular form of a chapel and ante-chapel, separated by a wooden screen. The extreme length of the apartment is about thirty feet ; the ceiling is very low. The chapel proper is about twelve feet by nine ; the rest of the space is occupied by the ante-chapel. At the east end is a pointed window ; and texts of Scripture are painted in black letter within compartments on the walls. The old chapel, we are sorry to say, is not as carefully preserved as it deserves to be. The texts from the Bible are now scarcely legible.*

* They are not from the authorised English version.

The old glass patterns in the windows are of exquisite shapes and forms. On one of them are the following lines, cut with a diamond in an old-fashioned hand :—

Man can noe more knowe weoman's mynde by teares
Than by her shaddow judge what clothes shee weares.

Underneath are written the names of Jonathan Woodnotte and Marie Woodnotte, with the date 1621. We wonder how these Woodnottes were connected with the Moretons, and what made Jonathan so spiteful against woman-kind. Can any of our readers assist us in solving the mystery ?

"The materials of the old house," says Ormerod, "are timber, wickerwork and plaster; the timber, as usual, is disposed in squares, filled up fancifully with quatrefoils and other patterns. The stables and other offices are ranged at a more respectful distance than is usual in old mansions. Within the moat, at the north-west angle, is a circular mound, which probably once supported a tower of the earlier mansion—which from this circumstance we should infer was probably fortified—and at the south-east angle is another circular mound of much larger dimensions, situated outside the present moat, but apparently included originally within trenches communicating with it."

As the house wanted repairing in one of the large beams which supported the projecting upper gable as far back as Elizabeth's time, we cannot be wrong in believing that the edifice dates from the reign of Henry VII. or Henry VIII., more especially since it is well known that these moated houses, adorned with black and white diapers of timbers and plaster, succeeded the ancient castellated residences, and in their turn gave way to the Tudor and Elizabethan mansions.

There is a report that Queen Elizabeth paid Moreton a visit in one of her royal progresses, and that she danced in the long gallery; but the story is not very well founded. It probably arose from some poetical attempt to account for the royal arms which are still to be seen, handsomely carved, in a panel over the chimney-piece of the dining parlour, though the escutcheon is certainly of an older date than Elizabeth's reign, and contains the armorial bearings of Henry VII. or VIII., or Edward VI.

Lysons, who gives two large engravings of Little Moreton Hall, says in his "Magna Britannia," that it is "a very remarkable building, almost wholly of timber, and one which, from the singularity of its form and its high state of preservation, is more worthy of attention than any other of the same kind in Cheshire. It is surrounded," he says, "by

a moat, and occupies three sides of a court, [quadrangle], on the north side of which is the hall with a large bow window, being five sides of an octagon. On the east side of the court is the chapel, on the walls of which are painted various inscriptions in text hand, and other ornaments. * * * The whole of the upper side of this side of the building, being sixty-eight feet in length, is occupied by a very light gallery, having a continued range of windows on every side of it." The curious manner in which the timberwork of this building and the glazing of the windows are disposed will be best understood from the illustrations. One of the most interesting general views of "the Old Hall," is from the top of a hill called Mole Cop, where the eye catches a bird's eye view of the moat and entire form of the building, grouping with the range of offices and a large artificial pool which lies below the hill at the back of the buildings.

In the parish church of Astbury, which stands at some distance from "the Old Hall," are the monuments of the Moretons, including one to the memory of the Recorder of London already mentioned. His father was Bishop of Kildare and Meath, and his grandfather was a Prebendary of Chester, who had married a niece of Archbishop Laud. The Prebendary's brother was in high diplomatic employ, and had been sent by Charles I. as Ambassador to Genoa and to Tuscany. The family appear in their time to have allied themselves with the Breretons, Bellots, Rodes, Yardleys, Calveleys, Suttons, and Davenportes, and others of the best Cheshire squires.

There was another branch of the family who were seated at another house in the neighbourhood called Great Moreton Hall, which is thus described by Lysons in his "Topographia Britannica."

It is a spacious building of timber and plaster, furnished with gables in the style of the early part of the seventeenth century. It has, however, been much altered of late, and previous to these alterations windows of comparatively modern appearance had been substituted for the original ones, and the timber work concealed by stucco. In front of the house used to stand the steps of an ancient cross, much resembling another at Lymme, in the same county. But these were removed about the year 1806.

These Moretons of Great Moreton, soon after the reign of Henry IV., became extinct, their property passing by the marriage of an heiress to the Bellets or Bellots, of Gayton, in Norfolk (who at one time enjoyed a baronetcy, now long extinct), and from them, in the same way or by bequest, to the Powises, who recently sold the estates to the father of the present owner.

E. WALFORD.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XL. A TERRIBLE OLD LADY.

THE Caldwells, the people with whom the John Galtons were going to dine on the following day, had not been in the parish long, but in spite of that short residence, locally they were large people.

Locally they were large, and religiously they were rigid. Mr. Caldwell had been in possession of a fair, not to say a fat, living for years before he had exchanged it for this Haversham rectorship, and additionally, he had taken the precaution to ally himself unto a wealthy wife. Therefore had all things gone smoothly with him in the flesh, and in the spirit he was as unconditionally haughty and bigoted as any member of the priesthood he adorned.

From the day of his leaving college, nearly forty years before, up to this one of his introduction into my story, the Rev. Robert Caldwell's had been uninterruptedly a country life, and he had grown big and plethoric with the importance of it. His was no very uncommon character. He was arrogant, but he was also alive to the claims those who were in a worse plight than himself had on his humanity. He was intensely imbued with the letter of his profession, but on the other hand he had no small share of the best of its spirit. He was a staunch churchman, intolerant to aught that savoured of indifference to one of the smallest of his church's ordinances. He was not a bad country gentleman, having a fine taste in port wine and horse-flesh. He was willing, nay anxious, that all good should be done to all men, but he desired that it should be done through that church alone of which he was a member. Not that he ever said this in so many bold, hard words, but he set his face stedfastly against any reform which it was proposed to make without the church's aid, guidance, or management.

Withal, he was a man much revered, for his life was a blameless one. He had married a wife, and brought up children, and sent these latter out into the world in unimpeachable case. His daughters had married, and married well—their husbands, though laymen, had plump livings in their gift; and his sons were well reputed in their respective dioceses, and were serving God with fair prospect of promotion. Altogether, the Caldwells were of good repute in the land, and their claims to consideration were not to be lightly regarded,

even by their chief parishioners, the greatest landowner in the parish and his wife.

When Mrs. John Galton said, in response to Miss Sarah's description of the person who was at the station making inquiries for the Grange, "It must be Aunt Glaskill," a qualm seized her heart, and dragged it down to low depths. To her husband and to Miss Sarah (who adored them), and to herself, Kate was wont to laugh at and deride the Caldwells—to call him a narrow-minded churchman who knew nothing of the world, whose whole soul was in matters parochial, and to regard Mrs. Caldwell as a woman without an individuality, merely as "the wife" of a recognised institution, who was a dull but necessary evil.

But despite this scoffing habit of hers, their respectability had impressed itself upon her, and she acknowledged to herself that it would be too terrible to shock them by introducing such an auxiliary as Lady Glaskill, and that Lady Glaskill would probably definitely refuse to be left behind. Here, down in the country, things stood out before Mrs. Galton with clearer outlines, and in truer colours. Lady Glaskill's much-bespattered old banner would not float out bravely in this atmosphere.

The certain conviction that it was Lady Glaskill—the dread truth, that she (Kate) was about to be infested with that most volatile and incessant of old women, smote her in such a way on the first mention of the stranger at the station, that she never questioned the probability of it for an instant. "It's Aunt Glaskill, and what shall I do with her at the Caldwell's to-morrow—ruddled!" she said to herself. And then she added aloud, "I think I had better have the waggonette, and go down to the station and see."

"It's a sight that I should keep away from as long as possible, if I were in *your* place," Miss Sarah replied grimly.

"But you're not in my mamma's place—you're not a married woman," Katie replied, with a child's odiously prompt partisanship.

"Don't be pert, Miss," Miss Sarah retorted with red spots on either cheek, and a gleam of angry light in her eye, as if Katie's assertion that she was "not a married woman," had been a charge of an iniquitous, or at least compromising, nature. "Don't be pert, miss; I should send my little girls to bed for such speeches as that."

Now Katie was at the age when bed and all

mention of it is loathed and abhorred by daylight.

"But you haven't any little girls; and you've no gentleman either, Aunt Sarah," Miss Katie retorted triumphantly, and Miss Galton felt herself thoroughly worsted in the war of words.

Kate, in utter disregard of the altercation, commenced, "Will you excuse me? will you mind waiting here alone, while I go——"

"On a wild-goose chase," Miss Galton struck in sharply. "I must say it will be the most ridiculous thing on your part, Kate, to go up and look after some mad woman merely because you have an eccentric relative of your own. Of course, none of your friends would have the bad taste to come to your husband's—to my brother's place in such a way."

"One never knows what one's friends will have the bad taste to do," Kate replied; "it's from no——"

She stopped; she was about to say that it was from no excess of anxiety to welcome Lady Glaskill that this journey in search of her to the station should be made. But she stopped, remembering that saying as to stale fish and the inability of crying it.

"Then if you are going I will say good-bye to you," Miss Sarah said sharply, as Kate rang the bell and ordered the waggonette, "I didn't come up here to sit alone."

"I will be back very soon, or—come with me?" Kate pleaded. Odd as it appeared even to herself, she felt a desire to cling to something undeniable, something tangible, and true, and respectable—something that, however disagreeable it might be, could not compromise her husband now. The dread of her aunt, and of those ways of the world of which her aunt was a representative, was upon her strongly. No one could have sheltered under the wall of Lady Glaskill's reputation; it was a tottering structure, full of holes, and who knew this better than her niece?

So now that niece asked pleadingly that her disliked sister-in-law would stand by her in the meeting with the inevitable guest.

Miss Galton relaxed at the appeal, and was moderately merciful.

"I don't mind going, but as for its being Lady Glaskill, that's absurd," she said; "I have always understood that your aunt was a woman of fashion and position?"

"So she is," Kate said desperately. Lady Glaskill had been one of her highest trump cards, and she had been played with fell effect for the neighbourhood very often. The assertions of years may not be lightly contradicted in a moment; so now Kate said with desperation, "So she is."

"Then don't go, for this old harridan is neither," Miss Galton said ruthlessly. Then for the first time Kate quailed before John's sister; Lady Glaskill was an old harridan; no one deemed her such more entirely than did her affectionate niece.

"At any rate the drive will do us no harm; I'll have my hat and cloak on in an instant;" so saying, Mrs. Galton ran from the room to prepare for the drive.

The waggonette was at the door when Mrs. Galton came down, and Miss Sarah was standing at the hall steps ready to get in. This waggonette was another of Kate's iniquities in Miss Galton's eyes, for in it Mrs. John drove a pair of wicked-looking chestnuts, and she drove them herself.

"Will you be warm enough?" Miss Galton asked as Kate came up in a black velvet bonnet and coat. Then Kate lifted up a corner of the latter, showing that it was lined with fur, and said, "Oh yes," cheerily enough, as Miss Galton mentally appraised the cost of it.

The drive to the station was a very short one, but during it Miss Galton found occasion to shriek thrice, and to give numberless other indescribable indications of woe. The chestnuts had good mouths, and Kate had good hands; naturally the corners were turned without any waste of space. "I'm no coward, and I'm convinced that I shall not die before my time," Miss Galton observed to Mr. Caldwell, in relation to this drive, when he drank tea with her on Friday, "but I do say that it's tempting Providence for a woman to take the reins in her hands, and to drive like Jehu the son of Nimshi, in the way Mrs. John Galton does."

To which Mr. Caldwell replied in general terms, that he was averse to reckless driving where he himself was concerned, but that, as regarded other people, he couldn't undertake to say: it was between themselves and their consciences.

Kate's conscience on this occasion did cause her driving to resemble that of the scriptural person afterwards alluded to by her sister-in-law. It reminded her that Lady Glaskill was her relative, and it told her distinctly that Lady Glaskill was a very unfit inmate for Haversham Grange. She remembered Lady Glaskill's sharp practices, and Lady Glaskill's double dealings, and Lady Glaskill's direful inability to discern right from wrong. She remembered Lady Glaskill's wicked old leers, and her horrible old stories, and her fearsome old jests. She remembered Lady Glaskill as a ghastly old occupant of a tawdry, hardy won and held booth in Vanity Fair; and she trembled

at the thought of meeting her at the station when she should arrive there.

It was evident at the first glance, on reaching this station, that something unusual had happened there. Kate drew up at the little door through which you came off the road on to the platform, and one of the porters came to her with a respectful finger to his cap, and what she instantly construed into a disrespectful grin on his face.

"Is there any one here for the Grange, Hodgson?" she asked.

"There's a lady here as says she's for the Grange," the man replied; "but, bless you,—beg pardon, mum,—she's got twelve boxes, and a little dawg with a pink wrap on, and two cages with white cats in 'em, and a maid with paint enough on her cheeks to do the station-wall up smart for a year."

Miss Galton, sitting behind in the legitimate-for-feminine-occupation part of the vehicle, laughed hysterically. Hodgson had been a gardener at the Grange in John Galton's bachelor days; but his horticultural labours there had come to an untimely end in consequence of Mrs. John having discovered, shortly after the commencement of her reign, that the reason the best roses and finest bunches of grapes did not grace her table was, that Hodgson drove a thriving trade in them on his own account. This discovery led to Hodgson's dismissal—his abrupt, not to say ignominious, dismissal; and Hodgson, being but human, never forgave the one by whom that ignominy was brought about. It was pleasant to him now to be insolent under the veil of ignorance.

"I will go and see," Kate said, getting out of the waggonette; "at any rate, I shall like to see the cats; you won't get out, Sarah?"

"No." Sarah said she would not get out, and then Kate walked through the little door on to the platform alone.

Mrs. Galton did not say "Be still, my heart," as she walked along with that organ thumping vehemently; nor did she cry "Oh! my prophetic soul, my aunt!" as all her fears were verified, and the vision of Lady Glaskill in the flesh dawned upon her.

In the flesh; no, scarcely that; her withered old bones were decked in nothing so congruous as flesh. She really was terrible to behold; in her trailing silken garment, in her girlishly-cut paletot, in her small turban hat bound with fur. She was terrible to behold; and Kate, her niece and former disciple, felt her to be terrible.

Lady Glaskill was standing amidst her boxes haranguing an audience composed of all the porters and idle boys about the place, when

Kate entered. The dear old lady had one hand on a cage, in which a bundle of something white was crouching, and she was redeeming the time and distinguishing herself by making these ignorant natives acquainted with the manners and habits of Persian cats.

"My dear child, my precious Kate!" Lady Glaskill cried effusively, ambling up to her niece as actively as her weak tottering legs would carry her. Then, before Kate could ward off the demonstration, the lean arms wound themselves round Mrs. John Galton's neck, and Mrs. John Galton was identified at once and for ever in the local mind with this terrible old woman.

"I could not credit that it was you, aunt; pray come away now," Kate said quietly, as soon as she could disentangle herself from her relative's caresses; then she added, "why didn't you send up to me at once, instead of staying down amongst the people?"

Lady Glaskill turned and waggled her head at her late audience, and kissed her wizened hand to them.

"The dear creatures," she said, "I told them about my cats, and made myself at home with them at once."

"Well, I wish you hadn't," Kate said a little coldly, as her aunt executed a little skip before passing through the door.

"Such freshness, such enthusiasm!" Lady Glaskill cried, when she had been hoisted up into the waggonette opposite to Miss Sarah. "Where are my boxes and my maid?" she continued suddenly in quite a different tone of voice.

"They shall be sent for; are you ready?"

Lady Glaskill was a very old woman. Indeed, no man now living could remember the day when she was young. She was a very old woman, and she was liable to exhaustion, especially after such feats of oratory and skipping as she had just performed on the platform. She was worn out and weak and old; and, now that the small excitement of making the vulgar herd believe her to be a gay, volatile, reckless, inspired young creature was over, she relapsed straightway into old-womanhood, and whimpered for her maid.

"She must come with me, Kate,"—she whined—"Hall must come with me, or I'm lost."

Which was true in one sense. No one but Hall knew exactly where to look for what there was left of Lady Glaskill amidst the millinery and paint. Hall put up the superstructure on the rotten old foundation, therefore Hall was essential for the nightly razing of the ruin that took place.

"Let her come, Kate," Miss Galton said

sharply. It was the first time Miss Galton had opened her lips since Lady Glaskill had been hoisted up into the waggonette, and now she opened them with a snap that made her ladyship start and shiver. "Let her come, Kate; and then she can keep her ladyship from tumbling out of her seat when you turn the corners."

By the time Hall came to them, Lady Glaskill had recovered herself in a measure. She had got her gold-rimmed eye-glass up, and through it she was rapturously surveying a puddle, and a couple of pigs wallowing in the same. Presently she addressed Miss Galton.

"This is all very pretty and fresh; those creatures in the foreground,"—she smiled by way of finishing her speech, and made little movements towards the pigs with her hand.

"What?" Miss Galton asked sharply.

"Those creatures in the foreground," Lady Glaskill squeaked; but before she could get out the rest of her sentence and say how much she wished she had a pencil and paper, in order just to dash down a few of these sights as they struck her first,—before she could say this, or Miss Galton could interrupt her by declaring them to be "not creatures, but pigs,"—Kate was up on the box of the waggonette bidding them sit steady, as she was about to start.

When they reached the Grange, Lady Glaskill requested that she might be left alone in her own room with Hall for an hour; "then you can come to me, my dear, and I'll tell you the cause of this freak of mine," she said condescendingly. To which arrangement Kate—who was sick to the heart of her aunt's customs, if not indeed of her aunt—assented.

Before the expiration of the hour, Lady Glaskill's boxes and cats and dog—this latter an Italian greyhound, whose constitution had been seriously undermined in his youth—had all arrived. The boxes were many, as has been seen, and they were also heavy. Their number and weight were ominous to the last degree, as was Miss Galton's dark glance at them, when she at length went up stairs to remove the unbecoming bonnet.

"Between these two, what a night I shall have!" Kate thought to herself, as she stood with her hands clasped before the fire; "and I had intended being so cozy and happy; oh dear! Aunt Glaskill sits upon my chest like a gnawing anxiety; what can have brought her?"

Soon after this the hour expired, and as Mrs. Galton went along to the interview she prayed heartily that a freak might carry those boxes and their owner away from her habitation without delay.

Lady Glaskill was seated on a low chair before a Psyche when her niece came into her room; a fire was burning brightly in the grate, and there was an odour as of strong coffee and hot toast in the apartment. These creature comforts had done much to restore Lady Glaskill. She was no longer the rickety old woman, ready to whimper and to whine, of the waggonette. She was a gorgeous being, strong in the strength that emanates from Bond Street—bedight in those special gems which render one beautiful for ever.

Lady Glaskill was seated before the glass, and this is what she saw. A slim form with skirts of apple-green moiré antique, with fair shoulders rising very much out of the bodice, with golden hair rippling down in masses over a white brow and blooming cheeks; a figure with airs of grace and beauty, and, above all, youth that was passing pleasant to look upon. This was what Lady Glaskill saw.

But Kate saw something widely different. A decrepid old woman dressed like a girl, with hard, bony, unwomanly shoulders, displayed in a hard, bold, unwomanly manner; with the ghastly pallor of her withered cheeks brought into hideous relief by the rose-tints from the rouge-pot, and the golden sheen of the false glittering hair. This was what Kate saw, and her vision was the clearer of the two.

"I'm quite myself again now," Lady Glaskill said as Kate came on into the room.

"It's a pity you took all this trouble to dress to-night, aunt; I am alone, and I dined early," Mrs. Galton said, sitting down on a chair by the side of the dressing-table. Then she marked for the first time that Lady Glaskill seemed much aged, much shaken, since their last meeting in town, and her heart softened a little towards her unwelcome guest.

"You may go now, Hall," Lady Glaskill said when Hall had clasped a broad bracelet round one bony brown wrist; and as Hall went out of the room, Lady Glaskill, by a skilful backward movement, propelled herself out of the blaze of the lights on the table and said,

"My dear Kate, I have been infamously treated,—infamously; it has nearly killed me."

"What has happened, aunt?" Do what she would, Mrs. Galton could not succeed in infusing the least warmth into her inquiry, or even the least interest.

"Why, some men—some impertinent tradesmen," Lady Glaskill commenced, shaking her head vehemently, "sent me in bills that I must have paid over and over again, and as my funds were low, having had heavy pulls upon them, I naturally refused to pay them; when what do the insolent creatures do," Lady Glaskill continued, "but threaten to seize my

things. However, Hall was invaluable : we managed to pack them all up, and get them away to her sister's (a most excellent person, the widow of a dissenting minister) in the night. In the morning I sent round the key of the house to the landlord with my compliments, got my few worldly goods together, and came off to one who, well I know—"Lady Glaskill choked herself at this juncture, and embraced her niece.

"But this is terrible," Mrs. Galton said, as soon as surprise and Lady Glaskill's lean arms would allow her to speak. And, indeed, it was terrible,—very terrible,—this possibility that Lady Glaskill, who had come to the Grange in her distress, might elect to remain there in her distress.

"But this is terrible!"

"It might have been worse," Lady Glaskill cried philosophically. She was a merry-hearted old sinner. She was quite ready to rest and be thankful in this haven into which fortune's gales had blown her. "It might have been that I should have been left without a thing," Lady Glaskill proceeded animatedly ; "as it is, I have left nothing behind me but the key of the house, which, not being there any longer, I don't want. It's all for the best, I believe ; I remembered how solitary you were, and I came down to you."

"Thank you, aunt," Mrs. Galton replied dryly.

"Don't mention it, my dear. Who's that woman in a poke bonnet and short petticoats?"

"My husband's sister."

"Ah! odd a woman at her time of life shouldn't know how to dress herself. Well, my dear, I like this room very much ; with this, and the dressing-room and the room beyond, Hall and I shall do very well, and not incommode you, I trust. How pleased your rough diamond of a husband will be to see me, won't he?"

"I don't know," Kate replied vaguely. She was thinking "Should she ever be such an old woman as this one before her," and was shuddering to the bottom of her soul at the possibility. Then, as Lady Glaskill rose to her feet and pushed the golden locks back from her powdered brow with her trembling fingers, Kate vowed that never another grain of gold-dust should defile her hair. As she looked, Lady Glaskill's head began to shake at its image in the glass, for in fact her ladyship was slightly palsied now ; but the gallant old worldling laughed merrily and explained—

"That she always had been so full of life and motion."

It was not a pleasant evening that which Mrs. Galton passed by her own fireside. It

was her earnest desire, above all things, now to keep the peace ; and between the two women, her guests, she had rather a hard time of it. It was her earnest desire to keep the peace now ; war, declared and decided, might be inevitable ; but until it did break out, there should be no unseemly brawling within her husband's walls. That at least she owed him, and that tribute she would pay. As she glanced from one to the other that night, Miss Sarah's austerity and unpleasantness were less patent to her than usual ; but she felt a sick sinking within her whenever her glance fell upon her aunt : for that aged whitened sepulchre was a very good representative of the gang to which she (Kate) had ardently desired to belong.

It cooled all such ardour now to look upon Lady Glaskill. She was a terrible specimen of that to which a worldly, weak, vain, incorrigibly vain woman may come. She was an animate bundle of falsity. There was nothing reverend about her old age ; she was a pretentious old stucco sham. Kate recoiled from her,—from her, and from that of which she was a type,—as she sat and believed in herself over the fire.

Shall I tell of that which was uncemented and put to bed at night ? Of the miserable old palsied frame, surmounted by the shaking head which was crowned by just a few stiff bristling hairs ? Shall I tell of the rounded proportions, and of that which "formed the waist" coming away ? Of the shedding of the golden tresses, and of the pearly teeth ? Shall I tell of the snarls at the maid, of the snarls tempered by servility, for Hall was her "best friend," she told herself ? In asking I have told, however ; so I will leave Lady Glaskill to her rest, and end my chapter.

CHAPTER XLII. THE CALDWELLS' DINNER-PARTY.

LADY GLASKILL did not get up to breakfast on the following morning. It took some time to put her together, she being a composite structure, and Hall was averse to early rising. Consequently the little bit that was real of Lady Glaskill remained in bed till a late hour ; and Kate was left to think calmly over what she could do with it.

It was with a wonderful sense of relief that Mrs. Galton got out of the house, and went along the road to meet her husband. Lady Glaskill's leers, and Lady Glaskill's loose stories (these latter were always given in French, being absolutely untranslatable), and Lady Glaskill's allusions,—all these had been very terrible to Mrs. Galton the night before. In her own thoughtless girlhood she had heard them often, and thought nothing of them, or rather had

only accredited her aunt with a certain vivacious daring of a pardonable nature for telling them at all. Nor had they occurred to her as offensive when she last met Lady Glaskill in town; for Lady Glaskill was only one of many there, and passed comparatively unnoticed in the crowd. But here there was no crowd. Lady Glaskill would be a prominent feature in the social landscape.

Mrs. John Galton's cheeks burnt as she walked along. She could not forget that at one time she had thought and uttered fine things of her aunt; she could not forget that she had hoped and even essayed to emulate her. Her ladyship's saloons had been regarded by Kate as desirable dazzling halls of delight in which to display herself; and now the truth struck her that the glitter and the brilliancy had been of a Brummagem order. Lady Glaskill had always avowed that she cared for nothing more so long as the "best men congregated at her house." Undoubtedly, however it might have been about the men, the best women never passed her portals. Those who had done so had come and gone like fleeting shadows, leaving no mark upon others who met them casually. But Kate's memory reproduced them as they had been, and she felt that they had not been fitting in all respects. And she shook her head sadly over the impossibility of mentioning any one of them with pride and satisfaction.

She met her husband about the place and time he had mentioned; and such a feeling of security, such a sense of safety, came over her as she caught sight of his florid, open, honest face; she almost sprang into the trap as he pulled up to greet her; and her hand went out eagerly, and clasped the one of his that was engaged with the reins.

"Take care you don't give him a chuck, my dear," he said, as the horse threw up his head.

"No, I won't," she replied, removing her hand; "but I'm so glad to see you, I hardly know how to express it; I have such a piece of news for you."

Her tone was the tone of weariness and annoyance. Lady Glaskill, and her conversation and her boxes, weighed heavily on Kate's mind.

"There's nothing the matter with the child?" he asked eagerly, with a paling face and a gulp of agitation.

"No, she's quite well, it's——"

"Is it that bay colt, then?"

"No, John, no; everything is right at home, dear; but Lady Glaskill has come down. What are we to do?"

"Come down, has she?"

"Yes; what are we to do?"

"Make her as comfortable as we can. What has brought her?"

Then Kate poured out the whole story, and trimmed it with the tale of her own discomfort.

"I see her exactly as what she is, and I am heartily ashamed of her," Mrs. Galton wound up with. "She must have altered immensely; she surely used not to be such a burlesque of old age as she is now."

Then Mrs. Galton remembered some of the speeches she had been wont to make, during the years of her married life, relative to the social power and social charm, and social success of her aunt, Lady Glaskill. She remembered how only last year she had declared that Lady Glaskill's countenance in years to come would be a fine thing for little Katie. She remembered all these things now, and wondered whether her husband remembered them too, and would tell her of them.

But John Galton was made of very different stuff. It never came into his big, generous mind to recall a foolish speech for the sake of confusing and discomfiting the utterer of it: more especially when, as in this case, the utterer of the folly was very dear to him. He did remember those speeches, but he only felt that it was a very happy thing that his wife had got over the habit of thought which dictated them. He never for an instant thought of raking them up and reminding her of them to her present abasement. Which course of conduct on his part made her feel the full force of her folly far more than any taunts or sneering allusions could have done. It did something else also: it made her heart throb in proud acknowledgment of the nobleness, the manliness, the great loving trustfulness of her husband.

John Galton made no immediate answer to that remark of his wife's, that her aunt could not formerly have been such a "burlesque of old age as she was now." At last he said, looking at her very kindly:

"You must remember her age, even if she forgets it, Kate dear; don't let her see that she's not welcome to you."

"I could bear it for myself, but she'll be such a bore to you, John; it's evidently her present intention to remain with us till she is tired of it; and she does not tire in a hurry of good quarters."

"You have stood being bored very often for me and through me," he replied heartily, pulling up at the door. "Come, let us make the best of it," he continued, lifting her out of the trap, and following her into the house; "let us make the best of it, and a fresh compact: whenever I feel bored I'll come to you for

rest ; and you'll do the same by me, won't you, Kate ?”

“Ah ! that I will,” she said, in a low voice ; and he felt in that moment that the heart of his wife was entirely his own.

“All right,” he cried aloud ; “we'll bear Lady Glaskill together very well, I have no doubt. I have brought you home half-a-dozen snipes and a brace of mallard, Kate.”

“We will send the snipes up to the Cald-wells at once,” she said, laughing ; “they'll accept them perhaps as a set-off against Lady Glaskill.”

Then Katie came to them with a pitiful tale of one of the Persian cats out on parole having scratched the terrier puppy “on his little soft nose ;” and so the time passed till luncheon was ready.

Lady Glaskill was rebuilt and ready for luncheon when Kate at last went into her room to see after her. She was at her usual shrine, surveying herself with a ghastly satisfaction, when Kate entered the room, but the hour being early there were no bare shoulders.

“My husband is come home : will you come down to luncheon, aunt ?” Kate commenced.

Lady Glaskill rose up and patted Kate on the cheek with a weird finger.

“You have been using bad powder, child ; you have made your skin quite coarse,” she said, as Kate drew her face quickly away from the caress ; “I have some that's excellent, ‘imperceptible efflorescence ;’ I will give you a little.”

“I shall never use another grain, thank you,” Kate replied tartly. Innocent powder began to assume a hideous aspect in her eyes, now that she saw it lying in furrows on Lady Glaskill's cheeks.

“Highly tighty !” Lady Glaskill cried, causing her garments to sweep and surge about her in a way that partially concealed her hobbling gait. “Highly tighty ! how virtuous we're become, to be sure.”

John Galton was waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs.

“How dy'e do ? Take my arm, Lady Glas-kill, you'll get along quicker,” he said kindly to his guest, giving his wife's hand a squeeze as she passed him. On which invitation Lady Glaskill put her hand on his arm with a little pat, and tried to trip by his side, and nearly tumbled in the attempt.

“And what are we going to do to-night ?” Lady Glaskill asked, when she had made a very good luncheon, and had had all her pets brought in in procession and fed before her. “What are we going to do to-night ? Is that very strange person who was here in a poke bonnet yesterday coming again ?”

“We are going out to dinner to-day,” Kate replied hurriedly. “I am sorry it should have happened so, but you must excuse us ; dinner-parties in the country are made up a long time beforehand, you know.”

“Oh ! my dear, don't apologise,” Lady Glaskill replied affably. “I shall be enchanted to join your rustic revels.”

“It's not a rustic revel,” Kate replied, in a vexed tone, while John Galton suffered from suppressed laughter just out of range of Lady Glaskill's vision : “it's rather a heavy affair,— a state dinner at a clergyman's house. You wouldn't care to go to it.”

Lady Glaskill nodded her head with a half-hilarious, half-involuntary motion :

“My dear, the manners of such people will amuse me much.”

A cold horror crept over Kate. She pictured her aunt feeling and betraying “amusement” at the “manners” of the best that the neighbourhood held. They were sure to be such orthodox, well-bred, coldly correct, unassailable-in-every-way people, who would assemble at the Cald-wells'. The Cald-wells themselves were all these things. They were all “county people,” or, at the least, they were all connected with county people ; and when they went to London, right people— people who had local habitations and names, assembled about them. Whereas the majority of the frequenters of Lady Glaskill's saloons had had neither worth mentioning. The Cald-well dinner might be dull ; it was almost sure to be so, in fact ; but it would be a thing to be mentioned with safety ; and Kate was beginning to yearn towards all things in the naming of which there was no danger.

“You surely will like to stay at home and rest to-night, aunt,” Kate pleaded.

“My dear ! at my age ! Time enough to talk of resting after a railway journey when I'm many years older.”

“Then don't you think it would be pleasanter to be introduced to all these people at our house first ? We'll have a dinner directly ; won't we, John ?”

But Lady Glaskill would not hear of this plan. She would go with them “to their nice quiet party,” she said, wafting out of the room airily on Hall's arm ; and so Kate was fain to give up the contest.

“I'd do anything almost to prevent her going up with us to-night, John,” Mrs. Galton said in a vexed tone as soon as they were alone.

“Never mind, she's a woman of the world, and is used to swells,” he replied.

“But not to respectable swells, that's a fact.”

"She has always been in good society."

"All surface society, and she has tossed about on the top of it; the people she knew in London came in and went out, and made no more account of her than they did of her doormat. I see it all now. And when the London season is over, she hunts about from one spa or one watering-place to another, and just circulates amongst the riff-raff. However, there is nothing for it."

Kate was right in this, at least. There was nothing for it; for Lady Glaskill had a desire to extend her experience, and glean some notion of what good, solid, best-class country society was. Her view was right: she never had been in it. It would be as much a strange land to her as the dubious soil she had stood upon all her life would have been to the Caldwells and others of that ilk.

Hall had a busy afternoon; but by seven o'clock, the hour at which they were to start from the Grange, Lady Glaskill was completed. The pink silk skirt puffed with tulle looked very young, certainly; but that—in consequence of the large opera cloak Lady Glaskill had over her shoulders, and the wide hood enveloping her head—was the worst Kate saw till they reached the Caldwells'.

But when they reached the rectory, and Mrs. Caldwell's maid came forward to rid them of their wraps, Lady Glaskill stood confessed before her niece a terror and a shame.

Such old women are seen sometimes in some London drawing-rooms—old women with lemon-coloured bare necks, and roses on their wizened brows; but they pass away from the mind as does some hideously vivid dream: it shocks us, but it is gone. They sit mumbling to themselves or to their duplicates in corners, or they shake their fans bewitchingly at men young enough to be their grandsons; and they go away and are not missed. But in the country such a spectacle is rare, and is much talked about and commented on in the absence of better conversational matter.

Lady Glaskill's dress left off too far from her shoulders, and her blooming face and golden hair commanded immediate attention to her, and all that concerned her, the instant she entered. There were several stately ladies present—ladies in black velvet, in ruby velvet, and decorous lace that mounted to their chins; lace of price, lace from rare looms, lace to which the heart of Mrs. Bury Palliser—matchless historian of the fabric!—would have seriously inclined. And over and upon their velvets and laces, diamonds flashed—diamonds that might not have been worth a prince's ransom (unless he were a very small prince), but that were of worth nevertheless. Yet

the instant the shaking figure that Hall had erected in the course of the afternoon came into the room, the velvets and laces and diamonds of price were absolutely overlooked, and the common gaze was concentrated on Lady Glaskill.

Things were always done well at the Caldwells'. There was no need on the occasion of extra festivity in their house to seek extraneous assistance. There was no halting on the part of the dinner between the kitchen and the dining-room. All things were done decently and in order there, and punctuality was as well regarded as any of the other virtues. The Caldwell arrangements were always well conceived and well carried out; and if the admirable rotation in which one wine succeeded another at his table *was* owing to the Rev. Robert supervising the bottles pretty sharply, and spending a happy hour in his cellar before the guests came, who was the wiser for it? Or, if any one was the wiser, did that detract from the merit of the wines? Things were always well done at the Caldwells'. Whatever the effort, there was never the least appearance of it, or the smallest possible flaw in the apparently perfect arrangements.

But to-day these arrangements received a shock. Lady Glaskill's appearance was as the bursting of a bombshell among them. When Kate found that her aunt's resolve was unalterable, she had sent up to the rectory to announce the unexpected advent, and request permission to bring it? Of course this permission was granted. But equally of course did the granters quake to their foundation when the result of that permission ambled into the room.

Her appearance was as the bursting of a bombshell among them; but, for all that, she was the widow of a baronet, and entitled to receive consideration as such. There were present two Honourable Mrs. Somethings, but they were young though honourable matrons; and Lady Glaskill was the widow of a baronet and very aged, despite that rich bloom and those golden tresses. Mr. Caldwell was placed on the horns of a dilemma; but he was a gentleman; so, though his soul revolted when those horns pulled him into action, he offered his arm to the rickety skeleton in pink silk.

Lady Glaskill got on very well, that is to say, very quietly, during dinner; so quietly that Kate was beginning to hope that, for this evening at least, her aunt was going to evade all opportunities of distinguishing herself. Bounded, as Lady Glaskill was, on the one side by her host, and on the other by a young man who officiated as Mr. Caldwell's curate, she was kept in place—kept down in a mea-

sure. Mr. Caldwell took care to honour himself by honouring all who sat at his table. But he honoured them after their kind. So now, when he had seen that Lady Glaskill's material wants were well supplied, he left the charge of her mental refection to his curate.

On the whole, this curate catered for her very well and very willingly. He talked London to the old worldling, and the old worldling, detecting on the instant that he knew little or nothing practically of that of which he talked, delighted in him forthwith to an amazing extent. He too, in common with the rest of mankind, had his hopes and ambitions. There hovered before his mental vision a velvet-cushioned shrine, yclept "pulpit" in the vulgar tongue, of which he should be the presiding deity. And before this shrine ladies, chiefly of the old and wealthy class, should congregate largely; and he should show them safe and pleasant paths to Paradise, and they should hang upon his words, and make him handsome presents, not of the worsted-work slippers and cheap flower-basket order, but presents of a rich, enduring, substantial, expensive nature, worthy of the acceptance of a son of the Church. This was his vision of the future, when he should have shaken off the trammels that were upon him here as Mr. Caldwell's curate. This was his vision of the future, and Lady Glaskill was like a little bit of it let into the present for his encouragement—for she was evidently wicked enough and worldly enough to fire any man of his stamp with the desire to save her soul—and he took the wealth for granted, unwisely.

He was a young man, and an earnest one. Ready for any amount of work, no matter how uncongenial, provided it would put him up another round or so on the ladder he was mounting. Young and earnest and fair, with a pale early crop of whiskers,—six hairs to either cheek—and a pensive nose. But he went to his work—the labour his rector had apportioned to him on this occasion—like a man. Lady Glaskill was not at all the type of venerable dame he had honoured and revered in theory, but he deemed her a very fair specimen of that which he might be called upon (did things go well with him) to regenerate in the future. Therefore he took to his task like a man, and cracked *bon-bons* and ecclesiastical jokes with her in the most gallant manner, and tried not to blush when she told him a purely Parisian story in an accent that scarcely matched it—a story with plenty of "point" to it, undoubtedly; with a point so sharp indeed that one possessed of the smallest amount of decent feeling could not fail to be wounded by it. But she told this story of

hers in the lowest voice she found herself capable of sustaining for any length of time, therefore Kate was unconscious of it, and happy in that unconsciousness.

But later, when the ladies were back in the drawing-room alone, Kate was not so happy. The strings of Lady Glaskill's tongue had been untied by sundry goblets full of divers kinds of sparkling wine, and Lady Glaskill's tongue was an unruly member. She spoke freely of one or two things about which it would have been but prudent to have kept silence. She spoke freely, very freely, and the heart of Kate, her niece, went low as she listened and looked round on the audience of stately ladies in gloom and rich lace.

Lady Glaskill had deposited her draperies and what there was of herself on a couch by the fire, and the heat was pleasant to her—and so was the glimpse of herself which she caught in a mirror. Vain as her ladyship was, she had not that trick of sensitiveness which leads its possessor to take offence or see neglect too quickly, so now she did not perceive that the others held aloof from her, and that even Mrs. Caldwell abstained from her as much as it beseemed a hostess to abstain.

Kate, however, saw it all; and Kate winced under it, and hardly knew whom to blame in her annoyance. Lady Glaskill might be objectionable, but all the same Lady Glaskill was her aunt; therefore Mrs. Galton resolved that some of these stately ladies should "pay," in vulgar parlance, for this holding aloof, in the future.

It was but passive misery that Mrs. Galton endured while the ladies were alone, but as soon as the men straggled in, in that sheep-faced manner in which men do straggle into a drawing-room after having stayed as long as possible over their wine, passive misery went by, and active anguish took its place. Lady Glaskill saw an opportunity for making a sensation, and Lady Glaskill seized it.

She frisked up from her recumbent position on the couch, and sat up in one corner of it, patting the vacant space by her side with her hand, and smiling an alluring smile to the one who had catered for her mentally at dinner, in indication of her desire that he should occupy the said vacant space. Now Mrs. Caldwell's drawing-room was not strewn with couches. The one on which Lady Glaskill had deposited herself was the softest of the two that graced the apartment. The other was beautiful to behold, but it had a rigid back, and was not affected a second time by any one. Therefore when Lady Glaskill patted the couch and looked alluringly at the curate, Mrs. Caldwell opened her eyes at him, and

caused her brows to express a hope that he was not going to be so very presumptuous.

But he was young and brave—or shall he be termed rash, rather? He thought of the prospective metropolitan congregation, and took Lady Glaskill as the type of it, in a way that rendered him careless as to what the former queen of his soul, Mrs. Caldwell (whose sway was sometimes a little severe over those helpless ones, her husband's curates), thought of his occupying her most comfortable couch. He suffered himself to be lured on to the extreme edge of it by the aged charmer whose state seemed to promise such an extensive field for exploits in his warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. And as soon as Lady Glaskill saw that inclination had conquered duty in him, she became excited, and consequently, her niece perceived, dangerous.

"Don't let us be late to-night, John," Kate whispered to her husband. "The flood-gates of Aunt Glaskill's speech are loosed."

"I will go when you like,"—he replied, as the evening was seeming all its length to him, though he was too broadly good-natured to admit even to himself that it was dull,—“I will go when you like; but Lady Glaskill seems all right.”

"I don't know about that; she was wanting that man to get up a game of three-card loo just now; that won't do here, I'm very sure."

At this juncture Lady Glaskill's voice rose shrilly above others in the room, and fell distinctly on the ears of both husband and wife.

"We were all as pleasantly occupied as possible in saying and hearing all the naughty things that were said of each other and the rest of the world, when the husband, a man from the country, came in; and anything more like a fool than he looked when he sat down at his own table and none of his wife's guests knew him, I never saw." Her ladyship laughed hysterically here, and her chief auditor—her fellow-occupant of the couch—shuffled uneasily on the latter, and against his conscience said—"It must have been very funny."

"The woman—I forget her name, but she was a dear friend of mine," Lady Glaskill proceeded, "had run tremendously in debt for new furniture, or else some man had given it to her, I forget which—but there, it's of no consequence," she added abruptly. Her memory was very apt to play her tricks—to utterly forsake her at some moments and flash back half-truth upon her at others.* A something came across her now and told her that it would have been wiser far on her part to have refrained from telling the capital story

of the husband who had arrived suddenly and found his wife in the midst of revelry of which he knew nothing, and surrounded by friends who knew nothing of him.

John Galton had thrown his head up and listened, not eagerly, but with a certain scornful attention, when her ladyship's tones first fell upon his ear. He knew well what incident she was narrating to these people, down among whom he was a great man, and his wife was above suspicion. He knew what incident she was narrating; it had been painful enough to him, God knows, for the slightest allusion to it to recall it to his mind. But well as he remembered it, and the bitter smarting that, for all his generous trust in Kate, it had caused him, there was no anger in the look he turned upon his wife presently. She, poor sinner, was almost visibly trembling in an agony of dread as to what Lady Glaskill might say next. Do not make a mistake, and deem Kate Galton a more erring woman than she has been openly shown to be in these pages. She had no dread, no carking fear of anything fresh coming to her husband's knowledge. But she did, by reason of her recently awakened love for him, shrink in her soul at the idea of Lady Glaskill making it patent to these people with whom he stood so high, that John Galton had been the husband who was kept in the dark and slighted by his wife's friends. That was her sole dread; but it was bitter enough and heavy enough to have expiated worse sins than hers had been. Lady Glaskill's allusions aroused fears in Kate's breast that had long slumbered, or rather that had never been properly awakened in it before. That furniture! It was rare and costly, that she knew—rare and costly, and very beautiful. But it was unpaid for up to the present date, which was a slight drawback to the pleasure of possessing property which had been warehoused ever since she left London.

Mrs. Galton sat and trembled. Six months ago she would have cared nothing for all this. She would have told John Galton that the furniture had been ordered certainly, and never paid for; that it had unquestionably not been a necessity. Still, that it had seemed good to her to have it, and he was always so indulgent that she felt sure, &c., &c. In fact, she would have put forth all her powers and have humbugged him out of his forgiveness and his money. This she would have done unscrupulously six months ago, but things were altered now. She had lately come to have a far warmer regard for her husband, consequently she had also a far more just appreciation of his good opinion.

It pained her, it was grievous to her now, to think that he might with justice look upon her as a woman who had been careless, reckless, and extravagant, for the sake of making a show and a sensation in society, from which she would willingly have excluded him; society which was not absolutely above suspicion. The thought that he might come to estimate her thus was grievous to her. She little knew that John Galton would have counted himself a happy man just then, could he have felt sure that one suggestion Lady Glaskill had thrown out was entirely without foundation, and that his wife had in truth only ran him in debt to an upholsterer. He had never refused to give her money during the whole of their wedded career; more than this, he had never inquired into her expenditure of it. He remembered and feared that it had been no dread of a remonstrance which had prevented her sending in the bills to him; and she remembered it also, and took shame to herself for that brief fling of extravagance—that short term of utter carelessness—that thoughtless, unnecessary strain which would be felt eventually through her on that generous spirit. “They would do for the Grange, and make the old place sweet,” she said to herself; “only it’s full already, and new things are not wanted. Oh dear! I wish I had screwed and paid for them out of my housekeeping and pin-money.” She little knew how happy John Galton would count himself, in that they were to be paid for still; but she did know herself to be the sort of woman who never can screw a surplus penny out of her pin-money. Therefore, when the Caldwell conviviality came to an end, and Mr. Shalders (the aspiring curate) had aided in hoisting Lady Glaskill into the carriage, Kate sat in absolute, miserable, anxious silence, till they reached the Grange.

(To be continued).

EGGS AND DUCKERS.

MRS. RUNDALL, being a veritable cockney, wrote thus:—“It answers well to pay some boy employed in the stables or farm, so much a score for the eggs he brings in. It will be his interest then to save them from being purloined, which nobody but one in his situation can prevent, and 6d. or 8d. a score will be buying eggs cheap.” She further suggests, that to make hens lay, glauber salts should be dissolved in water, and added to the meal of potatoes as food for hens.

Porcupine Cobbett, who ought to have known better, declared, that if a dozen hens be shut up in an outhouse, they will lay six

eggs daily on an average during the winter. Mr. Monet kept three hens for one year on three bushels of barley, seventeen pounds of rice, and a little barley meal, costing 16s. 10d. An American suggested, that if fresh meat were chopped up finely, and given to hens, they would not cease laying during the winter.

Sensation writers in newspapers deplore that between 60,000*l.* and 70,000*l.* per month should be paid to foreigners for eggs. They lament that so much capital should be withdrawn from the country, and that cottagers should be so blind to their own interests as not to keep hens which had the valuable property of making a Plutus out of Hodge.

Mr. Burchell said “*Fudge*,” to the anecdotes of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. Like Edmund Burke’s colleague in the representation of Bristol, I say “Ditto” to Mr. Burchell.

French eggs are quoted in Leadenhall Market at 9s. per hundred. My hens, twelve in number, have only just laid 104 eggs since November. During that time they have consumed five bushels of barley, forty pounds of chicken rice and potatoes galore, value 1*l.* 5s. I have just sold two score of eggs to a higgler (called in the north an eggler) from Aylesbury, some six miles distant. He has paid for them 2s. 4d., or 5s. 10d. per hundred.

Under these circumstances, I must decline to follow Mrs. Rundell’s advice, and pay 6d. a score even for the eggs of hens, whose food I have purchased. If the hens are always fed in the hen house, they will always lay there. A good lock on the door is a great preventive against theft, and if the culprit’s jacket be well dusted with a lithe ash plant when he is detected, he will not do it again. Shade of Peter Porcupine, let not your quills bristle in your grave, if I tell you that hens will not lay every other day all through the winter, as laying entirely depends on the time of moulting. To my American friend I would suggest “*bunkum*,” and recommend to him and “the lady” that they should try barley fried in lard, or boiled in hot greasy pot-liquor, either of which kinds of food will hasten the time of laying by forcing the system. Hemp seed is also stimulating.

Your readers will naturally ask, “Why then do you or cottagers keep hens, if eggs are so cheap, and their food so dear? In my case there are two reasons, the first is, because I choose to keep them, which is a very valid, if not logical argument. The second is, that I once was a denizen of the Inner Temple, and have a lively recollection of the atrocities that used to be boiled for breakfast there. The man who first eats an oyster is a

coward compared to him that bolts a London egg, without a previous careful and prolonged scrutiny. If my laundress was dishonest, she charged 2*d.* for a full flavoured, highly coloured specimen, which had done duty in France as a nest egg for several years. If she was honest, she provided for the same sum a colourless tasteless article, which had been deposited in the boot of a cab by an animal, whose home was on the rank. I once hailed a cab from the stand by Saint Clement's Church. Upon opening one door, I was somewhat disconcerted by seeing a hen fly out of the opposite window, having previously left an egg on the seat. Not so Cabby. He quietly dropped the egg into his nose bag, remarking, that he was uncommon fond of a fresh-laid egg for tea. Upon hinting the illegality of the transaction, he replied that the hens got nothing to eat but what dropped from the nose bags, and that as he and his fellows fed the hens, they were surely entitled to the produce. This logic was unanswerable.

Some persons keep eggs to sell as rarities. The newspapers teem with advertisements, offering me the choice of eggs at one guinea per dozen, package included, but money beforehand. There is a proverb about "a fool and his money," remembering which, I turn a deaf ear to their blandishments, muttering "pas si bête." The buyers remind me of an anecdote related of Tommy Nicholson, a Yorkshire jockey. Tommy had been put up on a horse for the St. Leger, and performed disgracefully. Being maudlin in his cups, he was lamenting his misfortune to a friend that same evening, who thus consoled him. "Don't cry, Tommy, don't cry; I don't blame thee, lad, I only blame the fools who put thee up." Are the innocent egg buyers aware of the existence of "the long firm" who pocket the money, and do not forward the eggs? are they aware that poultry fanciers never sell eggs from their best birds, but keep them to replenish their own coops, sending out only the eggs from inferior hens? are they aware that some even run a fine needle through the yolk, and gum a piece of egg-shell over the orifice? are they aware that others before despatching the eggs, carry out the direction on a physic label, "Before taken to be well shaken?" Granting, however, that the advertiser is decently honest, and despatches a box of eggs, is the purchaser aware that the jolting of a railway (no matter how carefully the eggs may be packed) will inevitably destroy the vital principle of the greater part of them? Under these circumstances, my advice to intending purchasers is, "Don't."

The following is a well-known instance of

the difficulty of procuring genuine eggs from a valuable strain of poultry:—Dr. Bellyse, of Nantwich, was a famous cocker. He once sold a sitting hen for fifty guineas. The buyer paid the money, and the hen was duly handed to him; but the Doctor stamped on the eggs.

"I thought I bought the eggs too," said the purchaser.

"Not for twice the money," said the vendor.

Farmers keep hens, because there is always much refuse about the fold-yard and barns. The "Mrs." (as she is called) has the dairy and poultry for her perquisites, out of which she has to dress herself and children. So she can, and does take corn gratis from the barn notwithstanding the grumbling of master.

I once kept ten race-horses, who would eat half a bushel of oats each per diem, and much of it would pass through them undigested. A farmer supplied me with straw for manure for nothing, upon condition, that he had the dung produced. The dung was duly applied by him to the turnip land, and to his surprise the next year, he had an unwelcome crop of oats amongst his turnips. I was obliged therefore immediately to buy some thirty hens, to pick out the grains from the manure heap. They had no other food, and laid hampers full of eggs, which were profitable, because they were produced from what otherwise had been wasted. Cottagers who keep a few hens do not keep them for the sake of their eggs. They always raise early chickens as soon as they can. "Many a mickle makes a muckle." They do not sensibly feel the occasional outlay of sixpence, and at the end of the season they have two or three pounds to pay rent, buy a pigling, or shoes for the children.

In such cases only are hens profitable in the general way. The amount of ignorance displayed in poultry books is wonderful. In my "salad days" I invested capital therein, and should like to find a greenhorn to take them off my hands at a heavy discount. They are mere paste and scissors compilations, where practical experience is wanted; and in my own case, I have bought that under the superintendence of my "Guse Gibbie." He is a venerable sage, who cheerfully responds to the invitation—

Come, my lad, and driak some beer.

Upon his hoary brow some fourteen winters have shed their snows, but he could show "The Auld Henwife" some wrinkles that would make her stare. The decision with which he treated a sick hen lately, would have done credit to the chief surgeon of a

London hospital. I am confident that he knew nothing about her ailments, because he commenced his treatment with the invariable rue pills, and was equally determined to conceal his ignorance. This did not mend matters, so next day he changed the medicine into three boluses of cayenne pepper and butter. As the patient obstinately refused to recover, he next poured a spoonful of thick liquid mustard down her throat. As this did not succeed, he by the light of nature put in practice the adage (of which he had never heard), *violentis morbi violenta remedia*, and smeared the inside of her throat with turpentine. Next day the patient was eating snow, like a man with "hot coppers" after a drinking bout indulges in iced soda water. In spite of her doctor the hen recovered. The skill exhibited by him in this difficult case is no doubt hereditary and innate. In his private and personal capacity he follows in the footsteps of his father, and is a *ducker* on a small scale.

This term was unknown to the great lexicographer, so that my reader need not look for it there. The salesmen in Newgate Market could tell him about it, as without them, green peas would waste their sweetness on the desert air, and "*les petits diners*" at the Ship or Star and Garter be minus a succulent *plat*.

London housewives, whose knowledge of a duck is confined to the specimens that appear at their area gate ready plucked and trussed by the poulterer, may not be aware that there are four varieties:—The common brown duck, the Muscovy (so called from the flavour of musk it affords, and not because it comes from Muscovy), the black East Indian, and the *Aylesbury* duck. The latter should have orange legs, feet, and bill, with snow white plumage. If it puts forth a few black feathers, it shows the cross with the common breed, and fattens more slowly, and fetches less in the market. *Duckers* are a class of persons resident within ten miles of Aylesbury, whose chief, if not only employment is to furnish ducklings for the London market. They may be divided into two classes, those who keep ducks solely to furnish eggs, and those who rear ducklings from those eggs. There are individuals in the former class who keep 500 head, and in the latter, who despatch 2000 ducklings to London every season between February and October.

In Ireland the pig is allowed free entrance to his master's cabin, and the warmest place at the hearth, because he pays the rent. In Buckinghamshire ducks are held in the same esteem, and enjoy the same privilege. On account of the filth so engendered (and I know

one small hamlet of twenty houses inhabited by duckers, wherein eighteen persons died of cholera in 1849), many landlords refuse to allow their tenant to keep ducks. If they do not object, the village board of health have rare work with the duckers; and if the cottages are kept clean, the duckers usually contrive to be summoned before the magistrates for defiling running streams.

When Christmas has turned, and the ducks begin to lay, the duckers look out for a brooding hen. Poultry books tell you, that you should never sell good brood hens. The duckers know better. When a brood is raised, the foster-mother is sold, because her keep in the interim would cost more than the purchase of another when wanted.

Under the advice of my Mentor, I laid out one shilling in the purchase of a hen, who might from her venerable appearance have laid eggs for the breakfast of the Red Fisherman, when

He fished in the ark with Noah and Shem.

The pedigree was doubtful, as she exhibited the distinctive ugliness of every known species of fowl. She might be "a rum one to look at, but she was a good one to go." She brought out one brood of ducks, one clutch of guineafowl, and one hatch of chickens in the year, besides laying eggs in the intervals of business. Duckers always buy a steady old Dame Partlett, who has been used to the line. They allow themselves to be handled with impunity, and sit closely when young hens are giddy, and break the eggs. When the hen is bought at a price varying from five shillings at Christmas, to half-a-crown in June, she is taken home, and deposited on her future nest under an inverted basket, whilst the ducker goes to purchase the necessary eggs. Their price is usually the same with that of the hen under which they are to be put. Duckers never answer advertisements in the paper, and part with a golden portrait of Her Majesty for a sitting of eggs. The nest is made by putting straw on the ground, on which is placed a piece of damp sacking to receive the eggs. Duckers say that if the eggs are dry, the ducklings cannot chip out; therefore during the period of incubation the eggs are sprinkled daily with cold or lukewarm water whenever the hen gets off to feed. When the eggs are daily deposited, the hen is placed on them, and covered as before. All the eggs are warranted to quicken, so on the third day they are individually examined by the light of a candle. Those which have not quickened are recouped by the vendor, and the fresh eggs carefully placed with the others.

The basket is then removed, because the hen is by that time habituated to her nest, which she will not leave more than once a day for the purpose of feeding and dusting herself. The eggs require the heat of the hen for about thirty days, and on the day before that she feels them to be coming out, she will not leave the nest even to feed.

When the ducklings are hatched, they are removed from the nest and placed in flannel by the fire. Poultry books recommend peppercorns to be forced down their throats, which is as natural and sensible a practice as that adopted by those nurses who take great care that the infant should make its first extraneous meal off an oyster, or the brains of a hare. That is a fact, and I have often been disturbed at dinner by an applicant requesting the latter delicacy upon the grounds aforesaid.

The ducklings never see their foster-mother after they are removed from her, through fear that she might kill them by treading on them. She is forthwith sold, and for about a week they are fed in the house upon bread crumbs and chopped egg. At the end of that time they are taken out of doors, and placed two or three broods together in a pen under cover, whence they emerge once a day to bathe themselves. If let out oftener, they walk the fat off.

It takes about eight weeks to fatten them ready for market. If kept longer, they become *stubby*, as their wing feathers are developed, and they fetch a lower price. Their food is barley meal mixed with brewers' grains, polard, and greaves. Chopped lettuce and young onions are given when practicable. A bullock's liver when unfit for market, a dropped calf or diseased cow is a *bonne bouche*, to which but few ducks attain, although it brings them on rapidly.

The success of the ducker depends on the goodness of the eggs. He can generally rear those which come out of the shell, unless the fever intervenes and carries off all his stock. When saleable they are despatched on Mondays or Fridays to a salesman in Newgate Market, who next week returns an invoice, with a P. O. for the amount. The earliest ducks fetch 7s. 6d. a piece. In August they realise 2s. 6d., after which they cease to be sent. This branch of industry supports hundreds of persons, and assists thousands in procuring those articles which their wages would not furnish. Depend upon it, the duckers know their own business best, and that it is more profitable for them to rear ducklings as above-mentioned during the season than to be bothered with hens during all the year.

BALLAD.

I.

Oh! was there ever keener grief,
Or e'er more cruel sorrow?
She rose up early in the dawn
To bid her love good morrow.

II.

The sun has dried the morning's tears,
And noon the land is greeting.
"Why com'st thou not, dear love," she cried,
"To still my heart's wild beating?"

III.

She wanders back at eventide
With fainting heart and weary,—
"Oh I have roamed thro' darkness woods
And o'er the moorland dreary,

IV.

"And followed many a running brook
That babbled of my trouble,
And seemed to tell my heart to break
With every breaking bubble.

V.

"I called in vain my own true love,
The rocks sent back my crying,
And told the hollow echo there
Was mocking at my sighing!"

VI.

She sought her love o'er hill and vale,
From morn till twilight's gloaming;
She sought him by the pale sea shore
That bounds the billows foaming.

VII.

She met Black Zeffra on the strand,
Who shrieked both loud and shrilly,
"Your fair false lover's gone away
With Ellen of Aberskilly."

VIII.

Then sped dark thoughts athwart her face
Like clouds of stormy morning.
"If that be true, my heart shall break
With loving less than scorning.

IX.

"But thou hast lied, by all his vows
So fairly, sweetly spoken!
And I will seek him with the dead
Ere I believe them broken!"

X.

"The waves might lave his cold, cold brow,
And deck with weeds his tresses,
And clasp and rock him in their arms
With all their wild caresses,

XI.

"And I could bear my life's sad load
Though I should see him never;
But if his words have played me false
My love stands true for ever."

XII.

She stretched her white arms to the sea,—
She sank beneath the billow:
The moaning waves shall make her bed,
The salt sea-weed, her pillow.

W.

THE AYE-AYE.

(CHEIROMYS MADAGASCARIENSIS.)



THE aye-aye is one of those abnormal forms that can with difficulty be referred to any one class of animals, as it partakes of the distinctive characters of several, and on that account proves so puzzling to systematic zoologists. By several eminent naturalists of the present day, the aye-aye is considered the connecting link between the quadrumanous and rodent types; while by others it is thought to belong to the former tribe, being placed in their arrangement of species immediately after the gallasos. As its name implies, this creature is a native of Madagascar, where it was discovered several years ago by Sonnerat. It appeared to be unknown to the natives, as they expressed much surprise at the sight of his specimen, and seemed to have no previous knowledge of it. In size the aye-aye measures about three feet from nose to end of tail, thus about equalling a moderate-sized cat in dimensions. The tail is covered with long coarse hair, and possesses no prehensile power; the ears are large, upright, and ovate in form, the

head compressed towards the nose, the eyes being directed forwards in a peculiar manner, and not placed laterally as in rodents. In colour they are of a light brownish yellow, and extremely susceptible of light, as might be expected from the habits of the animal, which are exclusively nocturnal, more so indeed than those of the lemurs. The upper part of the body is covered with long blackish fur, white hairs being here and there scattered over the surface, which gives it a grizzled look; the chest and abdomen are grey, as are the cheeks



and sides of the head. Its chief point of resemblance to the monkeys is in the form of

the fore hands, which possess all the grasping power found in that class; the middle finger, however, instead of being but slightly longer than the rest, is considerably lengthened; and being very thin, acts as a sort of probe, by which wood-boring larvæ can be drawn from their hiding places. This fact has been observed from watching the habits of an aye-aye in confinement. Several branches had been placed in the cage to serve as a kind of gymnastic apparatus. These branches had been tunnelled by insects, and soon after their introduction, the animal, as if catching some slight sound, was observed to turn its large and mobile ears towards them, then mounting on the boughs, it probed with its middle finger a hole evidently excavated by a grub; finding, however, that it was beyond its reach, the powerful incisive teeth came into play, and, with their help, the hiding-place of a large larva was soon laid open, the insect being devoured with great relish. The teeth resemble greatly those of a rat, or other gnawing animal, but with this difference, being very narrow towards the points in proportion to their great depth and solidity, though they possess that external layer of enamel that, like the plate of steel on an axe, always preserves them sharp and ready for use. The molars, instead of being composed of alternate ridges of bone and enamel, are covered with a smooth coating of the latter substance, their number being four in the upper and three in the lower jaw. In all the quadrumana the teats are situated on the breast, whereas in the aye-aye they are placed on the lower part of the abdomen. Thus, by this peculiarity and by the structure of its teeth, it differs widely from the lemurs, which it otherwise resembles in the formation of the brain and fore hands. After its first discovery by Sonnerat, no specimen had reached Europe for some time, and it was thought by some authorities to have almost become extinct in its native country. Since the death of the late queen, Europeans having had freer access to the island, several specimens have been procured. At the present time, a fine female is living in the collection of the Zoological Society, and through the kindness of the superintendent, Mr. Bartlett, I have been enabled to obtain several interesting particulars concerning its habits in confinement. When first brought to the Gardens, several varieties of insects, such as mealworms, &c., for which it was expected to show a partiality, were offered it, and were rejected by the animal; it fed freely, however, on honey, rice, or milk and eggs mixed together, and has thriven for some considerable time on this kind of diet. It sleeps during the whole of the

day, never leaving its sleeping-box unless turned out. Towards dusk, the aye-aye wakes from its torpor, and traverses with some agility the branches placed in its cage, gnawing both them and the woodwork from time to time with its powerful teeth. It has never been known to utter any sound, and on that account the derivation of its native name, aye-aye, is doubtful. Some suppose the word originated from the exclamations of surprise uttered by those natives to whom Sonnerat showed his first specimen. When feeding on rice, it takes it grain by grain with the long attenuated middle finger, eating very slowly, and pausing from time to time, the tongue and lips being moved rapidly during the process of feeding, Mr. Bartlett's opinion on the subject being that the animal feeds rather on trees secreting a saccharine sap than on insects, forming cavities in the wood with its powerful incisors, and drinking the collected liquid. Still much remains to be learnt concerning this singular being, the conduct of Dr. Sandwith's specimen, as mentioned above, being tolerably clear evidence that it at least occasionally feeds on insects. Sometimes the aye-aye will hang suspended by the hind claws, using the middle finger for the purpose of cleaning the fur, especially that on the tail, the finger being passed through the long hairs with great quickness, removing every extraneous substance that may happen to adhere to them. When asleep the tail is wrapped round the body, which it almost completely covers. One day last summer I remained in the Gardens till dusk, waiting for the aye-aye to show itself, as I wished to learn something more of its habits than could be observed during the day-time, when it always manifests a strong disinclination to face the light. About nine o'clock, the animal protruded its head, and presently emerged from the box. After sitting on its hinder feet and scratching its ears and face with the hand-like extremities of the fore limbs, it proceeded to discuss the contents of a saucer of milk and eggs, which it consumed in the manner I have previously described. Having eaten, it ran with considerable celerity over the branches, clinging to the wires of the cage, and exhibiting many of the motions of a lemur.

N. L. A.

"LADY KITTY CROCODILE."

DURING the month of April, 1776, there was great excitement in London. In London?—throughout England. And no wonder. A duchess was being tried in Westminster Hall for bigamy: such an event does not happen every day.

Elizabeth Chudleigh, generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful young women of her time, was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, a gentleman of good Devonshire family, and through her father's interest with Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, she obtained the post of Maid of Honour to the wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King George the Second. While on a visit in the country at the house of her aunt, a Mrs. Hammer, Miss Chudleigh made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus John Hervey, a lieutenant in the navy, and the third son of the celebrated John, Lord Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), by the lovely Mary Lepel. This Mr. Hervey was born May 18, 1724. Early in life he entered the navy, passed with credit through the subordinate grades of his profession, commanded a ship of war in 1747, and subsequently gained the rank of vice-admiral and colonel of marines. In 1761 he sat in Parliament for St. Edmundsbury, and was appointed one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to George the Third. In 1771 he was made one of the Lords of the Admiralty; and on the death of his brother, in March, 1775, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Bristol. It is with an earlier passage in his life, however, that we have now to deal.

The young lieutenant, it seems, fell desperately in love with Miss Chudleigh, and sought her hand in marriage. He was not the first suitor for that honour, however. The Duke of Hamilton had already paid his court and been accepted. Absent from the country on a foreign tour, he still corresponded with the lady. It had been arranged between them that their union should be celebrated as soon as possible, but in the meantime their engagement was to be kept secret. Mrs. Hammer, for some unexplained reasons, opposed this plan, intercepted the lover's letters, persuaded her niece that he was false to her—did all she possibly could to induce Miss Chudleigh to break with the duke and favour young Mr. Hervey. Finally Mrs. Hammer triumphed, and a clandestine marriage was solemnised in 1744 at Laniston, in the county of Northampton, between the Honourable Augustus John Hervey and the beautiful Elizabeth Chudleigh.

This hasty marriage had of course to be repented at leisure. The dream of love was very brief—had a rough awakening. When too late, the young wife became acutely conscious of the folly she had committed. She had married a younger son: poor, dependent, and, in dread of parental wrath, unable to acknowledge his marriage and present his wife to the world. Mrs. Hervey felt her position to be shameful, insupportable. Her ungovernable temper made itself manifest. She visited her

anger upon her boy-husband. Such love as she had ever felt for him changed to indifference, to positive hatred. Almost immediately she insisted upon a separation, returned to London, resumed her place at Court, tried to rid herself of the recollection of her folly in a round of gaiety and dissipation. Afterwards, in strict retirement at Chelsea, she gave birth to a child, which survived its birth but a short time. In the eyes of the world she was still Miss Chudleigh, and unmarried. A few suspected, if they did not know, the truth, and every now and then indulged in mysterious whispers on the subject.

She now took all possible pains to conceal the fact of her marriage. For a time her husband seems to have sought to remove the estrangement which had grown up between them; his affection had survived hers. He saw his wife treated by the world as a single woman, still young and beautiful, a crowd of suitors for ever following her. He grew jealous, importunate. She was deaf, blind, dumb to him. In desperation he threatened to proclaim publicly his marriage, and to enforce his authority as a husband. The wretched woman was at bay, and turned upon her foe and her persecutor, as she chose to consider him. This ill-starred marriage was an incessant obstacle in her path—hindered the realisation of all her dreams of fortune and ambition,—effectually fettered her to ruin and humiliation. Well, this marriage should be as though it had never been. Her mind was soon made up. She would defy her husband. He might do his worst. Let him proclaim the marriage, and prove it if he could. The clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony was dead,—so far she was safe. The registry in the church remained. With a faithful friend she journeyed to Laniston, sought out the parish clerk, was soon in the vestry of the church, with the book containing the proof of her marriage in her hand. The confederate engaged the attention of the clerk, then a leaf was abstracted from the register of marriages in the parish of Laniston, and all evidence of her youthful folly was gone.

Twenty years had passed since the marriage, and Mrs. Hervey had not yet availed herself of her crime to contract a new union. Her husband had ceased to care for her—sought her love no longer, perhaps understood her better than he had done formerly: or—rumour said as much—was paid a price for his convenient silence and indifference; had sold his wife, in fact, for a large sum handed him by her lover, afterwards her husband (bigamous), the Duke of Kingston. But before this second marriage had taken place, the then Earl of Bristol was

reported to be dangerously ill. This was in 1765. Gilly Williams wrote to George Selwyn, "Report says Lord Bristol is dying at Bath: if so, between the new earl and the Countess of Bristol the town will not want diversion for some time." These two gossiping correspondents had probed this, as most other scandals, and arrived at the truth. Had Lord Bristol died at that time, the Honourable Augustus John Hervey would have been the new earl, his wife the new countess. But how if he were to fight her with her own weapons? if he were to deny the marriage—put her to the proof of it? By her own act she might miss being a countess. It was nothing to be the Honourable Mrs. Hervey, but it was something to be the Countess of Bristol. The lady then changed her plans, undid her own work, and so, as schemers cannot help doing occasionally, got entangled in her own trap. She endeavoured to restore the Laniston register to its former condition: the officiating clerk was handsomely bribed; a fabricated leaf was now inserted in lieu of the genuine, which had been torn out and destroyed. If need was, she could now prove her marriage again.

The alarm was false, however. The invalid earl recovered: he was not so ill as he had been represented; he survived, indeed, ten years. There was no immediate risk of Mrs. Hervey gaining rank as countess. The story now takes a new complication. The husband seemed to be as anxious to be relieved of his wife as she was to be rid of her husband. Proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court ensued. A suit for the jactitation of the marriage was instituted. By virtue of a process of this nature, when one of the parties gives out that he or she is married to the other, whereby a common reputation of their marriage may arise, the party injured libels the other in the Spiritual Court, and unless the defendant offers proof of the actual marriage he or she is enjoined perpetual silence thenceforth on that head. It is clear that Mr. Hervey was in collusion with his wife in this matter; there was a skilful suppression of evidence, a mutual agreement to say nothing about the past, and the decree of the court, gained by a distinct conspiracy, implied an absolute nullification of the marriage, or rather, perhaps, decided that the alleged marriage was altogether supposititious, and had never taken place. The lady at last deemed herself free, and in 1766 was publicly married to Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston.

For some few years the duchess enjoyed the exalted position she had struggled so arduously and so nefariously to obtain. She was in possession of wealth, and titles, and honours. Society, though it did not like her, and often whispered

behind fans about her, and mistrusted her, yet could not ignore her altogether, could not close the door of its *salons* against her. She defied opposition, revenged herself by being arrogant and insolent to all, sought to beat down her foes by her desperate pride and impetuosity. But in September, 1773, the duke was dying. The Honourable Mrs. Boscawen announces the fact to Mrs. Delany:—"One of our physicians comes from Bath. He told me this morning that the duchess would have a consultation of four late last night, and added that 'it was a mere ceremony'; I believe he meant *farce*. She was in violent passions of grief, he said." Throughout the correspondence of the last century there is continual mention at this date of the Duchess of Kingston. The ladies of the period, it is evident, have an extraordinary objection to her, disbelieve from the first her love, her grief, her innocence; even her attendance upon her lord in his last illness moves their scorn rather than their sympathy. Indeed, it is hinted that to the last she was simply trying to induce him to alter his will, which contained certain strict provisions in relation to any new marriage his widow might contract. For his greater religious comforting, she sends to the river Jordan for water, but the Dowager Countess Gower writes but jestingly on the subject to Mrs. Delany, who comments severely in return. In the eyes of her critics the anguish of the duchess is so much affectation. "Everybody gaping for the Duke of Kingston's will," writes Mrs. Delany. "Four thousand a-year he settled on her at his marriage (if such it may be allowed). Her widowed grace fell into fits at every turn of the road from Bath. True affection and gratitude surely cannot inhabit such a breast!" Mrs. Boscawen chronicles: "The Duke of Newcastle had the custody of the Duke of Kingston's will, but the duchess was so ill (of grief) that she could not bear to have it opened; at length the duke said he could wait no longer, &c." By his will the testator, after giving his personality absolutely to his widow, with a life interest in the whole of his real property, devised his estates to one of his younger nephews, excluding the heir-at-law, his elder nephew, Mr. Evelyn Meadows, "who expressed no concern at his disappointment," we are informed, though "his father was excessively affected." But nine months later, and we find that the heir-at-law is taking active measures; he has resolved to dispute the validity of his uncle's will. Mrs. Delany writes: "The Duchess of Kingston made a short visit in England; she came from Rome, where she was settled. She stayed twenty-four hours at her house at Knightsbridge, and then set off for

Russia, her sudden flight occasioned by Mr. Evelyn Meadows having gone to law with her, to prove her marriage with Mr. Hervey, which it is thought he will certainly do, having gained a certain evidence of it—a man to whom the Duchess of K. gave ten thousand pounds for hush-money, and who for the same sum from Mr. Evelyn Meadows is gained against her. So rogues betray rogues." Mr. Meadows pressed on with his legal proceedings, which finally took the form of an indictment for bigamy. The duchess would have stayed abroad if possible, and defied him, but there was danger of out-lavry. She was not without confidence in her case, backed by the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court, and she deemed it more prudent to return and stand her trial.

On the 15th of April, 1776, and several following days, Westminster Hall presented a grand appearance. Miss Hannah More was present with Mr. Garrick's ticket, and found the sight exceeded anything which those who had never been present at a coronation or a trial by peers could form an idea of. An audience of about 5000 filled the Hall, amongst them Queen Charlotte and several members of the royal family. The struggle for place was very great. Mrs. Delany was offered a ticket for the queen's box, but "bravely refused" it, permitting Lady Andover to go in her place, declaring herself an old woman, whose senses of sight and hearing were both clouded by time. "The solicitude for tickets, the distress of rising early to be time enough for a place, the anxiety about hair-dressers (poor souls hurried out of their lives), mortification that feathers and flying lappets should be laid aside for that day, as they would obstruct the view from those who sit behind, all these important matters were discussed in my little circle last night. . . How long it will last nobody knows." A party met at seven in the morning at Mrs. Delany's house in St. James's Place to go down to the Hall. It was necessary for the spectators to be in their places by eight. Miss More goes in great comfort through the house of the Duke of Newcastle, which had a private communication with the Hall. The king-at-arms commands silence on pain of imprisonment, but Miss More notes that his orders are but ill obeyed; and then the gentleman of the black rod brings in the prisoner, dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head, her hair simply dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. Miss More found small remains "of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured;" thought, indeed, that the duchess resembled Mrs. Pritchard (the actress, at whose gentility Churchill

sneered); was large and ill-shaped, with nothing white but her face; "had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen." "Four virgins in white," her attendants, stood behind the bar. On entering she curtsied profoundly to her judges, who bowed slightly in acknowledgment, and the lord steward called out, "Madam, you may rise." Miss More has the pleasure of hearing several of the peers speak, among them Lyttleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden, though they address themselves chiefly to proposals on common things. "There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense; they adjourned upon the most frivolous pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous." Miss More adds that "the duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." She affected to write frequent letters to her counsel, "though I plainly perceived," notes her critic, "she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage—without forming a letter." Apparently there was little sympathy with the accused in the minds of the audience.

The first day of the trial was devoted to formal and preliminary matters, though the court sat for twelve hours—rather trying to the powers of endurance of the full-dressed crowd, who were all that time without food, except such as they had brought with them, and afraid to leave their seats lest they should lose them altogether. Miss Hannah More and her companion, Mrs. Garrick, were fortunate. "We had only to open a door to get at a very fine cold collation of all sorts of meats and wines, with tea, &c., a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle." Miss More fancied that some of the peeresses envied them their places. She noticed that the Duchess of Devonshire and the Lady Derby had come provided with "good things" in their workbags. Mrs. Delany's friends were less thoughtful. She waited dinner for them half an hour after four, but they did not come in until seven, fairly starved after their long fast, and ate their dinner voraciously; "mutton chops and lamb pye, lobster, and apple puffs, and drank their coffee between eight and nine."

Among the counsel engaged in the case was Thurlow, who was then attorney-general. According to Wraxall, the duchess was imprudent enough to make sarcastic allusion to the notorious dissoluteness and irregularity of his younger days, an offence he did not forgive, as his subsequent bearing towards the prisoner during the remainder of the trial sufficiently proved. The celebrated Dunning—afterwards Lord Ashburton—also appeared. His manner Miss More found insufferably bad, "coughing

and spitting at every three words ;" but his sense and expression were happy in the highest degree, and "he made her grace shed bitter tears." Dunning's voice was always husky, his utterance thick, his delivery monotonous, his appearance mean and abject, his manner wanting in grace and animation, yet his genius enabled him to triumph over these disadvantages. When he rose to speak every murmur was hushed and every ear attentive ; it might be mere sophistry that he was uttering, but his admirably constructed sentences, the lucid arrangement of his subject, the logical method of his arguments, gave to all he said the effect of the profoundest and purest wisdom.

The trial lasted upwards of a week. Its result gave very general satisfaction. Miss More writes to her sister :—"If you have been half as much interested against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it as I am." All the peers but two or three, who preferred to withdraw, exclaimed emphatically, "Guilty, upon my honour." The Duke of Newcastle preferred a special but rather foolish finding—"Guilty erroneously, but not intentionally." He was as friendly to the prisoner as he dared to be. It was at his house she slept during the week of the trial. The duchess was convicted of bigamy. Thurlow laboured hard for the infliction of the full penalty, sought to have the prisoner "burnt in the hand," according to the rigorous provisions of the old laws ; but the lady pleaded privilege of peerage, which exempted her from the indignity of corporal punishment. If she was not Duchess of Kingston she was clearly Countess of Bristol. The judges admitted the justice of the plea, something to the disappointment of the spectators, among others of Mr. George Colman the younger, then at Westminster School. In spite of the difficulties of obtaining tickets of admission (for each peer had only seven at his disposal on each day to distribute among his friends), the Westminster boys had contrived to gain entrance into the Hall, running every day from Dean's Yard between school hours "to get a slice of the duchess," as they called it ; now smuggled in by a good-natured nobleman, now admitted by a friendly door-keeper conveniently shutting his eyes for a moment. The schoolboys thought, not unnaturally, their point of view being considered, that corporal punishment must of necessity mean whipping, and were looking forward gleefully, after the usual restless cruelty of their nature, to the public scourging of the duchess at the cart's tail, though they fancied the occasion would require a state vehicle built expressly, and that the Usher of the Black Rod would himself in-

flict the prescribed punishment ! Lord Camden affected afterwards to be angry that the hand of the duchess was not seared, stating jocosely that though as a professed lover of the lady at one time it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to have proposed it, he should have heartily acceded to it, though he believed he should have recommended that the burning should be effected with a cold iron.

The duchess, who had little evidence to offer, made a speech which lasted three-quarters of an hour, in the course of which she cited the protection of her late mistress, the Princess of Wales. Her counsel deemed this harangue ill-judged,* and would have stopped it, but she told them that they might be good lawyers, but they did not understand speaking to the passions ; at the conclusion of her oration she fell back in a fit, real or simulated. Many of the spectators looked upon her demeanour all through the trial as an elaborate histrionic effort. Garrick declared that he had been so completely out-acted that it was time for him to leave the stage. "Surely there was never so thorough an actress," cries Mrs. Delany. Walpole writes fully to his friend Sir Horace Mann of the trial :—"If the pope expects his duchess back he must create her one, for her peers have reduced her to a countess. Her folly and her obstinacy now appear in their full vigour—at least her faith in the Ecclesiastical Court, trusting to the infallibility of which she provoked this trial, in the face of every sort of detection : a living witness of the first marriage ; a register of it fabricated long afterwards by herself ; the widow of the clergyman who married her ; many confidants to whom she had trusted the secret ; and even Hawkins, the surgeon privy to the birth of her child, appeared against her. The lords were tender, and would not probe the earl's collusion ; but the Ecclesiastical Court who so readily accepted

* In his "Literary Memoirs" Mr. Cradock relates that in the course of her trial the duchess expressed a desire to see him on the subject of her defence. "I waited upon her, and in great agitation she said, 'See what my advisers have proposed to me. I would sooner die than declare anything of the kind. I will make my own defence, which shall be kept secret from all of them ; and I ask the favour of you, of whom I have a most friendly opinion, that during this night you will put my notes as well as you can together.' . . . I assured her grace that I was fully inclined to exert myself to the best of my power, but that I felt myself utterly unequal to the task. I was no lawyer, 'That is the very reason I wish for your assistance. Much of the defence shall appear as my own, for I will previously show it to none of them.' . . . The defence was partly made up from her own papers and those previously offered, filled up hastily by myself. . . . She was generally cool and collected, but at times subject to the most violent passions. After the trial and she was told she might withdraw, with great warmth she said to her attendant friends, 'No, not till I have spoken daggers to one Lord who has been throughout my most inveterate enemy, yet is conscious that he received from me every assistance and benefit in early life.' As a nobleman passed she reached forwards and seemed to speak in great rage to him : we did not distinctly hear what was said, but he did seem to writhe under the wounds."

their juggle and sanctified the second match were brought to shame—they care not, if no reformation follows. . . So all this complication of knavery receives no punishment but the loss of a duchy, unless the civil courts below are more severe than the supreme tribunal, and thither her antagonists intend to resort. The earl's family have talked loudly of a divorce, but if it is true that he has given her a bond of thirty thousand pounds not to molest her, and that this bond is in Lord Barrington's hands, either she will recriminate—and collusion proved prevents a divorce—or his silence will speak the collusion. I am heartily tired of this farce, having heard of nothing else this fortnight."

We may search in vain through all the correspondence of the last century touching upon this curious business for one word of pity for the unfortunate, misguided, and guilty woman who had drawn upon herself so large a share of public attention and indignation. Respectability, as usual in such cases, is very merciless. The good women are very hardhearted about their fallen sister. Miss Hannah More, as we have seen, rejoices greatly in the punishment that has befallen wickedness; Mrs. Delany is bitter enough on the same subject. "One should search the jails," she says, "among the perjured notorious offenders for a parallel to such an infamous character." "The modern Moll Flanders has now gone to the pope for absolution, but the Meadowses have not done with her yet." It was probably to avoid service of civil process that the duchess immediately after her trial quitted the country; certainly the attempts of the heir-at-law to set aside the will of the late duke were unsuccessful, and the duchess—for so she always continued to be called—remained to the last in full possession of her large income. She purchased a house at Calais, and led a life of extraordinary splendour and luxury.

It was in 1774 that Samuel Foote the comedian began, completing in the following year, a comedy called "The Trip to Calais," one of the characters in which, *Lady Kitty Crocodile*, was clearly intended as a satire upon the Duchess of Kingston. *Lady Kitty* is represented as the widow of a knight, and inconsolable for the loss of her husband; unable to remain in England after his decease because everything there put her in mind of him, "and if she met by accident with one of his boots it always set her a-crying—a perfect Niobe." She is discovered in deep mourning in "the Chamber of Tears," a room hung with black. She alludes to Iphigenia, which character it was well known the duchess when a young woman had personated at a masquerade, her

style of costume on the occasion being as little decorous as it could well be; and when *Miss Jenny Minnikin* (another of the *dramatis personæ*) is troubled by two lovers, *Lady Kitty* recommends her, by way of comfortably disposing of the difficulty, to marry them both, which was understood to be a distinct reference to the bigamy the duchess was afterwards convicted of. The play, like many others of Foote's, is without plot or interest; but the dialogue is smart, some of the situations are humorous, and the delineations of character forcible and amusing. It was alleged that the author had attempted to extort a sum of money from the duchess as the price of the suppression of his play, but that the duchess resorted to the simpler course of inducing the licenser to forbid its production. Foote then threatened to revive Sir Richard Steele's play of "The Funeral," and himself to play *Lady Brumpton*, another inconsolable widow. He wrote to the licenser, publishing his letter as an appeal to the public in 1775. He then offered to postpone the publication of the play, not out of fear of the threats of the duchess and her agents, but from consideration that its appearance might prejudice her interests in the courts of law. It is probable that in private he stipulated for a price being paid for this forbearance. The lady replied fiercely enough:—"I know too well what is due to my own dignity to enter into a compromise with an extortionate assassin of private reputation. If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it as best suits the needy convenience of your purse. You had first the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and if I sheath it till I make you crouch like the subservient vassal you are, then there is not spirit in an injured woman nor meanness in a slanderous buffoon." She then runs off into abuse of Foote's family—it was the way of the time if you hated a man to include in your hatred all his kith and kin—talks of being clothed in her innocence, and in a postscript states that the letter would have been despatched sooner but that the servant had been a long time writing it.

Foote of course replied, maintaining that the duchess had made "splendid offers" to him for suppressing "The Trip to Calais," but that he had treated her overtures with the contempt they deserved; that the protection and patronage of the public had placed him beyond the reach of her bounty; that in the scenes she applied to herself there was not the slightest hint at the incidents of her life (this was ironical or impudent enough); that he was glad to hear her robe of innocence was in such thorough

repair, having feared it might have been somewhat the worse for wear, and he hoped it might last out to keep her warm the following winter; he then defends his father and mother, stating that it might be a matter of amazement to her grace to learn that the latter, though she had lived to be eighty, had nevertheless been married but once, and concludes with a virulent attack upon the secretary of the duchess, the Rev. William Jackson, a clergyman of the Established Church, to whom was attributed the literary advocacy of her grace's cause. As originally written, "The Trip to Calais," however, did not make its appearance on the stage. *Lady Kitty Crocodile* never trod the boards. The play, materially altered, was produced under the title of "The Capuchin" at the Haymarket on the 17th August, 1776. *Lady Kitty* is altogether omitted, and an old city fop, *Sir Harry Hamper*, is introduced, with a *Dr. Viper*, his tutor and companion, a character evidently pointed at Mr. Jackson. The duchess is now hardly hinted at, but her champion is most mercilessly treated. He is charged with having been a parish clerk to a Moravian meeting-house, and expelled for robbing the poor-box; an advertisement-sticker to the lottery offices, stage-coaches, and quack doctors, but dismissed for selling the bills to the grocers for waste paper; then a swindler, escaping jail through the Insolvent Act; then "a doer of the Scandalous Chronicle, mowing down reputation like muck," pushing into the pay of Lady Deborah Dripping, producing anonymous attacks upon her of his own composing, and receiving money for not putting them into his own paper—and so on. Foote, however, did not undertake to represent this character himself; handing it over to Palmer, he was content to appear as O'Donovan, an Irish mendicant friar; while to avert public objection, George Colman supplied an apologetic prologue, which requested the audience not to discover meanings where the author intended none. Jackson retaliated. He was powerful and unscrupulous; he was the editor of a newspaper, and devoted its columns to the pouring forth of a continued stream of the foulest libels upon the actor. Foote, with all his courage, winced at last, the abuse had reached so frightful a pitch; he lost heart—hesitated to reopen his theatre—seemed in danger of sinking under the charges heaped upon him. But by the advice of his friends he adopted a bold course; threw himself upon the protection of the public, and obtained a verdict in the Court of King's Bench which cleared his fame of every stigma. But the anxiety of mind to which he had been subjected had undermined his health. He was stricken

with paralysis one night while performing, and tottered from the stage never to tread it again, dying on October 21, 1777, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was buried privately in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

The end of Jackson, it may be noted, was miserable enough. In 1787 he became involved in Palmer* the actor's disastrous speculation at the Royalty Theatre in Goodman's Fields, and was compelled to fly the country. He returned secretly as an envoy of the French government in 1794. He was betrayed by one Cockayne, an attorney who had been engaged in the defence of the Duchess of Kingston. He was arrested in Dublin on a charge of high treason. Found guilty, he was brought up to hear his sentence pronounced: he presented a shocking spectacle; with a ghastly smile upon his lips, he whispered in his counsel's ear the last words of *Pierre* in "Venice Preserved," "We have deceived the senate," and then sank back in the dock in a dying state. The wretched man had taken arsenic and *aqua fortis*. He had ceased to live before the judge could pronounce sentence of death against him.

The duchess never again set foot in England. Travellers on the Continent from time to time brought home tidings of her, however. She was seen here, there, and everywhere—asplendid vagabond. She affected to give to her wanderings an air of secrecy and mystery, as though they possessed some political importance. In an unpublished diary of a private gentleman, under date August, 1777, we find, "At Calais, conversed with the Duchess of Kingston—introduced by Jackson, her chaplain. The state room of her yacht is fitted up in the most superb style. The eye is dazzled with the gilding of the wainscoat and furniture. It has an organ which alone is said to have cost 1000*l*. Her dining room is sufficiently capacious to dine fifty people; were it not for three poles, commonly called masts, you might suppose yourself in Hanover Square. She was just setting out on a secret expedition—some said to St. Petersburg." In Russia this strange woman is said to have entered into some extensive speculations connected with the distillery of brandy. She purchased a house at Montmartre, and became involved in a lawsuit. Subsequently she bought of the brother of Louis XVI. a fine estate in the neighbourhood of Paris. In 1780 Mrs. Delany has curious news of her from Mrs. Boscawen, the truth of which it would perhaps be difficult to substantiate. "Mademoiselle Chudleigh, Hervey, Kingston, Bristol, Wartz" (this last name hints

* It is curious to find Jackson in partnership with Palmer, who had, as *Dr. Viper*, personated the clergyman upon the stage of the Haymarket. But there had been a lapse of ten years and more.

at a scandal to which we have no clue), "is now Princesse de Radzivil, and may be Queen of Poland—really married to him" (the Earl of Bristol had died in 1779). "The Prince of Radzivil is a grandee of Poland, and has it in contemplation to be king there at the next general election, which will make a curious finishing to the edifice of her extraordinary fortune." Mrs. Delany adds, "I wish she would write her own memoirs faithfully—they would exceed all that the folly and madness of the world have produced before them, and might be well styled 'Extravaganzas.' Future ages will hardly give credit to such a narrative."

The Duchess of Kingston died at Paris in 1788. Rage at the loss of the lawsuit which had arisen in regard to her house at Montmartre is said to have so greatly agitated her that she ruptured a bloodvessel. She refused to attend to the advice of her physicians, that she should remain in bed, insisted on rising and being dressed. She would not listen to the remonstrances of her attendants, who were therefore compelled to obey her commands. But her exertions exhausted her. She drank off two glasses of Madeira; she then reclined upon a couch, and was soon to all appearances asleep. For some time she remained undisturbed; the servants, with a just dread of her imperious temper, hesitated to approach her unbidden; when they at last ventured to touch her hands they were found to be strangely cold—the Duchess of Kingston was quite dead. There was an end at last to the scandalous chronicle of Elizabeth Chudleigh's life.

DUTTON COOK.

DOCTOR CAMPANY'S COURTSHIP.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

CHAP. VII. JESSIE'S PROPHECY.

THE day and the night passed without any outward sign of extraordinary occurrence. Hopner went to Rye twice, and returned with grave, quiet looks; but they told no story, hinted at no story. Dr. Company the elder, with Marian and Jessie, sauntered, sailed, and gossiped along the shore as usual. The pristine cheerfulness and geniality of Bercamb Villa was, however, gone—none exactly understood why: already Dr. Company talked of returning to Rye, of making pic-nic parties, of taking the girls in a yacht to Dover, of numerous changes, thought of, because some change seemed necessary.

Marian heard all with perfect indifference. She treated her adopted father and sister more affectionately than usual, addressed Hopner in deprecating respectful tones—tones that ever said, you are less than a man if

you betray me,—preserved a decorous, make-believe repentant demeanour always. Dr. Company and good, chirping, lively Grandmamma believed that all would soon be smooth again, and Mr. Elgar's memory buried forty fathom deep in oblivion.

Jessie, child as she was, divined more than her elders, and could not conceal a growing coldness to Marian, and an almost pitying fondness for her brother. The little seventeen-year old woman loved Hopner almost as a lover, and took any opposition of his will as an insult of a deadly nature. To her he was a mirror of manhood, wisdom, her first hero, her first affection—what did Marian mean by loving him so imperfectly? Jessie could not treat her brother's betrothed half so generously as he could do, and sent shy, albeit scornful, arrows of reproach from her blue eyes at her, when opportunity offered. Hopner let his father and sister and whilom betrothed think what they chose of him: he bit his lips, and crushed hard words in his teeth as he crushed hard thoughts in his mind; he schooled himself to chivalrous bearing towards Marian—did not spoil her freedom by sounding the chains in her ears—did not recall their former relation even.

And Marian. She felt herself free, and almost thanked Heaven for such freedom. She drank the sweet wild joy of it, shutting her eyes to what might come; the whole thing seemed to begin and end in one thought—the thought of Mr. Elgar.

Should she see him again—him for whom she had sacrificed so much—caused others to sacrifice so much?

She was answered in an undreamed-of, unlooked-for way.

On the second evening after Mr. Elgar's departure, Hopner said that he must go to Rye, and, what he had never done since the sojourn at Bercamb, sleep there. He gave for excuse several rather impotent reasons, and went without satisfying any one as to the necessity of going. Jessie clung to him at the gate. "A storm was impending," she said; "the breakers rolled and the gulls screamed so. Or perhaps something else would happen; she knew not why, but she felt a foreboding of evil. If he could only stay!"

Hopner pressed her pink cheek against his own, kissed her pleading little mouth, laughed and ran off towards Rye.

Jessie's words fulfilled themselves in so far that a fearful storm really arose that evening.

The sun was like a great blotch of blood upon a sea of sullen secret waters. Then, little by little, the colour changed to violet, to yellow, to pale green, to an infinity of hues: 'twas as if some alchemy were at work having for

object the hiding or transforming of that round red spot.

But the alchemy worked slowly. Sometimes it seemed victorious: nothing could be seen of blood-hue; all was of opaline shade, inoffensive blue and gold and emerald; when, on a sudden, a dash of crimson would render the whole horrible again, and its opponent was worsted for a while. By-and-by the contest recommenced. The flecks of red were driven hither and thither; were obscured by heavy sky curtains; were throttled by wreaths of blue mist; were huddled together and dispersed by phalanxes of copper-coloured clouds, sharp, cold, and bright like armour. The blood disappeared at last, but at what a cost! The sea rose up as if in a panic of revenge; the waves, squadron-like, lashed all within reach,—shore, rock, harbour; even threatening the firmament and immutable stars. Clash and clang of thunder shook the earth and heavens; a shriek ran through the scattered host of winds; a lurid shower of lightning lit up and scorched all.

When the moon rose—pale, ghastly, and retributive, like the ghost of the murdered night—deep calm, and the quiet drip of continuous rain fell everywhere. The little household of Bercamb Villa took breath then; supper was ordered, prayers were read. The scared servants dared to move about alone, and talk aloud.

Marian took up her candle and went to bed, laughing at everybody.

“What a baby you are, Jess, to hide your eyes at every stroke of lightning, and stop your ears at every clap of thunder! I shall be thankful for another sight so splendid. Heavens, what a black sea—what a magical cataract of winds—what a cataclysmal rain! Ta, ta, Papa; ta, ta, Grannie, I am going to watch the lightning.”

Marian slept in a pretty parlour-like bedroom on the second floor, but Jessie, good little Jessie, who ever yielded the first place in the house to her cousin, occupied a tiny mouse-trap higher up. The mouse-trap boasted of but three panes of glass, looking upon the garden, outlying meadows, and marshland.

“I am glad that I cannot see the sea to-night,” she thought, as she slipped into her white-frilled baby-like night-gear; “it must be so awful with the lightning, though summer lightning only, on it. Ah, if Hopner were but here! How can we tell that he is not in the storm?” She stood on tiptoe before her dormer and peered out.

The wet marshes gleamed like glass in the level moonlight; here and there lay pools of freshly-gathered waters; whilst shadows, like

cowed ghosts, crept and slid about the rushy sand-hills.

Jessie fancied she saw Hopner,—everything in her mind turned upon Hopner now,—and pressed her cheek eagerly against the cold pane.

It might be Hopner or not,—it was certainly somebody; she forebore to make the fact known down-stairs till further observation should determine whether it was worth while, and remained on the alert.

No; Hopner never kept along the road, but made short cuts by the Royal William Gardens; besides, she must be mad to expect him. At full tide there was no dry land between Rye and Bercamb, and if the marshes were flooded at ordinary full tides, surely more than a flood had swamped them to-night.

She loosened her chesnut hair, drowsily regretted Hopner's grave looks and the occasion of them, curled herself in her little bed, closed her blue eyes, and fell asleep.

She might have slept five hours or five minutes, she knew not which, when a light flashing full upon her face caused her to wake up hastily. It was Marian standing by, her eyes wild and wonderful with passion, her lustrous hair out of curl, her cheeks pale, one large tear blistering each.

“Good-night, Jessie, dear,” she said. “I have kissed you—good-night.”

“What made you come—it is late—we said good-night hours ago?” said Jessie, rubbing her eyes in bewilderment.

“Did we? I had forgotten. Lie down and sleep, Jessie, I won't disturb you any more.”

The door was shut hastily, and Jessie lay down to dream that Marian's coming had been a dream only.

But it had been reality.

CHAPTER VIII. ON SHIFTING SANDS.

A DEAD sombre sea, a sickly unsteady moon, a strip of sands, glassy and cold, a leaky fishing-boat, a cursing, half-drunken pilot,—these features made up the picture of Marian's wedding-night.

The priest was wanting, and the altar too; but she hardly thought of that,—she only thought of the cold, and damp, and dreariness, and shuddered. Mr. Elgar wrapt a thick bear-skin round her, whispering,

“Only for half-an-hour, my own; hardly half-an-hour of such sufferings as these. Look at the yacht yonder! There my lady shall rest on velvet and eider-down like a queen.”

He placed himself at the farther end of the boat, took her gently in his arms, warmed her with wine, with tender, albeit courtly caresses, with kisses, with whispered words, half-honey, half-fire.

At length she smiled.

"Did you say your name was Lucius?" she asked. "A noble name—I will always call you by it now, and Mr. Elgar no longer. How strange it seems that you are the only human being in my world—the only human being I can call by Christian name now—oh—"

A spasm of pain had transformed the last word into a shriek.

"Oh!" she cried, and half tore herself from his encircling arms. "Oh, let me look at the place once more—once more—don't touch me, don't speak to me for a minute, Lucius; let me pray for them, be loving to them for the last time—they were so good, so kind."

The oars struck monotonously into the hushed waters like swords stabbing a heart that has ceased to suffer; the moon rested on a jagged promontory of cloud, and sent slants of silver across the garden and meadowlands of Bercamb Villa; the house itself was hidden.

Marian gave a great sob, as if saying Amen to the pure young life and its home left behind, and threw herself upon the heart of her lover.

"I wish we could die now, don't you?" she asked.

"Die! Faith, my heart's love, I never wished so much to live! For both of us, life begins to-morrow; for me, the life that I have ever longed after, and never attained—the life of home—of sweet companionship, of travel, of art, of pleasures made beautiful by love—a love made more beautiful by all. For you, for you also, love, life will be perfect—all that you have hitherto desired—Italy, the East, Paris, I can give you and more—"

"You can love me," she whispered.

He went on, pouring all kinds of brilliant anticipations into her ears, nor paused till she interrupted him with a sudden—

"Where are we going—to-night?"

"To-night—must we go anywhere to-night?"

"Oh, Lucius, it is so cold at sea, and the storm may return."

"Listen, love. We shall soon be safely and luxuriously housed in yonder yacht; there is a queenly saloon for you, a little standing-room for me, supper and sleep for both of us till dawn—then we shall wake to see the sun sparkling and dancing on a smooth sea, and a new bright world in sight."

"Shall we be—"

"Still listen. By noon, we shall alight at a quaint old-world Norman town; we shall traverse a lovely landscape, all orchard and valley, nor take rest till sundown brings a desire for it. We shall dine in a picturesque oaken chamber, off rare and rural fare; be

served by cherry-checked Norman girls in blue kirtles and white mob-caps, drink to each other with sparkling wines—"

Marian put her fingers up to his mouth.

"Listen to me, Lucius; shall we be married there?"

"Is my darling half so impatient for the priest's sanction as I am?"

"But tell me, Lucius. Have you no real home—neither sister nor brother to welcome me as your wife—to make things more real to me? Talk of your past, your boyhood, your former homes and loves. I seem standing on shifting sands, slipping, slipping from all that is true, and good, and real. Speak to me; hold me up."

She added still more desperately,

"Or perhaps you also stand on shifting sands. Oh, Lucius, well for us both if we could die to-night!"

The night darkened. 'Twas as if she were conscious of evil, and curtained it by gloom and shudder, keeping back the pure heavens and the guileless moon, and the little cherub-eyed stars.

On the surface of the passive pitchy sea the boat showed only as a black speck, now plunging into a turbid circle of breakers, now riding with apparent ease along a smooth silent current.

The yacht seemed to recede farther and farther in the distance, like a fading vapour or a mirage city; the wind freshening brought a pale primrose dawn, and a purple sea on which the boat, an evil spirit, found itself alone.

CHAPTER IX. "THE REST IS—SILENCE."

In a dingy office at Rye, the storm battling without, whisky and water and a wood fire suggestive of comfort within, sat Hopner in company of Mr. John Ewhurst, Police Inspector.

Mr. Ewhurst was small, bright-eyed, beak-nosed, and chirpy—a very bird of a man; who never walked but hopped, never ate but pecked, never spoke but in monosyllabic twitters.

Hopner looked himself,—that is, more cheerful than he had done of late. He was exercising his powers of generalisation, and prided himself upon such exercise. No anodyne to mental discomfort equals the tickle of vanity.

"So you consider that I have not an inch of ground to go upon," he said after a pause.

"Think over it, Mr. Ewhurst."

"Think,—of course,—think."

"Shall I recapitulate my evidence to you?"

"Just so, just so, doctor."

Hopner pushed aside his glass, folded his arms, and looked very detective indeed.

“The story, then, is this. Naomi Hickmott, a handsome young woman of respectable Rye parentage, takes a milliner’s place in London, gets into trouble, keeps it secret, and sends her illegitimate child down to Southerden, her lover paying handsomely for his main-

tenance. Not a soul in Rye, or of Naomi’s Rye acquaintances, knows this ; they do not even know it when she comes down for a holiday and makes excuses to visit Bercamb—and her boy. On the occasion of her second coming, she is in high spirits, has received an offer of



See page 441.

marriage, is about to accept it, tells Southerden that her new suitor is of her own class, and has consented to receive her child—in the morning she is found murdered.”

“Yes, yes,” nodded Ewhurst impatiently. “It was in the newspapers, and there was an

inquest, and reward, and all that ; and Joseph Cornbury, the poor girl’s sweetheart, is now foreman in my son’s shop, and the father of six children.”

“True,” went on Hopner, implacably ignoring his companion’s dislike to the subject.

"True; hear what follows. No one saw the murderer,—no one knew why or how he came to be at Bercamb upon that occasion,—no one could say that it was not suicide, except for a shriek heard by some coastguardmen; yet after eighteen years the murder of Naomi Hickmott becomes as clear as day."

"I never say no till I hear the reason for yes," said Mr. Ewhurst; "I'm all ears and eyes, sir—proceed."

Hopner looked cutting, and continued,

"Of course I have to rely upon circumstantial evidence only, but it is worth much. One day Naomi said, 'If any one—you know who, Southerden,—should come down to Bercamb to see Benge, mind and notice his little fingers, for he has no nails on them, positively no nails. I'm so glad Benge has the proper number of nails, and shall get Robert to make a gentleman of him.'

"This man, this Elgar has no nails on his fourth fingers.

"Again. Amongst the various trinkets preserved by the poor girl's parents after her cruel death are—first, a portrait; and, secondly, a church service in which are written some verses in a man's hand. The portrait is of Mr. Elgar; the writing is a counterpart of some I have in my keeping, and written by him only the day before yesterday."

He drew out both book and verses—verses of Mr. Elgar's own, copied out playfully to please Jessie.

"Mere chance."

"I admit it, but hear me further. The young man, the child of Naomi Hickmott and her murderer, died yesterday after lying some hours in a fit. During my father's attendance upon him, Mr. Elgar recognised—"

"Appeared to recognise—don't hang the man so quickly," put in the Inspector.

"Appeared to recognise his son, turned deadly white, all but fainted, and rushed into the open air, where I saw him raving like a madman. Again, the poor youth is so like this man as to leave no other conclusion possible but that of parentage."

Mr. Ewhurst drained off his last drop of whisky, and sighed that it should be the last.

"On such evidence we cannot act," he said. "Ferret out Mr. Elgar's real name, past history, occupation, location during the year of the Bercamb mystery, and you give us standing ground; till then we have none—none—none!"

Hopner looked eager.

"This is just what he refuses to give; just what makes him a mystery, sir; Mr. Elgar,"—a deep blush covered his honest brow—"Mr. Elgar and I have quarrelled."

"Don't say that in court, doctor."

"Oh no, but I am not his accuser, you know; well, Elgar and I quarrelled; the fact is, my father invited him to our house without any personal acquaintance whatever. His conduct was not such as I could satisfactorily pass over, and I begged—I begged simply some hint as to his former history; he refused my request, treated it as an insult, and went."

"That is certainly strange."

"Moreover, he came to Bercamb under false pretences. He alleged as his reason for coming that he had topographical objects in view; yet he had neither compass, nor mapping paper, nor measures in his possession, and from one or two questions put to him by myself, his ignorance of such matters became as clear as day. Strangers don't go to Bercamb: there is nothing to see there."

"You are right," said Mr. Ewhurst with growing animation.

"What may be your ideas?"

"I have no business with ideas, dear doctor. Map out a clear course for me, and I'll follow it up; no policeman is expected to do more."

"Of course not. You shall see me or hear from me again in a few days."

And Hopner took his leave, having shown sparsome gratitude for the blazing fire and plenteous supply of whisky. He turned out into the dripping solitary streets, uncertain whether to think of creature comforts and return to the tender care of his housekeeper or not.

By a sudden freak, he determined to call upon Mr. Elgar instead. The housemaid of the Star Hotel, however, had a piece of unsatisfactory information at the onset. The strange gentleman was not within, was not expected back again for a day or two, had, indeed, expressed his intention of going to Bercamb!

Hopner rushed along the street and down the wharf steps like one mad. Almost strangling the first boatman he came near, he only cared to point in the direction of Bercamb.

The man shook his head.

"Ban't possible, doctor. Bercamb ban't possible by marsh or ferry or whatever to-night."

"I tell you I must go. Come, no nonsense. Untwist your rope and let us be off."

"But I tell yer yer can't. I'm not minded to drownd like a cat, nor drownd you, either, doctor. *There!*"

"Never mind, I can row, that I can, and will take upon myself all the responsibility. Pull out your stake, wipe your benches, and have a care."

With a slow, good-humoured, awe-struck

grumble, the boatman crept about the slippery, pitchy wharf, driving Hopner mad with his dilatory caution and still more dilatory obedience. At length the boat was ready.

"Well, doctor, if I'm drowned, I'm drowned in good company, leastways," said his companion, "I'll go wi' yer. Heave ahoy!"

It was a horrible journey. Rye ferry at low tide has hardly a foot of steady water; your boat grinds on the sand, sticks in the mud, comes to a standstill among the rushes twenty times during a single transit. At high tide, other discomfitures arise. You are swayed hither and thither, ducked once in five minutes, tormented with foul smells and strong mud-splattering winds, have repose never.

Three hours' hard pulling brought them to the Bercamb coastguard station. Lanterns were brought, hot rum and water with superfluous pay consoled the disconcerted oarsman, and Hopner strode savagely onward towards the Villa.

And now the main story is told. The tears of love, the groans of shame, the questioning, disbelieving words, the mixed horror and hope and despair—we cannot describe these: none can.

For fidelity's sake, however, one last feature of the history of Dr. Company's Courtship—a courtship so abounding in asphodel, so sparse of honey—must be given in all its naked painfulness and truth. That Dr. Company finds happy prophecy in his Greek poets, and fulfilment thereof in the future, is a thing to wish for, especially seeing that he is a useful member of society, less given to psychological inquiry—more to beneficent activity.

His phase of life, and love, and suffering, "fore-doomed," as he thought, "from the oldest time," ended in this wise.

When the pale primrose dawn had warmed into the fulness of a crimson aurora, the yacht to which Marian looked as her haven of safety was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Elgar had been obliged to deceive her. The cushioned saloon, the Cleopatra-like luxury, the air of wealthy romance hanging round the pretty craft, were all myths. The yacht was a thing of vision only, in reality a mere sailing-boat, bound on other errand than that of love.

And a leaky boat guided by a drunken pilot are not favourable adjuncts to rock-bound coasts, uncertain shallows, wild areas of breakers, deceiving winds.

With the sun blew up a quick breeze,—at first breeze only, soon a gale, and with it came the fate "fore-doomed from the oldest

time." The leaping waves engulfed alike kisses, crimes, futures, and foregone story. Marian and her lover tasted the bitterness of death more mercifully than they could have done later. Hopner, Jessie, and the old man could but show themselves as merciful as the soulless winds and waves. They kept her secret, and forgave.

A WORD ON EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In the Field of March 11, the statements which I brought forward in the columns of ONCE A WEEK (No. 219, Sept. 5, 1863), respecting the profits to be made out of egg-hatching, are seriously impugned, and the writer does not scruple to style the contents of my paper, "An Industrial Chance for Gentlewomen," a "pure invention;" or, further, to deny that there either is or has been any such establishment in France as that which I there describe as so satisfactory and successful in its results.

This, I own, is rather strange. The full narrative which afforded the material of my statement appeared in the Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette, Jan. 31, 1863, p. 110, a periodical of high repute, where Bell's Messenger is cited as the authority for the statements there made. Is it possible that a narrative so detailed and businesslike can be a hoax? The editor of the Gardeners' Chronicle had certainly no suspicion of it when he promised his readers, not very long ago, a fuller report than the first of M. de Sora's establishment.

Is it not more probable that the writer in the Field has been too hasty in his imputations? With regard to myself, at least, he is wrong.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

A RELIC.

IN No. 285 of ONCE A WEEK appear the following exquisite lines by Mary Queen of Scots, with a translation:—

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!
In durā catenā, in miserā poenā,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberēs me!

Without disparaging the translation appended to the above, may I suggest the following as a more strictly literal one?

O Lord, O my God, I have hoped but in thee;
O Jesu, my dearest, now liberate me:
In hard chains, in fierce pains,
I am longing for thee:
Languishing, groaning, and bending the knee,
I adore, I implore, thou wouldst liberate me!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLII. AN EARNEST SHEPHERD.

THAT night, long before Hall had cracked away the shell and put the withered old kernel to bed, John Galton and his wife had come to an understanding.

Kate did not lack courage. With all her frivolity, all her vanity, all her natural longings for excitement, all her weaknesses, she was no coward. True, she would often evade a danger, wriggle out of the way of an unpleasantness; but it was from no fear of the danger or unpleasantness; it was solely to exercise her skill that she did it. Or rather that she had done it; for now she was more desirous of bearing all the ills that might be consequent on her own acts, of bearing them entirely by herself—she was, in fact, a better woman than when I first introduced her into these pages.

Her reformation had been wrought by no very extraordinary means, nor perhaps, broadly speaking, was it a very wonderful reformation. She had never been a wrong-doer of a very marked order, nor will she probably ever be a well-doer of a very marked order. To the end of her life she will most likely be addicted to excitements that do not lie legitimately in those paths of life which she is destined to pursue. To the end of her life she will be afflicted with a desire for admiration which is not always hers to command. She will never be a perfect woman, nor a specimen matron, but she will lead a guileless life enough, for every particle of good within her her husband has vitalised so successfully that it will only die when she herself does.

She came up to the encounter bravely and honestly enough that night after returning from the Caldwells. The encounter promised to be a severe one, she thought; for John had scarcely spoken at all since Lady Glaskill had thrown the glove down, and forced Kate to defend it. The encounter promised to be a severe one; there would be a sharp tussle, she knew well, with her own pride; and she feared even a far sharper one with her husband's just wrath.

She was resolved upon one thing—to make no little tricks of motherhood or domesticity her allies in this battle which her own errors of the past forced her to fight. She would not take her husband to the bedside of their sleeping child, and there make her confession

and win his forgiveness. The trick was one that she would have tried a short time since, but she swore before God this night that henceforth there should be no shadow of turning, no tinge of acting, in her dealings with this honest loyal man who had married her. "It shall be all fair and above board," she said to herself, and she meant it.

She ran up-stairs before him and went into his dressing-room, and stood there leaning against the chimney-board till he came into the room. He had been hoping so earnestly, praying so fervently, that she would speak to him, and tell him whatever there might be to be told without his asking her, that the tears came into his eyes when he saw her there, evidently prepared to speak.

"John," she began directly he came up to her, "you knew—I saw that you knew it—that Lady Glaskill meant you and me?"

"Yes, I knew it," he said.

"I was going to tell you that I had forgotten to speak to you about that furniture, but I will tell no lies on the subject; I have not forgotten it. I've avoided it."

"Why have you avoided it?" He asked this with a falter in his voice; he saw that she was straining herself up to speak the truth, let the truth be as hard as it might be to speak, and he sickened at the thought of that which he might have to hear.

"Why have you avoided it?"

"Ah! why, indeed; you may well ask me, generous, lavish as you are with your money to me. I may well be ashamed of having hesitated to tell you I wanted more; I gratified my whim without counting the cost; can you forgive me?"

She put her hand out to him as she spoke, and the dew came upon his brow. He could not ask her, "Had these things been given her?" but he very much feared it.

"What is the cost?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"I don't know;" then a blush came upon her cheek as she repeated "I don't know—I don't know, really; I am afraid I have run dreadfully in debt, John; but the truth is I don't know how much, for I tore up the bills when they sent them in without looking at them; the sight of the sum that would have to be paid would have bored me, so I tore them up."

He saw that she was speaking the truth,

and nothing but it; and it was such an immense relief to him.

"Thank God!" he began. "I mean—then why shouldn't I say what I do mean?" he continued, taking his wife round the waist and drawing her up close to him. "Never mind the debt, you foolish girl." ("If I were that, there would be more excuse for her," she thought.) "What a brute I must have shown myself, that you dared not tell me before!"

"Then you are not angry?" she asked, with a great sob of relief.

"No; and you in turn tell me that in future you'll take me into your confidence in preference to Lady Glaskill."

And so they settled it.

After this the weeks rolled on, winter and spring passed away, and summer was over the land, and still Lady Glaskill made no sign of moving. She had established herself in the best suite of rooms at the Grange, and she had caused it to be distinctly understood that the one-horse brougham, which hitherto had been only used for night-work, should be held sacred to her sole and whole use. There had been more than one passage of arms between Lady Glaskill and Miss Sarah. Miss Sarah had reproved her sister-in-law's aunt for being a whitened sepulchre, "and other offensive things," Lady Glaskill said, in the course of her complaint to Kate; and Lady Glaskill had wept and gnashed her last new set of teeth at Miss Sarah, and been generally unavailing in her wrath. But, despite the weeping and gnashing of teeth, she had held her ground at the Grange, and so even Miss Sarah was made to feel that her attacks had been futile.

But after her last round with Miss Sarah, Lady Glaskill refused to join the family circle promiscuously. "I will come down when I'm protected by society, but when you're alone I'm liable to that woman in a poke-bonnet, and she shatters me," Lady Glaskill said to her niece. So it came to pass that Lady Glaskill spent much of her time in her own sitting-room, in the ante-room to which her prodigious chests were piled one on top of the other; and here Mr. Shalders called upon her often, and brought her the best of tracts.

"If Aunt Glaskill were younger and richer, and Mr. Shalders older and poorer, I should really think he was making up to her, John," Kate would say sometimes; "as it is, I can only think that he is, as Mr. Caldwell says, 'wonderfully zealous.'"

"What is he supposed to be doing?" John Galton asked, laughing.

"Bringing Lady Glaskill to see the error of her ways," Kate replied.

"Well, rather he than me, that's all I have to say about it," John Galton replied, carelessly. It struck him as rather pitiable, but nothing more, that Mr. Shalders should have nothing better to do on so many days of the week than to sit in a stifling room and talk to a stupid old woman.

"I have been so extremely fortunate, as I have secured—and secured, I may say, for a comparatively small stipend—the services of one of the most earnest men in the church," Mr. Caldwell remarked one day, when Mr. Galton made some allusion to Mr. Shalders's devotion to the very unpromising in appearance cause of Lady Glaskill's salvation. "He is indefatigable—not only on behalf of your aunt, Mrs. Galton—" (and here Mr. Caldwell looked as though he believed it quite possible that Lady Glaskill should take all the time of the most earnest and best of men)—"he is indefatigable, not only on behalf of your aunt, Mrs. Galton, but on behalf of many another lost sinner amongst our pauper population."

"Very good of him," Kate replied; "but, if it's just the same to you, Mr. Caldwell, I would rather that, before me, at least, my poor old aunt should not be included in the category of lost sinners. She has her good points. I have known her do many a generous deed; and though she hasn't exactly blushed to find it fame, she has not blazoned it herself."

"We will hope the best for her. Shalders is most indefatigable in his endeavours to bring her to a right frame of mind—a frame of mind befitting her age," Mr. Caldwell replied, solemnly, and Kate restrained her inclination to say, "Oh, you righteous-in-your-own-conceit," and only uttered aloud her hopes that Mr. Shalders's disinterested efforts might meet with their due reward.

Doubtless Mr. Shalders was earnest, indefatigable, disinterested; on the face of it he was unceasing. Through the winter and spring months the Grange avenue gates opened to and closed behind him daily. Lady Glaskill called him a "good young man—a dear, good young man," and declared him to be her sole comfort. He read to her long windy extracts from long windy discourses, in which a few originally good ideas were smothered beneath superfluous words. He talked to her over her five-o'clock tea before dinner, in a way that made her feel that it was just as easy and pleasant to be pious when you were in the country, and there were no card parties going, as it was to be wicked and worldly. Above all, he listened to her; listened to her with keen interest, and laughed at her old stories, and seemed to like the flavour she

imparted to them. He "was a very clever man," Lady Glaskill told her niece, "and if he were ever given his chance, he would be a shining light," she added. And Kate said, "Oh! would he?" and did not care much about it.

The tendrils of Lady Glaskill's tough old heart went out and wound themselves around him. He was the sort of man to win his way eventually with worn-out women, for he had a subservient manner at command, which they mistook for reverentialness, and a certain vivacity, a way of saying things in a cheerful strain, as if (the Lord willing) he too could joke within bounds, which they mistook for wit. He could bow his head and press his lips on the fattest or the most withered hand without the slightest sign of nausea. He practised this legitimate mark of affection on Lady Glaskill, and Lady Glaskill looked upon it as a very proper and becoming outlet and escape-valve for those holy enthusiasms of his which he assured her he felt in the society of the chosen. It was pleasant to her to feel that he believed her to be a chosen vessel; pleasant also to be the recipient of the osculatory sign of his belief.

He wrote notes for her ladyship, and got her to go to church on sacrament Sundays, by inducing Mr. Caldwell to drop the sermon on those occasions. He ran errands for her all over the Grange, rendering himself like unto a tame dog in her service. He told Mrs. Galton, with touching fervour, that he was "but an instrument," and led her to believe that her aunt was coming back to the fold from which she had strayed at some very remote period at a hand canter. "I am only glad that her eccentricities have taken that form," Mrs. Galton said, in reply; and to her husband she added, "it's a harmless way of passing her time—which is more than can be said of any of her previous occupations, I fancy."

So the months passed on uneventfully, and summer came again, and John Galton asked Frank Burgoyne down to stay at the Grange, as has been told. "If he comes, I shall ask Theo Leigh down too," Kate said to her husband, while it was still uncertain whether Frank would come or not; to which John Galton, who knew that his wife could not have been blind to Frank's hopeless passion for her, replied, "It would be better, perhaps."

But before anything was finally decided upon, Lady Glaskill declared that she must go up to town to "see about her dividends;" and when John Galton offered to save her all trouble, she snapped out an abrupt refusal. It happened fortunately that when Lady Glas-

kill's intention was made manifest, that Mr. Shalders found that business which needed his presence in London would call him thither about the same time as her ladyship.

"So, if you could travel up together, and see after aunt a little, I should be infinitely obliged to you," Kate said to him; and he promised that he would go up with and see after Lady Glaskill; in fact, as Hall observed, "he was quite conformable to the plan."

Fortunately for Mr. Shalders, who accompanied her, Lady Glaskill did not put him to the test by wearing her velvet cap with the fur border. It was warm weather, so she spared his feelings, and abstained from the cap. But she wore a sweet simple bonnet, that would have been juvenile on a head that had seen but eighteen summers—a girlish, airy nothing, tied under her chin with tulle. Mr. Shalders bore the bonnet like a man, however. The last that was seen of him from the Haversham platform was the curve of his reverend back as he leant across and essayed to adjust the unadjustable railway-carriage blinds, in order that the sun might not disport too fiercely on the deftly prepared cheeks and brow which the before-mentioned tulle shaded.

"It's quite a relief to be quit for a time of poor Aunt Glaskill and her boxes," Kate said to her husband that night, when they were seated at dinner.

"I daresay. Rum freak, though, to lug her boxes up with her if she means coming back, which I suppose she does."

"Yes," Kate replied. "Really, that Shalders is good-natured, John. What trouble he gave himself about seeing them all put into the van, to be sure. He carries what Mr. Caldwell calls his 'earnestness' into everything."

CHAPTER XLIII. SYDNEY SCOTT'S GAIN.

MEANWHILE the arrangements in that little house on Hampstead Heath were all perfected, thanks to Theo. Everything had devolved upon her since the day of her father's death—the ordering and managing of all things fell upon her, and she bore up under the unaccustomed burden stoutly. Mrs. Leigh had not loudly lamented, or openly bewailed, the sad loss which she had sustained. But she had suffered horribly in a gentle, uncomplaining secrecy, and she had just sunk under it into a state of lethargy that was hopeless enough. She never worried, she never planned, she never interfered. She simply took no heed of aught that transpired. Accordingly, as I said before, everything had devolved upon Theo.

It was weary work, tedious uncongenial

work, that going constantly to the little house at Hampstead and seeing things gradually right themselves. Theo, after Frank had graciously disapproved of the locality, had not had much heart in her work. True, it was to be her home for some time to come, and the place in which we are going to dwell must always command a certain amount of interest. But it was not going to be her permanent tent. Good and dutiful, unselfish and affectionate, painstaking and untiring, as Theo was, she could not forget that her own tent was to be pitched in a very different position.

Nevertheless,—all unaided as she was, this young girl, cast at twenty on her own resources to stand or fall as the case may be, without any apparent let or hindrance from anybody, with no one to counsel, no one to assist, no one to control her,—nevertheless she laboured unceasingly, and managed very well. No matter through what trouble of mind and body, through what perplexity and doubt, it was consummated; the house was habitable at last, the arrangements were all perfected, and it was Theo's work entirely.

They had been busy, bustling, unpleasant weeks. All the bore of furnishing, and none of the bliss, had been hers. She was not free to exercise her taste; bare necessities, absolute requirements, these were all that common sense told her she might get. Carpets and chairs and tables, that were good and substantial, and were warranted to wear well. Prudence held her rigorously to the purchase of these, and such as these alone, and bade her turn away from the tempting array of pretty things which were on view in every shop she entered. It was very hard work, for she was young and possessed of taste, and also of a feeling that the absolutely unadorned paths of life are scarcely worth pursuing. It was very hard to pass the adornments on every side, and know that she must pass them as though they had not been.

By way of improving the aspect of things, Frank, with a masculine disregard for the great grinding god necessity, suggested all manner of ways of relieving her ends which were not practicable.

"Awfully you bother yourself when there's no occasion for it, Theo," he would say, whenever Theo seemed less fresh than he deemed fitting; "why not put the whole thing into Jackson & Graham's hands, and let them do it?"

"They'd charge more for looking at it, than the whole house must cost, Frank," she replied; and then Frank, with a gleam of something like sympathy for the high-hearted, uncomplaining way in which she went on doing what she did not like, told her—

"Never to mind; she should have it all her own way at Maddington by-and-by." "By-and-by" meaning whenever Lord Lesborough should be good enough to die out of his grandson's way.

After the ball, Frank had inclined ever so much more kindly towards Theo's friend, Miss Scott. He cemented a fresh friendship with the bright little blonde, who never had anything in her head save the desire to make herself agreeable to the one present. She was always ready to walk, to talk, to do anything, in fact; and Theo very often in the evening was too tired to do anything more laborious than sit still and listen. When the Leighs migrated to Hampstead, Frank declared that to be an admirable plan which had once been frowned at by him.

"It will do you good to have Sydney Scott with you when you're settled, Theo," he said; and Theo agreed with him—

"As I can't have you always," she replied.

"I suppose you will quite desert Bretford when Theo is gone," Sydney Scott said to him one day; and he tried to slip away from under the weight of the full meaning of that speech, as men are apt to do when such speeches are made to them. It was not pleasant to him, even though he meant to marry her, to have every one thrusting that intention of his forward. Perhaps Sydney had not calculated on the effect of her speech—perhaps she had done so. Who can tell? She was believed by every one, herself included, to be a guileless, undesigning little thing. But the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

"I don't know why you should suppose anything of the sort," he replied, rather coldly.

"Oh, I didn't know; I fancied she wouldn't like you to come; but you won't quite cut me, will you?"

"No;" he promised her that he would not.

"We have all three been so happy lately," Miss Sydney went on rather plaintively. As Theo's contribution towards the happiness pervading their gatherings lately had consisted of lying down on a sofa and being very silent, it was generous on Miss Scott's part to include her at all.

"We have all three been very happy lately. Oh! dear; I shall miss you, and that's the truth; I hope Theo will let you come sometimes."

After this it was very natural, considering what Frank was, that Bretford should see him frequently. He gave up his contemplated visit to Haversham Grange, simply because his desire to see the mistress of it was fast fading away. He gave up the contemplated visit because it no longer had any

charms for him ; but not the less on account of that reason did he make a great merit of his abnegation to Theo, and hurl it at her whenever she suffered him to perceive that she thought he might find his way to Hampstead a little oftener.

"My dear girl, you surely wouldn't have me give up everything, would you?"

"No, decidedly not, Frank, but——"

"Didn't I give up going into Norfolk because I thought you would be dull without me, in this beastly inaccessible spot you have put yourself in? What more can a fellow do?"

Miss Scott was held by all her acquaintances, herself included, to be guileless, undesigning, open as the day. She most probably was all of these things—in a measure. Who can exactly tell where she left off being them? Who, indeed, can tell whether she did leave off being them, or whether her acts and their results were as void of all calculation as they appeared to be? Who can tell anything about anybody, if it comes to that?

Sydney Scott was a pretty, naturally clever, observant girl, gifted with the great grace of making the most of herself in every way. She had the trick of seeming, not only frank and cordial, but well-bred, which she was not. At least her breeding, such as it was, did not come by inheritance, for the parent birds were unconditionally vulgar, and Miss Scott saw that they were so, and Miss Scott was heartily ashamed of them.

Her father was the more endurable of the two to her : that is to say, she could explain him away, as it were. "He went to sea when he was very young, and when the service was a very rough school, you know," she would say, when circumstances over which she had no control forced her papa to the front. But with regard to her mother, no such explanation could be offered. Mrs. Scott was a vulgar old woman, and her daughter saw that she was so, and didn't like it.

Sydney was naturally a sharp, clever girl, and as she was thrown more and more in contact with people possessed even of superficial refinement, she sharpened herself still more, and refined herself outwardly—refined herself, that is to say, quite enough for the society in which she was thrown not to find her wanting. When she had done this, those speeches of her mamma's about "knowing well what was due to the nobility," and the like, grated upon her irritable young nerves, and made her long for a fling in the world "quite free from mamma."

It was the old story of the new generation outstripping the old. They had themselves aided in making her unsuited to themselves.

In her own outspoken way she had explained the whole case to Theo in a moment of confidence, and this was what she had said, "I pass muster very well, you see, Theo, and mamma *does not*; now is it undutiful of me to wish to keep her quietly at home, where she isn't laughed at?"

Theo declined to give an opinion. The position was a delicate one: but as Miss Leigh had never been placed in it herself with respect to her own parents, she perhaps failed to appreciate the full force of the unpleasantness that had been an incubus on Sydney since the day "distinctions" had first dawned upon her.

Theoretically she would have scorned the idea of aiming at a bird that had fallen already to her friend's gun; but Frank Burgoyne was "very nice," and it was very pleasant to have him at the house when her mamma would refrain from lavishing her was's and were's in the wrong places upon her. It was very pleasant to have him there, and to remember that he had liked her very much, and that he wasn't married to Theo yet, and that he would be Lord Lesborough.

Mr. Burgoyne was a great deal up in town now, though his grandfather was rapidly declining. At last Mr. Burgoyne received a letter from Ethel that made him feel that it would not do for him to dally any longer. Lord Lesborough desired to see his grandson married immediately: Lord Lesborough made it a special request that the days of Theo Leigh's mourning for her father should be shortened—brought to a termination by her marriage with his heir.

Frank Burgoyne had not been near Theo for ten days when he received this communication. Hampstead was a long way off. Her selection of Hampstead as a residence was the cause of all the mischief that might ensue; so at least he told himself. He felt righteously angry with Theo for having gone to Hampstead when he had protested against her doing so. He felt righteously angry with Linley for having hurried him into a declaration before he was quite sure that he wished to make it. He felt angry with his grandfather for so unreasonably trying to precipitate matters. Above all, he felt angry with himself, though he scarce knew why.

He was unstable as water. The curse of being so was upon him, and he knew it. He vacillated for an hour between his inclination to carry the contents of that letter to Sydney Scott, and hear what she would say, and his knowledge that it behoved him to go to Theo. He was unstable as water. Finally he went down to Bretford, and as soon as she caught

sight of him, the sharp little blonde saw that a climax of some sort or other was coming before long.

She flushed brilliantly with the hope that the coming climax might be favourable to herself, and checked all compunction within her breast with the reflection that, "if she chose, she might charge Theo with treachery, since she had confided to Theo her belief in Frank Burgoyne's love and admiration for herself, and Theo had listened." She flushed brilliantly, and she checked all compunctious scruples. In fact, she looked very pretty, and ready to do and dare anything.

"Papa and mamma wanted me to go with them to hear the band play," she said, while she was shaking hands with him, "but I wouldn't. I thought you might come possibly."

One disposed to censure Miss Scott, might have thought that it was scarcely in the order of things that she should stay in alone, avowedly with the hope of having an interview with a man who was engaged to her friend. It was a dangerous piece of flattery: but Frank liked being flattered, and was not at all disposed either to censure Miss Scott or lament the absence of her mamma.

He just gave the small white hand a tiny pressure before he released it, and said,

"I'm very glad of that. I want to tell you something."

At once there flashed through her mind a vision of that which he had to tell her, and she resolved upon making a bold play to be Lady Lesborough. She interlaced her delicate rounded fingers within each other almost convulsively, and her large grey eyes dilated, and the corners of her flexible mouth went down, as she exclaimed,

"Don't tell me—and yet do: you're ordered over the precipice?"

"Yes, but I'm not over it yet," he said, placing his hand down upon hers, as they still clasped each other. Then she knew that the game was her own. She knew that she had won. She knew that this man was ready to jilt Theo Leigh at a word from her—at less even—at a look, a sigh! She knew this as she stood silent and motionless for a few seconds, excusing herself to herself, and declaring to herself simultaneously that no excuses were needed.

"No, you're not over it yet, certainly," she replied, slowly; "have you come to tell me that you're ready to go over it, though? because, if you have," and here she began to speak very fast, "say it at once."

"I didn't come to tell you that," he said. "I came to tell you—" and then he paused,

for he was not quite sure of what he had come to tell her.

She gave what he fancied to be a gasp of profound emotion; in reality it was only a bit of excited breath-catching. The game was not quite her own yet. She was horribly afraid of losing it.

A word might make, or a word mar her. She saw that. She recognised fully that it was upon the cards still that she might lose, and with such great gains in view, to lose would be so very ignominious. A word might make or mar her. She called silence, and sweet looks, and a half-stifed sigh to her aid, the guileless little creature, as skilfully as the most designing woman could have done.

He never thought for an instant of what Theo Leigh would suffer. He only felt that this "dear little thing" before him, with the clasped hands, and the big grey eyes, and the drooping corners to the usually joyous mouth, was "feeling awfully cut-up" at the prospect of his marriage with another girl. It would not be a good thing to do, but other men had done it before. "By Jove!" (with a sudden flash of memory) "another man had done it to Theo Leigh herself. It would not be a good thing to do, but——"

"God! I can't stand it!" he cried, drawing Sydney nearer. "Believe me I was let into that affair, Sydney, and I mean to get out of it, if you'll reward me for the bother it will give me."

So, on Sydney promising both to forgive and to reward him, he determined upon his perfidy to Theo, and justified his determination in the manliest, most honourable manner, by declaring that he "wasn't the first fellow who had served her so." This was quite natural—in fact, this was inevitable. The thing he was going to do was so very mean and low, that only on the meanest, lowest grounds could it be justified.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THEO LEIGH'S LOSS.

THE arrangements were all perfected in that little house at Hampstead. The place was very habitable, and would have been notwithstanding very dull to dwell in, had not Hope perpetually told a flattering tale to Theo. This region, that was rather bleak, truth to tell, in this autumn weather, in which she knew no one (for the beautiful metropolitan custom of fighting shy of, and greatly distrusting, all new arrivals, holds good in the suburbs): this region, I say, would have been dull and unendurable to her, had she looked upon it as other than a waiting-place on her road to the joyous goal that was before her.

To those of my readers who hold that the

"first" is the only true love, the statement that Theo Leigh loved Frank Burgoyne very fondly, very warmly, very *well*, will seem either wrong or ridiculous? Nevertheless it is a fact, that she did so love him, aye, though she had no more utterly forgotten Harold Ffrench than one human being can utterly forget another who has been near and dear, and much spoken about.

She did not utterly forget Harold Ffrench. She was neither weak-minded, nor false-hearted. She did not forget Harold Ffrench: but, remembering him only made her think the more fondly and constantly of Frank Burgoyne—of the man who was aware of her youthful weakness, and who loved her in spite of it.

Hampstead was out of the way, was inaccessible from the Frank Burgoyne starting-point clearly. At least she tried to think that it was Hampstead's inaccessibility alone which made Frank keep away so much.

They were dull days, if the truth be told—those earlier days of Theo Leigh's residence in the little house on the Heath, the fitting up of which she had superintended with much weariness of spirit. They were dull days, very dull days: but then you see she had such bright things in store.

In the meantime, before these bright things were realised, she tried hardly to get back all those outward and visible signs of youth and happiness which had been bruised and banished. Frank Burgoyne's bride should go to him with roses on her cheeks, and brightness in her eyes, and the rich dew of health on her lips. So Theo went out bravely on that broad Heath whereon she felt so friendless, and sought for these fitting adornments round about the region of Jack Straw's Castle and the Spaniards: sought for and found them, too, and rejoiced over her renovation with a girl's natural vanity.

Life went at a very sober pace in that little house on the Heath. The greatest excitement ever got up within its walls was on the rare occasions of Theo confidently expecting Frank, and making preparations towards his advent—which seldom took place. She did not make preparations after the manner of her estimable aunt, Mrs. Vaughan. She did not bustle and fuss furiously, and endeavour to keep the fact of doing these things in the background. She brought all her preparations, and all the joy she had in making them, forward frankly; she revelled in displaying them, and the grace with which they were made, to Frank, their good and proper cause.

With the exception of these occasions, life was very monotonous in Theo's home. That old hearty communion that had never failed,

that had always been so pleasant let all else be miserable as it might,—this was a thing of the past. The strangest thing in her strange home was the want of her father's presence, and her father's friendship. The saddest thing in it was the thought that her father could never rejoice in her achievement of that destiny, the mere promise of which had been so prized by him. She gauged the joy he would have had in her triumphs by the proud trustful love she bore him,—and I think the gauge was a true one.

For all this want, though, the girl was very happy. She was only a woman, and the prospect of being a titled one was not unpleasant to her. Besides, as I have said before, she loved Frank for that generosity of his which made him apparently utterly ignore all that had gone before. She loved him with a hearty grateful love, than which there could be nothing better or more complete.

In the earlier days of their engagement it had been settled that she should be married in August. But her father's death had intervened, and from that other delaying causes had sprung. So that now, though it was late in September, she was still Miss Leigh, and still uncertain of how long she was to remain Miss Leigh.

Nevertheless, though her marriage was thus indefinitely deferred, she looked upon it as a thing that would in the order of events come off very soon. Accordingly, being only flesh and blood of the middle class, she felt it behoved her to see about the buying and making of the purple and fine linen usual on such occasions. Moreover, being only of the middle class, as has been said before, she gave much thought to the matter. Travelled arduously eastward ho! on more than one occasion, beguiled by an advertisement setting forth in large letters, with many notes of admiration appended thereunto, the miserable onus that was on certain firms of being cleared out, no matter how alarming the sacrifice, before a certain date.

Poor Theo! There was no one to do it for her, gentle Mrs. Leigh having subsided into nothingness. There was no one to do it for her, and it had to be done; consequently Theo did it herself. It was not pleasant for the girl who had never been about in the world before, to be abroad on her own responsibility now, bargaining with extortionate tradesmen, and seeing cabmen, who were lambs when she entered their equipages, develop into roaring lions when she got out, and mildly and tremulously questioned the justice of the eighteenthpence they put on for Hampstead Hill.

It was not pleasant for her to do these things. It was not seemly that the future Lady Lesborough should have done them. But unfortunately the prospect of being Lady Lesborough did not fill her purse; and with this debased generation the proudest pretensions, and the most profound belief in good things being in store for one, go for nothing if the purse be empty. Accordingly Theo did things that were neither quite pleasant nor quite seemly,—did them and suffered for them, as people do and suffer in this everyday commonplace world in which we everyday commonplace ones do dwell.

An obliging uncle had died when Theo was three years old, leaving her a small legacy—a sum of 150*l.*, into possession of which she was to come when she was either married or had attained the age of twenty-one. She was twenty-one now, and she was about to fulfil the other condition. Consequently the money was hers.

The money was hers to do as she pleased with; and when it was first given over to her in the shape of a bundle of semi-transparent notes that crackled under her hand, reminding her of the well-cooked skin of pork,—when it was first given over in this wealthy-sounding way, she deemed it an all-sufficient, not to say fabulous, sum. But after a day or two it dwindled.

It dwindled in a surprising, not to say a shocking way, after the manner of money. Now the manner of money was new to Theo, and that way it had, of going fast and leaving no trace behind, was quite a new feature in finance to her. It was startling at first to find how small the amount of change was out of a five-pound note, when the price of the article to be paid for was four pounds nineteen and sixpence. This was very startling at first: but she got used to it after a time, and pocketed her sixpence with gratitude.

Aunt Libby had undertaken to give her the dress of dresses—the bridal robe and veil, and Aunt Libby's ideas on the subject of these things were of the most enlarged order.

"You may go to a guinea a yard, my dear," the old lady had said to her niece, when the auspicious engagement with the heir of Maddington was first made known to her. Accordingly Theo "went to a guinea a yard," and ordered home what she deemed a sufficient quantity of a white material with forked lightning and splashes like big tears upon it, known to the initiated as "moire antique, best quality."

There was great pleasure in getting these dresses: great pleasure in marvelling how she would look in them,—or rather, how Frank

would think she looked in them. The solitary little figure in black grew very bright within as she toiled about from shop to shop; the girl with so little money to spend in reality, spent it with a joyous lavishness over such things as misled the sellers of the same with the notion that the stock of crisp notes was large. But it was such solitary pleasure! She went about this pleasantest task that had fallen to her share yet in the world, alone!

Alone, quite alone! It was very improper, of course; and not at all the sort of thing that those parents who have the wherewithal to mount outward guard over their daughters can credit is ever done by gentlewomen. It is very improper; but all must allow that it is one of those improprieties which are not committed by preference. On the whole, Theo would rather have rolled about in a snug brougham, and had an intelligent footman follow her out of the shops with the packages.

However, she had no brougham and no footman, so perforce she was compelled either to walk upon the earth or to take a cab in her journeyings hither and thither, or (more terrible still) to get into one of those dismal swamps—an omnibus.

One day, after a severe morning of purchasing, and feeling guilty of extravagance, and yet being sure she could not do without the things,—after many hours of disturbance of spirit, she had practised a small economy, and gone down from the select region of West-End shops to Hamptead in an omnibus. At the foot of the hill her spirit of endurance broke down, and she crept out in the lame dilapidated way in which people do creep out of an omnibus after a lengthened indulgence in its delights—crept out, resolving to walk up the hill home, and so freshen herself for that visit from Frank which she confidently expected that evening.

That hill! that terror and trial to the tired legs of man or beast. It is a hill to be thought of with the darkest hatred, if you have ever attempted to drive a lazy, self-willed, fatigued horse up it. A sanguine feeling is yours at the foot of it, perhaps. You imagine that your skilful hand will administer a flick on that precise portion of the quadruped you are driving which will ensure his pulling up well at once. You try the skilful flick, and it has just no effect whatever. He flags, and the traces slacken, and his head goes down, and so do your hopes, and pedestrians pass you, and time grows weary and you grow old, and still that hill stretches its miserable length before you. You can't hit your horse as it is in your usually kind heart to hit him, or you would be had up under Mr. Martin's act. You don't

like to weep and gnash your teeth for fear of being seized and immured by some myrmidon from a lunatic asylum. One may make ghastly efforts to while away the time by making intelligent remarks to one's companion, but this is a miserable device for the concealment of anxious misery, and is warranted to fail. It does not even impose upon oneself,—the most easily deceived of all one's acquaintances. The only thing to be done is to meekly resign oneself to melancholy, or to pretend to be looking for Clarkson Stanfield's house.

Up this hill Theo Leigh walked on a clear September afternoon, with the double conviction on her mind that Frank would come and cheer her up in the evening, and that she had spent nearly all her money, and would have to severely limit herself as to gloves, in order not to have to encroach upon that magnificent sum which Government awarded her mamma as compensation for the loss of a husband. "I must have a lot to start with," Theo thought; "And I had better get them all dark, though Frank unfortunately only likes me to wear lemon-colour and silver-grey. I'll write to Sydney, and ask her to get me a lot at the place she gets hers from—at wholesale price, I think she says,—and I had better fix a day for her to come over and stay with me."

She quickened her pace as she said this, in order to get home, and write, and cause a letter to be posted before five o'clock. As she panted up the last bend of the hill she heard her name spoken in a voice that she knew well and remembered kindly, and looking up she saw Harold Ffrench.

She saw him such an altered man, such a grey-haired elderly man, that the blood leapt into her face with surprise. Great as was the inward alteration which had been wrought in herself during the last few months, the outward alteration in this man was still greater; and it is the outward alteration that we are apt to mark and lament.

There was no confusion in her soul nor constraint in her mind at this abrupt meeting with and recognition of him. Consequently there was no confusion or constraint in her manner.

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Ffrench," she said, forgetting Frank's recently avowed feelings on the subject. "I am very glad to see you again; but—have you been ill?"

Something seemed to jar upon his heart as she spoke. It was a cordial, kind, lady-like greeting, that which she awarded him. It should in honour have been no more than these things. Nevertheless it jarred upon him that it was no more.

"No, I have not been ill," he replied; "but I have been worried and anxious during the last few hours."

"Won't you come back and see mamma?" she asked. "We live near here."

"I know;—I have just seen Mrs. Leigh," he replied hurriedly; "the fact is, I came up from Maddington this morning; Lord Lesborough is much worse, and wants his grandson."

"Is Frank gone down?" Theo asked quickly.

"No; we telegraphed for him, and no notice was taken, so I came up; he has not been at his place for a day or two, and I fancied he might be here, therefore I took the liberty of calling at your house."

He attempted to say this in a stiff conventional tone. Theo, in her frank indifference to him, and through her equally frank display of interest for Mr. Burgoyne, seemed so very far removed from him.

She marked his tone, and fathomed the spirit that dictated it. "Ah! don't speak to me in that way," she cried, "but tell me what you will do about finding Frank; I can't say where he is."

"I have left a note at his rooms," he replied.

"And is Lord Lesborough really ill—dying?"

"I fear he is."

"Poor Frank! How he'll feel it if he should be too late to see his grandfather," she said, earnestly. "I half fancied that he was at Maddington, as I haven't seen him for several——"

She stopped, blushing, as the remembrance flashed across her mind that Harold Ffrench might think that Frank was neglecting her, as she herself occasionally was afraid he was. The pause and the blush told him more than the completed sentence would have done, and he felt that the one who had deprived him of this jewel was not wearing it proudly by any means. It was hard for him to walk calmly along by her side and feel this; so he stopped and said good-by to her, and she went on quickly to her own home, with footsteps rendered fleet by the thought that she had "so much to tell Frank"—"so much" that she now felt would not be quite pleasant to him to hear, and that would oppress her with a sense of concealment, till he had heard. "He's sure to say Mr. Ffrench interferes unnecessarily," she thought, "and to rage against poor Miss Burgoyne for having dispatched such an envoy in search of him: anyway, I could not help meeting him on the hill."

As soon as the door of the little house was opened to her she asked,

"Is Mr. Burgoyne here?"

"No, miss; and your ma's——"

"Are any of my things come home?" Theo interrupted.

The servant shook her head, and resumed the broken thread of her discourse.

"And your ma's up in her room, taking on about something, miss."

"Poor mamma!" Theo thought, as she plodded wearily upstairs. All the fleetness was fled from her footsteps now that she learnt that neither of the expected arrivals were here before her.

Mrs. Leigh was sitting in an easy chair in a corner of the room, over which a shade hung, when her daughter entered.

"I'm home again, mamma, you see," Theo commenced, in bright accents. She never used the tone dolorous when people were in grief. It never improved their case one whit she had discovered; indeed, it usually had the contrary effect of plunging them into still deeper gloom.

Mrs. Leigh looked up with a start, and Theo's quick eyes read wistfulness in her mother's gaze,—such wistfulness as she had never seen in it before.

"My dear, are you very tired?"

"No, mother," Theo said, in more subdued tones than those she had first used. Then she went and knelt down by her mother's feet, and Mrs. Leigh drew the head crowned with its wavy masses of brown hair down upon her lap.

Tired! No, she was not tired; but as she felt her mother's hand press closer, tremblingly, amidst those waves of hair, a feeling oppressed her that was not fatigue—a feeling of desperate helplessness, a very faintness of despair. She strove to break the spell of sorrow that was creeping over her.

"Mother, poor mother, you have been alone again, and are feeling dull," she said, fondly pressing her lips upon the hand she had caught and prisoned as it wandered over her head.

"No, my dear, not dull, but——"

"Ah! you've heard the bad news from Maddington," Theo cried, with a sudden recollection of Lord Lesborough's extreme case. "I met Mr. Ffrench, and he told me. He wanted Frank. I hope Frank will come to-night," she continued, hopefully.

Then the dull lethargy of sorrow that had been Mrs. Leigh's portion since her husband's death dissolved suddenly, and she threw her arms closely, tenderly, pityingly, round her daughter's neck, as she sobbed out,—

"Poor child! my own poor child! He will never come again."

"Mother! Mother!"

The girl was on her feet in an instant. She had started erect with fatal suddenness, as if shot through the heart.

"He is alive!" Mrs. Leigh cried eagerly. She read aright the generous anguish that was Theo Leigh's first pang. Her daughter's first thought was of death, not desertion. As I said once before, Theo Leigh never believed people to be baser than they were.

"Then he has left me too," Theo wailed. "Mother, dearest, don't look at me in that way. I shall not die, though I have so little to live for."

(To be continued.)

SPRING THOUGHTS.

SWIFT speeds my spirit to the west

When Spring brings in the hours,—

Those merry girls in blossoms drest

That laugh through sunswep't showers,—

There would I watch earth, sea, and air

Pour forth their richest dowers.

Oh! let me from the highest peak

St. Michael's rears on high,

Hail the first gleams that herald Spring

And first her footsteps spy;

Trust me, 'tis there men soonest feel

Her warm breath flood the sky!

Blue ripples wash Tintagel's rocks,

Blue cloudlets float above;

Old memories of "the Flower of Kings"

On each soft zephyr move,

Or else bold Tristram sighs once more

For white-armed Iseult's love.

But dearer than these storied scenes

To me some lonely dell,

Where greenest ferns and golden gorse

O'erhang a mossy cell,

And all night long by ling'ring stars

The pixies foot it well.

And far beneath let shining streams

Flow slumberous to the sea;

Whose lightest murmurs echoing haunt

Dark rock or quivering tree,

Than which not Fairyland's low lutes

Yield sweeter witchery!

And then with morn the thrush shall pipe

His welcome to young May,

The blackbird trill a cheery note

To lengthen out the day,

Till drowsy night from yonder hill

Come back to stop his lay.

There, where the violets nestle down

Beneath the thorn-flowers' snow,

I'll watch the gleeful swallows' glance,

Their shadows come and go;

Or pluck the pale pure primrose, first

Of Spring's wild flowers to blow.

And buried years shall rise once more,

Once more shall bud life's spring;

I'll think old thoughts, and dream the dreams

That erst bright hopes could bring,

And loving eyes shall ope that sleep

Folded 'neath death's dark wing. M. G. W.

RUSTIC HUMOUR.

WHILE I was yet working my way up in life, I held for five years the office of parish surgeon in a wild district in the western division of Somersetshire. There is no position which brings one better acquainted with the characteristics of a neighbourhood than this same post of parish doctor. You see more behind the scenes than either the parson or the lawyer. If you can afford to be a philanthropist, I congratulate you upon a very wide field of usefulness, where virtue is its own reward; but if you are yourself poor,—the only son of your mother, who is a widow, and you happen to be engaged to a pretty girl, and want to settle,—why, you will agree with me, that the pay of a parish surgeon is a miserable pittance.

These early struggles are over now; but, tied to my easy-chair by a fit of the gout, I look back at these times with a half-regretful feeling: for then, in spite of all, I could enjoy the humorous side of life, and say, with Horace,

Tristitiam et metus tradam protervis ventis.

Tennyson's poem of "The Northern Farmer" sets me thinking of the old days in Somersetshire. North is not west, but the type is the same,—true to the very life. The Laureate never showed a keener appreciation of human nature than he has done in those lines. The man who "stubbd Thorneby Waaste" was a regular old pagan, and there are scores like him: his belief was in the *land*, and to do his duty thereby was religion enough for his materialism. His notions of spiritual matters rose no higher than the superstition about the "boggle in the waaste," which he describes as *Moäst loike a butter-bump, for I 'eerd un aboot an' aboot,* But I stubbd un oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled un oot.

In the west as well as in the north, there are many who regard the clergyman pretty much as "a buzzard-clock a bummin' awaäy;" and, unless the preacher can set up a new alarum which shall rouse his hearers, there is little to be hoped from the conventional "wonn sarmin a weäak."

Yet there is a great deal of human-kindness mixed up with the characteristic ignorance and obstinacy of the rural classes. There is many a Good Samaritan under a rough exterior; their mode of sympathy is clumsy, I allow; a nervous person may not find it very pleasant to be greeted with "Lor', maister, how bad you be looking; it don't seem to I, that you be long for this world." This is considered a proper

and polite mode of salutation in the west. I heard an old woman reproaching her neighbour for going to a quack doctor, adding, "There now, you be wasting terrible—you be little better than a 'natomy—but it's all a your own fault, for arn't us warned in the Prayer-book against 'false doctoring'?"

A farmer of my acquaintance was not quite so orthodox. He said to me one evening, "Parson giv'd out this mornin' what I can't find it in my mind to hold wi'; he said quite easy like (as though it didn't matter to such as he), that if we didn't mend our ways, and didn't leave off following the flesh and the devil, that we should for sartain perish everlastingly, and our bodies would be burnt in fire and brimstone for ever and ever. Well, that's what our parson said. Now I'll tell you what I said to my missus, as us was walking home through the lower cropt meadow—says I, 'I don't hold wi' the parson; it isn't reasonable that we should burn for ever and ever—no constitution could stand it!'"

The parish where my lot was cast is, or rather was, quite out of the reach of the disturbing influence of progress. When I knew the district, the people had preserved many old-fashioned ways and customs. It was an offence not to take "a drap of zider" when you called at a house, and they were better pleased if you would take a pipe as well. But now I dare say every one is got vastly genteel: the farmer would most likely offer you a glass of "sherry wine," and tell you how he had had his daughters "frenched and musicked." In one instance the progress of civilisation was too much for the rustic intellect. A westcountryman of the old-fashioned stamp was heard to say in his last illness, that "what wi' the earth a-goin' round the sun, and the telegraphs and railways a-flyin' aboot, and the steamers a-whirlin' and a-whizzin', he was nigh muddled, stumied, and bet;" and so he died!

The Somersetshire farmer is inacceptive and self-conceited to a degree: Fuller remarked this latter characteristic in his day; he says, "They talk so much of the *zun* and the *zoil*, and are so proud of their own county that they consider it a disparagement to be born elsewhere."

"I count it ignorance on his part, but he can't be expected to do no better, seeing he's not one o' the county," said a respectable yeoman to me, in allusion to the shortcomings of a Devonshire man, who had taken a farm in the Vale of Taunton. The dialect of "Zummerzet" is well given in the following lines, to be found in the introduction to Mr. Bosworth's "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary":—

Ta you, the Dwellers o' the West,
 I'm pleas'd that thâ shood be address;
 Vor than I now in Lunnun dwell,
 I mine ye still,—I love ye well,
 An niver, niver shall vorget,
 I vust drâw'd breath in Zummerzet,
 Amangst ye liv'd, an left ye zorry,
 As you'll knaw when you hire moy storry,
 Thiaye little look than take o' me;
 'Tis all I thâ jist now ta gee.

Parish clerks are proverbial for their absurd mistakes, but I would back old Lee against any one of the fraternity. Though a kind-hearted old fellow, he used to declare regularly, that he was become "a lion to his mother's children," instead of an alien.

On one occasion he gave out that Mr. A—— and Mr. B—— would preach every Sunday to all eternity,"—he meant alternately! Tradition says (but this I cannot vouch for) that he announced publicly, "that there would be no sarvice next Wednesday—'kas why—master was gone *a-fishing* for another clergyman,"—officiate was the word intended. I asked Lee one day how he liked Mr. —, who had been serving the church for a few Sundays.

"Well, sir," was his reply, "we do like him pretty fair, d'y see, but he's so low church."

"Indeed, I am surprised to hear you say that, for he is generally considered to be rather too much the other way."

"Oh law, yes, sir, he's very low church—they could hardly hear him at all down where my missus sits."

The following occurrence was a severe trial to our risible muscles. An interesting event had happened in the squire's family, which was duly followed by a thanksgiving service in the church. After the minister had said, "Oh Lord, save this woman thy servant," the clerk responded, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."

But the richest thing of all was Lee's reply to an inquiry as to how many clergy he had known in the parish since his half-century of clerkship. He gave the names of all the rectors, beginning with the squire's great-uncle, "a mighty hunter in the land," known for his unclerical exploits fifty years ago.

"But how many curates have you seen?" demanded the inquirer.

"Bless you, sir, I don't take no account of curates!"

Lee's dignity had been offended by the new views of what he called a "Pussy-ite" curate, who had taken him to task for his manner of reading the responses.

"Why, sir," said he, much nettled, "if I were to read just like you, there wouldn't

be a bit o' difference between us." And so he went on declaring to the end that "some put their faith in charrots, and some in 'orses." I don't believe Lee ever felt the same towards the inferior clergy, after the young high churchman's attempt at reform.

But, while on parochial matters, I must not forget the story of Churchwarden Jenkins, who was doing the honours one day to a party of archæologists, when one of them asked him to whom the church was dedicated. The farmer was puzzled for a moment, but suddenly recollecting himself, he said with the utmost confidence, "To the squire, your honour, the church is dedicated to the squire; and is most times given to one of the family!"

It was this same enlightened individual who proposed that the church music should be improved, by introducing "a baboon."

"A baboon!" repeated the rector, in dismay.

"Yes, sir, a baboon is a wonderful help to the musicians in the gallery—it encourages them to sing out."

The rector never could tell the story of the baboon without laughing.

I was startled one day by a boy running up to me, saying that his "father had the collops, and mother begged I would come directly." I found the poor fellow in a state of collapse.

There is no end of the absurd mistakes which the rustics commit when attempting to describe their maladies. An old woman told me that her husband was "mortal bad with the lousia,"—meaning the influenza. While another asked me if "consumption wasn't hereditary if you slept in the same room with the person?"

If I could have abolished or even moderated the use of cider in the district, my labours would have been much lightened. It may be thought an exaggeration, but I have known a Somersetshire labourer drink sixteen quarts of cider in a day. I asked this man what he would do if he were to become suddenly rich. He replied, "I'd zit and drink zider all day, and when I could na' zit, I'd lie."

Rural notions of morality are peculiar. If a person is found out in the commission of a crime, the common remark is, "How voolish *her* be to be vound out." "*Her*," it must be observed, means "he, she, or it," indifferently. I shall never forget asking a labourer how it was that he and his family were always so poor.

"Well, I'll tell ye, sir," said he, dropping his voice to a confidential tone. "At one time there wasn't an honest veller in the parish nor I; but, d'ye see, I was always poor, so says

I to myself, 'This won't do; thee must change.' So I took to stealing a bit, wasn't particular for a duck or a goose; then I went on to poaching, and then I got into jail; so says I, 'Tom, *this* won't do neither; thee must change again.'

"And what do you do now?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, you see I do mix it."

The blacksmith was the man of all others who was looked up to as the wit of the village. He was voted "very good company" by his compeers. I remember laughing heartily over some of his good sayings, which were repeated to me at the time; but they don't bear transplanting. The flavour of rustic wit is only to be enjoyed when you know the people and their surroundings. Then my profession brought me acquainted with the whole parish, and their private heartburnings, envyings, and backbiting; I knew every one, from Farmer Brown, whose wife came to church in a vehicle, down to that "indifferent honest" rogue, Tom Saunders, who "did mix his morality" with a little of the other sort. The blacksmith was a landed proprietor, and owned two acres of orchard. About midsummer, I asked him casually what he thought of the apples.

He replied with an animated gesture, "Please God, we shall have a terrible fine crop; but, please Him or no, we shall have a goodish lot!"

One evening, rather late, I stopped at the blacksmith's to have my horse's shoes removed, for he had fallen lame, owing to a careless youngster having pricked his foot. As usual, a group of idlers had gathered round the smith's shop, and while waiting for my horse I heard the rustics chaffing one another in their broad Doric. A farmer rode by, mounted on a very scurvy beast; when one of the group called out, "I say, farmer, d'ye want a dog?"

"No," says the farmer, testily; "why should I want a dog?"

"Oh, I thought you might want a dog to help eat that there horse of yours."

"Never mind, farmer," said the blacksmith, "your horse be steady, and that's more than you can say of Jones."

At this there was a great laugh.

"I tell you what," added Jones, determined not to be outdone, "thic farmer's horse is so steady, that if he were a bit steadier he'd stand still altogether."

After this they got talking about a case of very hard swearing up at the squire's, in the matter of a poaching affray. The blacksmith was on the side of law and order, and he wound up by saying, "David said in his haste that all men were liars; but, dang me, he might o' said it at his leisure now, if he'd

a-know'd thic parish as I have done, man and boy, these forty year."

I remember having a dispute with my friend about the "Prophetic Almanac," which was his only literature.

"I wonder," said I, "that a shrewd man as you are should believe in prophecies about the weather and public events; you must constantly see how mistaken they are in their guesses."

"For sure, I think *her* comes wonderful true; I know her be true about the 'clipse, and if her can tell the 'clipses, her can tell the weather and the crops, and a summut here and there about the royal family; but how they can study it, I can't think; but then they does wonderful things up in Lunnun."

"Have you ever been up there?" I inquired.

"No, I've not, sir, but I do mean to go; for they do zey down here, that a man will die voolish, if he don't zee Lunnun some time in his life."

When I first settled in Somersetshire, I found the dialect not a little puzzling; for instance, who could understand "*Casin herne gouner*"? I found it meant, "Can't you run good now?" "*Dout the candle*" is a Somersetshire expression—I suppose it is an abbreviation from "do out the candle." Then again they have many words and names for things which are unknown elsewhere. The corn-loft over the stable is called a "*tallet*." I can find no such word in Johnson, so I conclude it must be local. I was one day superintending the repairs of the lock of this said tallet, when I noticed that there was a triangular hole in the door.

"You may as well nail a board across that," said I to the carpenter.

"Oh, sir, don't ye do that; if you do, her can't get in."

"But I don't want any one to get in," was my rejoinder.

"Lor, sir, why not?—her's better than a cat."

"Better than what?"

"I mean the owl; sir, her's better than a cat any day."

Hence I found that three-cornered holes in the tallet were an institution not to be meddled with in the West.

The curate and I used sometimes to walk together, and recount to each other our experience of the rustics. I remember in particular, one long day we had on the Quantock Hills, searching for a beautiful white heath, which is occasionally found in these picturesque wilds. Some one says, "the ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster;" and I sup-

pose that fact enables me to recollect the following absurd story, which the curate told me that day during our walk. The week before, he said, he had been present at the deathbed of an old woman, who had lived like a Christian, as she was—good old soul; and her neighbours seemed to think she was all right, for one of them said to her: “Betty, you be going to heaven shortly, I wish you’d ták a message to my John? Do’y tell him that I be pretty comfortable, for squire lets me have the cottage rent-free, and I get two shillings a-week from the parish.”

“Lor’, deary me,” said the sick woman in a feeble voice, “how can a poor lame soul like I be going a-rambling and a-scrambling all over heaven, and p’raps not find your John ater all?”

I amused my friend with the story of Lee’s answer about “taking no account of curates.”

“The race of Somersetshire clerks,” said he, laughing heartily, “were notorious even in the time of Charles II. Did you know that Lord Rochester wrote some lines on the clerk of our adjoining parish—Enmore?”

I confessed I had never heard them.

“Rochester, I believe, married one of the Malets of Enmore,” observed my friend, “and hence his acquaintance with the parish church. By the way, there is a portrait of his son, by Sir Peter Lely, still at Hestercombe. But here are his lines,—amusing, because they are local:—

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David’s Psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David’s fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove ’thad made him mad.

“The farmers, too, are a queer set up here,” continued the curate. “A few Sundays ago (you remember we had had a long continuance of wet weather), I observed to Brown, that I thought we had better read the prayer for ‘fair weather.’ ‘Oh, sir,’ said he, ‘tisn’t a bit o’ good while the wind keeps in this quarter.’

“But this is not so bad as a Devonshire farmer at my last curacy, who told me he did not believe in the account of the destruction of the walls of Jericho. I inquired the reason of his doubt.

“‘Why, do you see, sir,’ he replied confidentially, ‘I’ve a-ried it. You know that old linney, that I’ve always been on wi’ the squire about moving up nearer to house? Well, it’s a rotten old thing, not fit to put the cows in, and if anything had a mind to come down wi’ the blowing of a horn, thic linney a’ ought to; but Lor’, sir, I walked round it so many times, and her never moved,

and I count her never will as long as squire lives.’”

We had eaten our luncheon, which consisted of a crust of bread and cheese, on Danesborough, a spot interesting to archæologists; and we had resumed our search for botanical specimens further down the Combe, when a thunderstorm came on. This drove us to the shelter of an isolated cottage, which we luckily espied. The only inmate was a very infirm old woman, who was cowering over the hearth, where a few charred sticks kept up the delusion of a fire. To wile the time, the curate produced from his pocket a little volume of “Hudibras,” from which he read some passages. Suddenly we heard the old soul at the fire sobbing audibly.

“What is the matter, my good woman?” I inquired.

“Oh, sir, it does me a power o’ good to hear the Scriptures a-read so beautiful.”

“This reminds me,” said the curate, unable to suppress a smile, “of an elderly dame of my acquaintance, who exclaimed on one occasion, ‘Oh, those comfortable words, Mesopotamia, Pamphylia, Thrace!’”

Though he did laugh at the poor woman’s mistake, my friend the curate was far too good a fellow not to improve the occasion to her real edification. I thought, as I listened, that if there were a few more like him in those remote districts, we should sooner see the darkness of ignorance dispelled. His was a kindly, honest soul, keenly alive to the ridiculous, but never dead to the truest feelings of our nature. I knew what a struggle his life was with poverty; and I could not but notice that he slipped half-a-crown into the old woman’s hand, promising to come again.

As we trudged homewards through the muddy lanes, the clouds cleared off, the sun throwing his slant gleams athwart the landscape—and more than once we stopped to note

Where comes the pale green light in the sky far over the hills.

The jocund spirits which had beguiled our young hearts in the morning had fled; the curate told no more good stories, but he opened his heart to me as he had never done before. With his arm linked in mine, we walked on our way, long after twilight had deepened, and it was then he spoke of his widowed mother, and how she had denied herself almost of necessaries to find means to send him to college. This touched a chord of sympathy in my heart; from that day the curate and I have been firm friends. Youth has need of friends!

CORNELIA A. H. CROSSE.

THE OLD KING DYING.



I.

THE blinding shades of evening fall ;
 The trusty wolf-hound watches grimly ;
 The flame glow flickers on the wall ;
 The hanging target shimmers dimly ;
 The sandglass marks the moments flying ;
 The warriors wait with solemn dread,
 And whisper'd words about the bed
 Where the old King lies a-dying.

II.

HIS nerveless hands lie side by side,
 His beard is of a wondrous whiteness,
 His brow is high with long-worn pride,
 His grey eyes have not lost their brightness.
 His good sword at his feet is lying,
 His steed turns chafing in the stall,
 His carven cup stands in the hall
 Where the old King lies a-dying.

III.

"Now break my sword across thy knee,"
His dying voice commandeth clearly ;
"No man shall wield him after me,
For I have loved him long and dearly,
And flash'd him o'er the foeman flying ;
Now shiver his blue blade in twain,
He never shall drink blood again,
For the old King lies a-dying.

IV.

"And hurl my carven cup afar,
Where the rushes quiver sadly
Above the depths of the black mere,
For often I have drain'd him gladly,
A health to friend or maiden crying !
Now sink him in the twining sedge,
No meaner lips shall touch his edge,
For the old King lies a-dying.

V.

"And draw thy keenest knife athwart
The throat of my good steed who bore me
When the foe, though fierce they fought,
Fled and fell in heaps before me,
And when in fear the hart was flying ;
No meaner knight shall e'er bestride
The steed that I have loved to ride,—
I, the old King who am dying."

VI.

Then Night outspread her sable pall,
Then glared the watching wolf-hound grimly ;
The flame glow flicker'd on the wall,
The hanging target shimmer'd dimly ;
The wind among the boughs was sighing ;
Till gentle dawn began to peep
There fell a deep and deathlike sleep
On the King who lay a-dying.

VII.

He spake again at break of day :
"O warriors all and henchmen hear me !
Hurl not my carven cup away,
Hurt not the steed that's stabled near me ;
Break not the blade. For men must ride
And drink and fight, though I be dead.
There are more men than I," he said,
And then the old King died.

B. J.

STRAW-PLAIT AND BONNET MAKERS.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, in one of the volumes of the "Companion to the British Almanac," gives some account of a visit made by him during the autumn of 1860, to St. Albans, Luton, and Dunstable, the principal seats of the English straw-plait and bonnet manufacture, and the accuracy of the details published in that account are fully exemplified in the "Second Report of the Children's Employment Commission," recently published. This report contains many interesting details respecting a branch of industry which is but imperfectly known out of the particular districts in which it is carried on. The manufacture is stated to be of comparatively recent origin, dating from the reign of George I. ; but local writers, in their enthusiasm, attribute its in-

roduction to a somewhat earlier period. The straw-plaiting district has been described as extending over a great part of Hertfordshire, excepting the part adjoining Middlesex, and spreading on the east across the northern part of Essex, nearly to the coast, and round by the edge of Cambridgeshire, over a large part of Bedfordshire, and into the eastern part of Buckinghamshire. According to the Census of 1861, it would appear that the total number of females of all ages employed in the straw-plait manufacture in England and Wales, was 27,759, of which number, 27,286, or nearly the whole, were employed in the district above-mentioned, principally in Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. Of the 16,489 straw bonnet and hat makers enumerated in the Census as being employed in England and Wales, 7563 are furnished by Bedfordshire, 1874 by Hertfordshire, the remainder being distributed throughout the country. These figures, of course, do not represent anything like the full number of individuals actually engaged in the various processes connected with the manufacture. Including these, the figures cannot be less than 100,000. Mr. Knight tells us, that "Bedfordshire became the chief seat of the manufacture from the peculiar fineness of its wheat-straw, in which quality Hertfordshire participates. The due proportion of silex in the straw, which gives strength without brittleness, decides the preference over the straw of Essex, which is, nevertheless, a straw-plaiting country." He also informs us, that one firm, having establishments at Luton, St. Albans, Harpenden, Houghton, Redbourn, and Bedford, purchased weekly, in 1859, the time of his visit, 16,500 score yards of plait, the production of which had employed 3000 plaiters ; 11,000 score yards of the plait having been converted into 8000 hats and bonnets by the labour of 700 sewers, the remaining 5500 score yards of plait being exported. The same firm also bought weekly 1250 hats and bonnets, the production of which employed 180 plaiters, and 100 sewers. There are few, if any, persons unacquainted with the nature or appearance of the plait as sewn into the shape of hats or bonnets, yet the manner in which the straw is split, and subsequently plaited together, is scarcely known out of the south and midland counties, particularly Beds and Herts. Previous to the beginning of the present century, the "whole Dunstable," as we learn from Mr. Knight, consisted of seven entire, or unsplit straws, but at that time the workers learned from the French prisoners of war the art of splitting the straws by a little machine, whereby they were enabled to manufacture a cheaper, lighter,

and more useful kind of article. The straw used for plaiting is purchased by the plaiters in open market, the characteristic features of which have been effectively described by Mr. Knight. Speaking of the straw-plait markets at Luton, he says,—“At nine o'clock the market bell rings, and the traffic begins. My attention is first attracted by the dealers in straw prepared for plaiting. These come from the neighbouring hamlets, in which they are employed in the selection of the straw from the farmers' barns; in sorting it into different degrees of fineness; in cutting it into a regulated length; in bleaching it by exposure to sulphur fumes; and in making it up for sale in little bundles. The straw-plaiters come to the market to buy this straw; as they have also come to sell their plait. Those women whose goods have not been collected by a middleman stand in rank, their small dealings being principally confined to the private makers of bonnets at their own homes, who chaffer with the plaiters for a score or two of the plait. Carts have come in from distant places with loads of plait. The dealers are opening their bags upon the stalls. The commodity will sustain no material damage from the rain; and so the trade goes forward as if all were sunshine. The buyers here are the agents of the great houses. They rapidly decide upon quality and price; enter the bargain in their note-books; the bags are carried to the warehouses; the loaded tressels are soon relieved of their burthen; and in an hour or two the street is empty.”

The workers employed in straw-plaiting commence their labours at an extremely early age, “so early,” says Mr. Y. E. White, “that it seems impossible to believe that their employment can be thought of any real value.” The common age for commencing to learn the plaiting appears to be from three to four years, although many do not begin till five years. The schools are not always devoted to mere instruction in plaiting, but are sometimes a combination of the infant and the plaiting schools. They are generally held in a small cottage room, where all the essentials of efficient ventilation are wanting, and where the children are, to use the words of a witness, “packed close as herrings.” The ages of the children in these schools vary from one year to six or seven, and Mr. White tells us, “that at one place visited by him an infant under two was fingering some straws in imitation of its neighbours. When the children are deemed old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of straw-plaiting, they are kept to work for the purpose of learning the same. This, according to the testimony of a schoolmistress, is the

hardest work which the teacher can have.” “*They have the stick at first.*” Before being set to plaiting, the little things are taught to clip the plait, and for this purpose are furnished with tiny pairs of scissors, which are suspended by means of strings to their waists. As might be anticipated, the educational standard is extremely low. The Rev. John Clegg, Rector of Toddington, says, “The parents of the poor children only send their little ones to school when there are few orders from the plait dealers. Whenever there is a great demand for plait, every child that can plait is made to do so.” The results are soon told. Ignorance and immorality are ripe in these districts. According to the reverend gentleman before-mentioned, “hardly one young man or woman can write even his or her own name; the marriage registers can prove this. Very few can read, judging by the congregation at church, very few of whom use a prayer-book. Vast numbers of young men and women are to be seen and heard loitering about the lanes at night, and especially on Sundays. Their morals are at a very low ebb. A large average of the women have illegitimate children, and some at such an early age as quite to startle even those who are at home in criminal statistics.”

The evidence of Mr. Clegg is corroborated by that of Mr. Horley, postmaster and registrar of the Toddington district, who states that the work is very injurious to the morals of the employed. The proportion of illegitimate births in his district was 10 per cent., but in one village, out of twelve births registered by him, five were illegitimate. He attributes much of the evil to the night-schools, on leaving which the girls mingle with the young men returning from their field labours. “Besides this,” says he, “the girls and lads get out together with their plaiting into the fields, and they have no instruction or means of amusing themselves, such as newspapers, &c.” The hours during which the children attend the plaiting schools are from 9 a.m. to 1, and from 2 p.m. to 4. When the boys are old enough to assist in farm-work, they are taken from the plaiting schools, but the girls, when about seven years old have their hours of labour increased, being compelled to return to the school at 5 p.m., and work till 8. No attempt is made by the parents or the schoolmistresses to give the children any education. Indeed, many of the schoolmistresses are themselves utterly incompetent to do so, being almost as illiterate as the children, and in some cases possessing “such a dubious character” as to render it unadvisable to place the young under their care. These considerations, however, have no weight with

the parents. So long as the child can make from threepence to sixpence a day, it is relentlessly doomed to a life of slavery, from whence there appears no chance of emancipation. When, some years since, such an outcry was being raised respecting the employment of children in the cotton-manufacturing districts, few seemed to be aware that a system equally reprehensible, if not worse, was in active operation much nearer the metropolis. The laughing excursionists who passed through the smiling fields and picturesque villages of Bedfordshire would often envy their seeming happiness of the villagers. Deriving their notions of rural felicity from the works of poets who described rural life from the *boudoir* point of view, they could scarcely avoid contrasting theseeming tranquillity and innocent repose of the villages with the fierce and noisy din of the northern manufacturing towns, where labour, in sullen discontent, was ceaselessly engaged in desperate conflicts with capital. Yet all is not gold which glitters. The thatched-roofed homes, which poets loved to sing of, and painters to reproduce on canvas, were, and still are, the scenes of a species of infant thralldom fully as obnoxious, demoralising, and hopeless as anything of the kind which ever existed in this country. Rather than work themselves,—rather than the father should give up his pipe or his pot, or the mother her morning gossip,—the poor little toddling creatures are compelled to employ their tiny fingers in plaiting straw until ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock at night! What a terribly bitter and selfish spirit it must be, which thus disregards the claims of the little children! We want another Crabbe to unravel with his stern and rugged genius the mysteries of village life in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. "People have even offered to pay the children's schooling, but could not get them to come, because the mothers will not lose a penny," says one of the persons examined by Mr. White. "They say that they cannot afford to lose the time, and will tell you how many children they have to keep, but they do not say how much these are earning for them." The mistresses are not infrequently armed with canes or sticks a yard in length, and although Mr. White did not find any recent cases of bad treatment, it would be stretching charity too far to assume, that the weapon of punishment was never called into requisition. Mr. White expressly states, that "formerly much severity has been used."

In addition to the cane, another form of punishment is occasionally resorted to. If the children are behind-hand with their work, they are often kept back at meal-times, and

not allowed to go home to dinner, but compelled to eat their meal in school. The effects of keeping the children for any lengthened duration of time in the plait-schools appears to result in prejudicial results to their health. The rooms in which the children are crowded together are utterly unfit for the purpose to which they are put. "The crowded state of the plait-schools strikes me," observes Mr. White, "from my own observation, and has usually been remarked upon to me by persons acquainted with the district, as the worst feature of the manufacture. The children sit closer together than in the lace-schools, because they have no lace-pillows to occupy room. At Houghton Regis, Mr. White found *forty* children huddled together in a room measuring eleven feet two inches by seven feet nine inches! In this Bedfordshire Black Hole, the little innocents, whose ages ranged from one year to six or seven, were cooped up from 9½ a.m. to 12½, and from 2 to 5 p.m. There were other schools in an even still worse condition. In the same place, Mr. White inspected a school where the thirty-six individuals usually present, had scarcely more than eighteen cubic feet of air each. "In some places," we are told, "the children have to sit so close into the fireplace, that the fire cannot be lighted, so they have coal or wood in earthen, or even tin pots, which they call "dicky pots." Children have been seen carrying these to the places of work, and frequently to put them in their laps. The education of the children attending these schools is, as previously stated, all but wholly neglected, the little instruction possessed by them being generally obtained at the Sunday-school. The rector of Toddington mentions that he has been in many parts of England, north, south, east, and west, but nowhere had he met with such lamentable ignorance as that existing in his own district, an ignorance which the clergy could do little to counteract, and which, in his opinion, was wholly attributable to the plait-school system. So slightly cared for in their tender years, the children as they grow up to womanhood manifest as little regard for their parents. "When they get to be thirteen or fourteen," says a witness, "they get to plait for themselves at home, and pay their friends so much per week, say three or four shillings, for board." Many of them subsequently become "sewers," or makers of hats and bonnets, a branch of industry in which the rate of wages is comparatively high, many young persons earning one pound per week, and some considerably more. Indifferent workers average about ten shillings. The sewing is chiefly carried on in large and

airy factories, Luton being the centre of the sewing district. The trade appears to be increasing yearly in extent, owing to the development of our export trade with Australia, Cuba, and other places, where there exists a large demand for plaited articles. This has led to a rapid extension of population in Luton. In 1841, its population was 9000; in 1861, 17,000, and at the present time it is probably about 20,000.

About three-fourths of the inhabitants are occupied in the hat and bonnet manufacture, about 250 females being employed to every twenty males. The number of females is greatly in excess of that of the other sex. The returns of the Luton sub-district show that between the ages of ten and thirty there are 5557 females against 3550 males; and in the Dunstable sub-district, 2223 females against 1433 males. This disproportion of the sexes is occasioned by the great influx of female labour from the neighbouring villages, occasioned by the high rate of wages obtainable. In the summer, at the close of the busy season, the population of Luton exhibits a sudden, but temporary, decrease, as many as a thousand females leaving in the course of a single week, for the purpose of returning to their homes. The Exodus commences early in July, the army of female workers returning to Luton towards the close of August. This great influx of surplus population naturally leads to much over-crowding in lodgings, an evil which the local Board of Health finds itself powerless to reach. Yet such is the general healthiness of the trade, that the town stands very high in the registrar's tables, a circumstance considered by Mr. White to have been in some degree occasioned by the general prosperity of the trade, and the high rate of wages prevailing. It is a matter for regret, that the moral standard of the workers should not have improved in proportion to the high rate of wages obtained by them. Mr. Knight states, that "there is an earnest solicitude to produce religious impressions amongst this somewhat thoughtless population; but its efforts have not yet been attended with much success, if we may judge from the painful facts in the last Report of the Registrar-General, which applies to the year 1857. In Luton, of 750 births, 77 were illegitimate; as to St. Albans, of 353 births, 38 were illegitimate. It is not poverty which leads to crime in these towns, nor can there be any reasonable cause of immorality in this particular occupation. It is that these untended females have a low standard of excellence; that their minds are wholly uncultivated; that an absurd rivalry in dress takes the place of that mental improvement

which so remarkably distinguishes the factory girls of America." Mr. Knight here alludes to the celebrated Lowell factory system, described in "Mind among the Spindles." It is to be feared that this state of things is beyond the reach of legislative interference. It is rather a task for the social reformer. If the Luton bonnet-makers could be made to understand that there are other and far nobler aims in life than merely wearing hats with feathers, fine dresses, and expensive Balmoral boots, frequenting the dancing-room, or indulging in amusements of a frivolous, if not actually demoralising nature, they might win for themselves a name to be proud of. Far otherwise is it with the infant plaiters. In *their* case, the legislature, difficult as the attempt may be, must strive to interfere, although the most effectual remedy would be found to consist in the invention of a machine which should enable employers to dispense with infant labour altogether. The introduction of the sewing-machine has tended to lessen the hours of labour, raise the rate of wages, and to diminish the demand for child-work in those branches of labour in which it is employed; and that similar results would follow from the invention of a straw-plaiting machine, is not to be doubted. Here is a chance for our mechanical inventors to serve the cause of humanity, and at the same time to gather both fame and profit. Will the attempt be made? JOHN PLUMMER.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BLOCK OF COAL

CHAPTER IV. OF MY RELATIONS.

LEST I should lay myself open to the charge of egotism, I must say a few words about my kindred—for though the changes which the coalmeasures have undergone have affected us all more or less, yet local causes have contrived to bring about a good many differences, which, considering we are such a large connection, is not surprising.

A very important branch of the family consists of steam coal, and resides principally in the Newcastle and South Wales fields; but, I regret to say, that although relations, they are by no means friends, arising from a very pretty little quarrel respecting their relative value to the steam requirements of England, and particularly her navy. For a great many years Newcastle was in the habit of supplying everything in that line, until South Wales, a younger sister, elbowed her way in, and was rather clamorous in her assertions that her steam coals were better; or, in other words, that a certain proportion of her coal would raise more steam in a given time than Newcastle could

do. Representations were therefore made to the Admiralty authorities, who immediately tried it, and found it so far superior to Newcastle that all the contracts for steam coal were limited to South Wales.

This roused the ire of the owners in the north, who, by dint of pressure put on their members of Parliament, lately obtained another trial, and so far were successful, that all future contracts were to contain one-third of Newcastle and two-thirds of South Welsh coal. Chemically speaking, coals are composed principally of carbon and hydrogen, mixed with oxygen and nitrogen gases, and with more or less traces of sulphur. Steam coals have very little hydrogen (only about four parts in 100), and yet burn with some flame. The coal owners in South Wales declared that their coals were superior in evaporative power, that they did not make so much ash or clinker (this last being a term descriptive of the hard, cindery residue that clung to the fire-bars after burning, and thus impeded the draught), and lastly, that they did not make so much smoke. Now, in these days of blockade running, this freedom from smoke was an important advantage, as a long black column of soot makes a very easy trail by which the steamer can be seen and traced for a great distance; so that this single fact brought all the Confederate traders and merchants at once to the ports of South Wales.

To get a coal on the Admiralty list is considered the height of a coalowner's ambition, as it stamps, or ought to stamp, the article as first-class, and as one that has been properly tested for the use of the navy; but Dr. Percy has shown that this is all rubbish, and that it is manifestly absurd to treat every coal in the same way. A grate which is admirable in its structure for burning one character of coal, is highly detrimental to another; and therefore the Admiralty test is fallacious as to the real capabilities of the fuel. But I must apologise for entering into family details so closely, and introduce another relation, a sort of half-brother to the steam coal, whose name is Anthracite, and who lives principally in South Wales and Ireland, although, generally speaking, we don't think much of our Irish friends, as they are always poor and thin (although hot). I believe that anthracite was originally of the same constitution as steam coal; but at a very early period of life it suffered so much from internal heat that its character was quite changed, and it became very hard and unyielding, so much so that it is called "stone coal." Even as long ago as 1595 anthracite was known, and was rather a puzzle to the savans, for an old Welsh anti-

quary, named Thomas Owen, wrote the following account:—

It is called stone-cole for the hardness thereof, and is burned in chimnies and grates of iron; and being once kindled, giveth a greater heat than lighte, and delighteth to burn in dark places. It serveth alsoe for smithes to work with, though not soe well as the other kindes of cole called the running cole, for that when it first kindleth it melteb and runneth as waxe, and groweth into one clodde; whereas this stone cole burneth aparte, and never clyngeth together. This kind of cole is not noysome for the smoke, nor nothing soe loathsome for the smelle, as the ring-cole is, whose smoke annoyeth all things near it, as fyne linen, men's handes that warm themselves by it; but this stone cole yieldeth in a manner noe smoke after it is kindled, and is soe pure that fine camerik and lawne is usually dried by it without any stayn or blemish, and is a most proved good drier of malt, therein passing woode, ferne, or strawe. This cole, for the rare properties thereof, was carried out of this cuntry to the cite of London, to the late Lord Treasurer Burley, by gentlemen of experience, to show how far that excelled the same of Newcastle wherewith the cite of London is served; and I think, if the passage were not soe tedious, there would be great use of it.

Mr. Owen was right; as the passage is not so tedious, a large quantity is taken up annually from Carmarthenshire to London, Derbyshire, and Hertfordshire, wherewith to dry the malt for the bitter beer. With the exception of adding that anthracite contains about ninety per cent. of carbon, the antiquary has told us all its good qualities. A good many iron furnaces were erected in the anthracite districts of South Wales, but somehow they did not seem to answer; for the coals (the principal thing in a furnace next to the iron) appeared more inclined to put the fire out than to help it on. One of the owners, a Mr. Crane, was sitting by his fire one evening, and noticed that a lump of stone coal in the grate could not in any way be brought to ignite, but that it actually seemed to deaden the adjoining flame, and by slow degrees to put it out. He thus saw at once that what was taking place on a small scale in his fireplace was a gigantic evil in the furnace; so, to remedy it, he first of all heated the anthracite before putting it into the furnace, instead of employing it cold, as previously, and the experiment proved successful. I have again dilated rather at length upon my relation; but he has been a good deal abused, and I feel it necessary to say all that I can in his favour.

A somewhat opposite class of coal, equally good for steam purposes, is the bituminous coal, which principally differs from anthracite in containing very much less carbon and burning with greater freedom. Its only disadvantage for locomotives and blockade runners is the greater amount of smoke that it emits, which causes these coals to be out of favour with the engineers of the suburban railways.

Nearly related to these are the coking coals, which are principally valuable for making coke for the manufacture of iron and copper. At the first outset of the railway system, coking coals were in great request, as all the engines were obliged to burn coke. But somehow or other, in these days when an Act of Parliament is made so delightfully convenient as to allow a coach-and-four (or a railway train) to be driven through it, railway managers have contrived to evade the law, and to feed their engines with raw steam coal, which is certainly much cheaper, though not always so agreeable. The best coking coals are those which are most free from sulphur, which is an exceedingly undesirable accompaniment, particularly to the iron smelter.

I think I need not say very much about myself or my extensive family of house coals, which, particularly during this long winter, must have been well known, and, although I say it, highly valued by everybody. Personally speaking, I come from Newcastle, though not from Wallsend, which, between you and me, has been exhausted this many a day, although it is a convenient little artifice in the coal trade to call a good many of us Wallsends that never have seen the place. Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, South Yorkshire, and Lancashire run us very hard in the race for competition, particularly as they are all nearer by rail to the London market; whereas we still depend on our old-fashioned colliers (which means of transit gave us our earliest name of sea coal, or seaborne coal); but if the proposed rate of carriage at $\frac{1}{4}d.$ a ton per mile ever comes into play between Yorkshire and London, I fear it will seriously injure our prospects. To speak with due regard for the truth, I believe that many of the house coals from the districts named burn just as brightly and well as we do in Newcastle; and there is one coal in particular which beats us all, and that is the cannel or candle coal of Wigan. The very look of it is peculiar—hard, compact, and closely grained, like a piece of very old oak; indeed, so compact is it that it has sometimes been fashioned into table ornaments. You can almost light it in a candle; and it burns in a vivid, joyous manner, accompanied with a good deal of crackling, so much so that a seam of cannel coal which they have in Scotland is called “Parrot” coal from that very cause.

It is in Scotland, by the way, at a place called Torbane Hill, that we have the most singular connection. I really scarcely know whether to call it a relation or not, though, all things considered, I suppose it has made out a claim to be admitted to that honour. A colliery owner in Scotland had taken the lease

of a certain property to work all coal found underneath it, and in the course of his investigations came upon our relative, who was found to yield a tremendous quantity of gas, and was therefore sold as gas coal. So rapid a fortune did the lessee make by the article that the lessor (very shabbily, I think) vowed and declared that it was not coal, and that the lessee had no right to work it. So they went to law like hammer and tongs, and brought down to Edinburgh all the geologists, botanists, chemists, physiologists, microscopists, and members of every sort of society, some of whom swore that it was coal, while others swore that it was not. The judge was the only person who was unbiassed in the matter, and declared that at the end of five days' inquiry the result showed that nobody knew anything about it.

However, the jury gave it as their opinion that it was coal, and principally because it possessed the indications which no true coal bed is without, viz., an underclay; and so the famous Torbane Hill trial finished, to the immense benefit of the lawyers and the confusion of science. The best of the joke is, that a similar trial took place subsequently in Prussia, when the jury found that it was *not* coal—a verdict exactly contrary to the one at Edinburgh.

I think I have named nearly all my principal relations, though, like everybody who has a good reputation, we have a number of would-be cousins, who have just enough of carbonaceous matter in them to form a sort of relationship. Their name is—not Legion—but Lignites, and they belong to a much more recent formation in the geological world than we do, being principally found in the oolitic strata. Mind you, I don't say that you may not have a true coal bed in other strata than those of the carboniferous age; for I believe that in whatever geological epoch it may be, wherever the necessary conditions of vegetation, &c., exist, there will true coal be found.

But, as far as we know at present, the necessary conditions seem never to have been fully carried out, except in the carboniferous era; consequently, although more recent coal fields are known (and particularly at Brora, in Sutherlandshire), they are not chemically so valuable, save as good substitutes for true coal, when the latter cannot be obtained with advantage.

I have endeavoured to condense all this personal history into as small a space as possible. I might spin it out to any extent, for I have plenty more to say about myself and the adventures that I have met with between the time when I first had a Davy lamp turned

upon me, and when I appeared in your coal-scuttle ; but I feel that I have said enough, and am getting very weak and cold, and . . .

At this point my cheery friend in the fire suddenly grew pale, and I found myself sitting before a heap of grey ashes, and with a decided impression that I must have had a long nap.

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

THE LOVES OF BEETHOVEN.

THERE is a prevalent idea that no man can be a great musician or a great poet without having been in love. As most men have a preference some time in the course of their lives, there does not appear to be any reason why these should form an exception to the rule. The question whether Beethoven was ever in love has, it seems, been warmly disputed by his biographers. Baron Ernoay seems to have set the question at rest in a recent article published in the "Revue Contemporaine," that is, so far as assertion goes, and if he has not been misled by Dr. Wegeler.

His first love, it seems, was Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne. This young lady is described as fair, of an affectionate character, and endearing manners. She used occasionally to come to Bonn to visit a family there to whom Beethoven was known, and this led to his forming an attachment to her. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the young lady no sooner received the addresses of a captain in the Austrian service than she discarded her musical admirer ; and yet he was not a man altogether unworthy of being regarded with favour by a lady from a merely physical point of view in his young days. He had not then the stern, unattractive expression of countenance which characterises the portraits taken of him in middle age. Seyfried, who knew him well in his youth, says he was then of the middle height, broad-shouldered, and robust—a very model of strength. Add to this that he had a keen, penetrating eye, and a lively and characteristic physiognomy, and we have the picture of a man who might reasonably expect that the course of true love would run smoothly in his case. But those who remember—and who does not?—the pathetic sonata, "Absence and Return," would be surprised rather than otherwise to hear that he had escaped the ordeal which has purified so many geniuses—that of loving well, but not wisely. In point of fact, it appears that this sonata is connected with a love passage in his life, which is referred to in the following letter, written by him to Dr. Wegeler. In this letter he refers, in a very despondent tone, to the state of his hearing, which, in spite of all the

remedies he had tried, was getting worse ; and he was then about to seek new doctors. After describing how hard he was working, even grudging the time he was obliged to devote to sleep, to complete a work that should do him honour, he says—

"For the last two years I have lived a solitary life. I daresay I am considered a misanthrope, and yet I am not anything of the kind. A metamorphosis has been worked in me by a dear and most ravishing girl, whom I love and who loves me. I am indebted to her for many happy moments during these two years, and for the first time in my life I feel that marriage could make me perfectly happy. Unfortunately our social position is not the same . . . and in my situation I really could not marry. . . . I shall have much to go through before that can be."

Some passages are evidently suppressed in this letter ; but we can gather from it that his life was embittered by his malady and the obstacles which the aristocratic prejudices of the Austrians placed in the way of his marriage, for the lady on whom he had placed his affections was a countess. To this circumstance perhaps, quite as much as to any democratic convictions, may be attributed the onslaughts he uttered so frequently against social distinctions.

This passion, which seems to have been the first experienced by Beethoven after he had reached manhood, ended badly for him. The lady abruptly broke off the connection with him in order to marry a ruined count—and, to complete the measure of his humiliation, a count who was by profession a musical composer, a composer of dance music, who subsequently got a ballet of his placed on the stage at Paris, where it was overwhelmed by the condemnation of the press ; and as the scene of this ballet was laid in America, one of the critics remarked that the music was not only of the new world but of the other world.

The effect of this deception on Beethoven was most disastrous : it smote him doubly hard, by wounding his pride as a man and as an artist. He uttered no complaints ; but his melancholy was such that it was easy to see that he desired death rather than life. One of his greatest admirers, who felt for him the purest and warmest friendship, thought to relieve his mind by inducing him to take up his residence at a country-house belonging to her not far from Vienna. Here he wandered about the park, but instead of finding peace, he became more and more despondent. The rustling of the leaves, the notes of the birds,

repeated his misfortune continually, until, as he said at a later period of his life, he began to feel that he was abandoned by God as well as by the woman he had loved so profoundly. This disappointment was near ending fatally. One evening he did not return to the house as usual, and it was supposed that he had suddenly set out for Vienna; consequently no alarm was excited by his non-appearance. Three days afterwards he was discovered by a friend, lying at the foot of a tree, in the most distant part of the park, nearly dead from want of food. The earnest solicitations of his friends induced him to abstain from any similar attempts to end his pain in this way; and it was not until many years afterwards that it became known he had ever done so. Not very long afterwards he had the opportunity of nobly avenging the deceit that had been practised upon him. The distress of the lady he had loved became so great that she actually wrote to Beethoven to tell him of their condition, and to ask him for assistance. He did not comply with her request openly; but he played the part of the good Samaritan in secret, for he got a loan of five hundred florins on the security of his future compositions, and remitted it to her by a sure hand, without suffering her to know the name of her benefactor. It was not until twenty years afterwards that Beethoven related the affair to a most intimate friend named Schindler, to whom the husband of the lady had spoken of him in very uncomplimentary terms. His magnificent compositions will render him immortal; but we can now see that honour and fame will not keep the skeleton out of a man's closet.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FAROES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ICELAND; ITS SCENES AND SAGAS."

It was on a Friday morning, the 13th of June, that the little screw steamer *Arcturus* dropped anchor off Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroe Isles. We had undergone three days of severe storm; and after having been tossed up and down, rolled to and fro, and pretty nearly turned inside out, for some forty hours, it was with an inexpressible feeling of satisfaction that we hailed the calm of our anchorage.

The morning seemed unpromising enough, and the first glimpse of the island group was anything but prepossessing.

A black angry sea roared and tumbled at the base of the basaltic cliffs, which towered high above the highest toss of foam, their heads lost in dense, ash-grey clouds.

The island of Stromœ, which lay before us, rose in gentle sweeps from the bay of Thors-

havn, but little of it was visible through the mist, except the ragged town perched upon a naked ridge of rock, and clinging to it, seemingly, as if in momentary peril of tumbling off it into the waves.

A droll little capital, consisting of a cluster of wooden pigsties, and two large wooden timber stores belonging to Danish merchants, a wooden church, with tower of the same material, plunged in the abysmal depths of mourning—blackened with tar from ridge piece to foundation, but with the window frames picked out with white paint. Certain exaggerated packing cases, perfectly square, are the residences of the governor and the pastor. Add to the pigsties, the packing cases, and the church, one flagpole, which is blown down every few days, and set up again, and you have an idea of the capital of the Faroes. The whole collection of pigsties and cases are clustered on the back of a skerry, which is perfectly innocent of a covering of earth. Each house is about the size of an ordinary room, and the High-street has the dimensions and the appearance of a respectable ditch. How the cots manage to hold to the rock, and not tumble over each other, is more than I can explain, for the rock is steep, and the doorsteps of one cot opens on a level with the roof of another.

None of the houses, with the exception of the governor's, pastor's, schoolmaster's, and the club, are more than half a story high. I really believe that the whole town, with a little careful packing, might be put away very comfortably in Spurgeon's tabernacle.

A dreary place of exile for the Danish gentleman who enjoys the proud title of "Governor," with little or no society, and scarcely other employment than setting up the flagstaff when it has been blown down!

A boat from shore danced at the side of the *Arcturus*, and six solemn Faroes in rusty brown clothes and blue caps, asked with earnestness, as though it were a matter of life or death, whether any one on board required to be put ashore.

Every passenger's heart leaped at the suggestion. The opportunity of planting the foot once more on firm mother earth was not to be passed by. I was down in the boat first, and the cockle-shell was soon laden with guns, sketching materials, and all those articles which keep tourists "going."

As I knew a little Icelandic, I hoped to have been able to understand the Faroese language, but though both have sprung from the same source, a separation of 900 years has made such a difference in the dialects that, though the written language of either would

be mutually intelligible, yet neither Icelander nor Faroese would be able to understand the other's speech.

Three days of tossing on the deep had upset most of the passengers of the *Arcturus*. Nature abhors a vacuum, and as we perfectly agreed with nature on that score, we made with one accord a rush for the club, where we could eat a breakfast in a vertical, instead of a horizontal position, and where the plates would not leap from the table into the opposite berths. The "club-house" is the inn of Thorshavn. It consists of a wooden shanty, containing on the ground-floor two rooms and a kitchen, neat little rooms with sanded floors, and walls papered with blue and white stripes. There was a sofa in one room, which had seen its best days in Copenhagen, and then, instead of being broken up for fire-wood, had been sold as new to the Faroese.

We ordered breakfast, urging the host to bring us something substantial, for we were hungry, and very empty. Our host, however, could supply us with nothing except coffee, and eggs of wild duck. Of these we made a hearty meal, and then after a glass of corn brandy, transparent liquor tasting like spirits of wine from a castor-oil bottle, we started forth, sight-seeing.

The church was close at hand, and was open, so we looked in before going further.

The Faroese are Lutherans, and the interior of the building resembled in its furniture those of Norway and Denmark. The altar was of wood, and was painted. Upon it stood a crucifix, and two brass candlesticks holding tallow dips, whilst behind them stood a mean oil painting of the Last Supper, by a Danish artist. I was struck with the cleanliness of the church, which was wholly of wood, and its floor neatly sanded; altogether the internal appearance was reverent and decorous.

Leaving the church, I made my way along the shore towards a pretty diminutive cascade. I pulled out my pencil and drawing pad, and began a sketch.

The stream foamed over black rocks, and swept away to the sea between banks perfectly golden with marsh marigolds. Near the fall was a group of buildings, one painted white from top to bottom, and surmounted by a perforated wooden cross. I was somewhat puzzled as to the character of the building, but supposed it to be a school.

As I was sketching, a lank man came towards me dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, a black satin waistcoat open to the last button, and displaying a semi-white front with black studs. The man wore no collar, but had a black stock on his neck, and on his head a

cap, with very projecting glazed peak, such as little boys delighted to wear in the days of Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth. The expression of the man's face was peculiarly pleasing, and I felt disposed to make his acquaintance. I therefore tried a little broken Icelandic, but found that the party could not understand me. "Good morning," said I, in English. He shook his head. "Bon jour!" with equal want of success. "Salve domine!" The gentleman took off his cap, made a profound bow, and replied "Domine salvos!" There we stuck. I am not a fluent Latin speaker, and my salvos had brought me to the end of my tether, so I made a dash at another language, "Guten morgen, mein herr!" The stranger's face was transformed in an instant. Light sprang into his eyes, and he rushed to embrace me, uttering in German rapturous exclamations of delight. I discovered that my new acquaintance was a German Roman Catholic priest, and that he had been located in the Faroes for three years as head of a mission, without having had, in all that time, a chance of speaking his native language. He was quite an acquisition to me, as he was a man of intelligence and reading, and was thoroughly acquainted with the islands, so that he was able to afford me some valuable information.

He insisted on my dining with him, and this I consented to do after my return from Kirkjuboe, whither I was bound.

Kirkjuboe is a ruined cathedral of considerable antiquity, but few pretensions to architectural beauty, within a good walk and scramble of Thorshavn. It is situated on the Vaagafjord, nestling down on a bright emerald strip of turf but little raised above the sea, and under a wall of black crag shooting up some hundreds of feet into the clouds.

There are two churches at Kirkjuboe, one still in use, which is the oldest of the two, the other roofless. Near them is a farm, inhabited by a kind and hospitable family, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, and cheerful. The ruin consists of a parallelogram, measuring 72 ft. by 28 ft., and the walls are about 40 ft. high. The corbels in the nave from which the vaulting sprang, are carved to represent human heads. The church was lighted by traceried windows to the south, but the north wall was left blank. At the east end is a crucifix carved in the wall, and this is said to conceal a portion of the true cross. Popular superstition adds that he who attempts to remove the slab will be marked out by Providence for signal punishment.

Among the crags over head is a hole which is pointed out as the lurking place of the

child Sverrir, who escaped with his mother from Norway, and found refuge with his uncle, the Bishop of this place. It was this same Sverrir, whom our King John assisted in his struggles for the Norwegian crown.

The Faroe isles are twenty-two in number ; of these, seventeen are inhabited. They occupy 67 miles in a direction from N. to S., and 45 miles from E. to W.

On a fine day nothing can be imagined more entrancing than the beauty of this cluster. The mountains shoot up nearly 3000 feet above the sea, and are generally conical. For rock scenery, the Faroes are perhaps unequalled in the world. The precipices are sometimes as much as 1500 feet in perpendicular altitude above the sea, and the appearance of these islets, rising like black columns uniting sea and cloud, is extraordinary. Indeed, the Dimon, as we saw it, with its head lost in haze and its foundations in the boiling deep, had all the appearance of a huge water-spout.

The islands start clear of the waves at one spring, to heights varying from 500 feet to 1500 feet ; the cliffs are iron black, strangely belted with red sandstone stripes ; and every terrace or ledge thronged with sea-birds.

Some of the islands are quite inaccessible from the sea, except on a very still day, when a boat can reach the foot of the crags, and a hardy climber ascend many hundred feet, clinging to the rock like a fly to a wall. He carries up with him a rope attached to his waist, and when he reaches the top, the rope is fastened to staples, and he draws up his comrades, who in turn proceed to hoist up a flock of sheep, which are there left to feed and fatten, till their owners return to slaughter them in the autumn. Here and there, the crags die away into glens and valleys, through which run brawling streams, and in which lie snug farms or poverty-stricken fishing cottages.

The islands are separated from each other by fjords, frequently very narrow, and of entrancing beauty.

The broadest of these fjords, Waagafjord, is magnificent in its dimensions, running between the islands of Stromsoe, Sandoe, and Waagoe, commanding views of wondrous beauty. To the right, the crags of Stromsoe rise to a prodigious height, being over a thousand feet high, barred black and red, and capped with scanty turf. Westmannshavn fjord opens out of this frith ; it is a mere thread of water, winding among grassy hills and between scarps of jet-black trap. A boat expedition through

this or the lovely strait between Stromsoe and Osteroe, is sure to be accompanied with delight, as each turn opens fresh wonders to the enraptured eye.

At one moment the boat creeps over the water black as ink in the gloom of the beetling cliffs, now it leaps into a sheet of quivering water, brightened by a gleam of sun which sweeps down a chasm in the crags.

Before us the precipitous islets seem to unite in one mighty wall—a turn of the boat—and we are through a rocky portal, opening on to a silver sheet, reflecting as in a mirror the conical peaks in all the blue bloom of summer haze. Again the frith contracts, but soft green gullies dip to it on either side, bathed in sun ; and now through yon black door comes dull and hoarse the boom of the ocean.

The entrance to Hafnafjord is marked by the extraordinary rock-islets, Kolter and Hestoe, and projecting into it, is the headland of Stakken, which rises to the perpendicular height of 1200 feet with a suddenness on all sides quite startling.

The Trolla Kona Finger, or Troll woman's finger, is the rock I have sketched ; it is the loftiest point of Stakken. From another point of view it bears a striking resemblance to a lobster's claw. This spire is by no means the most lofty in the island, it is far surpassed by Mylingen, near Tjornivig, which is believed to rise above the sea to the height of 2400 feet, not perpendicularly, but actually overhanging. The islet of Myggjaness also rises to a fearful elevation above the waves, so that a vessel passing near it is dwarfed to a speck.

It amply repays a tourist to make the ascent of some of these headlands or prongs of rock ;—that the toil is very considerable, I allow ; but till it has been undertaken, he will have been unable to realize their height. The panorama from one of these points is very striking, the silvery veins of frith which thread their way among the islands, the spider-like conformation of the larger isles, and their utter loneliness, thrust up in the midst of ocean, one solitary group, so small, so numerous, and yet occupying such a trifling area, fill the climber with astonishment. But above all, is he surprised at the manner in which the horizon seems to mount as he ascends, till it appears to him as though he stood on a single point in a world of water. I have noticed the singular and surprising effect of this rise of the horizon in other places, but nowhere was it forced upon me in its full startling nature, as in the Faroes, where the perpendicular elevation above the ocean is so enormous, and where the eye meets with no

intervening object to break the vast perspective of water.

Myggjaness is worth a visit in boats, from the circumstance of there being a very remarkable detached rock near it, composed of sandstone, attaining the elevation of 60 feet, with a band of basaltic columns, apparently wreathed around it in a spiral form, so that the rock is actually encircled twice. To the

west of this singular object, at about a gunshot from the land, there are two cannons lying in the sea, at the depth of five fathoms, which, it is asserted, belonged to a Dutch East-Indiaman lost a century and a half ago, near Quivig, in the island of Stromsoe, but carried hither by the winds and currents.

I know of no place more delightful for an ornithologist to ramble in, than this island



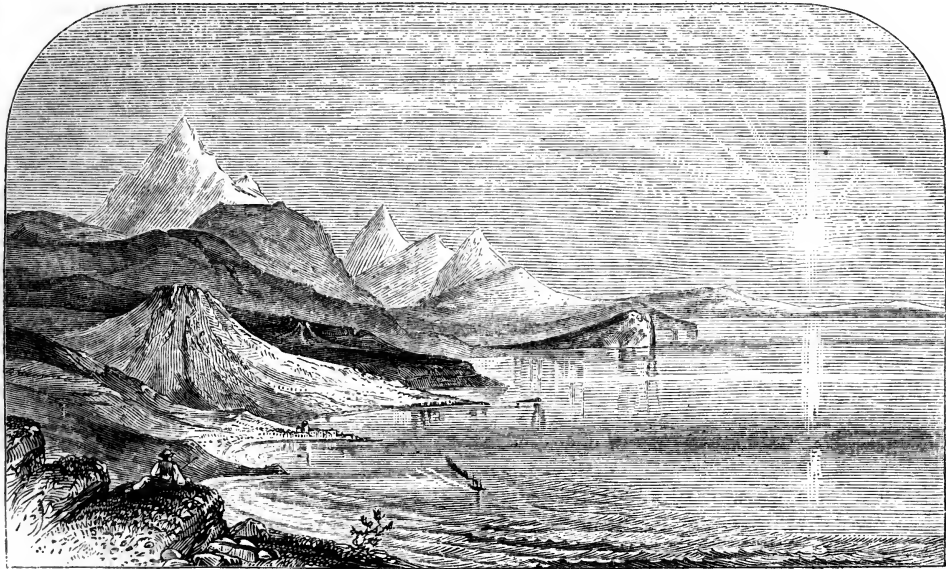
The Trolla Kona Finger. See page 473.

group. The Irish monk Dilcuil, in 825, wrote an account of certain Culdees who thirty years before had sought Iceland, and had settled in these Faroe Islands, which he describes as a cluster of numerous islets thronged with countless sea-birds of all kinds. Countless they are, indeed. Every ledge of rock on those inaccessible cliffs is dotted with them, and they live in the hollows worn by the sea breeze and

rain in the sandy strata alternating with the trap. The solan goose breeds there in great numbers; the gay little puffin, in its quaint, parti-coloured mask, sits solemnly watching the passing boat; gulls wheel and scream in multitudes, while in and out amongst them dart the voracious skuas. The diver dances like a cork on the waves, or rises with a wild shriek to fly heavily down some echoing chasm.

Tern, with their jaunty black skull-caps and their gay red beaks and legs, waver around, and the kittiwakes dip and rise in swarms. But perhaps the most remarkable spot for seeing the birds is a narrow rift near Westmannshavn, through which the sea rolls. The passage is very narrow and the length considerable. The beds of trap and clinkstone alternate rapidly, and thus form numerous ledges full of miniature caves. Pushing down this rift in a boat, when the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom it sees that the place is perfectly alive with birds, seated most unconcernedly in rows, with all the regularity of cups and jugs ranged in a porcelain warehouse, and, indeed, resembling them

in their whiteness and immobility. The floor of this palace of birds is calm, untroubled water of a deep olive hue from its depth; and the roof is a strip of sky. The stately diver paddles past the boat; the merganser, breasting the water with its salmon-tinted bosom, floats unconcernedly at its side. Kittiwakes, with their soft eyes, watch the intruder; the cormorant stretches out his gorgeous bronze-green neck to ascertain whether there is danger to be apprehended; and high up, puffed up with their own importance, are those water clowns, the puffins, snapping their painted beaks; and higher still are the fulmars, rank with oil, which they spit away in their alarm, if a fowler approaches to secure them. Just above



Bay of Thorshavn. See page 471.

the water's edge are seals indolently reposing on rock shelves, with their little ones, perfectly white, at their breasts. Graba visited this spot accompanied by several natives. Seeing a rare bird which he was desirous of securing, he raised his gun and fired. "What became of it," he says, "I know not. The air was darkened by the birds roused from their repose. Thousands rushed out of the chasm with a frightful noise, and spread themselves in troops over the ocean. The puffins came wondering from their holes, and regarded the universal confusion with comic gestures; the kittiwakes remained composedly in their nests; while the cormorants flopped headlong into the sea."

If the ornithologist finds much to delight him in the Faroes, the botanist will also be repaid. I was there early in the year, before the flowers were in full bloom, but I found alpine favourites in profusion. The butterwort shook its pale blue head in every breeze, the grass of Parnassus had its little bullet heads thrust above its leaves, but not one had expanded. Saxifrages abounded, and seemed to thrive on the rich volcanic soil. I found the pink armeria, the common milkwort, and the leaves of the beautiful geranium sylvaticum, called *sorto-greas* by the Faroese, who use it for a black dye. The process is as follows:—A thick layer of the plant is laid at the bottom of a boiler, over this is placed a layer of yarn,

and so on alternately; but great care is taken lest the yarn touch the sides of the boiler. Water is then poured into the vessel, and it is boiled for an hour and a half, after which it is taken from the fire and suffered to cool. Copperas is then mixed with the liquor, and the boiling is continued for three hours more. On the tops of the mountains, where nothing else seemed to grow, I saw a lovely crimson azalea, in patches on the ground, like splashes of blood. The wild rose grows in only two spots in the Faroes, and the yellow iris in but one.

But if there is material for the botanist, there is tenfold the amount for the geologist. Here he may find basaltic columns of the most perfect symmetry, and of vast height. Some of the finest are at Zellatroe, where their size and their regularity are most surprising. Many of the natural columns have fallen, and lie prostrate, like the ruins of a glorious temple, at the foot of the hill; one, which is sixty feet long, has been flung across a deep gully, with its ends resting on each side, so as to form a natural bridge over it.

But perhaps the most singular basaltic formation in the islands is near the village of Frodsboe. This is called the Kulegjá. It consists of a natural basaltic arch some forty feet high, in which dangles a solitary column without base. How it can retain its position is incomprehensible, but there it hangs, the waves having carried its pedestal away. This pillar seems almost to have been placed where it is to sustain the dome or arch, but the loss of its base has made it rather an incumbrance than a support. As I had not an opportunity of visiting this strange freak of nature, I am obliged to give an account of it from Landt, who visited it at the beginning of this century. He says: "Long crooked basaltic columns, bent into the form of an S, and about two feet in thickness, descend along the sides of the dome, and they unite closely, and bend behind each other from the top to the bottom. Several crooked columns of the same kind descend above the first, but they stop before they reach half way to the ground; and above these there are others which are shorter. An upright column which stands at the side interrupts the view; but on going to the other side of this column a cupola is seen, nearly similar to the former, but the basaltic shafts in it are writhed into the shape of an inverted S."

I have already alluded to the islet Dimon. There are two of this name, the greater and the lesser. The Greater Dimon is inhabited by one family, and by countless wild fowl. At certain periods the birds almost darken the air, and they stun the ears with their piercing cries, to such an extent that two

people in the same boat cannot hear each other speak. On this islet, which is only accessible in two places, and then by ascending a precipice, is a church; but this church is opened but once a year, when the pastor is hauled on to the island by ropes. The inhabitants of the isle have no means of leaving it, as they are not possessed of a boat, there being no shore to the isle, but crags rising abruptly from the waves. Lesser Dimon is quite uninhabited.

"A GRAVE DISTURBANCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—The mystery of the coffins described in an article in ONCE A WEEK * of March 11, headed "A Grave Disturbance," may be solved by the supposition that water flowed into the vault, and that, when there was sufficient to float the coffins, they continued to move about until the water ran away, when they were deposited in positions different from those which they originally occupied. It will, no doubt, appear to many persons impossible that this should be the case with *lead* coffins; but I know from experience that *lead* coffins will float when filled with the gases generated by their contents. It is strange that *wooden* coffins should have been placed in a vault; but the fact that they were less disturbed than the *lead* ones is easily accounted for, as, not being water-tight like the latter, they would be penetrated by the water, the gas would be expelled, and the coffins subject to movement only during this process. They might perhaps be turned over by the *lead* ones floating from beneath or against them.

It may be thought improbable that water could get into a vault one hundred feet above the level of the sea; but even at that height, it would be liable to a flood of surface water caused by rain. Your obedient servant,

J. ARNOLD.

THE BIRD.

SEE'ST thou yon birdie bright,
Joyously singing,
Flies it now forth for aye,
Comes it back winging?
Birdie comes never back,
Birdie gay glancing,
Seeks its free forest joys
Where streams are dancing.

Not so the human heart,
Captured how gladly,
Bides in its lonely cage,
Pining how sadly!
Rending its hard chain not,
Fostering pain's token;
Ah! when the fetter breaks,
Heart too is broken!

H.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLV. LATE REMORSE.

WHEN Frank Burgoyne had done the deed,—had spoken the few words which made manifest that which was within his vacillating heart to Sydney,—he felt cast down and sorry. There was none of successful love's elation in his soul or on his brow. He knew that he had done a mean thing. He also knew that the girl for whom he had done it would no more have the power to make him feel all things to be well lost in winning her, than any other woman had had the power to hold him heretofore.

He also felt—and in feeling this there was much natural soreness—that this change he had made, which could not be concealed an hour longer than necessary in honour, would not only damage him with his grandfather, but sorely distress the latter. He would now for a certainty deem his grandson capable of all the Hugo iniquities; and Frank acknowledged to himself that he would be deemed so not altogether unjustly.

It was made patent to him at once that the fetters he had himself adopted in such awkward unseemly haste would be riveted fast and sure. It was made patent to him at once that Sydney was a young lady of immense determination. It was made patent to him at once that he had been egregiously mistaken in imagining it to be feasible to play with fire without burning his fingers.

That first interview of his with the parent Scotts was an awful ordeal, a memorable misery. He would have given much to evade it, but his days of evading aught that Sydney desired should be faced, were over. As soon as those sensations set in to which allusion was made at the commencement of this chapter—as soon, that is, as the small excitement consequent on a verbal declaration of a change of faith, had faded away, and he began to feel cast down and sorry, he proposed "going away."

He proposed this in a half-guilty way—in a way that plainly showed that he felt his proposition would be opposed, and Sydney opposed it promptly.

"Go away! Why?" she asked. "No, Frank, do stay and see papa now; you ought to stay and see papa."

"I will write him a line to-night," he said, hesitatingly.

"That won't do at all," she replied, reso-

lutely; "they're very particular, and they're very fond of me. Your going away won't look well to them."

"But Sydney——" he began, taking her hand caressingly.

"But Frank," she interrupted quickly, "if, after all, you can't face it, how can you think of leaving me to face it alone?"

"There is nothing for you to face."

"Oh, isn't there? Oh, isn't there, indeed? 'Nothing for me to face?' If you think so lightly of me as that, I wonder you could ask me to marry you. I *have* feeling; I feel very much, though I always keep up before people."

She came transparent under the eyes as she spoke, after the manner of blondes who restrain their briny tears, and she was very fair.

"My dear Sydney, it's no question of——"

"It's just a question of straightforwardness of speaking, it seems to me," she interrupted. "Papa would think me a sneak if I kept anything from him, and I can tell you I am not going to be the one to speak of our engagement first, so you *must* stay."

"Our engagement!" The phrase caused him to feel how thoroughly he was "in for it" here, before he was "out of it" in another quarter.

It is hard to say which of these twain, who were to become one flesh, according to Miss Sydney's ordination, would have triumphed, had not Mr. and Mrs. Scott providentially returned at this juncture. They had timed their absence well.

As she entered the room Mrs. Scott became conscious of having that special sanguine hue over her face which bespeaks intense excitement, and it did not seem according to the fitness of things in her estimation that other than the cool and collected side of the family should be shown to Mr. Burgoyne just yet. She therefore endeavoured to explain her red cheeks away—much to Sydney's horror.

"This autumn 'eat is that trying when one is weak and given to flushing, that you'd scarcely believe Mr. Burgoyne," she said, in a voice that was far lower pitched than her natural one, in order to express that delicacy and fatigue for which the occasion called.

Frank looked at her by way of reply—looked at her distastefully, and thought, "It's devilish seldom *she* shall see the inside of my house, if I have to marry her daughter."

"Then, mamma, go and cool yourself, do,"

Sydney struck in promptly, "and Frank will—won't you, Frank?"

She did not say what Frank would do. But he knew what she meant, and he said, "Yes," with external composure and an internal groan. He knew well that the afore-said precipitate declaration of a change of faith would have to be repeated in due form to Mr. Scott, and he began to wish that he had not made it at all.

It was an ugly leap truly: but Sydney, the weaker vessel, had gone at a similar one so valiantly that he could not baulk it for very shame. It was not that he feared that there would be any difficulties thrown in his way on the Scott side; on the contrary, he knew that it would all be rendered offensively easy to him, as far as they were concerned; but the shadow of that letter which would have to be written to Theo's mother was looming over him already.

He was correct in his deductions as regarded one thing. It was all made easy for him as far as the Scotts were concerned; they were all that was tolerant to what was past, and most flatteringly anxious to smooth all obstructions in the future. Mr. Scott clapped him heartily on the back, and put on the last new uniform to sit down to dinner with Frank, the caged; for a promise to stay to dinner was wrung from him on the spot, as soon as ever he had spoken out what Mrs. Scott called "his most honourable intentions."

Sydney was the reverse of ill-natured; nevertheless she gave no very serious thought to what Theo would feel about it all. One allusion she did make to her former friend, her worsted rival, and, odd as it may appear, it was not a disparaging one.

"It will be only fair to let Theo know of this at once, Frank; you must promise me to do that."

She paused; but as he made no answer, she resumed quickly, "If you won't promise me, I tell you I'll make my mother write to hers at once; it would be too mean to keep her in the dark."

I do not think that he liked his first evening in the bosom of the family of his affianced. They tried to absorb him too entirely into themselves; to be hail-fellow-well-met with him; to be free and unembarrassed, and awfully intimate in a jocular way. Mrs. Scott leapt abruptly from the manner abject to the manner affectionate; and Mr. Scott mentioned so many things "by-the-way" to him, that he could do when he took his seat in either House, that the last state of that man was infinitely worse than the first. Moreover, Sydney's habit of putting down both her

parents alternately was confusing; this was a thing to grow, he felt; he might, in time, fall under that commanding young manner, which impressed the stranger as being so very fresh and frank. He had his gentlemanly well-bred instincts; blood always "tells" in some way or other; so, though he reminded himself that Sydney "ought not to forget what he had given up for her" (meaning the way he had risked his honours *in re* Theo Leigh), he never thought for an instant that Sydney ought to remember the great good a union with him would bring her.

He left at last, and walked up to town, revolving at his leisure the phrasing of that letter which should convey the sorry truth to Theo. "What will she think of me?" he thought. He had no fear of any outburst, any appeal. He knew the girl; he knew all her loving pride too well to dread that. But he could but reflect on what his sensations would be did she droop and fade and *die* of this blow he was preparing to deal her.

It was but cowardly comfort, yet he hugged it to his soul as he walked along, this gallant young English gentleman, with the full supply of courageous cavalier blood in his veins: it was but cowardly comfort, yet it was the sole one left to him,—the thought that, let what would befall her, he would probably never know the fate of Theo Leigh.

He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. But of idleness and a habit of giving way to the impulse of the moment, the mischief had been born. This trick he had taken up of loving and unloving, of wooing and leaving! He ceased to look upon it as a pretty pastime as he walked along alone; he saw it now as the low, dull, dastardly thing it was.

Ah! that seeing a thing as it is, and knowing that we have brought it on ourselves, and that there is no escape for us. "Lives there a man with soul so dead" as to have taken comfort in defeat and downfall from that sorry saying, "you have no one but yourself to blame for it"? There is bliss in blaming the whole world for the evil that overtakes us, but not in denouncing our own blunders and miscalculations. In this there is none, absolutely none—save in the case of a woman who loves the man who neglects her, and so excuses her by accusing himself.

Frank Burgoyne determined to write that letter to Theo's mother while the glow of the onus that was on him to write it at all was on him freshly. He thought first that he would make it very concise; but that seemed brutal. Then he thought that he would give a lengthy explanation; a summary of his own weak-

nesses, and of the trials to which they had been subjected. That, on reflection, seemed needlessly insulting, "By God! I don't know what to say for myself!" he said, at last, in the exasperation of his spirit. "I am a fool, a d—d fool! who has lost in the selfish game."

But, genuine as this statement was, powerful as it was in its simple truth, it would not do to write that, and that alone, to Theo's mother. It might be taken to have application to ever so many other things he felt, in this hour of his humiliation, and it behoved him to make his statement clear—all foul and base as it was—without needless delay.

There are many disagreeable duties to be performed in this world. Calligraphical exercises very frequently go against the grain. It is unpleasant to be compelled to write a cheque when your banking account is low. It is odious to write a page and a half of condolence to the bereaved with whom, in sober fact, you can't quite sympathise, having perhaps known but little, and that little but bad, of the deceased. It is not nice to be behind-hand with the last chapters of a novel announced as already in the press. But more repugnant to the spirit and taste than any one of these things, is the knowledge that you yourself must write such a letter as will bruisse another and blast yourself.

Such a letter Frank Burgoyne was in honour bound (such honour as was left to him) to write now. He had had previously no very overweening respect and esteem for Mrs. Leigh. He had merely regarded her as a nice, ladylike, excellent woman; but now the full force of her motherhood came upon him, and he finched in his soul as he pictured her reading the letter which must be written. "By God! I'd rather cut my hand off than do it," he muttered, as he pulled a writing-table towards him after an hour's solitary reflection in the sitting-room he occupied at the hotel. Cutting his hand off, however, would have been a futile proceeding, void of all power to further those arrangements which he dared not suffer to stand still. Therefore he took up a pen instead, and wrote that letter, the contents of which came down upon Theo as a thunderbolt when she returned from her weary day's shopping.

It was a very lame performance. Looking back upon it in after years, when the bloom of time was upon it, he was fain to confess that it was a very lame performance indeed; yet he said all that there was to say,—all that he dared to say.

When he rose from the writing, when he had directed and sealed his letter, he felt that

come what would of passion, of soberer love, of joy in that love, and security in it, there would be a dimming shade cast over all by memory. He would never be quite to himself even what he had been before. The vagueness that would be over Theo Leigh's fate to him would be a depressing thing, or should that vagueness be dispersed, there might arise a more agonising certainty.

"Girls don't die of broken hearts in these days, thank the Lord!" he said to himself, after a time. But the very fact of his thanking the Lord that the probability was averted, proved that he feared the possibility of its arising. He was very miserable and very cast-down, and later in the night he could but think of how all this would tell upon his prospects at Maddington. The title would be his for a surety, but—there was a lot of unentailed property.

CHAPTER XLVI. "ALL IN THE FAMILY."

THE letter was written: so far well. More than that, the letter was sent off: the statement it contained could never be recalled, never explained away, never softened.

The poor fellow who had penned it—for though he was young, healthy, handsome, and heir to a fine title and estate, he felt himself to be a very poor fellow indeed in that hour—was profoundly miserable, more especially after he went to bed. His conscience had it all its own way with him as soon as ever he got his head upon his downy pillow. It made him feel very sick, and very desirous of sleeping away all his troubles, and very incapable of sleeping at all.

"There'll be the devil to pay, too, when they hear it at Maddington," he thought, and this, though a very minor evil, was quite enough to make the minutes he gave to reflecting upon it in the stilly night hot and unrefreshing. He had not recked of this when he began flirting with these two girls. Of his own free will he had made the idle folly so very serious—of his own free will he had approved himself such a sneak.

If he could only get out of this second fix. He turned the possibility of doing so over and over in his mind, as the night faded away and the morning light crept into his room; and still he could find no loophole; still the impression deepened that there was no escape for him. He had gone into the Scotts' camp, and the Scotts had managed matters so that there was no getting out of their camp again.

But even though he could escape, what then? Of what avail, as far as Theo was concerned, would it be to free himself from Sydney? The letter which, when Theo read

it, would make him seem so very mean a thing in her eyes, was written, was gone! He knew himself to have been a sneak in the transaction, and he knew that she would feel him to have been one.

Stormy sensations succeeded. He had been taken in, he had been induced to behave like a blackguard; the whole lot of them (he meant the Scotts) had traded on those finer instincts of his which made him gentle and gallant in his manner to women! He swore at his last betrothed and her family, as he thought of all these things, and there was more rage and fury in his heart against them than they deserved.

He knew himself now to have been a green foolish boy; and he was but this, for all that habit of his of seeming a man of the world. He had been David Linley's tool first, and since then he had been the tool of his own vanity.

Through the long hours of the night he gave himself up to a grim black view of the case; as the dawn crept on he began to be more hopeful—to think that he might drift out of it, and win a pardon from Theo before any one knew that he had contemplated this baseness towards her, even for an hour. But when the morning came, these latter hopes were crushed and killed at once and decidedly.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you in the coffee-room, sir," the man said, who brought in Mr. Burgoyne's hot water.

"What's his name?" Frank asked sleepily. He was much fatigued now with unwonted night thought; very gladly would he have turned his head on the pillow, and let the gentleman wait for yet another hour. But when he heard who it was, he knew that even so much respite from that family could not be granted.

"The gentleman said he wished to see you immejiate, sir. Here's his card." The card was inscribed with the name of Mr. Scott, and when he read it Frank groaned, and said he would be down presently.

He went down presently, and found Mr. Scott, Sydney's father, awaiting him in undress uniform. "What the devil *did* he come in that for?" the unfortunate Frank thought. "I must say that for Leigh, that he never forced the unwelcome truth down my throat that it was a fine thing to be a lieutenant in the Navy."

Mr. Leigh belonged to the past—to that past on which, all things considered, Frank ought not to have dwelt. What Mr. Leigh had done, and what Mr. Leigh had left undone, was of no moment whatever (or should have been of no moment) to Mr. Scott's future

son-in-law. Mr. Leigh—grand dignified old gentleman that he had been—was of the past. It was with this very different sample of the service that Frank had to deal now.

He attempted to look surprised in a superior manner when he came into the room, and found Mr. Scott strutting about impatiently between the windows. Now, the strut was not a newly-acquired thing on the part of Mr. Scott. It had been his all his life. He had strutted out of his cradle under the grate when an infant. He had strutted on the quarter-deck when a man. The gait had done him some injury, in the estimation of the many who judge by appearances, all his life long; but it had never been so offensively apparent to Frank Burgoyne as at this moment.

Accordingly, that young patrician, though he strove to look surprised in a superior manner only, looked disgusted at the mode of taking exercise affected by Mr. Scott, as well. Had Mr. Scott been a mere sea-bear, Frank could have stood him better. He would have laid all shortcomings to the score of the "service." But Mr. Scott was not a rough sea-bear; he was a pretentious under-bred old snob, and Frank saw him to be such.

"My dear boy, I thought I'd just give you a call as I was passing. I'm a-going on to see one of the 'Lords'—a most useful fellow for you to know, by-the-way; you had better come with me, and I'll introduce you."

Mr. Scott said this with affected carelessness; but Frank looked through that carelessness, and saw that his future father-in-law was bursting with impatience to be seen abroad in the best haunts he (Mr. Scott) knew with Lord Lesborough's heir. Frank saw the desire, and ill-temperedly resolved to defeat it.

"Rather early for a call, isn't it, unless you're very intimate with him?"

"Best friends in the world, my dear boy," (this form of address was perhaps the most obnoxious to Frank of any Mr. Scott could have selected). "Best friends in the world, my dear boy; his lordship has remarked to me more than once 'Scott, my dear fellow, you'd be in a devilishly different position if merit had its desert.'"

"Humph!" Frank grunted.

"You had much better come on to him with me, and I'll introduce you; splendid fellow for you to know; most influential man under the present administration."

"Perish the present administration; I don't care a d— for it," Frank replied sulkily, striking his hands in his pockets, and looking out of the window. "The old cad talks to me as if I were one of his own low-born whelps," he thought. Then he remembered that he

had just asked one of the aforesaid to be his own wife, and he winced.

Mr. Scott's soul shivered at this blasphemous mention of one who was to him a demi-god. But he reminded himself that the speaker of that blasphemy was one of the denizens in that more perfect air in which his demi-god habitually dwelt out of office-hours. For all he knew to the contrary, this, his future son-in-law, might wing his flight more boldly in those regions than did the official! The thought was a proud one. It made Mr. Scott feel more affectionate towards Frank on the spot.

"His Lordship is very much bent on the extermination of some of our standing abuses; I should like to bring you together—you might promise him that when you take your seat you would ask a question on the mismanagement of ——"

"Curse the mismanagement and the mismanagers; I don't care a d—— about it." He glared out of the window savagely, and there was silence for a minute or two, till Frank felt ashamed of himself, then he asked by way of apology.

"Any message from Sydney for me? You see I'm thinking more about her just now than about the blemishes in the decayed old systems."

Sydney's father accepted the partially-expressed apology with admirable promptitude. The strongest feeling within him at this epoch was, that it "was a mighty fine thing to be father-in-law to a very magnificent," *not* three-tailed bashaw, but that far finer thing, a rich young English gentleman, who would before long have a handsome handle to his name.

"Yes," he replied, diving into one of his pockets, "Sydney sent you this note, and she hopes—I mean, Mrs. Scott and I hope—that you will come down to-morrow and dine with us at seven; quite a plain family dinner, I assure you."

Mr. Scott spoke the last portion of his invitation in the impressive tones people are apt to use when endeavouring to persuade another to come and partake of a repast under their hospitable roof. Why on earth the assertion that it is a "mere quiet affair—quite a family dinner," should be looked upon by the majority of warm-hearted inviters as an irresistible inducement, I do not know. A family dinner, as far as my experience goes, is a thing to flee from, if you would not have Melancholy claim you for her own. Others must feel the same as regards it, I am sure; yet the promise of it has a permanent place in the conventional formula man speaks when he

asks his brother-man to come and feed with him.

There was no excuse for him; none, that is, that he could readily make. There was no escape for him; he was in the meshes; and any struggles he might make in the attempt to free himself from them would be not alone unbecoming and undignified, but futile. The reflection they would be this last kicked the beam in favour of his not making them. He felt himself to be a calf, but he reflected that the wilful calf is even more ridiculous than the meek one.

He promised therefore to go down to the little pleasant family gathering at Mr. Scott's on the following day; and when he had so promised, Mr. Scott, finding that the honour of strutting out in company with Lord Lesborough's heir could not be his, strutted away alone.

Frank Burgoyne sauntered back to his private room, where breakfast and the contributions of many posts were awaiting him, and as he sat himself down to pâté and the perusal of those letters, he swore that he would never gratify old Scott's wild desire to show him off. "I'll marry the daughter,—I shall have to do that, I suppose, and then I'll cut the whole connection," he muttered. "My God! fancy me being asked to go off and sue for the patronage of an intimate friend of that old fellow's." Then he fell upon the pâté morosely, and found it lacking in flavour, and opened letter after letter with a lax interest until he came to one—a brief one—a sheet of note-paper, containing a few lines from Harold Ffrench, telling him of his grandfather's danger and approaching dissolution, and desiring his instant presence at Maddington. He put the letter down with a sigh of relief. He was not naturally cruel, or even callous, but the fear of the consequences of his own bad conduct was crushing out the best of his nature. Formerly, his first thought would have been to regret the demise of his kind-hearted, wrong-headed old grandfather; but now his first thought was that his change of faith would not change his prospects. He would be Lord Lesborough himself in a few days, perhaps in a few hours. Anyway, if the transition of his troth could be kept quiet for awhile, there would be no danger of his being cut off with the entailed property alone.

His first impulse was good enough, only he did not act on it. "I will go down to Maddington at once," he thought, as he laid the letter down. By the time he had finished breakfast, however, it had occurred to him that he could do no good by going down to Maddington at once. "A day—since his

grandfather was so far gone already—could make no difference ; if he could do any good, of course he would go without delay ; but what good could he do ? He would only create confusion ; so he had better wait till to-morrow." Could it be that he was getting cowardly—this gallant-looking, brave-fronted, frank-eyed young fellow ?

So he stayed in town, and strove to pass the time in such a way as to preclude thought, but this he could not manage. Ever and anon it would come upon him that he had done a base thing, without the faint excuse of its being very pleasant in the doing. The girl he had left had to the full as much charm for him as the one for whom he had left her. As much ? Nay, more, he began to feel bitterly, and as he felt this he cursed that baneful habit of flirting which had wrecked him.

There was no comfort in his Club for him this day. He shrank away from all the men he knew, lest they should have heard of his grandfather's state, and should ask him " why he was not down at Maddington ?" Under ordinary circumstances he would have been as quick with the tale and ready with the lie as the majority. But this was not an ordinary occasion ; he felt himself to be equally unable to conceive a satisfactory fiction as to tell a shameful truth.

Finally, he bethought himself of going down to Bretford, to see Sydney, this day, since he would be compelled to break his appointment with her on the morrow. Moodily he assured himself that he " should not see any fellow down *there* whom he knew"—none of his set congregated in those regions. With which complimentary reflection on the locality in which dwelt his future bride, he set off to visit her.

He got down to the Scotts' about five o'clock, and no sooner did he cross their threshold than it was made evident to him that his coming just then was very inopportune. A gabble as of Babel had smote upon his ears from the open drawing-room window as he passed it, the sound of many female voices in full cry over some recently started subject. But no sooner did he ring and give his name in a loud voice than a dead silence, a fearful calm, a terrible lull fell over all the house. Then whispers like zephyrs were heard—then breezy suggestions—then windy remonstrances ; lastly, Sydney's voice rose clear and defiant above all others. " Nonsense, mamma," she said, " he's not to be kept dancing in the hall any longer, I can tell you ;" and then the drawing-room door was thrown open, and Sydney, very becomingly arrayed in demi-toilette, came out determinately.

She was put out by something ; perhaps it might be by his coming when she had not expected him. He did not care to fathom the cause, he was only conscious of being amused by the effect. Sydney was very bright in the eyes, and very flushed in the face, and very bustling in manner. He was very glad that he had come to-day, for he cared for no " calm of love" with her.

" Oh, Frank, it's you !" she began ; " will you come into the dining-room for a minute ?"

She half-opened the door of the empty dining-room as she spoke. Frank shook his head, negating her proposition.

" No, no ; you have some friends with you, I presume by all this" (he touched her diaphanous draperies as he spoke). " Why should I take you from them ? I can't come to-morrow ; so as you hadn't told me of your company, I thought I might come to-day."

" Why not to-morrow ?—I must have you."

" You can't, unfortunately," he said coolly ; " I'm off to Maddington ; my grandfather is dying."

The spirit of exultation at the prospect before her leaped up within her in a flash.

" Dying ! is he ? Of course you will go ; dear Frank, I'm so glad you came to-day. Company—it's no ' company ;' but, come in."

She walked in before him willingly enough ; she no longer sought to delay his entrance into the assemblage they were entertaining. She was oblivious of all things save that it was on the cards that she would soon be Lady Leborough now.

It was a tolerably large party that upon which he entered ; there were about a dozen or fourteen people seated round a table, on which a high tea was steaming. It was clearly no impromptu festivity ; there was a look about all who were partaking of it of having come for the express purpose of partaking of it—a look of having been invited for that solemn end, together with a certain air of resolution not to be defrauded of an atom of it. There were several well-conducted young men at the table,—young men who sat straight on the extreme verge of their chairs, and made remarks to their immediate neighbours in still small voices ; and interspersed amongst these there were several elderly ladies, who were one and all eating hot toast with a wealth of butter upon it, in white kid gloves, that didn't fit them. For one moment on his entrance Mrs. Scott almost took fire from excess of vexation ; the next she spoke with the Brummagem hilarity and recklessness of despair.

" Law ! how glad I am you're come, Mr. Burgoyne. Find him a chair, Scott, and

make him comfortable; no ceremony you see—it's all in the family."

Then horror took the place amusement had held for a few minutes in Frank Burgoyne's heart, as Mrs. Scott introduced him separately and distinctly to each of the white-kidded ladies and well-conducted young men, and he found that they were one and all aunts and cousins of the bright-eyed young being who was attentively watching him through this ordeal, to see how he stood it.

It was simply awful to him. Had they been grossly vulgar he could have borne it better, he thought. Anything, in fact, would have been preferable to this atrocious underbreeding which kept them straight on the edges of their chairs, and suppressed and subdued their tones. From the moment of his appearance on the stage not one of them would eat a bit more toast, or do more than simperingly sip their tea. They were all in awe of him, that was evident; in awe of his position and future rank; but, above all, in awe of that gentle breeding which was stranger than all else to them. I am ashamed to say that, for all his outward calmness, he was "cursing the lot" in his heart, as he glanced round the circle, and saw that the eyes of the whole party were fixed smilingly upon him, in a way he could have murdered them for.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BAND OF BROTHERS.

PUBLIC opinion appears to be divided on the subject of the Fenian brotherhood; some imagine it to be a myth, others take the opposite view, which was repeated in the House of Commons a few weeks since, that there were no less than 500,000 of them in America, who were bound by oath to take up arms against England whenever she should be unfortunate enough to be involved in war. A telegram told us that a raid of Fenians into Canada was projected, in retaliation for the inroad of Lieut. Young into St. Albans, and though any such invasion would not receive the sanction of the American Government, it is not easy to see how it could prevent it, considering the amount of work it has on its hands at present; as for the Canadians, the militia force they have stationed on the frontier to prevent raids is certainly not strong enough to prevent such an inroad, though it would form a good nucleus for the force which would be formed to repel it. Indeed, the Fenians say that their organisation extends to the twenty thousand Irishman located in Canada. Nor is the organisation confined to the brotherhood.

We are told that a sisterhood has just been formed.

That there are half-a-million Fenians in the United States, we do not believe. There never could have been so many at any time, and the real number must have been considerably diminished by so many of them taking service with the Federals for the sake of the high bounty. But although we cannot accept the number given by the Fenians themselves, we may be assured that they are very numerous. What they propose to do, how the brotherhood is constituted, and other information concerning them, we are able to gather from sources which they themselves supplied at the time of the holding of the fair at Chicago.

The object of the Association is the national freedom of Ireland. This was stated at a Congress where they drew up what we suppose they would term a platform, which may be condensed into the following statement:—After a preamble, setting forth that it was determined to maintain and to be governed by the laws of the Federal States, and to uphold the Constitution thereof; and seeing that in consequence of the tone assumed towards the United States since the beginning of the civil war by the English government, merchants, and the press, a war with England was rendered imminent, it resolved, among other things, "That the younger members of the brotherhood be drilled, so as to be prepared to offer their services to the Federal Government when it declared war against England. That whereas Ireland at present is the vanguard of America against British aggression, her organised sons keeping watch and ward for the United States at the thresholds of the despots of Europe, nay, in their very citadels; it is resolved, that the brotherhood is open to every man who is loyal to the principles of self-government, and will oppose the emissaries of foreign despotisms who would feign (*sic*) crush the growth of republican principles and stop the onward march of freedom." To put an end to the disagreements that had arisen in certain sections of the brotherhood in the infancy of the Association, it was resolved, "That politics and religious questions should be excluded from their councils."

The inquiries of the Roman Catholic bishops and priests having procured for them the information that the brotherhood were bound by oath to endeavour to carry out certain projects—the invasion of England, that is to say—the bishops of Pennsylvania and Chicago, especially the latter, set their faces strongly against the Association; and although a deputation of the members waited upon the Bishop of Chicago and urged him not to discountenance

the Association, assuring him that they were bound by no secret oath, and that religion had nothing to do with their organisation, they could not shake his resolution to oppose any attempt to commit a crime against the Church like that of attempting to overthrow a legal government, which the British government in Ireland really was.

The bishop cross-examined the spokesman with such effect as to elicit that there was a select circle of leaders to whom the members of the brotherhood surrendered their liberty of action. All the arguments the latter put forward could not shake the bishop's resolution, and the deputation took their leave, expressing their regret that they could not induce him to take their view of the Association, but at the same time intimating that if it had not his approbation it would endeavour to do without it.

As it was owing to the form of pledge used by some of the branches of the brotherhood that this belief of their being bound by an oath had arisen, the congress drew up a form for general adoption, which runs as follows :—
 "I, A. B., solemnly pledge my sacred vow and honour as a truthful and honest man, that I will labour with earnest zeal for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of England, and for the establishment of a free and independent government on Irish soil ; that I, A. B., will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers in the Fenian brotherhood ; that I will faithfully discharge the duties of my membership as laid down in the constitution and by-laws thereof ; that I will do my utmost to promote feelings of love, harmony, and kindly forbearance among all Irishmen : and that I will foster, defend, and propagate the aforesaid Fenian brotherhood to the utmost of my power."

As to the pervading sentiments and present position of the Irish abroad and at home, we are told that it is a self-evident proposition that they are actuated by an intense and undying hatred of the monarchy and oligarchy of Great Britain, which have so long ground their country to the dust ; hanging her patriots, starving her people, and sweeping myriads of Irishmen, women and children, off their paternal fields, to find a refuge in foreign lands. That the present position of Irishmen in America is more favourable now, or than it ever will be in future, to carrying out their wishes. That it now holds a more powerful position among the peoples of the earth in point of numbers, political privileges, social influence, and military strength than was ever before held by any exiled portion, not alone of the Irish people, but of any subjugated nation whatsoever ; but

that it is now at its greatest strength, and that in the hard battle of the exile's life the race is dying out. To obtain their ends they inculcate a strict observance of the pledge as regards the promotion of a brotherly feeling towards each other by the practice of mutual forbearance. And the crowning resolution of the Congress runs thus : "That we declare the said Irish people to constitute one of the distinct nationalities of the earth, and as such justly entitled to all the rights of self-government."

The leaders of the Fenians have a clear perception of the necessity of being well supplied with the sinews of war, and it was presumably for the purpose of accumulating a fund for this purpose that the Chicago Fair was got up by them. Every effort was made with the view of raising as much money by it as possible. Appeals were made to every person to aid in the sale of tickets. "One dollar," says their journal, "will aid the holiest cause that ever engaged the heart and brain of a people." Those who could not send dollars were told that they might send in lieu thereof such contributions as "beef, mutton, lamb, veal, bacon, ham, pork, sausages, fowls, turkeys, geese, chickens, game and [all other meats, raw or cooked. Fish and vegetables of all sorts. Bread, butter, cakes, milk, pickles, spices, preserves of all sorts, pies, biscuits, crackers, tea, coffee, sugar, cider, vinegar, and any other article that will tend to the comfort of the visitors and the increase of the receipts. Everything will be accepted, and the further it has to travel, and the greater the quantity, the more highly it will be valued,—whether raw or cooked, any article in domestic use will be most acceptable"—depending a little, we should think, on the condition of the eatables when they arrived, some of which would certainly not be improved in proportion to the distance they had to travel. Earnest appeals were made to most of the principal officials of the Federal government, many of which were successful. That some of these should respond to these appeals in the manner desired is not to be wondered at, considering the strength of the Irish element in certain of the cities of the union, but that a man filling the high position of Postmaster-General of the United States, which Mr. Blair did then, and knowing the objects of the Fenians, should write such a letter as the following, is indeed surprising. He dates it from Washington, and it runs thus :—

"Dear Sir,—Herewith I send you a cheque for twenty-five dollars as a small contribution to the Irish National Fair. I have always sym-

pathised warmly with Ireland, and rejoice in the conviction, which daily grows stronger, that the days of the oppressor—the haughty and heartless British aristocracy—are numbered. To the cold-blooded, calculating policy of this odious class we owe the planting of slavery on this continent, and consequently all the horrors we have witnessed in the war which now shakes the continent. Let us triumph in this struggle, and there will soon be an end put to the sway of the oppressors of Ireland, and both parties so understand it; for whilst the Irish, with the gallant Mulligan, Meagher, and other true sons of Ireland, are armed for the cause of free government, the British aristocracy, with scarcely an exception, openly sympathise with the rebels, and this notwithstanding their affected horror of slavery, for the perpetuation of which the rebels are fighting.—Yours truly,

“M. BLAIR.

“Sec. Irish National Fair.”

Brigadier-General J. White uses even stronger language in speaking of those statesmen “who rise in their legislative halls and encourage and defend the traitorous villains who are making America flow with blood;” and for the encouragement of Irishmen “who are fighting freedom’s battle,” he tells them they shall yet hear its thunderstorm on their native shores. Montgomery, another brigadier-general, is but little milder in his tone, and appears to derive comfort from the thought that England is about to receive the chastisement she merits. The gallant Mulligan is only waiting for the termination of the war in which he is engaged, to give the valuable assistance of his sword in addition to the one hundred dollars he contributes. Other officers of high rank are equally liberal in money and promises; while among civilians, we find the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who “does not know the objects of the Association,” is a contributor, and the Hon. Fernando Wood another; the latter, not content with sending his cheque for a hundred dollars, accompanies it with an assurance which we may charitably hope to have been uttered with a view to future elections. That certain Governors of States should have joined with the individuals we have mentioned in encouraging the silly delusion of the Fenians, is a matter of small importance if it did not prove the prevailing animus against this country.

Ireland is liberal enough in the number of its gifts, but their value cannot amount to much; some of them are very curious. A Scallion Eater of Carlow sends a copy of Moore’s Melodies, a jar of genuine poteen, spirit of the nation (is that another kind of

whisky?), Davis’s poems, and a lithograph of the great Davis himself. The list of contributions also includes “a grand blackthorn stick cut from over the graves of the ancient Britons buried in Ireland, a rock of ore fourteen pounds in weight, silver and lead from Avoca’s Vale, pocket handkerchiefs, stockings, a gent’s vest, 98 pikes, a lump of stone on which Sarsfield signed the treaty, dolls, a sod off Wolf Tone’s grave, a bit of the Atlantic cable, odd numbers of *Punch*, a copy of a letter from France on Irish bravery, pies, bones, slippers, boots—one pair so handsome that the Committee who managed the Fair exhibited them under a glass-case—hairs from the tails of the horses that drew O’Connell’s funeral car, and parings from the hoofs of those shod for the occasion,” and so on for several columns, of articles, not similar, but of about equal value.

Now what are we to think of the Fenians? That they will ever visit Ireland we do not believe, but there is a possibility of their involving us in a war with America by invading Canada, which they seem to consider a step towards the attainment of their objects in Ireland. We can afford to laugh at a Fenian editor who, in acknowledging the contributions of an Illinois regiment, says, “We pray that when the terrible day of reckoning with England comes, God in His infinite goodness may vouchsafe that these noble veterans may have the full measure of their desire granted—to be in at the settlement;” but there is matter for grave consideration in the letters addressed to the brotherhood by Mr. Seward and other influential Americans, especially when read by the light of the latest news from America.

G. L.

THE COCOA-NUT AND ITS USES.

THE early history of the cocoa-nut, like that of so many other things, is shrouded in mystery. Natives of the East tell us that long long ago a pious and devout rajah who was suffering intensely from a loathsome cutaneous disease, and for whose cure his people continually offered sacrifices in the hope of appeasing the anger of the great demon the supposed author of this infliction, and who himself, according to the Buddhist rites, made abundant offerings, with all humility, of choice and fragrant flowers—was visited by a deep sleep, from which he did not awaken for some days, and during which there was revealed to him in a dream an immense lake of clear water, which had a peculiar salt and disagreeable taste, while on its banks were extensive groves of stately trees, the description of which answers to the cocoa-nut as we now see it. Upon awakening, this

vision was ever before his eyes ; still he continued steadfast and earnest in prayers and oblations, in the firm belief of a speedy restoration by the intercession of an omnipotent power. After a short interval he again fell into a deep trance, this time in full confidence of having found favour in the sight of Buddho, having been visited by the sacred snake, the cobra di capello. In this second sleep, in addition to his former vision, the father of the worshipped deity appeared, and, addressing him, told him to start towards the south "one hundred hours' journey," to the groves of trees which he had seen in his vision, upon the fruits of which he was to feed "until thrice the great moon has given and refused her light," and at the end of that time the disease should leave him, and he should be free to return to his people. These instructions were fully carried out by the rajah, and near Belligam, a small hamlet between Point de Galle and Matura, stands, surrounded by trees, a colossal statue in granite of the grateful rajah, erected by himself in thankfulness for his wonderful recovery. The size of the statue is intended to show the extraordinary power of the god in effecting this restoration. The rajah himself, before becoming the recipient of such mercies, being a small-made man.

Such is the traditional story of the discovery of the cocoa-nut palm, and of the miraculous effects of its fruits. Though it now grows abundantly on or near the coast in all tropical countries, it is believed to have originally spread from the west coast of Central America and the neighbouring islands, but this, like the story given above, is merely a tradition ; it is impossible to fix the birthplace of many of these cosmopolitan plants. When it is said that it is a coast plant, it is not intended to imply that it is found exclusively along the sea-shore, for it has been seen inland by many travellers,—as by Humboldt at Concepcion ; Dr. Hooker at Patna ; Dr. Seemann also mentions having found it "amid the cultivated spots on the Rio Magdalena, more than a hundred leagues from the coast," and Wallace found it on the banks of the Amazon, "flourishing with great luxuriance," but not with that vigour which characterises it near the sea-coast. And more recently Dr. Kirk, of the Livingstone expedition, found it at Tette, about 200 miles inland. It would appear in all cases that trees found so far inland are always smaller, and not so graceful and dense in the habit of their foliage as when in their position near the sea-side, proving that the effect of the sea air has great influence on their development. Thus we see in our own conservatories the cocoa-nut palm

seldom flourishes. It is one of the most difficult of all plants to grow, and has, until recently, baffled completely the skill of the best horticulturists ; the seeds have germinated and the plants grown for a few years, when they have appeared to become home-sick, and, sighing for the soft sea breezes, have dwindled and eventually died. A great horticultural triumph, however, has been effected in the garden of the late Duke of Northumberland, at Sion House, where one of the dwarf varieties of the cocoa-nut palm has been grown to a considerable size, and has not only been induced to flower, but to ripen its fruit also. It was shown at the Horticultural Society's exhibition in June, 1864, and very justly brought a silver medal to its cultivator. This was the first time the cocoa-nut had been so successfully grown ; and this success is doubtless to be attributed to the addition of salt to the water used for moistening the soil, as well as to care in the perfect fertilisation of the female flowers.*

The geographical distribution of the cocoa-nut palm lies principally in the intertropical regions of the old and new worlds, and in a mean temperature of seventy-two degrees. It is, however, extensively cultivated in Malabar, on the Coromandel Coast, Ceylon, and in all the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, as well as in other tropical countries. In all these positions it has been found to thrive well ; but Dr. Seemann, in his "Popular History of Palms," states that many trials had been made to establish it in the central part of the Isthmus of Panama, but that all had signally failed. It reaches its maximum in Ceylon, but is also abundantly cultivated in Java and Sumatra, and on the Western Coast of Africa the cultivation has within the last few years extended very much.

It has been suggested that the triangular form of the fruits, and the lightness of their outer covering, facilitate the extension of their geographical range, from the fact that the fruits falling from the trees into the sea or river are carried away and washed ashore on some distant coast, where they soon vegetate. They float easily, one angle of the fruit being downwards acts as a keel, and the thick fibrous coating helps to preserve the germ from the effects of the salt water. In the South Sea Islands the cocoa-nut flourishes well, some of the smaller islands being almost covered with groves of these trees.

Of the genus *Cocos*, eighteen species are known, and of these seventeen are natives of

* We may also observe that it was in the same garden that the mangosteen fruited for the first time in Europe.

South America. The true cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*, L.) is a graceful and magnificent tree, frequently rising to a height of 100 feet, but averaging between 60 and 70 feet. The stem, as is characteristic of the Palms, is very slender and cylindrical, from one to two feet in diameter, the top of the trunk being surmounted by a crown of long feathery leaves, which makes it one of the most beautiful objects in the scenery of the tropics. Its great height and imposing aspect give to it a kind of supremacy over the surrounding vegetation.

The cocoa-nut palm is one of the most useful plants known; its various parts are applied to an almost infinite number of economic purposes. Marco Polo seems to have been one of the first writers on this subject, and his description of the "Indian Nuts," as they were then called, is remarkably accurate. In 1688, a curious paper was read before the Royal Society on this tree, in which the writer says, "The cocoa-nut palm is alone sufficient to build, rig, and freight a ship with bread, wine, water, oil, vinegar, sugar, and other commodities." In continuation he adds, "I have sailed in vessels where the bottom and the whole cargo hath been from the munificence of this palm-tree."

It would be difficult to find any single fruit having such a varied range of appliances as this one has; from it alone, food, clothing, and medicine are all obtained. With the natives the tree is quite invaluable. The trunk furnishes them with the foundation and chief support for their houses, while the leaves are ready to thatch them in, as well as to make baskets to hold their provisions and coverings to protect their heads from the sun. In Malabar the wood is in very general use amongst the natives for all kinds of work, as in house and boat-building, bridges, furniture, and many ornamental appliances. It is imported into this country under the name of "Porcupine Wood," and from its beautiful appearance commands a ready sale for small and ornamental work.

At the juncture of the leaves with the stem a kind of a network fibre is produced, which is used in Ceylon for a variety of purposes. Coarse bags are easily formed from this substance, which in course of time become in their turn a good material for paper-making. They are also converted into sieves or strainers for the purpose of straining the toddy. The water or "milk," which we find filling up the centre of the cocoa-nut, and which in reality is the albumen, or portion upon which the young plant feeds while germinating, is not without its many uses, for the Cingalese brick-

layers use it in mixing their finest white-washes, on account of the adhesive properties which they attribute to it. This fluid is also used in the process of clarifying the best kinds of castor-oil. From an analysis made of the albumen when in a liquid state by Professor von Löwenich, we have the following results:—Water, 900·88; sugar, 4·43; gum, 17·67; extractive matter (fat), 28·29; salts soluble in spirits of wine, 5·44; salts not soluble in spirits of wine, 6·29.

In the Polynesian Islands the natives use this fluid when in a state of transition from milk to albumen in the production of several of their favourite dishes. In India this milk is a reputed medicinal agent, when fresh, being considered as a purifier of the blood; but as it becomes firmer, and of more mature age, its properties are changed, and it is then given as an aperient.

Medicinal properties are also attributed to various other parts of the plant: a juice procured from the young leaves and mixed with honey, is applied as a cooling agent in ophthalmia; while a decoction of the roots, flavoured with ginger, is considered an efficient febrifuge. A juice from the flowers, and a resin which exudes from the bark, are likewise given in various diseases by the native practitioners.

The shells of the cocoa-nut have their economic uses after the fruit has served its turn. They form, when large and fully grown, cups, goblets, spoons, lamps, &c.; and much taste is frequently displayed by the different tribes in the carving and mounting, some being most elaborately worked, and mounted with silver. When young and small, they form pipe-bowls, and a host of other useful and ornamental articles. Some of the most beautiful cups are made by natives in the Polynesian Islands, who take the shell when it has attained a certain degree of ripeness, and when it is not too thick, and is easily worked, and reduce it till it becomes so thin as to be perfectly transparent. These people have an ingenious way of extracting the nut without breaking the shell. Salt water is poured in at the holes in the apex, and it is then buried in the sand, by which means the whole of the albumen becomes putrid, and is easily washed out. When cleared in this manner, these shells make excellent water bottles. The shells, after being burnt, make a good charcoal, as well as a tooth-powder. An excellent lamp-black is also said to be made from this portion of the nut. The nuts themselves, with the fibrous coating still attached, were formerly used in India, stuck upon sticks, as a means for lighting the public roads, the dry fibre burning freely when steeped with the oil contained in the nut.

The terminal bud of the plant makes an excellent vegetable or pickle, and is much prized by the natives where it grows, especially as it is rarely to be had, for to obtain it the tree itself has to be sacrificed. In British Honduras the natives cut the nut into long strips, dry them, and burn them as candles.

If every palm had so varied a range of usefulness as we have seen the cocoa-nut has, they might very truly, in an economic point of view, be designated the princes of the vegetable kingdom; but useful as the palms are—there being scarcely one of them that has not some economic application—we find but one other palm of equal commercial value, viz., the oil palm (*Elais guineensis*, L.), and this perhaps does not equal the cocoa-nut, taking it on the whole, inasmuch as we obtain oil alone from the *Elais*; while from the cocoa-nut, besides the oil, the fibrous covering of the seeds forms a very extensive article in the trade for matting.

How few of us there are who have any conception or idea of the source of many of our chief commercial commodities. The origin of many of those things which lend their aid to alleviate our daily wants and necessities, whether as food or clothing, are unheeded by us. We have always around us products of the vegetable kingdom, converted into some form for our use and comfort, either directly or indirectly; and if the cocoa-nut, as has been shown, is a plant of no mean importance in this respect in the countries where it is native, how much more so is it, then, in our own favoured and civilised land? Does the thought often strike us, as we hurry through dusty business chambers, or linger in picture galleries or museums, that the sound of the many moving feet is silenced by a covering fabricated from the husk of the cocoa-nut, that nut which we see hawked about the streets in the poorest neighbourhoods, and which has been brought, perhaps, as dunnage from so far “over the sea?” Is it from the dusky and apparently worthless covering of that nut that the floors of our offices, institutions, ay, and aristocratic corridors, are made so clean and comfortable? This, indeed, is one of the applications to which the cocoa-nut is employed in this country; but this is not all. We have promised to say something about cocoa-nut oil, to which subject we will now revert.

When we consider the quantity of oil from this palm annually imported into this country, chiefly from Ceylon, it cannot but be of interest to know something of the traffic in this commodity, and of the mode of preparing it. This, then, is one of the most valuable imports of palm products. The immense quantity which

is annually imported finds its way into the hands of the soap and candle manufacturer. Let us first see how it is collected and prepared for the European market, before we offer any remarks upon its connection with British industry.

Nowhere is the cultivation of the cocoa-nut carried on so largely as in the island of Ceylon, where great care and attention are given to the propagating and rearing of the plants. The nuts, when fully ripe, should be partially covered with a coat of sand, or salt mud, and planted several feet apart; these require little attention, except in the dry season, when occasional watering is necessary. The germination of the nuts begins in about three or four months after they have been planted. The flowering period usually commences in about five years afterwards, each tree on an average bearing from fifty to eighty nuts annually. It is computed that by careful expression as much as two and a-half gallons of oil may be realised from 100 seeds. To perform this, the kernels are taken from their shells, and gently boiled in water; after which they are reduced to a pulp by pounding in a mortar; this mass is then subjected to pressure, and the liquid which is expressed slowly boiled; the oil which floats on the surface being taken off and boiled in a separate vessel for the purpose of greater purification. The oil is sometimes extracted by pressure alone, and large hydraulic presses are in constant use in Ceylon for this purpose, some of them being of 1200 horse-power. The residue from both these processes is known in Ceylon under the name of Poonak, and forms a first-rate fattening food for pigs and poultry. The uses to which the natives put the oil are very numerous. So common is it with them, that it is applied more or less to all purposes,—as an illuminating agent, most extensively in the composition of their made dishes, and also for the purpose of anointing their bodies. Some idea of the trade in this oil may be formed from the fact that over 10,000 tons are annually imported into this country. Immense quantities of copperah (the sliced nut) are brought to Marseilles from Zanzibar, where the cocoa-nut is cultivated very extensively for this trade.

Cocoa-nuts are also largely grown in the Seychelles exclusively for the oil, the bulk of which is shipped to the Mauritius. The cultivation of this palm, especially in Ceylon, has proved to be a very profitable speculation. As a proof of this we quote the following statistics of the exports, from a return circulated in 1847, and since then it must be noted that the trade has been steadily increasing:—Declared value of nuts, 5,485*l.*; ditto of Coir,

10,318*l.*; copperah, 6,503*l.*; shells, 210*l.*; oil, 19,142*l.*; arrack, 11,657*l.*: total, 53,315*l.*

We will not weary our readers with other statistics, nor enter into all the details of the cultivation and commercial history of this valuable palm. Like cotton, a vast deal has been written on this point, but at the same time very little done to popularise the subject, or in other words, to lay before the general public a history of these products, shorn in some measure of their technicalities.

Besides the immense quantities of oil proper, the copperah has also been imported to some extent for the purpose of expressing the oil by English machinery.

At the beginning of the present century cocoa-nut oil was almost unknown in this country, and its increasing importance is mainly to be attributed to the exertions of Mr. G. F. Wilson, the intelligent and indefatigable manager of Price's Patent Candle Company. For the purpose of soap and candle making, it is used in preference to any other oil. It is found to be by far the best basis for the marine soap so called, from its effect of softening sea water for the purpose of washing linen; but it is for the manufacture of candles more than that of soap that it enters so largely into commerce. The extreme solidity of this oil was the cause in a great measure of its non-application in former days to illuminating purposes. Even in a temperature like that of Ceylon it readily solidifies; much more so, then, in this country, where it is totally unfit for a lamp oil, though it is said to burn with an exceedingly clear light. A discovery has, however, since been made, by which means the concrete matter of the oil is separated from the liquid, leaving a pale, limpid, tasteless fluid, which has properties quite equal to those of sperm oil as an illuminating agent. The solid or fatty portion goes at once into the composition of candles.

Cocoa-nut oil is imported into this country in casks weighing from six to eight cwts. each. It is free of duty, and fetches a price varying from £40 to £50 per ton. When these casks are received at the candle factory, the oil is melted from them, and allowed to run into tanks, where it is kept till all impurities have sunk to the bottom; it is then drawn off and purified by a chemical process, the solid matter which is deposited during the process being applied to the manufacture of candles in their various forms. In one firm engaged in this trade—namely, Price's Patent Candle Company—as many as 2000 hands are employed, and it is computed that the value of the candles sent out by this little colony of workmen weekly during the winter months,

amounts to the value of between £15,000 and £20,000. In Germany the cocoa-nut oil is very largely used by soap makers, as it takes up more alkali than most fatty substances, thereby enabling them to produce their soaps at a very cheap rate. The soap made with this oil has one great disadvantage—it quickly turns rancid, and has an unpleasant smell. One of the curiosities in the Indian department of the International Exhibition, 1862, was a specimen of oil said to have been obtained from the shell of the cocoa-nut.

Another large trade is carried on in the husk or outer rind of the cocoa-nut, known in commerce as coir. The great bulk of this commolity is imported from Ceylon, the value of which averages £30,000 annually. We receive it, however, in smaller quantities from other parts of the East Indies. To such gigantic proportions has this trade been developed, that the material always finds a ready sale in the market; indeed, of late the supply has barely equalled the demand. Cocoa-nut fibre is becoming every day of more value, and although it has become of late years almost universally known, and its strength and durability put to the severest tests, added to which there is an increasing application of it to various economic purposes, both in Europe and America, yet, strange as it may seem, there are some spots on the face of our globe where its utility is quite overlooked. From the extensive forests of cocoa-nut trees at Zanzibar, and the large trade done in copperah between that port and Marseilles, the quantity of coir necessarily produced would form a most advantageous commercial speculation were it shipped to the ports of London or Liverpool, where nearly all the coir imported hither is brought; but no account is taken by the Portuguese of this valuable fibre, either for exportation or for home use. This fibre is brought into England in three different forms—viz., "coir rope," "coir yarn," and "coir junk," in bales, coils, or bundles and pieces weighing from half a cwt. to four cwt. each. The use of coir in this country has extended wonderfully of late years. From it we have one of the strongest and most durable mattings, which has now become so universal as to make one wonder how the nuts can be obtained in sufficient quantities to produce it. From it we have also brushes of all descriptions, and when finely prepared and dried, it makes a good substitute for horse-hair for stuffing beds, cushions, &c., and it is said to possess the advantage of keeping clear of knots, and not harbouring vermin. When cleaned and prepared, it is proved that cocoa-nut fibre is better and more durable for scrubbing brushes

than bristles. Even in its natural condition, the rough covering of the nut makes a good scrubbing-brush, and is frequently sold for this purpose. Rope and yarn are other most useful applications of this fibre. For durability in water, nothing can equal ropes made from this material; hence, for this purpose it is found to be much stronger and better suited even than hemp. Many cases are recorded of hempen, or even chain, cables of ships giving way in severe storms, while coir ropes have safely stood the test. By the experiments by Dr. Wright on the breakage weight of various fibres, coir cordage was found to break at 224 lbs., while that of hemp broke at 160 lbs.

Very little trouble is required to separate the fibre from the husk, the most common way is by macerating and beating, after which it is roughly combed or hackled. The mode of proceeding in India, is first to separate the husk from the nut, and then place it in salt or brackish water for several months, when the fibre readily separates. This long steeping has, however, been proved to be quite unnecessary, making the fibre blacker and harsher than it otherwise would be. Its uses in India are almost universal: it is applied to every purpose where a strong and durable fibre is required. In the South Sea Islands, some of the most beautiful ornaments and head-dresses are made and spun from this fibre, fine specimens of which may be seen in the Kew Museum, as well as a model of a temple, about four feet high, by two or two and a-half feet broad. The fabrication of this is very beautiful—so tightly plaited as to make it almost as stiff and hard as wood; indeed, travellers tell us that many temples are built in these islands of a much larger size from the same material.

Even the very refuse obtained from the manufactories of cocoa-nut fibre has its use. It is found to be a most excellent material in the absence of good peat, which is every year becoming more and more difficult to obtain, for the growth of ferns and orchids. Gardeners tell us that these plants grow most luxuriantly in this material. Mixed with ordinary soil, it may also be used with advantage in the cultivation of many other plants. The cocoa-nut, like all the palms, has its flower-spikes (spadices) enclosed in a long tubular covering pointed at both ends, called the spathe; this, when the flowers have attained a certain age, dehisces or bursts longitudinally, leaving the flowers exposed in a graceful, drooping spray. When these spathes, or envelopes, are yet young, and before the expansion of the flowers, they are found to

contain a considerable quantity of a saccharine fluid called palm-wine, or toddy. This is largely collected by the natives in Ceylon, somewhat in the following manner: the spathe is bound up with strips of its own leaves to prevent expansion; gashes are then made with a sharp knife in a transverse direction, after which it is beaten with a kind of small bludgeon, made of a hard, dense wood, frequently ebony. The under part of the spathe is removed and a calabash or other vessel suspended below, into which the toddy runs. This is collected twice a day, morning and evening. When fresh, the cocoa-nut palm-toddy is a most refreshing and stimulating beverage. It is considered in perfection at early morn, and to obtain its true flavour should be taken at sunrise; a few hours after collecting, fermentation ensues, and in this state it is used for similar purposes to those for which yeast is used by us. Bread made with it is said to be remarkably light. An excellent vinegar is also procured from the cocoa-palm toddy, as well as a very good but coarse kind of sugar. To procure this, the toddy is gently boiled over a slow fire till it is reduced to about a fourth of its bulk. It is frequently used in this state for various purposes, and is called penni, or honey, sugar-water, &c. But the jaggery, so well known amongst the natives, is the remains of this liquid after being again reduced by boiling. When of a proper consistence it is formed into round cakes, and carefully packed in the dried leaves of the banana, to be stowed away in a dry, or usually smoky situation, till required for the market. It forms a large article of export from Ceylon to various parts of India.

A very strong spirit called arrack is distilled in large quantities from the toddy in Ceylon. This is a favourite intoxicating beverage both amongst the natives and Europeans. The proportion of arrack obtained by distillation is said to be about one-fourth of the quantity of toddy from which it is distilled. In the Polynesian Islands this product of the cocoa-nut was until a comparatively recent date quite unknown. The use and mode of preparing it has, however, been taught the natives by Europeans, and it is now collected in large quantities, but chiefly for their own consumption.

Thus we see that that most elegant, graceful, and purely typical of all the productions of the tropics—the tree whose fruit furnishes our city Arabs with their dessert, at the price of a halfpenny a slice—yields a most varied series of products, and the raw materials from which a host of necessary articles are manufactured.

J. R. JACKSON.

QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

A TALE IN FOUR PARTS. BY GEORGE STOTT.



PART I.

“NED, I mustn't drink any more claret, as you know. Shall I ring for another bottle for you; or will you have some coffee, at once?”

“Don't care for indulging in 'the degrading habit of unsocial besotment,' as the great Sir E. B. Lytton calls it. Coffee, by all means.”

“I really believe,” said the first speaker

as he rose and pushed his chair from him, with an air of deep disgust,—“I really believe that the home of my ancestors does not contain a single chair decently fit to sit down in. You’ll excuse me,” he went on, as he threw himself into one ample enough, but decidedly stiff-looking, “if I take that which, after a comparison in every sense exhaustive, I have decided, is the most endurable. Age and infirmity have their privileges. I have wronged you deeply, Humberston, my poor boy. I have lured you from an abode where you could, at least, sit down in something better than a bad imitation of a mediæval *miserere*. But this state of things shall be amended. Meanwhile, I see you would smoke. Take one of these cigars. They *are* good, though I say it, and you, happy youth, are not limited as to quantity. Try one now, and judge me as kindly as you can.”

The speaker was a tall, slightly-built man, too slight, indeed, for his height. He looked at least forty, perhaps a year or two more, for silver lines were blending freely with his dark hair. Very delicate and refined was the thin pale face, closely shaven, save the upper lip,—thoroughbred in every line,—but showing unmistakably the signs of bad health. The soft musical voice, the white slender fingers, all told the same tale. The gold here was of the finest, but enough alloy had not been mingled with it to enable it to bear knocking about in this rough world.

His companion was, at least, a dozen years younger, shorter, and altogether more strongly built, with a clever face and bright dark eyes, but not otherwise very striking-looking. He lighted his cigar, and stepped out of the window to the lawn. It was a lovely August evening, and he stood some minutes smoking, and watching the moon as it rose above the trees which surrounded the house on all sides. Presently another tiny light appeared through the window, and his friend came to his side.

“Are you devising sonnets, Ned?” said he. “I seem to see quite a poetic radiance about you. I shouldn’t wonder if you thought you should like to live in the country.”

The other laughed. “Not quite so bad as that yet. But I really think I was in a fair way to get sentimental, if I had a more congenial spirit by me than a Mephistopheles like you. Why don’t you cut cigars, Vivian, and take to snuff? It would so exactly suit your eighteenth-century style. But this is really pretty, say what you like. I’m awfully glad I came with you.”

“It’s very good of you to say so, I’m sure,” said Vivian. “For my part, I’m

thinking of the heavy property tax and succession duty I shall be soon called on to pay in the shape of conversation. To-morrow people are sure to begin to call on me to congratulate me on at last having come to take possession of my heritage, and I shall be talked to death. Can *you* talk about the country, Humberston?”

“What about it? I can quote Tennyson and the poets freely on the subject, if that’s any good.”

“I’m afraid it isn’t much. I doubt if the truly rural mind cares for Tennyson. I remember a country gentleman once stopping me when I was quoting the lines about ‘violet, amaracus, and asphodel’ (I wasn’t quoting to *him*, of course, but the brute must needs put in his oar), and asking me what an amaracus was. Of course, I didn’t know; don’t believe Tennyson knows himself. And then he muttered something about people talking of what they didn’t understand.”

“What manner of people are these Northlea neighbours of yours, Vivian?” asked Humberston.

“I hardly know. It’s many years since I was here, and then I did not stay long; and as there were two lives to all appearances decidedly better than mine, between me and the property, I had no difficulty in being let alone. One Mr. Conway is the principal person; that is, his family have lived at Northlea Court for a long time, and once, I believe, had most of the country; but their property has been growing small by degrees and beautifully less for some time, and when Conway and his precious son have done with it, will assume the form of a vanishing fraction, or I’m mistaken. Between ourselves, I don’t like the man; but don’t let that prejudice you. You must have met his daughter, Helen Conway, I should think.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere—everywhere. She has been out some years.”

“I’ve been so little in ‘good society,’ you know,” said Humberston, with a laugh in which was a little bitterness, “I’ve never seen or heard of her that I know of. What is she like?”

“I hav’n’t seen her since I was down here. She was about fifteen then, and promised to be very pretty. As far as I could judge, she seemed disposed to flirt then as far as she knew how. I believe she has in all respects fulfilled the promise of her childhood: she is a beauty, and flirts on system; I advise you to take care of yourself.”

“‘There is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone,’ I suspect,” said Hum-

berston ; " I should be too worthless a prey. She would gain more honour and profit in bringing you down."

" I am proof," answered Vivian more gravely than he had yet spoken, " on grounds that don't apply to you. You might find her dangerous, and sometimes one pays heavily for experience. I feel the air getting chilly. Let us go in."

Eighteen months before the date of this conversation, Charles Vivian had inherited the Grange at Northlea, as well as considerable property in another part of the same county, from his uncle. That it should ever come to him seemed at one time most unlikely, for his two cousins were fine strong men, each younger than himself by many years. But they had both gone within a twelvemonth of each other, and their father soon followed them. Vivian was at Palermo when the news of his inheritance reached him, and did not consider it necessary to hasten his return. He could not be expected to feel deep regret for his relatives, for he had known very little of them, and they were altogether uncongenial to his tastes. Nor did he set much store by his accession of fortune. His income before, though moderate, had been amply sufficient to supply all his wants. His life had all along been that of an idler. He had looked on all that success could give him, and had decided that it was not worth the cost of striving for. There was in him altogether a deficiency of force—of moral and physical muscle. Moreover, he had had a great blow. At thirty years of age, after having indulged more or less in the amours and amourettes which form the serious occupation of such men,—though in his case there had really been but little criminality, for the delicacy and refinement of his nature were almost equal to moral purity in their restraining power,—he had found what seemed to him—and he was no bad judge—well-nigh ideal perfection in Constance Anstruther, and she had loved him with all the passionate devotion that a girl of eighteen lavishes on her first love. There were no difficulties in his way. Everything was going smoothly, when one morning the news was brought him that Miss Anstruther had been drowned whilst out boating. That same evening he left England, and for two years completely disappeared : no one knew where he had been, but it certainly was out of the ordinary beat of travellers. He returned at last, looking worn and older, but not otherwise changed—walked into his club when it was fullest, joined the largest group, and by his consummate adroitness in regulating a conversation, positively *compelled* them to talk to

him as if he had only been out of the country for a week and nothing had happened to him. After this it was understood that the whole business was to be passed over in silence even by his best friends. He himself never spoke of his loss. But before long nature asserted herself against the violence that had been done her. Vivian's health showed unmistakable symptoms of breaking up. Physicians were consulted, looked grave, questioned him, sounded him, looked still graver, and shook their heads. " They rather feared there might be organic disease of the heart. Neither that nor the lungs were by any means all that could be wished." A careful *régime* was ordered, warm climates, above all things no undue excitement. Vivian laughed his low musical laugh.

" I think, gentlemen," said he, " I can promise to obey your last injunction at any rate."

And so he had gone on for several years, not recovering, but not getting worse, going less and less into society, and spending much of his time in sunnier regions.

It was whilst staying at Naples one winter that Vivian had made the acquaintance of Edward Humberston. They took to one another at once, and during the time of Humberston's stay were almost always together. Humberston had just been called to the Bar, and was really working hard qualifying himself for playing his part, should he ever be summoned to the stage. In almost everything he was Vivian's opposite—eager and ambitious, craving after success of all kinds. Not so much because, viewed in the abstract, the world and its prizes seemed so valuable in his eyes—he was ready enough to join *ex animo* in Vivian's mockery—as because they were the *only* prizes. In force and grasp of mind he was decidedly Vivian's superior, whose intellect, in fact, was keen rather than powerful—and his reading was deeper and more careful, if not so extensive. But for Vivian he had a most profound admiration. To an unequal, somewhat inharmonious nature like his, there was a marvellous attraction in the calm and finished grace of Vivian ; besides which, while the one had only dreamed of living, the other had lived. And so it fell out that when Vivian was in London, Humberston was constantly at his luxurious rooms in the Albany, and now that possession of the Grange was to be assumed, he had been induced to accompany his friend into the groves of Northlea.

The breakfast hour at Northlea Court, the seat of Peregrine Conway, Esq., was half-

past nine, and the master of the house, to make up, perhaps, for a certain looseness in the weightier matters of the law, was a scrupulous devotee of punctuality. He was now sitting at breakfast, dividing his attention between a very substantial meal, his letters, and the *Times* of the day before, part of which he always kept to be read on that special occasion. He looked a gentleman, it is true; but that praise exhausts all the good that can be said of his appearance. There was a pompous, combative expression about his face which gave the idea that he was a man who could only keep up his belief in himself by perpetually airing his importance and authority in the eyes, and as far as might be cramming them down the throat, of any one who might come within his reach. Opposite to him sat a lady, who, when looked at closely, might be admitted to be not unlike him in features, though the expression was so different that no one would have taken them for brother and sister. Such, nevertheless, they were. Mrs. Dynevor had lost her husband a short time before the death of Mrs. Conway, and had then accepted her brother's invitation to make Northlea Court her home, and take charge of his daughter Helen, then only eight years old. In his way he was really fond of her, for she never opposed him, or indeed any one else if she could help it, and had a faith in his wisdom and sagacity which he found the world at large very slow to accord. But she was too obviously fitted to be a vassal, for a born despot like Mr. Conway to resist trampling upon her. He had always the consolation, when there was nobody else who could or would be bullied, of knowing that at any rate he could bully his sister.

He ate, read, and meditated for some time in silence, and Mrs. Dynevor was too well broken-in to attempt to commence a conversation. His correspondence was large, and judging from the expression of his face as he opened letter after letter, not of a very gratifying character. Nor, if one looked at the missives, did this seem surprising. They were most of them ominous-looking, strongly suggesting tradesmen and attorneys as their authors. They were finished at last, and Mr. Conway held out his cup for some more tea, and took out his watch.

"I declare," said he, "it's positively abominable! Ten o'clock, and Helen not down again!"

"I don't think it can be *quite* so late as that, Peregrine," mildly suggested his sister. "I almost fancy we began breakfast a little earlier than usual to-day."

"What nonsense you talk, Anne; no one knows better than you that my breakfast hour

is half-past nine, neither earlier nor later. Begin earlier, indeed! I should like to see any servant of mine dare ring the bell before the half hour had struck. Pray oblige me by not saying anything so foolish again. That girl's irregularity is too bad; it's a regular system with her, and she knows how I detest breakfast being kept about all the morning."

"She'll be here directly, I'm sure," said the kind Mrs. Dynevor. "Yes, I hear her now."

As she spoke the door opened, and a young lady entered the room, very slowly and deliberately, as if quite unconscious that she had been expected before. A queenly-looking creature altogether,—perfectly beautiful, one would have said at first sight; but a second glance disclosed that the lovely mouth was somewhat too hard, and that the glorious dark eyes had a half-weary, half-disdainful expression, not pleasant to see in so young a woman. She contented herself with an indifferent "Good morning, papa," as her greeting to her father, but went and kissed her aunt with some show of affection: then seated herself at her breakfast.

"Helen," said Mr. Conway, "do you know how late you are? Do you know it is ten o'clock?"

"Yes, I thought it must be about that," was the calm reply.

"I can't express to you, Helen, how much this irregularity of yours annoys me. But you know it perfectly well. I must beg that for the future you will be down in proper time."

"Really, papa, I can't undertake anything of the sort,—a weak nature like mine cannot attain to your punctuality. Don't you think we've talked of this often enough? I'll have breakfast in my own room if my being late annoys you."

"I am sorry, Helen, to see my wishes count for so little with you," said her father. "However," he went on, seeing that Miss Conway did not seem much touched by this plaintive appeal, "that is of course a minor point, and not what I wish to speak to you about. I am altogether dissatisfied with your way of going on. Do you see these bills?" He handed her several that had come that morning. "Really, you have been culpably extravagant."

Helen took the bills and glanced carelessly at them. "I've no doubt they are all right," she said. "I certainly do owe these people money, and I told them to send in the bills to you, as you would have to pay them in the long run."

"It is very well to talk in that way," said Mr. Conway, getting more and more angry, whilst Mrs. Dynevor kept casting appealing glances first at him and then at her niece,—“I

should be much obliged if you would tell me how. I can assure you money is by no means so plentiful with me as you seem to think. And your brother is as bad as you are. There is a letter from him to-day, saying he must have 500*l.* directly."

"Well, papa, if Regy says so you had better send it at once, for if you don't he'll go to the Jews, and you'll have to pay ever so much more in the end. I don't see that it's his fault or mine either. If you didn't mean him to spend money you should not have got him into such an expensive regiment; and you know you expect me to go everywhere and do everything, and how can I unless I have things? It's very likely, if you looked through the bills, you would find that I've spent ten pounds or so more than I need; I don't think I have more, and that can't make much difference."

"I tell you, Helen, you and your brother will ruin me, and I will not allow it; the money goes, and there is nothing to show for it."

"Well, I can't agree with you there," said Helen, with most provoking composure. "I think we keep up the credit of the family. I myself heard Colonel Dacre say that he thought, on the whole, Regy was the best-dressed man in town. It doesn't do to praise oneself, of course," said the wilful beauty, "but I don't think people generally find much fault with me. If we are extravagant, it runs in the family, I fancy. You got through a good deal of money in your time, I believe, papa."

Mr. Conway winced. It was indeed perfectly true that in the main he had to thank himself for his present embarrassments.

"Well, well," he said, in a much modified tone, "of course it's done now and can't be helped. Give me the bills, and I'll talk to Saunders; only, Helen, if not on my account, for your own, try and be more careful for the future."

"Indeed, papa," said Helen, more kindly than she had spoken before, "I'll do my best. I really do not want to annoy you."

"There is one way, Helen," went on her father, with some hesitation, "in which you might easily benefit me and your family, and it is with reference to this that I must say a few words more. I feel it my duty as a father to tell you that you have acquired a reputation that it is very painful to me to hear of. It has come to my knowledge for some time that you are universally considered to be systematically what they call a *flirt*."

He delivered this accusation slowly and impressively, as if hardly liking to estimate the full measure of the culprit's criminality.

Miss Conway laughed outright.

"Do they really say that of me? How very slanderous and spiteful, to be sure. Why, when I think of it, I'm amazed at my own moderation, as somebody says. What *am* I to do if men choose to come after me? I can't snub them before I know what they are worth, can I? I may be entertaining an angel in the shape of a millionaire unawares, for anything I can tell. Really, aunt, when a man is introduced, you ought to be told at the same time how much he has a year—and even then one might make mistakes. I'm sure poor Fred Needham has a right to think I behaved shamefully to him, for I dropped him after dancing with him four times one evening and laughing at all his jokes, thinking all the time that he was his elder brother, the banker, who's got ever so much money, you know. You can hardly tell one from the other when they're together; it's really very hard on a painstaking young woman."

"Helen," said Mr. Conway, who was getting angry again, "give me leave to tell you that you are speaking in a tone of most unbecoming levity. You know what a comfort it would be to my declining years to see you well and happily settled." (Miss Conway's eyebrows went up a little.) "You know how much the interests of your family require such a marriage, yet you act as if these considerations had no weight at all with you; you have already refused one very suitable offer, and you are doing your best to acquire a reputation that will make a prudent man afraid to entrust his happiness to your keeping."

"Then he may let it alone," returned Helen impatiently, with a scornful flash of the dark eyes. "Really, papa, if I may say so without being rude, I think you're getting a little melodramatic. I assure you I'm quite as willing to get a suitable establishment of my own as you are anxious to get rid of me. It's true I did refuse old Mr. Doddington, but then there are limits to everything, and I could not quite stand him. He was old, he was vulgar, and I don't think he had more than 10,000*l.* a year, and in *his* case that wasn't enough."

"That excellent young man, Lord Carrysbrook, would have proposed to you last season I'm sure, from what I saw myself, if he had had any reason to think he would have been well received," said Mr. Conway.

"Then there, let me tell you, you're wrong," said his daughter. "Lord Carrysbrook and I were always good friends, and he might have proposed often enough if he had wished it. I was always perfectly willing to hear what he had to say, though he certainly is not a genius. I could not do more. I couldn't say to him, "Do, please, marry me. It isn't

that I care about you, but your fortune is just the thing, and it will do so nicely to pay off poor dear papa's mortgages and set us straight with the world."

"My dear Helen, don't talk so," said her aunt, remonstratingly.

"Well, aunt, it's the truth, isn't it? and we're with friends, and can say what we mean. It saves a great deal of trouble to call a spade a spade, after all. And of course Lord Carrysbrook understood all about it, and even if he hadn't the wit to find out for himself, do you suppose there were not heaps of people—men and women—to enlighten him? I don't know what I might have said if he had asked me, but I believe I should have said 'Yes,' for I *should* like to be a countess, and as for the man himself, one might go a great deal farther and fare much worse."

Like all men of his temper, Mr. Conway could never hold his own if fearlessly withstood to his face. Moreover, he was always a little afraid of his daughter when she took the bit in her teeth in this way, and despite the undutiful way in which she had spoken, certain of her last words had sounded very pleasantly in his ears.

"Well, well, Helen," he said, "I don't want to be hard on you. I'm sure you'll admit that I have always let you have your own way and interfered with you as little as possible. And I believe, though you talk so oddly, that you're a good sensible girl at bottom. And now I've some news for you. There's a prospect that you won't have to complain of the dulness of Northlea as much as you usually do. I find that Mr. Vivian has at last come to the Grange, and I am going over this very morning to welcome him among us. If he takes up his abode here you will find him a great acquisition to our society."

So saying, he gathered up his papers and departed. In his mind's eye he already saw his daughter Lady Carrysbrook, and his present impatient mortgagees replaced by a wealthy and easy-going son-in-law, who was tolerably certain to make a most indulgent creditor.

Helen threw herself into a vast easy chair, and clasped her hands at the back of her head. The angry animation which the last part of her combat with her father had put into her face was gone, and she looked very sad and weary. Her aunt came and kissed her, and smoothed her hair fondly.

"Dear child," she said, "I don't like to see you look so. You don't seem happy. And Helen, love, you shouldn't answer your papa like that, you know, and talk so wildly. I don't like hearing you say such things, though I know you don't mean them."

Helen caught hold of the old lady and kissed her warmly. "You dear old aunty," she said, "I should be happier if I was a good foolish old woman like you, shouldn't I? I wish I could take to Sunday-schools, and district-visiting, and working altar-cloths, like the girls in Miss Yonge's novels. I might even come in time to a healthy passion for curates, —who knows? Do you remember Mr. Malkin, who was curate here when I was sixteen? I'm sure that poor little man was over head and ears in love with me, and tried hard to tell me so, only I never would let him—I didn't want that, of course, though I used to like him, too, a little, and thought there was something quite angelic in his watery blue eyes; I almost wish I'd married him. He was a muff, to be sure, but I don't know that he was a worse muff than nine men out of ten are, and by this time I should have got used to that kind of life, and the cares of a family might have done me good."

"Helen, Helen!" said her aunt; but it was no use trying to stop her.

"Papa worries me so with that way of his. In my case he seems to be expecting to gather grapes from thorns, and you read, often enough, I'm sure, that that isn't to be done. He has done his best to make me a child of this generation, and now he wants me to be a child of light as well. Well, well! you dear old thing, I won't shock you. I am so tired of all this. I don't know what I want. That is, I want plenty of money, and to be a great lady; that is, I shall be wretched if I'm not, only, I dare say if I am, I shall not care for it long. But I am so sick and weary of everything. If I were a man, I think I should take to drink, or to high play, or go to the diggings, or something of the kind. But, you see, I can't do any of these things. The only possible excitement I can get is flirting, and if I didn't flirt, I believe I should drown myself. Aunty, I *do* like flirting. I read somewhere, or some one told me, that the sense of power was the most exquisite of our pleasures. And it's only that way that a woman can feel it. I like making a man *mad* about me. One can't do it often, and sometimes they're not in earnest, but when they are I do like it. Did you ever flirt, aunty? Of course not, you old darling; you would never have done anything so naughty, would you? You would as soon have smoked cigarettes. I've done that once or twice, and I like them immensely, and when I am married I mean to have neuralgia, and be ordered to smoke them regularly. What do you say to that, Mrs. Dynevor?"

Mrs. Dynevor could only feebly protest and remonstrate, and repeat that she was sure

Helen did not mean it. Helen went to the piano and devoted the morning to Beethoven. Music was a passion with her, and she played and sang divinely. Later in the day, she went out into the park. She wandered on without much caring which way she took, till she found herself in a little wood, on the banks of a brooklet which ran noisily some dozen feet or so below the path she was walking on. As she pushed aside the branches of a young tree which grew low over the pathway, one of them, in its rebound, caught her hat and sent it down the bank, where it hung on a bramble just a few feet above the water. Her first idea was to go down for it, but the bank looked both steep and slippery, and an involuntary cold bath would have been unpleasant. She hesitated. A gentleman, whom she had not noticed as he lay half hidden in the fern at the foot of a tree, rose, threw away the cigar he was smoking, and approached her.

"May I offer my help?" he asked.

She looked at him, but only noticed that he was a gentleman and that he had good eyes.

"Thank you," she said; "it's very kind of you. I should like to have my hat, I admit, but, you see, the enterprise has its perils, and it doesn't greatly matter. I am near home."

"I shall be delighted to encounter the perils, if you will allow me," said he; and forthwith commenced the descent.

He clearly was not accustomed to exploits of the kind, and proceeded carefully. A few steps were accomplished in safety; but then—alas! for him—a stone, on which he had rested his weight, gave way, he fell backwards, and slipped down feet foremost into the water. It was not deep, and hardly reached his waist as he stood up in it, looking flushed and foolish enough as he glanced up at Helen. His mishap was too ludicrous for her gravity, and she could not help laughing.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said; "it was really quite a relief to me to hear you speak just now," for a hasty anathema, during his descent, had fallen on her ear.

He laughed too. "Not at all. And now for my prize." He seized the hat; and, after two or three slips and stumbles, again stood on the bank.

"I am utterly ashamed of my awkwardness," said he, as he gave her her hat; "it has quite taken away my power of speech, and I feel too disgraced to venture on anything beyond this, that I am indeed happy if I may think I have been of service to you."

The passionate admiration in his eyes, and the tones of his voice, made Helen colour, practised as she was; but she was not the one to be displeased at this.

"You have done me great service, I am sure," she said, bestowing on him the full radiance of her eyes. "It would not have been at all pleasant to walk home in the sun without my hat. I don't know whom I have to thank, you know; but, if you are staying in this neighbourhood, I am sure it would give my father, Mr. Conway, great pleasure to make his acknowledgments for your aid."

The stranger laughed. "I felt certain I had the honour of speaking to Miss Conway," he said. "My name is Humberston, and I have seen Mr. Conway not more than an hour ago. I am staying at the Grange with my friend Mr. Vivian, and I believe we are both to have the pleasure of dining with Mr. Conway the day after to-morrow."

"Well," said Helen, "then we have only anticipated a regular introduction. And now," she held out her hand to him, "we must say good-bye, for it is quite clear that if you don't divest yourself of your wet garments, I shall not have the pleasure of improving your acquaintance on Friday. Thanks again, and *au revoir*."

BRAZILIAN SKETCHES.

PART III.

ONE of my enjoyments at Tijuca was to walk about the garden on a dark night, and watch the fire-flies. These brilliant insects start up like jets of green flame, emitting a most vivid light, and dart about in such numbers that the hedges seem alive with them.

The butterflies, too, are splendid, so large, and of such gorgeous colours! And whether it be from their not being chased in these solitudes I know not, but they appeared quite tame, and, in fact, came so near me, and in such quantities, that, tantalised by their close vicinity, and tempted by their beauty, I singled out one, which I tried to catch. It had wings of a rich hue with patches of deep pink and straw colour. But I soon grew tired with the chase in the heat of the sun, and was glad to return to my seat in the shady arbour. I was more successful, however, and had fine sport, in hunting a humming-bird, assisted by Madam A., and this is how it came about. I was sitting in the drawing-room, the windows of which were open,—Madam A. was at the piano,—when, suddenly I saw something come in at the window that I took to be a large butterfly, and I cried out, "Look, Georgiana, at that immense butterfly!"

Madam A. looked up and exclaimed, "It is a bird! A *beija-flor*" (*kiss-flower*, the Portuguese name for humming-bird).

"Oh!" said I, "how I should like to see it close!"

"Shut the windows quietly, then!" said Madam A., "and we will tire it by driving it about, and not allowing it to rest." No sooner said than done. The windows were shut in a trice, and the hunt began. We drove the poor little thing about in a very unmerciful manner, especially when it is considered that it was *not* to further the ends of science, but merely to gratify my idle curiosity. Now it tried to rest on the window-frame, from which one of us speedily dislodged it, then it perched on the cornice, from which we drove it by shaking the curtains; at last it hid itself behind the curtain pole, and bade fair to set all our efforts at defiance, though we mounted on the sofas and chairs, and made frantic endeavours to reach it; indeed, any one seeing us thus engaged would have been justified in supposing us escaped from the *casa di sande* (mad-house). Madam A. suddenly vanished from the room, but presently re-entered it with an immense bamboo pole, with which she manœuvred so skilfully and successfully, that she twisted the curtain into a kind of net, in which she contrived to entangle the poor little flutterer, and keep him until I mounted on the edge of the sofa and secured him at my ease. But after all the trouble the capture had given us, I regretted to find that a near view of the *beija-flor* fell far short of what I expected. This one was about the size of a wren, with a long slender beak—its plumage was a kind of iridescent brown and green, but in no way resembling the brilliant hues of the flowers I had seen at Bahia, and which I was told were made of the breasts of humming-birds. Madam A., however, told me that some have magnificent plumage, and I could only regret that the specimen I held was not of the beautiful kind, and as the poor thing appeared scarcely alive, I resolved on restoring it to liberty. For this purpose I went into the garden, and opened my hand to let it fly; but it moved not, and I began to fear we had hunted it to death, when it struck me that it had a cunning expression in its half-open eye, which did not look dim. I then placed it on my handkerchief, and laid it down in the sun, near some plants of scabious, and retired to a little distance. I had no sooner moved away than it shot up into the air, and it was out of sight in an instant. I have no doubt that it pretended to be at its last gasp to throw me off my guard, and thus make its escape.

While I was at Rio, João, the mulatto, caught a young *gambà* (a kind of opossum), and tied it to a post, the children cramming it with oranges and bananas. In three days it disappeared, for which I was sorry, as it

was the prettiest little creature it is possible to see; and its uncertain fate grieved me, for I heard that it was not improbable that it had fallen a prey to the rats, which infest the place where it was, and, indeed, run about in the store-room in the town-house in the middle of the day in the most barefaced manner.

I must not forget the snakes, too. I saw several at Tijuca—one which Mrs. C.'s eldest daughter killed with a stone, and two more when her youngest was walking with me by the lake. She took it into her head to go looking for guavas, and after jumping on a heap of banana leaves that were lying near, sprang up the mountain like an antelope. I followed more slowly, and coming to the banana leaves lifted one up to examine it, when, to my horror and disgust, down fell a small snake, and at the same moment another large one, no doubt disturbed by my having removed the leaf, wriggled itself into a hole. I need hardly say that I dropped the banana leaf instantly, and hurried away, calling out to Eugenia to come down by another path, which she did, and on my telling her what I had seen, informed me that a young friend of hers was one day walking with her, and suddenly felt something tight round her leg. On lifting up her dress, she saw a snake of the most venomous kind coiled round her leg, which she shook violently until the creature fell off, and was soon dispatched by a black.

I have heard a most astonishing story of a snake, which I will relate, to show the wonderful degree of forethought displayed by the reptile in question.

It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake, not exempt from this weakness of its fellow-reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste:—It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nursling slept, and every night his snakeship would creep into the bed, *cunningly insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it, and prevent its crying*, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which it thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on unconscious of having such a monstrous nursing.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus cheated of half its allowance of food, became so thin that suspicion was excited, and an old negress was set to watch the nurse at night—the delinquent was caught in the fact, and expiated its offence with its life, while the poor baby, being no longer kept on "short commons," recovered its strength, and grew fine and fat as before.

I was unfeeling enough to laugh at this story, told me in the most pathetic manner by

a lady who firmly believed it; and I made matters worse by expressing my regret at the snake's life not having been spared on account of its inventive genius.

Comparatively few snakes are found in the cultivated districts, and those are not often of the venomous kind. In the province of Minas, Geraes, however, the *giboya*, an immense serpent of the *boa constrictor* genus, is sometimes seen, and Mr. M. had a narrow escape from one. He had to cross the Jequilinonha, and took it into his head to swim across, his companions following him in a boat. As he was swimming, he saw at a good distance what he conceived to be a large log of wood floating down the stream, and almost immediately heard shouts from the boat of "Faster, faster! we want to see how fast you can swim!" Mr. M. struck out accordingly, and soon reached the opposite side. When his companions rejoined him there, he heard that the apparent log of wood was nothing less than a *giboya* floating lazily down the stream, but which it was presumed had caught sight of his head above the water, and quickened its movements in consequence; but as soon as it discovered its intended prey to be beyond its reach, it gradually sank, and was soon out of sight. Mr. M. was very glad he had not been aware of such dangerous companionship, the more especially as he had taken the precaution of inquiring before he ventured into the water if there were any *jacarés* (alligators) near, and was answered in the negative,—but I do not think he swam across the Jequilinonha again. The *sucurè*, too, is another monster of the same species. It is said that the *sucurè* is sixty feet long, and possesses the faculty of stretching itself out to double that length. Its favourite haunt is the mud and slime of the rivers,—and the drivers of the immense herds of cattle that are sent from one province to another, are well aware of the creature's habits, and always ascertain whether one is near by the following method:—As soon as they reach the borders of the stream, they fire a gun. The *sucurè* immediately answers the report by a peculiar bellow—if it is loud and clear, the *sucurè* is at a distance, and the beasts are allowed to swim across the river at the spot where they are halting—if, on the contrary, the sound is dull and muffled, the *sucurè* is close at hand, imbedded in the mud, and ready to seize its prey. If, therefore, the cattle were allowed to enter the water, the *sucurè* would attack them, and terrify them so, that many would be drowned, in addition to the one seized by the monster,—and in order to obviate this, one beast is singled out from the herd, and driven

into the river, where it soon becomes a victim to the expectant *sucurè*, and is thus sacrificed for the safety of the whole herd, as the *sucurè*, when gorged with food, is harmless,—and the rest of the herd can swim across the river in perfect security. It is said that the *sucurè* and the tapir wage fierce war against one another, and sometimes the tapir comes off the conqueror after one of those encounters. When the tapir goes to drink at the stream, the *sucurè* (who is on the watch for food) has its tail ready coiled round a tree, and watching its opportunity, darts on the tapir, and coils round its body, so that it may kill the animal by compression. But the tapir is an exceedingly powerful animal, and no sooner finds itself enfolded in the deadly embrace, than it starts off at a prodigious rate, not to give the *sucurè* the chance of winding itself more than once round its body, and forcing it to stretch itself out to double its length. The tapir runs on until it is exhausted, and when it stops to rest the *sucurè* tightens its fold gradually, and drags the tapir back towards the tree round which its tail is wound. The tapir, feeling its enemy is gaining an advantage over him, makes a tremendous effort, and sets off running again, and it sometimes happens that he runs so far that the *sucurè*, unable to stretch itself out any farther, and unwilling to let go its hold, actually snaps asunder, and the tapir consequently comes off victorious; but if the tapir's strength should happen to fail him the *sucurè* drags him back to the tree, winding coil after coil round him, and tightening them by degrees, until the poor tapir sinks under the fatal pressure.

All this, however, is mere hearsay: I never spoke to any persons who had *witnessed* one of these combats—they had only heard of them. But I was assured by a gentleman, every way worthy of credit, that, sometimes when dwellings are situated at some distance from lakes frequented by alligators, the children of the house are allowed to play between the house and the lake, merely being warned not to go too near the lake on account of the *jacarés*. And he further said, that he had never heard of any children falling victims to the *jacarés*; though they would see the unwieldy creatures basking in the sun, yet, not venturing on prohibited ground, they would enjoy themselves as thoroughly as if there were not such a thing as a *jacaré* in the world.

BROTHER'S LOVE.

"TIP, old fellow, the Title is mine; we can't both have that; but as to everything else, we go halves."

He was my junior in this merry world by a quarter of an hour, and in spite of the representations and remonstrances of parents, nurses, governesses, tutors, poor relations, and friends, I never could understand why my brother, the handsomest, cleverest, pluckiest fellow that ever breathed, should be as thoroughly "distanced" in the race of life, as though it had not been a neck-and-neck affair between us. I felt deeply that it had been by mere good luck that I had been landed the winner; and I rejoiced in it only as enabling me to give up all to my darling, my boy Arthur, dear old Tip.

"Was there anything," I thought, as I sat by the big bright fire in the cosy pink drawing-room at Chauntleroy, "was there anything I would not give up to him?"

He was coming, my bright boy brother,—the joy of my life,—the best,—the dearest,—ah! there I stopped. A week earlier I should have finished the sentence, but now? Lovely, sweet Helen May, I close mine eyes, and see that mocking, winning glance, and I yield me, Helen May! "Grâce! grâce! je me rends!" No longer dearest, oh Arthur! for there is one now, to whom I am devoted body and soul;—hers,—hers! Shall I speak to Helen May? Shall I tell the lovely orphan governess that I am hers? I said so to her last night, shall I again? and kneeling to her shall I implore her to be my own, my very, very own, my bride, my wife? To-morrow, to-morrow!

Hark! Yes, wheels! Coming crunching up the avenue to the great hall door! So like Arthur! instead of coming round to the side door where everyone else walks in without more trouble than the "lift up the latch and come in" of the nursery story!

But here he is—surely more glorious than ever. So like our mother! Yes, now that he has been duly welcomed, and is standing before the fire, rattling off an account of his adventurous railway journey (Tip never made a railway journey that was not adventurous), he will want no answer from me; so that I can gaze at him silently and happily. Yet—like our mother, yes!—yet unlike, very unlike! Her hair, fair and soft, and silky, wavy hair; her eyes, blue and fond, but not now; cold and grey, they flash and mock as hers could not;—but then, Arthur, Arthur! never eyes before could brim with mirth, or—God help me!—or so beam and glow with softest, wildest passion!

He was very tall, very graceful,—and beautiful in youthful beauty! He had known no care, no disappointment, and his fair face was unfurrowed as hers—my own sweet Helen!

"Home again! And the eve of good St. Valentine! By the Lord Harry! If half the valentines I ordered on my way through town

are sent (and they better had be, or I'll know why), and the proper initials put to each, there *will* be Cupid to remunerate, and no mistake, to-morrow! By-the-by, can't we get some to send to the little Traceys?"

"Well, we can't get any here, or——"

"Nonsense, Raymond! I'll write them, I'll compose, print, illustrate—anything you like—to pass the time till dinner."

"The fact is, Tip, we are going to dine with them to-day, so——"

"That's all right; and did the new governess turn out as pretty as reported?" and Tip laughed; I did not like his laugh, nor that peculiar expression of his, yet I could not but smile, and I answered,

"You shall see, Tip! And now here's John with sherry and biscuits, and then we'll dress and drive over."

Arthur had been away from home three months, and all the change I could detect was a sharper contraction of the restless, clear-cut upper lip, and—but that might have been fancy—a sterner set of the massive lower jaw.

He went to his room to dress, and I remained alone. It had ever been the same. From the moment he left me I yearned to see the tender, womanly eyes that recalled my mother—to hear the deep, rich voice, so melodious, so caressing. From the moment he returned I shuddered back into myself from the pitiless, hard smile on those faultless lips; from the careless, cruel sneer in those low, soft tones;—oh, Arthur, my only one, my twin brother, my other self!

When we reached the Chase, we found a large party assembled. My first inquiry was for Miss May. Our hostess smiled, and her answer puzzled me.

"Really, you have behaved so well, that I think I ought to prepare you for a surprise; I don't think it has been quite fair, I——"

A rustling silence superseding the buzz of conversation, I turned and saw—Helen gorgeously attired. I have said there was a large dinner-party, but this did not account to me for the sight of that young face surmounted by diamonds, the slender throat clasped by a broad band of the same stones,—armlets, earrings, all, all to match, and the dress corresponding in magnificence. I was bewildered; she came up to me—floated up to me—*leaning on Arthur's arm*, and laying one soft ungloved hand on mine, she took it and murmured,

"So you won't speak to me! Did you only like me, then, while I could be patronised as the poor governess, Lord Chauntleroy?"

I held her hand, I gazed down into her eyes—saucy, mirthful eyes;—was I cruel to quench their light in the shadow of my own sorrow?

I only answered, "I shall be happy to make your acquaintance again, madam, in any character you may please to assume." So Arthur introduced us.

Gone, Helen May,—my love, my love!

By right of precedence, I, Raymond Vere, Viscount Chauntleroy, handed down to dinner Helen, Countess Dowager of Northdale. I knew her well now by reputation, and I knew also that Arthur was personally acquainted with her, as he was with every one worth knowing, from the oldest lady patroness at Almack's to the newest *coryphée* at the —— theatre.

She was brilliant; she was fascinating; and last, to me, she was humble. "Would I forgive her? It had not been intentional the deception, with regard to me—could I pardon it? She was so used to find things *couleur de rose*, that she wanted to see how they looked through the eyes of a dependent; the Tracy's were expecting a new governess, and she had coaxed them to let her personate the girl—for fun!" Ah, pretty Countess, you are not the first woman, by many, who has played for the heart, or lands, or title of the Viscount Chauntleroy! not the first—thank God for it,—since he has learnt the full value of smooth speeches; and he, even he, the simple country gentleman; the man who knows nothing of the world, knows enough of woman's nature to smile, and shake his head, and murmur some pleasant platitude about "beauty unadorned."

For what right had I to feel injured? Ought I not rather to rejoice that, now when she had resumed her rightful station, she still made so flattering a difference in her manner to me? Dashing, offhand, tormenting to others—with me, retiring, gentle, humble. True, but the charm was powerless, the spell was broken; I was free, for I felt that I had been deceived. Granted the deception was a harmless one; still, she had suffered my attentions—attentions such as might have seemed small in themselves to an unpractised village maid, but which must have spoken volumes to the all-accomplished widow of the London world. Besides, we had stood together—only last night, her fair hand in mine; she had listened to my tale of love, she had even responded; was it honest, was it fair (it was not kind), to deceive me "for fun"?

And yet I loved her.

She devoted herself to me throughout the evening with a childlike impertinence mixed with a womanly humility which was irresistible. But—I had been deceived.

No. I did not love her.

We were at home once more, Arthur and I, alone together. "Raymond, is she not perfect?" I looked up inquiringly. "Helen, I

mean; Lady Northdale! She had no idea you were a brother of mine when she first met you. What an idea *her* passing herself off for a governess! And fancy any one being deluded! But there, she is such an actress—such a consummate little hypocrite! Little fiend, how she tortures me, and yet—yet how I love her!"

"Tip, Tip! O God!" I said no more, but this was enough; his voice, in its simple depth of truth in his last words, was like an echo from my own heart and had stirred my whole being. He saw this.

We stood up and grasped hands, looking into each other's eyes. He spoke first.

"Raymond! We neither of us know that she loves him?"

I answered, "I have told my love, Tip."

"And?" he interrupted eagerly, looking away.

"She neither accepted nor declined; you saw us together to-night."

"Oh, Raymond! I too have told my love." He paused, and now I looked away. He continued: "She listened, Raymond, and she listens; and I spoke first three months ago, and you saw us together to-night!"

"Is she heartless, Tip, or coquette, or worse?" Arthur's eyes flashed.

"Heartless, perhaps; coquette, surely; worse? Not even you shall suggest that!"

I bowed and sat down. I remembered what I had thought while waiting my brother's arrival in the pink drawing-room. "Was there anything that I would not give up to him?" And now I knew there was one chance that I *could* not yield. No. I doubted her, I hated her, but oh, how I loved her!

We separated for the night. I was haunted by the legend of our fated house. An idle tale, a very turnip-and-tablecloth ghost by daylight, now; but at midnight a gloomy prophetic legend of what had been horribly real in the olden days. I seemed to see it all.

On the morrow I went the first thing to the Chase. I saw her in her morning-dress again. I thought how I had first seen her, as now, three weeks since. I thought how he had first seen her, as last night, three months since. We sat together, alone. And all my evening doubt and hatred passed away, and I only loved her more than ever. And at parting I raised her fingers unproved to my lips.

On my return home I found Arthur at breakfast with that hard look, which with him replaced sadness. He had seen more of the world than I had!

"Tip, listen to me! you are the younger: you try first, you know what I mean! If you fail, *then!* but you won't fail. Go down at once to the Chase."

He looked at me. "You have been there already, Raymond!"

It was not the words, it was the tone that made my blood boil. Who was he, that I should yield the first chance to him? My younger brother! My—yes! my younger twin brother; and I shuddered and turned away to hide the anger I could not suppress. I would not quarrel with my brother! When I looked up he was peering at me sternly; but the instant our eyes met, he sprang to me, threw his arms round my neck in the old school-boy fashion.

"Dear old Raymond! noble, generous! But I suppose, you know, you don't care much for her—you can't know, or you wouldn't—By God! I wouldn't give her up to any man! No, not even you, dear, generous, old Raymond; but then I love her so!" And he gazed at me with his rare, frank, loving gaze that had ever been dearer to me than woman's looks, until, until—Oh, Helen May!

* * * * *

So far my brother's narration, of which I found the rough MS. in his desk when I was looking over his papers the other day.

Poor Raymond! What an enthusiast he was! He nobly fulfilled his own wonderful standard. The sentence with which he began this story he more than carried out, nay, I will say, carries out; for I believe he still exists, a self-exiled wanderer in strange lands. Helen and I live at Chauntleroy, and our eldest boy is named after him. A. V.

P.S. My husband has just brought in a report of Lord Chauntleroy's death somewhere in Africa. Poor Raymond! Quite one of the old school, unselfish, generous, and so courteous! and ah: how well I remember his dark, handsome grave face,—I sometimes think if—* * * H. V.

Extract from the note which accompanied the above MS.

"We were rummaging in an old trunk to find materials for dressing up (you know Lady Chauntleroy is great at charade parties), and I found this story. I easily persuaded her to let me have it. I send it to you, knowing you have a fancy for such quaint scraps."

Reader! I have only altered the names.

VERE HALDANE.

IVOR BACH; OR, THE CAPTURE OF CARDIFF CASTLE.

ROBERT DE GLOUCESTER acquired the lordship of Glamorgan with his wife, Mabel Fitz-Hamon; William, their son, occasionally resided at Cardiff, the chief seat of the lordship, and of course always had on hand a stock of quarrels of greater or less magnitude with his Cambrian neighbours. Among these neigh-

bours was a man active and daring, known from the shortness of his stature as Ivor le Petit, or Ivor Bach (then living at Castel Goch, or Red Castle, not far from Caerphilly), who, feeling himself aggrieved at the rapacity and oppression of his Norman neighbour, roused his retainers, watched his opportunity, and surprised and took the Castle of Cardiff with the Earl and his family therein. The agreement consequent upon this was, as may be imagined, decidedly favourable to the claims of Ivor, nor does it appear that there was afterwards any breach of friendship between them.

Roger de Wendover says of this Earl William that he made over his inheritance to John (afterwards King John), depriving his daughters of any share therein.

From Love's crown the gems are fallen,
Only metal suits our days;
Nothing dare, but barter duly,
Nothing dare, but live in plenty,
And the world runs forth to praise;
Gentle youths, who woo fair ladies,
Listen to old winning ways.

I.

William, lord of wide Glamorgan,
In his rush-strewn chamber stands,
And beside him one fair daughter
Kneeling clasps her suppliant hands.

Downcast eyes, and loosen'd tresses,
Trembling lip and pallid cheek,
If he speak again so harshly
Sure that gentle heart must break.

Out he look'd o'er Taff's blue water,
Out he look'd o'er hill and dale,
But he look'd not on his daughter
Whilst she told her first-love tale.

"Yes, my father, I have loved him,
Full of fire and full of grace;
What though unknown be their eyrie,
Eaglets come of eagles' race."

Still he look'd o'er Taff's blue water,
Though he mark'd not hill or dale,
Then he turn'd upon his daughter,
Blushing now, and now so pale.

"Shall a nameless lover wed thee,
Glo'ster's daughter? Shame me not,
Though denial were to slay thee,
By my faith, I'd own thee not;

"To some noble will I wed thee,
Who strong arms and wisdom brings
To uphold and make thy father
Great amongst our island kings.

"See how train'd and tried in battle
Where success attends them still,
I can summon men whose prowess
Sweeps the land from sea to hill.

"Turberville and Will de Londres,
St. John, Fleming, Esterling,
Granville, Beckrolles, and de Sully,
Names that have true valour's ring.

"But you turn I know not whither,
You would fly I know not where.
Go, disown'd, unloved, unhonour'd,
Some low coward's lot to share."

And he look'd o'er Taff's blue water,
 Look'd o'er distant hill and vale,
 But he look'd not on his daughter,
 Flashing eye, cheek deadly pale.

"Take thy distaff, seek thy maidens,
 Fancies from thy memory tear—
 If thou hast loved, love no longer"—
 Thus he left her kneeling there.



Kneeling still as stone—then quickly
 With new purpose up she stood,
 Drew her white hand o'er her forehead,
 And unloosed her golden snood ;

With a smile she mark'd it fallen,
 Saying calmly, "Lie thou there ;"
 Never fair face look'd so sternly,
 Never stern face look'd so fair ;

Paused she one uncertain moment
 At her mother's chamber door,
 Then love's purpose set for ever
 Onward, to flow back no more.

And soon from the topmost turret,
 Where the Earl's great standard flew,
 Out upon the breeze the white scarf
 From her shoulders down she threw.

Off it circled, sweeping widely,
Like a great white bird in play,
Crying "Come!" in every flutter;
Heard and welcomed far away.

II.

On Fitz-Hamon's towers the warder
Listens, nods, and nods again,
Listens, nods, and sleeps a little,
Stares and nods and sleeps amain.

All the vale is calm reposing,
Even Taff's waters murmur low
And dreamily, as if past nightfall
'Twere a heavy task to flow.

But Castel-Goch is up and doing,
Lights from hall to turret run,
And the great court's throng'd with troopers
Gathering there since set of sun;

Bows are tried, and swords are sharpen'd,
Shields are snatch'd down from the wall,
Charged with honour's quaint devices,
Ivor's lion chief o'er all.

Ivor's self moves hither, thither,
With a guiding word for each,
Testing swords and trying armour,
Kindling fire with eager speech,

Rousing wrath and indignation
'Gainst the Earl's oppressive might,
"But ere long," he said, "we end it,
The Earl and I agree this night."—

Midnight's on Glamorgan mountains,
Crownless night, without a star,
Voiceless, save one weird owl hooting,
Answer'd from lone woods afar.

Through that midnight come they riding,
Black below and dark above,
Some with fierce delight in danger,
One with full delight in love;

Strong the trampling of their horses
Down the hillside, through the grove,
Well they ride who ride for conquest,
He rides best who rides for love.

Hark! there go the gates of Cardiff,—
"Arms! to arms!" the warder cries,
Stagger'd gazing on the assailants
With but half-believing eyes;

And a tale of marvel muttering
How a spectre clothed in white
Glided from a distant portal
And then vanish'd straight from sight;

If a spectre glided outwards,
They're no spectres who rush in,
From that portal thicker, faster
Come of arms the clash and din.

Hiss'd the arrows, fell the maces,
Rang the swords on casque and shield,
Limbs were hack'd and brains bespatter'd.
Thick they fall where none will yield.

Hither, thither, sounds the combat,
Through arch'd hall, up staircase dim,
And though numbers fall by Glo'ster,
Yet no harm must come to him,

So had Ivor charged his warriors,
Faithful so did they obey,
Till though like a lion raging
Generous he forebore to slay;

Silent kept they to their purpose,
Hemm'd him round till Ivor came,
Stalk'd into the chamber, meeting
Looks of fire with looks of flame.

Back the soldiers drew, and standing
In the midst the Celtic chief,
And the Norman noble parleying
Spoke in accents stern and brief.

Spoke of rights denied, conceded,
Of concessions thrust aside,
Charter'd lands unjustly seized on,
Mutual claims by each denied;

Spoke of forays, ofttimes bloody,
Captured vassal, ravish'd maid,
Homesteads burnt, and cornlands wasted,
Promise broke and faith betrayed;

Spoke with equal pride and spirit,
Till each felt there might be wrong,
And each owned a lordly equal,
Generous might, endurance strong.

And in his strong hour did Ivor
Much concede, and freely gain
Rights which had been long denied him,
Broad possessions his again.

III.

Not alone upon his charger,
Griffith, at the castle gate,
Wipes his sword, and for his father
Waits impatient and elate.

Whispering words of love and comfort,
Words of pride and daring too,
Calling to the Earl's grim warriors,
"Ho! there, take him this adieu.

"In all honour do I hold him,
And I love him passing well,
But I love his daughter better,
As my life henceforth shall tell.

"Were he present at our bridal,
Did his lips our blessing say,
Not more truly would I serve him,
Than my fortunes now I lay

"At his bidding, should he seek them,
But, if this he'd make me rue,
He may find that I, who won her,
Know the way to keep her too.

"An Earl's daughter do I hold her,
And her honour as my own,
I am no unworthy suitor
Or not thus our love had grown.

"Mine are gentle sires uncounted,
And, like them, I'd rather be
Freeman on a barren mountain,
Than a serf in luxury.

"Equal are we then, but hear me,
Guard your walls on every side,
'Tis not every captured maiden
Wins such love as Griffith's bride.

"Now, farewell, and make you merry,
For ere day-break we shall wed,"—
And a shower of gold alighted
Oh the stagger'd soldier's head.

Through the night he bore her safely,—
Oh, those men of ancient days!
Gentle youths, who woo fair ladies,
Ponder on old winning ways.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLVII. NEMESIS.

"Is he alive still?" Frank Burgoyne asked eagerly of his aunt Ethel, as he was embracing her immediately on his arrival at Maddington the following day.

"Yes, dear," she replied, through her tears, "and quite sensible, thank God! and oh! Frank, so anxious for you."

Frank Burgoyne was not bloodthirsty by nature, nor was he murderously inclined. Yet it is a fact that his heart sunk when he heard that Lord Lesborough was alive, and in full possession of his senses still. As he was going to die, it would have been so much more pleasant and convenient if he had done it already. His hanging on, if discoveries were made, would only complicate an already complicated position.

"Come up to papa at once—do, dear," Ethel pleaded, after a silence of a few minutes.

"I'm coming; hadn't you better go and tell him first?" he pleaded.

"No. I sent up word of your arrival the instant I saw you coming in. Oh! my dear boy, I'm so glad you're here. Do come."

"Ye-es, I'm coming. Is Ffrench with him?"

"No. Mr. Ffrench is in the oak parlour with Mr. Vaughan; the dear Vaughans, they are so kind. How's Theo?"

Frank started up.

"Come up with me, Ethel," he said, without noticing her inquiry; and then they went upstairs together, he almost seeming to seek support from her arm.

He had an invincible repugnance to going into the presence of the moribund. It was not the superstitious fear which sometimes seizes a woman in the immediate atmosphere of death. It was rather a weighty dread that the death would be delayed till his secret had transpired. He almost prayed that his grandfather would be past taking an interest in anything worldly; he had difficulty in checking an ardent hope that Lord Lesborough might be quite speechless and deaf.

But Lord Lesborough was neither. Frank could not control a little start of surprise when he came up to the bed, and saw so little that seemed to him to resemble death in the aspect of the composed old man who was stretched upon it. Then a spasm seized his heart. Supposing that composure should be marred and

broken up by him before it was merged in the more complete and absolute composure of death. He could not trust himself to speak immediately on the birth of this reflection; so he contented himself with putting his hand on the pale one that was put out feebly to greet him.

"I'm glad you're come, my boy. I'm going fast,—going fast, Frank," Lord Lesborough muttered feebly; and then Ethel created a diversion by bursting out with a sob, for which one of the nurses in attendance instantly ejected her from the room.

"Don't say that, sir," Frank replied feebly.

"But it is so, my boy—my dear boy, it is so," and here Lord Lesborough's own voice broke with a sob, for life was sweet, was very sweet to the old man, even yet. Presently he resumed in a calmer tone, "There's one thing I should have liked—to see you married before I go; but you'll not wait long before you marry and settle here, and be an honour to your name, will you Frank?"

"No," Frank said faintly; he felt that he was acting a lie by thus suffering the belief which dictated Lord Lesborough's words to remain undisturbed when foundation for it no longer existed. But "what could he do," he asked himself; "what could he do—now?"

"No, no, you'll not delay it long," Lord Lesborough repeated. "She's a dear good girl, Frank, a dear good girl; I wish she had come down to see me before I go," and when he said that Lord Lesborough began to cry again, and Frank tried to shuffle away from the side of the bed.

"I have left my black cabinet—that one that's filled with blue Sévres, to Theo, and many other things that Ffrench thought she would like for her own."

("How can a man on the brink of the grave think of blue earthenware?") Frank thought; ("he can't be half as bad as they made out. I wish I hadn't come.")

"Harold Ffrench is very thoughtful for Miss Leigh," he said aloud.

"He knows her, and values her. You're not jealous, are you, boy?" the old man asked, as his grandson drew himself away, and sat down on a chair that was partially behind the curtain.

"Jealous! No, no, sir."

"I liked the little girl," Lord Lesborough

went on dreamily; in truth he had thought but little and cared less for Theo Leigh till his favourite Harold had impressed the fact of her value upon him. "I liked the little girl; always liked her; I should like to do more for her; but it doesn't matter, she will share a very fair fortune with you, my boy, a very fair fortune indeed."

Could he sit there and hear this. Oh! for a tongue to tell the truth without a falter that might betoken fear. Such a tongue was not his, he knew: therefore he kept silent.

"All you have she'll share with you, and they all tell me that she richly deserves it. You have done well in your choice of a wife, my boy. God bless you and her."

After this Frank got himself away out of the room as fast as he could, and made his way to his own suite of apartments, from whence he dispatched a messenger for Ethel to come to him.

"I want you to come and bathe my head with eau-de-cologne, Ethel," he said, in his old half-imperious, spoiled-boy tone as soon as she came into the cosy den they called his study.

"Does it ache, dear?" she said, fondly putting away all thoughts of her own throbbing brows at once. Then he laid himself down upon a couch, and she bathed his forehead tenderly, and beguiled the time by thinking how handsome, and good, and noble altogether he was.

"I hope you'll be able to see Mr. Vaughan before he goes, Frank?" she said softly at last, in a suggestive tone, "he wants to see you."

"He be ——," Frank returned morosely: "there, I beg your pardon, Ethel. Lord! how my brain racks. I can't see old Vaughan, I tell you; what does he want to see me for?"

Frank spoke with such unwonted peevishness that Ethel stared. "Really Frank, I don't know what he wants to see you for; it's very natural that he should do so, isn't it? Theo is his niece, remember."

"What is that to me? There," catching her hand, "I didn't mean to be impatient; but I'm upset altogether; don't you worry me, there's a good girl. The two people in this world who bore me most nearly out of my mind are Vaughan and Harold Ffrench; I can't stand either of them now; you may make any excuse you think proper" (this was uttered after the magnificent manner of men who never deem it necessary to furnish those unfortunates whom they elect to the honourable post of their excusers, with fitting words), "you may make any excuse you think proper.

Say I'm in my bed, or in my grave, or in the devil's own humour; anything will serve, so long as you keep them from me."

"Oh, Frank, Frank, what has come to you?" Ethel asked thoughtfully; "something has gone wrong with you; what is it?"

But he told her nothing had gone wrong with him; he only needed a night's rest. Soon after this she left him, and for the remainder of that day he was spared all mention of Theo Leigh.

The morrow brought a little spurious strength to Lord Lesborough, and (more distracting still to Lord Lesborough's grandson) a letter from Sydney Scott, that got animadverted upon at the breakfast-table before it was handed to Frank by Ethel.

"Why it is that Miss Scott's writing—what can the little thing have to say to you, Frank?—nothing amiss with Theo, I hope?" Ethel asked eagerly, as Frank, after glancing at the letter, put it away in his pocket.

"No, nothing," he replied, and he looked up scowlingly at Harold Ffrench, who was watching him as he said it.

"She was a most charming little flirt, that Miss Scott," Ethel went on; "do you remember she even tried her hand on Mr. Linley, and he was very much at her feet for a time."

"Very much at her feet—might have been her grandfather!" Frank exclaimed.

"So he might; but all the same he was, and she liked it," Ethel replied. "He was, wasn't he, Mr. Ffrench?"

"Was he?" Harold Ffrench evidently was not thinking about whether the statement was correct or not. "Has anything been heard of Linley lately? Do you know where he is, Burgoyne?"

"Abroad—where, I can't tell exactly; somewhere on the Rhine I believe," Frank replied affably. He was uncommonly glad to change the subject from Miss Sydney Scott and her letter.

"If you come across his address I wish you would give it to me," Harold Ffrench said quietly; and Frank in all unsuspectingness promised that he would do so.

Lord Lesborough continued better during the day. His medical attendants shook their heads with much sapience, and told everybody what everybody knew already, that his lordship had rallied wonderfully; "there was no saying now what turn the case might take," they added—a phrase which is frequently found to be soothing as well as safe.

Frank had paid his grandfather a visit after breakfast, and had been tortured by more allusions to Theo Leigh. When he came out of the sick-room he felt much depressed and

grieved in spirit. A longing for sympathy seized him, and he resolved upon making a confidante of Ethel—of Ethel, who had always "stood by him" since their babyhood.

"Come out in the grounds and have a turn with me, will you, Ethel?"

"Yes; you ought just to go and give Mrs. Vaughan a look, Frank.

"Oh, Mrs. Vaughan be——Well, I won't say what, only don't make me go there."

"Very well," she replied simply, going away to get her hat and shawl; and he hoped the matter was ended, for already Frank, the vacillating, had begun to repent him of the but just formed determination to confide in Ethel.

When, however, they had been out in the grounds for a few minutes, Ethel resumed the subject.

"Frank, tell me. Why do you shun the Vaughans?"

"Oh!—I don't know."

"You do know, of course. But will you tell me?"

He walked a little faster, and made no answer.

"Something has gone wrong with Theo and you; tell me, Frank."

Still no answer.

"Have you found out that you were over-hasty that night at Lowndes?"

"Yes, I have," he replied suddenly.

"And broken it off? Oh, Frank, it will be an awful blow to papa, after things have gone so far—if he lives to know of it, that is," she added mournfully.

The spirit of confidence was upon Frank now.

"That isn't all," he said sadly. "I wish to heaven it was; but I'm in for another affair, Ethel. I'm——"

"Not engaged to any one else?" she cried out in her clear ringing accents, dropping his arm, and looking at him fixedly.

The colour came into his face under her gaze.

"Don't tax a fellow with it as though it were a crime," he said deprecatingly.

"A crime—it would be a crime, Frank. Tell me—you're not guilty?"

"Not guilty, but engaged again," he said miserably; for again he felt himself to be a very poor fellow.

"I can't think it of you," she said sorrowfully; "indeed I can't. You must tell me all there is to tell now, Frank. You must indeed; but, before you tell it to me, understand that I'll be no party to anything underhand. What there is to be known ought to be known at once, I think."

And then, though he dreaded nothing so much as its getting abroad, he felt himself drawn on to tell her the whole story.

She loved him very dearly, but he could wring no more from her than this—that she would not volunteer the tale to his grandfather.

"I won't go up and tell papa, unless anything is said that would make my holding my tongue appear like a belief in the marriage between Theo and you, Frank. In such a case I must speak, because it would be mean to be silent."

When she said that, Frank remembered how mean he had felt the night before in holding his peace; and so, though he was very wroth with her for entertaining such scruples, he could not doubt their being genuine and strong.

"Well, I can only hope that nothing will be said; but it will be like my cursed luck for it all to come out. Lord Lesborough will make the most of it, you may be sure."

He spoke in a bitter sarcastic tone, and Ethel's heart bled for him, but still she could not side with him here.

"Don't sneer at papa, Frank," she said mournfully. "You have behaved very badly. The only thing now is for you to bear the fruits of your fault like a man."

As ill-luck would have it, the subject was mooted by Lord Lesborough again that evening. Mooted in such a way that Frank could not evade it.

"And you hadn't the courage to avow your scoundrelism yesterday, when, sir, my fond folly made plans for your mutual happiness, as I thought," the old man said, choking with rage.

"If you think me a scoundrel, I had better not stay in your presence," Frank replied, turning away and walking out of the room. His heart was hardened against his grandfather, and his grandfather's heart was hardened against him.

In the night Lord Lesborough altered his will, leaving the whole of the unentailed property to Harold Ffrench; and on the following morning Lord Lesborough died, and Frank was master of Maddington.

CHAPTER XLVIII. (AND LAST). A SOUND OF WEDDING-BELLS.

FOR a little time after the meaning of that letter had been made clear to her, Theo laid at her mother's feet with her head on her mother's lap,—remained there powerless and motionless, for the unexpectedness of the blow had struck her down completely. They were terrible thoughts that rolled through the girl's

mind as she lay there; her soul was very dark, and there was none by to "quickly string" a harp whose chords might perchance tell a tale of brighter things. An hour before she had been rich in the anticipation of so much. She laid there prostrate now—a bankrupt in love, in hope, in happiness.

For about an hour she remained there on the ground, motionless in her misery. Then she rose to her feet, and her face, instead of being wan, and pale, and worn, as her mother had anticipated seeing it, was flushed and hot. She looked at herself in the glass for a minute or two, pushing her hair back over her ears as she looked; and the action was so childish, and the face that gazed into the glass was so young, that her mother could but sob over the many years of sorrow that were before her child. After looking at herself in silence for a few minutes, Theo retreated from the glass and rested against the side of the window, with her face buried in the curtains, and then she spoke.

"I mayn't be able to remember two things in a day or two that I ought to tell you at once, mother dear; one is, that I've bought my wedding-dress, and it must be got rid of—it will not be needed now; and the other is, that I'm glad this didn't happen while my father was alive."

She did not say this calmly by any means; she said it with many sobs, and with a terrible quivering throughout her frame. Suddenly, and before her mother could frame a reply to her last speech, she changed her position. Her restlessness seemed to betoken bodily pain as well as mental; she went over and leant on the bed, with her face on the pillow.

"It's very hard, very hard. Do you think it has come to me because I was ready to love another man so soon after Mr. Ffrench? It couldn't be that. Or is God spiteful?"

"Theo, Theo, my child!"

Again Theo moved; this time it was away to the mantel-piece, against the cold marble of which she pressed her forehead.

"I can't think it's that, for He made me loving. What is it?—what is it?—why am I cursed?"

Again the hot tears poured themselves in a torrent from her eyes, as once more she moved back to the bed. Mrs. Leigh congratulated herself at sight of those tears, "She won't suffer so much if she can cry," she thought, in unconsciousness of the exquisite anguish tears caused one afflicted with such a temperament as Theo.

"I wonder what will become of me," she said presently; "it doesn't seem to matter a bit now, battered about as I have been; but

perhaps I shall care again some day. What can become of me? Oh! all those things I've got! I'll lie down and think what I will do with them."

Then once more her hands went up to her head, and she sank down upon the floor walling.

"I thought he loved me,—I was so sure of it."

They gathered her up, and carried her to her room, and laid her on her bed, where she lay tossing about and moaning for hours. In the middle of the night she woke, and told her mother, who was watching her with an anxiety that precluded all thoughts of fatigue, that she was "better now, and in no pain, only thirsty." After this, the absence from pain and the thirst continued for four or five days, during which she got up and dressed as usual. But when she was up and dressed she would sit for hours doing nothing, and saying nothing, and looking very pale. At the end of that time the fever that was in her came out and showed itself, and soon she was shorn of her wavy tresses, and was lying perfectly helpless, and perfectly unconscious of her misery. And this lasted for weeks.

Meanwhile the old Lord Lesborough was buried, and the young Lord Lesborough had fairly taken possession of Maddington, to which place Mr. Scott came presently, in order to comfort his future son-in-law in his affliction, much to that unlucky one's chagrin. Miss Burgoyne and Ethel, together with their little sister, had decided upon living in London, so Frank was free to bring home his bride as soon as he pleased, a fact which Mr. Scott soon gave Lord Lesborough to understand he perceived.

Harold Ffrench had left for—none knew where. Before he left he had got Mr. Linley's current address from Lord Lesborough, to whom David Linley had written immediately on his accession to the title. Mr. Linley was living at a "sweet sequestered spot," so he described it, just free of the tourists' track, in a village whose very name was unknown to the frequenters of the Rhine. Here he was innocently, and he trusted profitably, employed in writing a novel, that, when it came out the following year, should win him that celebrity and fortune which had hitherto been denied to him. Harold Ffrench listened to these details with interest, and even jotted down the name of the village in his note-book.

It must be understood, before I proceed farther, that though Harold Ffrench was aware of the late Lord Lesborough having some cause of wrath against his grandson—some cause sufficiently strong to induce

him to alter his will in favour of Harold Ffrench: Harold Ffrench had no suspicion of the real reason of that wrath, for the Burgoynes were so absorbed in their grief for their father, that no mention was made of Frank's shortcomings. Accordingly, when he left Maddington, Harold Ffrench still believed that Maddington was Theo's future home, and Lord Lesborough her future husband. Had he known the real state of the case, the end of this story might have been somewhat sunnier, perchance.

He went to London and saw his lawyer, and made a will, leaving not only all the property Lord Lesborough had left him, but all the property he had been possessed of before that, to Theo Leigh. "It shall all go back to them," he thought; "*her* husband shall not eventually be a poorer man through his grandfather's liking for me;" and as he thought this an unwonted softness crept over him, and he went out to Hampstead, and just looked at the house where his jewel was, not trusting himself to see her again, in his blind ignorance of how matters were going on within.

Well, the end must be told, and told quickly now, for very little space is left to me. It must be told: it is not bright, but "it boots not to delay," as Thomas Ingoldsby has it in that most perfect of mediæval poems, "As I lay a thinkynge." "It boots not to delay." Let that which must be done be done quickly.

I must drop all my characters for a space, leaving them planted on the board of life thus: Theo ill of a fever; Harold Ffrench on the eve of departure for the Continent in unconsciousness of every evil that had befallen *her*; Lord Lesborough in possession at Maddington; and Sydney Scott rather impatient than otherwise to become "my Lady." The subordinate characters in this quiet little drama, which has been played out before you, shall come on in a body at the end, and bow their acknowledgments to a discriminating public for a gracious hearing.

So for a space the curtain falls. It rises again some three months later in the year to the sound of wedding-bells.

They are ringing out merrily through the keen December air, foretelling all sorts of good things for the pair whose nuptials they are melodiously celebrating. The church in whose belfry they are hung is in the West-End district. Pausing on the threshold of that church, the inquirers may hear murmurs of a "double event."

A double event! Two pairs made happy on one day. Hail smiling morn, that sees this blessed quadrilateral. They have "no connection whatever," the fusty old pew-opener

will tell anyone who will tip her sufficiently well to induce her to tell anything at all. Nor had they, in reality, any "connection whatever," save the connection formed all unconsciously to themselves in these pages.

The first pair, the pair to whom the pew-opener and her fellow-sycophants curtsied the lowest,—the pair to whom the best-horsed carriages belonged,—the pair that called a hearty "God bless 'em!" from the populace,—were Lord Lesborough and Sydney Scott. He made her a happy woman that morning, not perhaps with the best will in the world, for he hated her cousins, who required all sorts of good posts and lucrative appointments at his hands; but still with a sufficiently good grace to pass muster, and look all that was desirable in the eyes of the crowd.

Sydney was gorgeous,—as gorgeous as it was possible to be in white. She looked very happy and very plump, and very much as if all things had gone well with her in life, as she passed down the aisle under her title and lace veil. "Don't kiss me till I get home and take off my wreath, or you'll cram it, Frank," she said to him, as soon as they had seated themselves in the carriage; and he ceased from his demonstrations at once, in prompt recognition of her superior self-possession. Lady Lesborough made only one more important speech that day: it deserves to be noted down ere we take a last leave of her.

"Mamma, dear," she said, when she had made a very good breakfast, and was holding herself in readiness to take her husband away; "give the whole lot of them" (by the "whole lot of them" she meant all such as sat on the verge of their chairs and made timorous speeches)—"give the whole lot of them to understand that they keep clear of *me*. Frank shall provide for the boys, as far as getting them good berths goes; but I won't have them lumbering up my house."

The other pair whom God joined in such a way that no man could put them asunder, will, I fear, administer a slight shock when witnessed in this conjunction.

The bride quakes like an indifferently-made jelly as she comes down the church, leaning on the arm of the earnest young divine, Mr. Shalders, who has taken Lady Glaskill for better for worse in consideration of her dividends, the fabulous wealth in those boxes which she has never permitted him to open, and his own intense desire to have a London pulpit, and an impressionable female audience. He will have these things now, and Lady Glaskill, the wife of his evangelical bosom, will mutter and mumble many an evening in silent solitude, while he is intoning prayers

under a deftly adjusted light, pleasantly posed upon crimson velvet cushions.

As for John Galton and Kate, they are going on much as when we saw them last, with this difference, that Kate is in sorrow just now, in a very natural and legitimate sorrow, for one who had been very dear to her has come to an untimely end. The sorrow is so natural and legitimate, and Kate evinces it in such a thoroughly tender, womanly, open way, that even Miss Sarah cannot find it in her heart to deem her sister-in-law a flagrant offender for betraying it at all. And here, as a veracious chronicler, I must pause to observe that Miss Sarah is not one whit more agreeable generally than she was when she made her first appearance in these pages; but for all that Kate now prefers her to women of the "Aunt Glaskill" type.

This sorrow which has come upon Kate is one that the reader will have surmised already—Harold Ffrench's death. He had fallen in a duel which he forced upon David Linley, who shot his old friend through the chest, and then fell down by his side, sobbing over him and kissing him as a woman might have done.

As for Theo, she recovered from her fever to find herself an heiress. She has not, as she once jestingly declared she would, taken a yearly ticket on the line that leads to Sydney's home; but she travels about perpetually, and is very contented in mind, and only altered for the better from the Theo we knew of yore in person. Perhaps, in years to come, she may find a certain pleasure in the reflection that a woman's life is not over with the destruction of her first, best, and dearest hopes. However that may be, we take leave of her here as Theo Leigh.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITES.

CHAPTER I. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The partiality of Queen Elizabeth for handsome and accomplished chevaliers is notorious. Her fondness for Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and for his step-son, the Earl of Essex, is no mere palace gossip, but historic fact. We may mention the names of Raleigh and Mountjoy as two other instances.

As but little is generally known of the Queen's partiality for Mountjoy, we shall mention two or three incidents in his short but brilliant career, before treating of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom this paper principally concerns.

Charles Blount was one of the handsomest cavaliers of his day. He was first noticed by the Queen at Whitehall, in 1585, who asked her lady-carver, "Who was the youth of the

graceful stature and agreeable countenance?" and was informed, he was "a learned student of Oxford, and the younger brother of Lord William Mountjoy."

The young student heard the whispered inquiry, marked the Queen's gaze, and blushed to the eyes.

Elizabeth gave him her hand to kiss, and said, "I saw there was noble blood in thy veins."

Some days after this, she witnessed his success at a tilt with Essex, and awarded him a golden chess-queen, richly enamelled, which Charles wore in passing through the royal chamber.

Essex, observing the ornament, asked Mr. Fulke Grenville "where he got it?"

"The Queen sent it to him after the tilt-ing," was the reply.

"Now I perceive that every fool must have a favour," said Essex.

Blount heard these words, and sent the prime favourite a challenge. They met in Marylebone Park. Essex was wounded in the thigh. When the Queen heard it, she exclaimed, "By God's death, it's fit and proper that some one should take the Earl down, and teach him manners; otherwise there would be no ruling him."

Charles Blount was too much of a soldier to remain long at the Queen's apron-string. He broke away, and went to the wars in Flanders. Elizabeth discovered it, and wrote to her general, Sir John Norreys, to send her truant back. "Serve me so, once more, and I'll lay you too fast for running. You will never leave off till you are knocked on the head, as that inconsiderate fellow, Sidney, was," said the Queen to her truant knight.

Sidney, as the reader is aware, received his mortal wound in the battle fought beneath the walls of Zutphen. As he was, also, a favourite with the Queen—so great a favourite that she thought the Court no Court without him—we may remind the reader, in this parenthetical paragraph, of the last and noblest act of his life, recorded by Lord Brooke:—"Passing along the rest of the army, where his uncle, the general [*i. e.*, the Earl of Leicester], was; and being thirsty, with excess of bleeding, he called for a drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last, at the same feast, ghastly, casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, "*Thy necessity is greater than mine*"

But to turn back to Charles Blount, the

Queen appointed him her deputy, and sent him to Ireland, in place of Essex, who had made a terrible mess of the war in that country.

On her mentioning this appointment to Bacon, he replied, courtier-like, "Surely, madam, you cannot make a better choice, unless you send over my Lord Essex."

It is just possible that this may have been a sneer at Mountjoy, who was not, at this time, much over thirty years of age. But sneer was never more unjust, for Mountjoy was the ablest, and Essex the weakest, and most inefficient viceroy that Ireland ever had.

"Essex!" exclaimed the Queen—"When I send Essex back into Ireland, I'll marry you. Claim it of me."

But this appointment was looked upon, in those days, as a sort of banishment from Court, and the sunshine of the Queen's countenance. It was Essex's enemies who procured him the appointment to Ireland, from which he, after a few months, cut and run.

Mountjoy owed it to his own talents; but judging from his letters, he did not the less regret his absence from Court. In one of those epistles, he boldly speaks of his love for the Queen; she being nearly seventy. "This, most dear sovereign, I do not write with any swelling justification of myself. If any impious tongue do tax my proceedings, I will patiently bless it, that, by making me suffer for your sake,—I that have suffered for your sake, a torment above all others, a grieved and dispised love—"

Elizabeth, far from taking such language amiss, replies—

"O what melancholy humour hath exhaled up into your brain, from a full-fraughted heart, that should breed such doubt, bred upon no cause given by us at all, never having pronounced any syllable upon which such a work should be framed."

"The old fool," we were going to say, after reading thus far; but let us hear our "Good Queen Bess" out.

"There is no louder trump that may sound out your praise, your hazard, your care, your luck, than we have blasted in all our court and elsewhere.—Well, I will attribute it to God's providence for you, that—lest all these glories might elevate you too much—He hath suffered, though not made, such a scruple, to keep you under His rod, who best knows we have more need of bits than spurs: 'Valeant ista amara, ad Tartaros eat melancholia.'

"Your Sovereign,

"E. R."

The vain and pious old lady—for the letter was written in an earnest and pious strain—little

suspected when she penned it, that her love-sick favourite had other loves, which were not "dispised." He seduced the beautiful Penelope, the sister of his rival, the Earl of Essex, whom he married, after she had been repudiated by her injured husband, Robert, Lord Rich. This marriage was performed by *Laud*, who was at that time Mountjoy's chaplain.

Mountjoy died in 1606, under forty years of age; an unhappy man, blighted by his passions—but not for the Queen—in the bloom of life, and vigour of manhood. He was Earl of Devonshire when he died.

The weakness and vanity of the Queen was played upon, and punned upon, and was made the theme of doggerel verses, not only by courtiers, but also by men like the Cecilis. Both of the brothers, Robert and Thomas, got the credit of the following lines—

Now is my muse clad like a parasite,
In party-colour'd robes of black and white;
Grieving and joying too; both these together;
But grieves or joys the most, I wot not whether.
Eliza's dead—this splits my heart in twain;
And James proclaim'd—that makes me well again.

But the most dangerous rival for the Queen's favour or affection, with whom Essex had to contend, was that handsome and dashing knight, experienced admiral, brave soldier, and versatile and philosophical genius, Sir Walter Raleigh.

To Elizabeth's honour be it said, that in order to win her respect and retain her favour, a man should be something more than a carpet knight. Raleigh retained that favour longer than Essex, for the simple reason that he was the greater man. The latter took her fancy, the former excited her admiration; though neither, perhaps, were thoroughly true men. But thoroughly true men were scarce in those days.

The rivalry between these two men for the Queen's favour was really desperate. Elizabeth commits Essex, on his return from Ireland, to the custody of the Lord-Keeper Egerton. Sir Walter Raleigh is delighted. Essex grows sick, and, as the Queen learns, is on the point of death; so she relents, and orders eight physicians to attend him; and sends Doctor James with "broth" and a kind message, which has the effect of curing Essex, and of stretching Raleigh upon a sick bed. So she has to send broth, and kind messages, to him also. The Earl of Essex intrigues and makes insurrection: is arrested, tried, condemned, and led out to execution. Sir Walter goes to the Tower on purpose to see it; and, as some say, puffs out smoke in derision, as his rival and quondam friend moves forward to the scaffold. If Sir Walter Raleigh really did this—it is only right to say that he solemnly denied the

charge, before he himself was led out to execution. But, if we thought he had acted in such a way by poor Essex, we doubt that we should feel as much, in reading of his fate, as we are in the habit of doing.

Raleigh, as we are aware, gave the Queen mortal offence by seducing one of her maids of honour—Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, whom he afterwards married. The Queen held almost every young unmarried lady in her dominions as her ward, and considered it her right to dispose of them in marriage. She held this to be her natural and especial right in the case of her maids of honour; we are not, therefore, surprised to find her committing Sir Walter Raleigh to the Tower for his double offence.

While he was there the Queen's barge passed beneath his window. He rages to get out and prostrate himself before her, and says that he suffers "all the horrors of Tantalus;" that he will "go through fire and water, to see her." His keeper, Sir George Carew—another great favourite of the Queen, to whom she writes, "Dear George,"—holds him by the collar. Raleigh tears off the knight's new periwig, and threatens to dagger him; but, after a desperate contest, allows himself to be carried back to his chamber. Here he writes to Sir Robert Cecil a letter, which he knows the Queen will see:—"How can I abide in prison, while *she* is far off? I, who was wont to behold her, *riding like Alexander*, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus; the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her cheeks, like a nymph."

This sort of acting,—for it was nothing else,—was simply absurd; and the Queen must have possessed a somewhat larger share of the vanity which belongs to her sex not to have checked it, nor to have felt some degree of indignation at its frequent repetition.

We very much doubt that any one of her admirers succeeded in piercing her woman's heart. They may have had the vanity, which characterises a portion of the male sex, of supposing that their noble persons, courtly manners, and impassioned words, had made the desired impression; but we believe they were mistaken. Elizabeth was vain of her person; but her vanity was overtopped and overmastered by good sense, and her feelings of self-respect, and by the consciousness of her high position and dignity as the ruler of a great and powerful kingdom. The truth is, that we are as much in the habit of exaggerating the faults and failings of kings and queens, after their death, as we are of over-estimating their virtues and good deeds while living.

Edmund Spenser, a very dear friend of Sir Walter Raleigh's, to whom he may be said to

have dedicated the "Fairie Queene,"—if his long introductory letter may be called a dedication—conveys the impression, in that remarkable work, that Elizabeth was *really* wounded by Raleigh's spear, or love-shaft; that he struck her "*full on the breast*," and "*made her downe incline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown*."

The passage, of which we have never met an interpretation, occurs in the third book, in the legend of "Britomart," or "Chastity," which we hold to represent the Queen. Artegall, or Essex, has been wounded to the death, by the spear of the Virgin, Britomart; when she meets Marinell, or that great mariner, whom Spenser calls the "Shepherd of the Ocean." Marinell is represented as crossing her path, after her wound in the love affair with Essex is somewhat healed:

recomforted she spyde
Where far away, one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gyllop towards her did ride.
Her dolours soon she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet to her courser mounting light;
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath;
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright.

The Queen had occasion to be "wroth" with Raleigh for the part he took against poor Essex. Marinell, mistaking Britomart, in her warlike array, for a knight, rides up, and thus addresses her:

Sir knight that dost thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way, in my despite,
Ne doest, by other's death, ensample take,
I read thee soon retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late.

Britomart is indignant at the knight's warning, or threat, and replies:

Fly they that need to fly;
Words fearen [frighten] babes; I mean not thee
entreat
To pass. But maugre thee will pass or dy [die].
Ne longer stayed for t'other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made clearly knowne.
Strongly the stronge knight ran, and sturdily
*Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her
crown.*

But the Queen, or Britomart, or the Virgin husband of Britain, meets Marinell a second time,—“on the “sandy shore,”—and inflicts upon his “left side” a still deeper wound:—

But she, againe, him in the shield did smite,
With so fierce fury and great puissance,
That, through his three-square seuchin, percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischance,
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce.

The poet goes on to inform us that the “martial maid” kept on her way along the strand,

bestrowed all with rich assay,
Of pearls, and precious stones, and of great array;
And all the gravel mixt with golden owre.

Spenser must here refer to El Dorado, or the "golden country," of which Raleigh dreamt, but which he never discovered.

We know less of this *preux chevalier's* conduct in Ireland than of other portions of his history. But on this subject we need not delay the reader now, as we shall have more to say in our next (and concluding) chapter. C. B. GIBSON.

ANA.

AMONG her most favourite treasures and reminiscences of the past, the Queen keeps the brooch which once belonged to Robert Bruce of Scotland. This relic, a memento of her ancestor's chequered career, was presented to Her Majesty, during her visit to the late Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle in 1842, by the head of the clan Macdougall, the late Admiral Sir John Macdougall, K. C. B., of Dunollie, who, as we learn from "The County Families," is descended from Somerled, Thane of Argyll and the Isles, and lineally represents the ancient Lords of Lorn. The story of its capture from Bruce by the Macdougall of his day is thus told:—Between the Holy Pool and Tyndrum, *Dalree*, or the King's Field, is passed, where Robert Bruce, after his discomfiture at Methven, encountered Macdougall of Lorn, and was obliged to yield to superior numbers—Alister (John ?) of Lorn, being the son-in-law of the Red Comyn, whom Bruce had a short time before slain at a private conference, at the altar of the Dominican church, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire—perhaps the most difficult act of Bruce's life to defend. Bruce was compelled to make a precipitate retreat backward, by Loch Dochart; and at Loch-an-Our, where there is an extremely narrow passage between a rock and the lake—another Thermopylæ—he himself undertook to cover the retreat of his men. In the skirmishing, three of the Macdougalls made a simultaneous attack upon Bruce, whose undaunted presence of mind and herculean prowess, soon rendered him superior to his agile foes, one of whom, springing at his neck, dispossessed him of his cloak or plaid, which, in the hurry of the moment, was left in the dying grasp of the clansman. Hence Bruce's brooch remained as a trophy in the family of Lorn, and various accounts have been given of its subsequent history; but into these stories, which are more or less mixed up fable, there is no necessity to enter here. It is enough to add that Bruce's feat on this occasion called forth the admiration of even Lorn, who compared him to one of the Ossianic heroes. "Me-thinks," he said, "he resembles Gol-mac-Morni, protecting his followers from Fingal."

ANASTASIO.

A TALE of old Ravenna, on a time
When Anastasio loved a woman there,
And plan'd his passion in the dewy prime,
Caught in the meshes of her golden hair;
And in the length'ning shadows of the lime
Whisper'd it to the silence: everywhere
Her presence was his life; old legends tell
This fortune in Chiassi him befell.

To walk among the early smiles of May,
To listen to the pines which ever made
Music, like one whose voice from far away
Steals on the dreaming sense, knee-deep to wade
In flowers of fancy, not to know the day
Was dying ere it died; to be afraid
Upon a sudden with a deadly cold,
To hear a cry which shiver'd through the wold—

The sombre wold around him, and to see
A maid, her long hair floating in the wind,
Her lily flesh bloodstain'd, and fearfully
Her glance cast back at hounds that bay'd behind.
And on a dark form that with cruel glee,
With savage eyeballs and more savage mind,
"Forbear to succour Anastasio," cried,
"Such is eternal justice," let it bide.

But now the bloodhounds, with surpassing speed
Had fix'd their fangs within her snowy breast,
Tearing that perfect form with bloody greed—
That form fast sinking into perfect rest.
And when the lover saw that direful deed,
To the black horseman straight he made request
That he should tell him all the truth, and why
The dying maid thus wretchedly must die.

And he, "I loved this woman long ago,
And all my love she answer'd with disdain;
So that I kill'd myself for very woe,
Before her smiling in my latest pain.
After, she died, then in the world below,
By pallid lips, which never speak in vain,
It was decreed that she must daily fly,
And for her former cruelty thus die.

"Fierce is my hate for her I loved before;"
Then with the sword whereon in life he died
He pierced her creamy breast, and forth did draw
The entrails and the heart from her fair side;
And then with hands that dropp'd with cruel gore,
Among the hounds of hell did them divide,
Looking fierce looks upon her as she fell,
For pity is no habitant of hell.

"Behold!" he cried, "of unrequited love,
The fruit," and as he spoke upon the maid,
And dogs and fiend pursued her to the grove,
Till all were lost within the deepening shade.
Then to himself the lover sought to prove
It was a vision which his fancy made;
But could not,—then he thought there might arise
From the reality a golden prize.

So he prepared a banquet, and there came
All his friends, thinking that his pain was past;
And with the rest th' inexorable dame,
For he had promis'd it should be the last,
Last time of asking mercy, that his flame
Should die:—his future on this chance was cast.
The birds and winds form'd all their minstrelsy,
The flowers their carpet, and their roof the sky.

Then came the terror and the loud lament,
The night, the huntsman, and the bleeding maid,

To the fair cruelty her steps she bent,
And there she fell ; and then the hounds essay'd
Their jaws in her warm blood, and gaping rent
In her white body as before was made
By the sharp sword, the ever hungry brood
Tore as before their palpitating food.

Then came the voice, "Mercy she never knew,
And never mercy to her shall be shown !"
Then she arose, and as before she flew,
Renewing with her life her ancient moan.
Paler and paler that fair lady grew,
And trembling conscience made the case her own.
She saw from even to the dawn of day
Her host the huntsman, and herself the prey.

The shadows in the sleeping moonlight seem'd
The dogs she saw upon Chiassi's plain,
All the fresh horror of the day she dream'd
Was come upon her, weighing on her brain ;
Till the pale sapphire of the morning gleam'd,
She woke and turn'd her side and dream'd again
Ever that weary dream, then sprang from bed,
Pressing her hands upon her aching head.

Rftsoons she cried, "I pray thee, maiden, go
See if fond pity still can hold a place
Within the breast of my erst loving foe,
Forgotten, unforgetting Anastase.
And if by chance he tell thee this be so,
Tell him I will he fall in my embrace,
In whispers." Anastasio heard and came
With love unintermitted,—still the same.

He came not thither now to beg relief
Of her inexorable as of yore,
And tears, the dumb petitioners of grief,
Fill'd his germander eyes with dew no more.
Propt on her bosom in a bliss too brief,
Her balmy breath did all his life restore ;
Thus first the women of that place began
To feel more pity for the suffering man.

THE OLD ROMAN BATH IN THE STRAND.

OF all the many hundreds and thousands of passengers, on foot or on horse, in cabs or in omnibuses, who daily make the journey into the City, *via* the Strand and Fleet Street, we wonder how many fancy or imagine, as they pass the eastern end of Somerset House, that they are within some fifty or sixty feet of one of the oldest structures of London, one of its few real and genuine remains which date from the era of the Romans in England, and possibly even as far back as the reign of Titus or Vespasian.

But so it is. Let the pedestrian, when he reaches the east end of St. Mary's church in the Strand,—that church before which the maypole used to be set up in the days when England was "Merrie England,"—dive under a low archway between the shops, and follow a rather winding and rapidly-descending path ; and on his left hand, just before reaching a flight of steps, he will see a somewhat rural cottage, on which hangs a card engraved with the words "The Old Roman Bath." The outside of the cottage is not very attractive,

or at all events it did not present any very striking features when we visited it a few weeks since ; but it is only fair to add that we have since heard that it is just now shut up for some temporary repairs and restorations.

The lane in which this bath is situated is classic ground. It used to lead down to a pier or jetty called the Strand Bridge, which was once a place where the gallants of the day took boat, or landed on their return from Chelsea and Putney ; and allusions to it under the above name are frequent in books of gossip in the last century. Thus, for instance, Addison, in his pleasant and chatty way tells us in the *Spectator** how he landed there one fine summer morning, "with ten



sail of boats laden with apricots," on his way to Covent Garden. The stairs are long since gone ; but a few coal barges are still moored at the bottom of the lane. We fear that the steamboat piers at Waterloo Bridge and at the bottom of Essex Street have had their full influence upon the traffic of Strand Lane or Passage, and that for more than half a century Addison's landing-pier has been thrown into the shade of oblivion. It is

* "Nothing remarkable happened on our voyage ; but I landed with ten sail of apricot boats, at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark House to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by as we made up to the market, and some rallery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusions to their several professions."—*Spectator*, No. 454.

thought by antiquaries that the Lane, which is somewhat tortuous, follows pretty nearly the line of a little brook or rivulet which carried off the water from the higher grounds about Catharine Street and Drury Lane, and passed under the thoroughfare of the Strand, which was carried over it by a bridge.*

We cannot better describe "the Roman Spring Bath" itself than in the words of Mr. Charles Knight's "London" where he tells us of a visit which he paid to it a few years ago.

"Descending several steps we found ourselves in a lofty vaulty passage, evidently ancient; and its antiquity became still more apparent on walking to the end of the passage, where the ceiling of the opposite or terminal wall exhibits half of a great circular arch, the upper portion of the other half being occupied by a descending piece of masonry, supported by a beam, which appears to be at least two or three centuries old, possibly much more. The age of this beam speaks significantly as to the age of the arch, which it and the accompanying masonry have mutilated. On the left of the passage is a door, leading into a vaulted chamber, measuring we should suppose about twenty feet in length, the same in height, and in breadth about nine feet. In the massive wall between the chamber and the passage is a recess, passing which, and standing at the farther end of the room, we have the view seen in the accompanying engraving. The Bath itself is about thirteen feet long, six broad, and four feet six inches deep. The spring is said to be connected with the neighbouring holy well, which gives name to Holywell Street, and their respective position makes the statement probable. Through the beautifully clear water, which is also as delightful to the taste as refreshing to the eye, appear the sides and bottom of the Bath, exhibiting, we are told, the undoubted evidences of the high origin ascribed to it." Minutely as the height and peculiar coldness of the water would permit, did we and the artist of the drawing examine the structure of these supposed Roman walls and pavement. The former consisted, we found, of layers of brick, of that peculiar flat and neat-looking aspect which certainly seemed to imply the impress of Roman hands, divided only by thin layers of stucco; and the latter of a layer of similar brick, covered with stucco, and resting upon a mass of stucco and rubble. The construction of the pavement is made visible by a deep hole at the end near the window, where the spring is continually flowing up; and in pursuing our inquiries among those persons best calculated to satisfy them, we were told by a gentleman

connected with the management of the estate, who had had a portion of the pavement purposely removed, that the rubble was of that peculiar character well known among architects as Roman. The bricks are nine inches and a half long, four inches and a half broad, and an inch and three quarters thick."

It should be added that these tiles lie on a bed of mortar, under which again is rubble, extending to a considerable depth. At the further end of the Bath is a small projecting strip or ledge of white marble, and beneath it a hollow in the wall slanting down to one corner; these are beyond a doubt the remains of a flight of steps which once led down into the water.

Mr. Charles Knight adds:—"Immediately opposite the steps, we learn from the authority of the gentleman before referred to, was a door connected with a vaulted passage, still existing below—and towards the back of—three houses in Surrey Street, and continuing from thence upwards in the direction of the Strand. These vaults have some remarkable features: among others, there is a low arch of a very peculiar form, the rounded top projecting gradually forward beyond the line of its sides, in the house immediately behind the Bath. But the history of the Bath—is there nothing known of it? All we can say in reply is—that the property can be traced back into the possession of a very ancient family, the Danvers (or D'Anvers), of Swithland, in Leicestershire, whose mansion stood on the spot;—that, although the existence of the Bath was evidently unknown to Stow, Maitland, Pennant, and Malcolm, or the later historians of London, from the absence of any mention of it in their pages, yet from time immemorial in the neighbourhood the fact of its being a Roman bath has been received with implicit credence;—and, lastly, that a kind of dim tradition seems to exist, that it had been closed up for some long period, and then rediscovered. It will not be thought we have spent too much of our attention on this matter, when it is considered how great an interest has always been felt on the subject of any remaining traces of the residences of the former masters of the world in our own island, and particularly in London; and that among those remains, consisting chiefly of fragments of walls, mosaic pavements, and articles of use or ornament, a bath, presenting to-day, probably, the precisely same aspect that it presented sixteen or seventeen centuries ago, when the Roman descended into its beautiful waters, must hold no mean place. The proprietors, we are happy to say, rightly estimate its value, and have long ago caused another bath to be built and sup-

* Stow, p. 165.

plied from it ; and it is in the latter alone that persons are allowed to bathe."

Mr. Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," speaks of this bath as the most ancient in the metropolis, and observes that it was evidently unknown to Stow, who says nothing about its existence, although he mentions the locality as "a lane or way down to the landing place on the banks of the Thames." The water is beautifully clear and extremely cold, and it is said to be supplied by the spring at the rate of ten tons a day.

If, indeed, the place that we have thus described be in reality a Roman bath, of which no antiquary entertains a doubt, it is probable that it marks the extreme westerly point of Roman London ; and there is only one known duplicate of it existing in the metropolis, namely, under the Coal Exchange in Upper Thames-street, where are to be seen some similar remains, in a very dilapidated condition, though we can still trace there the *débris* of a furnace and pillars of bricks, which once, no doubt, supported a suspensory pavement, and seats for the sitters, plastered in the usual manner.

Mr. Wright, in his interesting and instructive work, "The Celts, Romans, and Saxons," remarks that among the Romans almost every town had its public baths, or *thermæ*, and that the latter were very often placed near the Basilica, or Court-house, or the head-quarters of the general in command of the legions. Although the remains of *thermæ* are so scanty in London, yet there are several fine specimens, in tolerable preservation, scattered up and down the country ; as, for instance, at Chester, under the Plume of Feathers inn, in Bridge-street ; at Wroxeter, the ancient *Uriconium*, recently brought to light, and described in an early number of ONCE A WEEK ;* at Caerwent, in Monmouthshire ; at Witcomb, at Cirencester, at Crickley-hill, and Woodchester in Gloucestershire ; at Brecon, in South Wales ; at Bignor, near Petworth, Sussex ; at North Wroxall and Pitmead, Wiltshire ; at York, the old *Eboracum* ; at Hartlip, in Kent ; at Waterby, in Lincolnshire ; and at North Leigh, Oxfordshire.

Looking at the gloomy little apartment in Strand-lane—for clear and sweet as flows the spring, the room is gloomy and prison-like—it is rather difficult to conjure up in one's fancy what these *thermæ* were in the days of Gordian or of Constantine. But a comparison of the thermal remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and others in the Lipari Islands, and at Wroxeter and Bignor, warrants us in drawing a picture of what were the appendages

and decorations of such a structure as this some fifteen centuries ago ; and the writings of the Roman architect Vitruvius, read by the light of existing specimens, make everything as clear as the daylight. So prevalent was the worship of the goddess Hygieia, or Health, and so great the fondness of the Romans under the Empire for every bodily luxury, that we can hardly be surprised at finding historians and satirists, and writers like Petronius Arbiter, using somewhat grandiloquent language in describing them. The finest and most perfect specimens consisted of some twelve or thirteen apartments, all or most of which were decorated with tessellated marbles, both on the pavements and on the walls, representing, in gorgeous colours, the national mythology, the Roman games, and the battles of the gods ; while heroes, birds, beasts, fishes, and monsters of every kind, griffins, sea-lions, sea-demons, and other imaginary beings were portrayed in mosaics. Thus Gibbon remarks, in his "Decline and Fall :—" "The walls of the lofty apartment were covered with curious mosaics, that imitated the art of the pencil in the elegance of their design and the beauty of their colours. It was the ambition of the Roman emperors to construct these superb *thermæ* either to conciliate the people, or to exhibit their own power and riches. They were the common luxury of all classes, and in them the people found their chief amusements—music and dancing, gymnastics and gladiatorial exhibitions, often accompanied the recreations of the *Sudatory* and *Piscina*." Dr. Wollaston, in his recent work on "*Thermæ Romano-Britannicæ*," gives a full description of the various apartments of a Roman bath, from which we condense a large portion of the following remarks.

The *thermæ* were usually approached through an *atrium*, or entrance-hall, which served for the purpose of promenading before and after bathing. It was large, and generally decorated with busts and statues of *Æsculapius* and *Hippocrates*, and of *Hygieia*, and other deities. Next came the *Frigidarium*, or grand hall, which was kept at the natural temperature. This was often as much as 120 feet in length, and surmounted by a lofty dome, and adorned with elaborate mosaics on the floor, walls, and cornices, with busts, statues, &c. From this place a door led into the *Tepidarium*, or warm room, which was intended to bring the bather into a partial state of perspiration, and to enable him, by a graduated process, to bear the greater heat of the *Sudatorium*, the heat of which was so raised as to make the bather's perspiration burst forth profusely. This done, he was shampooed and

* See Vol. I., p. 39.

rubbed by an attendant, and scraped with a *strigil*, a kind of curry-comb, which carried off all scurf and impurities.* The patient was sent next into the *Lavatorium*, a semi-circular recess at the end of the *Sudatorium*, and sometimes constituting a separate apartment, where he was washed from head to foot with copious ablutions of warm and then hot water. In this room was the *Loutron*, a large receptacle of marble, porphyry, granite, or tiles, for entire immersion. According to Dr. Wollaston, it was generally about seven or eight feet long, and about three feet deep and three wide. Contiguous to this was the cold plunge-bath, or *Piscina*, where the more vigorous used to brace their skin and muscles after the relaxation of the *Loutron*. Its dimensions varied extremely, but the smallest must have been pretty nearly identical with the bath which we are describing.

It is needless to add that the *Piscina* is all that remains of the bath in the Strand.

The *Hypocaust*, or fire-place, which heated the chambers, was placed on the ground, under the flooring, or *suspensura*, of the warm and hot rooms. It was like a cellar, the roof of which was supported by pillars of stone or brick tiles, between which the fuel was placed.

Close to the *Frigidarium* were two or three other smaller chambers which ministered to the luxuries of the Roman *pretextati*. In one the hair was combed and arranged, as it is now-a-days by Mr. Truefitt; in another, the superfluous hairs were removed by the aid of depilatory powders; in another, slaves applied fragrant odours to the bather's body, and smeared him with costly ointments of delicious scents. Add to these chambers a *Sphæristerium*, for games and exercises—answering to our own billiard-rooms; a *Capsarium*, for the bather's clothes; the *Exedra*, for poets to recite and philosophers to discourse; and a *Crypto-Porticus*, or covered cloister round the outside of the baths, for walking exercise; and the reader has a general view of what the Roman *thermæ* were, though

* The *strigil* was an instrument used invariably in the bath at Rome, as stated in the text: and it may be asserted that wherever a *strigil* has been found, there are good reasons for believing that a Roman bath was not far off. The instrument was made of ivory, bone, copper, bronze, iron, silver, or even gold: its form was curvilinear, something like a sickle, but rather less curved, and occasionally a small groove ran round the outer edge, to collect the fluids which were scraped off by the thin edge which was applied to the skin. It required some skill in its use, as otherwise the skin would have been torn or scratched; and the Roman slaves were taught to use it with care and art. Specimens of the *strigil* have been frequently found at Rome and Pompeii; and also in England. One discovered in London, under the Coal Exchange, is now in the Guildhall; one found at Reculver, Kent, is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; one found at Caerleon-on-Usk is in the local museum. Besides these, other specimens have been found in the Bartlow Hills, near Saffron Walden, Essex, and at Wroxeter. Every scholar will remember a host of allusions to the *strigil* in Horace, Juvenal, and the other classic satirists. It is enough to quote one single instance:—

“I puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer.”

of course they ranged from edifices of great magnificence down to a very humble and unpretending style.

Rightly, then, is Glaucus made to exclaim, in “The Last Days of Pompeii,” “Let us to the baths; blessed be he who invented baths;” and, in answer to Diomed, to reply:—

“Imagine all Pompeii converted into baths, and you will form some notion of the size of the imperial *thermæ* of Rome, but a notion of the size only. Imagine every entertainment for mind and body, enumerate all the gymnastic games that our fathers have invented, repeat all the books that Italy and Greece have produced; suppose places for all these games, admirers for all these works; add to these baths of the vastest size and the most complicated construction; intersperse the whole with gardens, theatres, porticos, and schools; suppose, in one word, the City of the Gods, composed out of palaces and public edifices, and you may form some faint idea of the glories of the great *thermæ* of imperial Rome.”

No doubt it is to the Greeks that the Romans owed their knowledge of the hot-air bath as a therapeutic agent, just as the Greeks derived their knowledge from the East. Even in the earliest times, in India, Phœnicia, and Egypt, we find the bath, under various modifications, employed as a remedial agent, as well as a means of cleansing the body, and dedicated to the Goddess of Health. The restorative virtues of the hot-air bath were constantly put into exercise by the combatants in the Olympic games, after the struggles of the chariot race, the cestus, or the *pæstra*. Its balmy influence soothed the wearied muscles and calmed the excitement of the brain. From Phœnicia the knowledge of this remedy travelled to Carthage, where the baths formed a prominent ornament, as described by Dr. Davis in his recent work on that city. But the full development of the *thermæ* was reserved for the Augustan and succeeding ages of imperial luxury; and it was the boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome of brick and had left it of marble. The magnificent *thermæ*, of which the present Pantheon forms a part, and which were built in his reign by the Consul Agrippa, and dedicated by the Emperor to the Roman people, form no small portion of the work on which that boast was founded. And Dr. Wollaston remarks, with respect to the *thermæ* at Rome of more recent date, that they were built by Titus, Hadrian, Caracalla, Diocletian, and Constantine, those very emperors who had once trodden with their victorious legions the soil of Britain. This fact may tend to explain the otherwise singular circumstance that the Roman and Anglo-Roman *thermæ* are more closely

identical in structure and embellishment than those of any other two countries, so far as antiquaries have investigated their remains.

From what we have said above, our readers will already have concluded that what is now so generally known as the Turkish bath is, in reality, but a revival of the ancient Roman bath; and when Captain B—and Colonel C—are enjoying the luxuries of Mr. D. Urquhart in Jermyn Street, they are undergoing the same process which, 1500 or 1600 years ago, Captain Balbus, or Flavius, or Claudius, of the —th Roman legion, was enjoying in the Strand. But so it is! It is not a little singular, as Dr. Wollaston remarks, that “a practice so ancient as that of the Roman bath, which was in common use for many hundred years in all the most civilised countries of Europe, and still extensively practised by all Mahometan nations, has been almost entirely abandoned by Western Europe.” The Turks and other Oriental nations still adhere to the customs of their forefathers, bequeathed to them by the descendants of the Greeks and Romans: no small legacy to bequeath; and no small boon to the people which had the good sense to adopt, almost as national, so valuable an inheritance.

“Among the Turks,” as Dr. Wollaston adds, “the bath has been the great means of cleanliness, and of cultivating the enjoyments of social life, and almost answered the purposes of hospitals.

“Unquestionably the frequent use of the bath, whether hot-air or vapour, has been long practised by the Slavonian races, by the Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Swedes, and Germans; and it is strange, and not readily explicable, that the English and French, the Italians and the Spaniards, have almost entirely discarded the ancient luxury—perhaps because they have invented other means of enjoyment and of personal cleanliness, and substituted the domestic hot-water bath, instead of resorting to the public thermæ. But in a medical or therapeutical point of view, the hot-air bath claims an attention which is being slowly recognised by the profession and the public, and possesses medicinal and sanitary properties far beyond the ordinary bath of warm water. During the Crimean war, frequent opportunities occurred of visiting the baths in Constantinople, which are held in popular reputation, not only as a luxury, but as a simple means of curing diseases; and no doubt the bath has superseded to a great extent the necessity of building dispensaries and hospitals, for the habits of daily life among the Turks are comparatively simple—they drink no intoxicating liquors, and are an abstemious people; the ordinary classes of diseases to

which they are subjected, are much under control by the frequent use of the bath. The bath is as essential to the welfare and happiness of the Turks, as the enjoyment of their chibouk; under the soothing delights of coffee, tobacco, and the bath, they are a temperate, peaceable, industrious, and cleanly people; their minds as well as their bodies are free from the excitement, the fever, and perturbation which disturb other European people; and so far as physical agencies influence the moral and intellectual condition of the Turks, it might almost be said that their calm, grave, and dignified demeanour is the result of their national adoption of coffee, tobacco, and the Bath.”

And the ancient Roman bath, thanks to Mr. Urquhart, still survives in the Turkish Hamaum, or Hummum. Under the latter title their name is still retained in the signs of the two hotels in Covent Garden, known to every reader as “The Old and New Hummums.” Mr. Wright, in his “History of Domestic Manners of England,” says, “Among the customs introduced from Italy was the hot sweating bath, which, under the name of the Hot-house, became widely known in England for a considerable time.” Sweating in these hot-houses is spoken of by Ben Jonson, and in the old play of the “The Puritan” a character, speaking of some laborious undertaking, says, “Marry, it will take me much sweat; ’t were better to go to sixteen hot-houses.” These Hummums, however, when established in London, seem to have been mostly frequented by women, and they became, as in the East, favourite rendezvous for gossip and company of not the most moral kind. They soon came to be used for the purposes of intrigue, and this circumstance gradually led to their suppression.

Dr. Wollaston tells us that there is in the British Museum a copy of an extremely rare print (a broadside of the reign of James I., but evidently copied from a French etching in the Print Department of the Imperial Library at Paris), entitled “Tittle-tattle, or the several branches of Gossiping,” which represents in its different compartments the manner in which the women of London at that time idled away their time in these hot-houses. In one division they are represented as in bathing-tubs; in another as regaling themselves with an abundance of very substantial dainties; and in a third as busily engaged in picking each other’s and their neighbours’ characters to pieces. In Paris, where the same customs prevailed, the ladies seem to have added to it the attractions of a *pique-nique*, or *pic-nic*, if we may believe the French etching above alluded to.

E. WALFORD.

QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

A TALE IN FOUR PARTS. BY GEORGE STOTT.



PART II.

THE dinner party at Northlea Court was not large. Mr. Elton, of Barston, M.P. for the county, was there with his wife, son, and daughter; so was Dr. Booth, the rector; and so

was old Lady Tiverton, Lord Carrysbrook's great-aunt. She, in her time, had been a very great lady indeed; but now, between extreme deafness and devotion to her dinner, was little more than a dummy for social purposes. She

remembered Vivian, whom at one time she had met often, and told him that he was looking quite an old man and very ill, and was very like his mother, whom she proceeded to ask for, in entire oblivion of the fact that she had been dead for twenty years. Dinner being then announced, she was soon absorbed. Helen was assigned to Vivian, and he found her delightful. She wondered that they had not met in London, and asked him if he remembered her.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I remember you perfectly well. To tell you the truth, I have often been anxious to meet you, I had heard so much of you. But I have got into such a groove: I am so much out of England, and go out so little."

She laughed. "You have heard of me. I'm sure I ought to feel flattered. I should have thought myself quite too insignificant a person for any one to think it worth while to speak of me to Mr. Vivian."

"Don't depreciate yourself," said he; "I am sceptical as to people being famous unconsciously. Should you like to know what was said?"

"Well, what was it?"

"There were sad tales of ruin and havoc. Does not your conscience smite you? I feel almost moved to attempt to awaken it."

She gave a little scornful laugh. "Oh, by all means try, if you like. But are your own hands clean, Mr. Vivian?"

He looked at her with his calm, searching eyes. She never would have been quite in his style, and now his appreciation was wholly artistic, but he could not but admit that she was magnificent. Passing by her question, he said:

"So you have made acquaintance with my friend Humberston?"

"Oh, yes," she said; "I was much indebted to his chivalry the other day. Is he an old friend of yours, Mr. Vivian?"

"A great friend rather than an old friend," said Vivian; and went on to speak of other things.

He had a special interest in studying her, for he felt almost certain that, in default of anything better, she would spread her snares for Humberston, and he was curious as to the result. It would never have occurred to him to hesitate about exposing his friend to a risk of this sort; indeed, he would have prescribed a flirtation at a carefully regulated temperature as an excellent thing for him, but in this case he thought he would be heavily overmatched. He was, in truth, somewhat disposed to underestimate Humberston's strength. From his training he was too apt to form his estimate from

mere social and conversational dexterity. He saw that the other was not the man to be, as he had been, *facile princeps* in clubs and drawing-rooms. He was unequal, wanted the imperturbable self-possession, the intuitive perception of the right thing to say which there win supremacy. With the gloves on, as it were, he was his inferior, and it was not easy for him to conceive that, when it came to hard earnest hitting, when whatever of fire and energy a man possesses can have free play, he might be trusted to hold his own.

Humberston was on the other side of the table next to Miss Elton, a pretty baby-faced little thing, very young ladyish, and decidedly insipid, whom Helen Conway sometimes petted, sometimes snubbed, and always despised. His efforts at entertaining this young creature were not successful, inasmuch as whilst talking to her, he was trying hard to persuade himself that he was by no means anxious to be near Helen, and had no intention of suffering himself to be involved in that quarter. Little Miss Elton was neither very sharp-sighted nor exacting. She liked to have a man to talk to her when she went into society: it raised her in her own eyes. What he said was not of so much consequence. She looked rather to quantity than quality, and was quite ready to laugh or be serious, though with a mild preference for the former. Though Humberston was not quite to her taste, she would have been prepared to make the best of him, but she had the quick feminine instinct to perceive when a man is talking without thinking of her or wishing to please her, because his mind is fixed on some one else,—and no woman will stand that. The pretty Caroline got sulky at last, gave him short answers, and turned for consolation to her brother, who was on her other side. Hereupon Humberston was stung to the soul with the conviction of failure, and like all men of strong self-esteem, refusing to allow that the cause was in himself, concluded in gloomy scorn that society did not suit him, because it was too dull to appreciate his excellence. When he was famous, when he could of right take the foremost place, he might enter it and astonish those who now overlooked him. He might have known that silly girls, whose thoughts were of balls and croquet, would be quite unable to value the conversation of a man of any intellect.

When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room after dinner, a little commotion was going on, caused by the retirement of Lady Tiverton, who had a long drive, and did not choose to be kept up late without good reason. Humberston's impulse was to join Helen, but the fit of haughty ill-humour was still upon him,

and he stood alone at a table pretending to himself that he was looking at some engravings. Miss Conway passed him, "You are not suffering from your exertions in my behalf the other day, Mr. Humberston, I hope?" she said.

The voice and the eyes might have melted an inquisitor, and Humberston's wrath fled away before them.

"Oh, no," he said. "But I can't think of my awkwardness yet without shame."

"Ah! but, Mr. Humberston, you can't be allowed to isolate yourself in study this evening, when we are so few. Miss Elton is going to sing, and somebody must attend on her, you know. Won't you go?"

"I am afraid," he said, "that I am not in Miss Elton's good books at present."

"Are you? Well, to tell you the truth, I am afraid you are not. Did you snub her, Mr. Humberston? Or what was it? for she has been confiding to me that she did not think you 'nice,' and was sure you were thinking of something else all the time you were talking to her."

"I was thinking of *some one* else, I believe," he said, as he looked full at her.

"Am I to understand me?" she said in a tone of saucy, even scornful mockery. "How very good of you, to be sure! Dear me! and I knew nothing of it, and was absorbed in Mr. Vivian's talk, which really is worth listening to. Pray accept my thanks, Mr. Humberston," and she turned away with a laugh.

He felt bitterly savage; he had been set down and treated like a boy. He vowed he would show her her mistake. At the moment he would have given half he was worth, for the power of making a biting retort, but, of course, could not find one. He turned to Dr. Booth, who lounged up, and began to talk to him about the present state of Oxford, and made no attempt to follow her. Helen had expected he would, and was a trifle disappointed. If he had, she would have despised him; as he did not, but seemed interested in his conversation, he rose in value, and she began to think she had overshot the mark with him. The instinct of conquest made it impossible for her to let him alone. She could not meet a man without seeking to make him her slave. She seated herself not far off, seeming to listen to Miss Elton, who was "cooing" a ballad, popular at the time, at the piano. At a pause in his conversation, Humberston heard his name softly uttered. He turned.

"Will you be so good," said Helen, "since you are standing, as to give me my handkerchief from that table?"

"Thanks so much," she said as he gave it to her—eyes and voice full of gentle penitence.

"I am a true woman, you see, and enjoy making a man do anything for me. We all do. We know we are really very small, and so we take consolation in playing at being masters."

It was impossible to continue angry with her. He was beginning to understand what witchery meant. It was his first experience of this sort of artillery. No wonder that his unproved entrenchments gave way.

"You are not listening to Miss Elton," she said; "don't you care for music?"

He smiled. "You might as well ask me if I cared for sunlight. But——"

"Well, I know what you mean. Not *that* sort of thing." Miss Elton here came to an end, and there was a call for Helen. She rose.

"As long as I sing, that is all they want," she said to Humberston. "I know no one will listen, unless it may be Mr. Vivian, and I think Aunt Anne is sending him to sleep. If you are going to do me the honour to listen to me, you may choose what I shall sing, if you care to."

He took up a music-book which opened at *Dove sono*. "*Kismet*," he said as he put it before her.

Helen Conway's voice was of singular sweetness and power, and had been cultivated to artistic perfection. She idolised music; coquetry, recklessness, unworthy ambitions died away and fell off from her under its supreme, intoxicating spell. He, too, felt it as she did. The divine melody of Mozart bound them together as its captives. The intense, passionate life that was kindled within them spoke from their eyes as their glances met. At a moment like that she instinctively felt that his eyes were dangerous, and dropped her own. He continued to gaze, hardly conscious that he did so, not knowing whether it was she or Mozart that he was worshipping. When the music ceased, the usual murmur of thanks followed. Humberston was silent.

"Why, Mr. Humberston," said she, trying to laugh, but not very successfully, "you don't so much as say thank you."

"Nor do I thank the stars for shining," said he. "Somehow it seems out of place to offer thanks and compliments to simple and absolute perfection, which is beautiful because it is, and can't help itself. *Will you go on?*"

"I suppose I had better, or I shall soon, I see, get enveloped in metaphysics," she said.

She sang one or two more songs, ending with Schubert's "*l'Addio*." When she rose he said—

"I know the meaning *now* of these lines of Shelley, '*To Constantia singing*.' Do you remember them?"

"Yes, yes," she answered hurriedly, and blushed. Going to the table she took up a book absently. "Do you know this?" she said. "Do you like it?"

It was Owen Meredith's "Wanderer."

"Yes, and no," he said. "I'll tell you what I think of it."

"You shall tell me another time," she answered, "and improve my mind; for we shall see you here again, I hope."

"I was just going to ask if I might come on my own account. I can't answer for Vivian, you know."

"If you *might* come! Don't you know what a godsend you will be to poor lone women?"

"And you will sing again?"

"Perhaps, if you are very good, and will solemnly pledge yourself to go after my hat into all imaginable abysses. Are you going, Mr. Vivian? Are you ill?"

This was to Vivian, who at that moment joined them, and was indeed looking very pale and fagged. He had felt worse than usual that day, and had had to do a good deal of talking, which tired without interesting him. He had been sitting all the evening by Mrs. Dynevor, finding that that was the post that would involve least exertion; and the kind old lady, seeing that he was not well, had been quite content for him to be almost silent, and had gone rambling on, recommending him infallible remedies, not only for his own disorders, but for all others to which human nature is subject. With his deep love and appreciation for music, Helen's singing had been elysium; but "l'Addio" was the last song he had heard Constance Anstruther sing, and it was always rather a trial to him.

"You know I'm on the permanent sick-list," he said in answer to Helen; "and in these degenerate days, even your singing can't make us young again, Miss Conway. I have ordered the carriage, Ned, but don't let me hurry you off. I'll send it back for you at once."

Humberston saw he was really suffering.

"I shan't allow you to go alone," he said, "you know I have constituted myself nurse and guardian."

They made their *adieux* and retired.

"Tell him to drive fast," said Vivian, as he leaned back in the carriage. "I won't talk just now, old fellow. To tell you the truth, I do feel rather beat."

Humberston was silent. These fits of faintness were becoming more and more frequent in his friend, and he could not be insensible to the fact that his health was growing decidedly worse. The Grange was soon reached,

and the drive had revived Vivian, for he said as he entered,

"Richard's himself again, I believe. Nothing remains that a trifle of cognac will not remedy. We will have that and a weed. Come! How gloriously that girl sings, to be sure!"

"What do you think of her altogether?" asked Humberston.

"That she's a woman about whom a man may be excused for becoming a little insane. *Tant pis* for him all the same. What are your views on the point, my friend? though it is hardly necessary to ask."

"What do you mean?" said the other, unable to prevent himself from colouring.

"Why in your case it seemed to me that she made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood,
According to her humour, ebb and flow.'

You shouldn't let her do that, you know. At any rate, you shouldn't let her see it."

"I'm afraid I can't deny your charge *in toto*," said Humberston, "though I didn't know I showed anything. She *is* a magnificent creature. She makes me angry, but I can't resist her eyes."

"My dear fellow," said Vivian, "do you suppose she does not know that perfectly well? She'll delight in stinging and soothing you alternately. You see you're not fairly matched. She's an old hand and you're a novice. I fancy, though," he added musingly, "she loses her head a little with music. I was watching her, and I noticed a change."

"Did you?" said Humberston. "I only know I lost mine. But I'm not much skilled in this game you talk of, Vivian, that's the truth."

"No, you are not. You might be in time, perhaps, though I fancy there is rather too much impetuosity about you. And after all,—I'm getting an old fellow now, and some things look differently,—after all, the gain is a very doubtful one. A man fritters himself away awfully in flirting, there's not the least doubt of that. As for that girl, I don't believe she *could* love a man now, if she tried, though perhaps, for ten minutes or so, when she's singing, she fancies she can."

"You're right, I daresay," said the other; "you're a better judge than I am. At the same time I don't see how you can know much about Helen Conway, seeing that you haven't set eyes on her since she was a child."

"I know the species, my friend," said Vivian. "As I said, *vixi et militavi*, whether *non sine gloria* or not. But I don't suppose my preaching to you would be of much use. In these cases men never will avail themselves

of the results gained by the experience of others. When they've touched red-hot iron, they'll allow it burns their fingers—not before. My weed is out, and I shall turn in. You won't come yet? and you are cutting some cavendish? My dear fellow, I must be permitted to say that I consider that an unfavourable symptom. Good night."

"Humberston," said Vivian, as they sat at breakfast one morning about a fortnight later, "did you ever meet Lord Carrysbrook?"

"Yes, once. I was in young Strange's room, who knew him at Oxford, and he came in. He reminded me rather of the 'oiled and curled Assyrian bull' in *Maud*. He's a fool, isn't he?"

"From a certain point of view, yes; which is likewise true of most men. I don't suppose he ever said a good thing, or had an original thought in his life. But you see that isn't his line. He came into rather more than 50,000*l.* a-year some four or five years ago. He had every temptation to make ducks and drakes of it, and he hasn't. Whence I infer that his folly is not absolute."

Humberston laughed. "Vivian on the claims of the *ῥοῦς πρακτικὸς* to general respect! Are you going to present yourself as a candidate for some great industrial metropolis? or what is it?"

"The healthy influence of the responsibilities of property on a naturally fine but misdirected intellect, I believe," said Vivian. "It has been suggested to me that I may fairly look forward to being chairman of Quarter Sessions! Think of that! Who would not strive to make himself worthy of such a prize? But I asked if you knew Carrysbrook, because I find that he's coming into these parts. I've a letter here from Montague Thirlestane, his cousin, who knows more of him than most men, and he says *inter alia* that Carrysbrook is going to Brankstone to stay with old Lady Tiverton; she's his aunt, you know."

"A mark of family affection that I'm sure does him the highest credit, if disinterested," said Humberston. "But perhaps it's rather a confirmation of your view of him. Her ladyship has heaps of money to leave, hasn't she? And she must die soon, if she ever does."

"Well, I don't know," said Vivian, "Thirlestane seems to think, and he ought to know, that the vicinity of Brankstone to that Cleopatra-like neighbour of ours at the Court is the real attraction. He was rather mad about her last season, and Monty was surprised that he wasn't hooked. He doesn't like the idea of it very well, and thinks Carrysbrook a fool. I hope you can support the prospect of this

'baron all covered with jewels and gold' riding up to your Imogen's door, Ned. You've been there a good deal. You ought to be in love, you know."

"My dear fellow," said Humberston, "you might have considered my feelings, and used a little discretion in breaking such news to me. Ha! Do I then see in Carrysbrook my haughty, hated rival? Well! well! a tragic event of the most painful nature will soon, as the papers say, 'throw a deep gloom over the neighbourhood' of Northlea. I can't well drown myself in that cursed brook where I wetted my feet in the heartless beauty's service; it isn't deep enough, and it would be a bore to walk as far as the river. I might be found at her park gates with my throat cut; but then people would say I had plagiarised from 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere.' I will try tobacco—give me your cigar-case. No; the other, which contains those *very* choice regalias. You at least owe me the best weed you can give after breaking my heart."

It was very well done indeed, and nineteen men out of twenty would have been completely deceived. The only fault was that it was rather *too* well done; and Vivian was a man keenly alive to the finest shades of mood. The verbiage of the phrase, thrown out like skirmishers to hide the line of march—the half note of falseness in the ring of the voice—told its tale to him. But not the less did he give Humberston credit for the general success of his *ruse*.

"Yes," he said, as he lighted his cigar and leant back with half-closed eyes, smoking slowly and carefully, as a man will when his allowance is very limited, "Yes, it is in life as at a fancy fair. The pretty shopwomen are glad enough to have well-dressed idlers like you and me to lean over the counter and whisper to them, though we don't buy anything to speak of, but they expect us to stand out of the way when a decided customer approaches. But there is this comfort; the stalls are many, and if Chloë has her hands full, we can always count on a welcome from Phyllis. Perhaps, too, if we care enough about it to wait, our first friend Chloë, when the evening comes, and she has disposed of her stock, will allow us, if we have been very amusing, to wrap her shawl round her and see her to her carriage. When were you last at Northlea Court?"

"Yesterday. I didn't mean to go, but I was passing that way, and I recollected."

"Don't! don't! my dear fellow, for Heaven's sake," said Vivian, laughing, "or I shall feel old and venerable indeed. Need you make excuses to me? You went because you

liked it, I suppose, and small blame to you. Is Conway still in London?"

"Yes, he won't be back till next week."

"Then we'll ride over this morning and ask for some lunch. I can't quite stand him. But I like that good old soul, his sister, and I want to hear Cleopatra sing. We'll start about one if that suits you."

Humberston agreed, and as was their wont they separated for the morning. They were both fully alive to the important truth, that the enjoyment of our friends' society is greatly heightened by occasional absence.

In old days, if we may trust poets and romancers, it seems to have been possible for a man to be passionately in love with a woman, who, so far from encouraging or returning his devotion, treated him with consistent coldness and disdain, and responded to his "pleading his passion" with an incivility amounting to rudeness; yet the unhappy youth, so far from being repelled by this want of appreciation, would persist in his adoration until death—frequently from his own act—put an end to his griefs. The old ballad of "Barbara Allen" may be considered the "leading case" on the point. There is, of course, a difficulty in supposing that our ancestors, any more than ourselves, would take delight in the representation of a state of things known to be entirely unreal, so we are met by a phenomenon of the same kind as presents itself in the extravagant laudations bestowed by the same authorities on the month of May—a season dismally well known to us as utterly abominable by reason of dust and east winds. But on the hypothesis that the facts are truly stated, it can only be said that men in our days have grown less impressible and more selfish. One would say that now man's love, as distinguished both from passion and admiration, is mostly won by dependent clinging tenderness. With women perhaps it is otherwise. It is conceivable, though no doubt not common, that a woman, at least a girl, should devote herself to a man who has never treated her with more than common kindness—perhaps not that. Because it is not far from the truth to say that they love through the imagination, men through the senses and the emotions. Did, then, Humberston love Helen Conway? Hardly, as we should understand it. Tenderness was chilled and repelled before one who could be so erect, so defiant, so masterful. But she dazzled, bewildered, intoxicated him. He had, of course (he was nearly thirty), known something of women, but such as he had known had seemed but feeble lights when shining alone—now they were as the very palest glimmer of the farthest star when the moon is at the full. There was

no rest or satisfaction to be got out of converse with Helen; she would be scornful and indifferent to him when she chose, and she often did choose as if from wantonness; and he was quite alive to the real worth of the soft glances and low tones she would lavish on him a whole afternoon if she thought she had tried her power too far. Still, though he did not believe in their genuineness, they were intensely delicious to him. Helen's superb beauty, her witching gracefulness fairly possessed him. He could think of nothing else, and he was not a man to bear patiently another's coming between him and the sunlight. Hence his discomposure at the idea of Lord Carrysbrook's arrival. Though perpetually tantalised at winning so little, he could not forego what he did win. It had become a stimulus without which, as it seemed to him, he must collapse.

Helen and her aunt were, of course, delighted to see their visitors. As to Humberston, his presence there at some part of the day had become an event to be confidently looked for, but Vivian was a greater rarity. It might have been thought that Mr. Conway, considering the objects he had steadfastly in view, would have seen with displeasure his daughter bestow so much of her time on a young man about whom he knew next to nothing, and who was certainly, in a matrimonial light, most ineligible. Many causes, however, combined to make him at least acquiescent; the first and foremost being that the idea of there being any danger to his daughter in the intimacy really never entered his head. Much as she worried and perplexed him by her caprice and wilfulness, he thought he knew her too well to suppose that she would ever suffer herself to be entangled in a serious liking for a man who could not give her a great position. She might be considered safe enough; if Humberston chose to singe his wings, that, of course, was no affair of his. That his daughter should continue her pernicious habit of idle flirtation when it was high time that she should turn over a new leaf and devote herself to redeeming the family fortunes by a judicious marriage was irritating, but any remonstrances from him he was beginning to see had only the effect of making her more unmanageable, and he had special reasons for wishing to keep her in good humour. Furthermore, Humberston was the guest of Vivian, and Mr. Conway, with a great wish to stand well with Vivian, was not a little afraid of him, and never quite at ease in his society. Though Vivian's property was smaller than that which apparently belonged to himself, it was more valuable, and was becoming more so with every year; it was in first-rate condition and utterly

unencumbered. And long before this property had come to him Vivian had gained a position in general society which Mr. Conway could only look on at a respectful distance. His own popularity, never great, had, it may be imagined, in no wise gained ground, as the state of his affairs got more and more suspected. Vivian's cordial support and countenance would be invaluable to him in his efforts to maintain his old supremacy; even to keep him strictly neutral and detached from any hostile faction, a point to be striven for. There was even more. Mr. Conway strongly suspected—in fact, felt quite certain—that Vivian knew far more of certain betting transactions in which his son had been concerned, which had been very near the wind indeed, than it was expedient he should. The matter had been very little known or talked of, which was fortunate for Captain Conway, as it was not of a nature to bear much discussion. Vivian, though he was living now so comparatively retired a life, was still a power in certain circles, and if he chose to speak as he might if it was made worth his while, the other's position might become decidedly unpleasant. To offend him, then, by any slight or coldness shown to his chosen friend, would be a most suicidal policy, but Mr. Conway saw that Humberston might be used as a source of positive gain. To conciliate Vivian was his object, but he was obliged, in all humility, to admit that he did not clearly see how to set about it. His heavy, clumsy flatteries died on his tongue in the gaze of those keen, quiet, grey eyes; he felt that his motives were seen through, and that his true measure was somehow taken, and never ended a conversation without an intensely disagreeable scepticism as to his own absolute worth and importance. By pointedly showing attention and courtesy to Humberston, a vicarious homage might be offered to his friend, who could hardly be blind to the motives for such conduct, or indifferent to the deference sought to be expressed to his supposed wishes. Nor was he altogether wrong in his calculation, for Vivian, who, in a lazy way, was almost as good-natured as he was clear-sighted, was quite willing to allow that his neighbour was doing his best to be agreeable according to his lights, and very much preferred accepting his incense by deputy.

"I've some news for you, Miss Conway," said Vivian as they sat at lunch, "that is if it is news. Carrysbrook's coming down here. He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

She laughed just a little consciously.

"Is he? I hadn't heard of it. To his aunt's, I suppose you mean. Yes, he's a

friend of mine. I fancy I'm something like poor Jenny Denisen, who was accused of knowing all the dissipated young men in the country. I never could see much harm in them, for my part. I think they're a grossly maligned race, those young men. They haven't the wit to be very wicked if they would. Great depravity wants intellect; don't you think so, Mr. Vivian? I should admire that—I think."

"Quite a mistake," said he; "the merest school-girl dream. I assure you I've often met people utterly devoid of any shred of moral principle, and intense fools at the same time."

"I daresay you're right," said Helen, "your experience has been wider than mine. Dear me! there's another illusion gone. It's very sad."

"I haven't done you any permanent harm," laughed Vivian. "Fresh ones will spring from its ashes. The restoring power in human nature is great. We're just like the spider. When you've smashed one web utterly he forthwith begins to spin a new one. When the spinning power is gone he dies."

"Ah," said Helen, "but the new web isn't as nice and strong as the old one, and the spider never feels *quite* so much at home and secure in it. Our first illusions are the best. How one *did* look forward to a holiday before one knew the truth of the saying, that the pleasures of life are the worst part of it. I'm sure I dreamed of the delights of being out two years before my first season. I think that illusion lasted for six weeks, and then I woke to the conviction that that also was vanity, and it went its way."

"To the Hades whither wax dolls and blue sashes had preceded it," said Vivian. "I see you are a kindred spirit, Miss Conway."

"The fact is, I believe," said Humberston, "that Nature is like the Irish hackney coachmen, who keep their horses at full trot by holding out a wisp of hay on a pole just before their eyes. With all her cunning she can't persuade us that we are happy now, but she coaxes us on with the prospect that a few steps more and we shall get what we want. If she didn't do this, we might come to a dead stop, or kick the traces over, or otherwise bring the vehicle to grief. As it is, we hold on though with sinking hearts, because it would be so supremely irritating to find that if we had deferred selling out a while longer, our shares would have been at a premium."

Helen laughed. "You're like the American, Mr. Humberston, who 'guessed he shouldn't like to be annihilated, as perhaps he might

regret it afterwards.' But we shall frighten Aunt Anne if we go on in this way."

"You've got beyond me, I think," said Mrs. Dynevor, "but it seems to me that none of you can mean what you say. As to Helen, I'm sure she has always had everything she wanted, and perhaps it would have been better for her if she hadn't. I only know you, all of you, seem to enjoy life, however you abuse it."

"Yes," said Vivian with his sad smile; "you're right, Mrs. Dynevor. Yours is the practical view. I've no doubt I owe it to some hundred odd illusions that I'm now drinking this excellent Madeira. Oh, I'm all for being hoodwinked and eating our cake and asking no questions. If the little girl hadn't been naughty and ripped open her doll, she would never have been disgusted at finding it was stuffed with sawdust. Emerson's right when he says, 'Let us treat our dreams as realities. Perhaps they are.' We would-be clear-sighted philosophers don't believe in the *couleur de rose* view of life, but we may be wrong after all. There's mental colour-blindness as well as bodily, and who knows how far it extends?"

"Be that as it may," said Humberston; "at all events it doesn't follow that, however clearly we see our illusion to be an idol, it should therefore lose its charm."

He was half-absently looking at Helen's lovely face as he spoke. Their eyes met, and he smiled. The colour deepened by a shade in her cheeks, but faded again and she looked almost sad. There was silence for a few moments.

"Come," said she as she rose, "we must have had enough of illusions, I think. I declare I feel that my hair is white, and that I'm a hundred and fifty. But what can you expect when two faded worldlings like Mr. Vivian and me meet? Do you care to have some music this morning, Mr. Vivian? Because I'm in the mood to give it you, if you're in the mood to listen."

"Thanks," said he; "that is not an illusion, at any rate."

"I must play this first," said Helen, as she sat down at the piano, "it's got into my head. It just expresses what we've been saying."

She played the "Funeral March" from the "Songs without Words."

"You are right," said Vivian, as she finished, "what a grand gloom there is in that. It always seems to me a dirge over human littleness and incompleteness. It is grimly despairing—not sorrowful; there is too much sternness for that. But will you try a duet with me?"

They sang two or three, but Vivian soon

found that he was over-taxing his strength, and had to desist. Helen went on—it seemed impossible to tire her; and Humberston, as was now his wont, stood by the piano looking at her as she sang.

"Did you ever feel that you lived in two worlds?" she asked him at last.

"Yes, often and often. You do whenever you sing."

"How do you know, pray?"

"By your eyes," he answered.

"How? What do you see in them?"

"Am I bound to tell you?"

"You can if you like. But whatever you see or think you see in me, I'll tell you what I really am," she said, throwing her head back with her superbly defiant air; "I'm vain, I'm ambitious, I'm worldly-minded, I'm heartless, and I don't believe much in anything. What do you think of that?"

They had been talking almost in whispers, and he was bending low over her. Her voice, her glorious eyes, the faint perfume from her soft braided hair, the rounded symmetry of her faultless form subdued his spirit and set his blood on fire. His voice was thick and unsteady as he answered,

"I will tell you what I think of you. I think you are the most beautiful creature who ever drove men mad. You may be what you say, you might have all the vices of Lucrezia Borgia as well, and they couldn't help worshipping you as I do now, God knows."

The colour rose to Helen's very brow, but for just one moment she did not withdraw her eyes, and seemed to drink in the adoration which his words and his burning looks expressed. Then her face changed, and she gave a little laugh.

"We've got into Dreamland indeed," she said, "and it's quite time we were out of it if we begin to talk in our sleep. In the real world in which you and I live, Mr. Humberston, we don't worship, or do anything half so foolish, but look to our accounts, and try and make both ends meet. Don't be angry, but please don't say anything *quite* like that to me again, for I do really like to talk to you, and I shall not be able to with any comfort if you do. There are plenty of reasons why, which you can easily guess at, if you choose. Do you understand?"

Humberston had got his head again by this time. "I don't withdraw anything," he said, "but when you've sung a man's soul away, you can't wonder at what he says. But I am forgiven, and we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes," she answered, "Oh, must we shake hands on it? Very well," she gave him her hand.

He took it. They were alone in the room now, for the others were standing outside a distant window, held it in his own a second or two, and then raised it to his lips. Helen

said nothing, but rose, and they joined the others, and shortly afterwards Vivian and Humberston returned to the Grange.

DIDO.



THEY left their dear companions on the hills,
The windy heights, which the far-darting sun
Struck from the deep-stream'd ocean, far away
They left the sounding feet of dogs and men

Fast driving through the fallen leaves to where
The boar lay bristling in his woody home,
And came unto a grotto all alone;
Meantime a mighty wind woke from its sleep,

And closed with rising walls of sullen cloud
 The champagne and the mountain, the quick light
 Fall'd, loosing all men's knees with sudden fear,
 And sudden all the sleepy world grew chill.
 Through the vast heaven grating thunder roll'd,
 Reverberating quick on every flash
 Of lambent fire that stretch'd from pole to pole.
 So lost, and with content to be so lost
 By all the rest they stood, till Dido press'd
 Her hand upon the beating of her side,
 And with the pallor of the violet
 On her cold cheek, and with a world of sighs,
 Most fitting prelude, whisper'd words of love—
 The drowsy music of a river's dream
 In summer morning, whispering not in vain.
 Thus for a bright time each the other's joy
 Completed, till there came one day a change
 In her of beauty, and in him of love.

"What have I done?" she cried, as his white sail
 Was lessening in the blue beyond her sight;
 "Ay me! what did thy faithful love, that thou
 Too, too forgetful of thy thousand vows
 Shouldst fly, and flying take her life with thee?
 For thou indeed art all my very life.
 O false Æneas, falser than the wind,
 Th' inconstant wind which bore thee far, e'er yet
 Aurora shook the daylight from her hair,
 Love's holy fire still burns, blown with my prayer
 In me, and ere it dies, to my dull sense
 Come like a cloud, O Death! of gentle rain,
 And kiss me into slumber as a bride.
 Well did I love, oh, were thy love as well!
 Thy love compact of cold ingratitude,
 Not knitting up our farewell with a kiss,
 Our last farewell, for thou wilt not return,—
 Not after many harvests, never more.
 Why live I longer, time was long ago
 I should have died. I will not stay to see
 The bush low buried in the winter's snow
 Pour its red berries on the summer-time;
 Soon ere we see how low the golden sand
 Sinks in Time's restless hour-glass, wanton spring,
 Quick teeming spring, the child of tedious frost,
 Will diaper again the fields with flowers—
 They shall revive, but him the branch of good,
 The bud of beauty, virtue's fairest flower
 One bitter blast has blown from me for ever.
 Oh, trustless state of mortal things for which
 Men weary still the calm eternal Gods!
 We dream of death as something terrible,
 And suffer it in dreaming we must die.
 I will no longer reap, where thistles grow
 Instead of corn, it may be that these Gods
 Conceal from us the happiness of death,
 Lest we be all a-weary of our life,
 Knowing our present misery too soon,
 By the revealing of one perfect joy.
 Ere a long winter bring me longer woe
 I will assay this doubt, nor wait in tears
 The coming of the harvest, till I fall
 Like rotting fruit in solitary age."
 So beating still her snowy breast, she sought
 Therein the pleasures of the days that were,
 Then leaning on a sword, thus leaning fell,
 And with a plaintive sigh her sorrowing soul
 Crept into night, low calling on his name.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY.

It is now between forty and fifty years ago that I obtained leave from the Dean and Chapter of Winterbury Cathedral to read for some weeks in their cathedral library. The

editions of the Fathers and of some important Middle-Age writers which are preserved in that quiet library boast of peculiar excellence, and I well remember the exultation with which I, then a very young man, received news of the desired permission to ransack those treasures. Having secured a small lodging in the Close, or cathedral enclosure, I set out for Winterbury early in the year 182—. Through the kindness of one of the canons, who seldom had to consult the library on his own account, I was provided with a key to the library buildings, and allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it as long as my visit lasted. This key gave access not only to the library, but to all parts of the cathedral likewise, including even the cloisters, so that I was able to let myself in and out of the noble edifice at all hours of the day or night, and to ramble unchallenged through aisle, crypt, stalls, triforium, and organ-loft.

I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the day on which I first took my seat in the room which was to be the special scene of my labours. The library lay on the south side of the cathedral, being a lower continuation of the south transept, and forming one side of the cloister court. It was obviously, therefore, raised above the height of the cloister-vaulting, and it was reached by a flight of stairs opening into the cathedral itself. Narrowness (it measured about eighty feet by thirty), and a certain antique collegiate air (and smell too, to be perfectly accurate) about the bindings of the books and the coverings of the chairs, were its chief characteristics. There was a bust of Cicero at one end, and of Seneca at the other. Some smaller busts of the principal Greek fathers adorned the side-shelves, and a dingy portrait of the "judicious" Hooker abode in a musty frame over the heavy stone mantelpiece. The fender itself was of stone, or rather the fireplace was not protected by a fender at all, but by a small stone wall, about three inches thick and six inches high, which afforded blissful repose to the outstretched foot.

One April evening, shortly after sunset, when there was still daylight enough to read the titles on the backs of books, I walked across the Close in order to fetch and bring away with me a couple of volumes of which I stood in need. It was an hour when the grand old cathedral is accustomed to put on its very best appearance. The heaven-kissing spire and the far lower, but beautiful, western towers are tinted with the faint rose-colour which suits old stonework so admirably; and the deep gloom of the cloisters, tempered by the glow from the noble piles of

masonry overhead, makes it possible and easy to realise some of the rapturous visions of the recluse. I passed as usual down the nave, and having ascended the little staircase, let myself into the library, and was on the point of attacking the necessary bookshelf, when instead of placing the key in my pocket, as it was my habit to do, I tossed it carelessly on to the sill of an adjoining window. The wood-work of the library was by no means in a sound condition, and between the inner edge of the sill and the wall there was a wide chink, opening down into unseen depths of distance. Into this chink, impelled by my evil genius, or by one of the ghostly beings that (as I was assured by the verger) haunt the library and cloisters, down tumbled my unlucky key. I saw it disappear with a sharp twinge of vexation, principally, however, at the thought of the time and trouble that would be consumed in bringing it to light again. Tomorrow, I said to myself, I shall be forced to get a carpenter to remove this sill, and rake up the key from Heaven knows whers; while smirking Mr. Screens, the verger, will watch the whole proceeding, and insinuate with silent suavity a doubt whether I am a fit person to be entrusted with Canon Doolittle's key. It was not until I had come down from the short ladder with the books under my arm, and, warned by the deepening shades, was about to leave the library, that the full effect of the key's disappearance presented itself to my mind. The outer gate and inner door of the nave had been carefully shut by me, according to custom, on entering the cathedral. All the gates and doors were fitted with a spring-lock, so that without my key I was double-locked into the building. My first thought was one of amusement, and I fairly laughed aloud at my own perplexity. It seemed an impossible and inconceivable thing that one might really have to pass the entire night in this situation. Presently I left the library, the door of which I had not shut on entering, and went down the staircase into the transept, and then into the nave. I carefully tried the inner door, but without effect. I had done my duty on entering, and it was hopelessly and mercilessly fastened against me. Resolved on maintaining unbroken self-possession, I returned to the library. It was now quite dark, the only light being that reflected from the shafts of the cloisters, on which the moonbeams were now beginning to fall. I sat down in a large arm-chair which stood at one end of the library table, and thought over all the possible means of extricating myself from an unexpected durance. Should I go up to the belfry in the north-western tower and toll one of the

bells until the verger, roused from his first sleep, should come to see what was the matter? but even this I could not do without the key, which would be required to open the door at the entrance of the tower. Or should I make my way into the organ-loft, and filling the bellows quite full, strike a succession of loud chords, until the music might attract the attention of some passer-by? this might be done, but it would be a perilous experiment. Half Winterbury would be seized with the belief that their old cathedral was haunted. The organ-loft would be invaded by vergers, bealdes, and constables—there were no blue-coated police in those days—and I should move about the ancient city ever after with the stigma of a madcap on my head. People would nod knowingly to one another as I passed, and significantly tap their foreheads, by way of hinting that I was "a little touched." Canon Doolittle would recall his key, and abstain from inviting me to his hospitable table. Gradually, therefore, I gave up the scheme of saving myself by means of the organ; and the belfry being already set aside, no other resource remained but to stay where I was, and quietly to pass the hours as best I could until Mr. Screens should open the doors at about half-past six in the morning, ready for the seven o'clock prayers in the Lady Chapel.

I was luckily undisturbed by any fears arising from the possible anxiety of my landlady. Winterbury is near the sea; and I had on more than one occasion spent the greater part of the night on the cliffs, watching the glorious moonlit effects upon the romantic coast scenery of that district. These, Mrs. Jollisole was accustomed to call my "coast-guard nights;" and I made no doubt that, should I fail to appear, the sensible old lady would go contentedly to bed, supposing me to have mounted guard on the cliffs.

I therefore lost no time in composing myself, if not to sleep, at any rate to an attempt at sleep. The library table was always surrounded by an array of solemn old oak chairs, padded with cushions of yellowish leather, and looking as though—if their own opinion were consulted—no mortal man of lower degree than a prebendary should ever be allowed to seat himself upon them. At each end of the table there was a chair of a superior order—a couple of deans, as it were, keeping high state amidst the surrounding canons. These chairs were made of precisely the same kind of oak, and covered with leather of exactly the same yellowish tinge as the others, but their whole design was larger and more imposing, and what was of the most consequence to me in my present posi-

tion—they were *arm-chairs*, affording opportunity for all manner of easy and sleep-inviting postures. Throwing myself into one of these dignified receptacles, I soon fell asleep, and soon afterwards took to dreaming.

Leaning in my dream on the sill of the library window, I fancied myself to be gazing down into a peaceful churchyard. One by one, like gleams of moonlight in the dark shade of the surrounding cloisters, I saw a number of young girls assemble, and fall with easy exactitude into rank, as if about to take part in a procession. Each slender figure was draped in the purest white muslin, with a veil of the same material arranged over the head, and partially concealing the face. Just as one sees at the present day in Roman Catholic churches at the more important *fêtes*, the procession was arranged according to the gradations of height. The very young children were in the front, and as the other end of the line was approached, the pretty white figures grew gradually taller, until girls of eighteen or nineteen brought up the rear. They presently began to move, and it was clear that they were about to take part in some solemn office for the dead. With two priests at their head, they made the circuit of the cloisters, moving along with graceful regularity of step. Between each pair of the slender columns of the cloister building, I imagined that a small stone basin (or "*benitier*") was set, standing on a low pedestal, and filled with holy-water. Each girl walking on the side next to these basins was furnished with a small broom of feathers, like those which may at any time be seen in the Continental churches. Dipping these brooms from time to time into the basins of water, they waved them in beautiful harmony with their own harmonious movements, sprinkling the ancient monumental slabs over which they were stepping. They sang to a strain of rare melody, the familiar words of *Requiem Æternam*.

Presently they seemed to change time and tune, and to sing a hymn of many verses, each verse ending with a refrain. A single voice would give the verse, but all joined together in the plaintive music of the refrain:—

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our Light!

I have heard much music, secular and sacred, since then; but I know of no musical effect which abides with me so constantly as that imagined chanting of young voices heard long ago.

One girl in particular attracted my attention as I dreamt. She was one of the pair who closed the procession, and was of a commanding height and extremely elegant figure.

She had, as it seemed to me, taken excessive precaution in drawing her ample veil closely around her head and face

* * * *

On a sudden I awoke. There, in one of the decanal *arm-chairs*, I was sitting—in an easy, familiar posture, as if I had been myself a dean—and there beside me, close at hand, within reach of my outstretched arm, was a tall figure in white, clearly a female form, and the precaution had been taken of drawing an ample veil closely around the head and face. Any one but an imbecile would have acted as I did, though I remember taking some credit to myself at the time for my coolness and presence of mind. I simply sat still and stared; and by degrees I observed, I coned. Years before, in my boyhood, I had walked a good deal on the stretch; and I had known what it was in North Devon to wake up "upon the middle of the night," to feel the hard, unyielding turf underneath one's back, and to see and gaze, gaze wistfully upon the bright un-answering stars above one's head. Even then one could divine the true value of a bed. But to wake on the downs in the small hours, is a trifle compared with waking in a cathedral any time between dew and dawn. More especially when, as was my case, you have a ghost at your elbow. Not that my ghost remained long stationary. She did not. Starting from my *arm-chair*, she began a survey of the shelves by moonlight in so active and business-like a manner that I felt no doubt, given her *quondam* or present mortality, she was or had been "a blue." In five minutes, my powers of decision were wide awake, and the question of her mortality was settled. She was not a thing of the past, but alive as I myself was; and the only scruple was, how or how soon to awaken her from her *somnambulist's* dream. While I was debating with myself the best means to pursue, she suddenly passed out of the library door on to the stone staircase. My alarm was now fairly excited. She had two courses to pursue in her sensational career—I employ the word in a more correct use than it is commonly put to. She might either turn downwards towards the floor of the church itself, in which case she could do herself little or no harm; or she could mount the ascending staircase, and reach an outward parapet with Heaven knew what mad scheme in view, before I had time to overtake her. She chose the second alternative, and—she leading, I following—we mounted the lofty staircase that leads to the base of the spire. I was aware that the door at the top of this particular ascent was not furnished with a lock; it was fastened by a simple bolt, and I had little doubt that

my sleep-walking friend would shoot that bolt back as readily as she had taken down and replaced the books on the library shelves. My greatest fear was that she might begin playing some mad prank upon the parapet before I was sufficiently near to arrest her movements. I need hardly add that, influenced by the dread of consequences commonly said to follow on a sudden awakening from a fit of somnambulism, I inwardly resolved to try every means of humouring and coaxing my companion down again to *terra firma*, and only as a last resort to attempt arousing her.

In a few moments we stood side by side on the platform looking down on Winterbury, which lay outstretched in the white moonlight. It was a tranquil and beautiful scene. There was the church of St. Werburgh, a noble monument of thirteenth-century building, which would attract instantaneous admiration anywhere but under the shadow of Winterbury Cathedral. There was the fine old market-place, with the carved stone pump at which Cromwell drank as he passed through the city; and the charmingly quaint Guildhall, and the ruins of the abbey skirting the river in the distance. I was not permitted, however, long to enjoy the prospect. Before I could lift a finger to arrest her rapid movements, my mysterious companion had stepped lightly on to the parapet, and began a quick and perfectly unembarrassed walk around it. Dreading the experiment of forcible rescue, it occurred to me to try the effect of quietly accosting her, and endeavouring—by humouring her present mental condition—to decoy her away from her perilous amusement. It was an awful moment of suspense. Should she lose her balance and her life, it would be next to impossible for me ever totally to clear up the enigmatical circumstance of my having been actually present by her side during that weird moonlit dance upon the parapet. If, on the other hand, I were to seize and lift her from the top-stone, she might rouse the whole Close with frightful screams, she might faint—might even die—in my arms, or from the shock of sudden awakening she might lose her reason.

But there was no time to stand balancing chances. Accordingly, I gently drew towards her side, and said, in as easy and collected a tone as I could command,

“I think we left the library door unlocked; before you complete your rounds, had we not better go down the stairs and secure it? Having been allowed the entry of the cathedral, I think we are bound in honour to shut doors after us.”

“To be sure,” she replied, and instantly, to my intense relief, dropped cleverly down into

the space between the parapet and the lower courses of the spire. “To be sure, the door should be locked at once. Let us go down. I cannot make out who you are. In none of my former visits to the cathedral have I met you; but you seem to be no intruder, and I will certainly go down and secure the door as you suggest.”

All this was uttered quickly and easily, but with an abstracted air, and without the slightest motion of her steadfast eyes. While still speaking, she stooped under the low doorway at the stair-head, and began to descend. I followed, busily devising plans for preventing any fresh ascent, and yet still avoiding the necessity of breaking the curious spell which bound her. We reached the library door. To my surprise, she produced a key of her own, and was about to turn the lock, when I remembered that at this rate I should be deprived for the rest of the night of my only comforts, the warm atmosphere of the library and the decanal arm-chair. I therefore extemporized a bold stroke.

“Excuse me,” I said; “I have left my hat and a few papers inside, and having a canon’s key, I will save you the trouble of locking up. But permit me to suggest that it is still very early in April, and the night is cold. Why not give up the rest of your walk for to-night, and return again on one of the glorious nights in May or June?”

Without uttering a syllable in reply, she turned on her heel, and began slowly descending the staircase into the transept. My curiosity was now fairly on the alert, and I resolved to unravel the mystery, at least so far as to discover by what means she would leave the cathedral, and in what direction she would go. Stepping for a moment inside the library, I hastily but quietly slipped off my shoes on the matting of the floor, and followed her barefoot and silent. She was just stepping from the staircase into the transept, when I caught sight of her again. With the same steady and self-possessed action which she had displayed throughout, she crossed the transept, and made straight for a small postern door which led, as I knew, into the garden of the bishop’s palace. This she unlocked, and I made sure that, having passed through, she would lock it again behind her. Whether, however, she was a little forgetful that night, or whether the unexpected *rencontre* with a stranger had ruffled the tranquil serenity of her trance, it so happened that she omitted to turn the lock, and I was able, after gently reopening the door, to trace her progress still further. Under the noble cedars of the episcopal gardens, past long flower-beds and fresh-mown lawns, I fol-

lowed her barefoot, until we arrived within a few yards of the hinder buildings of the palace. Here I stopped under the dark shade of a cedar, and watched my companion walk coolly up to a little oaken, iron-clamped door, open it, and disappear within the house. Then of course I retraced my steps towards the cathedral. But stopping again under one of the magnificent cedars, I could not avoid a few moments' reflection on the exceedingly odd position into which accident had brought me. Here was I, alone and barefooted, standing, at two o'clock in the morning, on the lawn of the palace, where I had no more business than I had at the top of the spire; and the only place in which I could find shelter for the night was the cathedral itself, a building that most people would rather avoid than enter during the small hours. The queerness of my situation, however, did not prevent me from enjoying to the full the extreme loveliness of the gardens, and the glorious view of the splendid edifice, rising white and clear in the moonlight above their shady alleys and recesses.

On regaining the library, I dozed away the remainder of the dark hours in the same commodious arm-chair, and as soon as the bell began to toll for the seven o'clock prayers, I passed unnoticed out of the building and regained my lodgings.

"Been keeping a coastguard night, sir?" said Mrs. Jollisole, as she set the breakfast things in order.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Jollisole," I answered; "I did enjoy some rather extensive prospects last night."

And that was all that passed. I had fixed it in my own mind that I would keep my own counsel strictly until I should have called at the palace, and communicated the whole of the circumstances in confidence to the bishop, with whom I was slightly acquainted.

This plan I carried into effect in the course of the morning. His lordship was at home, and listened with his customary kindness and courtesy to the whole of my romantic recital. Just as I was finishing, his study door opened, and a young lady entered, dressed in black, tall, and strikingly beautiful, though looking pale and fagged. Glancing at me she gave a slight start, and taking a book from one of the shelves, instantly left the room, after a few muttered words of apology for disturbing the bishop. It was my companion of the library and the tower.

"I see," said his lordship, "that you have recognised the ghost. That young lady is an orphan niece of mine, and has been brought up in my house from her infancy. Never

strong, she has reduced what vigour she possesses by her ardent love of books, and her intellectual interest is awake to all kinds of subjects. She is equally unwearied in visiting amongst the poor, and often returns home from her rounds in a state of exhaustion from which it is difficult to rouse her. About a twelvemonth ago we first noticed the appearance of a tendency to somnambulism. She was removed for several weeks to the sea-side, and we began to hope that a permanent improvement had set in. A severe loss, however, which she has lately sustained, has, I fear, done her great injury, and here is proof of the old malady returning. 'We are indebted to you, sir,' added the kind old man, "for your judicious and thoughtful way of proceeding under the circumstances of last night, and for at once putting me in possession of the details, which will enable me to take the necessary precautions."

Before leaving the bishop's company, I begged him to go with me into the cathedral, and to be present while a carpenter removed the woodwork of the library window in order to recover the key. This he consented at once to do, and we crossed the gardens by the very route which "the ghost" and I had traversed during the night. On removing the panelling, we found that the depth of the chink was comparatively trifling, and the key was soon seen shining among the dust.

I was further gratified by another discovery, which, together with the extreme pleasure that it gave the bishop, quite indemnified me for my night's imprisonment. We noticed, partially concealed by rubbish in a niche of the wall below the panelling, the corner of a vellum covering. On further examination, this proved to be a MS. copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, not indeed of the most ancient date, but adorned with very rare and curious illumination, and making an excellent addition to the stores of the library. After a *tête-à-tête* dinner that evening with the friendly bishop, we spent a pleasant hour or two in a thorough inspection of the newly-found treasure.

It was little more than a month afterwards that I heard the great bell in the western tower toll the tidings of a death. One week more, and a sorrowing procession of school-children and women of the almshouses filed from the transept into the quiet cloister-ground, there to bury the last remains of one who would seem to have been to them in life a loving and much-loved friend. It was so. The eager brain and the yearning heart, worn out with unequal labours, were laid to rest for ever. The bishop's frail nursling was d. ad.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER I. GOOD NEWS, OR BAD ?

IN the dusk of a summer evening, early in the last century, a boy was crossing a common which lay outside the park at Blenheim. He was whistling, sometimes loud and cheerily, in the intervals of his flying leaps over the furze bushes ; and sometimes softly and tunelessly, as he trudged more quietly along the grassy track. At a point where two paths met, somebody stood, as if waiting for him,—a man in the Duke's livery.

"Why, father, how come you here?" exclaimed the lad, kissing his father's hand, however, as he spoke.

"I might ask how my son comes to be here so late," was the reply, "but that I can guess that you have been meeting the parson. Is it club night? And what says Mr. Tatler to-night? You were thinking over the essay, I dare say, when you were whistling so quietly just now?"

"Yes, I was,—and what two or three of the men said about it afterwards."

"Ah, well! never mind that now. Tell your mother afterwards, if you like. But, James,——"

The boy looked up, surprised.

"James," continued his father, "it is a good thing for you, this reading club, and the schooling you have had. Make the most of it, boy; and perhaps I may send you to a higher school some day before long."

"O father, how should that be? Do you really mean it? Then I know how it came into your head! Goody Gillow has told you to-night that you will be rich and great, and all that. I wondered when I saw you coming by that path,—so out of the way from the House; but you have been seeing the Gillows, or one of them."

"Never mind whom I have seen; I am going now to see your mother."

"I don't know what she will have got for supper," observed the boy, meditatively.

"Never mind," said the father again; "I have come about something better than supper to-night."

This again made the lad look up with surprise. His father cared more about his dinners and suppers than anybody else that James had ever known.

As they approached the little farmstead, James ran on to tell the news. Esther, the elder sister, was fastening up the poultry-yard

for the night; and Nanny, the younger, appeared from the green lane on the other side the cattle-sheds; and their mother was seen at the house-door as soon as her husband's voice was heard.

"I can stay an hour and a half, and no more," he declared; "and I have much to say in that time. Don't be alarmed, my dear."

"Nothing amiss, I hope, James?"

"Why, only this: you admire His Grace's liveries very much. You have paid me some pretty compliments about my looks when I have been in full trim,—as I am to-night."

"I was wondering how that was,—your being in your dress livery."

"It is to give you a sight of it for the last time. And mind this, all of you! You will never hear me called 'James' again, except by your mother, children! She may call me what she pleases; but with all the rest of the world I am 'Mr. Craggs' from this time forward."

"Mother is frightened," observed Esther.

"My dear," said her husband, with a gentleness which would have surprised everybody up at the House, "you ought to be as pleased as ever you were in your life. It is a great day when one puts off a livery to become a gentleman: and that is what I shall do when I go to bed this night."

"A gentleman! I always thought you a gentleman," said Mrs. Craggs, when she was interrupted by—

"So did I," and "so did I," from each of the children; in return for which the gratified father kissed them all round.

"But what will you do with us? I am not a lady,—my girls are not young ladies," observed the mother: "and as to Jim——"

"'James,' if you please," said Mr. Craggs, gravely. "Our son is 'James' from this time forward."

The boy blew a long low "whew!" But that too was to be for the last time. Gentlemen did not practise that trick, unless they were very great men,—above criticism for manners.

"I will tell you my news in two words; and then we will have supper," said Mr. Craggs. "I have been aware for some time that Her Grace had some notion in her head about me, by her exercising me so much in writing and accounts, and by her giving me opportunity

for a good deal of reading. She has of late often consulted me about the spelling of the young ladies' letters,—Lady Sunderland's particularly. This might have prepared me for the offer of some sort of secretaryship; but I never thought of looking so high."

"Secretary of State?" asked James.

"Not yet," said his father, laughing, while he told the boy he was talking nonsense. "No; not quite Secretary of State;—only attached to a great man who will be minister some day. I am going abroad with the Earl of Sunderland,—in his service certainly; but it will be gentleman's service. There now,—my news is out. Go and get supper ready, girls; and take James with you, that your mother and I may have a little conversation. I must start to-morrow; and nobody knows how long my lord will stay abroad."

"I wonder how much of all this is real truth," whispered James to his sisters, as they went to work at the kitchen fire. "I am sure the Gillows have put some of it into his head: but it may not be the less true for that." And he told how he had seen their father coming, not from any of the park gates, but on the path from the Gillows' cottage. At the same moment their father was telling, in a low voice, that he was justified in believing that success in life, beyond his utmost dreams, awaited himself and his family. Goody Gillow could not have heard a syllable of what had just passed between the Duchess and the Earl and himself: he had taken care to go to her before a hint of any change could have got abroad: and yet her promises were most flattering,—most flattering indeed! Yes, in a certain way they always were so to everybody; but there was a something in her manner exceedingly impressive! and besides, what she said was wonderfully suitable to the case.

Mrs. Craggs sighed. The subject frightened her: and her husband, in his indulgent mood of to-night, passed on to the solid realities of his position,—to what had been actually said and done.

There was some mystery in the business, they agreed, as they sat whispering in the window-seat, by the last light from the west. The more the favoured footman of the old Duchess of Marlborough had been trusted by her, and had become necessary to her by his ready pen and his habits of business, the more strange it seemed to Mrs. Craggs that she should not only part with his services, but should actually offer them to her son-in-law. Lord Sunderland had accepted the offer very graciously,—even gladly; but it was evidently no scheme of his own. Mr. Craggs suspected

that he should have some private instructions yet which would explain his promotion. When he considered how difficult it was to know who was for the one royal family and who for the other, and what strange things were believed to be doing and planning on the Continent, in preparation for the Queen's death, whenever it should happen, he rather expected to have some task of watching and reporting appointed him.

"Not spying, James!" exclaimed the anxious wife.

"Not in any disgraceful way, of course," was the answer. "But there ought to be good English eyes in every place on the Continent where Englishmen live; and I, as a person unknown, and quiet, and exciting no attention at first——"

"Ah! just at first," interposed the wife; "before people have had time to see what you are."

"I was going to say," Mr. Craggs continued, "that my understanding French and German may, if my conjectures are right, account in part for the appointment. What I have picked up in Her Grace's service has not made a good linguist of me; but it is enough to enable me to understand a great deal of conversation which is supposed to be Greek to me. But we must leave all this till we know something that I can only guess at now." And the pair looked up at the clock behind the door, which had been their proudest purchase when they married.

"First," said the husband, "I must give you directions what to do in readiness for my return. We must then live in London, of course."

"What, all of us! Not I and my girls, I do hope. O James! the old farm is the proper place for us!" Such was the wife's entreaty; but she was admonished that this would not do at all. People must not be selfish when great opportunities occur. The girls must be considered, and above all, James the younger. The girls would marry well if launched in London society, and as for James, there could be no doubt of his success, if his handsome face, and gay temper, and great abilities had a fair chance in such time as remained to him for education. Mrs. Craggs must be ready to start as soon as she heard of a house being taken in London, or furnished lodgings, if a house did not turn up. She really must not say another word about remaining at the little farm till her husband's return. He must find a creditable home ready for him when he came back, with wife and daughters well-dressed, and ready to appear among ladies of quality on equal terms; and James would be at Eton, or

somewhere else where he could form good connections.

"By-the-way," concluded the husband, "your first care must be about a dancing-master. Yes, I know what you mean: and I own to you that when I saw our boy on the common, gambolling among the furze bushes, I thought that no dancing-master could improve his grace."

"And his sisters?"

"Well, they are handsome, genteel girls, certainly; but, my love, the minuet is indispensable in London society; and so is the mode of the time in entering a room, descending from a carriage, and so on. Yes—the dancing-master is indispensable."

"I do not believe Nanny——"

"My love! Do call her Anna!"

"I am sure she will never put herself under the dancing-master. And why should she? There will never be any minuets danced in Harry Ives's parlour; and Harry's gig is the only carriage she will get in and out of."

"I am not so sure of that," Mr. Craggs observed. "That match will look very differently a month hence from what it did a month ago. We must think about it."

"You do not mean, James, that you would take back your consent. You could not do such a thing, I am sure: and it would break the poor girl's heart. How can you look so, James—so unfeeling!"

"Well, well! we will have no broken hearts on so bright an occasion; but hearts are not so easily broken as you fancy, when a country farmer is put in contrast with a London beau. But what ails Nan—Anna to-night?—she seemed scarcely glad to see me."

"O! she is always glad to see you, of course; but I think the notion of great news daunted her. She had been walking in the green lane with Harry, and I judge, remembering our young days, that she wanted nothing but just that things should take their natural course,—that nothing new or great should come to pass."

"Hum! she should consider other people, I think."

"Then you will—we will—consider her, James. If I have almost a feeling that I wish nothing of this exaltation had ever happened, how well she may feel it! You understand me, James? You always do understand me."

Perhaps he did; perhaps not; or perhaps he did not like what he understood. He remarked that if supper was not ready he must go without it, and he rose from his seat just when the door was thrown open, and steaming dishes appeared on the table within.

"In the kitchen!" observed Mr. Craggs.

"It is a long time since I took a meal in the kitchen."

"Except in your own house," said Mrs. Craggs.

"True, true, my dear: and this is the last time I shall do it in my own house—or any other."

He did not look at Nanny, but mother and sister did, and they saw the sadness in her face deepened by her father's words.

When Mr. Craggs was gone,—his wife going with him as far as the gate,—Nanny had disappeared. Esther was clearing the table, and she called on "Jim" to help her. He pretended not to hear till she called him "James," when he was all obligingness. He observed that they must practise manners when they were by themselves, or they would expose themselves in the excitement of company.

Esther observed that she would speak as she liked as long as she could, and she did not believe she should ever be a real young lady—it seemed impossible.

"Why, you are more of a lady now than some very fine folks," and he nodded in the direction of the park. "I declare it is true. Look at their dress, any day in the week? I have seen the lady dirtier in the drawing-room than you and mother ever are in this kitchen."

"It is not dress that makes the lady, people say, Jim."

"Then people say wrong. But just look at their letter-writing! Their spelling is worse than yours, though yours may not be perfect. What woman *can* spell as men can? But the letters that come out of the park gate in the family bag would disgrace anybody's kitchen, if father was not called in to mend the spelling."

"There is nothing uncommon in that."

"Perhaps so; but you will not want the footman to correct your letters when we keep our coach in London."

Esther stopped in her task of rubbing up the trenchers to have a hearty laugh at the notion of the Craggs family, honest yeomen for generations, keeping their coach. James laughed too, but it was with glee—not scepticism.

There was no laughing outside all this while. All was grave enough in the porch.

As Mrs. Craggs returned slowly from the gate, whence she had watched her husband till he was lost in the shadows of the road, Nanny came to her, and threw her arms round her neck, saying, "O mother! what does all this mean? What has happened to us, to make such a change?"

"My love! I wish I knew. I do not understand it: but I am full of fears."

"Ah! so am I, mother."

"You could give a better reason for being

frightened than I could, perhaps, Nanny. I see your father is not so hearty as he was about the Iveses, whom he liked so much as a connection up to to-day. Come, my dear: don't give way as if the worst had happened. You have promised to marry your lover; and there can be no doubt that you must do it—if it is still fitting after——”

“After what, mother?”

“After you have seen more of the world, your father would say.”

“I will not leave Harry to go and see the world. He and home are my world. Mother, I know what Harry will say. He will say I ought to stay behind when you go to London: and, if you please, this is just what I should wish.”

“It cannot be—you cannot marry in your father's absence, Nanny. This is one of my worst fears—that we shall not be the united and proud and pleased family that we have been.”

The good housewife was looking into the stalls and styes as she passed them; and she and Nanny exchanged some remarks about the animals: but not the less full were their minds of the strong probability that a father, suddenly elevated in station, might grow to be ashamed of a rustic daughter, while the mother's heart might perhaps be more with her child than with the husband of whom she ought to be so proud!

“Let us sit down here for a minute,” she said, as they reached the porch; and she drew Nanny to her, and comforted her as if she had been a child. Then she went on to tell how thankful she had always been that her husband had not been drawn into the vice so fatal in great houses—drink. And now, when the soberness of middle age should be coming on, another kind of intoxication was to be dreaded. And she whispered that all sorts of plots were going on; all sorts of people came to the great house;—indeed, it could not be otherwise—the Duke's reputation being what it was, and his son-in-law being marked out, it was said, to be the greatest minister of his time. Now, if it was true that some of the family and the guests were for one royal family and some for another; and if the old Duke and his Duchess had opposite wishes, as some believed; and if there were spies all about, at home and abroad, and on both sides the sea, they were safest who lived quietly in their proper old homes, as they had always lived, and no more afraid of being watched because they were important, than of being stopped on the common by highwaymen because they were rich.

Nanny did not see what danger her father

could be in, he being neither important nor rich—and this was what puzzled her so.

“You forget how clever he is, my dear,” said her mother. “Some of these plotters—but it is no use guessing what they want. They are too deep for you and me.”

“Are they too deep for him—for father?” Nanny wondered.

“Whether they are or not, they will make his life—our life—one of vanity and vexation of spirit. Nay, my child, not yours. You will live, as Harry Ives's wife, much the same life that we have lived here; but then you and we shall be separated almost as if you were dead. And you may prefer——”

“No, mother, never!”

“Well, wait till you have tried what London is like. I say this from your father, you understand.”

“O yes, I understand; and so will Harry. He will not fancy, even in his strangest dreams, that I could prefer a different sort of husband, and a new way of life, to him and his.”

So Nanny thoroughly believed when she said it; and next morning she was calm and cheerful as mother and sister could wish. It was market-day at Woodstock, and she could not see Harry till to-morrow: but it seemed that she could wait. She was as anxious as her sister about what the Duchess could want with Jim, on this particular day, when Jim's father had left her service only that morning. Could she be thinking of training him up for her own service? Would Jim really venture to tell her that the post of librarian was the only one he desired in that mansion? He declared he would: was it possible to say such a thing to the old lady whose hand his father had that day kissed on his promotion? They must wait till evening for the satisfaction of their curiosity, for James was to be on the west terrace at the time the Duchess took her sunset walk there after dinner.

Curious as he knew his mother and sisters to be, James did not turn homewards from the stile in the park wall. He ran fast in an opposite direction, and soon reached the hut which his father had visited the night before, and which everybody in the neighbourhood, from the dairymaid up to the ministers, when those great men visited Blenheim, had entered, one time or another. The wise woman, Goody Gillow, and her little girl had probably drawn their inferences from Mr. Craggs's visit; for they evidently expected more of the family. The child Lois was peeping from the door, and ran to her mother, waving her arms as she ran, and hid her chuckling laughter behind her mother's skirts. James did not quite relish this; but he reflected that people

who seek uncanny society must accept what they find there. He paid his fee, and received in return a liberal share of brilliant prophecies. He would not have thought much of those promises if he had met with an account of such an adventure in the *Tatler*; or if the *Spectator* had put the very words into the mouth of the gipsy who talked to a Justice of the Peace about a widow: but it was a different thing to hear the words said to one's self. His father had been impressed yesterday; and why should not he to-day? So James's colour rose as he heard that he was to be the friend of the greatest in the land—that he was to be rich—that he was to be famous in a very particular way—that he was to marry a fair and high-born lady, and so forth.

"Aye, go!" said the Goody, when he said he must be off. "Go *you*, for you can't go wrong. That's your reward for not pretending to be wiser than your betters. You will never cry at good luck,—not you!"

"I shall be a pretty fool when I do," said James, as he ran off homewards. "Cry at good luck indeed!"

On the common he thought he saw somebody sitting beside the alder clump at the edge of the pool; but, by the time he drew near, there was nobody visible. Looking farther, however, he found his sister Nanny stretched along the ground, all in tears. James wondered aloud whether it was Nanny who had been to the Gillows', and had gone away crying at good luck.

"Yes it was," Nanny declared.

It was not difficult for James to understand how it was. The Goody had prophesied a brilliant lot for both sisters; but Nanny's was to be the grandest. She was to marry a great gentleman,—apparently a lord,—whom her father should bring home to dinner one day, in his grand house in London. Then followed the description of the life that a lord's wife must lead.

"So different from what I should like!" sobbed Nanny. "So different from what I ever wished!"

"So different from the life Harry Ives's wife must lead!" was James's explanation of the grief.

"Yes," said Nanny, humbly. Then they walked home together in a most unusual silence. Nanny did not even remember to ask her brother what the Duchess had wanted with him.

The mother and sister at home had a livelier curiosity. When they heard that the old lady had told him that he might be a great man if he pleased, and certainly would be if he improved his talents, and qualified himself for the service of the state, they were astonished at

the lad's gravity and slowness of speech. He accounted for this mood by saying—

"There is so much to be done! I feel so ignorant!"

"How are you to improve your talents, I wonder," said his mother.

"As a beginning, as Her Grace said," replied James, "she gave father a hundred guineas to put me to school with."

"A hundred guineas! And you tell us as coolly as if she had given you a crown piece!"

"It will be all gone before it has made me half so clever as I want to be," James explained.

(To be continued.)

OUR LIFEBOATS.

THE Wreck Chart of the United Kingdom, published by the Board of Trade, and studded with black dots along the sea-board indicating the scenes of wrecks, is certainly a very grim-looking piece of work, and well calculated to make us exclaim "God help our men at sea!"* If we cast our eyes upon the eastern coast of England, these dots become so thick as almost to cover the sea. From the Frith of Forth to Orfordness they lie as thick as pins could be put in a pincushion, and at a glance we see where the graves of our seamen are principally to be found. On an average, fully a third of the wrecks which take place upon our shores occur on the coast which is washed by the German ocean. The shore is inhospitable enough in all conscience, and the harbours of refuge are but few; but the greater number of disasters which occur within this limited space, are due rather to the negligence of man than to the dangers of the coast. We have only to look at the numbers of unseaworthy colliers at any time to be found in the "pool"—rickety old craft, some of them a hundred years old, with rotten planks, worn out sails, nearly always overladen, and often with untrustworthy anchors and cables powerless to hold them when overtaken by a gale blowing on to a lee shore. Can it then be wondered at that no gale from the eastward of any moment arises without strewing the adjacent coast with wrecks and corpses of our gallant seamen? On the occurrence of every storm we hear of frightful disasters overtaking the colliers which traverse these dangerous seas, and yet these navigators seem to be as reckless as ever. If we look to the western side of the island, the dots indicative of marine disaster are not so thick, but still they crowd the grand estuaries which form the highways of commerce. The Mersey and the Severn seem choked with wrecks—the rocky coasts of Wales, from Bardsey island to

* See Vol. II., p. 198.

Holyhead are also thickly studded with these ominous black dots. The shores of the English Channel are pretty free, but they thicken round the Lizard, and along the iron-bound coast of Cornwall, and, strangely enough, they are very numerous in the neighbourhood of lighthouses. The truth is that home-bound vessels make for these lighthouses, as moths are attracted by a candle, and feel their way up Channel from one light to another, and in doing so but too often run upon the rocks of which these structures are placed to warn them.

The aggregate of losses sustained by the country every year is frightful to contemplate. Upwards of 2000 vessels are lost on the average yearly on our coasts alone. This number appears enormous; and the reader will wonder what must be the total amount of wrecks throughout the world, if this little island alone is the scene of so much disaster. But it must be remembered that unless ships frequent a coast there can be no wrecks, and it will therefore be seen that it is in consequence of our overwhelming maritime activity that our shores are so wreck-strewn. When the reader is informed that upon the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland one-third of all the maritime casualties throughout the world occur, he will perhaps be astonished; nevertheless, such is the fact. These isles are the common focus of the navies of the habitable globe; and 1,000,000 ships annually leave and enter our ports. Most of these have to pass shores either rock-bound or fearfully obstructed by outlying sands, the very names of which are sounds of dread to our seamen's ears. With all these traps on the path of the seafaring community the prevalence of wrecks at certain seasons of the year cannot be wondered at; but it certainly is astonishing that so many collisions, many of which are fatal to both ships, should occur in fine weather, and in broad daylight. We cannot, for instance, imagine two men, crossing a desert, and running up against each other against their will; yet this is what actually occurs on the ocean desert to ships every day in the year, especially in the bright summer weather. With the vast increase in our steam marine, and with the introduction of the powerful lights which steamers carry, simulating the brilliancy of those in lighthouses, we can understand collisions taking place in the night time; but in fair daylight such a cause cannot be assigned as an excuse for running into the very teeth of destruction.

But there are other causes of wrecks for which avarice and greed are directly responsible. We have no longer wreckers along our shores, holding out false lights to tempt

mariners upon a fatal coast, but we have a system of marine insurance, which, in the opinion of many persons best calculated to judge of such matters, tends to produce wrecks even more surely and abundantly. If a shipowner is insured to the full value of his ship, in very many cases he is quite careless whether she founders or not. Indeed, in all cases he is directly interested in losing her outright when she happens to take the ground, rather than in recovering her in a damaged condition; for this reason—if she becomes a total wreck, the insurance has to be made good by the underwriters; whereas, if she is only damaged, the owner has to bear one-third of the loss. It is, however, with direct losses that we are more particularly interested in this article, inasmuch as direct losses almost always mean danger to life. Now, as long as a merchant has no direct pecuniary interest in keeping his ship afloat, by reason of his full insurance upon her being secured, the public have no guarantee that he will take any special care to secure her safety. The consequence is, we know, insufficient stores, untrustworthy anchors and cables, and very often unseaworthy vessels. The Legislature has lately passed a law to force shipowners to test cables and anchors in the same manner as those of the Royal Navy are tested, but this law has not yet come into operation; it will, however, render life at sea much more secure. If the holding tackle of the Royal Charter had been able to bear the strain put upon it, the year 1860 possibly would not have seen 450 passengers overwhelmed in one night by the sea. But marine insurance companies never compel shipowners to take this precaution; and their neglect in this item of safety may be considered as an example of their general carelessness, even where their own pecuniary interests are concerned; we may guess therefore what amount of thought they take for the life of the poor sailor. Whilst, however, mammon thus operates towards the destruction of human life, philanthropy is ever on the watch to preserve it. If we take the wreck chart in our hands again, we find that where the black dots, significant of death, cluster the thickest along our shores, there also certain red crescent-shaped marks stand the thickest: these indicate the presence of lifeboat-stations, or the means of rescuing the shipwrecked mariner. England, as the leading maritime nation, may have been expected to have led the way in organising some method of averting the frightful peril to which those who go down to the great sea in ships, are subjected every moment of their lives; and certainly the National Lifeboat Institution, if calculated by the amount of lives it has saved,

may be looked upon as one of the most humane institutions, not only of this country, but of the world. The lifeboat, manned by its hardy crew, is the tool, so to speak, of the Institution, and on the efficacy of these tools, its working value depends. As long ago as the year 1790, lifeboats were known. Greathead, as early as that date, built some of his broad-curved form of lifeboats—in shape not unlike a segment of orange peel. These boats, filled with air-cases at the sides, did in those days good service; but in the course of time these models were departed from, and in the end the lifeboats became a craft rather significant of disaster than of safety, as they had a trick of turning end over end when lifted by a heavy sea, and not being on the self-righting plan,

they were apt to drown their crews beneath them. The catastrophe that overtook the Shields lifeboat in 1850, when twenty-two out of twenty-four pilots, by whom she was manned, were drowned, at last drew public attention to their worthlessness, and the late Duke of Northumberland was induced to offer a premium for the construction of a new lifeboat, which should best satisfy the conditions required in such a vessel. These are qualities as a sailing and a rowing boat in all weathers, qualities as a sea-boat, means of freeing herself quickly from water, extra buoyancy, power of self-righting, &c., &c. After many experiments, a boat was at last built, which has served ever since as the model upon which all the lifeboats of the Institution have been built.

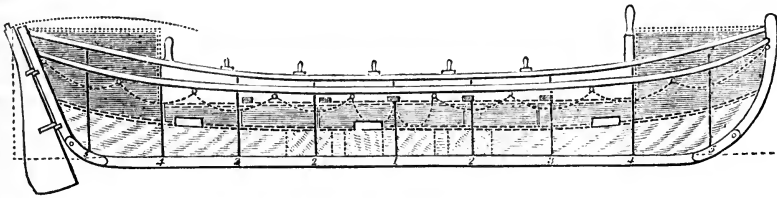


Fig. 1.—Sheer Plan.

Figure 1 gives the general exterior form of the boat, as shown with the extreme sheer of gunwale, length of keel, and rake of stem and stern posts, the length being thirty-three feet and the breadth eight feet. The dotted line shows the position and the dimensions of the

air chambers, the relieving tubes, and the internal ballast. The festooned lines represent external life lines, to which persons in the water may cling. The two central deep festoons are used as stirrups to aid persons to climb into the boat.

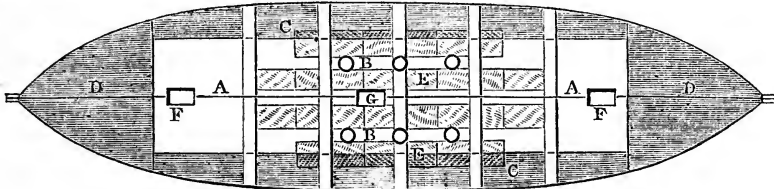


Fig. 2.—Deck Plan.

In the deck plan, figure 2, B represent the relieving tubes, six inches in diameter and six in number, fitted with self-acting valves to let the water out and prevent its return; C, the side air cases; D, the end air chambers; E, the ballast, composed of solid blocks of cork; F, ventilators, to admit of a free current of air under the water-tight deck and pumps.

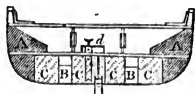


Fig. 3.—Midship Section.

Figure 3, midship section of the side air cases. B, the relieving tubes, of the same

depth as the space between the deck and the boat's floor; C C C C, spaces beneath the deck, nine feet in length, placed longitudinally at the midship part of the boat, filled with solid chocks of light cork, forming part of the ballast. G is a ventilator, having a pump fixed in it to relieve the boat of any leakage water while afloat. Her iron keel, extending the whole length of the boat and weighing about nine hundred weight, forms the principal part of the ballast. Thus constructed, the lifeboat possesses in the highest degree all the qualities which it is desirable a lifeboat should possess, namely, great lateral stability, speed against a heavy sea, facility for launching and for taking the shore, imme-

diate self-discharge of any water breaking into her, the all-important advantage of self-righting if upset, and strength and stowage room for a number of passengers.

As a mechanical contrivance, the society's lifeboat is as near perfection as possible. The air cases at stem and stern are so capacious, and have so much sheer, that even if upset and turned completely over the boat rights herself instantly. Indeed, there are two boatmen who, when they see that she will inevitably turn over, manage to stow themselves away under the thwarts. Twice they have done this, turned a complete circle with the boat and come up in her without being wetted! It is the absolute faith placed in the safety of these boats which renders volunteers so eager to be called out at any moment to take part in this desperate service for the paltry fee of a couple of pounds per man. Those who watch the lifeboat beating through the breakers rarely see anything of the hardy crew that mans her—green seas break over them, the broken water envelopes the gallant boat in a sea of foam. Every other minute she is filled to the thwarts with water; but the next she is free of her burthen by the action of her discharge valves, and gaily floating like a duck after his dive. They are sometimes stove in upon the rocks, bumped until the bottom timbers are loosened; and yet, by the aid of the cork packing placed in the floor, they float. In February, 1858, for instance, the lifeboat of Youghal, in being launched, got stove in, a hole being made in her bottom as large as a man's head; yet the crew, nothing dismayed, rowed to the wreck she was in search of, took fourteen men off and brought them safely to land. Sometimes, indeed, terrific seas will sweep every man out of them into the water; but with the aid of their splendid life-belts, and the life-chains around the boat, they invariably manage to scramble into her again. Indeed the loss of any of the crews of the National Institution lifeboats is almost unknown, unless in cases such as that at Sunderland, when a man was crushed between the boat and the pier; or in the still more melancholy case of the wreck of the steamer Stanley, when two men jumped from the lifeboat, and ultimately perished in the ship she had gone to save.

Besides these carefully constructed boats, there are still some of what are termed North-country boats, built on the Greathead model, and the Norfolk and Suffolk boats, constructed for sailing only. The wrecks that take place off these coasts are nearly always upon the outlying sands some distance off. These boats have great beam and length, the largest

being twelve feet wide by forty-six feet long. They never have occasion to row, but spread powerful sails, and therefore require great stability, to obtain which they are ballasted with five and three-quarter tons of water, which lies in an open trough in the centre of the boat twenty feet long, four feet wide, and two and a-half feet deep. These boats, instead of rising with every wave, cut through it, and indeed may be said to sail at times under the water, their crews being protected from being washed out by ridge ropes running through iron stanchions fixed round the gunwale. Their crews place unbounded confidence in them, as they are firm as a rock in the water, and have never been known to turn over, with one exception,—the Southwold lifeboat, in 1858; but this was entirely through the fault of the crew themselves. In taking her out through a high surf to exercise her crew, on returning, before re-entering the surf, they injudiciously inserted the plugs and pumped out about two-thirds of the water-ballast, when she was overtaken by a sea and thrown stern up; the ton and a-half of water still in her rushed to the bows, and broaching to across the surf she became submerged. It is needless to say that had her full water-ballast been in her this accident could not have happened. There is one disadvantage in these water-ballasted boats—the men sometimes have to sit with their feet in the water: no small drawback when they are on a long service on a bitter winter's night.

The seafaring population have now ample means of knowing of the approach of a storm. The National Lifeboat Institution supplies standard barometers to all their lifeboat-stations, with a barometer manual, by which the seafaring population are enabled to read it properly—a thing not easily done without instruction. This manual, besides giving the necessary instructions to read the barometer, also gives some valuable signs of weather, which the old salts perhaps believe in more firmly than those indicated by the "glass." Some of those are worthy of repeating to landsmen.

Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or much wind, perhaps rain; a grey sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcast of murky vapour that passes into cloudiness. This appears more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, and is an infallible sign. When sea-

birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected; when they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind with stormy weather.

Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon, distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible or raised (by refraction), and what is called a "good hearing day," may be mentioned among signs of wind and rain to be expected. There are also certain rhymes which are worth remembering, such as,

Fast rise after very low
Indicates a strong blow;
Long foretold, long last;
Short notice, soon past.

But it is upon the storm-signals sent down by Admiral Fitzroy,* that the lifeboat men principally depend. When the cones are hoisted, indicative of an approaching gale, the volunteers generally assemble near the boat-house in readiness for a start. If, however, a wreck should take place without this warning, the cockswain-superintendent—who has a salary of 8*l.* per annum, is immediately informed of it, and he takes measures to summon the lifeboat crew,—if by day, a flag is hoisted; if by night, a carronade is fired quickly twice. In the vast majority of cases the lifeboat is launched from her carriage at once by the aid of an eager crowd, who pull at the tackle roved through blocks at the head of the transporting carriage, and fastened to the stern-sheets of the boat, so that she is propelled by the hands hauling inland. But even thus launched, a boat often has the utmost difficulty to beat through the rollers that break upon the coast. In order to overcome this resistance, she is launched with her crew in her, and the moment she takes the water, the men lay hold of it with their oars, and, after a fierce struggle, force her through the surf. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to carry the boat for miles—in one instance seventeen miles—to avoid some headland, or to gain the best offing for her. In this case any coastguardsman or constable has power to seize the requisite number of horses to take the transporting carriage. Sometimes eight or ten horses are required for this service, and the gallant boat starts with her crew all seated, followed by an excited crowd, such as in town we see following the fire-engine or fire-escape.

A remarkable instance of the perils which the lifeboat has sometimes to encounter before she even takes to the water was evidenced in the case of the wreck of the barque *Gigana*, of Glasgow, which was driven ashore in February, 1862, on the Carrig Rocks, off Grenore point,

county of Wexford. In this case the Carnsorne boat had to be conveyed many miles through dreadfully flooded roads, and when arrived on the brow of a cliff had to be lowered down a distance of eighty feet with ropes. She had then to be launched through a heavy surf, but ultimately she took off the crew from the sinking vessel: thus the boat had to make a dangerous journey through two elements. She surely should ever afterwards have been called the Flying Fish.

The most dangerous and trying lifeboat services are, however, performed in the neighbourhood of the many dangerous sands that lie off the coasts, and more especially the dread Goodwin, that sepulchre of ships. Not only is the danger of beating through the raging breakers that run upon these sands, the most imminent that the gallant lifeboat can have to encounter, but there are other sources of disaster almost as great. The Goodwin is a marine cemetery, if we may so term it, in which the ribs of many a gallant vessel are embedded, whose gaunt and seaweed-hung timbers appear here and there, through the quicksand at low water. These old wrecks when submerged are highly dangerous, and the lifeboat crew have not only to avoid the tumbling seas and the wild sea-horses which rage around, but they have to avoid, if they can catch a sight of them, the remnants of these engulfed ships.

The cockswain of the Caistor lifeboat, describing the rescue of the crew of the schooner *Trial*, of Pool, on the Barber Sands, in 1862, says: "On our reaching the sands, we were compelled to cross through the breakers of the sands, in order to board the vessel on the south side, as there were two wrecks standing out of the water close on either side of her, and in so doing had to encounter the full fury of the sea." The danger of the rescue appears, however, always to be at the moment of coming up with the wreck. To warp the boat by means of anchor and cable just within reach of the cluster of human beings hanging on the rigging, and yet not to come within the clutch of the madly lifting and falling sea, lapping up the side of the vessel, which would throw the boat one moment high up the mizen chains, and the next precipitate her to the stranded vessel's keel—requires the tact of the most consummate seamanship. The cockswain of the Caistor lifeboat goes on to say, "we then hauled the lifeboat up alongside, to get the crew out of her, but the sea broke so heavily into the lifeboat, sea after sea, which followed in quick succession, washing her crew about in all directions, so that we could not hold her, for the sea drove her quite round

* See Vol. VI., p. 179.

under the vessel's bow. We again hauled up alongside, and three of the ship's crew succeeded in jumping into the lifeboat, when we were again drawn by the violence of the sea against the ship, damaging the lifeboat, and breaking her mizenmast. The same fearful scene was again enacted, and then the boat was filled with a heavy sea, and could not free herself until, on veering off to discover the cause, it was found that a part of the sail had been sucked into the plugholes."

This is only one picture of hundreds that occur all round our coasts in every gale of wind. When we hear the wind howling wildly in the winter's night, and turn round in our comfortable beds, be sure there are scores of wrecks on our coasts, their masts crowded with drowning seamen, who look across the howling waste of waters, and who would look in vain were it not for the gallant lifeboat coming to them as a thing coming from the grave. All night, when gales are blowing hard, the watchers hang about the pier-head, looking out upon the dark expanse of ocean. Suddenly a rocket climbs the black concave of night, and the next moment a minute gun is heard booming across the waters. These are from the light-ship, which, moored upon the edge of the dangerous sand by her powerful anchors, holds on night and day, swept from stem to stern by furious seas, but yet keeping her ceaseless watch. Some big ship freighted with emigrants, like the *Fusilier*, which sailed from London on the 4th of December, and in the night was broadside on the Girdler Sand off Ramsgate, with a freight of strong men, and many women, and children. She is seen, or rather the tar barrels she burns, are seen by the *Prince* lightship, and immediately from her deck streams the ark of light across the heavens. In another half hour a land rocket answers the summons—the lifeboat has put off, and across that mad sea twelve good men and true are beating through the storm in their boat no bigger than a speck of foam upon the dark ocean—for hours she searches the fatal sands, and at last, guided by the burning tar barrels, she reaches the emigrant ship. The cockswain says, "the scene at this time was an appalling one, the howling of the winds, mingled with the shrieks of the women, and the rush of the waves against the sides of the ill-fated ship, used as we are to similar sights, made us doubly anxious for the safety of those whom by God's Providence we had come to rescue." In this terrible moment, however, the utmost order prevailed; by the aid of two of the crew, the women were lashed on bowlines and handed into the boat—the children were lowered in blankets, as gently as they would

have been on solid land. These were taken to the tug that lay not far off. Before returning home, the tugboat once more made her appearance, and informed the lifeboat of another wreck on the Shingles; this was the *Demerara*. In order to reach her the boat had to beat *over the sands*. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more perilous passage than this. The sands are furrowed into deep ridges, rising from two to three feet high, and over these ridges she had to beat and bump, grinding every moment, and whirling round quite unmanageable amid the boiling water, which kept her submerged the greater part of the time, the men holding on by the thwarts whilst tons of water passed over their backs; at last however she reached the ship, and took off eighteen poor wretches. These, with the emigrants from the *Fusilier*, made a sum of 120 souls rescued by this gallant crew; for which magnificent service each man had the magnificent sum of £2 presented to him. Whilst our coasts are lined with gallant fellows ready to risk their lives for such a paltry sum—we beg pardon, the money could not have been the motive—we need not fear that they will be wanting in the moment of the nation's peril.

We have before said that the average annual number of shipwrecks is 2000, placing the lives of between 5000 and 6000 persons in jeopardy. Of this number, the lifeboats of the Institution were instrumental last year in saving 432 persons, and shore boats a further number of 266 persons, or a total of 698. It must be remembered that the lifeboat never puts out except in cases of extreme peril; therefore every voyage is a desperate risk. It speaks volumes, however, for the splendid character of these boats, to hear that out of 12,000 persons who manned the lifeboats of the Institution, in the year 1863-4, only three were lost, one by being crushed between a pier and a lifeboat, and two from exhaustion and cold from exposure before they could be picked up.

But the instrument by which all this rescue from imminent death is effected is costly. The expense of a lifeboat with her equipment, transporting carriage, and boat-house amounts to 580*l.*, irrespective of any charge for maintaining them in a state of efficiency. But there is no lack of willing givers for a service so merciful. One of the most interesting features among the last receipts of the Institution is the gift of lifeboats for special stations, by individuals grateful for some deliverance at sea, or mournful for some irreparable loss. In many cases these free-gift lifeboats are named after the persons so delivered; in

others, after the name of some dear one that has perished. It is a poetical idea, and one calculated to soothe those that mourn the dead, that a lifeboat bearing the name of the departed is ever watching on our shores to save human life. It is as though the soul of the lost one had passed into the gallant craft, in order to repay death by life. It is a fashion to give stained glass windows in our churches to the memory of the dead; but surely the gift of a lifeboat is a far more active act of benevolence, than the mere presentation of a sensual decoration, however splendid.

At present there are 140 lifeboats belonging to the National Institution, and many others belonging to corporations and private individuals, &c. Nevertheless, long stretches of coast are yet unfurnished with the means of saving life, especially in Ireland, where indeed the Institution has but 23 stations, a number far below the requirements of her extended and rocky coast. Who is ready with volunteer offerings to fill up the gap? A. W.

THE LAY OF SIR ARTHUR.

WHAT time the beetle blows his horn
Amidst the flow'ry weald,
And little lads with pipes of corn
Tend cattle in the field,

Two lovers met, and resting lay
Upon a mossy hill,
And talk'd that livelong summer day,
Yet could not talk their fill.

A lady stay'd in sad surprise,—
A lady free and fair,—
Till slowly fell upon her eyes
The shadow of despair:

For one was pleading eagerly
In low, impassioned tone;
And that familiar voice, which she
Had fancied all her own,

Now homage to another gave,
As to herself of yore,
In kisses, like the whisp'ring wave
Gives kisses to the shore.

Then was her body alter'd quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale;
Her cheeks, so rosy, changed to white,
Her knees began to fail.

"Woe worth the time I did believe
That candied tongue of thine;
When thou didst seem for love to grieve
With tears from thy false eyne.

"Woe worth the time—I do not know
So false a thing as thou."
And then with accents soft and low
And heaven upon her brow:—

"I wish you love and life," she said,
And smiled upon her face;
Yet hated more that lily maid
For her exceeding grace.

For she was fair, too fair, alone
Her eyes were very stars;
Her hair like orient daylight shone
From out its golden bars.

That lily maid, her lily hands
Did press full oft in fear;
And to that lady's fierce demands
Gave one reply,—a tear.

Oh! cruel, cold; oh! night of love,
That hath no morn to be:—
Her fell hand kill'd that little dove
Which trembled at her knee.

Sir Arthur waited many a glass,
He waited still alone;
He may not see his little lass,
For she is dead and gone.

He found, and kiss'd the wound he found,
Upon her bosom bare,
And took her gently from the ground
And smoothed her yellow hair.

"Ay me, one word of comfort give;
Speak, mine own love," said he.
"What boots it now for me to live?
Would I had died for thee!"

Beneath that starry night forlorn,
"Dead, dead," he cried, "long dead!"
In vain he clasp'd her cold, till morn
Broke slowly o'er his head.

That cruel lady's hand he shear'd,
Upon the ground it fell;
Sir Arthur smote upon his beard,
"By Heaven I think it well!"

His sword-hilt in the ground he set,
And then knelt down to pray;
Sure never yet two lovers met,
Who did so soon away.

J.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITES.

CHAPTER II.

RALEIGH went to Ireland, as we have stated in a paper on the poet Spenser,* in the train of the Deputy, Lord Grey, on the 12th of August, 1580; and was employed by Grey in one of the bloodiest massacres of Italian and Spanish troops, that ever disgraced British arms.

Several years before the great Armada, attempts of a less presumptuous kind were made to land Spanish and Italian troops on the south-western coast of Ireland. A fleet composed of Spanish and Italian soldiers landed at Dun-an-Oir, or the "Fort of Gold," in the harbour of Smerwick, on the coast of Kerry, in 1580. The fort stood on a small islet, whose steep sides rise fifty feet above the sea. The Deputy, Lord Grey, writes to Burleigh for aid, and tells him to "stand stoutly to the helm, as a great storm is at hand;" that he could "not borrow more than two hundred pounds in Dublin, on the security of

* See p. 76.

the State ;" but he adds, "I will visit the guests with the adventure of my life."

The Earl of Ormond was commanded to muster his forces. He did so ; and marched up the hill which commanded the fort, marked its deep trenches and impregnable ramparts, and then marched down again.

The Deputy goes down to Kerry himself, and sends parties to reconnoitre, who report the place impregnable. They play on it for "four days," says Camden ; for "forty days," says Daly. It is no use. Hard shot has no effect on the Italians and Spaniards. The Deputy must try the effect of soft words. Communications are opened between the governor of the fort and Lord Grey. Sebastian, or Stephen de San Josepho, whom Camden styles "*homo imbellis*," accompanied by Hercules Pisano and the Duke of Biscay, waited on Grey, and were graciously received, and honourable treatment promised on unconditional surrender. They surrendered. San Josepho with his friends were made prisoners of war, *and every soldier in the fort, to the number of seven hundred, were butchered in cold blood.*

The character of Grey was seriously compromised. Edmund Spenser endeavours to defend his "Talus of the Iron Flail." But he acknowledges that if he "put them in hope," the "sharp execution" would have been "a great touch to him in honour ;" but he denies that he gave them hope.

One would think that Lord Grey's secretary ought to have known all about it ; but there was one person better informed than the secretary, and that was Lord Grey himself. His words are, "I told the Spanish commander, San Joseph, that no condition or composition were they to expect, other than that they shud simpli render me the forte, and yield themselves to my will for *lyf or deth.*"

He then goes on to say, "Morning came, and I presented my forces in bataille, before the forte ; the colonel, with ten or twelve of his chief gentlemen, came trailing their ensigns, rolled up, and presented them to me, with their lives and the forte. I sent certayne gentlemen to see their weapons and armoires laid down, and to guard the munition and victual, then left, from spoyle. *Then I put in certayne bandes, who straighte fell to execution.*"

Cox, who had no love for either Spaniard or Italian, says, "that the garrison yielded at mercy, which was too sparingly extended towards them." Leland says, "the garrison was butchered in cold blood ; nor is it without pain he finds a service so horrible and detestable committed to Sir Walter Raleigh."

Raleigh and the Lord Deputy Grey quarrelled about this time. Of the cause of the quarrel we are ignorant. Raleigh was probably annoyed at being required to superintend so foul a deed. Their dispute was afterwards laid before the Queen, who befriended Raleigh, and expressed the utmost concern and displeasure at this barbarous execution by Lord Grey. Had Raleigh, when called upon to superintend this massacre, rendered up his sword to the Deputy, he would have acted more like a noble knight, than by doing the evil deed, and quarrelling about it afterwards. Did he repudiate it before he heard the Queen's opinion of it ?

We find "Captain Raleigh," as he was then styled, in Cork, this year of the massacre, 1580. He seems to have had a constable's commission, for arresting persons suspected of disloyalty ; and, to do him justice, he manifested as much zeal as fool-hardy daring, in the discharge of his office. It is a matter of surprise that he did not get knocked on the head, in Munster. He sets out from Cork to Dublin, with a small following, to make a complaint of the Barrys and Condons, for assisting rebels, and manages to return safe to the "Beautiful Citie." He sets out for Barry's Court, to besiege that strong castle. Lord Barry hears of his intention, and fires his castle, and lays an ambuscade for Raleigh ; who, "mistrusting nothing," rides on to a ford, near Middleton. He is alone, with the exception of a guide, having outridden his guard. The party in ambush rush out of the thicket upon him. He claps spurs to his horse, and crosses the ford in hot haste, his guide forsaking him.

He turns about, puzzled and perplexed, and hesitates what to do. But, finding himself within bow-shot of the ambuscade, he returns, re-enters the river, and brings man and horse to shore. His opponents at this time were twenty to one, under the command of Fitzgerald, the Seneschal of Imokilly. Raleigh met the Seneschal soon after, and charged him with cowardice, in not coming boldly out of ambush, to which Fitzgerald made no reply. Raleigh afterwards sent him a challenge by the White Knight, offering to meet him, man for man, and cross the river, at the same place ; which Fitzgerald—deeming prudence the better part of valour—declined.

Captain Raleigh's next expedition was against Lord Roche. He left Cork at ten o'clock at night, with ninety men, for Castletownroche, which was in the heart of Roche's country. He approached the gate of Lord Roche's castle between one and two o'clock in the morning, as a nighted traveller. When the gates were

opened, he and his party pressed in, and surrounded the castle. Lord Roche rose, and ordered supper for his guest. Raleigh supped, and after supper informed his hospitable host that he had orders to convey him and his lady to Cork. It was a tempestuous night, upon which no lady should have been asked to travel; but Raleigh carried them both off, and gained the city by day-break, escaping an ambuscade laid by David Barry and his old antagonist of the ford, the Seneschal of Imokilly.

There is but one apology for Raleigh's un-knightly conduct, but it is a good one,—*he acted under orders*. The same excuse holds good as it regards the massacre at Smerwick. But the little we know of Raleigh in Ireland is not much to his credit, *if we except the introduction of the potato*; but this, with most, has covered a multitude of sins.

In the list of the forfeited estates of the great Earl of Desmond, apportioned out among English undertakers, we meet with the following: "Sir Walter Raleigh and his associates, 36,000 acres." Spenser, who was one of his associates, got three thousand of the thirty-six thousand acres, and Sir Walter Raleigh himself got twelve thousand acres, including the town and college of Youghal, the latter of which was richly endowed. We believe there is no doubt that Raleigh's share of the forfeited property was the most valuable. None of the undertakers got more than twelve thousand acres, and few got as much.

Youghal at that time, with its beautiful church—lately re-edified by the present rector, the Rev. Mr. Drew—and ecclesiastical college, was a place of considerable note and importance. With its harbour, town walls, mayor, and corporation, it almost rivalled Cork. Among the mayors of Youghal, we find the name of Sir Walter Raleigh for the years 1588 and 1589. The house where he lived and entertained his friend, the poet Spenser, is still in excellent preservation. It is built in the Elizabethan style, with high pointed gables. The old black oak panneling and carving looks bright and polished. The house is called "Myrtle Grove" by the proprietor, Mr. Pim; for the myrtle, as well as the bay and arbutus, grow luxuriantly in the grounds and garden. In this garden Sir Walter planted the first potatoes, which he had introduced into Europe. In the garden we were pointed to a meat block (which had done service in the kitchen for an unknown number of years) sending out new shoots. No one could explain this natural phenomenon, till we inquired, "Whereabouts Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first potatoes?"

"It was here, sir; just here, where they threw out the old mate block."

"That explains it," we said. "You know St. Patrick blessed the potatoes."

"Be the powers, but yer right, sir. I never thought of that before."

Sir Walter Raleigh was of too enterprising and erratic a disposition to confine himself to a small town, though mayor and lord of the manor, for any length of time. One hemisphere of the earth was not wide enough for him; he must try a second. There is reason to believe that in doing so, he involved himself and his newly acquired estates in great pecuniary difficulty. He seems to have been perfectly ignorant, as ignorant as the cock who turned up the diamond on the dunghill, of the rich inheritance which had fallen to his lot; but in time a Jew came up, in the form of a clever adventurer, called Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, who eased Sir Walter of his whole inheritance for a few hundred pounds; and if we can believe Boyle, Sir Walter Raleigh was right well pleased with his bargain.

Richard Boyle got a hint from Sir George Carew—as sharp a blade and as close a shaver as ever wore spurs—to offer to purchase Sir Walter Raleigh's estates, after he had been attainted of treason. He did so, and got the twelve thousand acres, with the Youghal property, for a song. It is true the title was bad, Raleigh having been found guilty of treason; but this was remedied by giving a thousand pounds to James I., who removed the flaw; but even after paying this sum, the price given for the property was ridiculously small.

This seems to have been the opinion of Lady Raleigh (*née* Elizabeth Throckmorton), Sir Walter's widow, and one of Sir Walter's sons, who commenced proceedings, after Raleigh's execution, for the recovery of his Irish property.

We have before us a curious letter which we found among Lord Cork's papers, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who inherits the principal portion of the Raleigh property.* The letter is dated January 16th, 1631. It was addressed by the Earl of Cork to Carew Raleigh, Sir Walter's second son, who was born in the Tower of London, and called, we suspect, after Sir George Carew, Sir Walter's keeper. The object of the letter was to propitiate the young man, by trying to persuade him that his father had got the full value of his property in the county Cork.

* *Raleigh Property*.—His Grace the Duke of Devonshire has lately disposed of his interest in the town of Youghal to D. L. Lewis, Esq., D.L., who has, single-handed, made the new railway from Cork to Youghal.

He speaks in this letter of the "infinite trouble and charge" which he and his "lady-mother" had put Lord Cork to, by "unnecessary suits." "The sum," he continues, "that I and he agreed upon was really paid him in ready gold, a *thousand crowns sterling*, after his attainer, when he was a prisoner in the Tower." "Again, on my purchase from your father, he entered into bonds to me of six thousand crowns, which I have extant under his hand and seal, to free the land from all arrears to the queen, which amounted to about one thousand marks, as well as from all other charges and incumbrances," which it appears he did not do.

Some of our readers may not be aware that Sir Walter sailed from Cork harbour on his last unfortunate expedition to the West Indies, in the August of 1617. In reference to this last expedition Lord Cork writes, "Upon the faith of a Christian, it is most true that your father's last coming into Ireland cost me about a thousand marks sterling, whereof I supplied him in ready money, with three hundred and fifty crowns, as his several receipts, all written in his own hands, do testify. Besides the oxen, biscuit, beer, iron, and other wants of his, which I bought and supplied withall. And the very day that he took shipping from Cork on his last fatal voyage, he did me the honour to dine with me at Sir Randal Clayton's house, where at the table he let fall some speeches, as if he were not fully furnished for his journey; which, I observing, made present means to get him a hundred crowns." He goes on to say, how he took Raleigh to the window after dinner, and tendered the hundred crowns, which Raleigh refused to accept, saying, if he was driven to extremity, he had jewels which he could dispose of. But the last part of the letter, where Raleigh is represented as taking his eldest son Walter by the hand, and laying his curse upon wife and children, if they should attempt to question the validity of the purchase, is the richest bit of the whole. "He again took his son by the hand, and said to him, 'Watt, you see how nobly my Lord Boyle hath entertained and supplied me and my friends; and therefore I charge you, upon my blessing, if it please God that you outlive me and return, *that you never question the Lord Boyle for anything that I have sold him; for I lay my curse upon my wife and children if they ever question any of the purchases his lordship hath made of me; for if he had not bought my Irish land of me, by my fall it would have come to the Crown, and then one Scot or other would have begged it.*"

That Lord Cork must have felt that his title to these lands was not good, appears from the last clause of his letter. "Sir, for conclusion, I am very well satisfied by good learned counsel—and I think you are of the same opinion—that neither you nor your mother can, either by law or equity, recover anything from me; *yet, nevertheless, if you will both join in perfecting such a release as my counsel shall draw up and I send unto you, and that without any condition, I will make it appear to you that I honour and respect those that your noble deceased father hath left behind him.*"

We cannot say whether Lady Raleigh or her son Carew closed with this proposition: The elder son, "Watt," or Walter, who accompanied his father on his last expedition, was killed in South America; and, we know, the property is still in the hands of the Earl of Cork's descendants.

Poor Sir Walter Raleigh, as the reader knows, was beheaded in the Tower of London. Mr. Foster, in his "Life of Sir John Eliot," styles the execution of Raleigh, the climax and consummation of the baseness of James's reign, "a shameless sacrifice of one of the greatest men of the English race, to the rage and mortification of the power most hated by Englishmen."

It has been asserted, that no direct influence was exerted by Spain to bring about this execution, but letters of Sir Francis Cottington, in the State Paper Office, prove the contrary. Cottington, writing to Buckingham from Madrid, says, "The King of Spain is delighted with the justice done on Raleigh, and will himself write his royal thanks to the King of England."

Nothing could induce James, who had his own selfish aims in view—that of making a match between his son, Prince Charles, and the Infanta of Spain—to spare the life of this brave knight, who had lain a prisoner in the Tower for thirteen years. In vain were the entreaties of the Queen, Anna of Denmark, by whom Raleigh was as much esteemed as he had been by Elizabeth. It was while a prisoner in the Tower that he made those wonderful philters for her dying son, Prince Henry. Vain was the dying prayer of the Bishop of Winchester, who entreated the King to spare the life of "*that old gentleman, a great offender, but dearly respected by the Great Queen,*" Elizabeth.

James was inexorable; Raleigh was unexpectedly summoned before the King's Bench, and told that the next morning he must die. How nobly he died need not be told.

CHARLES B. GIBSON.

QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

A TALE IN FOUR PARTS. BY GEORGE STOTT.



PART III.

MR. CONWAY returned from town on the day he was expected, on the whole in high good humour. He had managed to extricate his son from one of the "messes" into which he

was perpetually getting, at the sacrifice of considerably less money than he had anticipated; and he had procured a sum sufficient to provide for his most pressing necessities for some months to come. But better than all this, he

had met Lord Carrysbrook, and his invitation to spend some time at Northlea Court, during his stay in that part of the country had been gladly, even eagerly accepted. Indeed, from the marked cordiality of the other's manner to himself, and the *empressement* with which he inquired for Miss Conway, he felt no doubt that it would rest altogether with Helen to become Lady Carrysbrook, or not. If only he could be sure of her! He had suggested to his son that he should use the influence he had with his sister, for the two were really fond of each other in a most undemonstrative way. The worthy captain lighted a cigar, and stroked his silky moustache, thoughtfully, for a minute or two.

"My dear sir," he said, at last, "I'd do it with pleasure, or anything else you wanted in reason, for first and last you hav'n't been a bad governor to me. But it wouldn't pay. Awfully good thing for us to get Carry and his money into the family, of course; and I should think he'd suit Helen; for he's not half a bad fellow, and in six months, I'd lay odds, that he'd do whatever she told him, as sure as my retriever. But you see she knows all this just as well as we do, and if she don't choose to pay the price, why I can't go and preach to her about the nobleness of sacrificing herself on the altar of duty, and imitating Jephtha's daughter, and the other Greek girl who got potted for family reasons; it wouldn't come well from me at all, and she'd very likely tell me so, and then we might have a row, and we never have yet, and I don't want to begin. You'd better give her her head."

Compelled to admit the force of this argument, Mr. Conway, such was his anxiety, made the enormous sacrifice of seeking out his sister as soon as he reached home, and telling her of his hopes and wishes as to Helen. He could not bring himself absolutely to ask her aid and advice, but he let her understand that she was free to speak if she had anything to suggest. But Mrs. Dynevor had been too long a slave to have the power or even the wish to avail herself of the freedom that was proffered, and shrank from the responsibility involved in independent action. She could only wish and hope: hope that her brother might be gratified, hope that Lord Carrysbrook was worthy of Helen, hope that the dear child might be happy whatever she did.

Helen was in one of her most listless and indifferent moods when she and her father met at dinner. He told her of his meeting with Lord Carrysbrook, and of the prospect that before long they would have him for their guest, and tried, though not very successfully, to rally her on the captivation she certainly

exercised over the young magnate. But she listened apathetically, and could not be roused into showing the smallest interest. He was intensely provoked with her, but by a great effort restrained himself from showing it, and went on to speak of what he had heard of Carrysbrook in town, his great and increasing wealth, the influence he must necessarily possess in the country, the impression that prevailed in high quarters that he really had very good abilities for business, and if he could only be induced to take the trouble, as he no doubt would some day, would soon become a man of importance, and lastly, of the efforts Lady Flora Ruthinglen, a rival and pet aversion of Helen's, had made to catch him whilst staying in the same house in Scotland. Gradually Helen thawed, laughed at her ladyship's defeat, asked questions concerning the information her father was detailing; and showed an appreciation of the prize which he firmly believed might be hers for the taking. It was long since they had been on such affectionate terms; he took an interest in her singing, and she flattered him by professing to know what songs he liked best, and before they parted for the night they had become almost confidential, and she listened without contradiction, and almost with complacency, whilst he said that if he had ever seemed to grudge her money, or cross her in anything, it arose entirely from his anxiety to see her in the position she seemed born to fill, of an acknowledged leader in society.

Helen's graciousness was not affected; she really was dazzled by the prospect set before her. She thought she should make a good countess, and that she should like it at least as well as in the long run she should like anything. In the description she gave of herself to Humberston she had done herself no injustice. She was all she said, she knew it, and had long acquiesced in this view of herself, and felt that the only thing for such a creature to do was to follow the life for which it seemed suited. What would be the good, she would have asked, of a kite's attempting to cultivate the virtues of benevolence and respect for the rights of property? The poor creature would have a hard struggle against his natural instincts, nobody would believe in him, and if he escaped being shot or pecked to death, he would certainly die of starvation. She had grown up from the time she was seven years old without soft or tender influences of any kind. Her aunt was the person she loved best in the world, but it was with a protecting, half-pitying affection, that could exercise no control over an unruly spirit like hers. She soon saw that the type of excellence the good old lady

held before her was not at all to her taste. It was slow and stupid, she thought ; and then, what was the good of taking any trouble to please her aunt, who was just as fond of her when she was wildest and naughtiest as when she was best ? Her father was only anxious that she should be beautiful and accomplished, and she saw very soon that he was selfish, shallow, and pompous. Her brother she liked ; he was always very kind to her, but she saw very little of him, and knew that he was intellectually her inferior. After a training, or no training, of this sort, she had entered the world at a very early age, with the settled purpose to be admired and to succeed. A great marriage was an essential ingredient to the last, but for this she was in no hurry. It was very pretty to read about love in books, and still pleasanter to play at it in real life, but falling in love in earnest was quite out of her line. If she should happen to be in love with the rich husband she was to marry some day, it would be all very well, and she would be quite ready to acquiesce in a result which seemed extremely unlikely. If she should not, it would be very well too ; she didn't want it, and thought she could do excellently without it.

But to tread this path with satisfaction, she ought to have been, what she was not, dull, petty, and unimpassioned. A man can live by the brain alone, a woman cannot. Ambition and an active intellect may furnish adequate food for his life, they never can for hers. For this there are many causes. Self can never be to a woman the same absorbing divinity as to a man. She can, of course, be selfish in the sense of preferring her own pleasures to those of others to any extent, but she cannot be self-centred—cannot have the intense respect for and belief in herself to which he can attain. She is as unequal to his mental as to his bodily feats, and the subtle, entrancing whisper, "Ye are as gods," can only be heard on intellectual heights to which she cannot hope to climb. Shut out then from the serene consciousness of power which is the charm of the intellectual life, she must perforce turn to social success ; and here again her inherent weakness and dependence must soon become apparent to her. She cannot make her powers tell like a man. She can only *accept*, not *win*, her position. The estimation in which men hold her is the breath of her nostrils. And the most accomplished coquette, if she has wit enough to be clear-sighted, can hardly but feel bitter mortification at the slightness of her authority over her most coveted subjects, when she sees that that which to her is a combat *à l'outrance* is with

them a pastime. Besides, she cannot play the game with a man's *abandon*, but must keep watch and ward over herself. Of course, Helen did not think out all this ; she was only conscious of a growing discontent, and weariness of the life she was leading. Her successes were hard to gain, and seemed paltry when gained. Wealth and rank were valuable as means, not as ends ; and with her to what could they be means ? Only to the same routine she already found so little satisfying. She would, as it were, bristle with scorn at the idea that she, Helen Conway, should ever bend her proud head, and merge her own personality in love for another ; yet, at times, with all her contempt, she felt half envious of women that could. But, as one of the most delicate observers of human nature has said, "Our acts make a tradition for us which it is very difficult to break through," and not our acts only, but our purposes, our wishes, the habitual tone of our thoughts. Helen had got herself into a groove, which chafed her sometimes, but still she could get on in it. The atmosphere she breathed might be close and unhealthy, but she was used to it, and wanted it. If she set little value on her triumphs, she could not afford to give them up. She did not see her way to any other life, and in this it was better to be rich, and a great lady, than not. Probably everything in life was disappointing, if she only knew it, and if so, it was wisest to make the best of it, and tell as few lies about it as might be. Humberston had attracted her. She had flirted with him at first, simply following her instinct of subduing every man who came in her way, and as it was easy for her practised eye to see that he was not much used to such encounters, she looked on him as an easy prey. But she met with a resistance which at first astonished, and then piqued her. The experience was new. Most men of Humberston's age and ability had encountered her with her own weapons—had been much more ready and eager in protestation than he was ; but her hold on them, as she had come to see, had amounted to nothing. The power to wound is perhaps the only test of a hold over the affections, and she could see they were invulnerable. They hardly affected to suffer from her caprice or coldness, and if she tried their patience too far, would shrug their shoulders, and lounge away in search of more pleasurable excitement. Younger and weaker men would indeed cast themselves body and soul in the dust before her, and get trampled on for their pains. She could not doubt the reality and strength of the fascination she exercised over Humberston ; she could, and often did, annoy and irritate him deeply, but she could not

quite subdue him. Sometimes, when her nature had been wrought on by music, and she would be dreamily conscious of the passion in his eyes as he gazed at her, a momentary blind impulse would pass through her to fall down before this nature she could not conquer, and beg him to make her his slave, as she could not make him hers—an impulse which the next instant she half loathed, half laughed at. But, in general, her feeling towards him was what she told him—that she liked him, and liked to talk to him, for it interested and excited her, and that she should always wish to be friends with him. And so this night, after she had gone to her room, and sat thinking of the brilliant prospect that was opening to her—of diamonds, equipages, great houses, and her probable career as wife of an ambassador or great minister of state, she thought a little of Humberston too; how she would “take him up” and bring him out in the world; how she would not rest till her influence had got some position for him in which his talents should have free play. Yet all the while the thought lurked in her mind, though, frank as she was, she would never have admitted it, even to herself, that she should be disappointed if he would consent to be benefited by her, to accept anything from one who would not give everything.

A day or two after Mr. Conway's return, Vivian contrived to catch cold; and, the least thing sufficing to upset his delicate health, became at once so decidedly ill, that Humberston did not like leaving him for more than half an hour at a time, and was hence compelled to cease from his visits to Northlea Court. However, after nearly a week of semi-torpidity, Vivian, as was his wont, suddenly rallied, professed himself able to do without any more surveillance, and insisted that Humberston should take a long ride. He was returning, after having lost his way, and been out much longer than he had intended, and was debating whether he should still have time to look in at the Court for just half an hour, when at a cross-road two miles from Northlea he came upon Helen herself, accompanied by two gentlemen, apparently proceeding in the same direction as himself, and also on horseback. One of her companions he at once recognised as Lord Carrysbrook; the other, a rather slight but singularly handsome and elegant-looking man, he guessed from the resemblance must be her brother.

“Why, Mr. Humberston,” said Helen, as she reined in her horse, and held out her hand to him, “we haven't seen you for an age. What have you been doing with yourself? We thought you must have flown. But

let me introduce you to Lord Carrysbrook and my brother.”

Reginald Conway's greeting was most gracious; Carrysbrook (who *was* rather of the Assyrian bull type) bowed with true English indifference to a man not in one's own set. But as he looked closer, he said,

“By-the-by, though, Mr. Humberston, surely I've met you before, though I can't recollect where.”

Humberston told him.

“Oh, yes, to be sure. Very glad, indeed, to meet you again. Didn't remember you just at first;” and he went on to ask for their friend Strange.

“Regy and Lord Carrysbrook almost took us by storm yesterday,” said Helen. “We had a letter only the night before from Regy, saying he was coming down here, and adding, as if it was the most ordinary piece of news, that he had persuaded Lord Carrysbrook to come with him, and take us on his way to Lady Tiverton's. You can imagine the effect on our nerves. It was a pity Mr. Vivian was not there to study the different ways in which we received the startling intelligence. Aunt Anne collapsed at once, and her mind has been wandering ever since.”

“I'm sure I'm very sorry, Miss Conway,” said Lord Carrysbrook. “It wasn't my fault, really; your brother said it was all right. I'm sure nobody need ever be put out of the way for me. I'm the easiest fellow going to satisfy; anything does for me. There's nothing I hate so much as fuss, and ceremony, and bother. 'Sure you I do.”

“Ah,” said Helen, with immoveable gravity, “then your lot is indeed a hard one. In your position you must find it so difficult to live in that simple way which you say you so much prefer. Such is the burden of greatness! Still one admires the sentiment, Lord Carrysbrook. I believe most celebrated men have felt like you.”

“Hang it! don't, please Miss Conway,” put in poor Carrysbrook; “don't go on like that. Whenever you make believe to think much of any one, I know you're sneering.”

“Sneering at *you*? Heaven forbid! Are you not a pillar of the state?—a bulwark of the constitution?—a jewel in the crown?—a—a—what is it, Regy?—a pilot that weathers the storm?” But she caught her brother's meaning glance, and turned to Carrysbrook, who was looking more and more unhappy, with a bright smile. “I declare it's too bad to tease you, isn't it? You are *very* good, I know, and I'll believe, if you like, that if you were set down to veritable cold mutton, you'd enjoy it.”

He looked delighted, leant towards her, and whispered something. She laughed.

"*Merçi beaucoup.* But I own a weakness for better fare myself. In time I shall come to care for my dinner as much as Lady Tiverton. I'm sure I shall be just like her by-and-by. Don't you think so?"

"Helen, Helen," said her brother, "I wish you'd keep that tongue of yours in better order." But they all laughed heartily.

"But to return to my question, Mr. Humberston," said Helen. "What have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

It has been said that Humberston's temper was not of the best, and the incidents of the ride had not tended to soothe it. Though Helen had done nothing but "chaff" Lord Carrysbrook, yet even this showed the intimacy that prevailed between them. He it was who was now manifestly first with her, and Humberston bore seeing this even worse than he had anticipated; so it was very coldly that he answered,

"Vivian has been ill, and has wanted me."

"Oh," said she impatiently, "you know I don't believe in Mr. Vivian's illnesses. I think his ill-health is only an excuse for his laziness. Whenever he is bored, or doesn't care to do anything, he can always get out of it that way."

"What Vivian is it?" said Carrysbrook. "Do you mean *the* Vivian?"

"Yes," said Humberston, "I'm staying here at the Grange with him."

"By Jove, are you! you ought to feel flattered, then. He wouldn't ask everybody. Why, he's no end of a fellow, isn't he? Clever, you know, and all that. Why Monty Thurstane, my cousin, who's the cleverest fellow I know, swears by him."

"Has he *really* been ill, Mr. Humberston?" said Helen, in that low sweet tone which she could make irresistible when she chose.

"Yes, very ill," he answered quietly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know, you know. But he's better now, I hope—else you would not be here?"

"Oh, yes," said he smiling; "he's all right again to-day, I believe."

They were now at the gates of the park.

"And will you both come to dinner this evening? *You*, at any rate?"

"Thanks, very much," said he, "but I know it's out of the question for Vivian, and I shouldn't like to leave him alone for so long."

"Then you *must* come to-morrow. Tell Mr. Vivian it will be quite the best thing for him, and he shall be taken the greatest care

of, and needn't say a word unless he likes. Good-bye," she went on as Humberston attempted to speak: "I can't listen to any excuses, and I lay my strict injunctions on you to appear without fail," and she rode on.

"It must be slow, acting as head nurse in ordinary, I should think," said Reginald Conway; "what does the man do it for, I wonder? Perhaps he isn't well off, and thinks Vivian will leave him some coin. His life's not a good one."

"Isn't it possible they may really like each other, Regy?" said Helen, listlessly. "Such things do happen sometimes, I believe. Here we are at last, and I'm frightfully tired. Thanks," she said, as Carrysbrook helped her from her horse—"thanks and good-bye for the present. I shall go and rest till dinner time."

"Well, Vivian," said Humberston, as he entered the library, where the other was sitting by a blazing fire, though it was only the beginning of September, and ordinary mortals would have thought the day hot—"Well, old fellow, I've been much longer than I meant. You haven't wanted me, I hope?"

"Not at all," said Vivian. "Stratton has been with me" (that was his man of business for the Oakburn property), "and I've been deep in accounts all the morning. Upon my word, I find that I'm a much richer man than I ever thought of."

"I congratulate you," said the other, "but I've some news. The 'baron all covered with jewels and gold,' has arrived, and Reginald Conway with him. I've just met them all."

Vivian gave a low whistle. "That looks like business."

"Cleopatra, as you call her, has commanded us both to dine there to-morrow. Can you go, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said Vivian. "I shall be well enough to-morrow, and it will be interesting to see how our friend plays 'that dull, cold-blooded Cæsar.'"

"You don't think there's much doubt of the issue, I suppose?" said Humberston, after a few moments' silence.

"As far as he is concerned, I should say none. Now he's fairly housed at the Court, his doom is sealed. A much wiser man would hardly have a ghost of a chance. What she'll do is just so far uncertain that she's a woman, and her conduct, therefore, incapable of prediction. Still, I'd back the event heavily. She'll never get a better chance, and she must know it. If she refuses Carrysbrook I shall rather expect to hear some day that she's gone into a convent. It would not surprise me."

"*Tant pis* for her and the convent too, if

she does, then," said Humberston, and was silent.

"What do you think of Conway?" asked Vivian.

"He's remarkably handsome and excessively civil. I haven't had time for more, you know."

"Yes," said Vivian, "he's an amiable devil, there's no doubt. But he is one, and not of the best style either. However, there's no need to warn you against him; as you don't go in for cards or betting you'll find him innocuous, and I couldn't do it without entering on matters I don't want to talk of without good reason. Poor old Conway! I've a great contempt for him, and he bores me to death. But I can't help liking him a little for the way he's behaved to that son. He's paid heaps of money for him first and last, and it must sometimes have been confoundedly hard for him to get at. Yes, we'll go up to-morrow and see this great sight. There's a most detestable touch of winter in the air to-day," added he, as he stirred the fire; "visions of the Mediterranean have been floating in my head all the morning."

Accustomed as Humberston was to Helen Conway's wayward moods, he was hardly prepared, after the eagerness with which she had insisted on his presence, for the coolness with which he was received when he and Vivian presented themselves the next day. She was friendly enough, it is true, but there was—or at least he thought so—a certain element of patronage in her tone, as though she were a full-fledged woman of the world and he a lad at college, which was intolerable to him. Lord Carrysbrook, of course, took her in to dinner, and Humberston was on her other side, but took very little part in the conversation. It was only natural—even he could not deny that—that Helen should pay attention to a man of the other's rank, and her father's guest; and if she was to do so, it was clear that their ordinary style of talk must be dropped, as it would have been as unintelligible to Carrysbrook as Sanscrit. He was not a fool, had plenty to say of a certain sort, and said it with the readiness and confidence of a man inured to good society, and of one, moreover, who can't help feeling that he is of consequence and is one to be listened to deferentially. But he and Helen talked of people Humberston had never seen and of places he had never been at. He felt shut out from her and bitterly wrathful at everything. She made one or two attempts to draw him into the conversation, but he was in no mood to be conciliated, and answered coldly, and she soon gave up the effort. To have introduced any of

their usual topics would have been quite out of taste, and probably a failure, so in despair he turned to Reginald Conway and tried to talk on the approaching Leger, betraying an amount of ignorance of turf matters that at last changed the other's contempt into genuine compassion, and made him admit that even were there nothing else against it, it really would be unfair to try to have anything on with such a baby.

After dinner Helen sang, and Carrysbrook stood by her, turning over the leaves of her music with great assiduity, always in the wrong place, and profuse in thanks and compliments. But Helen was too true an artist to care for unskilled applause, and soon left off, promising to sing again later. Perhaps she missed Humberston from his usual place and the sight of the uncontrollable emotion with which her singing always inspired him. He had not gone near her, but had been talking to anybody and everybody, and found himself at last, to his great astonishment, engaged in an apparently triumphant argument with Mr. Conway, though what it was about and what he was saying he had but an indistinct idea. Later on in the evening he and Helen found themselves side by side.

"This is the first time," she said, somewhat reproachfully, "that you have not listened when I've been singing. Am I singing out of tune to-night, or have I offended you? Come, now, and I'll sing *Dove sono* to you. I know you like it."

He followed her to the piano. She looked up at his dark face and compressed lips as he was putting the book before her, and asked again, half smiling, "Are you really angry? What is it?"

He broke out savagely. "What is the use to me or yourself of this pretence? You know it's mere nonsense to talk of my keeping away from you—" He stopped, smitten with a sense of his extreme rudeness and folly in thus showing his ill temper, and went on more gently. "I beg a thousand pardons for speaking so rudely, but you did provoke me, and, in addition to all my other follies, I couldn't help showing it."

Helen did not look angry. She glanced hastily round to see that no one was near, and kept striking grand chords on the piano, under cover of which she said, "I won't pretend to misunderstand you, Mr. Humberston, but I really don't know what you have to complain of. I don't think I ever gave you reason to suppose that you had any exclusive right to my attention." He did not answer; and she went on, almost anxiously, "I do so wish you'd let us understand each other. I do

want to be friends with you, and I'll prove it by trusting you and speaking frankly. You know we are both man and woman of the world who have our own way to make in our different lines, and mustn't quarrel with our bread and butter. We can't play at being shepherd and shepherdess in Arcadia. If we ever thought so—and I'm sure I didn't—we might have known better, and ought to be ashamed of ourselves. I've said before, and I say it again, that I should like to have you always as a friend. I believe if you won't be so wrathful, and will think quietly about it, you'll see that you never really thought of me as anything else."

Humberston had recovered himself by this time, and his voice was grave and a little scornful, as he answered,

"Of course it's not for me to contradict anything you say. I don't need to be told that I have no right to be angry. Even if I had, to show it as I did just now was ungentlemanly and very stupid. I have been a fool—that's all. I am not the first you have seen, if all tales are true."

She said nothing, and began *Dove sono*, but her voice was strained and false. She stopped.

"I can't sing that to night," and began one of Thalberg's arrangements, which she played correctly enough but with none of her wonted grace and finish. As she rose, Vivian was standing by, and raised his eyebrows with the slightest smile.

"Well, Mr. Vivian, what is it?" she said. "Didn't I play well?"

"I am sure I never said so," said he.

"I want the truth—will you tell me the truth?" she said impatiently.

"Well then, for you, it was very bad, if you will have it," he answered quietly. "You know that yourself perfectly well."

"This shan't be, at any rate," she said, sat down again, and broke into a strange, wild song, which she sang to perfection, as if a fury had possessed her.

Vivian turned to Humberston, who was by him, fairly moved from his usual calm.

"What the d—'s the matter with the girl?—she seems half mad to-night."

He did not answer, and almost immediately after they took their departure.

Helen went to her aunt's room before going to bed, sat down on a stool at the old lady's feet, laid her head in her lap, and submitted to be petted, complaining of being very tired. Mrs. Dynevor went buzzing on about trifles for some time, at last she said,

"What was the matter with Mr. Humberston to-night, Helen? Did you notice it? He did not seem to me himself at all."

"How should I know," said Helen. "Was anything the matter with him?"

"I wish, darling, you would give up this flirting, as you call it. It's really wicked, I'm afraid. I've fancied often before, and now I'm almost sure, that he loves you and is unhappy."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Helen. "If he does he's a fool, that's all. Love me, indeed? What have I to do with love. I hate the very name."

"Hush, dear child, you mustn't say that. And you are quite sure you don't care for him at all?"

"Now, you dear, enthusiastic, romantic young creature, do try and be sensible. What would be the use of my caring for him? He's a barrister, isn't he, with perhaps a hundred or two a year of his own. Most likely not enough to buy me gloves. Just fancy my living in a little house in St. John's Wood and nursing children. It wouldn't suit my book at all, I assure you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dynevor, rather sadly; "your papa saw that—he's so clear-sighted, Peregrine. He pointed it out to me."

"Pointed out what?"

"It was when he was telling me that—that Lord Carrysbrook was coming here. He said that we could never hope to see you happy except as the wife of a man of rank and wealth."

"Oh, papa, papa!" said Helen, impatiently. "If he offered me up as a burnt sacrifice he'd have a long speech ready to prove it was the best thing possible for me."

"And you do love Lord Carrysbrook? You will marry him?"

"I shall certainly wait till I'm asked."

"But he will ask you, dearest: even I can see that. He as much as said so to me this very afternoon. What will you say?"

"How should I know? I thought young ladies never thought of these things, or fell in love without their parents' sanction. I hope I shall behave prettily. I ought to blush, and modestly cast down my eyes, and refer him to papa in a trembling whisper, oughtn't I? How I do hate life, and everything connected with it! What on earth am I to do with myself ten years hence? Aunt, I wonder whether Clytemnestra made a *mariage de convenance*. I suspect she did."

"Clytemnestra, dear?" said her aunt, rather puzzled.

"Why the woman who killed her husband in the bath, to be sure. Don't you remember Mr. Humberston was translating all about it out of the Greek play—I think it was *Aeschylus*—the other day?"

"Helen, you quite frighten me," said Mrs. Dynevor.

"I dare say I do. I thought I should. Oh! how tired I am," said Helen as she rose; "yet I know I shan't sleep for hours—I wish I were a man, I'd have some brandy."

"I'll come and sit with you, dearest, till you go to sleep."

"Indeed you'll do nothing of the sort," said Helen. "Annette must read me to sleep, she has to do it often enough, so I hope she likes it. And it's as likely as not the book might shock you."

"Helen," said her aunt, "I'm afraid you never think now of some things you ought to think of. I wish—"

"Hush, hush," said Helen, with a laugh; "I know what you are going to say, you good old soul. But I must 'gang my ain gate, and dree my ain weird,' I think. Good night, aunty dear."

Vivian and Humberston were sitting over their wine the next day. They had seen but little of each other through the morning, as Humberston had been out shooting—perhaps rather as an excuse for being alone, than from an ardour after sport, as his bag was singularly empty, even for him. A much less keen observer than Vivian would have seen that he was listless and absent; but for a long time he took no notice. At last after a silence of some minutes, he said,

"Ned, old fellow, you've known me long enough to know that I never seek after confidences. But there are times when it does a man good to talk, and I've an idea that you want to now. If I'm wrong, shut me up, and there's an end of it."

"By Jove," said Humberston, "I believe you're right. You know what it is, I suppose!"

"You've been badly hit, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I've been a confounded fool."

"I don't know that," said Vivian, "I suspected how it would be from the first, but you've done better than I imagined you would. In fact, I believe you have made the girl care for you after a fashion, but she won't let that interfere with her."

"What I was wanting to say, Vivian," said Humberston, with some hesitation, "was—it's awful nonsense, I know—but I don't think I can stand staying here much longer."

"So I thought," answered the other. "Well, the fact is, I'm anxious myself to be out of this land of fog. It won't do for me now. So that if you don't care for prolonging the campaign, we'll break up the encampment. I shall go to the south of France, and then to Italy. Can you put aside your law for some

months longer, and come with me? We might be off the week after next."

Humberston hesitated. "Oh, yes," he said, "I can, if you wish it."

"I know what you are thinking of," said Vivian, "that considering what you are, and what you want to be, you hardly like the idea of wasting more time in wandering about the world. That's what I'm coming to. We've broken the ice already this evening, and we may as well go a little deeper. Look here, Ned. As far as I can see, I can only last about four or five years longer. Oh, it's a fact, my dear fellow, Crofton and M'Leod will tell you the same, if you get them into a corner. And don't look down in the mouth about it, old boy. It's a question whether it's worth while making a moan for any one; it certainly isn't for me. I never have done, and never should do anything, and years ago I lost the only thing I ever cared to have. However, whether I'm right or wrong, I shall act on the assumption, and *en attendant* consider myself entitled to any reasonable pleasures I can procure. One of the chief of these is your society. Ned, I like you, and I think you like me, but I can't allow myself to lead you away from your work, unless I can in some sort make it up to you. As far as it lies in my power, you will be my heir."

"My dear Vivian," broke in Humberston, "I can't possibly think"—

"Now do be quiet," said Vivian. "In the first place you can't very well help yourself, that I can see. That I'm not dead yet, and you may never get anything, so you needn't cry out before you are hurt. And after all, so much of this property is entailed, that what I can leave you is not worth making a fuss about—it won't make a Carrysbrook of you, or anything of the kind. But it will be just a few thousands a year, enough to give you a decent *ποῦ στῶ* in the world, and enable you to cut law, and go into parliament, if you have a fancy for that kind of bore, or enjoy yourself, if you like that better. And why shouldn't you have it, my dear fellow? I've no children, no near relations, and the few friends I have, are as well off as myself, and don't want this. I shall take care that no one with a reasonable claim on me is passed over. So we'll dismiss the subject. Now as to immediate arrangements; there's some business must be done in London, which you can do as well as I can, if you'll take the trouble. I'll stay here and settle what has to be settled, and join you there in the beginning of the week, and then we'll take wing. You can go up to the Court to-morrow, and make your *adieu*. My health

will explain suddenness, and everything,—it's the pull of being an invalid,—and you can be off next day. I don't think you'll regret your experience. The sting will soon pass, but the knowledge will remain. Come, we've talked business long enough now. Let us have a game of *écarté*."

Humberston paid his visit the next day, and saw Helen and her aunt. Miss Conway was frigidly friendly, full of courteous regrets at their departure, and speculations as to their probable meeting next spring. He had a hunger for one of the old looks to take away with him, but her eyes were as cold as her words. He paid but a very short visit, pleading his preparations, and as he strode rapidly across the park homewards, he cursed himself for a fool, and his heart was full of wrath and bitterness against Helen Conway.

ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE, GIBRALTAR.

"WHERE are you going, Ned?" asked Lieutenant Swaffley Bayfield, as he saw one of his brother officers crossing the upper deck of one of the men-of-war lying off the dockyard at Gibraltar.

"Going on shore," was the answer.

"Well, but where are you going?"

"I don't know. Up to the signal-staff, and back through the galleries, I suppose."

"Then stop and go with Charley and myself to St. Michael's Cave. We start in half-an-hour. But, mind you, if you do come with us, you must be prepared to go right through the whole concern, for we are determined not to come back until we have been beyond all signs of any former visitors."

"Well, but Swaffley, do you know the horrible yarns that there are about that place? Remember the story of the two soldiers that went in there."

"What is it? I have not heard."

Then Ned told him that he had read in a guide-book of two soldiers belonging to the garrison who tried to go down some dismal hole in the cave. One descended while the other held the light, which however did not glimmer more than half way to the bottom. Presently the upper man lost sight of the first, and after waiting some time, and not hearing any more of his friend, went to look after him, but only reached the bottom to find his friend a corpse, and he himself was obliged to remain there till assistance was brought to release him. Besides other stories of men who had ventured in, and never again been heard of.

"Come along, then," said Swaffley, "let's go and see what they are about. Either they are so comfortable down there, that they don't

want to come out, or else we may be able to extricate some grey-headed old patriarch that has lived with the apes, and talks baboon language."

The end of this was, that these three officers, accompanied by Captain Herald, and their friend Mr. Meek, besides a party of seamen laden with ropes, supposed to be about 400 fathoms, and a detachment of commissariat, started up the Rock of Gibraltar to explore the depths of this cavern, which is supposed to be some miles in extent, though no one has ever yet been known to arrive at the end. The Rock of Gibraltar is an enormous limestone of tertiary formation, that was once connected with Ceuta, in Africa; so we are told by people who have studied the "-ologies"; but in consequence of a fault, has somehow been separated. No one knows who's fault it was—and some people call it a catastrophe. The cave has been hollowed out by the action of water, which wears away the softer part of the stone, and having performed this gigantic piece of work, now labours to fill it up again by filtering through the rock from above, and dropping into the cave, bringing lime, &c., with it, that congeals and forms stalactites, which hang from the roof in countless numbers, whilst the drops that reach the floor congeal and form stalagmites, which grow upwards till they reach the stalactites above, and are eventually joined together in a pillar supporting the roof, which would in time fall in if it was not for this wonderful precaution of nature. The officers arrived at the entrance before the men, and were able to rest themselves, while Meek employed the time in speculating about what height they were above the level of the sea, which he finally settled at 800 feet. At length the remainder of the party, with the stores, made their appearance, so they prepared to enter the cave. Herald could not help letting off some of his poetical quotations, which were not always quite applicable, such as—

That bower was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell,
Jesu Maria, guard us well,—&c.

Having changed their clothes, and strapped candlesticks on their heads, with matches in their pockets, they entered a large hall, the floor of which gradually sloped away into the murky darkness. In the centre was a big stalactite pillar resembling a palm tree, on which several people had painted their names. Our party passed this, and turned to the right at the bottom of the cave, and having lighted one another's candles, were suddenly made aware that they were standing on the very verge of a precipice. It was impossible to

ascertain the depth of it, and how were they to go down into it, or if down, how were they to get out again, was more than at first they could tell, but Swaffley came to the rescue as to the first part: some one should be lowered over the brink, and find the bottom, when of course the others could easily follow. Who was to be the first, was the question. Why Captain Herald, of course. He was the head of the party. Swaffley would be most happy to assist him. But Herald did not seem to see it. He started back and said—

Force not mine eyes over that abyss,
Where nothing's visible, nothing is;

and proposed that Swaffley himself should be the first, to which that officer, with ill-concealed satisfaction, assented. He commenced by tying one end of a rope round a stalactite pillar, and throwing the other end down into the yawning chasm, caught hold of the upper part, and prepared to slip down as only a sailor knows how. On reaching the bottom, he called out, that he supposed the depth to be about thirty feet: on knowing this, the others girded up their loins, and one by one slipped down the rope after him. It required some courage to follow even when one knew what the height was, and when there was a light at the bottom. What then must we think of Swaffley, who swung off into total darkness without the least knowledge as to whether the depth was thirty feet or three hundred, whether even the rope would reach to the bottom, and with nothing to steady it? he was liable at any time to swing against a sharp projection of rock, and bruise a limb or two, if no worse. There never was such darkness as down in this vault: Herald said it was "Blacker than the ace of spades. Black as I would have my boots when I go to see my mistress." All having safely descended, they ascertained that they were now in a smaller cavern than the first, from every point and stalactite of which the water came dropping on them in a small shower, and kept up a tick, tick, ticking noise as if some hundreds of clocks were going all round them. Swaffley, who now took upon himself the enviable office of pioneer, proceeded through this chamber, and then again called for the rope, which they used to assist them, whilst they crawled on hands and knees through a small down-hill passage, which eventually opened into another division, just large enough to hold all the party, and from which at first they could perceive no outlet. Here they all assembled, and held a council of war as to what they should do next, for some of them were not at all satisfied with doing so little with so much trouble.

Meek was only too glad of an excuse to get back, so insinuated that they had been far enough to get a general idea of the place, and therefore ought to return. For his part, he did not intend to risk his limbs again sliding over precipices, and had hurt his hands as it was; but this was at once negatived: the others scorned the idea of hurting their hands by rubbing against ropes. What seaman could allow that? So then Mr. Meek tried them by another assault: he was hungry, and should go back for something to eat, but this did not succeed either, for Ned, Charley, and Swaffley were much too excited to think of going back whilst there was a chance of another passage, and as Sheep, one of the commissariat department, volunteered to return for some champagne, if any one would accompany him, there was no further excuse. A seaman named Ireland consented to go with Sheep for the refreshments, and they were therefore despatched. Some one now called out that he had discovered a hole, and off started the three pioneers. Swaffley was first, and examined the hole. It was such a very small one as hardly to hold out any hope, and the remainder of the party were beginning to feel disappointed, but Swaffley was determined, and after going through a variety of contortions, managed to get into it. He was however forced to lie flat on his back, and after placing his legs in the entrance, wriggled and worked himself along the bottom, till he at last disappeared. After he had been gone a few minutes, Meek followed, and then Herald, who took about a quarter of an hour, panting and puffing and shaking the rope. Meek got fidgety, some one was coming down on top of him, he said, "Ugh! don't come down now. Wait a minute, can't you? Ugh! Look out, Herald; I can't get through. Poof! I tell you what it is, I am not going any farther: not a bit of it. Turn back, Herald; do for goodness' sake let me out of this. Ugh! we shall be all smothered if we go down there. It is worse than the black-hole of Calcutta. Ugh! I am not going any farther. Poof! I'm so thankful that I am out of that," he said, as he emerged, looking as pale as a ghost. It appeared that, being a broad-shouldered man, he had got jammed in the passage, and for some time could go neither up nor down, but at length had released himself, and was not to be persuaded to try it again. "Come, Herald," he said, "if Swaffley is so mad as to go down there, don't let us try it. You fellows had better come back too, and then he'll have to return if no one goes with him. Who'll come with me?" "Not I," said Charley, who had already halt

worked himself into the hole. "Nor I," said Ned, "for Charley and myself are bound to follow Swaffley as far as he leads us." The rest turned back one and all. Ned begged for the candle ends that those who were returning might dispense with, and asked them to send more lights by Sheep and Ireland, and then went after Charley. This passage was by far the most difficult, though not more dangerous than any of the others that they had already been through. It was a corkscrew passage about two feet down, then two feet up, then two feet along on a level, the whole aperture not being more than a foot and a half in diameter. After going through this, the two friends found Swaffley in a somewhat smaller grotto than the last, quietly sitting in the dark, and unable to proceed, because his candle had burnt out.

"Well done, you fellows," he exclaimed; "I thought I could depend on you to follow. Where are the rest?"

"Gone back," was the answer.

"Do you think that Sheep and Ireland are trustworthy?" asked Ned. "Is there any chance of their coming down to us again?"

"I can answer for Sheep, I'm sure," said Swaffley, "but I can't tell about Irish. Now let's see——"

"I wish we could, I'm monarch of all I survey," interrupted Charley.

"Be quiet, will you. Let us see what we are to do next. How much candle have you, Ned?"

"About four inches," he answered, "and calculated to burn for about ten minutes; so I blew it out, that we might have some light to get out with if Sheep does not bring any."

"We can't go on without more light," said the master of the ceremonies, "so how shall we manage?"

"Stop where we are," said Ned.

"Let's smoke," said Charley. So he did, but that did not help them much.

"Then," said Swaffley, "I think, now, that we have been farther than any one has been before," and so very likely their adventures would have been concluded, but Charley, who was rummaging about, discovered a hammer. Some one, then, had been there before. This was a great disappointment. They gave up all hopes of returning, and determined to wait until the two messengers arrived. After about ten minutes, which seemed an hour to them, they heard a noise unlike the everlasting ticking that was going on round them. Then the rope began to shake, and after a time a light appeared. "Hooray! Three cheers for the champagne." Imagine their disappointment

when they found that it was neither of the good Samaritans, but a soldier that had heard it noised abroad that some naval officers were exploring the cave, and wished to come too. Anything was better than the monotony before, and as he brought an oil lamp, which was gladly welcomed, they thought him quite a hero, and offered to buy his discharge, and make a maintopman of him if he would join the navy, which honour however he declined with thanks. About a quarter of an hour longer, and then again the noise and the rope-shaking began, and really this time the ambassadors returned, Sheep having a couple of bottles of champagne, and Ireland some brandy and water. "Yes, sir," said Sheep, "I should have brought three bottles, but Captain Herald caught me, and made me give him one. I think the others will come again presently, they were talking about it when I left, and they're going to bring some blue lights, if they do." The champagne was soon finished.

"We ought to leave our names somewhere," said Ireland. "How can we manage it?"

"Yes, of course," said Charley; "who'll go back for some paint?" But no one seemed particularly to care about it.

"I have it," said Ned, as he took off his paper collar. "We'll write the names down with a pencil, and bottle it and cork it up, so that it will be preserved from the damp."

"That will do," returned Swaffley, "only we must not leave it here, we must take it with us as far as we go. We must not give in after finding the hammer, you know." So off they went again down another steep, narrow down-hill passage, over another twenty-foot precipice, and into one of the largest and grandest underground caverns that can be imagined. Whilst these few were engaged in examining this cavern, Captain Herald and the rest of the party again made their appearance, all except Meek, who could not be prevailed on to try it again. They brought a large supply of sandwiches, which were eagerly seized by Swaffley & Co., who had been in the cave now for over four hours. Having satisfied their hunger, they decided to light up this chamber with a blue light, having read somewhere or other that a beautiful sight might be expected. Shall it be a short light, or a long one?"

"A long one, of course," said every one.

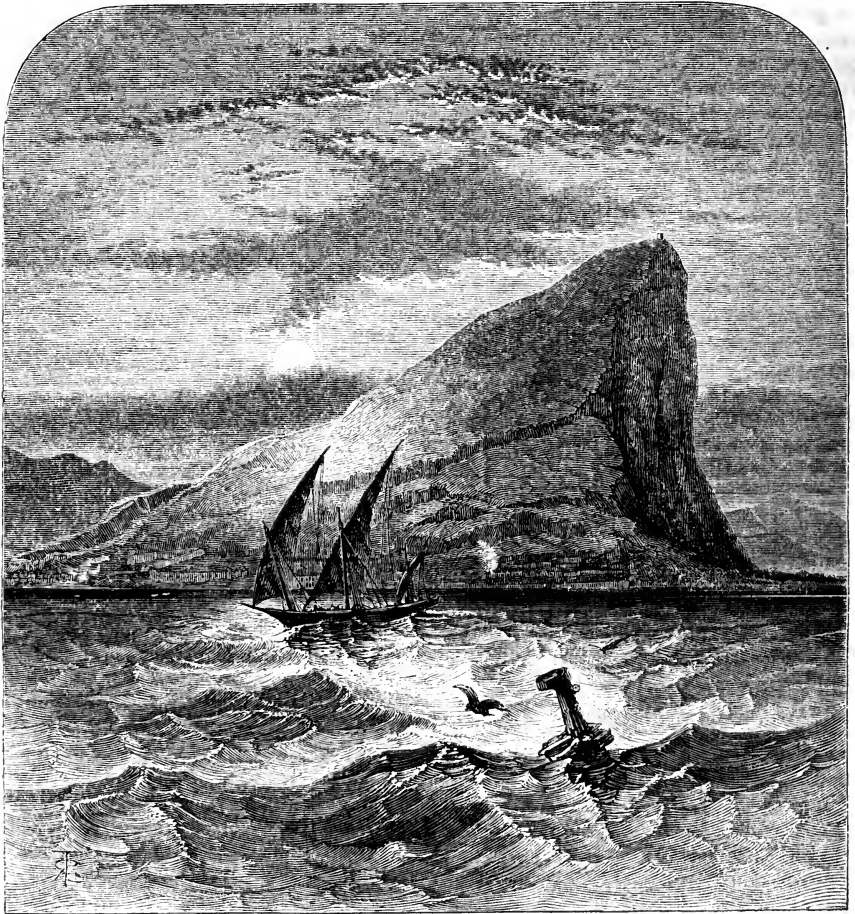
"That will burn for a quarter of an hour," said Swaffley.

"Then let us have it," they all said.

So a long light was struck, and a beautiful scene met their view; still they were somewhat disappointed. It is a tradition that these caves, when illuminated, reflect the light in

myriads of colours, each stalactite acting as a prism; but in this they were disappointed. The scene was certainly very grand, but there was no Alhambra. The stalagmites resembled a beautiful forest of trees interspersed with great boulders of rock in sublime confusion. The blue light failed to light up the uttermost parts of the cavern, so that its size could only be conjectured, and was supposed to be about

half the size of St. Paul's Cathedral. The stalactites might be traced in all the different periods of their growth, from the very small and young ones to those that were full sized. No signs of any vegetation were to be seen, not even lichen and moss. Some pieces of rope yarn that were picked up were found so rotten that they dropped to pieces in the hand, so they were still not beyond any traces of former



The Rock of Gibraltar. (See p. 555.)

visitors. The mysterious feeling that came over the party was not in a moment realised. The millions of specks caused by the reflection of the light on the drops of water, this wonderful gathering of stars, the gigantic rocks, the everlasting sobbing of the water in the otherwise still and silent cave, and the marvel of the monotonous and unfathomable darkness, caused a feeling of awe, gloom, and reverence to come over the whole party.

However their minds were gradually brought back to themselves and their situation, as they were rapidly being surrounded by rolling clouds of sulphureous smoke, causing them to cough and sneeze violently, and experience a difficulty in breathing that reminded them of the horrible massacre in the Melidoni cave, and rather alarmed them. "Put it out! put it out! Swaffley, put it out! We shall all be smothered."

Swaffley tried to do so, but it was no go. He knocked it against the stones, stamped on it, hammered and tried to break it; but it was impossible. At last Swaffley took a good heave, and threw it as far as he could towards the other end of the cavern. There it kept burning defiantly, and filling the whole place with suffocating vapour. Herald and his party turned and rushed back as fast they could go, the smoke following them. Swaffley and his followers, including the soldier, determined to stay as long as they could, and taking Ned's advice, stooped as low down as possible, and so the fumes of sulphur passed away over their heads. Shortly after they searched out another hole, which Ned, with the aid of the soldier, lowered himself into, but was obliged to return for want of lights. Having reported his discovery to Swaffley, that gentleman thrust him aside, being determined, as he said, to be leader, and follow no one. After going through another small tortuous passage, which ought to have been labelled "No thoroughfare," they arrived at a small grotto, which really had no signs of former visitors. This they determined was a fitting place for the bottle, and so, as the day was closing, and the sulphur had given Charley a headache, they came to the conclusion that they would return to fresh air, and if they stayed long enough at the anchorage, they would resume their search another day. Their retrogradation was slower than they expected. First Charley would scramble upon a ledge a little higher than the others, and the end of the rope being passed up to him, he coiled away while the others assisted him from below.

Then the remainder would climb up, the last bringing up the end of the next rope with him, and so on. At last they breathed fresh air, and soon after found themselves in daylight, having been altogether eight hours in the very heart of the mountain, and such a set of dirty beggars they looked, that one would have thought that a legion of devils had broken loose! A tub of water was waiting for them, when they just got rid of some of the filth, and then walked down to the town for a warm bath, and afterwards a dinner in what is called the Club Hotel. The landlord cooked some tough beef-steaks, protesting that nothing else was to be had. After dinner, Swaffley was overcome by the unaccustomed luxury of a cigar, and leaned back in his chair fast asleep. Charley left the room, saying he would return in a minute, but was seen no more that evening. Ned was as fresh as ever, so he said, but Swaffley told a different story. He says that when he discovered it was past ten o'clock, he told Ned so twice,

without Ned taking any notice of it, and when he pushed him, his only answer was, "Put it out, Swaffley, put it out." Ned says his cigar was in his mouth. Swaffley allows this, but informs us that it had gone out; a fact of which Ned was quite unconscious. At any rate, they were glad of a car to drive them to the dockyard, and so on board the ship and to bed.

A CORNISH MAY SONG.

ONE of the last relics of the olden days of Maying is still preserved at the little town of Helston, where the 8th of May is yearly celebrated by dances from street to street and house to house, in which all classes join.

RETURNING Summer into life
Through bud and flower is springing;
In every dell the cuckoo's note
Full lustily is ringing;
And on the sunny primrose-bank,
Or through the young-leaved beeches,
The merry birds are twittering
A thousand loving speeches.

Come forth, ye toiling denizens,
Of murky lane and alley,
And fan you on the fresh hill-side,
And sun you in the valley.
Come forth, ye light of heart and step,
Come forth, ye sick and sorry,
'Twill stir the life-blood in your veins,
To join our woodland foray.

And we will pluck the hawthorn boughs,
And strip the feathery larches,
To deck sweet May with garlands gay
And build her triumph-arches.
And lovingly we'll welcome home,
With music and with dances,
Her blush of maiden bashfulness
And Summer's burning glances.

The dull old streets will swarm with life,
And revel at their coming;
And ring with minstrelsy uncouth,
With piping and with drumming.
And livelier shall their measures be,
Blither our steps and faster,
Till smiles shall seem to wink and beam
From dusky brick and plaster.

Now o'er the schoolroom's floor sedate
Our merry feet shall twinkle,
Though every sage of Greece and Rome
His angry brows should wrinkle.
They need not deem we scorn their lore,
Or mock the noble pages,
Where many a sweet Spring-song rings out
From long-forgotten ages.

And now the bustling market-place
Shall see us tread a measure,
And sturdy Trade relax his frown
To greet the sons of Pleasure.
Our stores will none the emptier be,
Our bargains none the harder,
When blushing May and Summer gay
Have smiled upon the larder.

Throng up the stairs, ye merry elves,
As fast as ye are able;
We'll storm the anxious realm of news,
And foot it round the table.

We will not dream of strife to come
 Nor fear the dim hereafter,
 While English hand grasps English hand,
 And all is joy and laughter.

Then on, through gardens green and bright,
 Our fitting steps shall wander,
 Where youth may whisper tales of love,
 Or thoughtful age may ponder.
 And up and down, and in and out,
 To lowly portals stooping,
 And through the inmost household shrines
 In blithe procession trooping.

Say not the good old times are dead,
 When rich and poor united
 On this their yearly festival,
 Their kindly wishes plighted ;
 When men of substance and estate,
 And dames of grace and fashion,
 Looked on the lowlier of their kind
 With more than mere compassion,

And fairly owned that each and all
 Found life but frail and fleeting,
 While all had hearts of kindred mould
 To simple pleasures beating.
 For still, though various their degree,
 And diverse their employment,
 One breath of Spring could stir them all
 To fulness of enjoyment.

EDMUND BOGER.

ANA.

CHARLES II.'S WATCH.—Apropos of our account of the reliques of King Charles which are so religiously kept as heirlooms at Moseley Hall,* our readers may be interested in hearing the fate of the King's watch, which he gave to "Miss Lane" Jane Lane in acknowledgment of her services in helping him to escape from Moseley to Bristol, at the same time signifying his wish that it should always belong to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane. The watch was regularly handed down to the eldest Miss Lane for the time being, until three generations back, when the then eldest daughter married Mr. Lucy, of Charlecote, Warwickshire (grandfather of the present proprietor of that estate), and took the watch with her. It was hers, of course, for life, but she lived to a great age; and at her death, the Lucys, pleading that, owing to the number of years which had passed, the claims of the Lanes had lapsed to them, somewhat unfairly it appears, retained it at Charlecote, leaving the Lanes to their remedy by an action at law in trover. But ill-gotten goods never stay long with their new owner; and the watch, together with other valuable property, was carried off from Charlecote by a gang of burglars who broke into the house, some fifteen years ago, or more. The watch was never recovered, having probably been melted down for the value of the old materials.

* See pp. 404-5.

"A GRAVE DISTURBANCE."

THE MYSTERIOUS COFFINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I am glad that the account which I wrote of the remarkable displacement of the coffins in a vault in the island of Barbados, has elicited an attempt at a solution of the apparent mystery,* as I think the matter deserves attention, if merely for its singularity; though I am inclined to believe that some scientific fact is involved in it which it would be interesting to eliminate. I mean no disrespect to your correspondent when I speak of his "attempt" at solution; but I may show in a few words how unlikely it is that the coffins in question could have been moved by the force of water. In the first place the substance of the rock is flinty, and would afford no entrance, by permeation, to a rising body of water; but supposing that water could have reached the floor of the vault, the inundation, which must have been excessive, could hardly have been so local as not to have penetrated to the other contiguous vaults, the contents of which were undisturbed. I have discarded the theory of earthquake for the same reason, and though the suggestion of the action of water is new to me, I fear the same objection holds good as in the case of subterranean convulsion. The weight of Colonel Chase's coffin was immense; that of the wooden (cedar) coffins comparatively trifling, and granting that the lead coffins, when charged with gaseous vapour, would float, their weight (as was tested) was *always* considerably greater than those which were made of wood, and these were the least displaced; but the body of water ought to have affected all the coffins more than it would seem to have done supposing that it had reached the vault. This mere technical difficulty, however, might be readily accounted for if we were satisfied that water had risen to the vault, but this receptacle was hewn out of the flint for the very purpose of setting damp at defiance, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the work was not completed until the masons were satisfied that no cranny existed which might afford an entrance to water. Mr. Arnold, too, sees no improbability in water rising to the height of 100 feet through flint rock; that such a thing has happened, he has, I presume, authority to show, but from the nature of the spot, and its distance inland from the sea, I think it unlikely that the vault in question was affected by inundation. I am, sir, yours, &c.,

R. REECE, Jun., M.A.

* See p. 476.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER II. THE CLUB AT THE "BARGE."

A FEW years wrought great changes, not only in the life of the family from the farm, but in the position and circumstances of nearly all the associates to whom they owed their rise in life, or with whom it connected them. A new reign had set in, with fresh political aspects and opportunities, and with the prospect of social changes far more important. We can best judge how the Craggs family was going on by seeing what they were about when George I. had been king two years.

The landlord of the Barge Tavern at Chelsea had shown some half-dozen gentlemen into the club-room where a bright fire was burning, and the candles stood ready for lighting, when James Craggs arrived in hot haste, with an armful of books. He desired the host to pay off the boatmen, adding,

"Has he been here long?"

"Bless you, sir! he is not come yet: and I have known him later than this."

"Not here yet! Then I need not have made those fellows row so cruelly hard. Never mind, landlord! I will pay them myself."

"There are other members arrived, sir;—some six or seven: and I heard one of them remark that you were emulating the great man in being late at the club, as in other ways."

James laughed, but paid off his boatmen himself.

When he entered the room with his burden of books, the members crowded to the table to see what he had brought. There was a rage for old books at the time; and young Mr. Craggs liked nothing better than obliging his friends by bringing treasures out of the city, picked up at book stalls where he had established an interest. He had found two volumes which Mr. Addison desired to have; and while he was stooping to show these to his friend Mr. Gay, he saw, in a mirror that hung opposite, a tall scholar and an erudite wit holding up other volumes to each other in a pantomime of ridicule over his back.

"Ah! now," said he, turning upon them, "you are laughing at me because I have bought some rubbish. Perhaps I have; perhaps I knew it before; perhaps not; for I never had such an education as yours. But it is only fair to remember that these worthless books are merely the husk, without which we could not have the kernel."

"True enough, Mr. Craggs. Only I would not show *him* the rubbish."

"I am not likely to make him suppose me wiser than I am," replied James; "but I will put out of sight whatever you advise."

The scholar bowed; and the wit sneered; and the sorting of the volumes began; but before it was half finished, the well-known sounds of Mr. Addison's arrival were heard without, and everybody in the room faced to the door. The flaxen wig might have been a crown for the obeisances it commanded. Nobody addressed the chief till it was seen whether he chose to sit by the fire or by the window,—this choice being the sign whether he had breath to converse, or should be left to speak when he chose. This evening he pointed to the fireside chair, and a murmur of satisfaction went round. The candles blazed up, and the ready pipe kindled at once, as if announcing that the great Mr. Addison was in a hearty way to-night. This did not mean that he would take much share in the conversation. He seldom or never did that: but it determined the character of the evening whether he was depressed and absent, or willing to be amused.

"What have you got there?" he asked of James, as his eye fell on the books: and when his little table and its candle were placed beside him, he chose to see every volume of the pile, smiling at James's excuses. One he thrust into his breast pocket; and two more into his coat pockets. Some he threw away; but of the whole set, the volume he seized most eagerly was that which the two scholars had made sport of. In the course of the evening these gentlemen consulted and examined, and could not conceive why such a commonplace account of country work and play, and not very long ago, should find favour in the eyes of the great Mr. Addison. Mr. Addison overheard this, but not the whispered or tacit conclusion,—that these geniuses are always whimsical.

"The book is valuable as the country itself is valuable to us townspeople," Mr. Addison explained, "and as such conversation as young Mr. Craggs's is valuable to us, when we can tap the spring of his rural knowledge and feelings."

"I do love to be set talking of those old days when I took the horses to water," cried James: "and about the park, and the lanes, and the new-ploughed field, and the com-
mon——"

"And the fortune-teller's hut," interposed Mr. Addison.

"I am not alone there," said James, with a sudden gravity, and after a moment's pause. "I was brought up, as to reading, on the Tatler; and this set me upon the Spectator when it began to bless the world; and there was a gipsy tent set forth in certain papers there; and there were persons who visited and believed in those people, and in what they said."

"A gipsy once told me," observed Mr. Gay, "that I should be very rich in middle age: but I am in middle age, and nobody turns up to make me rich. We poor poets—but not all, though," he added, thoughtfully. "There is Mr. Pope,—I wish I were as comfortable as he is; and here is Mr. Addison—why, sir, I am told we are soon to see you married to the Countess at last, and living at Holland House."

More than one hand plucked at the little man's sleeve; but the great man was serene, though not condescending. After looking at him for a minute or two without obtaining any remark, Mr. Gay went on, as in soliloquy:

"At all events, however it may be about the Countess, he is a Lord of Trade; and that is something for a poet. I should like it myself pretty well——"

Mr. Addison himself could not help laughing with the rest; and he let himself be questioned as to whether the work was very great, or very disagreeable. Moreover, he gave his advice to poets, present or absent, to follow rather the example of Mr. Pope,—writing verses which the world extolled and paid for richly, and having leisure to spend at pleasure,—in a boat listening to music on the Thames on a summer evening, or making grottoes in the grounds of their villa, or attending fair ladies to public shows.

Three or four persons present agreed in wondering how Mr. Pope had succeeded in life so well, considering the very small merit of his poetry. In the presence of real and great poets, Mr. Pope's actual claims could be judged of, and certainly——

"What can you mean?" exclaimed young Mr. Craggs. "Do you suppose the great Mr. Addison can be pleased at hearing such things about Mr. Pope?" Here many eyes were turned towards the chair of honour; but such clouds of smoke poured forth and around the flaxen wig that the expression of the pale face and faintly-marked brow could not be distinguished. "Do you suppose," continued James, "that Mr. Pope's verses are not more musical to such an ear as Mr. Addison's than to that of the crowd of readers?" And, as if to try, he began to recite a passage or two from one or

another poem. One led on to another till he was carried away into giving some bits of description from the "Iliad" of Mr. Pope. At the end of one the scholar remarked that it might be pretty in its way, but it was not at all like the Greek original.

"Is not it really?" asked James, rather mortified. "I am not a Greek scholar——"

Two or three gentlemen laughed, and James went on——

"But I do, and I always shall, if I understand Greek ever so well hereafter, think these passages very beautiful."

"You give your favourite poets every advantage," said a voice from out of the smoke. "Any poet might be thankful to be judged by such recitation as yours."

"Do you know any of my poems by heart?" whispered Mr. Gay. "I dare say not: but——"

He was stopped by his young friend launching into one of the descriptions in "The Shepherd's Week;" and there is no saying how long he would have continued, led on by the glowing delight of the author, but that it struck him that the verses were doubtless familiar to everybody present; for the work was universally read. This remark, and the echo of his own verse in his ear, satisfied Mr. Gay. While he was saying to himself that he did not know that he had ever thought that passage so good before, the voice of recitation began again. Even Mr. Gay, pre-occupied as he was, was won over to listen to what seemed to be transporting everybody else. "What is it?—what is this?" he inquired of one and another, who only answered "Hush!" till the name of Cato met his ear.

"Bless me! is it Mr. Addison's 'Cato' that we have heard about so long?"

"It is," replied young Mr. Craggs, when he had finished the scene. "I thought I would give you, this time, something that was not known to everybody."

"Ah!" said Mr. Gay, "that is only because it is unpublished."

"Certainly. It is not finished yet. When it is—— Come now, Mr. Addison, speak the word, and determine my fate. You said something just now about my recitation. Finish 'Cato,' and then, at a word from you, I will go on the stage and act it."

"By no means, my dear friend. You will go upon another stage, where you will not need to present another man's heroes."

Young Mr. Craggs was in a glow.

"I am guided by your fortune-teller," added the voice to which all were listening. "Did not she tell you something of the kind?"

"My farce," soliloquised Mr. Gay, "had a very great success last year; yet it has not, to

this day, made me such a reputation as this 'Cato' has created, though 'Cato' is not even finished yet. I have heard of it in all companies, before it was even seen. But so it is when a poet is a Lord of Trade, I suppose. Poets and philosophers must make up their minds to be poor and humble."

"Why so, Mr. Gay? Let me have a word with you as we go home," said James, "and perhaps I can put you in the way of getting money. And as for philosophers, I had a ride this afternoon with a philosopher in his own carriage——"

"A real philosopher? A man of science?"

"Why, yes; I believe we should agree about that. It was Mr. Newton;—I beg pardon—Sir Isaac Newton; but in thinking of his greatness, one forgets his knighthood."

"And his being Master of the Mint. There's another lucky fellow!" sighed Mr. Gay.

"I did not know you were acquainted with him," observed the learned Mr. Lambert to James.

"I met him at Hampton Court, by command of the Princess of Wales," young Mr. Craggs explained.

"'Tis said she is a great physiognomist," remarked Dr. Oliphant; "and that she thinks she reads as plainly by the lines of the face as any gipsy by the lines of the hand. I dare say she studied the old gentleman's visage as carefully as Knueller here ever studied any Court lady's."

"Her object was rather to study his system than his face. She commanded Dr. Clarke to bring him to her, to explain his discoveries."

"He began, no doubt," said Dr. Oliphant, "with informing Her Royal Highness that there was in the sky something called the sun, and another thing called the moon. It must have been droll to see my old friend trying to talk to a woman,—and about matters of science!"

Mr. Addison observed that the question was rather what Her Royal Highness, than what the philosopher was like;—whether he was invited to talk on the common topics of ladies, or on his own uncommon ones.

Young Mr. Craggs observed that one might almost think Mr. Addison had been there,—so pertinent was his implied description. Sir Isaac was aware how attentive the Princess had been to the question disputed between him and her old acquaintance Leibnitz; and he must have known her to be above talking of the sky, and of the old notions of the sun and the moon. In fact, she understood the bearings of his system; and her desire was to learn by what path he had reached his discoveries, and whether they were without flaw as far as they went.

"Are you serious?" asked Dr. Oliphant.

"Perfectly serious; and why not?"

"Oh! very well! I did not know. The wise men, and the wits and the poets, will have a rare time of it when this learned lady comes to be Queen. But how did my old friend behave, Mr. Craggs?"

"As he always does, I believe. He was silent for a time till Dr. Clarke drew him out a little, and made an opening for the Princess to ask questions. Then he brightened, and nothing could be finer than to hear him, judging by the faces of those who understood him, which I do not pretend to have myself attained to. Was the Princess one of those? Undoubtedly; and it may be an evidence that Mr. Newton himself thought so that he more than once called her 'sir'—as if he were discoursing at the Royal Society."

"And as you yourself fall into speaking of him as Mr. Newton."

"True; I beg his pardon," said James.

"So he has a coach and a handsome house!" observed Mr. Gay. "Well, this Princess will be Queen some day."

"When most of us are in our graves," observed the voice from out of the smoke.

There were persons present who would not admit that this Princess, or any other from Hanover, would so surely be Queen some day. Political disputes were never to be permitted in the club; and, as usual on such occasions, the most amiable members began talking of any trifles which could divert attention from the strifes of the day. Young Mr. Craggs, for his part, could not stay longer. There was a ball at home; and he must appear.

"And dance with the finest ladies present," said Sir Godfrey, the painter of fine ladies. And the old gentleman surveyed with admiration the graceful person and handsome face of the young favourite of fortune.

"I should like to see you dance," observed Mr. Gay, looking up to the smiling face above him. "It must be such an advantage to be so tall!"

This brought an invitation to the ball in Bloomsbury; and when that was declined, it induced dancing on the spot,—even in the presence of the great Mr. Addison. James played the lady's part in a minuet to Mr. Gay's not ungraceful share as gentleman; and shouts of laughter and applause followed James's incomparable mimicry, as he played off the airs and graces, not only of an imaginary belle, but of My Lady this and of Her Grace that, and the great toast Miss the other.

"Does he use this talent at Court?" Dr. Oliphant wondered.

"He does," answered Sir Godfrey. "He

cannot help it. The Prince and Princess know the manner of every public man through him; and even the King has looked askance at what was going on in some merry corner."

"And why askance?"

"Nay, how should I know? But there are some ladies there, you know, some very fat and some very lean, and all of them awkward in English eyes; and His Majesty may fancy how they would look as presented by young Mr. Craggs. But what now? He is going: the play is up for this time."

Mr. Craggs's chariot had been announced, and he was leading Mr. Gay by the arm when Mr. Addison begged that some gentleman would have the civility to recall Mr. Craggs. They had said farewell; but Mr. Addison bethought himself of something more; and that it was of a private nature appeared by his having left his chair when James returned, and taken his station by the farthest window. The company withdrew out of hearing, and then Mr. Addison explained that he had been silent on the news of the afternoon, thinking that his young friend had better hear it at home; but that it had struck him that the newsboys might be calling it about the streets. Had the family heard from Blenheim, or rather from St. Albans, lately?

"No. Was the Duchess——?"

"It is the Duke." And Mr. Addison paused, to watch the effect. James was very grave; but there was more thoughtfulness than grief in his face. He asked, "Is the Duke of Marlborough dead?"

"No; only dead to public life, and the intrigues of the world."

"Our obligations are to the Duchess, chiefly," observed James.

"Yes; as regards your private feelings, that is the first thought. In view of public affairs, the grand interest is that the Hanoverian family is secure. The Tories are henceforth out of the game. We may hope the Pretender heard the news before he sailed."

"Is he certainly gone?"

"Certainly gone, attended by Lord Mar. They departed two days since, getting on board the night before in the dark, so that nobody would have suspected them but for an open boat going off at daylight with my Lord Drummond, who chose to imperil his Prince, rather than be left behind. Others, more loyal, have put up with their mischance; and they may be in the better plight for their virtue:—they will not be meddled with while they are quiet; whereas the Squirrel has put to sea after the Pretender. As for the Duke, he had his stroke four days ago; and an attempt was made to conceal it till there was no doubt of his under-

standing being as much hurt as his speech and countenance."

"It will make a great change, Mr. Addison."

"It will. From this day the action of the great Duke of Marlborough will be that which the Duchess would most desire."

"And more effectually than if he was dead," observed James. "She will have his purse and his name, and his supposed hospitality at her own disposal.—Thank you, Mr. Addison, for telling me this, and for telling it so privately. It saves me some of the shame at my levity and conceit this night."

Mr. Addison laid his hand affectionately on his young friend's shoulder, and bade him go home and consider well the future which might be opening before Lord Sunderland, and therein, before himself.

Mr. Gay was sitting in the chariot, chafing with impatience to know how he was, under young Mr. Craggs's advice, to make his fortune. James's mind was very full; but he fulfilled his promise; and his disclosures so elated the little man that when he was set down among the new houses in Piccadilly he forgot his ordinary fear of footpads, and danced off into the fog as gaily as if it were summer sunshine.

CHAPTER III. THE ASSEMBLY AT HOME.

YOUNG Mr. Craggs's valet was in a fidget at his master's non-appearance, as the preparations for the assembly at the Postmaster-General's house in Bloomsbury Square were pronounced complete. Though his relations to Lord Sunderland required his making that nobleman's house his head-quarters, James had rooms at his father's; and he called the family house "home." No man was less difficult to please in dressing, for he always looked well, and was conscious of it, and it really mattered little what he wore. On the present occasion he was ready in a trice, and he was found by his mother doing the honours in one of the drawing-rooms before any one had given her the relief of knowing that he had arrived. The brightening of her face when she saw him leading out a young lady to the dance was noticed by many of the guests; and if one or two made a jest of it, there were more who said to one another that, whatever there might be strange and unaccountable about this family, which seemed to have come upon the stage of life in a group through a trap door, there was something winning about them,—they were so amiable among themselves, so innocently proud of each other, and especially of the young man; and, after all, there was something romantic about the story. If the young man should be Prime Minister,

as many prophesied, and establish the succession against all enemies at home and abroad, it would be a remarkable romance in history.

A romance indeed! some of the proudest ladies of quality said. It might well be called a romance when it began in a green lane and a gipsy's tent! But the young man was not yet in the king's closet, nor even in the government, though his vulgar father had scrambled into a good place, as vulgar men managed to do in these days. My Lady Coningsby saw nothing to wonder at in the elevation of vulgar men to office when women of such indescribable manners as the new Germans courted them as fast as they rose. Lady Champion had heard her husband, Sir Thomas, say that men of talent were got at by the new lottery, as he called it; and this was a good thing, though one had rather the talent and the birth went together. Lady Dorchester had an answer for the question who the elder Craggs really had been originally. She convulsed her neighbours with laughter by telling that when she and her dear mother and one of the Princess's ladies had called at the Postmaster-General's office to beg some favour about franks, she had made Mr. Craggs laugh so that he completely forgot himself. He not only attended his visitors to their coach, but shut the door himself, and was actually about to jump up behind when a stare from the coachman brought him to himself, and sent him into the house, covered with confusion. Poor man! he must have heard the footman laugh, and have felt that he had confessed to having been a footman himself. One and another came up to hear the story with which Lady Dorchester had raised such a laugh; but she would not repeat it, nor let others do so. She would not have told it, she said, if she had remembered in whose house she was, and she proceeded to admire the remarkable personal beauty of the Craggs family. She did not know which was the handsomest, young Mr. Craggs or his sister. Lady Dorchester's remarks on this subject went far, from her own conspicuous plainness of person.

"Which sister?" asked the beau, Mr. Sperling, whose sentence was final in such matters. "Which are we to consider the beauty?"

"Is there more than one?" asked two or three ladies, with some surprise.

"Yes; look round, and show your discernment by finding her out."

"We are to guess her by her beauty, are we?" asked the pretty Miss West, who was accustomed to hear more of her own charms than any one's else.

"Yes," Mr. Sperling answered intrepidly. "With that hint you cannot miss her."

Truly or affectedly, most of the group of ladies failed to find what they sought. Not so Lady Dorchester.

"That is a most lovely creature, there, —half hidden by the window-curtain," she observed; "still young, and as fresh as a daisy."

The beau nodded assent, and the shy beauty was at once the object of a concentrated stare. She was unaware of this, however, for James was passing near her.

"Bless us, cannot they wait till we are gone to do their love-making?" cried one old dowager; another burst out laughing; and several young ladies giggled behind their fans, or turned their backs in horror, at the hearty kiss exchanged by young Mr. Craggs and the beauty.

"The window-curtain was handy, if they had but thought of it," somebody said. "But did you see, the lady was the readier of the two. She flung her arms round him."

"As affectionate sisters do, very commonly," observed Mr. Stanhope, an intimate friend of James's; "and especially if they are country-bred, and have not learned to be ashamed of their natural affections."

"Her brother does not seem to have learned that sort of shame," said Lady Dorchester. "Look at him, how pleased he is to see her. It is a surprise, evidently."

"Clearly so: and my friend James's heart will always stand a surprise."

It was a surprise. James had no expectation of seeing Nanny again in London, so strong had been her dislike to their London way of life in the short trial she had made of it before her marriage. He forgot everything else in the sight of Nanny's sweet face, and there is no saying how far his forgetfulness would have gone if her dress had not made a certain change in her which restored his presence of mind.

"I wondered how long you would be in finding me out," she said; "I have been trying to catch your eye this half hour."

"You were the last person I expected to see. But what brought you? Is Harry here?"

"We came up because father sent for us. I wonder you did not know that. And now the Duke is so ill, father is glad we came, that he may hear all about it."

Where was her father? Where was Harry?—Harry could not abide these assemblies, and he was gone to the play. Mr. Craggs was detained at a council of ministers; and when James was so late in appearing, the ladies of the household had been almost in despair. This reminded James to play the host: but it was not easy to get away from the spot, so

many gentlemen desired to ask his beautiful sister to dance, while the rumour spread that she had just arrived from the Duke of Marlborough's, having been there when something had happened to him. James had introduced "Mrs. Ives, my sister," to half the people present before he could see whether the other half were dancing and card-playing to their full content. In a crowded doorway between two rooms he met his mother.

"Your father is home," she said, with a nod of satisfaction.

"Any news?"

"He is in that corner, talking with Mr. Methuen. You have heard about the poor Duke. Whether it is that or not, your father seems in excellent spirits. O! no; it is no secret about the Duke's stroke. Anna says it was spreading all along the road from Oxford."

Father and son exchanged nods over people's heads, and then the whole family applied themselves to their duty till the last of the long line of coaches drew up to the door. Esther had danced till she could scarcely stand, and she was dismissed to bed. Nanny had slipped away from the supper-room, weary of questions about their Graces her neighbours, and puzzled at being made so much of on account of her being one of the local intimates of the Duchess. She had become so since her husband had removed to the little family farm at which his wife had been born and brought up. Mr. Craggs had lent this farm, rent free, to Mr. Ives, as a present portion for Nanny, and something more—something considerable—would doubtless be hers in course of time. The place had been altogether enlarged and improved at Mr. Craggs's expense. Nanny thought, in her secret mind, that she liked it better as it was before; and she would decidedly have been glad to be spared the notice and the odd confidences of Her Grace, her great neighbour; but the consideration that the acquaintance brought her this night made her doubt whether she was not very ungrateful, or perhaps too low and ignorant to be aware of the value of what she would have regarded, in a woman of half Her Grace's years, in plain terms, a nuisance.

"Come to your mother's boudoir, James," Mr. Craggs said, "I am going to undress, and then you will find me there."

(To be continued)

THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS.

AMONG the sights of London which are most calculated to give an idea of the vastness of our private, and, at the same time, of our national resources, for manufacturing and

commercial greatness is in fact national power of a most healthy and solid description, are the works of the great Iron Companies down the river. They are all of a somewhat similar character, and on a scale of pretty equal magnitude, each covering many acres of ground, and giving employment to thousands of workmen. They are called by the general name of Ironworks, but, in fact, the chief trade of most of them is shipbuilding. Among the largest and most important, being also the most comprehensive of all in its undertakings, is the Millwall Company, whose chief works lie on the northern side of the river opposite Deptford, with a subsidiary dry dock and yard for the production of machinery at Deptford itself. And, as we have lately had an opportunity of visiting them under unusually favourable circumstances, we will endeavour to give some idea of what we saw. The Middlesex division of the works, covering upwards of twenty-five acres, lies on both sides of the highway known as the Millwall Road, the two sections being united by a bridge which passes over it; and the portion nearest the river being, as is natural, that which is appropriated to the immediate construction of ships, while that on the north side of the road is occupied by vast smithies, foundries, rolling mills, and forges of different kinds, in which the rough iron is prepared for the use of the shipbuilders and other workmen. We say other workmen, because the shipwrights are not the only men who come to this enormous concern for their materials. Here is wrought much of the metal employed in the Armstrong guns. Here was put together the vast solid shield of absolutely unprecedented and unparalleled bulk (fifteen inches thick, and weighing three-quarters of a ton to the square yard) which has lately been sent to Cronstadt, to add to the strength of that already almost impregnable fortress; while,

"Idem pacis mediusque belli,"

the establishment is equally prepared to turn out productions of a more beneficent character, boilers, steam engines, tubes for drainage, railway bridges strong enough to support the heaviest trains, and to withstand the tides and floods of the most rapid river.

The unaccustomed spectator, as with cautious step he threads his way amid the workmen, for not fewer than 4000 of whom is here found constant employment, is for a moment almost deafened, blinded, and bewildered by the roaring of the furnaces, the din of the hammers, the glare of the flames, and of the almost liquid iron; but, as his eyes and ears get inured to the scene around him, all other

sensations yield to that of admiration at the order and regularity which reign in reality throughout every part of a place where everything sounds like uproar and confusion ; and at the sagacious and methodical energy which has planned and carries out so vast and complicated a system of useful work. Every man has his appointed place and his appointed task, about which he busies himself with a silent promptitude and vigour which betokens his own thorough fitness for his own share in the work, and his entire confidence in his directors, and in the system under which he is labouring ; his knowledge that nothing animate or inanimate will interfere with him, that he will find nothing wanting, nothing in the way, nothing out of its place at the exact moment when he requires it. And need indeed is there that every arrangement should be thus complete and perfect, where the instruments employed are so huge and powerful that limb and life would be imperilled by the most trifling irregularity. For all around him yawn almost countless furnaces, huge cauldrons of white flame ; steam engines turning ponderous wheels of many yards in circumference with such velocity that the spokes are invisible to the closest scrutiny ; steam hammers of several tons in weight, rising and descending with a force so skilfully regulated that they could crack a nut without injuring the kernel, or crush in utter destruction almost anything but the still more enormous masses of iron which they are beating into shape ; while among these furnaces and wheels, and engines, and hammers, gangs of men move incessantly to and fro, carrying the glowing masses of iron in gigantic tongs, placing them under the hammers to receive the requisite compactness from their prodigious blows ; and then transferring them under or between wheels of different sizes and forms which, with irresistible pressure, roll them into long thin bands scarcely wider than a lady's waist-ribbon, or into the enormous plates, weighing six or seven tons a piece, which constitute the armour for the ships building in the other yard.

These monstrous plates deserve a special mention, since there is no department of our iron manufactures which has more distinctly shown the irresistible impulse which necessity and competition combined give to invention, till it produces work perfect in its kind. Iron was known to be hard ; but for the shock of a naval battle, to make it to stand the pounding of modern artillery, toughness was soon seen to be a quality still more requisite ; and, if we would give our sailors fair play in future conflicts, it was absolutely indispensable to protect them with armour which should not fail

them in their hour of need, with iron plates, that is to say, so stubborn and tough that the shot, which possibly might pierce it, should not split or shatter it ; and it is hardly more than three years ago that not only were we unable to produce plates of such a texture, but that we were inferior to the workmen of other nations in the progress which we had made towards such a result, Mr. Fairbairn (one of the highest authorities possible on such a subject) asserting this at the British Association as a fact which admitted of no dispute. But now we are infinitely more in advance of all other nations in this respect than we were then behind, the very foremost of them. A thickness of four inches and a-half was then the greatest result which the smiths of any nation could accomplish, and that, we believe, is still the limit of the productions of French or German workmen. But now the Company of which we are speaking fabricates plates 15 inches thick ; and, though no target composed of such monsters has yet been fired at, thinner plates of their make, when exposed to the most severe trial, have shown a toughness which could not have been anticipated, and which a few years ago could not have been dreamt of. The difficulty of producing plates of such a texture must of course increase in something like geometrical progression according to their thickness ; so that to make a six-inch plate of the requisite quality must be at least twice as difficult as to give the same qualities to one of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Nor has it yet been attempted to cover any vessel with stouter armour. Now, a target made by the Millwall Company of six-inch plates was, in August last, fired at nearly twenty times, at 200 yards' range, with every variety of missile, from the old cast-iron 68-pounder, with 10 lbs. of powder, to a 258 lbs. chilled shot with 44 lbs. of powder, and steel shot of 168 lbs. with 50 lbs. Some of these missiles, of course, went right through, but they only made clean holes, with not the slightest sign of crack or split round them ; and even when, as happened at one spot, two shots pierced a plate so close together that the holes were only separated by a narrow strip of iron less than an inch in width, that narrow strip was as sound as ever, absolutely uninjured by the terrific concussion to which it had been exposed on each side. And it must be added that in other experiments on similar plates, it was remarked, as an especial feature of excellence in those which came from this company, that, when struck by heavy shot, their surface remained flat to the blow, the plates not springing off from the backing, as was observed in those supplied by other manufacturers, and that consequently the bolts

which held them did not suffer to the same extent; and this in a battle, where repeated blows might be expected to strike nearly the same spot, is evidently a result of considerable practical value. This special evenness of surface, like the toughness mentioned above, being apparently produced by the system which we have already indicated as that invariably adopted at these works, of rolling the iron as well as beating it, instead of trusting for its ultimate finish to the hammer alone.

But marvellous as are the great machines and engines of production which we have mentioned, the more interesting part of the works to the generality of visitors is the other yard, in which we see the crowning fruits of so much labour and ingenuity in the ships which are there in process of construction. This division of the works may be said to mark an era in naval affairs; to be a standing monument of the new order of things; of the displacement of the wooden ships of old time by vessels of a more enduring and more incombustible material; of the suppression of that "Heart of Oak," the glory of our English forests, the burden of so many spirit-stirring songs, by the equally native produce of our mines, by that metal which, in the case of one of our greatest men, was thought no unfit emblem of his, and, perhaps in some degree, also of the national character. As a shipbuilding yard, it has a fame older than the company to which it now belongs, for here Mr. Mare built the Himalaya, than which, comparatively old as she is, no better vessel of her kind adorns her Majesty's service; and in its western portion was put together the gigantic Great Eastern, which, however unprofitable a speculation she may have proved to her owners, nevertheless has shown sea-going qualities which, when combined with her unequalled size, are highly creditable to her designers and constructors. But now its reputation is rapidly extending. It does not now limit itself to the production of transports and passenger ships, nor to the service of our own merchants; but the directors of the company undertake the construction of men-of-war of the grandest proportions, and foreign countries repair to them for ships such as their own resources would be wholly unable to furnish. In one respect the yard presents a peculiar appearance, singular at least to eyes accustomed to our government establishments, and to the lofty, many-windowed roof which cover each ship that is building. No such roofs are to be seen here, the substitution of iron for wood rendering it less essential to protect the inside of the hulks from the weather. And at night it must often differ from Portsmouth or Plymouth still more re-

markably, since gas is turned on into each vessel, and gas-burners meet the eye between the different decks, enabling the men to continue their work after daylight, if need be, a measure which in a wooden ship would be too dangerous to be thought of.

There are of course several vessels of the more peaceful class on the stocks, some for our own merchants, two, the Fuad and the Ismail, for the Sultan, who has not forgotten the preservation of his dominions ten years ago by us and our allies, nor the undisputed pre-eminence which was then universally accorded to the British Naval Contingent. But the ships which most attract the attention of visitors are two huge screw-steamer war frigates, the *Affondatore*, which is building for the Italian Government, and the *Northumberland*, which forms one of our own Navy List. Courtesy requires that we should speak first of the foreigner. She is a vessel not less than 295 feet in length, but somewhat narrow in proportion, having only 40 feet beam; great speed being especially aimed at in her construction, since on that depends the success of one of her means of attacking an enemy. Her measurement is 2500 tons: her engines are of 700 horse-power, and her designers calculate on her making 15 knots. She was designed in Italy, the construction being all that is entrusted to our workmen, and thus her details differ in some important points from those which our sailors, as well as those engineers who have carried out the artillery experiments at Shoeburyness, would have recommended. She has a singular appearance, being, like the *Scorpion* and *Wyvern*, intended, as to her offensive weapons to comprise the turret, and the ram. And the last is a truly formidable-looking protuberance, projecting with an oblong downward sweep no less than 17 feet in front of the body of the ship, and being made up of solid masses of timber faced with iron. In the great length of this projection she differs from all those ships in our own service which are intended to use such a weapon; and it is in general looked on with great distrust by our sailors, who argue, firstly, that such length is wholly superfluous, since all that is required is, that the ram should have sufficient prominence to ensure its striking the enemy at the water-line, before any other portion of the two ships come in contact; and secondly, that such superfluity of length must, as a matter of course, weaken the ram itself.

Of the turrets, there are two, not amidships, but one near the stern and the other towards the bow, a position which, coupled with the weight of the ram, must apparently cause the vessel to pitch to a degree almost incompatible

with seaworthiness in heavy weather, or at least with the manageableness and efficiency as a man of war. The hull is protected with 5-inch armour plates above the water-line, and 4-inch plates below; and the turrets have, as a matter of course, equal defence, with additional plates at the port-holes, as in the Royal Sovereign. But the wooden backing is in neither part as strong as in that ship or in the Warrior, being only ten inches in thickness; and, while the wooden sheath of Captain Coles' turrets consists of wedge-shaped timbers so put together that every blow from a hostile shot which fails to penetrate their inner casing only jams them more firmly together, the woodwork of the Affondatore's turrets has no such source of strength, but is put together in the ordinary way. Nor are the turrets closed in above, as in the Royal Sovereign; their only roof, if it may be called one, is to be an open grating. On the other hand, as to their means of offence, these turrets will be far more formidable than the strange supineness of the Admiralty and Ordnance departments have rendered ours. For the guns to be carried in this ship are 600-pounders, so that her fire will be as much more powerful than that of the Royal Sovereign as the fire of the Royal Sovereign is than that of the Warrior or Royal Oak. We must not omit to mention the great strength given to the whole fabric by the main deck, which is composed of two layers of inch iron, with four inches of oak over them, thus binding the sides together with great firmness. On the whole she is a most remarkable and splendid vessel; and if criticism can find something to object to in the size of her ram and the position of her turrets, it can find none in the workmanship with which her designers' plans are carried out; nor can there be much doubt that, on her own shores, and in ordinary weather, she will prove a most formidable antagonist.

The Northumberland is at least equally worthy of an attentive examination. In size she is enormous, no man-of-war having ever been designed of greater length, and no nation but ourselves having ever dreamt of such dimensions. She is 400 feet long, with above 59 feet beam, and her measurement exceeds that of the Affondatore by above 4000 tons. She is intended to combine the ram and broadside system, but her ram projects with only a slight and graceful undulation, scarcely six feet in front of her upper deck, resembling the gentle sweep of the swan's breast as she moves silently through the waters, but being quite prominent enough to deliver an effective blow. She is plated with five-and-a-half inch iron, and her woodwork behind is even an inch thinner than that of her Italian sister, being only nine inches

thick. Her armour, however, does not go entirely round her, the plates at the extremities having been removed to improve her sea-going qualities; and any damage that might be done by a shot entering her unprotected parts being expected to be greatly obviated by the thwartship bulkheads which run across from side to side, for she is built in compartments, a system of which we have hitherto made far too little use in our men-of-war, though its value might have been supposed to be sufficiently established by the case of the Sarah Sands, which, when carrying troops to India at the time of the mutiny, took fire, had almost a quarter of her blown to pieces by the explosion of her magazine, and yet in this disabled state carried her priceless load in safety 800 miles to the Mauritius. And besides these compartments, the Northumberland has an inner iron skin running entirely round her, up to the waterline, and having a passage of above three feet between that and her outer hull, so that a blow, whether from rock, shot, or even torpedo, which should pierce her side in its external casing, would have no effect whatever on the safety of the vessel, however the water which she might take in would affect her speed. She, too, has one deck strengthened with iron between the wood, though she is contented with a single inch of metal, and the deck which in her is thus fortified is the upper one. Her armament we will not attempt to describe, since what was originally proposed has already been greatly altered in a way which has produced severe criticism from some of our most experienced officers; and will perhaps be modified further before she goes to sea. She was originally intended to carry forty-eight guns, besides having room for some on the upper deck. Her engines are to be of 1350 horse-power, and she is expected to exceed 14 knots. That she will have great speed is unquestionable, and that, with such a vast weight behind it, her ram, if she can contrive to deliver a blow with it, must annihilate any antagonist that ever has floated, or can be made to float, is unquestionable. But there is almost equal reason to apprehend that her excessive length will render her so unhandy that she will be unable to overtake a more manageable and active foe, and that in the hour of trial she will be found more terrible in appearance than in reality. But again, this defect, if she shall be found to have it, like those to which we have alluded in the case of the Affondatore, is attributable to the designers, and not to the builders, who have no voice in the plan, but whose duty is confined to a workmanlike execution of the drawings delivered to them by their employers; and the plan, by those most competent to judge, is pronounced perfect.

An establishment which can show works like these is well worthy of a visit, and of a patient, judicious examination. Admirable alike in its general organisation and in the details of its management, it is, even were it the only place of its kind, calculated to give a high idea of the inventive genius which is astir in the nation, and of the power which exists among us of successfully executing the designs of that genius. But we obtain a far higher idea of the power and resources of the nation itself when we remember that this is but one of many similar establishments; and that, though perhaps no one that applies itself both to the construction of ships and the manufacture of iron has attained quite the same degree of excellence in both departments, yet in each it has formidable rivals, though no superior. Besides the other great concerns on our own Thames, the Mersey and the Clyde, have ship-building yards capable of turning out vessels as huge as the Northumberland; Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Yorkshire, have ironworks producing plates as ponderous as those which are clothing that leviathan, and which if they fail to surpass, or, in some points, quite to equal that which we have been describing, are far superior to those which are wrought in any other country. And when we further reflect that all these are private property, wholly independent of the government yards, though capable at any time of being made auxiliary to them, we see, if any sudden emergency should arise, how unequalled are our resources of production, and congratulate ourselves on the existence of establishments like these as sources not only of wealth and prosperity to individuals, but of safety, of glory, of permanent greatness to the nation at large.

THE LEGEND OF TEUFELFELS.

I COULD not make out precisely what the man was, who sat by me after dinner, smoking, in the balcony of the little inn at Dummereselstein, on the Rhine. But I was sure he was a Yankee. He seemed well "posted up" in all the history and antiquities of Rhieland. Our conversation turning on the strange tales that attach to the many castles on the river-side heights—to Liebenstein and Sternfels and the towers of the Cat, of the Mouse. "And of that ruin yonder," I said, as I pointed with the end of my cigar to Teufelfels, then just catching the first sight of the rising moon. "Of that ruin yonder, down the stream, I know no legend at all; Murray does not mention it."

"Don't you, indeed?—Wal, now, I do;—a tale that licks any of your old legends all to

smithereens. And it's true, too, sir; and that's what can *not* be said of most tales."

Had I a mind so to do, I could not repeat the story in the words of the Transatlantic narrator; and could I remember the words and terms of expression that gave it, in a literary point of view, a distinctly Columbian character, it would be impossible to convey on paper any idea of the tricks of pronunciation and grimace which gave zest to the recital.

The facts, however, in themselves, are sufficiently remarkable. Here is the sum and substance of them.

Some fifteen years ago the Yankee had been sojourning as now, at Dummereselstein. Business, or pleasure, or whatever his vocation in life might be, kept him there for some days. Of all the crowd of travellers of all nations who passed up and down the river, one party attracted more of his notice than the rest from the simple fact of his seeing them again and again. These consisted of an old French gentleman, his wife and daughter. Scarcely a day passed but they were to be seen walking through the street of Dummereselstein. From inquiries made of a man who let donkeys, it was discovered that monsieur, madame, and mademoiselle occupied a diminutive cottage at Schwachkopfheim, and that mademoiselle was much addicted to sketching. Hour after hour she would sit in a boat moored in the river, or on a point of vantage on the hills, and transfer to her book by no means contemptible representations of the fair landscape round about. At this time there was sojourning at Dummereselstein a young Englishman, who had come with a friend to spend the vacation in "reading." Left by his companion alone in the little inn, he became by some favouring chance acquainted with the French family of the neighbouring village. He fished madame's poodle out of the river, or picked up monsieur's spectacles on the road, or somehow or other, never mind how, acquired the privilege of saluting not only monsieur and madame, but mademoiselle into the bargain. And then all four made a long excursion together. And then the Englishman might be seen more than once walking home late in the evening to Dummereselstein, by the Schwachkopfheim road, and it was alleged that he had dined with the old Frenchman.

On a certain afternoon the fair weather was broken by a very violent storm. It was all very well as far as appearances went from within. The river and the rocks and the woods looked sublime enough as the rain hissed over them, and the lightning lit up their recesses. But it was very uncomfortable to endure without. "As I looked out of this

self-same balcony," said the narrator, "I just thought that I'd a long sight rather be in than out. I could fancy some folks being nigh skeered by the glare and the noise. One flash came right over that old tumble-down Teufelfels over there, and I reckoned it must have been pretty nigh blowed in or blowed up—what there was of it to blow. It was amazin' grand; and one of the finest advertisements of the power of Providence I've ever seen. If you could turn on a good thunderstorm here now, stranger, you'd say it was worth looking at, rather."

While the storm was at its height, and the Yankee was congratulating himself upon being safe and dry in the coffee-room of the inn, he saw the little old Frenchman and the young Englishman approach the same welcome asylum, both dripping wet, and half-drowned in the pelting rain.

"You must of course stay here with me," he heard the latter say. "Mademoiselle is doubtless safe with madame. You must not think of returning to-night. Madame will understand how it is, and rest assured that you are here. I can supply you with dry clothes."

So the old gentleman supped at the *table d'hôte* and retired early to rest as peaceful as possible during a temporary divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. And the rain rattled and splashed, and the thunder pealed, and it was clear enough that he had done very wisely not to attempt the three miles walk along the road to the Schwachkopfheim Ferry.

The morning was cloudless and bright. The Englishman and Frenchman appeared together at breakfast, and were talking over the storm and the probable anxieties of madame and mademoiselle, when a waiter entered with a note, which he put in the hands of the Frenchman. As the little gentleman glanced at the superscription, he turned white, and his face fell. He tore open the envelope, read hurriedly through the letter, and led his young companion out of the room. What did it mean? And what could be more natural than that the Yankee should pick up the fallen envelope and read the address,—written thereon in a trembling female hand—"Mademoiselle Niboyet, Hotel de l'Europe, Dummereselstein"? Why should this rouse marks of trepidation and alarm in the old father's face?—In five minutes a Noachian vehicle belonging to the inn was brought out,—the Englishman and the Frenchman jumped in, urging the driver to all possible speed, and clattered out of sight in the direction of Schwachkopfheim.

What had happened was, as was afterwards discovered, as follows:—At three o'clock on

the previous afternoon, Mademoiselle Niboyet had taken leave of her mother at Schwachkopfheim, and started to meet her father at Dummereselstein, and return thence with him. The storm had come on. Madame Niboyet felt assured that her daughter was detained with monsieur, and that they preferred spending the night in Dummereselstein, to undertaking an hour's unpleasant journey in wind and wet. Adelaide, she surmised, if she had suffered from the drenching rain, would be put to bed and tended by the kindly hostess of the Hotel de l'Europe. So in the morning she wrote a little note to her daughter, and dispatched with it a packet of clothes. It was at the sight of this note that Niboyet *père* trembled with dread. Adelaide had left Schwachkopfheim the previous evening. She had never arrived at Dummereselstein. What had become of her?

Her disappearance was cause, of course, of terrible excitement. At first it was thought that she might have sought shelter from the tempest in one of the cottages that stand by the road-side. But inquiry dispelled this hope. On the morning before the storm, she had made an agreement with her father to walk to meet him in Dummereselstein late in the afternoon. At about three o'clock, according to Madame Niboyet, she had donned her hat and mantle, had said, "My little mother, I shall be in delay for my father, if I do not hasten myself," and had set out with a very joyous face and gait. Madame remarked, that she had her sketch-book under her arm, and wondered at this, because she would have probably no opportunity to use it. This was the last that had been seen of her. The cottagers along the road declared that they had not seen the missing girl go by; but that they had not watched the path; the storm kept them close indoors. Messengers were sent down the river almost as far as the Seven Mountains, to see if any corpse had been washed on shore, or any scraps of clothing been found that might give indications of poor Adelaide's fate. Even had no rewards been offered, the search would have been hearty and careful, for everybody had been more or less captivated by the young Frenchwoman's winning ways. But in spite of money, and in spite of love, nothing was achieved except failure. Nothing could be discovered. The old father trudged backwards and forwards, and offered sums that would have been a little fortune to any of the Rhineland peasantry. The sorrowing mother was not seen, but everybody felt for her woe, and everybody would have given much to bring back the lost girl, and with her the lost

happiness. The young Englishman was peculiarly miserable. And it was now remarked that he did not aid, though he said nothing to discourage the careful examination of the ground between his own and the French folks' dwelling. Behind Schwachkopfheim there is a little hill or knoll, separated by a ravine and running stream from the more precipitous height of Teufelfels. It was here that he was most often to be seen, looking thoroughly miserable.

A fortnight went quickly by. No news was heard of Mademoiselle Adelaide. The Englishman's companion returned from Hohenbaden. The two supposed students started for Switzerland. The Yankee's pleasure, or business, called him at the same time away from Dummereselstein, and on the very morning of his embarking on the Dusseldorf boat, he saw, he said, the bent and broken down figures of Monsieur and Madame Niboyet helped into the *coupé* of the diligence, their faces the very picture of grief and desolation—the little group of loungers round the starting vehicle standing respectfully silent.

"Well," said I, "this is a very melancholy story, but what has it to do with Teufelfels? You promised me a legend of the ruin,—and beyond the fact of you having seen it in a thunderstorm, you have said nothing about it. But was anything ever heard of mademoiselle?"

"Guess you'll hear it all in time, sir, if you'll wait till I've done. But my throat is just catawampously dried up with talking. Let us have a bottle of Schwachkopfheimer, and then I'll get on with the légend."

Some five years after the events just recounted, my friend, it would seem, was at Dummereselstein again, and, of course, at the Hotel de l'Europe. He saw one morning at breakfast, an Englishman, whose face he thought was familiar to him, seated by the side of a charming young lady, obviously and manifestly his bride.

"Adelaide Niboyet!"

"Out there, stranger: that wouldn't be a légend, would it?"

No. Adelaide was dark. The present young woman was fair. But it was Adelaide's young Englishman, travelling on his wedding tour. And he seemed to be a person in prosperous circumstances, for there was a carriage, and a courier, and a maid. After breakfast the lady retired, the Yankee accosted her lord. He recalled the circumstances which had occurred when they were last sojourning together under the same roof. He begged to inquire whether the Englishman had heard anything of the lost girl, or of her unfortu-

nate parents. With regard to Mademoiselle Adelaide, the Englishman was just going to put the same question to him. Monsieur and Madame Niboyet, the Englishman had heard on unimpeachable authority, were both dead. The old gentleman had survived the calamity about a year; his wife lingered in solitude for a few months longer, and then died too. Here the maid brought a message to her master, and retired. The bride, it appeared, was tired with her journey, and proposed to rest in her apartment for that morning. The Yankee was projecting, he said, a walk to Schwachkopfheim, and proposed that the Englishman should accompany him. This latter, it appeared, had already been once to the scene of the mysterious disappearance in the interval between his departure with his fellow student, and his return with his bride. An irresistible impulse attracted him to the fatal spot, and though he was tenderly attached to his new wife, he could not pass the place in which were enshrined the memories of an early and unfortunate attachment, without having to make new inquiries touching the still unknown fate of its hapless object. He was glad that his wife was indisposed to walk out on that particular morning, for he had said nothing to her about the old love, and her presence would only embarrass his movements.

The Yankee now learned,—what he had not known before,—that on the day of the storm, it had been arranged between Adelaide and the Englishman, that she should start, as though going to meet her father in Dummereselstein, but should betake herself to the wooded knoll behind Schwachkopfheim, and there meet him, who had now declared himself her lover. The other party to this contract had been unable to keep his promise, for he had fallen in by chance with Monsieur Niboyet, and that gentleman had held him fast, and insisted on his "walking home with Adelaide" to dinner. Then came the storm. Adelaide, the Englishman had thought, as her father thought, must be safe with madame. The letter of the morning dispelled this illusion. It was at least clear why the Englishman had searched more diligently through the copses behind Schwachkopfheim, than on the high road to Dummereselstein.

The Yankee and his companion wandered over the old ground, and talked over the old story.

"I searched," the Englishman said, "every bit of this ground, for the slightest trace of her having been here, and found nothing."

The Yankee then proposed that, for the sake of the view, they should clamber up the height of Teufelfels. Half an hour's scramble

brought them over the gully, and up to the very base of the ruined tower. Many masses of masonry were lying round,—showing that once the castle had been as capacious as it was strong. Now only one tower remained, and into that there seemed no means of access. There was a great rift in the wall some twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, but nothing whereby to reach it. Part of a wall seemed once to have led up to the base of this opening, but that was now thrown down. Marks in the tower indicated where the party wall had met it, and the ground was littered by the fallen blocks of stone. The adventurers were bent on exploring the hidden interiors of the tower.

“I remember,” said the Englishman, “inspecting this about a week after Adelaide Niboyet’s disappearance, and thinking that if it had been less difficult of access, and she could have got into it, it might have afforded her shelter from the storm.”

At last the Yankee and his comrade hit on an expedient for making an entry. They conveyed with some exertion two long-felled pine trunks, that were lying not many yards off, to the foot of the tower, and succeeded in propping them in such a way against the masonry, that a skilful gymnast might reach the aperture in the wall. Somehow or other they both succeeded in clambering up to the ledge formed in the thick wall of the old tower. The floor inside they found to be nearly on a level with the cleft through which they had entered. They turned round on achieving the ascent, to survey the glorious prospect before them. Then they both stepped down on the heaps of stones that formed a floor.

Why did the Englishman start back with a sudden gesture of horror as they passed into the cavernous interior of the ruin?—At what did he point in such horror-stricken silence?—Can there be a doubt?

Half concealed by a fragment of moss-covered stone, half sheltered by an arched recess in the wall, lay a whitening skeleton. Round it were still some crumbling fragments of clothing. Long black hair still trailed from the staring skull.

Both discoverers gazed sometime without uttering a word. The Yankee was the first to break the spell, and to observe, that now one mystery was a mystery no longer. Adelaide Niboyet had evidently met her death in the tower of Teufelfels. But how had she got there? And by what hard case was it that none had heard the cries by which doubtlessly she sought to attract attention? The Englishman made no reply, but still gazed moodily on the corpse; and the Yankee

thought he looked most earnestly where on the small bone of what was once an agile finger, there still shone a little hoop of gold. The Yankee was bent on discovering something that might give some clue to the unravelling of the further mystery of the existence of the skeleton in such a place. Presently he pounced on a treasure, lying in a narrow cleft of the wall, close by the dead girl’s right hand. This was the sketch-book. Stoutly bound in sound leather, and protected from the weather by the shelter of the stone, it was still but little injured. At sight of it, the Englishman looked up, and with a white face and trembling lip,—turned to aid in its examination. It was of large size, and contained many sheets of drawing paper—some of them showing signs of the more than common taste and ability of the owner. One of these latter fixed the attention of the discoverers in a moment. It was the outline of a drawing of the scene from the opening in the tower. Schwachkopfheim lay below in the foreground. Dummereselstein was just dashed in in the background. The colouring had not yet been begun. The Englishman took it out of his companion’s hand, and gazed at it with a sorrowful interest. The American then saw that there was writing on the other side. Yes; on the back of the drawing the poor girl, whose bones were bleaching there, had written her last will and wishes, and the brief recital of how it was that she lay there dying. The Yankee declared he could remember almost the exact words, but gave me the sense in his own translation.

“I have climbed up here to sketch,” the dead girl said. “A storm has come on. The lightning had struck the tower. The wall which made a sort of staircase for my ascent is broken down. I could not get out. When I saw what had happened, I came back into the tower, and sat down close under the wall to seek shelter from the rain. A stone from the top of the wall fell on me, and struck me down. Then I must have been insensible for some time. When I awoke again it was dark. I was very cold and wet. I could not move for pain. I have been insensible again. When I opened my eyes again it was light. I have just strength to write this. I think I am going to die. God and the Holy Mary have pity on me. Adieu! my father and my mother. Adieu! monsieur—(here there was no name). The very unhappy A. N.”

Below this was written again, “I suffer much, night is coming again. A.”

Near the bones were lying the tin box in which Mademoiselle Niboyet’s colours had been packed,—her watch, some trinkets, and

a few coins. On closer examination, it was discovered that the left thigh-bone of the skeleton was broken. Did this illustrate Adelaide's being struck down by the fallen stone? Or had it been fractured since death? Probably, the Yankee surmised, the former. His theory was that Mademoiselle Niboyet had gone to meet her lover on the wooded hill; that finding he did not come, she had wandered on to Teufelfels,—perhaps allured by the manifest beauty of the view to be seen thence—perhaps piqued at the Englishman's unpunctuality. She had mounted the steps made by the ruined walls, probably with little difficulty, and had set herself to work at her sketch. The storm had come on. The tower was struck soon after its commencement. She saw her hope of return cut off. While endeavouring to get cover from the rain, she had been dangerously hurt by a falling stone. If she had cried, no one had been near to hear. She lay, probably unable to crawl up to the opening in the wall, knowing that now that the stones by which she ascended were thrown down, no one would dream of seeking for her in a place almost inaccessible to two strong men. So she died. What agonies she had endured would never be revealed in detail. But it might fairly be hoped that the injury and exposure she had sustained had so far accelerated her dissolution as to spare her the worst pangs of famine.

The two travellers returned pensive and awed, to make the necessary communications to the authorities of Dummereselstein. The Englishman started on the very night of the discovery for Coblenz, and the Yankee had never seen him since.

"And that," said my friend, "is the Legend of Teufelfels, and if you know any sadder or stranger in your poetry-books or guide-books, I'm whipped,—and that's what no citizen of the great United States of America ever was or ever will be, if he can help it. Good night, stranger!" I mused in the night-watches over the wild story of the hapless Adelaide. I could not drive her from my thoughts, but saw her under the cold wall dying in the wet, and the wind, and the anguish. I pictured to myself the slow grief of the poor old parents, and hoped that no unhappy consequences resulted to the Englishman and his bride.

I rose early in the morning, bent on a visit to the Schloss von Teufelfels, intending to visit the ruin, and breakfast at Schwachkopfheim. I surmounted the crag on which the tower stands, and was amply repaid for my trouble by the glorious view. It is even better from this point, than from the river. But, after all, it was not the view that I had

come to see. It was the scene of poor Adelaide Niboyet's death. A thrill of romantic interest shot through me as I turned to inspect the hallowed stones. The tower is round, and about forty feet high; but so much is evident from below. I looked for the aperture through which Adelaide and her discoverers had entered the building. Strange to say, no such opening was visible. But some years had elapsed since the finding of the bones, and time had no doubt wrought more changes upon the crumbling edifice.

The breakfast at Schwachkopfheim was the perfection of a breakfast. The milk the richest—the butter the freshest—the bread the whitest—the strawberries the sweetest—the Schwachkopfheimer the rarest!

It was late in the afternoon when I walked into the Hotel de l'Europe at Dummereselstein.

"Where," I said, "is the gentleman who was with me last evening?"

"The English gentleman, sir?"

"Yes," I said. (There was no use in explaining that all who talk English are not English.)

"The gentleman who has been here so often before."

"Been here so often before?"

"Yes."

"If mein herr means the English gentleman who was sitting in the balcony last night, he left this morning by the ten o'clock boat. But he has never been here before."

"Never been here before?"

"Never, mein herr—not in my time; and I've been here—boy and waiter—for eighteen years."

"H'm.—Indeed. The gentleman was telling me the strange legend of Teufelfels."

"Ah! yes—about the ghost of the monk who was murdered by the baron?"

"Not at all;—about the young French lady who was lost."

"The young French lady who was lost?"

"Yes. Don't you know the story?—Mademoiselle Niboyet?"

"No; mien herr; never heard a word of it."

"Ah! You will keep my place at the *table d'hôte*."

"Number 37?"

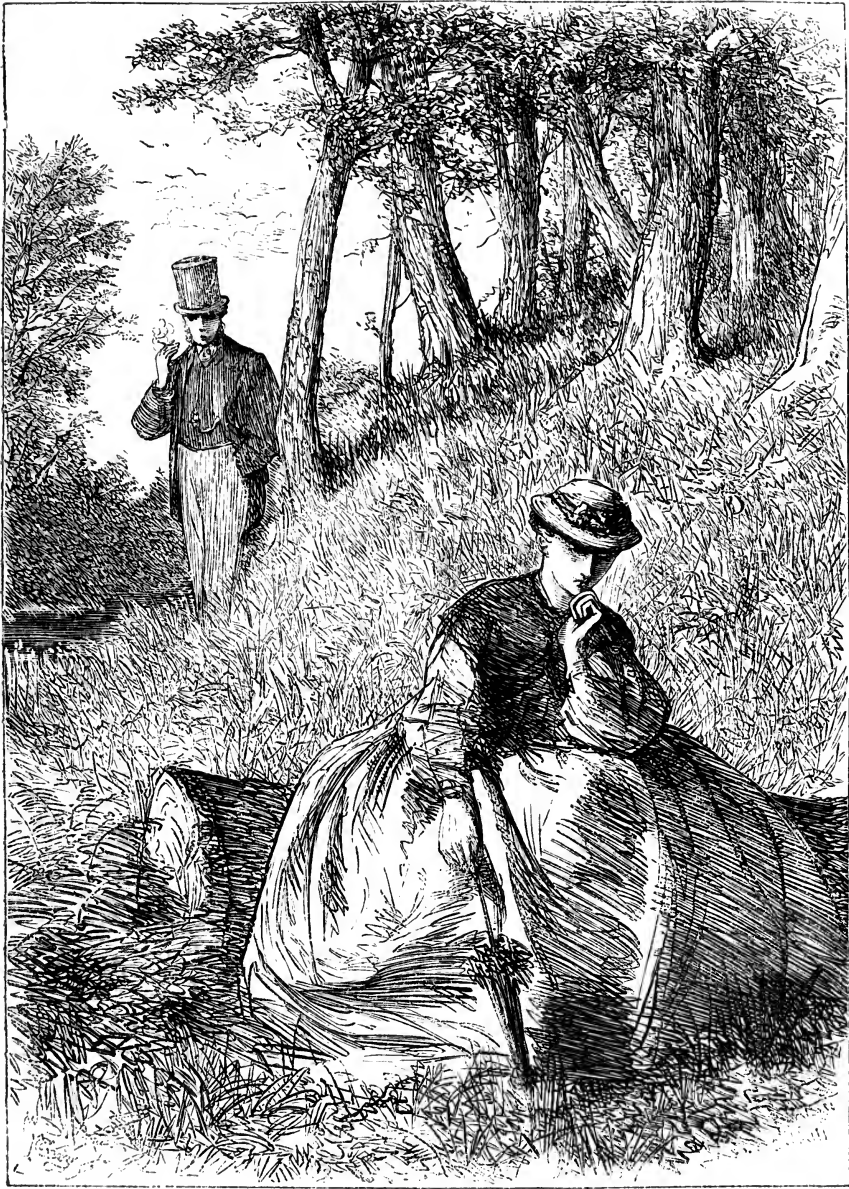
"Number 37."

It was strange that there should be no opening in the wall of Teufelfels tower—strange that a waiter who had lived in Dummereselstein eighteen years should never have heard of Adelaide Niboyet, and never have seen my Yankee friend before.

One thing at least was clear enough. He was a Yankee. B. J.

QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

A TALE IN FOUR PARTS. BY GEORGE SCOTT.



PART IV.

HUMBERSTON on his return to the Grange found Vivian in the hands of lawyers and agents, and, as his own preparations were by no means of the extensive nature he had

alleged, there were several hours left him to dispose of before dinner. A sudden fancy came over him to have another look at the place where he had first seen Helen Conway : though he would not for worlds have admitted

this object to any one, and almost tried to persuade himself that he was only going to have a smoke by the brook. It was soon reached, and there the first thing that met his eye was Helen herself seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, almost on the very spot where he had been lying.

It is always decidedly awkward to meet people after we have taken leave of them preparatory to a long absence, we feel so like convicted impostors, and are painfully conscious that our presence requires explanation, not to say apology. He tried to laugh it off as he best could.

"Well, Miss Conway," he said, "I suppose you flattered yourself you were safe from me at any rate. I am here in the body, so you need not think it is my ghost, and that I am going to haunt you."

"And you really are going?" she said.

The beautiful face was serious, even sad—the voice low and gentle, and he felt its sway still in every nerve.

"Yes," he said, "I am off to-morrow, as I told you."

She sat down again. He stood by her, not meaning—not even wishing to stay, but yet unable to tear himself away at once.

At last she said, "This is the place where we first met, isn't it? Yes, I thought so. But I don't think I could count on your aid now, Mr. Humberston, if I was to come to grief."

"Why not? What do you mean?" said he.

"You are dreadfully angry with me. Now are you not? Oh! I saw it this morning. And yet, whatever you may think, I do so wish to be good friends with you."

"Miss Conway," said he, "*that* is, just now, not possible. I love you too much—too madly, I believe, to be content with what you offer. Don't be afraid," he went on, "I'm not going to bother you now. But this is at the bottom of my going away. I'm a fool, but I can't help myself. You've bewitched, possessed me. I'm in a fever of irritation when I'm with you, and when I'm away, I am restless and longing to see you again. I can think of nothing else, apply myself to nothing. Now this won't do. I can't afford to become one-ideaed, and put my mind out of my own power in this way. And so I'm going away to try if I can get tranquil once more when I am away from you. If I can—Heaven only knows—and I meet you again and can look on you calmly, I shall then be proud of your friendship if you will give it to me. Till I can do so, I own I'd rather not see your face. Forgive me for speaking so plainly, and now good-by, Helen. I must call you so this once."

He took her hand, which lay passive in her lap—pressed it—and was turning away. But there came a little struggling cry which stayed his steps: "Oh! don't go! don't leave me!"

His heart gave one fierce exultant throb, and he almost felt the blood as it rushed through his veins. The eager craving love that was in him burst at one sweep through all the curbs which had checked it. He threw himself by her side, caught her in his arms, and almost devoured her with his passionate kisses.

There may have been a faint, half-audible protest, but he heeded it not. He lost his head, and was only at last roused to consciousness by the sound of his own voice to find that he was holding her strained to his heart, and asking her, "Did she love him?"

She made an effort to free herself, but he held her fast; then she looked up with the old saucy smile, "Why, in Heaven's name, what would you have, sir?" she asked, "exacting as you are, you might be satisfied, I should think." She looked into his eyes—the soft round arm stole round his neck, "Oh, I do! I do!—my darling," she murmured, and burst into wild tears.

He did all he could to sooth and calm her, for she frightened him. It was like seeing a man's tears.

"Let me cry," she said, "it won't hurt me, I know; but I haven't cried for years and years, and almost forget the way. There! I'm better now; only I have a great mind to go on, for I find being petted exceedingly pleasant. And so you loved me all the time? I knew you did, and I believe I loved you; only I tried and tried against it, and treated you as badly as ever I could, to show myself that I didn't. You know why—you know what I wanted, or thought I wanted. And when you got angry, and wouldn't put up with it, then I found I liked you all the better, and that frightened me. Why, to-day after you had gone, do you know I went away up to a window, where I could see you, and I watched you, and you did not once look back, and then I felt—oh, so wretched!" She shuddered.

"This must be love—*real* love, I feel now; for it doesn't seem to me that I care about anything except being with you, and knowing that you love me. How did you make me love you, I wonder? I think you used to mesmerise me when I was singing."

"Hardly," he said, laughing, "for you certainly mesmerised me then."

"Ah, but I think you did. But"—hesitating a little—"ar'n't you afraid of me? Don't you think I shall plague your life out? I'm a frightfully dangerous creature to tie your-

self to ; any one would say you were a fool to think of it. I told you—you know what I am—or what I was—for I don't know what I am now."

"I tell you," he said, "as I told you before, that I love you as you are, faults and all, whatever they may be. I would not have you changed by a hair's breadth, my own. You are a glorious prize to win ! If I can't keep you, now I've won you, it will only show that I'm not strong enough. But I'm not afraid."

"Well, if I satisfy you, I suppose it's enough. You don't know," she went on very gently, as she laid her head on his shoulder, "how I love you, and thank you for winning and subduing me. It's so delicious to think that I belong to you, and have got you to think of, and must do as you tell me. If I didn't really think I should make you happy, you shouldn't have me ; but I hope I shall—I know I shall."

They were silent some minutes ; then she said :

"What on earth am I to say to everybody ? There will be *such* a scene ! I must be changed, indeed ! Do you know, I am almost afraid of papa ? Really, though, his case will be a strong one this time. We have been playing at shepherd and shepherdess in earnest. You don't think I'm an heiress, do you ? You'd much better go and have nothing more to say to me." But she held him fast.

The question of ways and means had, in fact, been most completely absent from Humberston's mind, and he still felt too happy in the present to think of it.

"You leave that to me," he said. "I shall talk to Vivian. You know what interest he has. He must be the *deus ex machinâ*."

"Oh, I'll leave it to you with pleasure," she said. "You needn't fear that I shall want to assert my independence. Only be quite sure of this,—I am yours, and nothing shall keep me from you whenever you tell me to come. And now it's fearfully late, and I must get in. I shall have a headache, and keep in my room. I can't see tiresome people to-night. We had better separate here. Now, good-bye." Another long embrace, and they parted.

"Why, Humberston," called out Vivian, as the other entered the room where he was sitting, "what on earth have you been doing ? I've been waiting dinner for you this half hour. Halloa ! though," he went on, as he looked at him again, "what's up, old fellow ?"

Humberston laughed. "I'll tell you by-and-by ; not whilst you're hungry. Profoundly sorry to have delayed you, I'm sure."

"I think I see," said Vivian. "A light seems breaking in on me. May I ask, do you still intend to go to town to-morrow ?"

"Will you wait ? I'll tell you every thing as soon as we've dined."

He did as he said, and told him of his meeting with Helen, and its result.

"Well," said Vivian, "I may as well shut up for the future. I *did* think I knew something of women, and it's manifestly the grossest delusion. You're satisfied now, I should hope."

"Of course ; but I admit I don't see my way very distinctly. There are such things as ways and means, you know."

"My dear fellow, I told you yesterday that you were to be my heir, and of course I don't mean you to be exposed to the temptation of accelerating the course of nature. Now that's settled, and don't let us have any protests about it."

"Well, but what will old Conway say, do you think ?"

Vivian thought a little. "He won't like it, that's certain," he said. "And all things considered, small blame to him. He has set his heart on a *great* match for his daughter, and that you are not, and never will be. Your mind is quite made up on this matter ?"

"Fixed as fate."

"Then—you may certainly tell me you're big enough to fight your own battles—but will you let me act *in loco parentis*, and see him for you ?"

"My dear fellow, if you would, you know I should be only too thankful ; but, really, I don't like to disturb the even tenor of your ways."

"Never mind that," said Vivian, "you know Conway has an infernal temper, and if you went to him he'd be more likely than not to give you a taste of it, and make a scene, and as you intend him to have the honour of being your father-in-law, it's as well not to begin with unpleasant memories. He'll be pretty well behaved with me. I've a strong impression he'd rather we did not quarrel. Besides after all what can he do ? He's one of those men who bluster a good deal, but when they're fairly in a corner, give in. He must know that the fair Cleopatra has a most energetic volition, and no exaggerated notions of paternal authority. Still it's better that you should have his sanction, and I mean to get it for you. But I suppose I can't reckon on seeing you abroad this autumn ?"

"Look here, Vivian," said Humberston, "I'm not going in for fine speeches, but I'll just say this. Neither my marriage—if I do marry—nor anything else I do, is ever to put any

obstacle between you and me. At least, if I thought so, it wouldn't be done, that's all."

"You're a good boy," said Vivian, and his voice was very soft and kind. "Now listen to me, Ned. Many years ago, I was very near indeed to perfect happiness, or what I thought so, and you know I missed it. Well, I was always of rather a selfish turn, and that didn't improve me. I've done a good deal of mischief in my time, and I can't charge my memory with having been of much use to any one as yet. Now, I've a fancy that I should like to do a little good, by way of a change, if it could be achieved without too much trouble. I'll do my best to see you well through this business—and I'm not much given to failures."

The March of the next year was drawing to its close, in soft winds and sunshine that would have done credit to June. London was filling fast, but the day was still early, and the smoking-room at the —— Club was unoccupied, save by Montague Thirlestone, who, lying back in his favourite chair, was combining the delights of an enormous cigar and a new magazine. He looked up in some annoyance as the door opened, for the paper interested him, and he wanted to finish it undisturbed, but in an instant the magazine was thrown away, and he sprang to his feet to meet the intruder—Charles Vivian.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I didn't even hope to see you for the next two months, so you're all the more welcome. When did you get here?"

"Only last night. I've come straight from Naples. It seems my presence is considered necessary to add the crowning grace to a wedding, and I received such favourable accounts of the weather here, that I thought I might venture."

"A wedding?" said Thirlestone, "whose is it?"

Vivian laughed.

"You know the lady pretty well, Monty, I fancy—Helen Conway."

"I should say I did. Then it's that friend of yours,—Humberston isn't his name?—unless he's thrown over too."

"No, it's Humberston," said Vivian. "So you have heard something of it then?"

"Something of it! My dear fellow, during a painfully memorable three weeks of last autumn, I heard of nothing else. You know Carry went down there fully determined to propose, and thought he was very well received. He flattered himself he was making way immensely, when all of a sudden, one fine morning, that mildest and most inefficient of sheep-dogs,

the aunt you know, came to him—but you must know all this"—

"Only imperfectly, and by guess," said Vivian, "go on. I daresay she told Humberston, but he didn't tell me."

"Well Mrs. Dynevor comes to him (he'd made her a sort of confidante beforehand I believe), and throws out some hints about engaged affections, and that sort of thing, you know. However, neither of them are spoiled diplomatists, and at last the truth had to be blurted out—Helen had pledged herself to Mr. Humberston. His lordship admits that he was in a rage, considered that he had been grossly trifled with, and said so. See the lady herself, he must and would, and ultimately he did, and she quite took him aback by being very gentle and quiet, and at last begging his pardon if she'd caused him any pain, and owning that she hadn't known her own mind till the last moment. Carry felt more in love with her than ever, but saw he had no chance, so he forgot all about his engagement to Lady Tiverton, and rushed over to me at Baden-Baden to tell me all about it. He's always been used to come to me you know for help and comfort whenever he came to grief ever since he was a little chap so high. It was rather a bore, I must say; there was an awfully jolly lot there—De Vitry, Martigny, Weston, and a man he knew, a Russian Count Orloff something—such a fellow! He'll amuse you; you'll meet him this season. He's coming here. We only wanted you there to be perfect. Well, Carry isn't the best company at any time, and of course now he was worse; but he's a dear good fellow, and so I sighed and resigned myself. I kept him with me; wouldn't let him go and marry Flora Ruthinglen, just to show he didn't care; made him lose a little money at the tables, then took him on to Vienna, and at the end of three weeks succeeded in inducing him to realize that Helen Conway was not the only woman in the world after all. I think it's the best thing possible for him that he's out of it. She would never have cared for him, and wouldn't even have taken the trouble to pretend to, and he's an affectionate fellow at bottom, and it would have cut him up, and sent him to the bad likely enough, which would be a pity, for he might be trained into a very decent family-man if he met with the right kind of woman. But I can't understand how Conway *père* was brought round. He certainly wanted Carrysbrook, or somebody like him, for a son-in-law, and had good reasons for it.

"Well," said Vivian, "I fancy that result is attributable to me in great measure. I went

to him and told him the exact state of the case. He did bluster and talk big at first, no doubt, but I gave him to understand that I quite identified myself with Humberston in the matter, and that had its effect. Conway, you see, has a passion for being a great man in the county, but his position is very precarious. If I back him up he may hold it: if I opposed him he certainly would not. Besides which, you know that story about young Conway. Well, his father knows I know it. Of course I wouldn't have worked a screw like that to gain any point, but he didn't know that; in fact, it would be rather beyond his comprehension, and I didn't think it necessary to tell him I wouldn't. Faugh! dealing with such people isn't pleasant, but fools must be treated according to their folly. Helen is of age, and we all knew he couldn't give her any money, so what hold had he? He gave in at last and made a clean breast of it to me, and told me that he was on the edge of ruin, and had looked to his daughter's marriage as a means of saving himself. It was really pitiable, and I promised to put my shoulder to the wheel in his behalf. I recommended my man of business to him—his own is an old fool—and I think now that with strict economy on his part he'll be able to keep his head above water and save something. I've done a little for him myself, and have got more done, and he's abjectly grateful—or seems so."

"Well, but Humberston has next to nothing, has he? and if she has nothing, what the deuce are they going to live on?"

"He will ultimately have pretty nearly as much as I have," said Vivian. "He will be my heir, as far as I can make him so, and I don't suppose I shall overtax his patience."

"Stuff and nonsense! We're not going to let you die yet, old fellow," said Thirlestane, but his hard, clever face softened strangely as he laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"No," said Vivian, "I don't mean to—in fact, I'm better than I have been, still, it's morally certain I shan't be an old man, and I was forty-four last week."

"And I shall be next month. We're pretty close together, Vivian."

"I must see more of Humberston," resumed Thirlestane, after a pause, "I know scarcely anything of him."

"You'll hear a good deal some of these days. He'll be a success, I really believe. I don't think I used to do him full justice. He's a better man than I ever was."

"Hardly that, old fellow."

"Yes he is, Monty. He's heavier metal, and has more backbone in him."

"And she,—is she really tamed at last?"

"I believe he is literally her one thought. She was not the woman to do things by halves, you know; any way she seems to flourish on it—I never saw her looking so well."

"Yes," said Thirlestane, "it's the way with them all. They cannot stand alone, do what they will. They must have something to worship. Better a sham than nothing. I must see them both—it will be interesting."

"Look here," said Vivian, "come and dine at Conway's to-day, I'm going to, and I'll take you. He's very much subdued, and won't bore you."

"All right; so be it. Upon my word, Vivian, it makes one realise painfully that one's getting an old fogey to watch all these matters as calm and uninterested spectators."

"It doesn't follow that you need confine yourself to that always," said Vivian; "you may resist assuming that rôle with good reason. Practically you're years younger than I am; as for me, I'm quite aware that I'm only a *locum tenens* at the whole affair, and shall be delighted to make my best bow and yield up my place when I'm told to."

"Pish!" said Thirlestane; "don't moralise any more or you'll make me melancholy. *Dum vivimus vivamus* at any rate. The evening papers must be in and the room full by this time. Come down and try if contact with the world won't warm your blood again. Come."

THE LOST APPRENTICE.

OLD IZAAK lauds "the simplicity of the gentle craft." In that spirit some of his followers have proposed to re-stock our native rivers with salmon, and to introduce the same into those of the Southern hemisphere, where it has hitherto been unknown.

A certain civic dignity once combated his wife's request to visit Paris by contending that if Providence had intended her to see that city, she would have been born a Frenchwoman. Without going to that extreme length, experience shows that it is nearly impossible to acclimatize exotic animals to exist in a state of nature in their adopted country, and that it is quite impossible to re-stock a territory with animals originally found there, but extinguished by the progress of civilisation and other causes. Take the instance of the lama introduced into Australia with every promise of success: a few years sufficed to show that they were unsuited to the climate and soil, so that the experiment resulted in a dead failure. The horse, the sheep, the cow, and the pig, may be brought forward as instances of the contrary. It is

held with great reason that they were created to accompany man in his wanderings, and that their organisation is peculiarly constituted for that express purpose. Indeed, in the case of the pig, White of Selborne narrates the failure of an attempt made by Charles the First to re-introduce wild boars into the New Forest, where they had been hunted by the Conqueror. The imported animals died out, but left traces of themselves in the lanky descendants of the tame breed now running about nearly in a wild state in the vicinity of Lyndhurst.

As regards the introduction of salmon into our Antipodean dominions, one very important point appears to have been overlooked. After numerous failures salmon-ova have been safely transported to the other side of the world, they have quickened, hatched out, and the young fry are now darting through streams eight thousand miles in a straight line through the earth from their parental home. Granted that the salmon fail as did the lama, the vain attempt will be famous as exhibiting the indomitable pluck of the British bulldog in great things as well as small.

“Take a suck at the lemon and at him again,”

was the maxim that planted St. George's Cross on the crumbling ruins of the Redan, and introduced the sparrow to the Maories.

It is needless to dilate upon the well-known fact, that rivers in Australia are at one time raging torrents, at another time a chain of muddy pools, neither of which conditions are favourable either to the depositing or hatching out of the ova. At present the salmon is confined to the rivers of the northern section of the Northern hemisphere. At a certain period of the year it descends the rivers into the sea, where it disappears for some months from mortal ken, until it reappears at the mouth of the very same river from which it started. It is a known fact that there are three small rivers in Scotland emptying themselves into the same bay, and stocked with varieties of salmon easily distinguishable one from the other. It is asserted, without fear of contradiction, that there is not an instance on record of a salmon being caught in other than his native river.

It is self-evident that the salmon cannot exist without eating, or else it would not take a bait. When taken, its stomach is usually found empty, either from the rapidity of its digestion, or because it regurgitates its food from fear at the moment of capture; in the few instances recorded of food being found in the stomach, it has always consisted of herrings. Now herrings only appear upon the coasts into which all the salmon rivers debouch, and Arctic voyagers say that the salmon follow the

herrings into the recesses of the Arctic Sea. Now the true herring does not inhabit Australian waters; granted, however, that the salmon does not feed on herrings solely, still the Tasmanian fauna is so diametrically distinct from that of the Northern hemisphere that it is dubious whether the salmon, from want of proper food, could exist in the depths of the Southern ocean. So also are the seasons contrary to ours. When the Scottish salmon, by hereditary instinct, returns from the sea (always supposing him not to have been starved there), and ascends the mouth of the Yarra Yarra, which, according to his family calendar, ought to be running strong, he will soon find himself landlocked without hope of exit in a mud hole.

Whether Young Australia will ever eat salmon cutlets, *cela ne me regarde pas*, gentle reader; let him, like the nabobs, eat preserved salmon, which, with plenty of pepper and vinegar, is really quite edible. Let us look at home and contemplate the slabs of the British fishmonger.

It is said that English rivers can again be re-stocked with salmon, that at one time it was superabundant in them, and that it can again be sold at a mere nominal price when that state of things is restored.

Of course, where even a few salmon come up to spawn in any river, by preserving and care the stock of fish will increase and multiply. The salmon has entirely disappeared from our silvery Thames. Will it ever be possible for the cockney angler to catch salmon from Putney, as is now done from Galway, Bridge? I trow not. Lord Byron once complained that his Poems divided public favour with the Cookery Book of Mrs. Rundell, and the Spelling Assistant of Dr. Mavor, that is to say about 1810. She thus wrote, “The Thames salmon bears the highest price, that caught in the Severn is next in goodness, and is even preferred by some.” Surely the opportunity of selection shows that it was not Hobson's choice, that or none. It may be that the price had something to do with it, as Severn salmon fetched but two, and Thames salmon ten shillings per pound. There is, or was lately, an old man living at Weybridge who caught the last Thames salmon about 1822, upon the very beach whence his grandfather had carted away a load. The rapid extinction of the fish within so few years has been attributed to several extraneous causes, such as gas, sewage, water from the docks, steamboats, or Teddington lock. All admit that it was from some cause akin to the stream itself, although they may differ as to the exact nature of it. Surely it would be more business-like to settle what destroyed the

previous race of salmon, before a new race is propagated only to be destroyed by the self-same cause, at present existing unknown.

It is said that salmon were once as common as stickle-backs. This depends upon the testimony of that fastidious young gentleman who covenanted in his indentures of apprenticeship that he should not be obliged to eat salmon more than four times per week. I, on the contrary, should like to have the chance of binding down Mr. Grove of Charing Cross, to find it so often for me, gratis.

That apprentice is not the only fool who quarrelled with "*toujours perdrix*." I once employed some eight racing lads, who had been dwarfed in their paternal halls upon dry bread, on red-letter days flavoured with a minute fraction of hatchet-cheese (so called because that implement is used to cut a slice) or rusty bacon. I had leave to shoot over some thousand acres of down land upon condition of supplying the tenants of the same with a reasonable quantity of game in return. Race-horses in winter are usually only doing walking exercise, so that from 11 A.M. to evening stable the trainer is his own master. "Being (as Peter Plymley said) seven miles from a lemon," there was no other way for me to kill time but to go out shooting, and the larder was usually well stocked. When there was more game than was likely to be wanted these boys had it for dinner; and, as such was often the case, they one day delegated a spokesman to request that they might return to the cabbage, bacon, and hard pudding, which form the usual staple of racing-boys' diet.

That apprentice is my *bête noir*, and the parchment of his indentures is as slippery as a live eel. His authority is undeniable before parliamentary committees, and in pamphlets which take a one-sided and hopeful view of the salmon future. I see it through a glass darkly, and deny his authority at the expense of disputing his existence. He is a myth,—own brother to Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, and his indentures are an *ignis fatuus*, guiding the follower into outer darkness.

Catch the first chaw-bacon that you see and ask him whether he has ever seen the young adders run down the dam's throat; he will reply "often." Tell him if he will catch the next specimen he sees and bring it to you, that you will forward it to the "Field" Office in the Strand, who will forward him one sovereign in return (fact); you will never see him again. In the same way another gentleman offered through the columns of the same paper, a reward of five pounds for a copy of these same indentures; there were many who had an uncle who had seen such indentures, or a

grandmother who knew the apprentice in question, but nobody "collared the flimsy."

I have spent some time in tracking the sporr of this delicately appetitized counter-jumper, and have in my reading come across certain passages which satisfy me that the whole idea is an error; and that by descending to dates and particulars, the falsity of the conclusions founded upon such data may be clearly shown.

"Guy Mannering" was first published in 1812, and was intended to represent "the manners and customs of the author's youth," say 1780. Every one remembers "the burning of the water" with which Dandie Dinmont entertained Harry Bertram; "the residue of the fish then captured were distributed amongst the attendants on the sport, and being dried in the smoke formed a welcome addition to their staple winter fare of onions and potatoes." Mrs. Scott's pony carriage was the first wheeled vehicle that ever penetrated into that part of Liddesdale. Thus we know upon the authority of an eye-witness, published more than fifty years back, that salmon was a rarity even before that time in a thinly populated inland district, and that such scarcity was not owing to its deportation to a distant market. In 1790, according to Bailey's "Survey of Durham," six hundred salmon was thought to be a considerable take for one year in the pool at Chester-le-Street on the Tyne. In "The Recollections of Perth," published 1760, by an inhabitant of that town at that date, it is written, "The backbones of the salmon caught in the Tay and kippered for the London market, were the principal fresh viands eaten by the poorer inhabitants of that town during the summer months." Now the Tay is one of our principal salmon rivers, and even in these degenerate days will furnish many tons of fish per week, and the various fisheries thereon bring to their respective proprietors something like 37,000*l.* per year. This statement shows that the rapacious jaws of the London market even then attracted all distant delicacies, to the great enhancement of their price in their native locality. This kippering of salmon for exportation was of ancient date, as the register of the Scottish consul at Magdeburg in 1378 is yet extant, wherein are contained the ordinances regulating the importation of salmon into that town from Scotland. The German burghers were fed with the crumbs falling from the rich man's table, and joyfully accepted at second-hand what the Glasgow flat-poll scornfully rejected in its original excellence.

The date of "Redgauntlet" is coeval with the coronation of George III. The notes to that novel detail the riots on the Solway Frith

occasioned by the introduction of stake-nets, which abridged the supply of fish caught by those inland.

On 17th July, 1755, there were taken at two tides in the Tyne more than 2500 salmon, a greater number than had been taken in that river under similar circumstances for many years. The price of that fish fell in Newcastle market to one penny per pound, although even then that town was notorious for the excellence of its pickled salmon. Lord Eldon was then running about the "chares" of "cannie Newcastle" in short clothes. His biography will tell you that his native town was then three weeks' journey from London for heavy goods. In the month of August, 1858, five thousand fish were caught at one tide in the Tay, but there was no perceptible fall in the current rate at Billingsgate market, to which they were all dispatched. August 25, 1814, ten thousand salmon caught in the Tweed fetched in Berwick market 6d. per pound from the picklers for London consumption. "Old Mortality" describes the fight at Drumclog, say 1679, and in the description of the dinner at Milnwood, we read, "A large boiled salmon now-a-days would have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers of Scotland that instead of its being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said to have sometimes stipulated that they should not be required to eat food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality more than five times per week." By using the word "said," Sir Walter accepted with caution the truth of this tradition, although it is referred to nearly two centuries ago. We must therefore hark-back and considerably antedate that apprentice and his indentures.

There is an account-book still preserved in which are entered the expenses of maintaining Crammer, Latimer, and Ridley whilst imprisoned in Bocardo, circa 1556. It is not likely that men in their critical position and of their simple habits would desire or would be allowed luxuries. Their fare may be reasonably expected to be composed of the ordinary market provisions in season: a goose cost fourteence, a pair of chickens sixpence, a piece of salmon tenpence. At a dinner *à la Russe* to-day the salmon would scarcely cost more than twice as much as a pair of spring chickens.

Professor Kingsley, in his allegory of "The Water Babies" wrote, "When Winchester apprentices shall covenant as they *did*" (not like Sir Walter's "as it was *said* they did"), three hundred years ago (say 1560), that they

be not made to eat salmon more than three days per week." We have seen what was actually the price of a piece of salmon in Oxford market at that time, let us now see what was the actual supply and value of salmon at Winchester a century and a half before the date assigned by the novelist. In 1410 William of Wykeham dispatched a horseman from Winchester to Gloucester to fetch two salmon for a great dinner that he was about to give, although now-a-days gourmands prefer a Christ Church to a Severn salmon if they can get it. There must have been "an ancient and fish-like" odour about that salmon when served up, like the *haut goût* of the Hanoverian oysters, so desiderated at St. James's by the first Guelph, and very unlike the perfume emanating from the one dispatched from Gloucester at noon, and served up at 7 p.m. as part of the model banquet dressed by Alexis Soyer for the Reform Club. In 1394 the same prelate gave a dinner to Richard the Second, and the ten great salmon for it cost one hundred pence. The account-book of Reading Abbey for that date shows that a sheep cost a shilling. Severn salmon is now selling at Cheltenham for two-and-sixpence per pound, whilst a sheep is worth three pounds.

From the time of Magna Charta to the reign of Elizabeth, the statute book teems with acts regulating the size of net meshes or takeable salmon, and the period during which they might lawfully be caught. Now indentures of apprenticeship only came into use in the reign of the Virgin Queen. By an act passed in the first year of her reign, it was ordained that salmon under sixteen inches in length were to be returned to the water; the present salmon act enacts that every mesh shall be two inches square each way when wet: as the length of a salmon is twice its girth, it effects the same end. The former act shows that salmon-preserving acts were requisite before the indenture could have been made to guard against a superabundance of such fish.

The third volume of the *Archæology of Wales*, printed from manuscripts in the possession of the Earl of Macclesfield (the reformer of the Calendar), informs me that "Salmon is common game, because when it is taken in a net or by a spear, or in any other manner, any one who may come up to the spot before it is *divided*, shall have a share equal with the man who caught it, if it be in *common water*." If salmon were as plentiful then as they now suppose them to have been, the company would have each caught a salmon instead of *dividing* one. The expression "*common water*" satisfies me that salmon fisheries were then as closely preserved as now.

Lastly (as Tom Sayers might say), to give my antagonist "a topper," in the beginning of the eighth century, Ina, king of the West Saxons, enacted a law by which ten hides of plough lands (a hide is variously estimated at, from 60 to 120 acres) constituting a farm should pay 10 casks of honey, 300 loaves of bread, 12 casks of strong ale, 30 casks of small beer, 2 oxen, 10 widders, 10 geese, 20 hens, 10 cheeses, a cask of butter, 5 salmon, 20 loads of forage, and 100 eels. This is evidently not a nominal or peppercorn rent, but a substantial return for the occupation of the farm, and appears to me to show that, even at that remote period, salmon had an intrinsic and appreciable value.

The reader, from these examples, can judge whether salmon did, or did not, always fetch a good price at market from being a somewhat scarce commodity. Let us now see whether, supposing them to be again as numerous in our rivers as they are said to have been, whether we should get them much cheaper than we do now.

First. The salmon-producing rivers of Great Britain can be counted on the fingers. There is not one, barring the Thames, between the Itchen and the Humber, or nearly one-third of the seaboard of the island. 6000 sheep are sold every week at Islington, and mutton averages 8*d.* per lb. all round. The Tay, which is our largest salmon river, annually produces about 900,000 lbs. of salmon, equivalent to 18,000 sheep and lambs, or a three weeks' supply for London alone. Is, then, salmon ever likely to be cheaper than lamb, say one shilling per pound?

Secondly. Assuming that two centuries ago salmon were so very plentiful, and that they will be so plentiful again, it must be remembered that there are four times as many mouths to eat them. It may be that a farmer living in an inaccessible district, far from market, preferred to feed his servants on valueless salmon caught without expense in his own stream, to killing sheep or hogs which had some value. We have seen that in a glut of salmon they only fetched, at Newcastle in 1758, one penny per pound, because there was no market for them; and we have seen, that in 1814 at Berwick, under the same circumstances, four times as large a quantity fetched sixpence per pound to pickle for the London market. Thirty years ago the Essex farmers manured their land with sprats because they could not send them to London; now the same fish is sent to Billingsgate, and the news being wired down to Birmingham, the overplus is sent there. Steam has destroyed time and distance, and the salmon-fisheries of Galway and Norway are

but a store for Billingsgate. Lastly, *moi qui vous parle*, I have bought salmon in London for fourpence per pound in order to pickle it.

JOHN WILKINS.

OUR NEW BEARER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

IN a not very long residence in Calcutta, we had changed our bearer (for we only kept one) several times. The first that we had took advantage of our ignorance as new-comers, to prefer his own ease to our interests; but as we grew wiser and more experienced, we discovered this failing, and at once gave him his jawáb, or dismissal. The second was a Hindu of a very high caste (which fact, however, did not prevent him eating any sweetmeat or delicacy of the defiled Feringhees on which he could lay his hands), and as we felt that the requirements of his conscience and our service could not be satisfied by the same individual, we accordingly gave him warning. Shortly before the departure of bearer No. 2, an applicant for his place arrived. Making the usual salám he handed me his chittis, or written testimonials of service, which were very satisfactory; but in reality they prove very little, as any one who wants them can buy or hire them in the bazaar, or borrow them from a friend, and of course we had no means of identifying the man with the individual whose praises were sung so highly in the documents I read. The only protection, and it is but slight, that a master has against fraud, is to keep all his servants' chittis until they leave him; and it sometimes happens that, when a servant understands this, he declines a situation he has just accepted, in order that he may regain the testimonials he has presented as his own, and restore them to their proper owner. It is always safe to engage a servant with a character from an English friend, but any one who has fortunately secured a good servant, naturally wishes to keep him for himself, and our friends (from the short time we had been in India) were few, and none had bearers to recommend.

I was on the point of engaging him, when my wife interrupted me by begging me not to do so, as she thought he had a bad countenance, and was certain no good would come of it.

"Why, Alice," I said, "what good can you expect? so long as the man does his work, and obeys my orders, we require nothing more. We shall have no nonsense about caste with him; and, at all events, if we find we don't like him, we can easily get rid of him."

My wife was silent, but not (I fancied) convinced. After a pause she said, "Well, engage him if you choose; but to please me, load your revolver, for when you are away I shall

be terrified if that man is sitting at the door, and I have nothing to protect myself with."

I laughed at her fears, but promised to do as she wished, and arranged that the man should come the next day but one; for we were going to change our rooms in the morning, and wished to be settled before he came. Our old rooms had only a north aspect, and as in the hot weather the evening breeze is always from the south, we had long wanted to make a change. A family going to England had that morning left a boarding-house in the same street as ours, belonging to the same proprietor, and we at once decided to move into the vacant rooms, which were larger and loftier than ours, and consisted of a bed-room and dining-room, a drawing-room and two bath-rooms, opening into a large verandah facing the south, to which the bheestee, or water-carrier, when supplying water for our baths, had easy access by a ladder concealed by a tree overshadowing it, where a colony of crows had settled: my dressing-room connected the drawing-room with one of the bath-rooms. The ground-floor and upper story were untenanted, so we were the only occupants of the house No. 18, — Street, Chowringhee. This we considered to be an advantage, being, as it were, the sole tenants of a large house, and paying so moderately for the privilege.

At about four o'clock in the morning a small army of coolies, commanded by our departing bearer, who considered himself to be of entirely different flesh and blood to such low caste individuals, moved all our belongings, piano, books, clothes, crockery, &c., into our new rooms, where we were comfortably seated at breakfast by eight o'clock, thoroughly appreciating the delicious mango fish caught that morning in the Hooghley, and resembling but far surpassing the smelt. Our favourite fruit, the lichi, was on the table, which, when its rough skin is removed, looks and tastes like a very large and fine-flavoured grape.

Having finished breakfast and called for the finger-glasses, which in India are always used after every meal, my wife proposed that we should invite the Barlows to dinner for the next night. Major and Mrs. Barlow had been long in India. During the mutiny they were at Sealkote, where they fortunately escaped being murdered, when the native troops broke out there. They had been fellow-passengers with us from England, and we had formed a friendship with them on the voyage, which had been thoroughly cemented in Calcutta, where we had derived the greatest benefit from their kindness and experience. I gave a ready assent to her proposal, and she wrote Mrs. Barlow a note and sent it by the bearer, who

quickly returned with an answer accepting our invitation, and saying they would call for us to drive with them on the course, for they knew we preferred their carriage to our own humble but more economical buggy.

We then went through our rooms, making order out of the chaos left by the coolies. All the windows were shut, and the green Venetian shutters (called *jhilmils*) reaching to the ground, were closed, and admitted none of the glare which, reflected from the white buildings on all sides, would otherwise have penetrated through the verandah into the room, and heated it in spite of the monotonous and regular swing of the large *punkah*, which being about five yards long and one wide, was suspended from the ceiling.

The short period of our residence in India had not dispelled the timidity my wife naturally felt on her arrival, and she quickly perceived that the shutters of the four drawing-room windows, and of the bath-room opening on the verandah, could not be fastened in any way, and that, as the verandah was easily accessible by the ladder I have mentioned, there was, in fact, nothing to prevent a man surprising us at any time. She said that she could never bear to pass a night in the rooms unless the windows were securely fastened: indeed, it really was not prudent to do so, for though I felt as safe in Calcutta as I should have done in any English town, yet robberies had not been of unfrequent occurrence during the cold weather, and a treacherous and deliberate murder by a native servant at Garden Reach had alarmed the whole European community.

Calling the inevitable bearer, I sent him at once to fetch a native blacksmith. After about two hours' absence, which was, of course, plausibly explained by the "mild Hindu," he returned with the man, who, under our personal inspection, firmly fastened rings and staples upon every window in the drawing-room and bath-room. I remunerated the man by giving him about a quarter of what he asked, when he retired, no doubt quite satisfied that he had cheated us in spite of the reduction.

In the evening I fastened every window with padlocks that I had brought from England, and we passed the night in safety, though my wife fancied once that she heard a noise on the verandah. In the morning our new bearer made his appearance; there was nothing remarkable in his manner; he seemed, for a native, to do his work very well.

Before we went for our early drive, he remarked that the windows were fastened, and asked for the keys, but at a pleading look from my wife I unlocked them all myself, ex-

cept that between the bath-room and verandah, which I decided to keep permanently locked, as it was very seldom used.

I well remember the drive we took that morning, and, indeed, every incident of the day. The heat was very great when we returned, about 8·0 a.m., and we were glad of the shade and comparative cold of our drawing-room. After breakfast we settled down to our usual occupations, for it was a day on which I was not compelled to be absent. We sent the bearer with sundry orders; to Wilson's for ice, and to another shop for confectionery for the dessert. He made no scruple about carrying the parcels, at which we were pleased; for our dismissed bearer had on several occasions gone to the length of engaging a cooly to carry them for him; a system of which I showed my disapproval by invariably deducting the cooly hire from his monthly wages, so that if he chose to play the great man it was at his expense, and not mine.

During the day I cleaned my revolver, which was thoroughly out of order and very rusty. My wife reminded me of my promise to load it, and as she still begged me to do so, I loaded all the chambers and capped it, saying that I hoped she would now be content, for she was secure against any six men. She interrupted me by crying: "Some one is looking through the curtain. It is moving now."

In front of the door a curtain was hung, and we usually kept the door open, with a screen partially before it. The curtain certainly was moving, so I went to the door, but as I found no one I came back suggesting that it was probably some box wallah, or itinerant pedler, a class of men who visit all the European houses in Calcutta, offering for sale stationery, eau-de-cologne, and other knick-knacks, which by purchasing from captains of merchantmen in want of ready-money, they are able to sell at a far lower rate than the English shops. Though these men generally announce their arrival by calling out, "Anything want, sahib? I all things got, eau-de-cologne got, envelopes got, &c.," yet sometimes they peep through the curtain to see if any one is in, and one had probably done so on this occasion, for he might not have seen us where we were sitting. Our bearer had gone for his dinner, so that we had no servant at the door.

At half-past five in the evening one of the Barlows' syces came to tell us that his sahib and mem-sahib were waiting below in their carriage. My wife threw a shawl over her white dress, while I sacrificed at the altar of fashion by putting on a black coat and the inevitable chimney-pot hat. We then started

for the Course, meeting and passing conveyances of every description, from the Governor-General's four-in-hand and scarlet escort of his body-guard to the rickety old ghari driven by a semi-naked native. The sun was nearly setting, when, after passing Lord Hardinge's equestrian statue and Lord Auckland's humbler one, both the resort of countless crows, we reached the river side, where the crowd was, as it always is, very great. The fine band of the — Highlanders was playing in the Eden Gardens, where natives were selling roses at an anna a bunch, and numbers of fair but pale English children were playing with their dark bearers and ayahs, or buying the ingenious toys which are always to be purchased on the maidan. After listening to the music for a short time, Mrs. Barlow proposed that we should drive round the plain; the major gave the order to the coachman (as the driver is always called in India), and we soon passed the water-gate of Fort William, and the Maharajpore memorial, and leaving the crowd behind us "eating the air," as the phrase is, found ourselves in comparative quiet.

The syces lighted the lamps, as it was now dark, and we proceeded. The conversation turned upon the mutiny, as it nearly always does in Anglo-Indian society; and Major Barlow related some circumstances connected with the rising at Sealkote.

"There was a Hindu sepoy" (he said), "whose name I forget, to whom our surgeon had been very kind when in hospital, who professed to be in our interests, and gave us information about the feeling and intentions of the native regiments. We entirely confided in him, and when at last the villains rose, by his advice the surgeon and his wife, I, with my wife and child, and one or two more, concealed ourselves in a kitchen apart from the military lines, and this sepoy promised that when the mutineers left for Delhi, he would return and assist us to escape. You may imagine the terrible suspense of those hours of waiting; flames were rising on all sides, and firing was heard at short intervals. We were, of course, well-armed, but if we were discovered, we knew that any resistance we could offer would soon be overcome. At last evening came, and we heard low voices near the place of our concealment. I mounted on a table with a revolver in my hand, but on looking through a window I whispered to those below that it was all right, for that there were only two men, and one of them was our friendly sepoy. I was on the point of addressing him when I heard him say to his companion, 'There, Abdul, the dogs are hidden, thinking that I would be faithful to their salt; they have trusted in me,

but their *raj* is over. Call our brothers, Abdul, and let us complete our work before dark.'

"Betrayed and placed in our slaughter-house by the butcher, what could we do? I could

certainly fire, but then the report *might* be heard. There was, however, no time to be lost; I steadied my hand on the window-sill, and fired twice in rapid succession. They both



(See page 583.)

fell; dead, I have little doubt, and we were once more comparatively secure. That night we made our escape, and after an exciting journey reached Umballa in safety. I always con-

gratulate myself on having wreaked such speedy vengeance on that traitorous scoundrel."

By this time we were passing the cathedral, and in a few minutes were set down at our

own door. The Barlows, who were very near neighbours, went to dress, and returning in about half-an-hour, were ushered into the drawing-room by our new bearer.

"You have got a new man, I see," said the major; "I seem to know the fellow's face very well. He has quite a military look." He asked him if he had ever served in the army, and the man, bowing his head, answered that he had always been a bearer. Major Barlow then inquired if he had ever seen him (the major) before; but he turned to me and said that the sahib was quite a stranger to him. "Well," said the major, "I know I have seen him somewhere," and Mrs. Barlow remarked that the man seemed very familiar to her, and that she fancied that she must have seen some one like him in the Punjab.

A khitmutghar with clasped hands announced that dinner was on the table, so our quartette adjourned to the dining-room. I remembered afterwards that the bearer went into my bath-room. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, as small dinners in India generally do, succeeding where "burra khaanas," or grand dinner parties, often fail.

The heat had been very oppressive, but a dust-storm, followed by a heavy shower, had cooled the air, and when, after dessert, ladies and gentlemen leaving the table together according to Indian etiquette, we went on the verandah to see what we could of a display of fireworks in the Eden Gardens, we found the night breeze very agreeable. With music and singing the evening passed pleasantly away; and Mrs. Barlow pronounced most favourably upon our present rooms, as compared with our old ones. "But," said she, "were I you, Mrs. —, I should be rather afraid at the thought of two-thirds of the house being uninhabited. Mind we don't read in the Hurkaru some morning of a fearful tragedy at No. 18."

"Oh," replied my wife, "I certainly was very timid, but I persuaded my husband to load his revolver, and now I feel quite secure, for I could fire it myself on an emergency; so if you hear a shot from this quarter, mind you send the major here at once."

"But seriously," said her husband, "you are perfectly safe; for as the great gates are shut at night, no one could get into the compound; so that, were any one to attack you it must be one of the servants, and I can hardly fancy that a Bengali has the necessary pluck. Had you been in the Punjab——" And here the major commenced a long dissertation upon the superiority of the Punjab and everything in it, robbers included, over the effeminate provinces of lower Bengal.

It is a curious fact that every one in India

seems to consider it a point of honour to maintain the superiority over every other of the particular station, district, and presidency in which (from whatever accident) the greater portion of his Indian career has been passed. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers have been the scene of many a hot argument between the advocates of Madras and Bengal. The Qui hyes (koi hai), as the latter are called, always professing to look down upon those whose lot has been cast in the Benighted Presidency (Madras).

At the conclusion of his harangue, Mrs. Barlow remarked that it was very late, and that they must really leave. As it was a lovely moonlight night, and they lived so near, we walked with them to the door, where we wished them good-night.

While looking, on our return, at the familiar constellations of Orion, the Pleiades, and the Great Bear, we could almost have fancied ourselves at home, had not the howl of the jackall, and the strange shouts of native servants going to their godowns (or huts) after their day's work, quickly dispelled any such rising thoughts.

On reaching our rooms, the servants, as usual, asked our permission to depart; for we did not, as many do, insist upon their sleeping outside the door. As all their work was done, I, of course, assented, and they left us with the usual salâm.

We sat talking and working for above an hour; quite alone, as we did not have a night punkah. I then fastened the drawing-room door which led to the staircase, and proceeded to padlock the shutters of the four windows opening on the verandah. Having done so, I remarked that we were safely barricaded again, when my wife reminded me that I had not fastened the bath-room shutter. "That," I said, "I left locked this morning; it is so seldom used that I thought I would not go through the form of locking and unlocking it every day."

"Oh," said she, "to please me, go and see that it is all right. I shall not sleep to-night, if you don't. Please go at once; it will not take a minute."

"Well," I said, "I will go and look now, but don't expect me to do it every night; for there is really not the slightest occasion." I took up a lamp and went through my dressing-room into the bath-room, and my wife went with me.

"There," I cried, "is the window locked and secure. Go and give it a pull, and then I hope you will be satisfied."

She laughed, and owned it was very foolish, but going to the window pulled the padlock, when, to our astonishment and consternation,

the staple fell upon the matting of the floor, and the padlock remained in her hand.

She turned very white, and, trembling all over, said, "Oh, John, there must be some mistake; how badly the blacksmith must have fastened it. Why did not you try every staple when he had finished?"

"Indeed, I did so," I replied, "and they were as firm as possible. I remember thinking what a capital workman he was. This is no fault of his, Alice," I added, very gravely, "some one has loosened the staple with the intention of entering by that window to-night. The question now is, whether we shall leave the house, and try to call our neighbours up, or whether, as we are prepared, we shall wait here. I think that with my revolver I should be a match for them, even if there be more than one, and if there are any, as is probable, lurking about the house, we should be more likely to be surprised outside than here. I say *we*, dearest, for if I went you would, of course, accompany me, for I dare not leave you alone here, even for a moment."

What answer my wife would have given, or what we should have done I do not know, for I had hardly finished speaking when she fainted away. I carried her into our bed-room, tore down the net mosquito curtains, and laid her on the bed.

I was opening the medicine-chest for some sal volatile, when I plainly heard a light foot-step on the verandah. Seizing my revolver I hurried to the bath-room, and took up my position in a corner, whence I could have a view of the intruder before he could see me. Almost immediately the shutter was pushed open, and a man with a tulwar, or native sword, in his hand entered stealthily, and as the moon-beams fell upon his face, I recognised the features of our new bearer. The villain was slowly advancing to my dressing-room, when I called out in Hindustani. "Who is it?" He turned directly, and raising his tulwar rushed upon me, but before he could reach me, I fired, and with a fearful imprecation he fell backwards. I went up to him and took the sword from his hand, and saw that he was wounded in the breast, and quite unable to rise or offer any resistance.

Leaving him, I went to my wife, who, I found, had been aroused by the noise of the shot. I assured her that all danger was over, and persuaded her to lie still while I went for assistance. As I was unlocking the drawing-room door, Major Barlow ran up the stairs. He was reading when he heard the shot, and fearing that the revolver had gone off, and that some accident might have happened to one of us, had hurried over. I explained the

state of affairs to him in a moment, and he went to the Park Street station to rouse the police. As he left, two or three native servants came in, and by my orders took up the bearer, and laid him on a small couch in the drawing-room.

I then returned to my wife, who was much calmer, and thankful that all had gone on so well.

Major Barlow quickly came back with several police officers and a surgeon. The latter made a hasty examination of the wounded man, and pronounced that, were he moved he would die immediately, and that under any circumstances he could not live above a few minutes.

The major went up to him, and the man, who was still conscious, glanced at him with a look of intense hatred. After reflecting for a moment the major cried, "I know him. I was certain that I had seen him before; he is the man who would have betrayed us at Sealkote. He must have two lives, for I felt confident I had killed him then, and I fear he has cheated the hangman now."

"Yes, he has gone," said the surgeon, as our bearer's head fell back upon the couch. The police removed the body to a neighbouring godown, and our friend sent servants to take away all traces of the struggle from our rooms.

Great as the shock had been to my wife, she was almost herself again in the morning. Mrs. Barlow came very early to spend the day with her and cheer her up, while her husband and I attended the necessary investigation into the death. This was neither long nor formidable. The major identified the body as that of a mutinous sepoy, and after I had detailed all that had happened, the authorities quickly decided that the case came under sections 100 and 105 of the New Code, which lays down the circumstances under which the right of private defence extends to causing death; and I left the court amid compliments and congratulations upon our escape.

My wife and I were quite a nine days' wonder in Calcutta, but we had no ambition to become so again by passing through such an ordeal, and were extremely glad to hear that the upper story of our house had been let that day to a young merchant, so that there was no fear of our again being alone at night.

The loosened staple was secured again; and I need hardly add that I carefully examined all the locks, including that of the bath-room, every night; and that the next mail conveyed home a full account of our nocturnal adventure with our new bearer.

J. M. L.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER IV. DOMESTIC CONFAB.

IN passing in his dressing-gown to the boudoir, presently after, James saw his mother's maid and the grand cook of the mansion on the landing, the fine lady laughing till the sight of him created a look of intense gravity, and a deep curtsey; and the fine gentleman throwing up hands and eyes in evident indignation and scorn. On entering Mrs. Craggs's boudoir, the reason was evident. Mr. Craggs was stretched at his ease in a reclining chair. His lady was stooping over the fire,—cooking! Her stewpan was of silver; her spicebox was of rare china; and the bowl and cover on the table were of porcelain fit for the king's use: but Mrs. Craggs was cooking.

"Your father is so fond of this style of minced chicken when he is tired at night!" she said apologetically to her son. "I used to make it for his supper on market days at home, and he says nobody else can make it so well."

"Quite true, my dear," said her husband; "but I wish your abigail had betaken herself to bed, instead of looking in upon us at such a moment."

"I did dismiss her, and I thought we were rid of her. But it does not make much difference. She knows of my cupboard here, and she must have a shrewd guess that the pans and spoons and china are not there for nothing. I was sorry, however, when she caught me yesterday mending Esther's stockings. They were silk, to be sure; and so fine that I did not like to trust anybody but ourselves to mend them, and Esther——"

"No matter, thus far, my dear," said Mr. Craggs. "Do not distress yourself about what is past; but I wish you would leave such work to your servants in future. It is their proper business——"

"If they could but do it, but——"

"Well, then, we must put up with what they can do. If your fine maid cannot mend Esther's stockings, let Esther buy new ones. We have money enough for that or anything else that you have a mind for."

"How strangely that would have sounded when we were young!" observed the wife, as she delicately added the last touch of flavour to her work, and poured it into the bowl. Though James had supped, he could not resist the steaming fragrance; and another bowl was forthcoming for him. Father and son agreed

that this was all very pleasant, and that Mrs. Craggs was as skilful as ever at such work; but that it really was not a fitting task for her. Station and wealth brought some penalties with them; and one of these was keeping up dignity with servants. Mrs. Craggs sighed, and supposed this was true. She supposed it would never do for Lady Di's mother-in-law to be known to be mincing chicken at past midnight.

James thought the fact of no great consequence while it was the fashion for ladies of quality to broil their own fish at fishing parties, and light the fires and heat the soup in the forest at picnics. But Lady Di might never have a mother-in-law. He thought most probably not.

Mrs. Craggs looked blank, and begged her son's pardon. Mr. Craggs studied his face for a moment, and then spoke of something else.

"How did it get about that the Duke was so ill?" he asked.

"I heard it from Mr. Addison—privately; but he believed the newsboys might be calling it in the streets to-night. The ministers must be very full of it, father."

"They are: that was our topic to-day; for the effect on the King is remarkable. I am telling you no secrets: all the world may know to-morrow, if it pleases. The King considers the Tories so completely broken up by this stroke of the Duke's that he may act as if no plots had existed,—as if not a rebel was left, here or abroad. He will be off to Hanover in a few weeks; and God knows when we shall get him back again!"

"Why should he not stay abroad, my dear?" asked Mrs. Craggs, who listened from the cupboard, which she was re-arranging. "He does not seem to be happy here; and he does not attach people to him; and I am sure, if he takes his German ladies with him, and they never come back, we ought all to be very glad."

"Think of the Jacobites, mother," said James.

"O! and Lord Derwentwater's Lights! Very true, my dear son! They may have a meaning about this very thing. When the sky was all covered with rushing lights, that night after the poor lord's execution, many people said it was a sign that Popery would yet spread over the whole world; and if the

Protestant King turns his back on us——
But there is the Prince."

"Yes, there is the Prince," said Mr. Craggs. "And his father seems disposed to make him as good as a king. He talks of appointing him guardian of the kingdom. It may be practically a new reign; or it may be an interruption to any fixed policy for a short time, with almost a certainty of a quarrel in the royal family when the King returns."

"What is to be done first?" James inquired.

"Whatever is indicated by the worst danger of the many that are about us. I believe that the French Regent will not encourage the Pretender any further at present; but, as France lets him down, that wild man of the woods, the Czar, takes him up. There is no doubt whatever of his desire to go to war with us. And then, there is the other savage to be encountered. We shall soon see how much truth there is in it, but people who seem to know insist to the ministers that we shall have the Swedes down on the northern coast before long, in the interest of the Pretender."

"Surely the King will not go away at such a time?"

"Yes, he will. He says he will manage France and Russia from Hanover, and we must take care of ourselves against the Swedes and the Stuarts. If this was his scheme before, you may imagine what a relief it may be to everybody, except the King's enemies, that the old Duke is virtually off the scene: in fact,—politically dead. And yet it goes against me to say so."

"Ah! I was thinking," said Mrs. Craggs, "of the old days when we used to see him, almost every day, riding past,—the children and I; and when I used to tell them that their father had the honour of waiting upon the greatest man in the world. And now—to be almost glad that he is struck down——"

"Hardly so, my dear. And it was Her Grace more than the Duke, that I was bound to. And she—she will have the consolation of enjoying her own way more than ever. I have no doubt she will send my Lord Sunderland somewhere within reach of Hanover, as soon as the King is gone there."

"Lord Sunderland is going to Aix-la-Chapelle for his health in a few weeks," said James.

"Is it really so? How do you know?"

"He told me so to-day."

"Had he any particular purpose in telling you?"

"You can judge for yourself. He certainly believes that the only chance of avoiding a civil war—the only chance for the

Hanover family—is in a complete overthrow of Walpole and Townshend."

"With himself in Walpole's place and you in Lord Townshend's—hey?"

"With himself in Townshend's, no doubt; and he hinted that a way might open for me, without hurting you, father. His view is that the country cannot go on with such a debt, and he has no faith in Walpole's new Sinking Fund, so slow,—and not therefore the more sure."

"And set up," said Mr. Craggs, "in the very teeth of a scheme by which the debt would be got rid of at a stroke, as it were."

"Exactly so. Lord Sunderland says that no man can, or ought to, hold office at such a time, who does not adopt the South Sea Company as his agent for clearing off debt, and setting the national affairs straight."

"Lord Sunderland is a clear-headed man," pronounced Mr. Craggs. "It is wonderful to me that a man like Walpole, who sees the necessity of getting our finances into order, should take up his position so stiffly against a scheme which will enrich everybody at nobody's expense."

"I suppose you are certain that you are right and he wrong," suggested Mrs. Craggs.

"Trust me, my dear. If I am richer by twenty thousand pounds than I was this day week, I can hardly be very far wrong in the matter."

"Real money?" asked Mrs. Craggs.

"Real money, at this moment safe in the bank, and honestly got. My friends were eager to buy, and I indulged them. They are obliged, and I have made my fair profit. That is how it is, my dear."

"How can Sir Robert oppose it? What reason does he give?"

"You had better ask him, for he must know best. My own conjecture is that this Sinking Fund is a pet project of his, and that he cannot bear to see it thrust aside for anything more effectual, and so much more brilliant."

James observed that the Princess was saying to her intimates that Sir Robert had no mind that anybody should grow rich but through him. The Princess, she said, had been very well disposed towards the South Sea scheme till Sir Robert Walpole had set him against it, and now she supposed they must expect to see all the world pass them by in the matter of wealth.

"Walpole himself for one, as likely as not," observed Mr. Craggs. "It is his policy to keep the Prince and his Court humble, or even in straits, while it certainly is his policy also to enrich Sir Robert Walpole."

“My dear, how can you say such things?” remonstrated Mrs. Craggs.

“It is but too like the man,” James declared.

“What shall we do with all this money?” sighed Mrs. Craggs. “I do not like its coming so fast. It does not seem to be altogether right. What will you do with it, husband?”

“Lay it out wisely, to get more. That is the way I made the first thousand, and then more and more each time.”

“I thought perhaps that we might do something for Nanny and her husband.”

“Certainly, that is why I sent for them.”

“Only they do not want anything. They had rather be left to themselves.”

“I dare say, but they must consider me. It was all very well to put them into my little farm for a beginning, but it will not do now for a daughter of mine to be living in that humble way close by the park gates—and notorious for her beauty too—while I hold the position I do. Besides, I want to sell the place.”

Mrs. Craggs’s knitting fell from her hands.

“Yes,” her husband continued, “there is Scripture warrant for pulling down one’s barns to build greater, and——”

“No, no, my dear husband! Don’t you remember the end——”

“You have made a little slip, sir,” James replied to his mother’s appealing look.

“Well, well! Scripture or no Scripture, I am going to sell my estate to buy a greater. Milbury Park,—my dear, you remember our seeing Milbury Park when we were at the Bishop of Exeter’s,—Milbury Park is to be had, and on very easy terms.”

“Why, it has been in the Acheson family for centuries, father.”

“True; and now the owner is doing what others are doing,—raising all the money he can to buy South Sea stock.”

“What will you do with Milbury Park?” asked Mrs. Cragg.

“That will depend on the state of the market, my dear. It is a good way of realising what we have got; and it will soon repay whatever I must borrow to obtain it. Perhaps I may sell it again, if a tempting profit offers. Perhaps, if I play my cards well, I may be able to give it to Esther as a marriage portion,—or to James here, if Lady Di takes a fancy to it. Or you may live there, my dear, after I am gone. You will prefer the country to London, I am sure.”

“Yes; I like the country best; but not to live in such a place as Milbury Park. I wish you would not joke about such things, husband.”

“My love, I am not joking. I am really

thinking of buying Milbury, and quite determined to sell the place at Blenheim. As for Harry Ives, I can find a good post for him any day. With all my patronage——”

“But he is so fond of farming!”

“Well, then, he shall farm. I can get him made a farmer of the Customs, or some duties or other.”

There was no smile at the joke, nor any reply; and Mr. Craggs rose to go to bed. All the house was at rest but themselves; and James stepped lightly to his own room,—not to rouse his valet. His mother ventured a word on his behalf as soon as he was out of hearing.

“I know I mentioned Lady Di myself to-night; and before you did. But I think we had better not. I see James does not like it; and I think he is discouraged.”

“He need not be, if he knows how good his own prospects are. Do you believe that Lady Anybody, from A. to Z., could resist him?”

“I do think he is the handsomest and the most graceful young man ever seen in London!” exclaimed the proud mother.

“Well, then; add to that an office in the ministry and vast wealth; and do you really believe Lady Di will not have him?”

“But the name,—our name ‘Craggs’ is so sadly ugly! That is a disadvantage, I am certain, from the way that some people repeat it when they need not.”

“A peerage will cover that. It is not worse than Legge, or Cooper, or Pratt, or Thicknesse, or several others. The title makes all that forgotten.”

“The title! Our James a peer!”

“After me, if you please, my dear. I must have my turn first. But James may have the second title when I am made——”

“Better not say it, love!” and the anxious wife put her hand before the mouth that was uttering such audacious things. “We shall lose our heads, I am afraid!”

“Not you, my love. You will keep us all right. There are no snares that can hold such a woman as my wife.”

“But I assure you, husband, there are times when I do feel as if I were losing my head. Everything seems so like a dream till I go back in thought to the old homestead, and fancy myself in the poultry-yard. I am sure, if Esther were to give way, and marry Lord Gerald——”

“Is there any sign of that?”

“O no! But he seems to make so sure of her!”

“There is not much in that. If she wished it very strongly, I don’t know that I should

oppose it, but it is better that she should take her time. She may do better ; and there is no hurry. Her fortune may double from year to year."

Late as it was, Mrs. Craggs lay awake some time pondering how it could be that if it had been such a struggle to men of all ages and all countries to rise in the world, the experience of her own family should be so different. Here was wealth poured into their lap ! Here were honours hanging ripe for the plucking ! What could be the meaning of it ? Should she ever know ?

CHAPTER V. THE CARES OF THE POSITION.

THERE were certain taxes to be paid for their greatness, as every member of the Craggs family said in the painful moments which each of them had to pass through. Perhaps poor Nanny suffered most,—not only because life in a London street, with its dull mornings of street cries, and its dull evenings of cards or dancing, was terribly irksome,—but because Harry was altering strangely under his new way of life. He did not know anything about the duties of his office when he was first thrust into it ; and he did not make a very good hand of the business ; but he had no longings for the country and the life there into which he had married. He said he could make money so much faster in London than his years in the country had been mere waste of time. He made up for it now by employing a deputy to do his work,—better, as he observed, than he could have done it himself,—paying the gentleman well, and himself repairing to the places in the city where he was sure to meet the speculators who could best tell him (delighted to gratify the Postmaster-General's son-in-law) how the more important of the schemes of the time,—and especially the South Sea enterprise, as the greatest of all,—were going on. Nanny had brought her baby-girl up from the country, though afraid of London air for it. She said she could not live without the child. When it was carried off by fever at two years old, she found she must live without it. And very miserable she was.

Her mother had to live without *her* darling for many months, which seemed like years. James was abroad with Lord Sunderland ; and the frequent promises of returning never came to anything. His Lordship first took his time about getting better at Aix-la-Chapelle ; and when that was achieved, an invitation reached him to repair to Hanover, where the King and Madame Schulemberg, and another lady or two, and Mr. Stanhope as Minister, had been ever since May, and were likely to stay some time longer. Mrs. Craggs did not

seek to know from her husband what the reasons were for so long an absence as this. If the Duchess was willing (as she certainly was) to dispense with the presence of her son-in-law, immediately after the death of her daughter, his wife, Mrs. Craggs could not think of repining because *her* son staid with him. Mr. Craggs understood the whole matter very well ; and *he* considered James's absence necessary ; so there was nothing to be done but to make her dear son's letters serve instead of his presence, as far as that could be possible.

It was astonishing, she could not help telling her friends sometimes, what a pleasure those letters were,—so wonderfully clever,—so exceedingly entertaining ! This was quite true, and it might have mortified any mother to be obliged to keep such letters altogether to herself. It was Mr. Craggs's command that neither his wife nor daughter should repeat a single syllable of what James wrote ; and for this there was sufficient reason. It must not be committed to the discretion of any woman, at such a juncture, what to repeat. The truth was, James exercised a freedom possible only to one of the Postmaster-General's family. He would not even use the offered privilege of Mr. Stanhope's own bag. The temptation was so immense (in those days of unscrupulous intrigue in politics) to read the letters of Lord Sunderland's secretary *en route* while the clique at Hanover were believed to be plotting the overthrow of Lord Townshend and Sir Robert Walpole at home, that James considerably spared certain ministers the temptation. He knew the ordinary use of the post-office to be perfectly safe for him (if for nobody else) while his father was at the head of the department. So he poured out everything, from his anxiety about war,—civil and foreign at the same time,—to his amusement at the unkingly ways of the First George among his Hanoverians, and at the rapacious temper of Madame Schulemberg, and the jealousies and affected liveliness of the other competitors for the King's favour, and at their rancorous spite against Lord Townshend, and at that minister's incessant stumbling against their prejudices, and disdain of their petty interests,—and at the King's fretfulness and pettishness when pulled two ways by his mistresses and by advisers at home whom he dared not vex too far. All this James described ; and the dress and demeanour of the rotund and the tapering ladies,—the Kilmansegge and the Schulemberg who had to amuse His Majesty in the evening ; and the spite which was every day uttered against the English ; and the diverse remarks of the Hanoverians on the use the Prince was making of his position of guardian of the

kingdom; and the absurd stories which were repeated and believed about the splendour and dissipation of the Prince's Court,—“that court which bore the name of Hampton.”

It is possible that James may have received a hint from his father that the reports of the splendour of the Prince's Court were not so far beyond the truth: and it is possible that such a hint might be the reason of the surprise which overtook Mrs. Craggs one fine day in the autumn when she and her daughters were taking the air in the Mall. The ladies were not in their best spirits; for they had been disappointed of their expected treat,—the letter from Hanover which had never failed before. They nodded or bowed every minute to friends or acquaintances; for they were much courted; but they said little to each other till Mrs. Craggs uttered a cry of astonishment, stopped the carriage, and insisted on getting out. She had seen James, and she must go to him. Of course she was told that she must be mistaken; but, to keep her quiet for a moment, the carriage was ordered round to the gate of the park, as Mrs. Craggs could enter only by that way. It took so long to get out of the line and drive round that the sisters had time to satisfy themselves. It certainly was James, walking and talking earnestly with a gentleman;—so earnestly that it was some time before he looked about him at all. When he did, he saw the family carriage, nodded gaily to his sisters, bade good-bye to his companion, and hastened to greet his mother.

He had arrived only that morning,—would take a drive with his mother now; for he must be out all the rest of the day; had, in fact, to pay his respects at Hampton Court before he could make any other visit whatever. So the carriage was ordered to turn into the country beyond Tyburn, as the nearest fields, that there might be no interruption to the family gossip.

Very pleasant it was. There were endless things to tell of life in Hanover; and everybody was quizzed, from the King with his everlasting brown suit, brown from his tie-wig to his shoes, and with his stupid goodwill when he had his own way, and his stupid wrath when he was crossed,—down to the talebearers, English and German, who delighted in setting the royal mistresses by the ears, and now and then even ventured to flutter them and the King by some agitating news of the poor Queen. Then followed the questions which were sure to come;—how was the poor Queen? Was she likely to live? Did she ever come out of her prison? Did James, in his heart, believe her to be a good

woman or a bad one? All that any man in England could know or venture to say on this head was that Queen Sophia Dorothea could not be worse,—could not indeed be half so bad as the women with whom the King passed his life. From these James, who could not help a constitutional habit of inimitable mimicry, passed on to his own patron, Lord Sunderland, whose passionate temper was sorely tried by the King's dulness; and very amusing was his account of certain explosions between Lord Sunderland and the King, Lord Sunderland and Stanhope, Lord Sunderland and the favourites, Lord Sunderland and everybody.

“How does he manage to quarrel with you?” asked the fond mother.

“O, we don't quarrel. It takes two to make a quarrel, you know: and the Duchess put me on my guard about my lord's temper.”

“I hope, my dear,—tell me the truth, James,—that he has not sent you home because he is offended with you. You have not come home in disgrace, my dear?”

“My dear mother!” said he, colouring up, but yet laughing, “you forget that your son is a man grown,—and as good a man as Lord Sunderland any day. In a little while you will be more likely to talk of Lord Sunderland's being in disgrace with me than of my being so with him.”

Here he ordered the carriage homewards; evaded all questions about what he would do with his time for the next few days, and got out at Whitehall. Presently after, he was on his way to Hampton Court, in Lord Townshend's wake; for Lord Townshend went to Court almost every day.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S CHAMPION.

BUT a week or two ago, the papers chronicled the death of the Honourable Sir Henry Dymoke, Bart., Her Majesty's Champion and 17th Lord of the Honour and Manor of Scrivelsby, a gentleman whose name and designation carry back our minds and our memories to the “Lord Marmion” of Sir Walter Scott, and the feudal times in which were cast those scenes which he describes so nobly in his “Tale of Flodden Field.” Yes, the grave has closed over the body of Sir Henry Dymoke, the Honourable the Queen's Champion and sworn Knight Challenger for the high and puissant Majesty of this realm of England, who has departed this life for that into which Dukes and Marquises, and Garter Kings at Arms, and tabarded Heralds, and Gold and Silver Sticks, like the meanest pauper in the land, must enter in the simple costume of a shroud.

Sir Henry Dymoke is mourned doubtless by his family and friends around the manor of Scrivelsby, and by the two lions argent on that sable shield on which, we are told, he proudly quartered the coats, among many others, of "Ludlow, Welles, Marmyon, Waterton, Talboys, Umfraville, and Kyme." Yes, at this moment,—so we are reminded by a writer in one of the leading journals,—“if there were traitor false and audacious enough to arraign the right of Queen Victoria to the Crown, there is positively no provision made to run the knave through with a spear, or cleave his skull with blow of British blade. Worse still, too, and alarming news to the College of Heraldry and to all who know how much Her Majesty's sacred prerogatives depend upon sword and shield, the representative of the deceased Champion is a lady, and the heir of his office a clergyman ; so that the throne of Albion just now is in a sad predicament.”

But, seriously speaking, the death of a man who held an office of such dignity in bygone times gives us the opportunity of placing upon record here some account of the office itself and those who held it ; and the subject may be invested with the greater interest, because nearly four-and-forty years have passed by since the Honourable the King's Champion rode his horse into Westminster Hall at the coronation banquet of King George IV. It would be scarcely worth while to mention this but for the fact that even the Times itself misled its readers the other day, by stating that the worthy Baronet just deceased performed the same ceremony at the Coronation of William IV. and Queen Victoria. The fact is that while the public were crying out for “Reform” in 1831, the Whigs thought it desirable to spare the national purse * by omitting the banquet, and in 1838, at the coronation of her present Majesty, the poetic and antiquarian taste of the age was not sufficiently alive and energetic to demand—as doubtless it would now, though long off be the day !—the revival of that splendid pageant. No doubt it is true, as remarked by the paper already quoted, that “at the coronation of Victoria, so far from leaving the respectable performer of an obsolete ceremony to prance into Westminster Hall, the Ministry of the day gave him a baronetcy to stay at home and be quiet, and that therefore the lieges of our Sovereign Lady may take comfort in the reflection that it is only the lion and the unicorn now-a-days that do

any ‘fighting for the crown,’ since the official warrior was so long ago pensioned off.”

But we do not see that a ceremony need be at once put aside because it has lost much of its ancient meaning and significance ; else, why do we still keep Christmas waits and Twelfth-night cake, and Morris-dancers and Maypoles, our Lord Mayor's show, and the Loving-cup which passes round at Lord Mayors' feasts and in our ancient college halls on the banks of the Isis and the Cam ?

There can be little doubt that the office of the King's Champion is but a part of the knightly service which heralds and esquires five-and-twenty centuries ago, and more, used to pay to their royal masters. In the Homeric age we find the heralds employed in challenging the encounters of single knights, and in marshalling the lists for what we may be pardoned for calling the tourney. Their office and their persons were sacred, and the waving plumes upon their helmets marked them out as more than ordinary mortals. When King Solomon was crowned, we read in the Old Testament * that “Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle, and anointed Solomon. And they blew the trumpet ; and all the people said, God save King Solomon.” It is scarcely too great a stretch of the imagination to suppose that this loyal shout was raised by something like a challenge to the king's rivals to come forward. And if that be so, the Israelitish Challenger would have stood to the Champion of the middle ages much as the standards † that floated over the tents of the tribes of Israel, whenever they halted in their journeys through the wilderness, were the precursors of the lions and griffins and wyverns, and other symbols employed in the gentle science of heraldry.

Respecting the origin of the office of the King's Champion in England during the Saxon period we have no authentic account ; but Sir William Dugdale asserts, both in his “Baronage of England,” and in his “History of Warwickshire,” that William the Conqueror, to reward the services of those followers who aided him in subduing the kingdom, bestowed on them sundry manors and lands in various counties, subject to many curious feudal services. Among the most distinguished of the Conqueror's followers was Robert de Marmyon, on whom the Norman King, amongst other gifts, conferred the Castle of Tamworth in Warwickshire, to hold by knight's service, and also the manor of Scrivelsby, near Horncastle, in the north of Lincolnshire, to hold *per baroniam*, and that his peculiar service and duty

* The author of “The Black Book” states (p. 339), on the authority of “Hansard,” that “the Ministers of George IV. asked Parliament for a grant of only 100,000*l.* to defray the expenses of the coronation of that king ; but that the ceremony turned out like palace-building, the actual cost greatly exceeding the estimate, and amounting to 238,000*l.*”

* 1 Kings, i., 39.

† See Numbers, x.

was to perform the office of Champion to the Kings of England on the days of their coronation. From this time the Marmions of Scrivelsby became barons of the realm *per tenuram*, and they continued to flourish among the greater nobles for several generations, with much lustre and renown, intermarrying at each descent with the heiresses of some of the most powerful barons of the age. But about the twentieth of Edward I., Philip de Marmyon, fifth from the companion of the Conqueror, died, leaving only female issue; and thus the great inheritance of the family came to be divided, the Castle of Tamworth falling to the Frevilles, and the manor of Scrivelsby to the Ludlows, by the marriage of whose daughter and heiress, Margaret, with Sir John Dymoke, Knight, it came into that ancient and honourable name.*

This Sir John Dymoke, at the coronation of Richard II., claimed to execute the said office of King's Champion, but the post was counter-claimed by Baldwin de Freville, who rested his pretensions on the tenure of Tamworth Castle. After great deliberation it was found that the said castle was only holden by King's knights' service, and that this high office was attached to the manor of Scrivelsby, which was holden *per baroniam*, and was the *caput baroniæ*, or head of the barony of the Marmion family; and as it moreover appeared that the late King Edward III., and his son Edward Prince of Wales, surnamed the Black Prince, had often been heard to say that the office belonged to Sir John Dymoke, the question of right was decided in his favour.

From that period to the present, a lapse of nearly five hundred years, the office has been executed by the Dymoke family at the several coronations of the Kings and Queens of England. At that of Richard II., by Sir John Dymoke before mentioned; at that of Henry IV., by his son Sir Thomas Dymoke, who was one of the forty-six Esquires created by that King Knights of the Bath on the day of his coronation; they having watched all the night before, and bathed themselves. This Sir

Thomas also performed the same office at the coronation of Henry V., as his son Sir Philip Dymoke did at that of Henry VI.; and his grandson, Sir Robert Dymoke, Knight Banneret, did also at the same solemnities of Richard III., Henry VII., and of Henry VIII.; under whom he was one of the generals who commanded at the siege and capture of Boulogne. Sir Edward, son of Sir Robert Dymoke, was champion to Queen Elizabeth, as was Sir Robert Dymoke, his son, to James I. and Charles I.; and his son, Sir Edward, to Charles II.; and his son, Sir Charles Dymoke, to James II.; whose son, another Charles, was champion to Queen Anne; he, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, Lewis Dymoke, who executed this office at the coronation of George I. and George II. At the coronation of George III. John Dymoke, Esq., had the like honour;* and the office was performed by a son of the head of the Dymoke family at the coronation of George IV. It was done by proxy, because the hereditary champion was a clergyman; and the Committee of Privileges allowed the office to be executed by his son, on his petition to that effect.

The "son" here named was the Champion now deceased; and in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1821 we find a rough and quaint woodcut, in which he is represented as riding on his white charger into Westminster Hall, at the coronation banquet of George IV., supported on either side by the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesey, both on horseback, and a couple of heralds on foot with tabards and plumes. The print is curious as showing the fashions of the day, and exhibiting the galleries erected in the grand old hall, all full with ladies crowned with ostrich-plumes and arrayed in court dresses. His performance on this occasion is described in the following terms by no less a writer than Sir Walter Scott:—

"The Champion's duty was performed, as of right, by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world in the King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste; but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or Highland target—a defen-

* The facts are thus stated by Sir Bernard Burke:—"The ancient family of the Dymokes have derived the singular and ancient office of Champion to the Sovereigns of England by holding the feudal manor of Scrivelsby, Lincolnshire, by the marriage of Sir John Dymoke with Margaret de Ludlow, daughter of Joane (youngest of the four daughters and co-heiresses of Philip de Marmion, Baron Marmion), who married Sir John Ludlow. On the death of her only brother, John, Margaret became sole heiress, and brought into the family of her husband, Sir John Dymoke, the manor of Scrivelsby, which was granted by the Conqueror to Robert de Marmion (Lord of Fontenoy, in Normandy), to be held by grand sergentry, 'to perform the office of Champion at the King's coronation.' The Marmions, it is said, were hereditary champions to the Dukes of Normandy prior to the conquest of England. Sir J. Dymoke, above mentioned, by acquiring the baronial estate of Scrivelsby and office of King's Champion, was the first of the Dymoke family to act as Champion, which he did at the coronation of Richard II."

* On this occasion the Champion rode a grey charger, the same horse which the late king rode at the Battle of Dettingen. There is an account of the rehearsal of the ceremony on an evening just before the coronation in the "Mirror," vol. xxxi. p. 357.

sive weapon which it would be impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered or leather-shield, which in the time of the tilt was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which you may believe occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

It will be seen above that two members of the Dymoke family have assisted at three coronations, Sir Robert Dymoke having thrown the gauntlet at the coronation of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., and Sir Edward having performed the same office at those of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. It was a cousin of the late Baronet's grandfather who officiated at the coronation of George I. and II., and had his life been spared but a year longer he would have officiated also at that of George III.

These recent events of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries read prosaically enough, and convey but little idea of what the office of the King's Champion was in the good old feudal times, when kings' titles lay quite as much in the strength of their arms and the pluck of their followers as in the claims of strict primogeniture. But in the far antiquity of "once upon a time," the Champion of England was something to talk about, and to look upon. He came in with the second course of the coronation banquet wonderfully "garnished." At the coronation of Richard II. Sir John Dymoke rode all accounted for battle; and Sir Thomas of the same house did as much for their Majesties Henry IV. and V., while another of the line made a magnificent figure before Edward IV., until they chopped his head off, helmet and all, for treason. At Queen Mary's enthronement, it was upon a roan destrier, trapped in cloth of gold, that Sir Edward Dymoke appeared, with a mace in one hand and a gauntlet in the other, to challenge "any maner of man, of whatsoever state, who impeacheth the Quene's title, as a faulse traytour." Nobody "wanted to fight," and Sir Edward picked his own glove up and went away with a bow and a gold cup for his trouble. Mr. Planché, in his "Royal Records," thus chronicles the ceremony:—"Then at time convenient came in the second course in this manner. Then at the end of the same came in, riding in complete harness, armed at all points, with harness, and of the Queen's charge, Sir *Lionel** Dymoke, her High-

ness's Champion, upon a courser richly trapped with cloth of gold, holding in his hand a mace, and upon either side of him, a page, one holding his spear, another his target, with a herald before him, and brought him to the upper end of the hall. Then, after he had made obeisance to the Queen's Highness, in bowing his head, he turned him a little aside, and with a loud voice, declared these words hereafter following, viz. :—"If there be any manner of man, of what estate, degree, or condition soever he be, that will say and maintain that our Sovereign Lady, Queen Mary the First, this day here present, is not the rightful and undoubted inheritrix to the imperial crown of this realm of England, and that of right she ought not to be crowned Queen, I say he lieth like a false traitor, and that I am ready the same to maintain with him whilst I have breath in my body, either now at this time or at any other time, whensoever it shall please the Queen's Highness to appoint, and thereupon the same I cast him my gage." And then he cast his gauntlet from him, the which no man would take up, till that a herald took it up, and gave it to him again. Then he proceeded to another place, and did in this manner in three several places of the said hall. Then he came to the upper end, and the Queen's Majesty drank to him, and after sent him the cup, which he had for his fee, and likewise the harness and trappers, and all the harness which he did wear. Then he returned to the place from whence he came, and after that he was gone." So did the same Sir Edward at the coronation of the Virgin Queen; and whosoever shall search the treasures of the College of Arms may see the effigy of the radiant gentleman and his horse, the latter "all in black housings, broidered over with little silver lions," the former in "fair complete armour," very terrible and discomfiting for "traytours" to look upon. Elizabeth, we are told, went first into St. Edward's Chapel "to shrift her," and came forth in "a riche mantle and surcoat of purple velvet trimmed with ermines," or the Champion would completely have out-glittered her Majesty. Another grand appearance of the same kind was put in by the then Champion at the coronation banquet of Queen Anne, which was, indeed, a very perfect specimen of splendour. Her Majesty, "having washed," and seated herself at table with two of her women at her feet, the Lord Sewer, the Serjeant of the Silver Scullery—immense personages both—"called for a dish of meat," "took assay of the dish, and carried it up," aided by "the clerks of the green cloth." Then a dish of "dilly-grout"—whatever that may be—was set over

* This is an error; it should have been Sir *Edward*.

against her Majesty, and a bishop said grace before the "dilly-grout," and in came the Queen's Champion. "He was mounted," our authorities relate with obvious awe, "on a goodly white horse, between the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal, both on horseback, and with trumpeters." The imposing cavalcade clattered into Westminster Hall, while the Champion's two esquires bore his lance and target, and a Herald-at-Arms carried the challenge fairly emblazoned. As for the Champion himself, words fail the historian and ourselves alike! Ever so many pounds avoirdupois of gold and silver glittered on his superb person, and there nodded over his helmet a plume of feathers, white, blue, and red. The trumpets sounded, the steeds snorted and slipped; and then and there having defied the hypothetical traitor, who never once put in an appearance — the Honourable the Champion being plainly one too many for any treasonable party — the steel glove was flung upon the pavement, and presently meekly picked up again. The which being performed thrice, her Majesty drank in

a goblet of gold to her valorous defender, and sent it back to him, who drank in turn, "with a low obeisance," and rode off with the piece of plate, as his right and perquisite.

"The hall," says Holinshed, "was richly hung, and everything ordered in such royal manner as to such a regal and most solemn feast appertained. In the meantime, as her Grace sat at dinner, Sir Edward Dimmocke, Knight, her Champion by office, came riding into the hall in fair complete armour, mounted upon a beautiful courser, richly trapped in cloth of gold, entered the hall, and in the midst thereof cast down his gauntlet, with offer to fight him in her quarrel that should

deny her to be the righteous and lawful Queen of this realm. The Queen taking a cup of gold full of wine, drank to him thereof, and sent it to him for his fee,* together with the cover."

We have here the pleasure of introducing the gallant Champion to our readers in "his habit as he lived," that is to say, in the very suit of armour most probably which he wore either at the banquet of Mary or Elizabeth. The figure is painted opposite to his name in the margin of a volume in the College of Arms, containing the pedigree of the Dymoke family. The horse is trapped with black housings, embroidered all over with little silver lions, the arms of the Dymoke family, as mentioned above. The armour is nearly of the same fashion as the beautiful suit still in the Tower, which was presented by the Emperor Charles V. to Henry VIII., on his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and such as both Henry and Edward VI. are represented on their great seals as wearing.

Allusions to the Champion and his office are not unfrequent in our standard English authors.

Our readers, of course, will not forget the passage in King Henry VI.,† when Sir John Montgomery appears before the walls of York, at the head of the army, in the cause of Edward IV., and where the following dialogue ensues:—

- MONTE. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself; And now will I be Edward's champion.
HAST. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

And when the soldier has read aloud the

* The Champion used to receive as his fee for officiating a high bowl and cover of silver, finely chased and gilt, of the weight of thirty-six ounces.

† Part III., Act IV., sc. 7.



name, style, and title of the King as "Edward IV., by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland," &c., Montgomery adds, as he throws down his gauntlet,

And whose'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

But, as Mr. Pepys quaintly says in his "Diary," "Good Lord! but the times doe change." Changed indeed they are from the days of our Edwards and Henries; and never more will treason be dazzled and confounded, and loyalty be cheered and encouraged, by the gallant spectacles which Westminster Hall has so often witnessed. The seventeenth Champion has laid his lance to rest for ever, and it is too rusty to be used again. He bartered away his shadowy and chivalric right for a modern baronetcy, as if "Sir Henry" were any addition to the good old name of "The Dymoke of Scrivelsby." The truth is, that these old-world customs are like the gilding and the bronze upon ancient tombstones: the feet of men go over them, and they disappear, worn out by wear of time, till the meaning and the inscription become a mystery, and people take up the cracked and curious old relic, and lay down a new piece of modern paving in its place. Yet there is a fine fragment of antiquity in the ceremony, the last representative of which has just departed. That feathered, gold-coated, and *cap-à-pied* Champion was the monument of the early rite of "ordeal by battle," whereby title-deeds were submitted to sword and spear instead of that more dangerous but less bloody arbitrament of the law to which we now submit. It would have been an awkward thing, if we had kept up the office, and abided by its origin, to trust the "peace and rightfulness of this fair realm" to a single knight, however worthy, and his steed, however grand and imposing. The custom died long ago with the condition of the world that called it into being. It has gone, in all but name, the way that old trees go when they are nothing but shells and dead twigs, with a withered leaf or two on the topmost. The new Champion of the Crown is the loyal attachment of a happy and contented people. It may not be such a showy one, but it is ten times better for royalty to trust.

A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE OF A QUIET FARM HOUSE.

BY A LADY OF NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT.

"BETTY, I want a change," said I to my old and faithful servant, as she brought in my evening meal, consisting of a round of hot buttered toast, and a cup of strong coffee.

"I want a change," I repeated emphatically, as she stared at me in astonishment, and in consequence of looking at my face instead of the table, was within an inch of letting the tray fall. "Don't you understand me, Betty?" I again repeated testily, "I want a change!"

"Indeed, mum! Shure, and it can't be a change of linen ye want?" said Betty (who by-the-by is a native of "ould Ireland," and who will persist in making free use of the brogue, in spite of all my efforts at correction). "Are ye a-goin' to alther your day for clane things, mum?" and she opened her bright blue eyes still wider, and rubbed her hands together according to her custom when perplexed. "If ye are goin' to change the day, I'd batther let the washerwoman know, 'cause ye see——"

"Don't be a fool, Betty," said I. (I may as well remark that I am rather given to using what is called "strong language." I don't mean any harm by it; it is only one of my ways, and we all have our ways, some good and some bad, like a peck of potatoes.) "The change I mean is a change of air."

"Aye, shure enuff: ye're aboot right there mum," replied Betty, now ceasing to expand her eyes to an unnatural width, and discontinuing the friction of her chubby red hands. "That's jist what I've said all the way 'long. 'Docthur,' says I, 'shure and my mistress naids a change of hair;' folks' narves is ticklish things, mum, and when they've been thried, as yourn have been lately, why the only thing is change of hair and scene. Where will ye plase to go, mum?"

"I don't know," said I, shortly; "take yourself off, and hold your chattering tongue; it is enough to make me ill again to listen to you! Talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter, from morning till night—get out of my sight, or——"

But Betty was already gone; she is a good sort of creature on the whole, is Betty, and I'm very fond of her, although I do speak rather roughly to her sometimes; and she has a great affection for me, that she has. We've lived together nearly twenty years now—time enough to know each other's likes and dislikes. We're both of us unmarried, thank goodness! I never was such a fool as to listen to the men—a pack of lying, deceitful wretches, who say one thing to your face, and just the contrary to your back, especially if you've got a snug little property like mine! Ha! ha! I was always sharp enough to see through 'em, I was! They could never get me to promise to honour and obey one of the race. "Honour and obey," indeed! Not I; I love my liberty too well. Now there's young Mrs. Gustavus

Softheart ; what a perfect slave she is to her husband ! She dare not contradict him in anything : she gives up her own will continually ; she's always thinking what will please her tyrant, and what will displease him ; and what does she get for her pains ? Nothing, but discontent and ill-temper ! Whenever I see her poor pale face, I say to myself, " Thank my stars *I* never married ! " Dear, dear, how the wind howls this evening ! It makes me feel quite melancholy ; my nerves certainly are still sadly disordered ; the least sound makes me start. And no wonder if I am nervous ; that was a serious attack ; I don't feel myself at all. Dr. Smoothface says it takes a long time to recover entirely from a disorder of the nervous system. Nice man, Dr. Smoothface, very nice man ! So attentive he has been, and even now he calls nearly every day to hear how I am, and it is a month or more since I was ill. Ah ! he has a kind, feeling heart ; he told me he could sympathise with me, for his own nerves were easily unstrung. I feel sure a change of air and scene would do me good ; the question is, where shall I go ? I can't undertake a very long journey ; I am not equal to it ; I won't go to the sea-side ; nothing is more horrible than the sea this time of the year. I must go to some nice quiet place where I should have nothing to disturb me—some country place, where I could gaze on the green fields and breathe the fresh, pure air, where there would be no noise of rattling carriages and carts, no harsh, discordant cries of " Fish " and " Coal. " My sleep is so often disturbed at night, and it is so trying to lie awake. Ah ! I have it ! I'll pay a visit to my nephew and his wife at their farm in M—shire. They have so frequently asked me to go and see them. I know the scenery is lovely there, especially in autumn. Being in the country, their house *must* be a quiet one, and mountain air is so salubrious, so refreshing to a nervous temperament like mine. I'm afraid the journey will be rather fatiguing, but it is not a very long one, and when I get to the end of it, there will be nothing more to disturb me. I can go to bed early, and have a good night's rest. I'll write to-morrow, and tell them I'm coming at once !

Here I am in the railway carriage rapidly approaching the end of my journey. And oh ! what a journey it has been ! I discovered when too late that it is an excursion day to S—. I have been hustled about, knocked, pushed, squeezed on every side, which, of course, is very trying, especially to a lady of nervous temperament. I nearly lost two of my bandboxes, three of my brown paper par-

cels, and my sable muff, at the very first station, where I had to get out and change trains. Then when I had at last collected them together, and seated myself comfortably in another carriage, and was just taking a whiff of smelling salts by way of refreshment, a porter puts his face into the window and bawls out,

" Change here for Dash, Blank, and Star ! Where are you for, please ma'am ? "

" Blank, " said I with a start.

" Change here, " says he, and pulls open the door with such a jerk that I wonder it didn't come off.

" Change ? " said I, " why I *have* changed ; just this moment. "

" Ah, well, ma'am, you've got into the wrong carriage, that's all ; make haste, or you'll be late ; train's now goin' to start. " And with that he seized upon my band-boxes and parcels, and before I knew what I was about, he had pulled me out of the carriage, and banged the door behind me.

" This way, ma'am, " said he ; " make haste ! "

Make haste, indeed ! It's a wonder how I survived it at all ! I, a lady of nervous temperament and retiring habits, unaccustomed to exercise of any kind, was now obliged to run, yes, actually to run ! I'm sure I thought my last moment was come when the porter pushed me into a carriage full of people and threw my band-boxes and parcels after me ! I fell headlong into the arms of a stout, red-faced gentleman, and literally gasped for breath. For some moments I was conscious of nothing but that the gentleman had placed me opposite him with an exclamation of—well, perhaps I had better say—astonishment, for I don't like to repeat what he really said, although I *am* given to using strong language. When I was a little recovered, I was sensible of an unusual weight on my lap and feet, and found that my two bandboxes, and my three brown paper parcels, and my carpet bag were piled up on my dress in a most indiscriminate manner. I'm sure my best bonnet and my new cap must be quite spoiled—dear, dear, they were so becoming ; Betty said I looked quite young in them, and she is a good judge of people's ages, is Betty. The railway carriage was quite full when I was pushed in so rudely by the porter, and has been so ever since ; so, of course, there has been no room to spare, and I've been obliged to endure the weight of my boxes as well as I can. Oh, how stiff I shall be ! I shall be black, and blue, and green to-morrow, that I shall ! Thank goodness we're going to stop, and I shall soon be out of this horrible screeching, squeaking, shaking, crowded

train. Ah, how I shall enjoy a quiet night's rest after all this bustle! How delightful the country will be, how pure and clear the mountain air! Here's the station, and there's my nephew looking out anxiously for me; he sees me; he waves his hand, I wave my hand in return, he opens the door, he takes some of my boxes and parcels, and a manservant takes the rest. I am out of the train at last!"

"My dear aunt, I'm so glad you've come! I hope you've had a pleasant journey," says Alfred (that's my nephew), in a cheerful voice, as he shakes my hand warmly.

"A pleasant journey!" I repeat indignantly, "pleasant? It's a mercy I got here at all! *Pleasant!* It was odious, perfectly odious! I've been treated shamefully; my best bonnet and cap are spoiled, and I had to run from one train to another till I was fit to drop! *Pleasant, indeed!* Ugh!"

"Oh, I am very sorry," says Alfred, but he does not look sorry, and I don't suppose he is sorry; in fact, he looks half inclined to laugh: but there, men are so heartless and deceitful; they tell lies as fast as they speak, the wretches.

"Let me lead you to the carriage," he goes on; "it is too cold to stand still."

"Cold? I should think it is. A nasty hick fog almost as bad as rain. If this is pure mountain air, I'd rather be out of it. Do you always have fogs here?"

"Not always, dear aunt; only at this time of year," he replies, still cheerfully, as he gives me his arm and leads me towards a pony-carriage. "I'm very sorry I could not bring the brougham to meet you, but we were obliged to send it to the coachbuilder's last week. I hope you don't mind going in an open carriage; it is not far."

Now I hate riding in an open carriage in fine weather, so of course I shan't find it very enjoyable in a fog, but there is no help for it—I get in and we start off.

"Pray, Alfred, where are the mountains? I don't see a sign of them; I've been so anxious to see the mountains."

"Oh! you must wait till the fog clears off," he says laughing.

"And how long is that likely to be?"

"It is uncertain; perhaps it will clear off to-night, perhaps to-morrow. It is rather an unfortunate day for you, aunt, you won't get a good impression of our lovely scenery."

I make no reply to this obvious remark; the fog appears to grow thicker and thicker (I wonder if Dr. Smoothface would call this "clear mountain air"), and glad enough am I when we stop before the hall door of Beech-

dale Farm. I am warmly welcomed by Alfred's wife, who sympathises with me in the many disagreeables of my journey: nice little woman she is, so thoughtful and kind, there's no doubt about her sincerity; and really it is a most comfortable house, so snug, and there's such a nice fire in my bed-room. I have told Jane (that's Alfred's wife's name) that I wish to go to bed early to sleep off the fatigues of my journey; she says I shall go directly after tea—would I like just to step into the nursery and look at her baby? "He is such a little darling," she says. Well, I can't say I particularly wish to step into the nursery—I've taken enough steps to-day, goodness knows. But perhaps I shall hurt her feelings if I don't go. Mothers, especially young ones, always think their children of the first importance; I go into the nursery, I find it is next to my room.

"Oh, he won't disturb you," says Jane when I mention my fears in that respect, "he is so quiet, blessed little angel as he is! he never makes a sound all night."

Ah, I'm glad of that, very glad, indeed; for if there's one thing I dislike more than another it is hearing a baby squall. I'm not at all partial to babies at any time. I think they're perfect plagues; they're always crying or being sick. Pah! disgusting little things. I don't tell Jane my opinions; I don't think she would agree with me; she evidently makes an idol of her child; she looks at it as if she would like to eat it,—little red-faced, bald-headed, ugly thing as it is. Ah, here's the servant come to say tea is ready. What a blessing!

9-30. I have bidden Alfred and Jane good-night. I have locked my door, as is my custom. I have looked under my bed, as is also my custom, to see if any robber is concealed there. The search having proved satisfactory, I have attired myself in my sleeping apparel, and am warming my feet by the fire, preparatory to getting into bed. Ah, this is indeed a delightful conclusion to the troubles of the day. Everything is so quiet. There's nothing like a country house for perfect repose of body and mind.

10 o'clock. My candle is out, a "Child's Night Light" is burning in a saucer. I am comfortably settled in bed. I am very sleepy. How I shall enjoy a good night's rest.

10-30. I wake with a start. My window rattles, my bed shakes, I hear a noise like thunder. Is it an earthquake? I sit up and listen. How my poor heart beats. What can be the matter? I remember now—it is a

train, and a very heavy one I should think, judging by the noise. Alfred said he hoped I shouldn't hear the trains. Very kind of Alfred. I'm sure I wish I didn't hear 'em. Gracious! what a horrible noise it makes, the engine must be going to burst. I hope none of the fragments will be dashed against my window. I spring out of bed to see how near it is. Oh, law! It can't be a hundred yards off; it has stopped just opposite my window; whatever is it stopping for? The engine driver can't mistake this house for a station, surely! Oh, I have it now. Jane told me there was a steep incline just here, and that sometimes heavy trains had great difficulty in getting up. I should think they have, judging by the awful row this one makes. I hope it won't wake up the baby. It is starting again; oh! I am sure the engine will burst. Oh, my poor nerves! This is trying indeed. I am shivering with cold. I must return to bed; the train is going on now, so there's no occasion for further alarm. I shall soon be asleep again.

11:30. What wakes me now? The baby screaming violently! Is this what Jane calls "being quiet?" Is this "making no noise?" I wonder what sort of a sound it is when he does make a noise? Nasty ill-tempered little thing. Will he never hold his tongue?

12 o'clock. Baby just left off crying, the nurse is singing him to sleep. Poor woman, how I pity her. I wonder if that is the only tune she knows? Certainly in this case variety would be pleasing. How can she keep saying "Bye, little baby dear; good little baby dear," when he is neither "dear" nor "good?" She's left off singing at last; she's quite hoarse I dare say; serve her right.

1:30. A shrill whistle disturbs me in the middle of a most delightful dream about Dr. Smoothface. I feel frightened for a moment, but only for a moment. I know what it is. It is another heavy train. I wonder how many heavy trains come past during the night. I begin to think a country house is not the quietest spot in the world after all, especially if it is near a railway, and occupied by a baby and a singing nurse.

3 o'clock. A dog is barking. Two dogs are barking. Just under my side window, apparently. I hope there are no robbers about. It is a lonely house; oh, dear! I wish I had brought Betty. She always has such presence of mind—I'm trembling all over. What's that noise? Cats quarrelling, I believe. Dogs bark still louder. Cats hiss and spit and swear. Dogs yell—probably scratched by the cats. Perhaps they will be quiet now. They are quiet now, likewise the cats. Once more

I close my eyes and turn over on my left side. Wonder, sleepily, why cats and dogs can't agree?

5:30. Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-doodle-de-o-o-o-o! My stars, there's a row! Who can sleep through that? Not a lady just recovered from a nervous attack at all events. Cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o-o? The noisy wretch seems very near my window. I wonder how many cockerels Alfred keeps, and if it is their custom to crow just under this window; because if it is their custom, no light sleepers of nervous temperament ought to be put in this room. It was too bad of Jane and Alfred to make me sleep here, or at least to make me try and sleep here. I never had such a bad night's rest before, never; and I was so fatigued with my journey. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I daresay my nervous attack will come on again, and no wonder either, after all I have gone through during the last four-and-twenty hours, enough to try the strongest nerves, and mine are not strong—they never were. There goes that abominable bird again. How I should like to cut its throat. I hear others in the distance. What shall I do to get asleep again?

6 o'clock. I am awake still, and likely to be. Not only have cocks been crowing incessantly, but geese have been cackling, pigs grunting and squeaking, ducks quacking, turkeys gobbling; what a lot of fowls Alfred must keep to be sure! I don't think he'd keep so many if he slept in this room—it is a perfect Babel! And now the servants appear to be getting up. Some one evidently sleeps over my head; a man-servant I should think by the sound of his boots. How he clumps about! I hope the ceiling won't come in—it doesn't look very safe—there's a great crack across it. I shall never believe in quiet farm-houses again. My house in town is far preferable. I'll not stay here another night. My mind is made up—I'll go back directly after breakfast, that I will.

7 o'clock. I have come to the conclusion that this room is over the kitchen. Will the servants never leave off cleaning the stove and rattling the fire-irons? Will they never leave off laughing and talking? Will that door never leave off banging? I declare they have begun to scrub the kitchen? Oh, what misery! I bury my head under the clothes; I put my fingers in my ears, but it is no use—I hear the noise still. I wonder if the kitchen is scrubbed every morning, and if that door bangs all the time? Why can't they shut it? Just like servants; so selfish, they never think of any one's comfort but their own.

7:30. Rattling of tins in the yard. Cows

bellowing—men shouting. Still further rattling of tins. Cries of "Now then, Tulip, Daia-sy, Beue-ty," and sounds suggestive of blows. I suppose the cows are going to be milked. The cowhouse must be close to my window. What a comprehensive window it is. Oh, my nerves, my poor nerves!

8 o'clock. After an uneasy doze of about ten minutes I am disturbed again, and by that "quiet little darling," the baby! It is screaming, if possible, louder than it did in the night—it is being washed, I should think, judging by sundry sounds of splashing in the water; no doubt it would prefer being dirty, little brute! I wonder if it always cries when washed. I am glad I am not its nurse; I should feel inclined to drown it, I think. Well, well! I never was more disappointed in my life. Peace and quiet, indeed! I've had little enough of that! But then how can one have peace and quiet when one sleeps in a room *next* to the nursery, *over* the kitchen, *under* the manservant's bed-room, within a hundred yards of the railway, and when the side-window looks into the fold-yard, cowhouse and fowl-house? It is disgraceful! Shameful! Abominable! How could Jane and Alfred treat me in this way? They knew I came here for the benefit of my nervous system, and I thought Jane such a tender-hearted, sympathising woman! But I'll have my revenge; they shall never touch a farthing of my money! I'll leave it to a lunatic asylum first! I will not stay here an hour longer than I can help. I'll go the first thing after breakfast, and never will I set my foot in this hateful, noisy house again! Never!

8:30. I may as well get up, for, of course, I can't go to sleep now. How glad I am that I only unpacked one of my trunks, one band-box, and two brown paper parcels. I declare they're grinding coffee in the kitchen now, and a most horrible smell is coming down my chimney of burnt fat; no doubt the bacon is being fried for breakfast—I shall be sick in a minute, I am sure I shall! Dr. Smoothface thought a change would do me so much good. He said a quiet country house and clear mountain air would be just the thing to set me up; I wonder if he would consider the smell of burnt fat invigorating? At any rate, I don't; and as for clear mountain air, I see the fog is thicker than ever! Another heavy train is coming; what a place this is for heavy trains! I only hope I shall get home safely. Fogs are very dangerous, but I must and will go!

* * * * *

6:30 p.m. Thank goodness! I am at home once more! It will be a very very long time

before I leave it again! I've told my faithful Betty all my troubles; she says I look ten years older than when I started, and well I may! I shall send for Dr. Smoothface tomorrow and tell him never again to be such a fool as to recommend a "quiet farm house," and "pure mountain air" for the benefit of any one who *has* suffered, or is suffering, or who probably *will* suffer from a disorder of the nerves. If he does not believe what I say, he had better spend a night in the room which I was unfortunate enough to occupy at Beechdale Farm. I don't think he will contradict me then.

7:30. Betty has just brought in my cup of strong coffee and my round of buttered toast. Ah! this is something like comfort; how glad I am to be home again! An organ-grinder begins to play outside my window. I hate organ-grinders. Betty must send the fellow away; but ah! stop a minute, what a sweet air he is playing—doubly sweet to me just now. It is the well-known tune of "Home sweet Home." I have often heard it before, but never have I appreciated it as I do now! How irresistibly soothing it is, although he occasionally plays a wrong note, and the organ is a little out of tune! I will open my window and throw out the dear organ-grinder half-a-crown!

A. C. W.

ABSENCE.

Just nine long years since I had from them gone—
For twain no word had come across the sea;
But mates afar had spur'd me—"Labour on!
They write not, hoping soon to welcome thee.

"Their stay thou art, tho' far; not long to toil—
Then live and love together," so they cried.
Oh! is it thus I tread my native soil?
Or see them? Mother, had I by thee died!

Died, sorrowing, wanting! Sister Ellen, thou
Toil'dst hard, they say, to ease our Henry's woe,
Till, true one, thou to sickness too didst bow,
And died!—All dead! Alone—oh! whither go!

My comrades, live ye yet? A monument
I'll raise, the offering from a slow-reap'd store;
Write "Left by one who came but to lament
Too late"—then farewell, England, evermore.

MINCUS.

THE KINGFISHER.

THE bright and beautiful little butterfly-bird which forms the subject of this short paper, although not so well known as it ought to be to the generality of my readers, is one well worthy of a word or two in the columns of any miscellaneous periodical.

Kingfishers have for many centuries been known in this country, to which they are no doubt indigenous; and they were also favourite birds with the ancient Romans, by whom, in-

deed, they were looked upon with a kind of superstitious veneration. Everybody must have heard the term "halcyon days" made use of in modern conversation, and most persons are perfectly aware of the origin of the

phrase. It arose from the Latin name of the kingfisher (*halcyon*), and under the following circumstances. The ancients believed that the kingfisher hatched its young in a nest floating on the surface of the water, and held an idea



that it was so specially under the protection of the gods, that during the period of the hen-bird's incubation no storms or tempests would arise to lash the waters into a troubled state. Hence these days (corresponding to our latter

half of May and first half of June) were termed by mariners "halcyon days," and were often selected for hazardous maritime adventures.

The kingfisher, however, does *not*, as was then believed, form a floating nest (some of

our aquatic birds do); but the old birds select some hole in the bank of a running stream or brook, and frequently that of a water-rat, for the place of incubation. The hen kingfisher does not, strictly speaking, make a *nest*, but she, as it were, lines the hole with several "strata" of half-digested fish-bones, which she has the power of disgorging, and sometimes intersperses the bones with dried oak leaves, or the tops of flowering rushes. More commonly, however, fish bones alone are used. When the bird has formed a sufficient heap of these, she hollows out with her breast a circle in the midst of them, in which she deposits her eggs. These are generally five in number, and of a beautiful pinkish flesh-colour, like the tint of very well-executed waxwork. The old bird sits from fourteen to seventeen days, according to the weather, and has usually two broods in a season, the first in May and the second early in July.

Kingfishers are exceedingly shy, and prefer those back parts of rivers or streams, and the outlets leading from them, which are thickly shaded with alders and old pollard willows and oaks, and consequently always, even on the brightest days, in a state of partial gloom. The vicinity of a mill stream, where there may chance to be a number of narrow outlets and ditches bordered with osiers, and where the rushes are plentiful, is always a favourite haunt of the kingfisher, which may here be observed perched on the coarse black stump of some old tree, watching as patiently as does the heron for its meal. Shallow waters are preferred by kingfishers, because there is in them a larger supply of the small fish—minnows especially—on which they feed. It is easier, too, for the bird to capture fish on the pebbled bottoms of these shallow brooks, than it would be to strike them in deeper water. Though, as above said, a kingfisher will sometimes remain stationary, watching for the little fish which may pass him, he more usually feeds on the wing, darting here and there with extraordinary rapidity, like some large, enamelled dragon-fly, and with great dexterity dropping now and then almost into the water, from which he arises nearly always with a small fish in his beak. Besides fish, the kingfisher feeds on very small frogs and insects, though the first-mentioned form his chief and favourite food. Kingfishers, whilst flitting close over the surface of the water, not unfrequently themselves fall a prey to the rapacity of the pike. I have myself, as mentioned in a former paper, taken one of these birds from the stomach of a six-pound pike.*

I have been told of the following curious

* See Vol. VII., p. 332.

peculiarity in the kingfisher, but I have as yet had no opportunity of personally ascertaining if it be a fact, which I shall however do on the first possible occasion. It is credibly related to me that if a dead kingfisher be suspended carefully by a string, head downwards, the breast and beak will invariably turn towards the north. The bird, of course, is not to be a stuffed one, but simply a recently-killed kingfisher. As I have said, I mention this at second-hand, fully intending as soon as may be to find out for myself if this tale of a feathered loadstone be correct.

In size, the kingfisher is about the same as a thrush; but having a long beak, it looks smaller than it really is, a peculiarity common to all long-billed birds. The plumage is exquisite, but indescribable. Buff, and blue shot with green, are the prevailing colours; and there is also a little white among the feathers. The hackles of the neck and several of the wing feathers are in great request with trout and salmon fishers, as many of their best flies are made, or partially made, with the feathers of this very beautiful bird. Of late, too, a fashion has come into vogue of ornamenting the coquettish little round hats, now so popular with ladies, by means of a stuffed kingfisher placed on one side of the hat, so as to display the plumage of the bird to the best advantage. Parisian belles introduced this fashion, as they have many others; but, for my own part, I hope it will not continue, as it would render scarcer, if not entirely annihilate, one of our most beautiful British birds, which is already far too scarce. The idea of the ladies' hatters purchasing kingfishers by the gross for sheer purposes of adornment, and to gratify the passing whim of a few fashionables, is something enough to extort a groan from the thorough-paced naturalist. Rather let us encourage the preservation of these and other specimens of our rarest feathered tribes, which are daily decreasing, and may perhaps at no very distant period become extinct. Without some little protection and consideration, many of our most interesting birds, such, for example, as the bittern, the heron, the kingfisher, the golden crested wren, and others, will shortly, like the world-famous "dodo," be known only by name as "things of the past."

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

HOW MY HAIR BECAME GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

WE had been reading "The Prisoner of Chillon," and after we had finished that most exquisite poem, one of our party, a sprightly young girl, a cousin of mine, repeating the opening lines—

"My hair is gray, but not with years ;
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears,"—

"I wonder," she asked, "if anybody's hair ever turned white from fear? I don't believe it. Gracious! anything so horrible as to effect that sudden change, would kill me outright. I feel my hair bristling this minute at the thought."

I laughed, but making no reply, she turned to me,—

"I declare, Maggie, now I think of it, your hair is as white as snow, and has been, as long as ever I remember you. May be you saw a ghost, or something dreadful that made it so. You know, I don't mean to say," she continued, looking round the party with a malicious twinkle in her laughing eye, "that you are just now too young to be gray; but let me see, I think it is ten years since we came from India, and that I first met my sober cousin Mag, and positively then you were as white as you are to-day, and I quite remember, as a little child, at that time wondering that you didn't wear a wig."

"I have been gray," I replied quietly, "since I was seventeen years of age."

"You don't mean to tell us so!" "Well now!" and some such expressions, broke from nearly the entire group simultaneously.

"Come now, like a dear, good Maggie as you are," exclaimed my cousin, who had introduced the topic, seating herself suddenly on a stool at my feet, and clasping me round the knees, "tell us all about it. What was it? How did it happen?"

We were a pleasant party that evening. I was on a visit at the time with my cousins, who lived in a pretty place in Devonshire. Just then 'twas winter, and we were gathered round the fire, and had been, as I have said, listening to one of our number who read out Lord Byron's poem. The question thus put to me, and the topic that started it, awoke a train of troubled thought that had long slumbered, and called back days that, for the most part, were bright and happy, save for one terrible episode that made me shudder as it was forced with more than ordinary vividness upon my recollection. I remained musing and looking into the fire for a few minutes, until my restless cousin roused me up by an energetic push.

"Come, Mag, don't go to sleep; how did your hair get gray? Did it grow so naturally?"

"No," I answered at length, "it did not. I could answer your first inquiry in the affirmative, and tell you that *it is* quite true:

great fear can effect the marvellous alteration, and that in a very short time."

I spoke, I believe, in a solemn tone, though not intentionally, and it was in a subdued, half-frightened voice that I was again importuned to tell them what had happened. Some one proposed to put out the lamp, but my cousin, who had laid her head in my lap to listen, starting up, exclaimed, "For mercy's sake don't; I'm in a tremor already. I couldn't stay in the dark. It must be an awful business this."

I told them, then and there, that one passage from my past life; and a few days after, while it was still fresh upon my mind, I committed it to paper, as I thought it might possibly interest others too, and I felt that I might perhaps more readily banish the unpleasant memories evoked, that wandered now with such disturbing force through my brain, once I had put the whole thing down in black and white. I am not going to write a regular autobiography, and will therefore refer to my personal history only in so far as it may be necessary to illustrate the incident I am relating:—

I was the only child of an officer, and was born in India, and seemed so tender a plant that the physicians at once ordered me to be taken to Europe, as the only chance for saving my life. My mother, I have heard, was distracted at the necessity thus imposed, the more so as she could not accompany me, for my father at the time was in indifferent health, and it was impossible for her to leave him, and an application that he made for permission, as an invalid, to return was refused; consequently there was nothing for it but to send me home under as careful an escort as could be procured, and this was provided for in the person of my own nurse, who had been for a long time a servant in my mother's family, while as care-taker of both, a young man accompanied us, a black, of the name of Parks.

My destination was with my aunt, Mrs. Osborne, who was a widow in very independent circumstances, and my father's only sister. At that time she resided at a beautiful place called Blackwater Lodge, on the river of the same name, and that was situated just outside, little more than a mile distant from, the romantic and beautiful town of M——, in the south of Ireland.

Our household at the lodge, at the date to which I refer, consisted of the housemaid Susan, an excellent good young woman, who was held in great esteem by my aunt, and was a special favourite of mine; the cook, Mrs. Gwynne, an old and faithful follower of the

family ; with Parks the black, who had come over with me from abroad, and who, while my nurse returned to India, readily consented to engage in my aunt's service, and very soon settled down into the trusted domestic.

I must say a few words about this remarkable personage. I have no idea of his origin, or where my father picked him up, but I have heard that he thought very highly of him. While he had all the negro stamp of appearance, such as the woolly head, jet black complexion, thick lips, with brilliantly white teeth, he had nothing of the accent, and spoke English with as clear and correct an intonation as though he had been born and reared in Great Britain. He professed the Protestant religion, which, as all the other servants were Roman Catholics, made him, joined with his colour, an object of half fear, half dislike. My aunt came soon to regard him with the highest esteem, and trusted him implicitly. He acted as butler and coachman, and superintended in general all matters within and without ; in fact, was a sort of major domo in aunt Osborne's establishment. I cannot say for myself that I ever cared very much for Parks ; as a child, I know, I delighted in him ; used to rub my hands through his woolly curls, and try to pull out the hairs, and often compelled him to submit to sundry ablutions on his face, to see if I could at all wash him white, while he occasionally relaxed, for my benefit, from his uniform staid and sober deportment (for tall, and full in form as he grew older, he was a very model of servant-like propriety), and enchanted me with imitations of the blacks' broken patois and peculiarities of manner, in which he marvellously excelled. But it was as I passed into riper years that I somehow got to dislike Parks. His manner, though always respectful, was often moody and repellant ; and probably Susan the housemaid's positive hatred of him, which she took no trouble to conceal, may have strengthened the feeling. One unfavourable phase of his character Susan constantly harped on,—his extreme closeness.

"The old black screw ; he'd boil his mother, to make candles of the tallow !" she would say.

His wages were very liberal, and I knew were drawn to the day, and lodged in the bank, for I had heard aunt remark on this habit ; and the housemaid often dwelt with irritation on all he'd squeeze out of his weekly allowance, and the meanness of his ways, she said, to save a halfpenny. We had one other servant, an outside man, who did up the horses, took care of yard and stables, and occasionally worked in the garden, with a helper under him.

At the time with which I am just now concerned, a middle-aged person of the name of Brien—Timothy Brien—held this post of half stableman, half gardener, and lived with his old mother in a small gate-house that was at one of the entrances to Blackwater Lodge ; for comparatively small as was the residence, it commanded two approaches : the one, at the termination of which the gardener always lived, was generally called the Laurel Walk, and led more directly to the town ; the other, though unprovided with the appendage of a lodge, formed the more frequent carriage-way to and from the house.

As I have already said, the situation of my aunt's residence was most beautiful, the picturesque and far-famed Blackwater ran nearly at the foot of the lawn. Through the trees that skirted the entire grounds advantageous openings had been made, that afforded exquisite views of mountain, wood, and richly cultivated level country, while immediately around the house the planting was thick and tastefully arranged. The Laurel Walk, which was a favourite promenade, was to the left of the residence, and from it branched off two other walks or passages, one to the back premises of the residence, the other to the gardens ; in fact, it was as agreeable a retreat as could well have been found, sequestered enough for all convenient privacy, yet sufficiently near a very fair town to prevent one feeling lonely.

About the period of which I write, when I was just seventeen, the country around us was terribly disturbed ; indeed the whole south of Ireland was in a flame of disaffection. The Whiteboys, as they were called with us, elsewhere the Terryalts, were enrolled and organised in alarming numbers. I remember often seeing them, on light nights, from the upper windows, with white bands round their hats, that gave them the appearance of a troop of mourners at a funeral, marching with military precision along a valley not far distant, and filing off to a small wood, where they were in the habit of holding an almost nightly rendezvous. A general impression was abroad that we were about to have a recurrence of the terrible days of '98, and our small town (it had at all times a company of soldiers stationed there) was strongly garrisoned. Of attacks upon neighbouring mansions we continually heard ; but as in every instance these were for arms, and only attempted where such were known to be, we felt more equanimity than might have been supposed, considering there was so much disturbance around us.

"Sure everybody knows that we don't keep

a pop-gun in the house," aunt would say, "and what need we mind?"

She never allowed even a servant to have fire-arms of any kind, declaring that she thought it the safest way. We had, to be sure, such precautions taken as at the period were universally adopted, strong iron bars fixed outside to all the lower windows, and so close that, as Parks observed, "a mouse couldn't get in or out," and those gave our habitation very much the appearance of a jail; and, besides, new and more substantial internal fastenings were procured for the back and front doors; and to these aunt Osborne triumphantly pointed when remonstrated with on our lonely position, and reminded, moreover, that she was well known to be wealthy, and possessed of a large quantity of plate and jewels of great value, and that in these troubled days desperadoes of every description were going about in plenty, so that an attack upon us, even though we had no fire-arms to attract the cupidity of the rebels, might nevertheless be by no means an improbable thing. Once or twice aunt thought of lodging the plate and other valuables in the bank, until the present storm blew over, but was always dissuaded by Parks, who maintained that "there was no fear in the world;" nor, indeed, did we ourselves entertain the least.

One day I well remember. Mrs. Osborne had gone out to pay a distant visit, and would not be back, she told me, till late. Parks, of course, had driven the carriage. Mrs. Gwynne, our cook, was at the time in the hospital of the town, slowly recovering from a long and severe attack of fever. Susan had undertaken to do all the work during the cook's illness, so as to obviate the necessity of any temporary hand being employed, as my aunt disliked new people about her in the servant line; so that the housemaid and myself were the only occupants of the house. I had a very bad cold, and was unable to accompany my aunt, as I otherwise should. It was near the end of the day, a dull, gloomy one in the month of November. I was standing close to the window reading, trying to catch the last remnant of the waning light, and deeply absorbed in my book. I was suddenly startled from my pursuit by a dark shadow from outside quite blocking up the widow. I gazed in terror, and saw a man on the grass-plot just under the casement, looking earnestly in. All the front windows were low, reaching to the ground. The book dropped from my hand as I hastily retreated, and with difficulty suppressed a scream. He made a motion to me with his hand, put his finger on his lip to intimate silence, and pointed to the hall-door, implying

that he wished me to go to it. On a closer scrutiny I recognised, to my surprise, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish, a person I had several times met upon the road, and who always seemed very civil. I had heard too that he was a man greatly beloved by the poor of his own flock. Somewhat reassured, yet still nervous and excited, and curious to know the object of this unusual and late call, I hastened to the door in obedience to his sign. When I opened it he seemed disappointed, as in the dusky twilight he had evidently mistaken me for my aunt.

"Is Mrs. Osborne in?" he asked in a low, hurried voice.

"No, sir," I replied; "but I am expecting her every moment."

"Oh, indeed!" and then he stood on the step as if in thought for a minute. "Who else is in the house?" he asked abruptly.

"No one just now," I said, "but Susan, the housemaid; Mrs. Gwynne is in hospital."

"Yes, I know she is; just as well, perhaps. Look, young lady," he resumed, "get me a bit of paper and I'll write the message I want to leave for Mrs. Osborne, and be quick, please."

"If you'll come this way," I replied, "I'll get it for you," and he followed me into the sitting-room. A sheet of letter-paper was lying on the table.

"Here, this will do," and he took it up, and tearing it across, folded one half of it into the form of a note. "I have a pencil," he said, and taking a book in his hand as a support for the note, he went up to the window, and with his eye close to the paper to get the full benefit of the last gleam of light, he wrote a few lines rapidly, standing with his back to me; he then turned round and said in the same sharp, quick tones that he had employed from the first, "I must seal this; can you make me out a bit of wax?" I supplied him at once, and twisting up the remainder of the sheet of paper into a match, he lit it at the fire, "hold this a moment if you please." I held the burning paper for him, and as its transient glare fell upon his features while he sealed the note, I observed that his usually ruddy and good-humoured face had an anxious, careworn aspect, and that he appeared pale and thin: as he looked up and caught my eye curiously fixed on him, "Take care," said he, "you'll burn your fingers;" and taking the nearly consumed paper match from my hand, he flung it unceremoniously on the carpet, extinguishing it with the heel of his boot. "You know who I am, I suppose?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "Father Malachi."

"Well," said he, sinking his voice into an ominous whisper; "be sure to give that note

into Mrs. Osborne's own hand ; she's your aunt, I believe ?”

“ Yes.”

“ And, young lady,” he continued, “ I'll take it as a favour if you'll not mention to any one, Susan the maid, or any one else, this visit of mine, and tell Mrs. Osborne the same.”

I promised him on the word of a lady that I would not.

“ Thank you—good night,” and dragging his hat that he had not, during his short stay, removed at all from his head, down over his brows, and wrapping the long camlet cloak that he wore closely round him, he strode out at the door, down the Laurel Walk, and was soon lost in the darkness. I remained standing in the room after I had closed the hall-door, frightened and perplexed at this mysterious visit, and wondering what the sealed note for my aunt might disclose. Soon I heard the sound of the carriage-wheels advancing, and I quickly threw off the timidity and abstraction I was sure my countenance would betray, and met Aunt Osborne as if nothing had occurred. I kept the note safely, and did not tell her about it until we were alone after dinner. I then gave it, mentioning the circumstances under which it had been entrusted to me, as well as the accompanying caution of silence in regard to the writer. My aunt seemed considerably surprised at what I told her, and hastily opened the strange missive ; I noticed that she looked pained and perplexed as she read it, and holding the paper for several minutes in her hand, she continued gazing in silence into the fire.

“ Do you know the contents of this ?” she asked at length, pointing to the note.

“ No,” I said ; “ he told me nothing about it.”

She handed it to me without a word : it ran as follows :—

“ MADAM,—From circumstances that have lately come to my knowledge, through whom, or in what way I am not at liberty to mention, I have reason to believe that considerable danger threatens you, and that from a quarter that you might perhaps least apprehend ; you will understand that a parish priest is often bound to secrecy by the most sacred obligations, and I am almost breaking through the limits of official discretion and reserve in conveying this intimation. I therefore reckon confidently on your closest silence ; act, but don't speak ; lose no time in removing from your house to some safe custody the valuables that would tempt an assailant, and this may probably avert the peril ; above all, let me imperatively urge upon you not to convey the

faintest hint to a single servant in your house that you have been in any way warned.

“ I am your well wisher,

“ Pray burn this.”

“ Well,” asked Aunt Osborne, “ what do you think of that ?”

“ Think of it ?” I exclaimed in horror, “ why, if I were you, I'd go, bag and baggage, into lodgings in M—— to-morrow, and I'd put everything worth twopence into the bank, under Mr. Gregory's care. I shan't have an easy moment here now, and the long dark nights coming on.”

“ Oh, nonsense !” replied Mrs. Osborne, “ I'm not a bit afraid of any one out here. I shall certainly see to-morrow, though, about lodging the plate and some other matters in the bank ; only I mustn't say a word to Parks—he would be quite offended.”

“ What on earth,” I said, “ can Father Malachi mean by danger from a quarter that we don't suspect. Isn't that what he says ?” and I glanced again at his note.

“ I suppose he means that it is the White-boys will attack us for money, though we haven't arms. Indeed, I heard the other day, I now remember, that they did break into one or two houses near Cork, for money alone ; they want it, I suppose, to help out their shocking projects ; any way, I'll consult Mr. Gregory in the morning about the whole matter, and whether it might not be well to have a gun or pistol, or something or other for Parks, in case anything *should* happen : and by the way, Maggie, I promised to take Mrs. Gregory for a drive to-morrow, and said that we'd have an early dinner with them after, and he told me that he'd come home with us in the evening if we were at all afraid. I hope your cold will be well enough, and we can then settle about this business ; possibly it might be better to move into the town for the winter. I must take care, though, and not betray the trust that poor Father Malachi has so kindly reposed in us ; I declare it was a very good thing of him to do, more than I should have expected.” And so saying, she threw his note into the fire.

“ Why then,” I rejoined, “ I'd almost wish that he had kept his letter to himself, he has terrified me so with it.”

Various conjectures and plans were expressed and discussed that evening ; at one time we thought of going to Father Malachi the next day and questioning him more closely, but then abandoned the idea as it might implicate him, and be a bad return for the favour he had shown. I also succeeded in diverting my aunt from the intention she had half

adopted of confidentially disclosing the purport of the priest's letter, and how it reached her, to Mr. Gregory when consulting him as to what prudent steps we ought to take, for I maintained that would be a breach of faith, and it would answer quite as well to impute our apprehensions to the restless state of things in the country; and to this aunt ultimately agreed.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, my cold was too heavy to think of venturing out. Aunt Osborne wanted to forego her intention of remaining to dinner; I insisted however on her abiding by the original arrangement, but she promised that she would be home as early as possible. She left soon after breakfast, as she wished to go to the hospital to take some things to Mrs. Gwynne, and had other places to call at before going to the Gregorys' at the Bank. The earlier part of the morning I employed myself writing, and then settled down at my favourite seat in the window that nearly faced the Laurel Walk, over the same book I had been reading on the preceding day. Susan sometimes came in to look after the fire, or to talk with me a little, as she said she was afraid I might be lonely, and on one of these occasions as she stood by my chair,—

"Oh! Miss Maggie," she exclaimed, "if here isn't Mike the pedler coming up the walk. No, 'tish't Mike," she added, as she looked out more closely, "but 'tis a pedler, anyhow, and I'm in sich a way for a comb for the back of my head."

Poor Susan had a regular penchant for pedlars; she'd rather buy from one of these itinerant hawkers, and pay perhaps a great deal more, than at any shop in the town. I objected strongly to a strange man at such times being at all encouraged about the place, especially in Mrs. Osborne's absence; but the servant pleaded so hard, and said that she might be able to make a bargain with the fellow, for an old shawl she had to dispose of, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse her. I insisted, however, that he should come to the front door, as I would not hear of any stragglers being admitted into the back-yard or kitchen. Meanwhile, the man had advanced slowly with his pack towards the house; he seemed to me to be more tardy in his movements than the apparent weight of his load would have warranted; but probably, I thought, he has travelled some great distance. As he came to the window and touched his hat civilly, he looked, I fancied, weary. I motioned him to the hall door, and very soon Susan was on her knees in the hall closely

examining the contents of his pack, and trying to strike a bargain for some of his goods: there was altogether a multifarious assortment, ballads, some pictures in little tawdry gilt frames, boot-laces, combs, rings, brooches, and other feminine decorations, but little that was useful. I remained in the hall while Susan was engaged with him, partly for amusement, as well that I did not wish a stranger to be there alone, with only the servant. I could not help noticing in the man a listless indifference about selling his wares, while an occasional eagerness was manifestly assumed. I at first imputed this to the apathy arising from fatigue, until I observed, with considerable uneasiness, a restless movement of his eyes in every direction; now a glance into the room behind him, then towards the dining room, again up-stairs; while, when I once asked Susan what caused such a bitter wind, that surely she had not left the back-door open, and when she answered that she was obliged, the kitchen smoked so, I thought I could detect at once upon the pedler's face a look of inquisitive and excited curiosity, as he said,

"Smoke, does it? Just let me look at it, and I'll cure it for you."

I instantly and decidedly declined, somewhat to Susan's surprise, who would have admitted him, I doubt not, at once. I had but one desire now, to get the fellow out; in fact I inwardly trembled with apprehension until he was clean off; and at last, to my inexpressible relief, he gathered up his goods after the servant had paid for her purchases, and trudged down the walk by which he had come. We both stood in the window watching him, while two or three times he looked back, as though to see if we were still there, when soon the turn in the avenue hid him from view. Susan remained with me for awhile descanting on the cheapness and excellence of the articles which she had bought. I gave little heed to her encomiums, uneasy thoughts about that man were running in my mind, and I told the housemaid that I did not at all like his way or appearance, and that I was sure I'd dream of him that night. I forget how the rest of the day passed: I had a kind of luncheon dinner, and remained after it, sitting by the fire in the twilight in a dreamy doze; for my cold was oppressive. When Susan lit the candles and drew the curtains, stirred up the fire, and made the room comfortable, I took the small candle that she had, to get some work up-stairs. At the top of the last flight, and near the door of my aunt's room, there was a sort of arched recess, where cloaks and other stray articles of that description were hung; and as I

reached the landing, I was attracted by the motion of one of these, a cloak, I believe it was. I thought, I remember, that the lobby window must be open, and that a breeze from it shook the garment. I turned to see, and then, at a loss to understand what it could be, I was about to move into the recess itself to examine more closely, when I became rooted to the spot, on observing quite distinctly the outline of a figure draped in a dark heavy wrap of Mrs. Osborne's; it seemed to me as if he must have hurriedly folded it round him, probably on hearing my step, for it was clumsily managed. One foot projected, quite uncovered, and I at once recognised a peculiar kind of boot that I had noticed on the pedler when in the hall in the day. I know not how I kept from instantly betraying the startling discovery by a loud scream; my heart leaped to my throat, but I gained sufficient command over myself to pass on into my room, and after a moment's delay, returning, I went down, with as little appearance of haste as I could manage, though with a creeping shudder as I passed by the spot where the robber was hidden. Near the foot of the stairs I met Susan coming up. Laying my hand on her arm, I whispered,

"Come with me."

Unfortunately, my pale face so alarmed her that in a loud voice she cried, "Lord! Miss Maggie, what is it?"

Instantly there was a rustling sound overhead, and a man's step. I had but time to shriek out, "The pedler is upstairs; run, Susan, run!" and flinging down the candle, I flew to the front door, opened it, and dashing out in the darkness, rushed with frantic speed down the Laurel Walk, to get assistance from the lodge. I had not advanced half-a-dozen yards before I heard the heavy tread, with its crunching sound, on the gravel of the avenue, in, as I conjectured, rapid pursuit; this augmenting peril led me, of course, to strain every energy to the utmost in pressing on, and I soon had the satisfaction of hearing my pursuer dart into the plantations, for the noise of the branches being broken and pushed aside conveyed to me this welcome assurance. Possibly, as I afterwards thought, he never meant to follow me, nor knew at all which way I had gone, for the night was intensely dark, but may have been only concerned in effecting his escape after he had been detected. I found Brien, the gardener, at the gate lodge, and another workman with him, and brought them back as rapidly as possible to the house, for I felt anxious about poor Susan, knowing the fright she must be in. We discovered her shut up in the coal vault, half dead with

fear. Mrs. Osborne's arrival in the midst of our consternation was a relief to all, and nothing could equal my aunt's distress when she learned what had happened and the alarm to which we had been subjected. Even Parks looked grave and uneasy, and himself that evening suggested the propriety of removing from the house anything that might be a bait to plunderers. I could see that Aunt Osborne was relieved from some concern at this proposal emanating from the butler himself; she had arranged, she told me in the course of the evening, to convey all our valuables of every kind to Mr. Gregory; and it was a great comfort, she said, that Parks had now advised the same, for it made all matters smooth. We both concluded that the attempt made by this pretended pedler was what Father Malachi meant in his private warning; and, terrified as I had been by the trying adventure that had just occurred, I went to bed more at ease that night, as the vague alarm which the priest's letter had excited was now to a great degree set at rest; and I was further consoled by finding that my aunt was more disposed to the arrangement that I had for some time urged—the moving into the town for the winter months. The next day proved one of determined, ceaseless wet. We had intended carrying the lodgment to be made with Mr. Gregory into M—— that morning, but as well from the weather as at Parks' suggestion, it was deferred till the succeeding day. It would be well, he said, to give all the silver a thorough cleaning before it was laid by, and he could do that in a few hours easily.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain, Parks repaired to M—— to give the authorities a description of the pedler (which he got first accurately from me and Susan), and to try and ascertain if he had any others connected with him, for he strenuously maintained that the fellow wasn't single-handed in whatever he was after, but must be one of a gang. It was mid-day before the butler returned, and when he did he called at once for Susan, to tell her that he had met a messenger on his way, from her home (it was about five miles distant, at the foot of a neighbouring mountain), with the intelligence that her mother was dying—"A'most off," he said, "Susy, she was, and that she implored you, for the love of God, to go to her, not to lose a moment, for his word was she was just on the hinges."

The announcement of this sad impending catastrophe affected the poor girl, as may be supposed, with the greatest sorrow; the house resounded with her sobs and moans. We made her up with all the coats and mufflers she could wear; Parks assured her that he'd

look after everything of her work that was necessary, and with sympathetic tears Aunt Osborne and I saw her off upon her mournful errand.

For the remaining hours of daylight, my aunt

and Parks were busied over the different costly articles of silver that were being packed into a large plate-chest, in preparation for their removal on the succeeding day, and we were, I think, a little later than usual at dinner in



See page 609.

consequence. We had scarcely dined, I know, when we were considerably startled by a loud, impetuous, and incessant knocking at the door, and we were astonished when the angry claimant for admission turned out to be Susan

back again. I saw that Parks looked greatly disconcerted, in fact, quite agitated, on her entrance; while, without ceremony, not even restrained by the presence of, or a feeling of respect for her mistress, she assailed him with

extreme bitterness for what she termed, "his sending her off in the wet upon a fool's errand. Nothing, in life, ma'am, the matter with her; I met Tom, that's my brother, coming fore-nest me down the hill, and she never was better. You had a purpose in it, you old black thief, you," she exclaimed in a rage; "I don't believe you ever met any one who told you she was ill. Come, tell us; who was it, now? What was he like? Oh, I have had a talk about you since, I can tell you; no matter;" and the aggrieved girl ended a yet longer onset than I have attempted to describe, and that no interruption or remonstrance on our part could stop, by bursting into tears. I cautiously watched Parks' countenance during this stormy scene. At first he seemed frightened, but that soon yielded to an expression of pent-up fury that horrified me by its violence; before nor since I never saw anything so fiendish. A wild gleam shot from his eyes, and they glared like a cat's in the dark; large drops gathered on his dark forehead, his heaving chest emitted gasps like the ominous growling of an angry beast, while his white teeth were pressed down into the thick under lip until the blood came. I thought at the moment that he would have done some fearful deed on the spot. I had heard of his once before being similarly excited, and that those who witnessed it said, "they wouldn't like to have a hand in aggravating blacky;" but I had no idea of the reality.

I doubt if any one noticed the infuriated aspect of the man but myself, for aunt, rising from her chair (she had her back to Parks), led Susan forcibly from the room, and so hindered any further scene. Parks never uttered a syllable; he turned to the sideboard, and nervously fidgetted with the forks and spoons, while I could hear him grinding his teeth in evident suppressed rage, in a way that sent a thrill through me from head to foot, and I felt as if I breathed more freely when he left the apartment.

Aunt Osborne insisted on Susan's going early to bed. She dosed her with hot drinks and other cold preventives, for the poor girl had been thoroughly saturated from the rain.

For a long time after tea that evening, we sat silently at our work in the drawing-room. I could think of nothing but the terrible face of the black. I felt that it would be painfully impressed upon me as long as I lived. I was silent too; for, at least during this day, if not before, a kind of undefined apprehension that I scarce liked to express, had been creeping over me, that Parks was a man not to be trusted. Now, since dinner, the vague feeling had gathered strength: a phantom, so to

say, suddenly assumed a bodily form; and yet the sickening alarm that the idea gave rise to was such that I tried to dismiss it from my thoughts as altogether groundless, but I could not. Even silence about it now was becoming oppressive. I looked up from my work; my dear companion at the other side of the table was at some embroidery that seemed to try her sight too much as she leant close over it, and I noticed that a shade of trouble or anxiety disturbed that usually sweet, serene face.

"Aunt," I said suddenly, "did it ever at all occur to you," and I hesitated, to try and shape my unpleasant thought in less unpleasant words, "that—that—Parks is not worthy of the trust you repose in him?"

"What makes you say so?" she replied hurriedly, dropping the work from her hand, and looking nervously up at me.

"I can hardly tell you," I rejoined. "I don't like what I have seen for days back. I can't help suspecting something wrong, though I don't well know what, about this matter of Susan's; but what influences me most now is the awful look he had at the time at dinner that she attacked him. You did not see it, but I never can forget it; and I tell you what, aunt," I continued, "it has pressed strongly on my mind more than once to-day that, in the priest's note, the covert allusion was to him."

"Well, but you know, Parks being a Protestant might have biassed his mind, even if he did refer to him."

"Oh, depend upon it," I rejoined, "religion, one way or the other, had nothing to do with it."

My aunt seemed lost in thought for a few moments. "Very true," she said at last, with a deep sigh. "He has hitherto hindered me, I almost thought strangely, in sending away the plate. Curious, too, he drew all his money out of the bank. I heard this only yesterday, and I fancy that Mr. Gregory suspects him. To tell you the honest truth, Maggie, I have not felt very comfortable about him myself for the last week, though till this moment I hardly allowed myself to entertain the thought. Please God, come what may, we'll be off into M—— at once."

"I wish we were safe there this very night!" I almost unconsciously ejaculated.

I had scarce expressed the wish, uttered in a low voice, when we were both suddenly terrified by the sound of a cry. It appeared to be at a distance, but had a kind of muffled or smothered tone. Wherever it was, it was like the last wild utterance of some creature in mortal anguish, and sounded fearfully in the stillness of the night.

"Oh! what's that?" said my aunt, bounding up.

I rose from my seat, too petrified to say a word. We stood listening with blanched faces, but not another sound or stir reached us, and in a few moments Frisk, a small dog, gave a half growl, half bark under the window.

"Oh, there!" I said, with a deep breath of relief; "I know what it was. Frisk after a rabbit, I'll engage. I heard just such a cry, I'm sure, the other day from one that he killed in the walk; and, of course, it was more startling at this hour."

"Perhaps it was," rejoined my aunt. "It certainly seemed to be outside; but, dear, it sounded so awful!"

We remained for a while longer at our work, more quieted, though still not altogether at ease.

"Look, Maggie," said my aunt, "I want to run up for a bit of thread to finish this, and then I think we'll go to bed, for I declare I'm in a tremor since we heard that noise."

"Yes, and I must sleep with you to-night," I said, "for I should be afraid to stay alone, and your door is the only one in the house, I think, that has both lock and key. I was thinking the other day that there was not another spot, above or below, that one could lock themselves up in, if they required it."

"You're right, child, I believe," rejoined my aunt, laughing; "however, if we go to M——, it will not be worth while to get anything done to them at present."

"If indeed!" I said, in a kind of soliloquy, as she left the room.

I don't now know how long Aunt Osborne was absent. I was pondering so deeply upon the occurrences of the past day or two, and wondering what might be the result, that I was not aware of her return, and did not notice her coming back into the apartment until the light of her candle fell upon the work I still held in my hand, though I had not put in a stitch for several minutes, and I turned to say something. Shall I ever forget her appearance! I rose from my chair, gazing at her, transfixed with horror. Her face was white like snow; even her lips wore the pallor of death, and she trembled so, that only I caught her, I think she would have fallen. She seemed trying to speak, but her tongue refused to utter an articulate word. I felt my own face growing as ghastly as hers. I took the candle from her nerveless hand, and almost forced her into the seat that I had vacated.

"For mercy's sake," I whispered, "what is it; tell me; what have you seen?" I reached from the table a tumbler of water, that had

been left there for some medicine that I was to take for my cold, and made her swallow two or three sups.

"Oh, Maggie," she at last gasped out, "'tis all true,—Parks," and she shook from head to foot, "he's above, behind my bed; 'tis pushed a little down from the wall; I saw him first by the reflection in the looking-glass, and then, for fear of a mistake,—I don't know how I got courage,—I looked more closely at the bed, and saw him plainly through an opening in the back curtain, with a knife or some sharp thing in his hand. He means to murder us most surely." I tried, on my poor aunt's account, to nerve myself up, though aghast at this appalling intelligence.

"Are you certain," I asked; and how unnaturally hollow my whispering voice sounded! "that he does not suspect you saw him?"

"No, I got strength at the moment, somehow, and walked quietly from the room; but oh, Maggie, what are we to do?"

"We must," said I, bracing myself for this fearful emergency, "first of all gently wake up Susan, and then try, all three, and get out the door and off, before he finds out that he's discovered. Where are the keys?" Great goodness! they had been taken up, we then remembered, as was the custom every night, and left in a small basket on a table in my aunt's room.

"Sure I saw it there," she exclaimed, "and the table, you know, is just by the bed; but I forgot in my fright what it was, and all about it. Now there is no earthly hope left; we can't possibly escape from the house; the windows are barred, the doors are locked, and the keys up close to where that fearful wretch is lurking."

"I fear, indeed, dear aunt," I exclaimed, bursting into tears, and throwing my arms round her, "that our destruction is inevitable." And I shook with convulsive but suppressed sobs.

"Don't, don't, my poor darling child," said my beloved relative soothingly, now aroused and excited by the violence of my emotion. "There is One who can help us in the last extremity; let us ask Him." And with our arms encircling one another we sank upon our knees, while Aunt Osborne uttered a few trembling broken petitions, in a whispered but earnest voice. We rose strengthened and encouraged.

"Better," I said, "to call up poor Susan. If it comes to a last struggle, three together might do something; you'll not be afraid to stay here if I slip down to her?"

"No, dear," she answered; "you know he has no idea that we suspect anything, and he'll be quiet for awhile."

I stole softly out, and down the stairs to the basement; the room which the housemaid occupied, and the cook with her when she was at home, was in a remote part of the house, off a passage at the other side of the kitchen; while the man's apartment was at the opposite extreme end of the lower story. I passed quickly on, and opening the door, called out in a low tone, "Susan, Susan." There was no reply. Going up to the bed, "She has covered herself up in the quilt," I muttered; "poor thing, she was so tired and sleepy; how tossed, though, all the clothes are!" I drew down the coverlet. Useless to try and describe the sight that met me, the icy chill I felt; she had been barbarously murdered! A handkerchief or string of some kind was tied so tightly round the throat that it had cut the skin, the eyes were protruding with a glassy stare, and a frothy mucus covered the parted lips; both hands were clenched, as in the last agony. That there had been a fierce struggle was evident, as well from the disordered state of the bedclothes, as that one of the shut hands contained a woolly curl that I know must have been torn, in the conflict, from the murderer's head. The coldness and rigidity of death were already creeping over the frame. "Poor unfortunate girl!" I groaned out, as I staggered against the wall, "this was the cry we heard." In some strange way the sight of that disfigured corpse imparted a sudden and almost unnatural courage. "God helping me, I'll thwart this ruffian yet," I said, "and there's no time to be lost; my poor, kind-hearted Susan!" I leant down and quickly detached, with the aid of a knife, the string by which she had been strangled, and then closed the eyes, drew the stiffened frame into a full-length posture, and, adjusting the bedclothes, I reverently drew the quilt again over the dead discoloured face; and, with a firmer tread than I had entered, left the room. "Let me see," I said, "I must try and not tell aunt yet;" and when I returned, "on second thoughts," said I, "I have determined not to waken Susan awhile, at all events till we see what may be done; she would be sure to cause some disturbance in her fright."

"Oh, nonsense," aunt whispered, "I won't have the poor creature perhaps murdered in her bed, without knowing or hearing a word; come, I'll go to her myself."

"Stop, aunt," I said; "you must not."

"Why? Oh, Maggie, is there anything more?" For she saw the agitation that I could not conceal.

"No use," said I, "in concealing it; he has murdered her already, we have but our own safety now to think of." I dreaded the effect

of this intelligence upon one who was already so entirely unnerved by our terrible position; she sank back into her seat, and folded her hands, with a look of passive despair.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, "I suppose she has only preceded us a little."

"Look, now, dear aunt," and I knelt down beside her chair, and my voice was wonderfully steady and strong, "I am resolved on one last effort for our lives. You know that I have acquired by practice a peculiar ability of moving about when I choose, without a sound. I little dreamed that I should ever need to exercise it thus; but you remember that poor unfortunate Susan and Mrs. Gwynne used to say that I could creep along like the cats, when I lay in wait, or followed them in the dark to frighten them. Now, I'll just go up this moment, and see if I can't get into that room and bring out the keys, without his hearing me, and then we might readily escape. See, it's our sole chance."

Aunt Osborne shook her head, and seemed incredulous as to my ever succeeding. I saw with fresh concern that a kind of apathetic stupor was stealing over her, and I dreaded that she might get a fit.

"Come, courage," I said; "God will not forsake us. I'm quite certain that I shall succeed."

Slipping off my shoes and folding my dress round my shoulders, so as to be less impeded, I literally *crept* up stairs, advancing with extreme care, lest the creaking of a board, or the slightest sound, might indicate my approach. When I reached the lobby, I stood by the cloak-hole, as we called it, already referred to, for some moments, to listen, but there was not the least sound; then with, if possible, a yet more stealthy movement, I went on to the door of the room, and again stopped, scarcely daring to draw breath for fear of arousing Parks' suspicions. I had felt marvellously firm and nerved up to this, but now that I was actually on the threshold of the apartment where the assassin was, the full consciousness of the impending danger came with such force that I *felt* the rapid beat of my heart, and my limbs shook so, that I had to lean for support against the wall. I again called up the tragedy below, that had imparted such a feeling of indignation as to quell the overpowering nervousness that had preceded it. I passed my hand gently along the door, which was half open, to ascertain if by any chance the key might be on the outside, and to my great joy I unexpectedly found it was; surely, I thought, a most merciful providence that it happened to be so. Somewhat reassured by this discovery, I went on into the

room. Here I assumed a stooping posture, fearful lest a possible gleam from the window, falling on my full height, might do mischief. I had now, of course, need of the utmost caution; an unguarded stir, a sudden encounter with any article of furniture, and we were ruined. To provide against the latter peril, I kept swaying one arm gently round me, treading step by step, more, as I afterwards thought, like a person picking his way through some morass, and carefully feeling every foothold for fear of sinking. At last I reached the small table; there in a momentary pause I heard from the bed a heavy breath, an inarticulate mutter, accompanied by a restless movement. I stretched out my hand quickly, too quickly in the intense eagerness to clutch the basket with the keys, and turned it over with a loud rattle. To grasp them all with one desperate effort, to turn and fly, regardless of silence now, and to drag the door after me and turn the key, all was the work of an instant. They say that drowning men have one mysterious moment, when countless events of the past throng inexplicably upon the brain as life is ebbing. As strange, I can fully now recall, was the whirl of thought that well-nigh maddened me as I stood outside that door; the fear that my cold and quivering fingers would never turn the key in time,—that some impediment would bar the shooting home of the lock,—that the exasperated villain would be out upon me ere I could escape. All these, and a hundred other thoughts and fears careered through my mind in that single, awful instant that intervened after I had touched the door, and before I succeeded in securing it. The relief with which I felt the key turn and heard the lock click may be better imagined than described. I knew, too, that it was a mortice lock, and could not be opened from within by unaided effort. As rapidly as my feet could carry me I hurried down to my aunt, with presence of mind enough, however, to seize the garment that came first to hand, from where they were hung, as I passed the place on the lobby, with which to protect my poor old relative against the night air. I could hear, as I descended the stairs, the wretched assassin making most vigorous, but ineffectual, efforts to force his way out; but in the hall, as I was wrapping my aunt up in the cloak that I had brought, we heard the window above let quickly down, and at once a long, low, peculiar whistle. "Quick," I exclaimed, seizing by the arm my half-scared companion, who could scarce be persuaded that the hope of extrication now open to us was a reality, "we must go by the back door and out the little wicket at the other side of the yard; the fellow evidently

has accomplices outside, and we have not done with danger yet." It was no easy matter to get poor Aunt Osborne on, she was in so great a tremor that her limbs all but failed. We got, however, to the yard, and out the small door, locking each after us; and so, avoiding the Laurel Walk, as the most probable place where the others might be watching or concealed, we ran on up the front avenue, and this it was I am sure that saved us; for those in the plot who were outside, concluding, I suppose, that we would endeavour to reach the gate lodge as a natural refuge, remained posted at that end of the house. By the same favouring Providence that had so far conducted us, a company of soldiers, with two officers and a magistrate, were passing the gate as we reached it upon some night patrol. I knew the latter gentleman, who lived in the town, and instantly informed him and the officers of what had occurred. A picked number of the men were dispatched to scour the plantations, and try and secure as many of the gang as they could find; while some more repaired to the house. Nor was it till after a long and fierce resistance that Parks himself was finally captured. The pedler was also apprehended, found hidden in the shrubbery.

I have little more to add. I must leave it to the reader's imagination to supply matters of minute detail. The miserable, treacherous black had, it was found, all his plans arranged to decamp in the night with his accomplices, after their deeds of murder and robbery had been effected. My beloved aunt had a slight stroke of paralysis the morning succeeding that memorable night, and survived altogether but three months; so that Parks, if he did not succeed in the accomplishment of his full purpose, certainly shortened the residue of her days. He and the pedler both expiated their guilt on the gallows, and suffered the last penalty of the law (according to a perhaps not unwise usage of those troubled times, that made the scene of their crimes the place of the criminal's execution) at a cross road close by Blackwater Lodge, that for a long period after was—and for aught I can tell may still be—called Parks' Cross. And thus it came to pass that in less than a week subsequent to the terrors of that dreadful night, my hair, that had been before black like the raven's wing, was white as the driven snow.

SAINT DOROTHEA.

THE sun blazed fiercely out of cloudless blue,
 And the deep sea flung back the glare again,
 As though there were indeed another sun
 Within the mimic sky reflected there;

Not steadily and straight, as from above,
But all athwart the little rippling waves
The broken daybeams sparkling leapt aloft
In glittering ruin ; scarce a breath of air
To stir the waters or to wave the trees ;
The flowers hung drooping, and the leaves lay
close

Against their branches, as if sick and faint
With the dull heat and needling strong support.
The city walls, the stones of every street,
The houses glow'd, you would have thought that
none

Would venture forth, till that the gracious night
Should come with sable robe and wrap the earth
In softest folds, and shade men from the day.
But see, from every street the seething crowds
Pour out, and all along the way they stand,
And ribald jest and song resound aloud,
And light accost and careless revelry :
What means this, wherefore flock the people forth ?
Ceases the hum, a sudden silence falls
On all around, the tramp of arm'd men
Rings through the air ; and hark, what further
sound ?

A girl's fresh voice, a sad sweet song is heard
Above the clank of arms, men hold their breath ;
Yet not all sadness is that wondrous chant,
That hushes the wild crowd with sudden awe.
As when the nightingale's mellifluous tones
Rise in the woodland, ere the other birds
Have ceased their vesper hymn, that moment
drops

Each flutt'ring songster's wild thanksgiving lay,
So for awhile did silence fall on all
Within the seething crowd at that sweet voice.
She comes, they bring her forth to die, for she
This day must win the martyr's palm, this day
Must witness for her faith, this day must reap
The fruit of all her pains, long rest in Heaven !
Long had they spared her, for the governor
Was loth that she should suffer, and her race
Was noble, so they hoped to make her yield,
And waited still and waited ; but at length
They grew enraged at her calm steadfastness,
They knew not whence a resolution such
As made a young maid baffle aged men,
So she must die.

Now as she went along
'Midst all her guards, again burst forth the mob
Into such bitter taunts, such foul wild words,
As sent the hot blood mantling to her cheek
For shame that she, a maid, must hear such
things ;
And yet was no remorse within their hearts,
No light of pity in their savage eyes,
Like hungry wolves that scent the blood from prey
They howled with joy, expectant of their prey.
There was one there, he in old days had loved
Her fair young face, but he too now, with scorn
Written in his dark eyes and on his brow,
And in the curl of his short lip, stood by ;
It seem'd not such a face, that bitter smile,
For he was passing fair, in youth's heyday ;
But if contemptuous was his mein, his words
Were worse for her to bear, for he cried out, —
He, whom her heart yet own'd its only love !
He, whom she held first of all living men !
He, whom she honour'd yet, though left by him
In her distress and danger ! — this man cried,
“ Ho, Dorothea ! doth the bridegroom wait ?
And goest thou to his arms ? Joy go with thee !
But yet when in his palace courts above,
Whereof thou tellest, fair one, think on us

Who toil in this sad world below ; on me
Think thou before all others, thine old love,
And send me somewhat for a token, send
Of that same heavenly fruit and of those flowers
That fade not !”

Then she turn'd and answer'd him,
“ As thou hast said, so be it, thy request
Is granted !” and she pass'd on to her death.
She died : her soul was rapt into the skies.
The vulgar horde who watch'd her torture, knew
Nought of the great unfathomable bliss
Which waited her, and when her spirit fled
None saw the angel bands receive her, none
Heard the long jubilant sweet sound that burst
Through Heaven's high gates, swept from ten
thousand harps
By seraph choirs, for she had died on earth
Only to enter on the life above.
Night fell upon the earth, the city lay
Slumb'ring in cool repose, the restless sea,
Weary with dancing all day 'neath the sun,
Was hush'd to sleep by the faint whisp'ring breeze
That, wanting force to sport, but rose and fell
With soothing murmur, like to pine boughs stirr'd
By the north wind : sleep held men's eyelids
close.

And he, that youth, slept, aye, slept peacefully,
Nor reck'd of the vile insult he had pour'd
Upon the head of one whom once he swore
To love beyond all others. As he lay,
Wrapt in the dreamless slumber of young health,
Sudden a light unearthly clear hath fill'd
The chamber, and he starts up from his couch,
Gazing in troubled wonder : by his side
What sees he ?

A young boy he deems him first,
But when had mortal such a calm pure smile
Since our first father lost his purity ?
A radiant angel, rather, should he be,
Who stands all glorious, bearing in his hands
Such fruit and flowers as surely never grew
On this dull earth ; their fragrance fill'd the air,
And smote the senses of Theophilus,
That a sad yearning rose within his heart,
Such as at times a strain of song will raise,
Or some chance word will bring (we know not why)
Flooding the inmost soul with that strange sense,
Half pain, half pleasure, of some bygone time, —
Some far off and forgotten happiness,
We know not where nor what.

The stranger spoke,
And thus he said, “ Rise up, Theophilus !
And take these gifts which I from heaven bring.
Fair Dorothea, mindful of her words,
Hath sent thee these, and bids thee that henceforth
Thou scoff not, but believe !”

With those same words
Vanish'd the cherub, and the room was dark,
Save where the moonbeams made uncertain light,
And where remain'd those blossoms and that fruit,
For from each leaf and stem there stream'd a ray
As of the morning.

Down upon his couch
Theophilus sank prone, with awe oppress'd ;
But for a moment. Starting wildly up,
He cried, “ My love, my Dorothea, list !
If thou canst hear me in those starry halls
Where now thou dwellest, I accept thy gift.
Do thou take mine, for I do give myself
Up to the service of thy Lord ; thy faith
Shall from this hour be mine, for I believe !”

A FAMILY HISTORY

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER VI. THE CARES OF THE TIME.

THE Prince being engaged with the Minister, young Mr. Craggs was conducted into the presence of the Princess and her ladies, who were walking in the gardens, as they usually did for an hour or two before sunset. The gentlemen of her suite were playing bowls on the green; and the Princess, who was near her confinement, sometimes sat in an arbour overlooking the green, and sometimes paced the nearest alley, leaning on the arm of her friend and attendant, Lady Cowper.

Young Mr. Craggs was evidently welcome. The Princess made no fine speeches to him: but neither did she incite him to amuse her, as she was wont to do,—playing upon his faculty of mimicry as upon an instrument at her command. She was in no mood to-day for laughing at the vulgarities of her father-in-law's mistresses. Nor did she speak of Mr. Addison's poems, nor of Dr. Clarke's Discourses, nor of old Sir Isaac's astonishing discoveries about the solar system. She was grave. Perhaps she was not well. But never had she been more gracious and gentle. James had told Mr. Addison, who entirely agreed with him, that she was the only woman (not excepting the Duchess herself) who entirely put out of his head that he was talking with a woman. There was in the Duchess of Marlborough a passion for power which was essentially feminine in its character and its manifestation. The Princess Caroline had perhaps more ability; and she had with it a masculine discretion, entirely unalloyed by any tendency to intrigue. The truth was, however, that she gained more by her force of character, and her way of using it, than she could by any genius for manœuvring; and young Mr. Craggs presently found himself involved in the very subjects he had intended not to speak of at all. The case was not mended by the presence of Lady Cowper, who paced the green alley in utter silence, but with a keenness of attention to what was said which showed that every word she heard would go to the Lord Chancellor, her husband.

The first eagerness was to know when His Majesty was coming home. This was uncertain. It was probable that His Majesty himself did not know. But a servant lately arrived from Germany said that the Hanover people expected the King to spend the winter there. Was there any ground for this notion?

It was impossible to say there was not; for the King desired to stay through the winter, and had hinted that he should propose it. What James did say was that, whatever His Majesty's wishes might be, any change in public affairs, abroad or at home, might any day compel his return. Striking as was the prosperity of the kingdom under its guardian, the Prince, the remotest peril of insurrection, or of invasion, or of a quarrel with France must bring His Majesty home on the instant.

With a winning frankness, the Princess told her visitor that he would soon discover for himself, if he did not hear it otherwise, that she required instruction on recent events almost as much as any shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside. Interested persons had attempted to set her aside in affairs of real moment by surrounding her with queen-like state and observance; and this, she said, put her upon obtaining all the information she could, through channels with which the persons she had in mind could not interfere.

Young Mr. Craggs at once saw the folly of such a course on the part of the Minister. There was no more certain way of ensuring Lord Townshend's own downfall, and Lord Sunderland's succession, than flattering the Prince's jealousy of power by slighting his wife. The supremacy was fated to rest with her. Policy and inclination at once induced him to comply with the Princess's request, with the utmost apparent readiness. He related the story of the months he had spent abroad, fluently, and with seeming fulness, and his own bewitching artlessness of manner; and much that he told about negotiations with the French and other governments was evidently new to the Princess, or presented in a fresh light. But finally she was certainly not altogether satisfied. She was too prudent and too courteous to press her questions in those matters precisely on which her guest seemed to her to have some reserves: but there was a something in her manner when she turned to watch the bowlers, and commanded young Mr. Craggs to her card-table in the pavilion at the end of the green, as soon as candles should be lighted, which showed him that she was aware that his real errand in England was kept from her. Before she took her seat at the card-table, she and Lady Cowper had nearly settled what it must be. The Townshend and Walpole set would presently be out of power; or some grave un-

known danger menaced the kingdom, which would test their capacity to sustain the Hanoverian family. In the first case, the great scheme of absorbing the debt by the South Sea Company would proceed and flourish, let Sir Robert Walpole say what he would; the Prince would be rich,—the Crown and kingdom would be rich;—everybody would be rich: and the King might stay at Hanover as long as he pleased. In the other case, everything might be at stake; and it might be from consideration for her state that Mr. Craggs had kept back the truth. Lady Cowper could not think this probable, as Mr. Craggs had had no interview with the Prince, which he certainly would have had if he had brought such weighty news as that. No such event as another insurrection, however, could take the country, or anybody in it, by surprise while the Pretender lived. The Princess wondered that Sir Robert Walpole did not see how it would tend to the security of the throne that the country should be deeply interested in the South Sea scheme. The interest was of so absorbing a kind, and it might become so general,—offering profit even to private soldiers, and every ditcher and dairymaid who could invest a crown,—that political factions could have no chance in the competition. Lady Cowper had heard that Sir Robert had himself made this remark; but he had added that in the one case he knew beforehand the mischief to be expected; whereas in the other, the country might be ruined, beyond help or hope, in a week.

This sounded very like nonsense, the ladies thought: but then Sir Robert was not apt, with all his odd notions, to talk nonsense.

In the pavilion was my Lord Townshend. Stranger still, he took post behind the Princess's chair, and was devoted to her. This looked like his being in danger of a fall from power; and an almost imperceptible glance between the Princess and Lady Cowper conveyed to each that the other thought this to be young Mr. Craggs's errand. They soon changed their minds.

Long before the usual hour of breaking up the card-tables, there was a stir about the entrance; and then within the pavilion. There was whispering, and stealing out and in, and a watching of the doors, which obviously vexed Lord Townshend. The Princess asked no questions, but she became flushed; and Lady Cowper was considering how to induce her to retire, and to end her suspense, when the Prince himself entered hastily.

"All is safe," he informed the Princess. "You need be under no apprehension now; but the kingdom has had a narrow escape." And he told that by certain means it had

become known to government that an invasion of England was in preparation; but it was, or would certainly be, frustrated. The great hope was in the name of the invader,—that it would terrify the people out of all power of self-defence; but if the country had risen up against the Pretender, so it would against any patron of the Pretender.

"What, in Heaven's name, does all this mean?" the Princess asked of Lord Townshend. "I never knew the Prince tell the news in this public way before."

"There is much excitement in town," replied the minister. "The arrest of the Swedish Envoy—"

"Then the King of Sweden is the Pretender's patron! That bold savage the patron of the effete Stuarts! That is a worse humiliation than their being discrowned."

"Your Royal Highness would feel it so; but the singular and wild valour of this northern soldier—"

"Call him this northern brute, my lord! He seems to be scarcely human in faculty."

"Truly, madam, between him and the Czar Peter, we have very eccentric parties to deal with. No, no, I hope we are not to fight the Czar; though His Majesty is three parts willing. Neither, I trust, will it come to fighting on our own shores with the Swede; but the plot was discovered only just in time."

"Young Mr. Craggs—" and the Princess looked keenly into the minister's face.

"Yes,—young Mr. Craggs brought us the actual letters—intercepted abroad—which left us no choice what to do. Count Gyllenberg was arrested this afternoon; and correspondence enough between Baron Gortz and the Count has been found to show us what we have escaped. There would have been a landing on the Northumberland coast, and a raising of rebellion everywhere,—just as if the world had not seen enough of what comes of such rebellion. It really seems as if the rebel blood that still reeks in our nostrils had all been shed in vain."

"Why not try some other device, my lord? If you would throw open the South Sea scheme to the whole country—"

"I believe you are right, madam. It would discredit Pretenders, and Czars, and Heroes of Bender in a trice. But, if it should end in discrediting England, above all, what would be left? This is Sir Robert's dread."

"Sir Robert seems to be alone in his dread; and he can hardly be the only man who understands such matters. If that scheme proves abortive the responsibility will be Sir Robert's."

"It will, madam; and he knows it. I perceive that I must make my bow to your Royal Highness. The people in town are all abroad in the streets, I am told; and Count Gyllenberg is making the most of his opportunity of appearing a martyr."

"You do not seriously mean that you have arrested an accredited envoy?"

"Certainly we have, madam. The privilege of his function does not cover conspiracy against the government of the country he is living in. We have therefore possessed ourselves of his papers. It is an act for which we ought to have the thanks of the parliament and people, as well as the reigning family." And his lordship took his leave.

The whole company followed rapidly; and nearly all the gentlemen of the Court started for London, and a little before midnight, in order to satisfy their Royal Highnesses as to what was going on. It was whispered that the Prince himself was among them, and that he stood in the crowd before the Swedish Minister's house, gathering up some amusement from the sayings of the citizens about the marvellous King Charles of Sweden, who always killed the whole number of his foes, wherever he was opposed. Citizens who had cousins in Northumberland were certain that no one of them would stand up against such an enemy. He would land where he pleased, march where he liked, and put the Pretender on the throne before the new year. There were not wanting in the crowd, and in houses where the windows were thronged with gazers, persons who enlarged on the old notion re-appearing with each generation, that the former times were better than the present. These persons complained that there was no peace and quiet for England now. Of old the state and its affairs did not reach the citizen in his home: he could follow his own business, and need not be troubled about anything beyond, unless he chose: but at present there was no respite from alarm and disturbance. Invaders were reported to be coming over the sea, and rebellion broke out in the heart of the land. The quarrel about whether Stuarts or the Hanoverian family should reign, was mischievous enough at best. It kept everything uncertain, and so encouraged an idle and gambling spirit among the people; just as the spectacle of the execution of so many Jacobites hardened the popular mind, and early corrupted the very children. But this was not all. It seemed as if no country in Europe could keep out of the dispute, and we were likely to have most of them down upon us. Pope and Kaiser, Saint and Savage, Catholic and Protestant States, all were bent on taking

a part and meddling, till it seemed too likely that our ancient realm would be torn in pieces, and that the great name of England would disappear from the history of the world.

If the Prince heard much of this kind of foreboding, he must have been abundantly willing to attend at a consultation of such of the ministers as were in town. It was near midnight when they waited on him at St. James's, and he did not get back to Hampton Court till day-break. He was so gloomy that the Princess would have been more alarmed by not knowing than by knowing what he had to tell. He declared at first that she must ask no questions, and that he was not going to tell her anything: but she knew he could not rest till he had relieved his mind to her, and obtained comfort from her. If he was guardian of the kingdom, she was his guardian; and she had enough to think over while her husband slept. Cardinal Alberoni was at the bottom of the business. He had sent large amounts of money to the Swedish Envoy at Paris, and this participation of Spain in the plot was an unexpected and terrible blow. To this Spanish money the Pretender had added sixty thousand pounds, and there must be some friend of the Stuarts in the background who had supplied the Pretender with the funds. How far Count Gyllenberg's machinations had gone in this country there was no conjecturing; but it was plain that the Swedes might be expected on the coasts at any point, and at any hour; and it would not be a very surprising thing if the Prince and his wife and child should be seized and shipped off in the middle of any night.

The household must remove to London at once. A messenger was sent to order arrangements to be made at St. James's for the Prince's return to supper that day. The public need not know of any other reason than the convenience of his being at hand for consultation with his ministers: and thus, sunny Hampton Court was exchanged for gloomy St. James's, where the autumn twilight and fogs seemed to make their home in the old palace. This was the first step.

The next was a more doubtful one. The Prince highly enjoyed his popularity, which had been on the increase from the day of his assuming the virtual regency, which his father would not give him under that title. He was now disposed to cultivate this popularity, to go into the city, and see for himself how matters looked on 'Change. The Princess rather encouraged this notion, hoping it might lead to his taking his proper share, as she considered it, in the advantages of the South Sea adventure; but she warned him that whatever

favour he won from the people, he would lose with the King. The King was not very well pleased that his heir spoke English, and was complacently listened to, when he himself could only be dumb and make bows ; it would be perhaps too trying for him to hear of the Prince being able to consult with the great merchants and other substantial citizens in their own region of London, on the public duty and danger. As far as it could be done without putting it into the King's head to come home, it would be well for his heir to ingratiate himself with the citizens ; but always with prudence.

The third step was the boldest and most hazardous. The government must have money to provide for the defence of the kingdom ; and the Prince considered this a heaven-sent opportunity for doing what he had long desired,—assembling parliament, and opening the session in person. The Princess considered this a highly imprudent proposal ; but she was overruled at the moment, and she feared she should be overruled next day on this one point. The Prince declared himself confident that Lord Townshend would write to the king on the subject, and that if His Majesty had made his arrangements for wintering at Hanover, he would not break through them to come home to open a parliament, to whom he could not speak a word in their language.

While the Princess sat watching over her husband's sleep, and pondering these critical questions, Mr. Craggs reached home, fagged and gloomy. To his wife he was not disposed to say much—at least till he had rested ; but he was glad to see his son up and awake. He invited James into his dressing-room, where his coffee was served ; and there they discussed the events and disclosures of the last few hours. At the close, Mr. Craggs said :—

“There is no doubt that this is a most critical time ; much depends on whether the King comes over or stays ; and you know better than I do which is the more probable.”

“That again depends on what becomes of Lord Townshend. If he shows himself imprudent now, so as to be thrown over as a matter of course, the King may simply dismiss him, and send Lord Sunderland to take his place. If Lord Townshend holds his ground, his rival will hardly let the King rest at Hanover till the spring.”

“And if the heir should thrust himself forward, and assume to be Regent——”

“O ! that would bring the King over with the first tide.”

Mr. Craggs nodded, as if this confirmed some notion of his own.

“Yes,” he said, in answer to a look of

inquiry from his son, “I have my reasons for desiring him to come,—unfavourable as his presence is to the popularity of his house. If we once get Walpole out, and your patron in, we can make the King governor of the South Sea Company, and carry all before us. No fear of either the King or parliament. The profits would make His Majesty eager enough ; and as for the Commons, it would be a race among them to set up such a governor, and then to obtain shares in the Company. If the Company engages to rid the country of the debt, the House will give money to the government to any extent.”

“And then,” said James, “let the Jacobites take notice how well the Hanoverian princes get on with their parliaments.”

“Exactly so. The last accounts from the South Seas are magnificent. That enterprise must be a trump card in the hand of any government ; and Lord Sunderland deserves his place at the helm.”

“If he gets it.”

“O ! he will get it presently. He deserves it for his sagacity in seeing so early how it may make the throne secure, and save the country from civil war. I don't know how much of the stock you hold, James ?”

“Nor I exactly, for I promised a friend as much of it as he wished to have ; and whether he takes half, or all, or less than either, I have not heard yet.”

“Keep all you can, I advise you ; and I will give you hints when to strike in for more. I suppose you could not run down into the country for a few days, James ?”

“Not just at present, unless there should be business of Lord Sunderland's to do. Are you thinking of Blenheim or of Milbury Park ?”

“No matter ; only tell me if you find you have a few days at command. And now I must go to bed. Our enemies from the Pillars of Hercules, as the fine gentlemen say,—James, where are the Pillars of Hercules ?—very well, from the Pillars of Hercules to the White Sea our enemies must wait till I am awake enough to see further into their plots. I do wish there were not so many of them. But money—wealth without bounds—is a great resource. Our South Sea is worth all their White, and Black, and Red Seas together, and the Mediterranean to boot. Ay—and the Baltic. But what odds, England against so many !”

“Sleep and defy them, father. Dream grand things against them.”

“Go you, and dream of being a minister, my boy, for you will be one, if you choose. By the way,” he called out, as James was leaving

the room, "if you have no objection, I should like to know who the friend is whom you have so favoured about your stock. There is no reason why we should unawares be both enriching the same person at a sacrifice to ourselves."

"No fear of that, father: it is only Mr. Gay."

"Mr. Gay! what can he ever do for you?"

"He has given us some charming poems, and he says Dr. Swift wants him to write a Newgate pastoral. He himself inclines to a Newgate comedy; and the fancy has so taken him, that he will assuredly produce something capital some day."

"Still, I don't see why you are to make him such a present."

"Certainly it was not necessary; but the little man has a painful notion that men of letters are poor, and despised; and——"

"One would think he had never heard of Mr. Addison, or Mr. Pope, or——"

"Ah! father, there your list stops: and Mr. Gay would double it, and double it again, with names of poor men of genius. *He* ought not to be poor; and I shall be glad to have saved him from it."

"Very well; but take care of yourself, that's all."

"O! there will be plenty for all of us, father."

"Yes indeed!" And Mr. Craggs was chuckling when his son closed the door.

(To be continued.)

A DROWNED CITY.

How many Englishmen are aware that a large city lies buried beneath the waves which wash the coast of Suffolk? With the fiery flood that devoured Pompeii, and the earthquake that overthrew Lisbon, we are familiar enough; but how many have heard of the slow destruction by sea of a place that was once the capital of East Anglia, the see of an English bishop, that contained numerous churches and hospices, that was a flourishing port, and has been proudly called "The Splendid City?"

Where the lone cliff uprears its rugged head,
Where frowns the ruin o'er the silent dead,
Where sweeps the billow on the lonely shore,
Where once the mighty lived, but live no more,
Where proudly frowned the convent's massy wall,
Where rose the Gothic tower, the stately hall,
Where bards proclaimed, and warriors shared the feast,
Where ruled the baron, and where knelt the priest,—
There stood the city in its pride—"Tis gone,
Mocked at by crumbling pile and mouldering stone.

How swift, how sure, with dark oblivious wings,
Time shrouds the glory of all earthly things!
Even now he flies—and, as he speeds along
Heeds not the poet or the poet's song,

He sweeps his giant arm,—beneath his scythe
The high, the low, the sorrowful, the blythe,
The rich, the poor, the timid, and the brave,
Crumble to dust!—their heritage the grave!
And here Time's heaviest, mightiest hand hath been,
How marred the splendour and how changed the scene!
He called his deadliest fiends—in wrath they came,
The furious tempest and the wasting flame,
The raging whirlwind, and the gorging sea,—
They came, old Donewyc, and they spared not thee.

Yes—Donewyc or Denwyk, modernised into Dunwich, is the town to which we allude. Its history is so pitiful and strange, that a brief sketch of it cannot fail to interest the travelled and un-travelled Englishman alike.

In the Saxon chronicles, Dunwich is denominated *Domoc*; by Alfred, *Domoc-Ceaster* or *Dunwyc*, from *Dun*, a hilly down, and *wyc*, a fort, whilst by the Anglo-Normans it is called *Donewyc*. When or by whom it was founded, remains unrecorded, though tradition, which, unlike maiden ladies, delights in antiquity, infers that it was a Roman station, Latin coins having from time to time been dug up there. Its story, however, is very obscure until the time of *Sigebert*, one of the *Heptarchic* kings, who made it the capital of *East Anglia*. After reigning for three years or so, *Sigebert* felt the spirit of religion upon him so strongly, that he laid aside the crown for the cowl, and was shorn a monk at *Cnolbersburgh* (now *Borough Castle*), abdicating in favour of his kinsman *Egric*. *Egric*, however, and his subjects were so mercilessly harassed by the Mercians, that they dragged the cloistered monarch from his cell, brought him to the camp, and forced him to face his old foes once more. Armed with only a white wand, he advanced to meet the enemy. The stars, however, fought against the tonsured sovereign, and he fell a victim to the ferocity of the chieftain *Penda*. During these devastating wars, *Egric* was mainly supported by the loyal citizens of *Dunwich*.

The first survey of the place which we possess, was made during the reign of *Edward the Confessor*, about the middle of the eleventh century. It then contained three carves of land (300 acres), twelve *bordarii*, or farmers, and 120 *burgesses*, and paid 10*l.* towards the revenues of the kingdom. A forest, also, anciently extended several miles eastward of the town, and was denominated *Eastwood*, or *King's Forest*. Within twenty years it had territorially become greatly reduced, for, according to "*Doomsday Book*," compiled by *William the Conqueror*, it contained two carves of land, the other having been devoured by the sea. *Dunwich* had, however, increased in population, for it numbered amongst its citizens twelve *bordarii*, twenty-four freemen,

136 burgesses, and 178 poor. It became a royal demesne about the beginning of Henry II.'s reign, at which time it was a town of some note, and carried on various kinds of commerce. In fact so rich was it, that it supplied with every necessary the large forces sent against the powerful army of the rebel Robert Blanchmains, Earl of Leicester, when he laid siege to the town. To give another proof of the importance of the place at this epoch, we may add, that it paid 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* towards the dowry of the Princess Maude, the king's daughter, whilst Ipswich, its neighbour, was charged only 53*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

Firmly attached to the interest of John Lackland, Dunwich fitted out several vessels to oppose the French, who, with the disaffected barons, strove to dethrone him; and Dunwich had its reward. The townsmen by their loyalty, obtained many royal favours from his majesty. To wit, he granted them their first charter of liberty, making the town a free borough; he remitted 40*l.* a year of the *fee-farm* rent; he added a guild of merchants, with privileges as ample as those enjoyed by any town in the kingdom; and to crown all, he honoured its corporation, which before had been governed by port-reeves and bailiffs, with a mayor. This dignity, Dunwich enjoyed 130 years. It had, however, now reached its zenith; the turn had taken place in the wheel of fortune; its decline had begun; Heaven was against it. Severe storms had caused the mouth of the port to shift, and in the first year of Edward I.'s reign, it was rendered utterly useless. Nevertheless, it could boast of "sixteen fair ships, twenty barks or vessels trading to the North Sea, Iceland, &c., and twenty-four small boats for the home fishery;" and in 1296, the men of Dunwich, "at their own proper cost and charges, built for the defence of the realm eleven ships of war, well furnished with munition, most of them carrying seventy-two men each, the rest fifty, forty-five, and forty a-piece. These sailed from Plymouth, with the king's brother Edmund, Earl of Leicester and Lancaster, for France, and remained on the coast of Gascony from St. Andrew's Day to the Feast of Pentecost following; during which time they served without pay, and had "four ships with their artillery, &c., value 200*l.*, taken and destroyed by the enemy."

The blow it received by the destruction of its port was irretrievable, for another port was opened within the limits of Blythburgh and not far from Walberswick Key, which diverted the principal traffic to those places. Nevertheless, to retrieve this loss,—for the

people of Dunwich were still royal favourites—Edward II. issued his mandate to John Howard, Sheriff of Suffolk, "to make proclamation for all goods, merchandizes, and fish imported at the new port to be put to sale nowhere but at the ancient market-places in Dunwich, on forfeiture of goods and merchandizes so vended." A similar expedient was attempted by Richard II., but with no better result; and as a last effort, the townsmen entered into a treaty of commerce with Hull and other places for mutual traffic. Nothing, however, could turn or stem the tide of calamity; it went steadily ebbing and ebbing on. Southwold and Walberswick were young and vigorous rivals, and well-favoured by nature, and even by majesty, for Henry VII. to spite Dunwich for leaguings with the White Rose faction, incorporated Southwold, and conferred on it the dignity and importance of a municipality. The *coup de grace*, however, was given by the son and successor of this irate Tudor monarch, who in his zeal against the Church of Rome demolished the religious houses of his kingdom in general, and amongst them in particular, those of the hapless Dunwich.

The religious houses of Dunwich were numerous and wealthy. The town was erected into an episcopal see by Sigebert, whose "noble and pious acts," to quote an old chronicle, "have rendered him renowned and famous to posterity." He invited over from France a Burgundian monk, named Felix, whom he had probably known in his exile, and to whom he entrusted the conversion and spiritual education of his people.

Felix undertook the task zealously, and by the aid of his royal master, with great success. "To Dunwich," says Gardner, the historian of the fallen city, "many famous men resorted to be his coadjutors in promoting the grand design, which by the sincerity, charity, and indefatigable preaching of Felix was effected; the sable clouds of Paganism being dissipated by the glorious rays of the Gospel. And to establish this great and noble work, at Dunwich, Felixstowe and other places, were erected schools, which were seminaries of sound literature and ingenious education, the production of piety and religion throughout his dominions." Felix governed his see seventeen years, died in the year 647, and was buried in his church at Dunwich. His body was, however, subsequently removed to Soham, in Cambridgeshire, and re-interred in the monastery of the place.

In the time of Edward the Confessor, Dunwich possessed one church, dedicated to the memory of its first bishop, by whom it was

probably built, though some imagine it was originally an idol-temple, purged and consecrated to the Christian service by Felix. Twenty years later two more churches had been built, St. Leonard's and St. John the Baptist. The latter was a spacious edifice, and stood near the market-place. In the year 1540, the parishioners being apprehensive of the speedy destruction of the building, the sea having undermined the cliff, took the church down, in order to save the materials. St. Leonard's was probably lost at a very early period. In addition to these, we read of St. Martin's, which stood on the east side of the town; St. Nicholas, a cross-church, that is, with the tower or steeple erected over the

centre of the transept; and St. Peter's, not far from All Saints'. In 1702, the sea had so far threatened the structure of St. Peter's, that the lead, timber, bells, and other materials were removed, and only the bare walls left standing. These not long after gradually tumbled over the cliff, as inch by inch the waters undermined them. Besides the churches, there existed several chapels; for instance, St. Anthony's Chapel, and St. Francis' Chapel. But the most important religious establishment seems to have been the Temple. This was a very old church dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. John the Baptist, and stood near Middle Gate Street. It was a place of great privileges for pardons, and was endowed



Ancient Gateway, Dunwich.

with divers rents, tenements, houses, and lands. In it also was held annually, on All Souls Day, a court, called Dunwich Temple Court, for gathering in and collecting the revenues belonging to the institution. Nor must we omit in this enumeration the Grey Friars (a Franciscan order), and the Black Friars, both of whom had considerable establishments here. The former friary contained upwards of seven acres of land, enclosed with a stone wall, and was approached by three gates, one to the east (the principal one), now demolished, and two to the westward; the arches of which still remain, but scarcely visible from the mass of ivy which envelopes them. Dunwich also possessed a hospital dedicated to the honour of St. James the Apostle,

consisting of a master, and several leprous brethren and sisters, and a *Maison Dieu* consecrated to the Holy Trinity. Against sacred temples, no less than the busy swarming town itself, the storms of heaven had been let loose, and the fountains of the great deep broken up. But, on the subject of this terrible though gradual destruction of a populous and important city, we must particularise a little.

Dunwich was unfortunately built on a hill, composed of light, loose, friable material, loam and sand, and therefore incapable of "breasting the surge most swollen" that rushed to meet it. It lay upon a coast destitute of rocks, and consequently exposed to the pelting violence of wind and rain, and the unchecked roll of the angry ocean. Along this

part of Suffolk the shore is altogether unprotected either by nature or art. Off Yarmouth and Lowestoft sand-banks raise a hidden barrier, and break the force of the waves. But at Dunwich and at Southwold the whole weight of the billows is thrown upon the shingly beach, and when it blows a gale or hurricane from the north-east or the south-east the devastation is terrible. Such is the explanation of the fall of Dunwich.

At what time the sea began its work of destruction upon the coast, it is impossible to tell. Of three carves of land which Dunwich possessed in the reign of Edward the Confessor, one had been swept away, as we have already stated, so early as the reign of William I., and the ocean continued its frightful ravages uninterruptedly down to the time of Henry III. In the sixth year of his sovereignty, this monarch not only required the assistance of others, but was himself pleased to grant 200*l.* towards making a break-water to resist the encroachment of the waters. On the 2nd of January, 1286, a tremendous storm occurred, which raged throughout the country, but more especially at Dunwich, which suffered severely; and in 1350 a great part of the town, and upwards of four hundred houses, with shops and windmills, were devoured by the sea. In this century the churches of St. Nicholas and St. Martin were taken down, for the shore had been eaten away up to the precincts of the Black Friars. In the sixteenth century the church of St. John the Baptist, the chapels of St. Anthony, St. Francis, and St. Katherine, as well as the South Gate and Gilden Gate were utterly demolished. In the reign of Charles I., the foundations of the Temple buildings gave way, and were buried beneath the debris of chalk, which the mighty floods swallowed up in their rapacious maw. In 1677, the sea reached the market-place; three years later, all the buildings to the north of *Maison-Dieu Lane* were destroyed; and before five decades had elapsed, the Town Hall, St. Peter's Church, and the Cemetery suffered the same fate. This one would imagine was a sufficient catalogue of disasters. But, alas! the cup of their calamity was not yet filled to the brim, and the good people of Dunwich had to sup full of fresh horrors. In the December of 1740, the wind blew hard from the north-east for several days, and the waves ran mountains high. All along the coast enormous damage was done by the breaking down of banks and dykes, and by inundations, and the overflowing of marsh lands. But Dunwich, unfortunate Dunwich—as she invariably was—suffered most of all. More of the cliff was

washed away, as well as the great road leading into the town from the key.

“Part of the old key, built with stone, lay bare”—we are now quoting the quaint language of Gardner the chronicler, and witness of this disaster—“making canals across the beach, through which the river had communications with the sea, to the hindrance of the people on foot travelling that way for some days. *King's Holm*, heretofore valued at 200*l.*, and then at 100*l.* per annum, laid under water, and much shingle and sand thrown thereon from off the beach, rendering it ever since of little worth. The sea raged with such fury, that *Cock and Hen Hills* (which the preceding summer, were upwards of 40 feet high, and in the winter partly washed away), this year had their heads levelled with their bases, and the ground about them so rent and torn, that the foundation of *St. Francis's Chapel* (which was laid between the said hills) was discovered; where, besides the ruins of the walls, were five round stones, near of a bigness; the dimensions of one (I took) were four feet the diameter, and near two the thickness. There was likewise a circle of large stumps of piles about 24 feet circumference. The bounds of the Cemetery were staked; within which the secret repositories of the dead were exposed to open view; several skeletons on the ooze divested of their coverings, some lying in pretty good order, others interrupted and scattered as the surges carried them. Also a stone coffin, wherein were human bones covered with tiles. Before conveniency offered for removing the coffin, it was broke in two pieces (by violence of the sea), which serve now for steps at each foot of *Deering Bridge*.”

After this little more of Dunwich remained, so triumphantly had the winds, the rains, and the sea performed their triple labour. To think of this work of these angry furies, it makes one exclaim with *Miranda* :

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good town so have swallowed.

A century and a quarter has passed since that last great rage of the elements, and though there was little left to do in the way of destruction, it has destroyed even that little; so that now Dunwich consists of a farm-house or two, a few cottages down by the shore, a small inn, where the accommodation is anything but good, a coastguard station, and the mansion and grounds of Grey Friars, the residence of the squire. On the cliff overlooking the bay—that bay beneath whose calm blue treacherous waters lies a city—stands the last church, alone in its desolation. Six arches still on the

south side, and three on the north, serve to show what has been lost by what still remains. At the west end is a square tower, sadly dilapidated, but giving access to its upper storeys by a spiral staircase that has escaped "Time's effacing fingers." The view from the top is extremely beautiful. The curve of the bay is exceedingly picturesque, especially as its northern horn of green hill is crowned by the white houses of Southwold. The road from Darsham, the nearest railway station, through Westleton to Dunwich, is little over four miles, and lies through a charming country, combining parklike scenery with the pleasant wildness of an English down. After passing the windmill at Westleton, the path emerges upon a spacious rising heath, from which the breeze comes "stealing and giving odours." Thyme abounds here, and so do gorse and heather, and from beneath and between them peep out numberless modest wee flowers, some with blue eyes, some with purple, some with orange, that paint the silver-grey sand, over which you are treading, with a thousand lovely hues.

To solace the woes of Dunwich, the poet has sung its splendours and misfortunes. An epic of no mean pretensions, written by the late Mr. Bird, of Yoxford, close by, celebrates the beauty and virtue of Bertha de Valeins as well as her loves and sorrows with Mowbray, who joined the traitor the Earl of Leicester against the king in the turbulent times of Henry III. The poem is full of vivid pictures not only of the olden times, but of ancient Dunwich itself, and breathes throughout the deepest passion of regret for the fate of the once "Splendid City." The "conclusion" is so feelingly expressed, that we cannot refrain from incorporating it in this narrative:—

Donewyc, farewell!—While now I gaze alone
On mouldering tokens of thy glory gone,
I muse on ruthless time, on wind and sea,
That long have waged unsparring war on thee!
Yes,—thou art fallen!—and the sea-bird flies
O'er the wide waves where all thy splendour lies!
Thy towering structures, which their founders deemed
All but eternal!—Ah, they had not dreamed
That all their wondrous strength, their godly pride
Would fall and waste beneath the fretty tide!
Thy forest too, where many a stately oak
Had long withstood Time's unrelenting stroke,
Laughed at the storm, defied the thunder's crash,
The whirlwind's fury and the lightning's flash,
That, too, is fallen!—and the swelling wave
Rolls in proud triumph o'er its spacious grave!
Sad type of earthly grandeur!—passed away!
Alas! the glories of life's transient day,
Man's learning, wisdom, philosophic thought,
His art, power, honour, wealth, desires are—nought!
Still, Donewyc, still on thy exalted cliff
I love to pause, to mark the agile skiff
With white and glittering sails glide softly by,

While ocean smiles beneath the summer sky,
And whispering breezes from the waveless sea
Come with soft murmurs, while the cheerly bee
Sings her bass song amid the blossomed beath:—
From thy bold heights upon the bay beneath
Oft have I gazed in hours thus calmly bright,
Rapt in a heaven of unalloyed delight!
Scene of my joy! dear object of my song!
I love thy haunts, and I have loved them long;
Farewell!—farewell!—the bard who sings of thee
Will soon be all that withering man must be,
Low in the dust! within the silent grave
No more to hear the murmuring of thy wave,
No more, no more of thee and thine to tell,
Thou dear, though wild and lonely spot!—Farewell.

Thus sang the poet nearly forty years ago. The tourist who, to-day, is whirled along the Great Eastern Railway to Yarmouth or Lowestoft will do well to interrupt his journey and visit this "eventful and melancholy" spot. He passes within a short and delightful four miles of it, and it must be interesting to him, if he is not wholly void of feeling, to walk by this historic shore: for, as he gazes out seaward from the old church-hill or the coast-guard station, he looks veritably over a "Drowned City." Sometimes at low water, when the wind is off the land, the roots and trunks of numberless trees as well as the foundations of demolished churches and houses may still be seen. If the tourist be sojourning at Lowestoft or Yarmouth he will find it a pleasant sail along the coast to Southwold and thence across a miniature bay of Dublin to all that remains of Dunwich. HAROLD KING.

POOR PERDITA.

PART I.

IN the middle of the last century, there was living at Bristol a merchant named Darby, by birth an American, who claimed to be a scion of the Irish house of Mac Dermott. He had married a descendant of the Seys family of Boverton Castle, Glamorganshire. Of this union had been born two children, a boy and a girl; on the 27th November, 1758, a third child, christened MARY, first saw light; and within a few years two sons came to increase the number of the family.

Mr. Darby occupied an old house said to have once formed part of St. Augustine's monastery. It adjoined the cathedral church and fronted the College-green. Little Miss Mary Darby—gypsy-faced, large-eyed, dark-browed (the lady has left on record a detailed description of her appearance as a child)—grew fond of listening to the pealing of the organ and the chanting of the choristers in the minster church,—of singing songs and reciting verses; she could repeat Pope's "Lines to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," Mason's "Elegy on the Death of the Countess of

Coventry," Lord Lyttelton's stanzas "The Heavy Hours," Gay's charming ballad "'Twas when the sea was rolling," and other pathetic pieces, when she was only seven years old; and she played upon the harpsichord, and even produced doggerel lines of her own composing while she was still a mere child. Soon she was sent as a day-boarder to the school kept by the five sisters of Miss Hannah More at Bristol.

Mr. Darby lived in apparent affluence, and spent his money freely—a little too freely, perhaps. He was a restless, energetic man, with a strong inclination towards speculative ventures. He did not grow rich fast enough, he complained—his receipts could not keep pace with his expenditure; and he became impatient to make a great fortune at a single blow, as it were. So he threw himself heart and soul and capital into a wild project for establishing on a grand scale a whale fishery on the coast of Labrador: purposing to civilise the Esquimaux, and avail himself of their services in the undertaking. Full of this strange business, he quitted England for a residence of at least two years in America, leaving his wife and four children (death had taken one away) to endure his absence as best they might while looking forward to his return loaded with profit and covered with glory.

At first, indeed, there seemed some hope of his success. He had been patronised and encouraged by Lords Chatham, Northington, Bristol, Hillsborough, Sir Hugh Palliser, and other influential noblemen and gentlemen. He corresponded regularly with his family; they were in receipt of an income punctually paid. But there came a change: disaster and ruin. The scheme failed; the Indians rose, destroyed the settlement and works, murdered the workmen, and turned adrift the produce of their toil; while the British Government declined to interfere or to assist the settlers by sending ships of war for their protection. Worse than all, at least it so seemed to poor Mrs. Darby, her husband had formed a new attachment in America. The infatuated man had ceased to care for his wife. He returned to England but to make some slender provision for her, and to arrange the terms of their formal separation.

The house at Bristol was given up, and the furniture sold. Mrs. Darby and her children came up to London. The mother went to board in the family of a clergyman at Chelsea, and the children were sent to schools in the neighbourhood. This arrangement lasted for some few years. But Mr. Darby would not or could not be punctual in the payment of his wife's allowance. In her pecuniary distress she

opened a small boarding-school for girls at Little Chelsea; her daughter, Mary, then about fourteen, rendering such assistance as she could in the education of the pupils. But the perverse husband prohibited this arrangement.

He was too poor to supply his wife with sufficient money for her maintenance, and too proud to permit her, by her own exertions, to earn a livelihood. The school had been started during his absence on a second mission in connection with the Labrador scheme, but on his return, by his positive command, Mrs. Darby broke up her establishment at Chelsea, and took lodgings in Marylebone. For a short time, it is probable, she was again in receipt of her scanty income; and Miss Mary Darby was sent to finish her education at Oxford House, Marylebone.

At this academy the young lady was taught dancing by Mr. Hussey, the ballet-master at Covent Garden Theatre. To him was due the first suggestion that she should assist her embarrassed family by adopting the stage as a profession. The ballet-master was struck by his pupil's graceful figure and pretty face, and had probably listened with admiration to her recitations from the poets. Shortly afterwards Miss Darby was introduced to Mr. Garrick at his house in the Adelphi. This was in 1776, the last year of Garrick's appearance upon the stage. The veteran actor was profuse in his applause—did all he could to encourage the novice; he even proposed to assist her by taking part in the play chosen for her *début*, and engaged to represent *Lear* to the *Cordelia* of Miss Mary Darby on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre.

Until the arrival of the period fixed for her first appearance, Mr. Garrick desired that the young lady would attend the performances at his theatre as constantly as possible. He expressed himself sanguine as to her success; at each rehearsal, seemed to grow more and more confident on the subject. Meanwhile, she was an object of attention at Drury Lane as the new *Cordelia*—the young pupil of the Roscius. Garrick was delighted; in his high spirits he would sometimes dance a minuet with his pupil, or beg her to sing to him the favourite ballads of the day; especially he admired the tone of her voice, which, he avowed, always reminded him of his favourite actress, Mrs. Cibber.

But this performance of "King Lear" was not destined to take place. Mr. Garrick one morning received a letter informing him that an advantageous marriage had induced Miss Darby to relinquish her theatrical prospects. The manager concealed his disappointment;

said nothing of the trouble he had been put to ; he congratulated the bride most cordially, and expressed the warmest wishes for her future happiness. A Mr. Robinson had fallen in love with the young *Cordelia*. He was an articled clerk in the offices of Messrs. Vernon and Elderton, of Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, solicitors. He had been educated at Harrow, a contemporary of Sheridan ; was alleged to have had great expectations from a rich old uncle ; and was looking forward to advancement in his profession, having but three months more of his time of service to complete : above all, he professed himself passionately in love with Miss Darby.

The young man seems to have urged his suit adroitly enough. He operated upon the affections of the daughter—upon the fears of the mother. He represented to Mrs. Darby the displeasure her husband would surely evince on his return to England * at finding that his daughter had become an actress ; he pointed out how escape from a hazardous and toilsome life might be secured by an honourable and prosperous marriage, such as he proposed. To the daughter he was never tired of dwelling upon the devotedness of his love. He was successful ; he even persuaded Mrs. Darby to allow the marriage to be clandestine ; pleading as a reason for this his fears of offending his rich relation ; his own youth ; and the fact that his period of service as a clerk was not expired. The marriage took place at St. Martin's Church, the bride being then about seventeen years of age.

The story of Mrs. Robinson's early life can only be gathered from her own memoirs—probably not the most impartial of histories. She would credit her husband with all the haste and secrecy which attended her marriage. Likely enough, however, some share in this may be fairly apportioned to the bride and her mother : in their straitened circumstances they could hardly be unwilling to secure a suitor who promised so well, and who was generally believed to be not less prosperous than he had represented. There was some little disenchantment, however, soon after the wedding. Mr. Robinson was discovered not to be the heir of a rich man—to have, indeed,

no clear title to any future fortune whatever. True, he had expectations, that might or might not be realised. He was not the nephew but the illegitimate son of a man of fortune.

The newly-married pair soon find themselves in urgent want of pecuniary assistance. They set out upon a visit to Mr. Harris, Mr. Robinson's so-called *uncle*, living at Tregunter House, near Chepstow. Their reception is, upon the whole, favourable. Mr. Harris,—a rough-and-ready Squire Western sort of gentleman, a justice of the peace, and late sheriff of the county, who wears a brown fustian coat, a scarlet waistcoat with narrow lace, woollen spatter-dashes, and a gold laced hat, drinks much strong ale, and rides a Welsh pony for long hours together over his lands,—is surprised but not particularly angry ; indeed, professes himself charmed with the bride ; but is careful to tender no monetary aid to the young couple. Disappointed they return to town after a few weeks' sojourn in Wales, apparently with the intention of living on thenceforward splendidly upon nothing a-year.

Mr. Robinson, though he had received no money or promise of money from his rich relative, seems to have thought himself justified in cherishing confident hopes that something or other would sooner or later be done for him. Accordingly, he determined upon living fully up to the most prosperous view he could possibly take of his position. He removed from lodgings in Great Queen Street to a handsome newly-built house, No. 13, in Hatton Garden, which he furnished luxuriously. He purchased an elegant phaeton and saddle horses, and supplied his wife with a costly wardrobe. He took her—charmingly dressed in pale pink satin with point lace trimming, wide hoop and high feathers—to entertainments at Ranelagh Gardens, and to concerts at the Pantheon. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson aspired to be people of fashion—persons of quality, and to be so regarded by the world of society around them.

When the frog attempts to arrive at the proportions of the ox, we all know what happens. When an attorney without an income is found attitudinizing as a man of fortune, the probable result may be readily surmised. Mr. Robinson becomes more and more involved. Vulture-nosed money-lenders circle round him ; creditors importune his pretty wife ; poverty pinches his household. And then the attorney himself, according to his wife's showing,—and it is perhaps part of her own defence to accuse him,—is, in quite other than pecuniary matters, a by no means exemplary kind of person. He is fickle, faithless, bends before other and less worthy shrines of beauty, leaving his bride

* Mr. Darby, however, does not appear to have been troubled with any vital anxieties touching his family. After the complete failure of his Labrador scheme, some of his influential patrons secured him the command of a small ordnance vessel. He was present at the siege of Gibraltar, in 1783, and for his services on that occasion received the congratulations of General Elliot, and the thanks of the Board of Admiralty. He died in the naval service of the Russian government, about 1785. Mrs. Robinson published some affectionate stanzas to his memory. Mrs. Darby died in 1793, at the house of Mrs. Robinson, in St. James's Place. Through all their changes of fortune the most affectionate relations seem to have subsisted between the mother and daughter.

neglected and unvalued, with such gay, giddy gentlemen as Lord Lyttelton and "Fighting" Fitzgerald to whisper their libertine love in her ear. Fitzgerald even attempts an abduction of pretty Mrs. Robinson, without the husband apparently greatly heeding.

To avoid his creditors, and in the hope of obtaining some immediate assistance from his uncle, Mr. Robinson takes his wife another journey into Wales; an unavailing expedition, however. Mr. Harris would do nothing—his mood was even less promising than before; this time he treated his visitors with rudeness—almost brutality. In Wales Mrs. Robinson gave birth to a daughter; but the rich relation was still pitiless. They return to London in deep distress. Mr. Robinson goes to prison.* His wife publishes a volume of poems which even the energetic patronage of the kind Duchess of Devonshire fails to force into any very remunerative demand. Then Mr. Brereton of Drury Lane suggests that the stage should be thought of once more—this time in earnest. Mrs. Robinson consents. Mr. Sheridan is introduced. Garrick, though he has retired, promises his countenance and support. A meeting takes place in the green room of Drury Lane Theatre. The lady recites the chief scenes of *Juliet*, Mr. Brereton repeating the part of *Romeo*; and Garrick decides that the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" shall be produced forthwith for the *début* of Mrs. Mary Robinson.

The theatre is crowded with rank and fashion on the night of the 10th December, 1776—the green room and wings are thronged with critics. Mr. Garrick sits in the orchestra to witness the performance of the new actress. She is so nervous she can hardly stand. All the encouragements of Mr. Sheridan and her other friends are needed to induce her to approach the audience. Presently she fronts the footlights: a very beautiful young woman in pale pink satin trimmed with lace and spangled with silver, with white feathers in her hair. She is very timid at first, but gains greater courage as the play proceeds and the applause increases. The curtain falls amidst a clamour of approbation. The new *Juliet* is a thorough success.

During the following month the lady essayed her second character: *Statira* in Nat Lee's "Alexander the Great," and was again

well received. Her Persian *toilette* was much admired, though considered rather singular; for the actress wore neither hoop nor powder, and her feet were encased in richly-jewelled sandals. Correctness of costume was an innovation, about which the public had not as yet quite made up its mind.

On the 24th February, 1777, Sheridan produced his comedy "A Trip to Scarborough," an adaptation from Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse," and Mrs. Robinson appeared in her third part, *Amanda*. There was a disturbance in the theatre. The audience had been led to expect a new work, and on their discovery that the play was merely an old acquaintance in disguise, they loudly expressed their disapprobation. Mrs. Yates, the *Berinthia* of the night, discomposed by the hissing, quitted the stage, leaving her younger play-fellow to face the storm alone. Terribly alarmed, Mrs. Robinson glanced round her. Mr. Sheridan was in the wings, imploring her to remain upon the scene; the Duke of Cumberland in the stage-box cried out to the actress, "Take courage, it's not *you* they're hissing, but the play!" The lady curtsied her thanks; the house became gallant in a moment: forgot its grievance, put aside its ill-humour, applauded *Amanda* greatly, and permitted the play to proceed. Afterwards the comedy was successful, and remained for many years a stock-piece at Drury Lane. The only other part played by Mrs. Robinson during her first season at Drury Lane was *Fanny Sterling* in the "Clandestine Marriage," performed on the occasion of her benefit. Mr. Sheridan then desired the actress to undertake a part in his new comedy of the "School for Scandal." But there were reasons why this could not be. In the early part of the summer Mrs. Robinson gave birth to her second child, who only lived six weeks.

In the following season (1777-8) Mrs. Robinson appeared as *Ophelia* and *Lady Anne* to the *Hamlet* and *Richard* of Henderson; she played also the *Lady* in "Comus;" *Emily* in "The Runaway;" *Araminta* in "The Confederacy;" *Octavia* in "All for Love;" and in a forgotten farce called "Joseph Andrews." For her benefit she had announced her intention to appear as *Cordelia* to the *Lear* of Henderson. "Macbeth," however, was substituted—Gentleman Smith being the *Macbeth*, and Mrs. Robinson the *Lady*,—a character for which she was probably little suited. After the tragedy a musical farce of her own composition called "The Lucky Escape" was produced; but in this she did not appear.

The actress had made great way in public favour—she was becoming a favourite with the

* The man seems to have been thoroughly worthless. Miss Hawkins relates that while he was in prison work was offered him by which he might, in a great measure, have retrieved his position; but he was idle and dissipated, and would do nothing. "In this depth of misery his wife was eminently meritorious; she had her child to attend to, she did all the work of their apartments, she even scoured the stairs, and accepted the writing and the pay which he had refused.

town. She was not powerful, perhaps, but she was certainly pleasing; not a great artist but a very graceful one. She could not take the public by storm; but she could win them gradually, holding them just as securely at last. It was difficult to resist the beauty of her face and form—the charm of her voice. More than these was not required in many of her characters. She had no genius, but she had a cultivated cleverness which did nearly as well. She was very lovely, dressed beautifully, could be arch and sparkling, or tender and pathetic. The good-natured audience demanded no more—they gave her their hands and hearts without further question, thundering their applause.

For the summer season Mrs. Robinson had been engaged by Colman at the Haymarket; but though in the regular receipt of a considerable salary, she never once appeared on the stage. She claimed to play *Nancy Lovel* in Colman's comedy of "The Suicide;" the part had been originally allotted to her, though afterwards given to Miss Farren, for the two preceding seasons a favourite at the Haymarket. The character required little beyond good looks and a graceful figure, to be displayed in male attire. It was generally admitted that Miss Farren was seen to more advantage in the dress of her sex. She declined to surrender *Nancy Lovel* to her sister actress, however, and Mrs. Robinson withheld her assistance from the theatre.

During the winter, Mrs. Robinson was re-engaged at Drury Lane. She appeared as *Lady Plume* in an afterpiece called "The Camp," often attributed to Sheridan, but presumed to have been written by his friend Tickell, *à propos* of a real camp for the time established at Coxheath. She also played *Palmira* in "Mahomet," produced for the *début* of Garrick's pupil, John Bannister; *Miss Richly* in "The Discovery;" *Alinda* in "The Law of Lombardy;" *Cordelia*, on her benefit, repeating the character on Henderson's night; *Jacintha* in "The Suspicious Husband," and *Fidelia* in the "Plain Dealer." In the season 1779-80, she appeared as *Viola*, *Perdita*, *Rosalind*, *Oriana* in "The Inconstant," *Imogen*, *Mrs. Brady* in "The Irish Widow," and *Eliza Camply*, assuming the character of *Sir Harry Revel*, in the comedy of "The Miniature Picture," * written by Lady Craven, afterwards

* Walpole writes to the Rev. William Mason, on the 28th May, 1780:—"Lady Craven's comedy, called 'The Miniature Picture,' which she acted herself, with a genteel set, at her own house in the country, has been played at Drury Lane. The chief singularity was that she went to it herself the second night, in form; sat in the middle of the front row of the stage-box, much dressed, with a profusion of white bugles and plumes, to receive the public homage due to her sex and loveliness. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Harcourt, Lady Edgewood, Lady Aylesbury Mrs. Damer, Lord

Margrave of Anspach. At the close of the season, Mrs. Robinson quitted the stage. In vain the management offered her a re-engagement upon increased terms. The actress had abandoned her profession—*pour cause*.

On the 3rd December, 1779, the "Winter's Tale" had been performed by royal command. Mr. Smith, the *Leontes* of the night, had been complimenting the *Perdita* upon her good looks. "By Jove, Mrs. Robinson," cried the actor, laughing, "you will make a conquest of the Prince to-night, for you look handsomer than ever." The Prince was in his eighteenth year, and quite willing to be conquered by pretty Mrs. Robinson. He followed her performance with marked attention; applauding frequently, and expressing his gratification in tones loud enough to reach her ear. At the conclusion of the play he bowed to her so particularly as to bring (so the lady protests) blushes of gratitude into her cheeks. On the following morning Lord Malden brings the Prince's thanks to the actress for her exertions, in a billet signed—FLORIZEL.

The admiration of the heir-apparent for Mrs. Robinson is soon town talk. The royal family attend a performance of music at the Pantheon, at which the actress is also present. The Prince avails himself of the opportunity to demonstrate the state of his feelings. He bows, makes signs, and drinks a glass of water, first glancing in a particular way at the actress, as though he were "toasting" her. A newspaper

Craven, General Conway, Colonel O'Hara, Mr. Lenox, and I, were with her. It was amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself; but there is such an integrity and frankness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents that she speaks of them with a *naïveté* as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the gods. Lord Craven, on the contrary, was quite agitated by his fondness for her, and with impatience at the bad performance of the actors, which was wretched indeed; yet the address of the plot, which is the chief merit of the piece, and some lively pencilling, carried it off very well, though Parsons murdered the Scotch Lord, and Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favourite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms and him."

In her memoirs Mrs. Robinson says:—"The last night of my appearance on the stage I represented the character of *Sir Harry Revel*, in the comedy of 'The Miniature Picture,' written by Lady Craven, and 'The Irish Widow.' On entering the green room I informed Mr. Moody, who played in the farce, that I should appear no more after that night, and, endeavouring to smile while I sung, I repeated,—

'O joy to you all in full measure,
So wishes and prays Widow Brady,'

which were the last lines of my song in 'The Irish Widow.' This effort to conceal the emotion I felt on quitting a profession I enthusiastically loved was of short duration; and I burst into tears on my appearance. My regret at recollecting that I was treading for the last time the boards where I had so often received the most gratifying testimonies of public approbation; where mental exertion had been emboldened by private worth; that I was flying from a happy certainty, perhaps to pursue the phantom Disappointment, nearly overwhelmed my faculties, and for some time deprived me of the power of articulation. Fortunately, the persons on the stage with me had to begin the scene, which allowed me time to collect myself. I went, however, mechanically dull through the business of the evening, and, notwithstanding the cheering expressions and applause of the audience, I was several times near fainting."

even comments upon the matter, observing that one passage in the performance of Dryden's "Ode" seemed peculiarly interesting to the Prince of Wales.

The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.*

Then the Prince puts his sighs into words, and sends to the lady daily letters, of which Lord Malden is the bearer. Mrs. Robinson finds in the royal epistles "a beautiful ingenuousness," "a warm and enthusiastic admiration which interested and charmed." Then the lover begs her acceptance of his portrait in miniature, painted by Mr. Meyer. Within the case of the picture was a small heart cut in paper with "Je ne change qu'en mourant," written on one side, and on the other "Unalterable to my Perdita through life." (How wretchedly absurd seem these mottoes when the end of the story is considered !)

After months of correspondence an interview becomes inevitable. The Prince is urgent; the lady deliberates; and deliberation in such a case is proverbially a dangerous symptom. Just at this time, too, the husband becomes more and more conveniently perfidious, reckless of his wife's good opinion, deeply in debt, graspingly eager for her salary, and clutching the proceeds of her benefits to pacify the most persistent of his creditors. The wife has begun to care a good deal for the Prince—has ceased to care at all for her husband—who, indeed, seems now to drop out of the story altogether, content to connive at his own dishonour—well satisfied with the price it has fetched. But the meeting is not easy to arrange. The Prince is under strict control, his movements are jealously watched, he is surrounded by careful tutors and guardians, pastors and masters. A proposition that the lady shall be stealthily introduced in male attire to the Prince's apartments in Buckingham House she decidedly declines. It is then proposed that an inter-

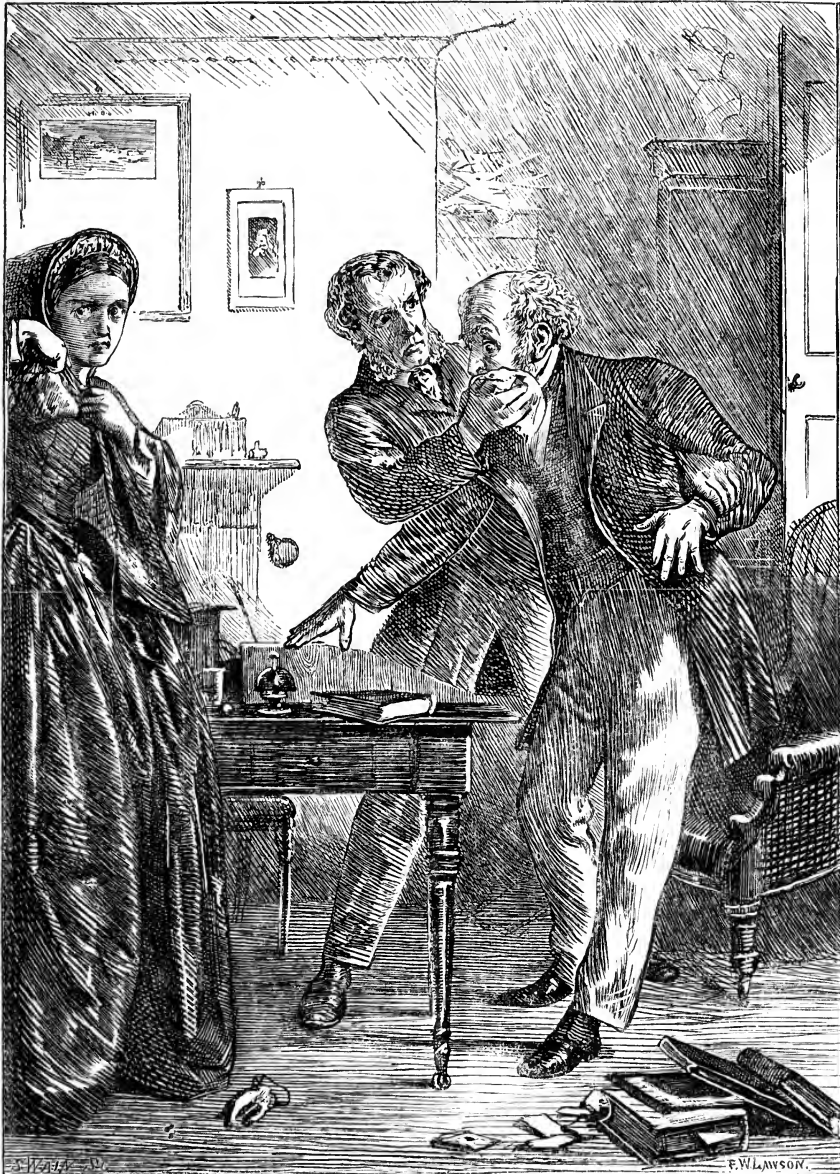
view shall take place at Lord Malden's house in Dean Street, May Fair. But this plan fails, owing to the rigid guardianship to which the lover is subjected. Finally, it is arranged that the Prince shall meet the actress in the evening, for a few moments only, on the banks of the Thames at Kew, opposite to the old palace, the summer residence of the elder princes.

Perdita dines with Lord Malden on the island between Kew and Brentford. A handkerchief is waved as a signal, which the darkness of the night renders almost imperceptible. The lady steps into a boat, and is landed in front of the iron gates of the palace. The Prince and the Duke of York (then Bishop of Osnaburgh) are walking down the avenue, and immediately hasten up. The first interview is very brief, but it is followed by others of longer duration. Extreme caution is observed; the party wear dark-coloured clothes, with the exception of the Duke of York, who excites alarm, and seems to invite attention by thoughtlessly appearing in a buff coat,—rather too conspicuous a hue for a midnight adventure. But the lovers wax bolder as time goes on. The meetings are prolonged. The Prince sings "with exquisite taste, and the tones of his voice breaking on the silence of the night appeared to my entranced senses like more than mortal melody"—so the lady describes the musical efforts of the royal lover.

It had been resolved that the loves of Florizel and Perdita should be maintained a strict secret until the Prince was emancipated from parental control and provided with an establishment of his own. But the secret was not well kept—was soon no secret at all. The lovers were not discreet; still less were their friends; least of all their enemies. The loves of Florizel and Perdita speedily became town-talk—common property. The newspapers, of course, made their profit out of the scandal, treating the public to choice little paragraphs—edifying and appetising—concerning "a R-y-l p-rs-n-ge" and "a certain actress." Crowds followed the lady wherever she went; her carriage was fairly mobbed by curious gazers; she could scarcely appear in public for the pressure round her. Everybody was stirred with anxiety to look upon the Circe who had beguiled the future king. And the general judgment was not favourable to Perdita. That in such a case a young and handsome prince—a nation's hope and pride—should be faulty, was a thing for smiles and forgiveness. But that an actress should be frail was unpardonable—merited the strictest reprobation. Propriety brought her most awful frowns to bear upon the subject. DUTTON COOK.

* Mrs. Robinson's account has been followed. She describes the scene at the oratorio as taking place *within a few days* of the performance of the "Winter's Tale." By an extract from a newspaper of the 12th February, 1780, however, the occasion would seem to have been some nine weeks later. The lady is somewhat severely dealt with. "A circumstance of rather an embarrassing nature happened at last night's oratorio. Mrs. R—, decked out in all her finery, took care to post herself in one of the upper boxes, immediately opposite the Prince's, and by those airs peculiar to herself contrived at last so to *basilik* a certain heir-apparent, that his fixed attention to the beautiful object above became generally noticed, and soon after astonished their Majesties, who, not being able to discover the cause, seemed at a loss to account for the extraordinary effect. No sooner, however, were they properly informed than a messenger was instantly sent aloft desiring the dart-dealing actress to withdraw, which she complied with, though not without expressing the utmost chagrin at her mortifying removal."

AN EVASION OF JUSTICE.



(See page 638.)

THERE were all the external signs of mourning in the château of the late Colonel Bükoltzeim, of Schaffbercitzstein, in Bavaria, when his brother Heinrich came to the principal door with a hammer in his hand, and booted and spurred as though he were about to make a journey. Beside the door, dreamily gazing at

the landscape, or the forest which bounded it, and occasionally raising his eyes to the glowing clouds which slowly changed their forms and melted away beneath the heat of the sun, was a priest of the order of Jesus. He glanced at the hammer which Count Henry held in his hand, and his face became pale, for he knew

what this signified, and how greatly the success of his intrigues to get possession of the estate for a relative of the late colonel under a will which he had induced the latter to make on his death-bed was about to be imperilled. A man was leading a horse backwards and forwards on the terrace, who, on seeing the count, brought it to the door, and the count mounted and rode out of the gate. His first visit was to a farm-house not far from the castle. Here he found the bailiff of the estate also mounted ready to accompany him. In his presence the count rode to the tree nearest to the house, and struck it a blow with the hammer; then he rode to the door of the house itself and struck the posts and lintel, and having done this he announced to the inmates who had assembled against it to observe his proceedings that by that symbolical action he had taken possession, according to the old Saxon custom. Repeating this ceremony at every house he visited occupied some hours, so that it was near sunset when he turned down a path leading through the wood to go to that inhabited by the principal keeper of the forest.

A more beautiful scene could hardly be imagined, and certainly not one more quiet and tranquil. Game of every kind abounded, and at frequent intervals a deer darted across the path, or a wild boar, even more startled at the sight of the horse and his rider, dashed through the underwood, indifferent to thorns and briars which would have offered an insuperable impediment to a less strong and thick-skinned animal. As Count Henry noted these things, and thought of the possibility that, notwithstanding he had taken possession, the law might, after all, deprive him of the estate, and give it to the new claimant whom the priests had raised up, he became buried so deeply in thought that it was only when he was roused by a loud exclamation from the bailiff that he had eyes to observe objects beyond his horse's head. He turned round to see what had caused the man to utter it, and following the direction indicated by his outstretched arm, he saw standing in a broader path leading up to the castle, which they were in the act of crossing, a kind of gig drawn by one horse, which was quietly nibbling at the tops of the underwood and lazily enjoying itself in the stream of ruddy sunshine which forced its way through and beneath the branches before disappearing altogether. On the ground beside this vehicle lay two men, whom the count at first thought might be poachers who were waiting until it became darker before putting the deer they had slaughtered into the vehicle. He turned

his horse and rode towards them, and while he was still some yards distant he perceived that in this supposition he had been mistaken, for the man nearest to him had his hands tied and a rope twisted tightly round his neck. He and the bailiff dismounted, and they then perceived that this man was quite insensible but unwounded, while the other, who lay behind the vehicle, was also insensible, but had a dreadful wound on the head through which the brain was oozing. There were no cushions in the vehicle, so they broke some branches and placed them about the wounded man to keep the upper part of his body in an upright attitude, having first unwound the cord round the neck of the other man. The count found that they were both living, and his first order to the bailiff was to go up to the castle for assistance, but he changed his mind; the house he was going to being so much nearer he told the bailiff to remain where he was, and he would fetch people from thence himself. All the keepers were standing or lying about the housedoor in expectation of Count Henry's visit, and had been there all day, which may account for neither of them having seen the wounded men. By the count's orders these took a couple of rugs from off the beds, and returned with him. He found that during his absence the man around whose neck the cord had been twisted had partially recovered the use of his faculties, but the other still remained completely insensible. They were laid separately on the rugs, and in this way carried without being shaken to the keeper's house, where a room had been prepared for their reception. In such a place it was some hours before a doctor could be brought to attend them, and by the time he arrived the unwounded man was able to move his limbs a little, but his great anxiety, judging by the constancy with which he kept his eyes fixed upon him, was to know the condition of his fellow-sufferer. This was so evident that the doctor, who had first turned to him, proceeded at once to cut away the hair and dress the wound, and finding that the other was able to comprehend what he said, he told him that his companion was not likely to recover his senses any more. So far from this having a depressing effect, as might have been expected, it seemed to act as a stimulant. Whether it was from an anxious wish to wait on the wounded man himself, or from any other cause, it was not long before he managed to crawl, with assistance, to his bedside, and by the next morning he was sufficiently restored to answer the questions put to him by the magistrate, who had been fetched from the nearest town; for the constable of the village near

was thought too insignificant a person to deal with a case of such importance.

The account he gave of the affair was that his name was Templer, that on the previous morning he and his brother had arrived at the Hotel Kissingen, at Munich, and had there hired a vehicle for the purpose of driving to Schaffereitstein to see the paintings. While they were passing through the forest they were stopped by four men with guns, whom they supposed to be keepers. That these men demanded where they were going, and after one or two other questions insisted on their giving up what money they had about them. Finding the men were robbers they resisted, until one, who had climbed up the back of the carriage, struck his brother, whose hat had fallen off in the struggle, a blow on the head with the hammer used to drive down the ramrod of his rifle. He saw no more of what was done to his brother, for two others dragged him to the ground, tied his hands, and then wound a rope round his neck so tightly that he became insensible, and remembered nothing more until he found himself in the room where he was then lying.

After taking down this statement, together with a great many questions and answers concerning the appearance and so forth of the robbers, the magistrate, assisted by the doctor, proceeded to examine the marks of the ill-usage they had received. The Englishman's head was so bandaged up that he had only to annex the doctor's report to his papers, and to add that the victim continued insensible. As regarded his brother, it was found that the cord which had bound his wrists had, in some parts, cut through the skin, and the deep red and purple marks visible on his neck showed how narrowly he had escaped strangulation. As soon as the magistrate had finished this part of his business he went away with the doctor. He left no directions about the detention of the sufferers, and therefore when, a few hours after his departure, the Englishman ordered the vehicle in which they had driven from Munich to be brought to the door, and his brother to be assisted into it, the forester had no power to hinder him from going, though both himself and wife did all they could in the way of persuasion to induce him to stay with them at least a few days longer. Contrary to his expectation the wounded man, instead of dying, gradually recovered his strength, which the doctor attributed in a great measure to the assiduous nursing of his brother. In fact, there was nobody in the hotel who was not deeply impressed by the devotion and forgetfulness of self which he displayed. Neither by day nor night did he quit him for more than

a few minutes at a time, and his attention seemed to increase rather than otherwise as he grew in strength. The mental condition of Templer did not improve with his bodily health; he never spoke, had no will, and whatever he did was only done when it was suggested to him by others. After the lapse of weeks, long after he had recovered from his wound, the doctor gave his final opinion, confirmed by another whom he had consulted, that the injured man would never recover the use of his faculties. Except in a room he could never be safely left alone. If he were taken for a walk he had to be stopped at every obstacle, and his foot placed upon it, when he would raise himself and could be drawn forward on the other side, care being taken to prevent him from falling on his face, for he had no perception of the necessity for stepping down, and would have walked over a precipice if one had laid in his way. So in taking his food he showed no signs of hunger or satiety; it had to be placed in his mouth, and he then proceeded to masticate it; as though the taste or the presence of food in his mouth suggested what was to be done with it. Experiments were made to ascertain if the sensation of hunger would cause him to help himself to food if it were placed before him, but though on more than one occasion his fast was prolonged for forty-eight hours, and the food was within reach of his hand nearly the whole of that time, he never touched it. It was the same as regarded all other matters; the faculties of perception and volition had entirely disappeared, and whatever he did was only at the instigation of others; in fact, he was reduced to the condition of a mere automaton. After a time, when there could be no longer the shadow of a doubt that this condition was a permanent one, the unfortunate man was taken to Paris, and placed by his brother in a *maison de santé* under the direction of Dr. Mastier, who wrote down in his book all the above particulars, furnished him by Walter Templer; the doctor being rendered less exigent in the matter of references by the payment of six months' charges, and a promise that the payments should continue to be made in advance.

Under the pretence that he was a stranger in Paris, Templer induced Dr. Mastier to introduce him to several members of learned bodies in that city; and by affecting a great love of science, and especially by contributing a paper on Negro Psychology—in which he related the remarkable fact, as some may, perhaps, remember, that the negroes working in Rio Janeiro in removing cargoes from the ships to the warehouses being forbidden to

allow one of their number as hitherto to march at their head rattling stones in a calabash and singing, gradually wasted away, and lost strength so rapidly that it was found necessary to remove the prohibition, upon which they recovered as rapidly as they had wasted,—he won so much on many distinguished men in Paris that in a short time he became very extensively known in the most respectable circles, where he was very generally liked, because of the amusing manner in which he described the strange things he had seen in his travels, which, according to his own statement, had been very extensive.

There were few houses of any mark in Paris at that time in which, on occasions of receiving company, a room was not set apart for those who preferred a game at cards to remaining among the general company. The stakes played for were not high, but they were high enough to enable a moderately-successful man to win sufficient to maintain a creditable appearance. Templer went much into society, and it was seldom that he did not spend an hour or so in the course of the evening in the card-room. Still, he did not acquire the reputation of a gamester, though he was known to be an occasional frequenter at the houses of distinguished actresses and other female celebrities where gambling was practised on a much greater scale; but then many men of note and rank were known to do the same thing. Among players themselves he had the reputation of being a lucky player, but no suspicion of unfair play attached to him. For all that he suddenly dropped out of Parisian society, and was said to have gone to Italy; and in a short time his existence was forgotten, except, perhaps, by a few who had unusually good cause to remember him.

The first place at which Templer turned up in Italy was at Florence, but he soon left this city and went to Modena, where he married the Countess Ciavina, a rich widow, whose late husband had been one of the largest merchants and money-lenders of his time. He affected to be a most devoted husband, and his grief when she died, which she did a few months after her marriage, made him quite popular among the ladies of the city, but their opinion concerning him was somewhat modified by his marrying, shortly after the death of the baroness, an opera-dancer known as "La Margherita," but whose name was Margherita Lucia Fiametta; and as this marriage cut him off from the society in which he had hitherto moved, he sent for a broker and sold him the whole of the furniture in the house he had occupied with the late baroness, and departed no one knew whither.

One morning, about two years after he left Modena, the secretary of one of the oldest insurance offices in London was busy opening his letters, when a clerk brought him a card, saying as he gave it to him, that the lady was waiting to see him. The card was surrounded with a broad black band, and bore on it the inscription, "Mrs. Templer." The secretary directed her to be shown in, and a lady entered, accompanied by a gentleman. The lady was of dark complexion, good-looking, and evidently foreign; the gentleman, apparently an Englishman, was tall and thin. As soon as they were seated the latter explained that he had accompanied the lady to act as her interpreter, as she spoke only Italian. He then went on to say that she was the widow of John Templer, whose life had been insured in that office for fifteen thousand pounds, and that she supposed it was customary to make a personal application for the payment of the money. He spoke a few words to Mrs. Templer in Italian, and she handed to him a small packet of papers, which he then gave to the secretary. The latter removed the elastic band which held them together, and examined them in succession; there was the certificate of the deceased's birth, the certificate of his marriage with Margherita Lucia Fiametta at Modena; a square parchment with two seals attached and bearing an inscription in Syriac stating that John Templer had died somewhere in the Lebanon, to which a translation was appended signed by a notary and countersigned by the British consul. There were some other documents, but they were of minor importance. The secretary carefully examined each, asked sundry questions, which gave him an opportunity of scrutinising the countenances of his visitors, and then saying that before paying the amount it would be necessary to make some inquiries respecting the marriage, he rose from his chair to intimate that the business could be carried no further for the present. The gentleman changed colour, and nervously asked if there was any informality in the papers.

"No, none that I perceive," was the reply.

"Perhaps, then," the other continued, "the office is not prepared to pay so large a sum."

"Sir!" interrupted the secretary, "the office incurs no liabilities which it is not prepared to meet; but before we pay over such a sum we must be satisfied that this marriage really took place, and in proper form; for I perceive that this certificate is signed by a Roman Catholic priest, and Mr. Templer was an English subject, and, I presume, a Protestant."

"Not at all," was the answer, "he was a Catholic; but what I was going to say when

you interposed was at the suggestion of Mrs. Templer, and was simply that if it would be inconvenient to the office to pay the whole sum at once, she would be satisfied to take a portion of it now, and leave the remainder till a more convenient time."

"The amount has nothing to do with it, I assure you," was the reply; "I wish you a very good morning."

He rang the bell, opened the door of his room, and his visitors were shown out.

When they were gone the secretary sat down, closed his eyes, as he was accustomed to do when he wished to think deeply, and remained for some time buried in thought. Except that it was unusual for a lady to make a claim otherwise than through her solicitor, there was nothing in the appearance of the matter that looked like fraud; and yet he had a suspicion that all was not right. Wanting ground on which to base this suspicion, it occurred to him that it might arise merely from the amount; but, notwithstanding, the directors decided on sending the confidential agent of the office to Modena to make inquiries on the spot, and to ascertain from the English representative there if the marriage was in all respects a legal one.

The replies to the inquiries were clear and straightforward. The priest who solemnised the marriage was seen, and showed the register in which the marriage was inscribed, but at the same time he gave him an account of a remarkable discovery that had been made respecting Mr. Templer about three months previous to the agent's arrival; it was indorsed, "The Confession of Pietro Blanco," and the following is a condensed translation of it, and of what was done by the authorities in consequence:—

From the Strada della Inferno, an exceedingly miserable little street in Modena, there runs a court or alley inhabited by very poor people, among whom was the grave-digger attached to the church of Santo Antonio. He had held this post for many years, and being to a certain extent, therefore, considered as one of the officials, his request that a certain priest would come and receive his confession was complied with with little delay. The priest was accustomed to see misery as displayed in nearly bare rooms too frequently to be surprised at the desolate appearance of that occupied by Pietro Blanco. A heap of shavings covered with a few rags served as a bed for the sick man, whose pinched and sallow countenance confirmed his own opinion that his end was approaching. The priest was touched with compassion as he saw him lying there untended, and gently reproved him for not

telling him of the state of destitution in which he was. The sick man was moved to tears by the compassionate manner in which the other spoke, but said that he deserved all he had suffered, and far worse. He had, he said, the weight of a great crime on his soul, and he wished to make restitution as far as he was able; and drawing a piece of rag from among those on which he lay, he slowly unfolded it, and took from it several gold coins which he placed on the floor beside him, and then went on to relate that on the same night on which the Countess Ciavina was buried he removed her body from the grave in which it was laid, with the intention of selling it to a doctor who had lately come from Paris, and having carefully closed the coffin again he removed the body to the shed in which he kept his tools. He then went to the doctor's house, but found that he had been fetched away to attend a nobleman who was lying sick at his palace some miles from the city, and his return was uncertain, but he was not expected back for some days.

He kept the body in the hovel where he kept his tools, which he kept carefully locked, until it was too late to be of any use to the doctor, and then he put it in the same grave with the corpse of a woman who had been buried that day. His consternation was great when he received orders to come to the graveyard and re-open this grave. He thought that his crime had been found out, and was on the point of confessing it, but finding that he was not treated as a criminal by the magistrate and others who were present, he held his peace, and did as he was ordered. When he had removed the earth the coffin-lid was wrenched off, and the body of the countess taken out and carried away to his shed on the supposition that it was that of the woman for whom the grave had been dug. He had taken some rings from the fingers, which, had they remained, would have betrayed his crime, and the change that had taken place, together with the absence of all suspicion of what he had done, prevented any person among those present from having the least doubt that they had the body they required for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any ground for the charge which had been made against the husband of having poisoned her. Strange to say, the doctor for whom he had removed the body from its proper resting-place, succeeded in discovering amply sufficient poison to prove to the satisfaction of the astonished officials, who were not accustomed to such operations, that the woman had not died a natural death. The grave-digger was dreadfully alarmed, but fear of the consequences to himself if he con-

fessed the truth kept him silent, and the poor fellow who was suspected of murdering his wife was tried for the crime, and though he escaped death, was ordered to be imprisoned for life. The gold pieces Blanco had received for the rings, together with those he had hoarded, he wished to be given to this man, and that his confession might be made known to the authorities. The priest to whom he made this avowal sent for a magistrate, by whom a formal statement was drawn up and signed, and attested by the dying man, the priest, and other witnesses. Inquiries were then made to ascertain by whom the poison had been administered; all the countess's servants who could be found were brought to the police office and examined, and by putting their statements together, especially those made by her maid, it was established that, so far from the countess and her husband having lived together on good terms, disputes between them had been of frequent occurrence, the countess charging him with infidelity, and with squandering her money at the gaming-table. Her maid also deposed that when her mistress was ill, his conduct towards her had entirely changed; he seldom left her, and he more frequently than any other person had given her her medicine. On more than one occasion she had complained to the doctor that the medicine he sent her made her feel worse instead of better, and she particularly complained of a hot and bitter taste that it had. The doctor assured her that he had put nothing in the medicine to give it that taste, and Mr. Templer, who was present, suggested that it was her taste that was out of order, and that when she got better she would not perceive it, and he pretended to drink a little out of the bottle and said he could not taste anything hot or bitter in it. On one occasion she had been sent by her master with a note to an English chemist's in the Strada della Chiesa, who had given her a paper on which he wrote a word in large letters, the meaning of which she did not understand. The magistrate then sent for the chemist, and on being asked if he remembered the witness bringing him a note from Mr. Templer, he replied that he did not remember the witness, but that he had a vague recollection of receiving a note written in English requesting him to give the bearer a small quantity of strychnine about the time she mentioned. On being further asked if he wrote anything on the outside, and if so what? He answered that he had no doubt that he had written the word poison; and on being given a slip of paper and requested to write that word in the way in which he usually wrote it, he took a pen and wrote the word

Poison. This slip of paper was handed to the woman, and she stated that to the best of her belief it was the same word. Other evidence was procured which tended to prove that the countess was poisoned by her husband. The length of time which had elapsed since her death, and their utter ignorance of what had become of Mr. Templer, prevented any proceedings being taken to discover what had become of him. Moreover, events were stirring at the time which interested them much more, and kept the police in incessant activity, so that after formally taking down the evidence and placing it among the records in the office, the matter was dropped, and but for the agent's arrival would probably soon have been forgotten.

The agent left the sacristy accompanied by the priest, to go to the office of the magistrate who had taken the deposition of the dying man, in order that he might see the authenticated documents. Strictly speaking, the fact of the deceased having possibly committed a murder before he died would not have had any influence on the payment of the sum for which his life was insured to his widow, unless, indeed, it could have been proved that she was an accessory to the crime, but it might have been made a means of causing her to withdraw her claim on the office. At all events, it was the business of the agent to learn all he could, and this short walk with the priest led to the accidental discovery of a most important fact. In the course of their conversation as they went along, the priest happened to speak of Mr. Templer as a tall man and remarkably thin. It happened that this agent knew Mr. Templer personally, having been sent to receive from him a cheque for three years' premium in advance previous to his going abroad, and also to give him explanations respecting the extra premium that would be required in the event of his visiting certain foreign countries; and he therefore knew that this description did not apply to Mr. Templer, who was the exact reverse of this, and who, if he had grown thinner, could not have grown taller. This clue to a fraud roused the agent's zeal, and in company with a police-officer, he went to the broker who had bought the furniture of the house occupied by Mr. Templer and the baroness, to ascertain if any papers had been found in the house which he had left in such a hurried manner. The man told him that he had found some letters, but not knowing what they were about, as they were written in a foreign language, he had given them to a relative who owned the baths to take care of, as he often saw foreigners, and might get

one of these to read them, and tell him if they were of any consequence. Accompanied by the furniture-broker, they set out for the baths, where he claimed his deposit. The proprietor was a long time before he could remember where he had put it; not because he had so many papers, but because he had so few that he had no particular place for them. They were found at last tied up with several copies of Mazzini's "Italia del Popolo," which being at that time a prohibited book in Modena, had been put away in an old cracked bath with a number of disused utensils on the top. One or two of the attendants had had the curiosity to open this parcel, but on seeing the title of the pamphlets, and that there were letters with them written in a foreign language, they imagined they related to a conspiracy, and hastily fastened the parcel up again and put it back in its place, and but for this fortunate circumstance it is likely that the man would not have remembered where he had put them, and they would not have been found. There was a book of memoranda, bills, and several letters addressed to Mr. Templer, and among them several from Dr. Mastier dated from Paris, referring to Mr. Templer's health, and reminding the Mr. Templer to whom they were addressed that his brother's expenses had not been settled for some time past. But there were two other letters which promised to give a clue as to who the person was who called himself Templer; they were signed with the name of Elizabeth Jukes, and were addressed to Henry Fribsby, Poste Restante, Paris. The contents were of the usual kind, very affectionate, but having nothing in them material to the present case.

No objection was made to the agent putting them in his pocket, and after sending for two or three bottles of wine of different kinds, and drinking a glass or two with the broker and his relative, he left with the priest for his original destination. His stay in Modena after making this discovery was as short as he could make it, and then, after writing a letter to the office in London, he set out for Paris.

He had no difficulty at all in finding Dr. Mastier's *maison de santé*, and on telling him that he had called to make inquiries respecting a Mr. John Templer, who, he had been informed, was under his care, the doctor gave him the information which is embodied in the first part of this narrative. The patients were all in bed when the agent arrived, and he was not, therefore, able to see the man he had come to look at that night. The next morning, as they were going along the corridor, the doctor mentioned, as a most remarkable cir-

cumstance in the case of his English patient, that he had not altered in the slightest degree since he had been in his charge; to all appearance he was not one day older; and the only suggestion he could make to account for it was, that with the destruction of the organ of thought outward change was arrested. Though the agent could perceive that there was a change in him since he last saw him, the change was so slight that he immediately recognised John Templer in the statue-like figure before him.

As soon as the secretary received the agent's report he got into a cab and drove off to take counsel with the managing director; after which he drove back to the city and telegraphed to the agent to return to Modena and bring the priest who had solemnised the marriage to London, to see if it were really the case, as the secretary suspected, that the man who had accompanied Mrs. Templer was the same person to whom she had been married. A servant of the office was also sent down to inquire of Elizabeth Jukes who Henry Fribsby was. The latter returned in a few hours with the information that he was the servant of Mr. Templer, but that she had not heard of him for a long time.

As soon as the agent returned to England, bringing with him the priest, a note was sent to Mrs. Templer requesting her to call. As she could not speak English, it was assumed that she would be accompanied by the same man who attended with her on the previous occasion, and this assumption was confirmed. Both of them looked flurried and anxious, and glanced hurriedly about the room, apparently to see if anybody was present beside the secretary. Finding that he was alone, they appeared more at ease, and had begun a conversation on indifferent topics, which was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk with a slip of paper in his hand, which he laid before the secretary, and then left the room. The secretary, with that feeling of triumph which most men seem to feel when they have detected an attempted fraud, did not at once reveal the information which was written on this slip of paper, which was simply that Elizabeth Jukes had identified him as Henry Fribsby, and the priest as the same who had passed by the name of Templer at Modena, and been married to the woman who was with him under that name. The secretary continued the conversation for some minutes, until the man became impatient, and turned it to the subject of the business which had brought them there, upon which he said, "We have received some curious information, Mr. Fribsby, respecting your marriage with that lady there.—Perhaps

you would like to see the persons from whom we received it."

The man sprang to his feet, spoke a few hasty words to his companion in Italian, and before the secretary, who was quite unprepared for an attack, could reach the bell, the fellow's arm was round his body, and a handkerchief pressed closely over his mouth, and an instant afterwards the woman, who had torn one of the strings from her bonnet for the purpose, placed it round his neck, and tied it so tightly behind that he almost immediately became insensible. They then laid him on the floor, and walked quietly out of the office as though nothing had happened. The clerks waited some minutes expecting the secretary to ring his bell; but as he did not do so, the clerk who had gone in previously became uneasy, and went down to the secretary's room, where he found him in the condition already described. For some hours it was doubtful whether he would recover, but he did so eventually, and as soon as he was able to write a few words, he directed that a policeman should be sent to take the man who had assaulted him into custody.

As was expected, neither the man nor the so-called Mrs. Templer was found at the house they had occupied, and the servants were in some alarm at the prolonged absence of their master and mistress. A policeman took up his abode in the house, and others were sent to endeavour to discover the criminals. The cabman was soon found whose cab they had engaged, and he deposed that he had driven them to the London Bridge station, where they had paid him his fare and dismissed him. He added that after leaving the station he had driven to a public-house in a street close by where he got down to get a glass of ale, and that while he was giving his horse some water, he saw a cab drive by in which the same man he had driven to the station was seated alone. The cabman who drove this cab was soon found, and his services were directly put into requisition by two policemen to take them to the house where he had put him down. On arriving here they found that he had merely called to raise some money on a bill, but the bill discounter being away from home, he, after waiting some time, went away, telling the clerk that he would call again that evening or the following morning. Precautions were taken to apprehend him in the event of his returning, and the pursuit was continued. He was tracked from thence to St. James' Square, and here it was ascertained that he had gone to the house of a gentleman living at Highgate. On arriving at this place they found that he had just left

it, but they were now so close on his track that the policeman on the beat, and one or two other persons, were able to point out the course he had taken, in the direction of Hampstead Heath. They hastened across the fields, fearing that, as it was now getting dusk, he might make his escape in the darkness, either by continuing his way across the country, or by concealing himself in a tree in one of the thick woods about there. They had passed through several fields, but the sudden rise and fall of the ground prevented them from seeing far in advance, and it was not until they had reached the last before entering on the Heath that they saw a man they concluded to be the man of whom they were in pursuit. He turned to the right to leave the path, and as he did so he looked back, and saw the officers running. No doubt he understood that they were in pursuit of him, for he immediately began to run too. They entered the field into which he had turned, and crossed it diagonally with the view of cutting him off before he could reach the Heath. In taking this direction they had to descend into a hollow, and when they had ascended it on the opposite side, the object of their pursuit had disappeared. He had not had time to reach the trees, it seemed, and as there was no place of concealment near, it occurred to them that he might have thrown himself into the water from the bridge, but they had heard no sound, and the water appeared perfectly smooth. This bridge, an exceedingly massive structure, is full sixty feet above the deep, black water it spans. To get a better view of it one of the officers climbed on the parapet and leaned over, and then he saw the criminal of whom they were in pursuit, clinging to the brickwork below him. He was within reach of his hand, and the officer called to another to come and hold his left hand, and getting astride the parapet, he stooped down to seize the criminal by the wrist, but the latter descended lower, beyond his reach, though to do this he had to abandon his foothold, and trust entirely to his hands to retain his position. The movement was inspired by despair, for he could not now be saved by those above, and far below him was the water, which appeared to be of unfathomable depth. All of those present got on the parapet, and looked down at his upturned face, he and those who were watching him knowing that nothing could now save him from death, and that the time that would elapse before he met it depended merely on the strength of his hands. Not a word was spoken, nor did the presumed murderer make any unavailing struggles to escape from his fate. They could see his face grow whiter

and whiter, he began to sink lower as his muscles relaxed, there was a deep groan, and at the same instant he descended swiftly through the air into the water beneath.

The officers had to make a circuit before they could reach the water's edge, and when they had reached the spot where he had fallen, the water had almost recovered its smoothness, and everything looked quiet and peaceful as though pain and suffering did not exist.

The next day the body was drawn from the depths of the lake. As the woman was never discovered, the exact extent of the dead man's guilt is unknown; it is probable, however, that he first of all attempted to murder his master, and supposing that he had succeeded, had then wound the rope round his own neck, forgetting, or being ignorant of the fact that as the moisture from his skin was absorbed by the rope, it would necessarily swell and press more and more tightly on his throat, and in proportion as fear of death in reality increased the perspiration, so would the real danger increase. To bind the wrists with a circle of cord is easily accomplished. That his master had not died in consequence of the murderous attack upon him is one of those marvels which we can no more understand than we can comprehend how life can continue in a man who has a large musket-ball in his brain. That he had afterwards robbed his master and assumed his name we know, but as regarded the Syrian certificate we could only conjecture that it was either a forgery altogether, or had been obtained from the Druse sheikh whose signature it bore, by bribery or misrepresentation. At all events, the office was saved from being defrauded of a large sum, and as the criminal had escaped human justice, it was not considered necessary to incur any further expense in unravelling the details of crimes of a man who was no longer in existence. G. L.

REMUNERATIVE PRISON LABOUR.

The subject of this article is of great importance, and is one which at present engages considerable attention. We shall not here refer to the convict prisons, which are exclusively under the direction and control of the Government, but shall confine our remarks to the ordinary prisons of our country, which are destined for the correction of all those offenders whose crimes are not sufficiently serious to obtain for them a sentence of penal servitude in the Government prisons. The common county and city gaols, as well as the houses of correction or bridewells, are under the direction and control of the magistracy of our country.

Now, it is evidently a matter of great im-

portance to society, whether the persons who have been subjected to imprisonment for infringement of the laws, return to it reformed, and able and willing to gain an honest livelihood, or the contrary. At the same time, the ends of justice require that punishment should have a deterrent character, as far as is compatible with the moral and physical well-being of the prisoner. It is also very desirable, that the cost of our penal establishments should be as low as is consistent with the object intended. The adoption of sound principles in our prisons may combine all these three objects.

Sir John Bowring has done good service at the present time by collecting a variety of valuable facts bearing on prison discipline from quarters which to many would have been inaccessible, and showing how remunerative prison labour may become, at the same time, "an instrument for promoting the reformation, and diminishing the cost of offenders."*

Sir John thus sets forth the general principle which, in his opinion, should be the guide in our inquiry.

If it can be shown, as will probably be the result of thoughtful investigation, that remunerative labour gives the strongest incentive to the reformation of the guilty, and has been practically found a potent instrument for the diminution and suppression of crime, we shall be scarcely able to avoid the conclusion that, subject to the needful requirements of prison discipline, the labour of prisoners should be made as profitable as possible.

And again,

Return the felon to society instructed in some useful employment, and with the power of earning a respectable livelihood, and there will be no cost to society, but an ample saving. Unreformed, he levies his contributions by fraud or violence. He is a destroyer of the public wealth, as well as a disturber of the public peace. As a labourer he will add to the property and prosperity of the nation. It has been estimated that an evil-doer costs five times as much to the community, as the well-doer is called upon to provide for his own support. It cannot be contended that if the expenses of confinement result in the transformation of an offender against the laws to an example of industry, that those expenses are not abundantly repaid. The felon who is convicted because he is the enemy and the interrupter of the common weal, should, if possible, be made its ally and supporter.

We derive from this pamphlet the following valuable information respecting the results of prison labour abroad:—

In France the plan of absolute isolation of prisoners by day was abandoned in 1848, and a classified system of employment introduced. In all the central and departmental prisons the areas were turned into workshops, and, with some modifications, the arrangements successfully carried out in the Auburn prison of the United States were adopted, in which, let it be remarked in passing, the re-committals are not 6 per cent. . . . The system, which has gradually been extended, is the

* "Remunerative Prison Labour." By Sir John Bowring LL.D., F.R.S. London: Kent & Co., Paternoster Row.

sale of the labour of the prisoners to contractors, under the prison regulations. On the first introduction of the contract system the yearly receipt from that source was £12,000 per annum. In 1862 it was £47,000. The whole amount of profit from labour in that year was—

From Male Prisoners	£97,000
„ Female	24,000
Making in all	£121,000

That such a sum should have been actually produced by persons under sentence of the law, towards the cost of their own maintenance, is a fact in itself very satisfactory. It becomes still more so, and extremely important, when it is considered that this very labour is preparing the prisoner to gain his own living on his discharge. The results, as far as they can be gathered from the following statement, are excellent.

In a report lately made to the French Legislature by M. Jules Simon, he states that, under the beneficent influences of the new system, the number of prisoners had diminished by half.

In Holland a very complete system of labour is carried on in the gaols, including many trades requiring skill.

“To exercise these,” we learn from an official report, “is deemed a great privilege and an encouraging reward among the prisoners, more especially as on leaving the prison there is no difficulty in finding employment, and to give the hopes of instruction in these more lucrative branches, is found one of the most potent instruments for the reformation of the offender.”

Part of the earnings of the prisoner is placed to his account.

The tables show that the average gain to a prisoner is 2*d.* per day—of which one half is placed to accumulate for the time of his departure, the other half he may dispose of to his family, or employ in the purchase of articles allowed to enter the prison. But, besides the allotted portion of wages, special premiums are given for meritorious labours.

The minute details which are presented in the pamphlet, derived from official sources, respecting the pecuniary results of this prison labour, are of a most satisfactory kind. Inquiries were made by the Minister of Justice in 1848.

“As regards the importance of remunerative prison labour,” says Sir J. Bowring, “the Commissioners express the most decided opinion. They report generally that productive labour is a potent instrument of reform; that it is not only a useful but a needful instrument; that it checks re-committals and provides against misery; and they quote approvingly the words of M. Berenger to the French Chamber of Peers, that ‘whatever be the character of the imprisonment to which a criminal is condemned, labour must be the basis of all moral improvement, and its employment a necessity from which it is impossible to escape.’”—P. 13.

In Switzerland we learn that in many cantons a large proportion of the expense of each prisoner is defrayed by his own earnings.

In Bâleville (1862), with 228 men and 68 women, the expenditure per head was 5*l.* 8*s.*, the net profit on labour 2*l.* 11*s.*, after deducting 20*s.* average allowance to prisoners, leaving the net cost to the State 2*l.* 17*s.* each. In this prison the average gains, male and female, are, per working day, 0½*d.* Shoemakers gain 13*d.*, chairmakers 11*d.*, mattress makers 20*d.*, locksmiths 12*d.*, stonemasons 1*s.* 9*d.* per day.

In Baden (Argovia), 70 men cost 12*l.* per head; prison labour, 7*l.* 2*s.*; net cost, 4*l.* 18*s.*

In Aarburg (Argovia), 186 men and 103 women cost 4*l.* 19*s.* per head; prison labour, 2*l.* 3*s.*; net cost, 2*l.* 16*s.*

In Lausanne, 133 men and 25 women cost 16*l.*; prison labour, 8*l.* per head; net cost, 8*l.*

In Friburg, 120 prisoners cost per head 18*l.*; produce of labour, 10*l.*; net cost, 8*l.* per annum.

In Berne, 414 men and 92 women cost 17*l.* 16*s.* per head. The average produce of labour is 11*l.* 12*s.* The net expense, 6*l.* 4*s.* In this canton there is a distribution of agricultural and manufacturing labour among the convicts. The net expense of maintenance, after deducting the produce of labour, is 2¾*d.* per day. Escapes are very rare among those engaged in out-door occupation.

In the United States a system of remunerative labour in prisons has been greatly developed. In Massachusetts, the produce of the prisoners per head in 1862 was 23*l.*, and in New Hampshire as much as 27*l.* per annum.

The great difference in the circumstances of our own country from those of the others which have been referred to will probably render it impossible that so large a proportion of the maintenance and entire cost of our prisoners should ever be defrayed by their own earnings, but surely it is for the advantage of the country that as near an approximation as possible to this, should be made. Hitherto, however, in Great Britain the subject has not received the attention which its importance deserves. There has been great diversity in the system adopted in different prisons; in some, unproductive labour by the crank or the treadmill constitutes the main feature of the discipline, the object being apparently only to make it as penal as possible; in others remunerative industrial work has been developed to some extent.

Now we may distinctly perceive a different effect on the mind of a prisoner between the first kind of discipline,—compulsory work, enforced for the sake of punishment, and without any useful end being obtained by it, either to himself or others;—and industrial work, which, however hard, is training him to good habits, and has a useful end in view. The first rouses his hostile feelings and increases his antagonism to society; the second shows him that his own benefit has not been lost sight of, while the law requires his punishment, and prepares him to re-enter society on his discharge as a self-supporting and honest citizen. To unite the two objects, of punishment and of reformatory

discipline, is the grand problem to be solved in our dealings with the criminal class.

The attention of the county magistrates of Hampshire was drawn to this important subject by Lord Carnarvon about two years ago, and a select committee was appointed by them to consider the subject. This committee presented a report at the Michaelmas Sessions, 1863, which commences with the following important statement :—

They are of opinion that there are some changes that may be made which will secure a more effective discipline ; but in any such changes they wish not only to give effect to the penal part of the system, but to see more fully developed those influences which may tend to the reformation of the prisoner. With this view they recognise both the discipline of hard labour, and the discipline which may be enforced under industrial work ; both may be made integral parts of a prison system, but it is important to keep them separate. "Hard labour," properly so called, belongs to short sentences, to the earlier stages of long imprisonment, and to the correction of prison offences. It ought, in the opinion of the committee, never entirely to disappear from the system of penal discipline, but it may with advantage be allowed, as the sentence advances, to give place gradually to industrial work. The committee believe that reformation of conduct, wherever possible, must be tested by the practical proofs of an industrious disposition, rather than by professions of feeling, and in this sense of the word they would wish to see the reformatory principle not only carried out more fully in the later, but commenced in the earlier stages of imprisonment. They desire that from comparatively an early time the prisoner should understand that the system under which he is placed is a strictly progressive one ; that, in the successive stages of imprisonment opportunities will be given him of proving his good intentions by the performance of actual work ; and that it depends on himself to ameliorate his condition morally and materially.

These principles are entirely in accordance with those laid down by the select committee of the House of Lords in their report of July, 1863, and also with the Bill for the regulation of the county prisons introduced into Parliament during this session by Sir George Grey. They will probably, therefore, be generally recognised in the new arrangement of our prisons.

It must, however, be observed that remunerative work in prisons, however valuable in a pecuniary point of view, and however important it may be made in reformation if employed as an agent—cannot alone produce any moral effect on the prisoner ; indeed, a part of the system carried out in isolation from the rest may even prove injurious. This was strikingly proved in the case of Winchester Gaol, where the system was first tried. The penal part of the system, we learn from the Michaelmas Report of the Visiting Justices for 1864, having been developed in an increase of hard labour, and the limitation of indulgences, without the reformatory influences, so serious an effect was

observed on the health of the prisoners as to require immediate attention ; "the warders were over worked and discontented, sickness was prevalent, complaints were numerous, and the number of extra diets amounted to no less than fifty-four." This was on the 27th of June. But no sooner was the completed system thoroughly developed in that gaol, embracing a steady registration of conduct by marks and progressive improvement in condition, dependent on these marks, than a change was rapidly perceptible ; and on the 11th of October in the same year there were only six prisoners on the sick list, and none on extra diet. In other departments of the gaol, the improvement was equally satisfactory. The limits of these pages do not permit of our entering on the very interesting details of the process by which this change was effected ; we may, however, conclude this paper with the encouraging results stated by the Recorder of Birmingham in his recent charge.

On Monday last the Visiting Justices of Hampshire presented a most gratifying report as to the improvements effected at Winchester ; stating also that the adjoining county of Wilts "is now engaged in reorganising its gaols at Salisbury and Devizes on our model," and that "what is still more gratifying is, that the Secretary of State for the Home Department has introduced into the House of Commons a Prison Bill avowedly based on the principles in operation in this county, and that if it should become law it will not involve a single change in the system now pursued in Hampshire." One fact mentioned in this report will, I have no doubt, attract the attention of all local authorities engaged in the conduct of prisons. It is that the receipts in cash for industrial labour during the quarter amount to 406*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, against 47*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* in the corresponding quarter of last year, the industrial receipt for the last three quarters having together amounted to 717*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, against 84*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* for the three corresponding quarters of the previous year. Perhaps, gentlemen, you may be of opinion that I have not enabled you to catch more than a glimpse into the new state of things, and that it would be presumptuous, prior to the results of a long experience, to surrender ourselves to the pleasure of sanguine expectation. Should that be the frame of mind into which this address has brought you, I am bound to admit that I cannot gainsay the good sense of such a conclusion. Indeed it has forced itself upon my own mind perhaps even to an undue extent. But years of disappointment have made me distrustful. Moreover, I am an old man, and we are told by the great Lord Chatham that confidence is a plant of slow growth in aged bosoms. Nevertheless, we also know that, to use the words of the poet,

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

so that it is often entertained where absolute confidence must be rigidly excluded. Indeed we may, I trust, welcome the presentiment that a future is coming which will repair the ill fortune of the past.

These results show, what the pamphlet before us has endeavoured to prove, the value of remunerative prison labour both in promoting the reformation, and diminishing the cost, of offenders.

ELLEN O'CLAIR.



SAY, art thou sleeping now,
 Ellen O'Clair ?
 Or art thou weeping now,
 Ellen O'Clair ?
 Under the city's frown,
 When dark night wraps the town,
 Wand'rest thou up and down,
 Ellen O'Clair ?
 Far in the leafy vale,
 Ellen O'Clair,
 Where summer shadows sail,
 Ellen O'Clair,

Radiant as dawn wert thou,
 Gladness shone on thy brow,
 Tell me, what art thou now ?
 Ellen O'Clair !

Say, art thou sleeping now,
 Ellen O'Clair ?
 Or art thou weeping now,
 Ellen O'Clair ?
 Better than wealth to thee,
 Better than life to thee,
 Better were death to thee,
 Ellen O'Clair ! W. BLACK.

"A GRAVE DISTURBANCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

Sir,—As your readers have no doubt perceived, I offered my solution of this mystery merely as a suggestion; and your correspondent, Mr. Reece, may readily be acquitted of intending me "any disrespect," when he calls it "an attempt at a solution."

He is, of course, better acquainted than I am with all the facts of the case; but I think that he has not yet shown any improbability in my theory.

His first objection is, that "the substance of the rock is flinty, and would afford no entrance by permeation to a rising body of water." Now my proposition was, not that water rose through the rock, but that it flowed into the vault, and was "a flood of surface water, caused by rain."

The next question to be considered is,—could the inundation have been "so local as not to have penetrated to the other contiguous vaults, the contents of which were undisturbed?" The latter fact (which, by the way, I do not find in the original account) may be attributed to the closing of the neighbouring vaults being more effective than that of the one in question. Then, with regard to the weight of the leaden coffins being always found "considerably greater than those which were made of wood," the weight was no doubt tested at a time when the vault was dry, and the water had drained out of the wooden coffins, leaving them even lighter than before the action of the water took place.

The next objection is, that, if a body of water had reached the vault, all the coffins would have been more affected than they were, but I should have judged from the first account of the mystery, that the argument least likely to be urged against a solution was the insufficiency of the disturbance.

The greatest difficulty, however, seems to be the improbability of water penetrating a vault "hewn out of the flint," or "*partially* hewn out of *flinty rock*," as originally stated; and with regard to this I am inclined to think that the words of the first account are correct, as it would surely be an enormous labour to work out a vault twelve feet long, and six and a half wide, from flint, and one indeed that I can scarcely think would be undertaken.

At all events, there was an opening to it, and this, it appears, was secured by "a massive stone," and "regularly closed by masons," but most stones are porous, and the setting of it, if of ordinary mortar, would afford an easy ingress; it would be very difficult to set so large a stone (requiring six or seven men to

move it) so as to make the entrance watertight. It is strange, I admit, that, while the contiguous vaults were not affected, this one, in which especial care was taken "to set damp at defiance," should have been inundated with water, but have we not often experienced the failure of extraordinary and the success of ordinary care? And in this case, perhaps, there was the

"Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other" (side).

Lastly, Mr. Reece has clearly misunderstood me, when he says that I see "no improbability of water rising to the height of 100 feet through the flint rock." This, as I have already said, is quite foreign to my theory; I never contemplated the water flowing up through the rock, but from the surface of the land around, and I do not think that the height above the sea would affect this. A vault, situated on a high hill in England, was lately discovered to contain water of such depth as to reach up to a man's waist, and appeared to have been recently full of water.

Nor do I think that the distance inland from the sea affects my suggestion, though I understood that the vault was *near* the sea, (*vide* line 10 of the original article).

The part of the matter which still appears to me most incomprehensible is that *wooden* coffins should be placed in such a receptacle at all; the consequence of reopening the vault, unless after a very long period, will be evident to everyone.

In my last letter I passed over one fact, which is, I think, in favour of my view of the matter, *viz.*, that the coffins were found turned over; this would naturally be the case, as the lids of coffins are somewhat larger than their bottoms, and the ornaments and plates of inscription would cause them to turn over while floating.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. ARNOLD.

"THE LESSER LIGHT."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR.—In an interesting article in your December number, on "The Lesser Light," by Mr. J. Carpenter, the following experiments are suggested to those who have still a "lingering notion" in favour of the non-rotation of the moon on her axis in her revolution round the earth:—

"Let the reader place himself before a round table with a ball or basin in its centre; let him suppose this central object represents the earth and himself the moon; let him tie

one end of a long string to his button-hole and fasten the other end to a chair in the room, leaving plenty of space; then let him glide round the table, keeping his face towards the central object (as the moon keeps her face towards the earth), and by the time he has completed one revolution round the table he will find the string *twisted round his body*; here is proof positive, that he rotated on his axis, or how else came the string around him?" 2ndly, "As a converse to this experiment let him repeat it, but this time keeping his face towards an opposite wall, or appearing to rotate to the object on the table: the string in this case will not be wound round him, because he has not rotated on his axis."

Now, to my mind these two experiments prove exactly the reverse of what they are intended to prove.

The first proves that the moon revolves round the earth, but that she does *not* rotate upon her own axis; for it is evident that the person representing the moon could "glide" round the earth in the manner described, if he were attached firmly to the earth by a rigid bar, so as to keep him in a fixed attitude as regards the earth. If then he were so fixed, how could he be said to rotate on *his own axis*? and being so fixed, does he not present only one side to the earth during the whole revolution?

Why the string should be attached to an extraneous body, I know not. It merely proves that the peculiar motion of the moon as regards that body winds the string round the moon; but it has no relation to the motion of the moon as regards the earth; it, however, comes apropos to prove by the second experiment that the moon does not rotate on her own axis, as thus:—Let the person move round the earth in a manner to *prevent* the string being wound round his body, and he will find that in moving once round the table, he has also made one rotation on his own axis; in doing which, he has necessarily shown his front, sides, and back to the earth. Nor can I see that, if the earth's diurnal rotation lie in an opposite direction to the course of the moon, the case is altered.

I can understand, that if the poles of the moon were in a right line, so as to pass through the centre of the earth, the moon might rotate (like a cart wheel), and show only one side to the earth; but in that case the hemisphere exposed to our view would visibly revolve. Does it so? To the uninformed eye, the surface of the moon appears to be always in the same position.

I should be very glad to have some further

elucidation of Mr. Carpenter's experiments, which, as I understand them, appear at present to support the theory of the "half-fledged."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ENQUIRER.

Cape Town, South Africa.

THE DESPAIRING ONE.

FROM MURGER.

- "Say, who art thou that knock'st so late?"
 "Open, 'tis I."—"What is thy name?"
 I list not to uncloseth my gate
 To all at night who entrance claim."
- "Open."—"Thy name?"—"The bleak winds rave.
 Open."—"Thy name?"—"For charity
 Uncloseth thy doors, for in its grave
 The corpse is not more cold than I;
- "For I have wander'd all the day
 From north to south, from east to west;
 Oh, in thy cabin let me stay,
 And in thy chimney-corner rest."
- "Not yet; who art thou?"—"I am Fame;
 I lead to immortality."
 "Pass on, vain phantom, empty name."
 "Oh, listen to me still, for I
- "Am Love Eternal, endless Youth,
 Most precious of God's gifts."—"Pass on,
 I need them not; my mistress' truth
 Alone I needed. It is gone."
- "But I am Art and Poesy,
 Elsewhere proscribed; uncloseth thy door."
 "Not so. No love to sing have I;
 Her very name I know no more."
- "Stay, I am Riches. Open wide,
 I bring thee endless stores of gold—
 Wealth that can buy thee back thy bride."
 "Can it awake the love that's cold?"
- "Open to me, for I am Power,
 The regal purple I can give."
 "Can'st thou restore a single hour
 Of those bright days I used to live?"
- Then, if thou wilt not ope thy gates
 Till of thy guest's name thou art sure;
 Open! 'Tis Death without who waits,
 And brings for all thy ills the cure.
- "List at my girdle, thou may'st hear
 The massy keys which clank and grate,
 Of caverns whose recesses drear
 Shall yield thee rest inviolate."
- "Enter, oh, enter! welcome guest;
 Enter; forgive these boards so bare.
 At misery's hearth I bid thee rest,
 And misery's squalid pallet share."
- "Enter, for I am sick of life,
 That hath nor hope nor joy in sore;
 Have long'd, yet fear'd, to end its strife,
 And be at rest for evermore."
- "Oh! enter now, eat, drink, and sleep,
 And when thou leav'st with breaking day,
 Sweet angel, let me near thee keep,
 And bear me in thy arms away."
- "For where thou goest I will go,
 Will follow where thy step is turn'd;
 But leave my dog to live, for so
 I shall not perish all unmourn'd."

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER VII. PROSPECTS :—WHAT TO THINK !

YOUNG Mr. Craggs was in the country, walking in the glades of the Blenheim woods, sooner than he had anticipated. The march of events was altogether rapid beyond expectation.

First, there came news from Hanover which occasioned a shout of laughter, followed by a roar of indignation, from end to end of the kingdom.

In the first hour of Lord Sunderland's arrival at Blenheim the Duchess attacked him with :

"Sunderland, how could you allow the King to make an English duchess of that scarecrow of a saint,—the Schulemberg? I take it as an affront to myself, I assure you."

"I grieve for that, madam : but how was I to help it? His Majesty did not consult me in the matter."

"But you must have seen what was coming."

"I did, and I remonstrated : but, with all the Germans bent upon it, and in possession of the King in their own capital, what could a solitary Englishman do? Bothmar would have had me transported to the plantations, if I had interfered further."

"All the Germans bent upon it, do you say?"

"All who were on the spot. The Kielmansegge, I understand, says that she will be an English duchess too. If this spreads, the King will have his proper punishment. The scandal of the Kielmansegge going to parliament for a title—"

"And no British peeress being any more seen at his court."

"Yes, these mortifications will be his retribution. Meantime, madam, the mischief is done."

"You need not tell me that. What I asked you was, why it was allowed to be done."

In the house of the Postmaster-General the question was :

"Husband, why has his Majesty made that German lady Duchess of Kendal?"

"Because she wished it, I suppose."

"But what right had she to ask such a thing?"

"My dear wife, it is well you put that question to me rather than anybody else. Surely you can guess."

"O! I see what you mean : that the King will marry her. But I did not know the poor Queen was dead."

"No more she is. But it makes no difference whether the poor lady is alive or dead. The King will never marry the Schulemberg, so as to make her Queen."

"But that is very wicked."

"To be sure it is : but I don't see how making her Duchess of Kendal is worse than giving her her former titles, which everybody pretended not to know."

"If she would stay over yonder, it might not be so bad ; but—"

"You are right, my dear. If our Esther should marry a duke, it would be hard upon her to have to yield precedence to that woman."

"Harry," said Nanny, when her husband came home from 'Change, hot and excited, "is it true that the King has broken the seventh commandment?"

"Yes, and the Queen too, his Germans say."

"I have heard that, but my mother does not believe it. But about the King : is he really going to raise his paramour to a level with our Duchess?"

"As far as he can do it ; but nobody ever was like our duchess, and nobody ever will be."

"I wonder whether the other King—well, the Pretender,—would have done such a thing."

At the moment, this was just what the Prince was telling his wife that all the world was saying. What could the Stuarts have inflicted upon the country worse than this bevy of Hanover witches? The Prince, however, was little aware how much more serious a matter the country was soon to be discussing.

Young Mr. Craggs was aware of it before the Prince was. A special messenger appeared at the door of the Postmaster-General, with a letter for young Mr. Craggs, which he refused to carry to Lord Sunderland's, but would wait to deliver here. As soon as James had read it, he ordered his horses and grooms to be ready for a journey in half-an-hour.

He was going to Blenheim, he told his mother. The Duchess wished to see him immediately. Esther in her secret heart thought it had something to do with Lady Di. Mrs. Craggs suspected it was to prepare James for

being made Prime Minister. When Mr. Craggs came home, and heard where James was gone, he doubted whether it was anything more than that Her Grace wanted to sell out, or buy into his favourite stock,—that South Sea stock which now occupied his thoughts more than all other subjects together.

The first topic at Blenheim necessarily was the state of the Duke.

“You will see him this evening,” said the Duchess; “and you may perhaps think him less altered than you had expected. O yes! he is capable of conversation; and public affairs are as interesting to him as ever. But we cannot admit to him any but discreet friends, who will not repeat any opinions he may express while in such a condition as he is. You understand, I am sure.”

James thought he did understand, whichever of two things he should find to be true,—that the Duke really was unfit to form opinions, or that it did not suit the Duchess that the world should know his views.

“Now tell me,” said Her Grace, “and nobody is better authority—what is really the prospect of this South Sea stock?”

“Can she have sent for me from London?” thought James, “to make me useful about her investment of her savings?”

“The truth is,” Her Grace proceeded, “I found myself the other day to have lost three hundred pounds on my South Sea bonds,—bonds for very little over two thousand.”

“I wonder at that, madam.”

“You do? well, that is comfortable! you see if that stock was hurt by the very first disagreeable news from Hanover, one cannot but think how much worse it might be if half the evil that is rumoured comes true.”

“No doubt, madam, all the stocks would fall if the Swedes should attempt to land, or the Jacobites——”

The Duchess held up a warning finger. Footmen were coming in and out to replenish the fires at the two ends of the room. As soon as they were out of hearing, she said:

“I beg your pardon, but one never knows who one has about one among so many servants. It is said that there are Jacobite spies in all these large houses. But as to the stocks falling, I was thinking of misfortunes which the country would take to heart more desperately than those you refer to. I am not afraid of the Swedes with that quarrelsome noodle for a King. His life, too, is not worth a year’s purchase, fighting as he does. And the Jacobites could do nothing if we did not tempt them by such folly as is really German. Now, my dear Mr. Craggs, I sent for you about this,—about the misfortunes which are

too likely to happen,—because it is not safe to write anything; no, not even while your father has the Post Office. I could not be sure of my letters inside my own gates. It was safest to ask you to come; and besides, we can discuss matters so much more amply and quietly!”

James was full of curiosity, which her next words raised to astonishment.

“You must baffle this scheme of transporting the Prince.”

“Madam!”

“Ah! I see it is new to you. There are persons about the King who are making matters worse between him and the Prince. You know that much I suppose? Well, they have gone so far as to offer their services to seize the Prince, and carry him to the Plantations.”

“Do you credit this, madam?”

“I know it from one who has seen the letter; you will see it yourself some day soon. Lord Berkeley wrote that dutiful epistle. The King of course says at first that he will not hear of it; but his jealousy kindles from moment to moment; and, upon my word, the Prince may soon have reason to wish that he had got away with his head on his shoulders. Now, you see, you must look to the Prince’s safety——”

“Does Your Grace mean me personally?”

“Certainly I do. The King is coming over; and Sunderland and you will have everything in your own hands.”

She laughed at young Mr. Craggs’s look of amazement.

“Well, there is no harm in telling you, as I am not in office, that you will be Secretary of State (at the War Office, I believe) in a month or two. Mr. Addison is willing to retire. Nay, now you need not make pretty speeches. We all know your friendship for Mr. Addison. Do you suppose I forget your charming way of reading his ‘Spectators’ to me when you were a clever little lad? But Mr. Addison is eager to retire. His office is more burdensome than that of a Lord of Trade ever was. His asthma is worse than ever, and he waits only till there can be no doubt of your succeeding him. Had you really no notion of this before? Well, it does not seem to overwhelm you now. I suppose your father’s prosperity—his great wealth—may have prepared his children to receive Fortune’s favours as a matter of course.”

“Hardly so, madam; but such an elevation, so rapid and so very great, may well remind us all of the fickleness of Fortune.”

“That is prettily said: but perhaps a reverse might amaze you more, after all, than

the prosperity. Mr. Craggs must be very rich, James."

"He is, madam,—very rich."

"A hundred thousand pounds, perhaps?"

"Hardly yet: but I know he expects to double or treble his wealth if he can carry his points at all with the Company and with the government. With Lord Sunderland at the head——"

"Yes, Sunderland will make it all easy. Does not your father think so? Then you must all remember who it was that got rid of Walpole for you; and you must help him in other matters as he will help you about the South Sea affair. You ought to make his fortune for him out of that stock among you. You should do that, James."

James was ready to do the best he could for Lord Sunderland in all ways—with Lord Sunderland's authorisation, of course.

"Perhaps you would like to walk now," Her Grace at length said. "If you wish to see the old places, it is time you were walking. The days are getting so short! You have had riding enough, no doubt. Will you have the phaeton?—you prefer walking?"

James did prefer walking. He wanted to think; and he desired no witness when he visited old nooks and corners which were best known to himself.

"You will have more time than daylight," the Duchess observed. "We shall dine late to-day, in hope that Lady Di and her father may have arrived. They are friends of yours, I know, and I did not see why we should not have our consultation, just because they were coming. I am glad you arrived first, however."

So was James. If he had known of the family speculations at home about the Duchess's reasons for summoning him, he would have been amused at the extent to which she had justified them. He doubted his meeting Lady Di being quite so off-hand a matter as he was desired to suppose.

He sought none of the points of view in the park, did not go near the flower-gardens, was not tempted to linger among the rustling leaves in any of the glades, nor to watch the twilight gather over the still lake. He made his way at a brisk pace to the familiar little gate nearest to the common; and when once among the furze-brakes and grassy hollows, he leaped and ran like a boy. He was making for Goody Gillow's cottage, uncertain whether that fearful woman still lived there, or whether she lived at all. He remarked to himself that it would please his father that he should seek this old acquaintance; and the more for its being an unsolicited attention; but he could

not have pretended to himself that he went for his father's sake only.

He was not sorry that the cottage candle was as yet unlighted. Wrapped in his cloak, his hair dressed, and surmounted by a large hat, his voice altered, and his stature increased, he could scarcely, he thought, be recognised; and if it fitted across his mind that no man so handsome had been there since his handsome boyhood, he hoped the twilight would prevent this being noticed.

When he came away he was utterly uncertain whether he had been recognised by either mother or daughter. The latter was now as quiet as she had formerly been impertinent and mischievous. She might be observing instead of drawing out the strangers who came to learn their destiny. At one point of the interview he had little doubt of the mother being well aware who he was. It was when she told him, before examining his hand, that he had had already a vast amount of good fortune, favour with the great, and so on; but he began to doubt when she turned into the beaten track of fortune tellers, assuring him that he might have a beautiful lady with blue eyes, but for his being in love with a dark lady; and all the rest of it. This, he knew, was Goody Gillow's style with the common run of visitors; but he had always believed her to have had a very different style when using her faculty (as all parties regarded it) with serious intent; and now he was in a manner offended at his being talked to about his witchery among the ladies. He was about to rise and go, when the Goody showed that she had more to say. She examined his palm, and, to his surprise, did not light the candle for the purpose. It did not strike him till afterwards that there might be somebody else there, in a dark corner. The woman said she could judge by signs which were almost as discoverable in the dark as at noon. The change in her tone was now remarkable. She said that, over and above the dark and fair ladies of his present acquaintance, his fate would depend on a lady from foreign parts, who would spread a great snare for him. When this would happen she did not know, except that he would be still a young man; and whether he would escape the snare she could not say: she knew only that everybody would be against him in the particular case, and all would be over with him while still young, or he would be a very great and happy man. She could not say whether this ruin meant death; could not say whether, if he died young, it would be a public death; and finally, she had no means of knowing whether days, or months, or years, would decide his

fate ; further than this, that he would before that time be immensely rich : and he best knew whether he was so already, or what time it would require to make him so. All the gravity of this exposition, the absence of all mention of parents, and her reference to a supposed brother far away, satisfied him during his walk home that Goody Gillow had no idea whom she had been receiving, and, in her own belief, deceiving. Yet his heart smote him as he thought this : for her manner had been one of sincerity in the latter part of the interview. Moreover, she had returned into his waistcoat pocket the crown with which he had crossed her hand on entering. She said it did not seem like good money. No doubt it was good silver coin ; no doubt the gentleman had a right to his silver and gold ; but she was afraid of its doing her a mischief.

All this sent young Mr. Craggs home with a slower step than he ever used, except in the alleys of Hampton Court. He wondered what his father would think of all this if he had been listening in a dark corner of the cottage. If his father asked him whether he had made this visit, and what came of it, he would tell the whole : not otherwise ; but he was sure his father would inquire for the minutest particulars. So would Lord Sunderland, for that matter, and Mr. Stanhope, and Mr. Blunt of the South Sea House, and the Prince himself, and the Princess, and perhaps even Mr. Addison ; for no one was so rash as not to prefer to be on the safe side in that most difficult question of sorcery and foreseeing events.

The gravity induced by this adventure did him no harm perhaps with Lady Di, or her father. They saw how the old Duke's faded eyes lighted up at the sight of young Mr. Craggs's handsome face ; and they could not but note the respectful tenderness with which the young man took his seat beside the palsied hero, and helped his weakness of hand and memory, and related to him the public events of the day, though aware that they would all be forgotten before the morning. When the Duke had made his bow from his chair, and been wheeled out of the room, James was free to converse with Lady Di. After an ineffectual hint or two from the Duchess that some satirical portraits of public men would be acceptable, James was left in peace. Her Grace supposed he considered himself already a Secretary of State,—a far too great man to use his talent for mimicry. Lady Di's father respected him for his independence of Her Grace's fancies ; and Lady Di supposed him moved and softened by the spectacle of the Duke's decay, and possibly by some other ten-

derness. She was not offended by her father's few words to her at the door of her dressing-room that night :

"I am not forgetting his origin, my dear. But that young man will be in our House, after having led a while in the Commons ; and see how frequent new peerages are now ! and so much depends on the man,—whether he is a vulgar upstart, or a really able man with good manner. My opinion is that you might do worse."

"But, papa, think of his education. What knowledge can he have ?"

"It might seem so, my dear. But do you find any more knowledge in other public men ? You cannot have everything, Lady Di ; and my opinion is that you might do worse."

When young Mr. Craggs got home, his mother whispered into his ear, while her arms were about his neck :

"Did the Duchess say anything about your being Prime Minister, dear ?"

James laughed : and he laughed again, to cover his blushes, when Esther whispered, in like manner :

"Was Lady Di there ? Ah ! I said so !"

Then came his father's question.

"I dare say Her Grace wanted to know all you could tell her about South Sea Stock."

They all laughed together ; and Mr. Craggs said there was no woman abler than Her Grace in killing three birds with one stone.

(To be continued.)

POOR PERDITA.

PART II.

OF course the King was very angry—deeply grieved. There had already been some estrangement between father and son,—this grew to a breach, open and avowed, widening and widening. George III. had deluded himself with the idea that his heir could not go astray, because he had been brought up in such rigorous seclusion—could not be extravagant, because his allowance had been so meagre. (The office of treasurer in the Prince's household had been made, on this account, the subject of many pleasantries.) The father's strictness had simply taught the son to dissimulate and to get into debt, while it had effectually banished all confidence and sympathy between them.

At the end of 1780 the Prince was free, with a separate establishment, and an allowance out of the national purse. He appeared at court on the Queen's birthday in his new character of manhood. His costume was possibly chosen expressly to show that he had begun to think for himself. He wore, we are told, "a coat of pink silk with white cuffs ;

his waistcoat was of white silk embroidered with various coloured foil, but adorned with a profusion of French paste; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, 5000 in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." What Teufelsdröckh calls "the Divine Idea of Cloth" developed itself early and thoroughly in George, Prince of Wales.

The Prince went at once into active opposition to his father and the Government of the day. He became the constant associate and intimate friend of Fox and Sheridan. The fashionable vices and dissipations which were the *délassements* of the Whigs, he made the business and sole object of his life. He was as yet restrained from appearing "on the turf;" but he indulged without limit in dresses, equipages, *fêtes*, private plays, and galantries. In one year his wardrobe alone was said to have cost 10,000*l.* His passion for Mrs. Robinson was everywhere paraded in the most public manner. He was seen at her side at masquerades, balls, the opera, the theatres; even at the royal hunts in Windsor Forest, and the reviews in the presence of the King. She appeared daily in Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and the parks,—now in a fashionable high phaeton, now in an exquisite *vis-à-vis* carriage, the Prince's gift (at a cost of 900 guineas), bearing upon its panels the lady's cipher, and a basket of flowers so arranged as at a little distance to look like a five-pearled coronet. She varied her costume with tasteful but expensive adroitness. "To-day," writes Miss Hawkins, "she was a *paysanne*, with her straw hat tied at the back of her head. . . . Yesterday she perhaps had been the dressed *belle* of Hyde Park, trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead; to-morrow she would be the cravated Amazon of the riding-house; but be she what she might, the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept the ground as she passed." The Prince's favourite had reached her apogee. It was very splendid shame—while it lasted.

She had to endure mortifications, of course. That madcap engraver and painter, Jack Sherwin, was at this time at work upon his strange picture, which he subsequently engraved, of the "Finding of Moses." In this were to be introduced all the most celebrated beauties of the day. The Princess Royal sat for Pharaoh's daughter; the lovely Duchess of Devonshire and her sister Lady Duncannon, the Duchess of Rutland, the Ladies Jersey, the Ladies Waldgrave and others, appeared as her attendants—a curious, absurd, incongruous work; graceful and pretty, nevertheless. The engraving is still extant. The ladies wear the

powder and jewels, feathers and lace, of George III.'s court. They look rather as though they were figures cut out of old-fashion books—not in the least like characters in biblical history. Yet the picture created a great sensation. There was quite a struggle among the women of quality to have their titles as beauties registered, as it were, by their presentment in Mr. Sherwin's picture. Poor Perdita put forward her claim—to be denied, however, and rebuked for her presumption. Something more than beauty was required to secure a place among the Princess's attendants: good name was also needed. And Perdita was without virtue, or the semblance of it.

She was a constant visitor at the painter's studio, however, possibly in the hope that the thoughtless fellow might, at the last moment, yield to her prayers. But, for a wonder—discretion was by no means his *forte*—he remained firm. Then she decided upon being portrayed by Mr. Sherwin upon a separate canvas. She would be painted as Abra at the feet of Solomon. There was no doubt as to whom she intended Mr. Sherwin to represent in the character of Solomon. But the artist thought the project a little too hazardous. He declined to further it. But he made a clever impromptu portrait of the lady, engraving it at once upon the copper in his own wonderfully facile manner, without any previous drawing. Already a rumour went about that the love of Florizel for Perdita had considerably cooled—that the favourite's glory was on the wane.

Indeed, the royal passion was hardly less impulsive in its ending than in its beginning—was as short-lived as it was impetuous. The final separation of the lovers took place early in 1781. George III. wrote to Lord North on the 20th August in that year:—

"My eldest son got last year into an improper connection with an actress and woman of indifferent character through the friendly assistance of Lord Malden. He sent her letters and very foolish promises, which undoubtedly by her conduct she has cancelled. Colonel Hotham has settled to pay the enormous sum of 5000*l.* for the letters, &c., being returned. You will, therefore, settle with him."

Florizel at the commencement of his courtship had sent Perdita his written promise to pay to her, on his coming of age, the sum of 20,000*l.* This document was duly signed by the Prince, and sealed with the royal arms. When she wrote, after their separation, reminding her lover of this promise, and applying for some assistance under the pecuniary diffi-

culties which then beset her, she could obtain no answer to her letter. Persisting in her appeal for aid, the matter was submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Fox; and the lady's claims were at length satisfied by the grant of an annuity of 500*l.*, one moiety of which at her decease was to descend to her daughter for life. This was to be regarded as a consideration for Mrs. Robinson's "resignation of a lucrative profession at the particular request of His Royal Highness."

Little reason was assigned for the Prince's abrupt abandonment of his idol. One day he is overwhelming her with protestations of eternal devotion; on the next he meets his Perdita in Hyde Park, and turns his head to avoid seeing her—even affects not to know her. The Prince was very young to be so heartless. Satiety had much to do with this, probably. Doubtless, too, poor Perdita had enemies very ready to whisper calumnies concerning her into her lover's ears. Yet during her last interview with the Prince, prior to their separation, neither perhaps knowing it to be the last, while he admitted that she had many concealed enemies who were resolved upon her ruin, he assured her again and again that his love for her had never ceased—could never cease.

It has been unavoidable that we should follow to a great extent the lady's account of this scandalous business, and her narrative, while it shrinks from bringing any direct accusation against the Prince, is yet adroitly shaped with a view to finding in his misdeeds an excuse for her own frailty. In judging Florizel, however, it must be borne in mind that modern standards of morality are hardly applicable to the case. The tone of society in the days of George, Prince of Wales, was debased enough. True, the court set an example of extreme propriety; but then a pure court was in itself an innovation concerning the value of which the world had not yet made up its mind. The quaker kind of life of George III. and his queen was not imitated with any very great avidity. It demanded almost too great a change in settled habits and customs. So profligacy still flourished, hardly deeming it worth while to wear ever so slight a mask; vice continued in fashion; dissipation and debauchery were yet *de rigueur*. The Prince's transgressions were judged leniently. Certainly, too, in the instance under mention, he had the plea of youth on his side. He was yet a minor, and by some four years the junior of Perdita. And moreover, in those times, where a prince wooed he was pretty sure to win. They were no such very unwilling victims that were sacrificed upon the altar of royal love. More, perhaps, might be urged in the way of apology for Florizel,

and without pressing too severely upon Perdita, but that the after life of the Prince furnished such frequent instances of similar wrongdoing: but that such glaring evidence is on record as to the alacrity with which he consoled himself for the loss of his love, bowed before other idols, secured fresh victims. Turn for a moment to the Parish Register of St. Marylebone. You will find the entry of the baptism of a child. "Georgiana Augusta Frederica Elliott, daughter of H. R. H. George, Prince of Wales and Grace Elliott,* born 30th March, and baptised 30th July, 1782." And it was in 1781 that the Prince began to importune Mrs. Fitzherbert with his passionate addresses!

Mrs. Robinson's "retiring pension" was not very princely in amount, when it is considered that, had the lady continued on the stage, she would probably have been in receipt of a far larger income. She was young, she had secured the favour of the public, and might fairly have counted upon many years of professional exertion. Still, the allowance would doubtless have been sufficient, but that poor Perdita was deeply in debt. Florizel had accustomed her to a system of profuse expenditure—she had been living a life of extravagant luxury—it was difficult to become prudent and thrifty all of a sudden. And she had, it seemed, to maintain her husband, her mother, and her child. Moreover, the interval between the withdrawal of all aid from the Prince, and the settlement upon her of a regular income, had greatly increased the embarrassment of her position. At one time she meditated a return to the stage; but, assured that an indignant public would rise against her upon her re-appearance, she reluctantly abandoned the idea. Her debts now amounted to something like 7000*l.*, and her creditors assailed her angrily on all sides. "A favourite has no friends," says Gay.

Suddenly she quitted England on a visit to Paris. She found no lack of friends and admirers, English and foreign—not of the most honest kind, though—in the French capital. Her story had preceded her—she was received with a curious kind of effusion. The Duke of Orleans posed himself as the most devoted of her adorers. Queen Marie Antoinette dines in public for the first time after the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, afterwards the Dauphin, and the Duke of Orleans brings a message that Her Majesty has expressed a desire that "la belle Anglaise" will appear at the ceremony. Accordingly, in a train and body of pale green

* This was the Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott, the journal of whose life during the French Revolution was first given to the world in 1859.

lutestring, with a tiffany petticoat festooned with lilac, a plume of white feathers on her head, and her cheeks deeply rouged, to conform precisely to the fashion of the French court, Mrs. Robinson presents herself at the *grand couvert*. But a small space separates the Queen and the ex-royal favourite. The two ladies admire each other exceedingly. The Queen even commissions the Duke of Orleans to borrow the portrait of the Prince of Wales, which Mrs. Robinson wears on the bosom of her dress. The miniature is returned on the following day, with a purse, netted by the hand of Marie Antoinette, a present to the English beauty. Unhappy queen!—these and other indiscretions supplied her foes with a sort of warrant for the grossness of their subsequent accusations. A few years later she was paying dire penalties for her thoughtlessness.

In 1784, poor Perdita was attacked by a most distressing malady, from the effects of which, indeed, she never recovered. Exposure during a night journey in a post-chaise* with the windows open brought on a fever, which confined her to her bed for six months: acute rheumatism followed, and deprived her of the use of her limbs. She was prescribed the warm baths of Aix-la-Chapelle; with little result, however. For the remainder of her life she was a helpless cripple, unable to move without assistance. Miss Hawkins, in her volumes of *Memoirs*, has some notes concerning the unfortunate lady. One evening, seated on a table in one of the waiting-rooms of the Opera House, there was to be seen a woman of fashionable appearance, still beautiful, though her beauty was fading fast. A glance of pity fell upon her now and then; otherwise she received little attention. "In a few minutes two liveried servants came to her, they took from their pockets long white sleeves which they drew on their arms; they then lifted her up and conveyed her to her carriage; it was the then helpless paralytic Perdita."

"She had become literary," Miss Hawkins records, "brought up her daughter literary, and expressed, without qualification, her rage when her works were not urged forward beyond all others." Indeed, the poor lady was in great difficulties. Her wants were urgent. She turned to the booksellers, who received her with business-like cordiality. She had from childhood been fond of dabbling in verse—could always produce stanzas to *this* or *that*

* This journey, it is said, was undertaken on behalf of the lady's friend, Colonel Tarleton, at a time when that officer was in great pecuniary straits. Colonel Tarleton had distinguished himself by the daring and fierceness, the cruelty even, of his services under Lord Cornwallis, in America. During sixteen years an attachment subsisted between Colonel Tarleton and Mrs. Robinson.

at the shortest of notices. In the winter of 1790 she had entered into a poetical correspondence with Mr. Robert Merry, the Della Cruscan poetaster, signing "Laura" and "Laura Maria" to her namby-pamby versicles, which, however, were no doubt as valuable as those she received in return. Several ladies of the Blue-Stocking Club had expressed their admiration of Mrs. Robinson's poetic efforts. She now published her romance of "Vancezza," in two volumes, which ran through six editions. This success, however, was due much more to public curiosity concerning the writer than to any respect for her writings, which, indeed, were of no great intrinsic worth. But so long as morbid inquisitiveness produced purchasers, the lady was well content to publish. It was money she wanted—good repute was a very secondary matter. After "Vancezza" came "The Widow," a novel; "Reflections on the situation of the Queen of France," a pamphlet written in 1790; "Solitude," a poem; "The Cavern of Woe," a poem; "Ainsi va le Monde," a poem; "The Sicilian Lover," a tragedy (never acted); "Angelina," a novel in three vols.; "Hubert de Savarre," four vols.; "Walsingham," four vols.; "Thoughts on the Condition of Women, and the Injustice of Mental Subordination," a pamphlet; "The False Friend," a novel, four vols.; "The Natural Daughter," two vols.; not to mention numberless short pieces in prose and verse. The poor woman was certainly industrious enough. She even for some time, by desire of its editor, provided the *Morning Post* with verse, and commenced in the columns of that journal a series of satirical odes on topics of the day, signing her productions "Tabitha Bramble."

On the 29th November, 1794, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre a farce called "Nobody," written by Mrs. Robinson, the chief characters being sustained by John Bannister, Bensley, Barrymore, Mrs. Jordan,* Miss Pope, and Miss De Camp. The piece was designed as a satire upon female gamesters; its literary merits were probably slight enough. It seems, however, to have been subjected to rather ill-natured treatment. A leading actress (probably Miss Farren) threw up her part, alleging that the play was intended to ridicule one of her particular friends. Anonymous letters were sent to other of the performers, conveying a warning that "'Nobody' should surely be damned," and the au-

* "I remember the warmth with which she (Mrs. Robinson) chanted the kindness of Mrs. Jordan in accepting the principal character; and I cannot forget the way, when the storm began, in which the actress, frightened out of her senses, died and made no sign."—Boaden's "Life of Kemble."

thor was informed that the piece would certainly be driven from the stage. On the drawing up of the curtain several persons in the gallery, being servants in livery, openly declared that they were sent to "do up 'Nobody.'" Women of rank in the boxes were heard to hiss "through their fans." An impartial pit, however, asserted itself, and demanded that the performance should not be prejudged, but suffered to proceed. The first act was accordingly gone through without much interruption, but an attempt to encore a song in the second act brought on very active opposition, the pent-up clamour broke out all the more violently for its temporary suppression, and the play was brought to a close amidst great confusion. Attempts were made to repeat "Nobody" on two subsequent occasions, but the hostility seemed rather to increase than diminish; the theatre became the scene of serious disturbances, and finally, Mrs. Robinson withdrew the cause of contention. The piece was never revived, and poor Perdita made no further attempt to gain fame as a writer for the stage.

In private, however, she was able to maintain a certain reputation in respect of her literary achievements. It would be testing these too severely to judge them by modern standards. Undoubtedly she possessed a facility in manufacturing verses, if not very original or highly imaginative, still not without a certain grace and feeling. For her novels, if they are no better, they are clearly no worse than the majority of the novels of her time. They were in large demand at the libraries. Probably her ambition aimed no higher than at success of that kind. They had their day and died; that they will never be disinterred and revived, it is very safe to predicate. It is but very, very few works of their class of literature that can endure the wear and tear of three generations and still exist. Nevertheless, her merits as a writer were sufficient for her day. The sofa in her small drawing-room in St. James's Place was constantly surrounded by a small throng of faithful and sympathetic admirers. To the last she retained traces of her once singular beauty, was always graceful and intelligent, delighted to be informed (we learn on the authority of Mr. Boaden, the biographer of the Kembles) of all that passed in the world, mingling in the conversation her full share of intelligence, and disdainful to exhibit any evidence of the pain she was often actually suffering at the moment. "So that at the jest of others, and sometimes during her own repartee, the countenance preserved its pleasant expression, while a cold dew was glistening upon her forehead." Her industry, considering the pain she endured, and

the reclining attitude to which she was condemned, was certainly remarkable. The suffering and mortification of her declining life seem to have been accepted on all hands as a sort of expiation for her early errors. A general understanding prevailed, that in pity for the present a veil was to be thrown over the misdeeds of the past. The Prince of Wales even appeared sometimes in the house in St. James's Place, no longer to admire the beauty, or to adore the woman,—Florizel had found other objects of devotion—but to pay homage to the poetess, and to try and amuse the invalid. Sheridan came too, though the lady had ceased to consider him a friend, attributing to him a share in the first diversion from her of the Prince's affection; and Burke, and Sir Joshua, up to within a short time before his death, the Duke of York, Wilkes, Henderson the actor, Sir John Elliott, and others. Mrs. Siddons writes to her friend Mr. Taylor (author of "Monsieur Tonson") :—"I am very much obliged to Mrs. Robinson for her polite attention in sending me her poems. Pray tell her so, with my compliments. I hope the poor charming woman has quite recovered from her fall. If she is half as amiable as her writings, I shall long for the possibility of being acquainted with her. I say the possibility, because one's whole life is one continual sacrifice of inclinations, which, to indulge, however laudable or innocent, would draw down the malice and reproach of those prudent people who never do ill, 'but feed and sleep, and do observances to the stale ritual of quaint ceremony.' The charming and beautiful Mrs. Robinson: I pity her from the bottom of my soul." And even less generous-hearted people than Sarah Siddons found in the case of poor Perdita something well worthy of their commiseration.

Early in the spring of 1800, it became evident that poor Perdita's health was giving way rapidly. She was compelled to relinquish almost altogether her literary occupations. Her strength had left her, and symptoms of consumption appeared. She was advised a journey to Bristol wells; the doctors announced their last hope that her native air might possibly benefit the sufferer. But poor Perdita was without the necessary means for the journey. Her annuity was absorbed in the payment of her debts, and when her writing ceased, the chief means of her support came to an end likewise. She quitted London and repaired to a small cottage near Windsor. In the pure air and perfect quiet she rallied a little, began to work again; even attempted to maintain a supply of articles for a daily newspaper, struggling hard to keep the wolf

from the door. She lingered to the end of the year, utterly prostrate and suffering acutely from dropsy on the chest, breathing her last on Christmas-day, 1800. She was buried in Old Windsor churchyard.

The Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, published the year after her death, purport to be written partly by herself and partly by her daughter. The narrative of her life is alleged to have been given to the world in pursuance of her death-bed injunctions. The book has much of the romancist's tone about it, the facts it deals with are palpably decorated and disposed with an eye to effect; it is, of course, apologetic and exculpatory in character, and is oftentimes conveniently fragmentary. Now, when a lady tells her story, and purposely leaves blanks in it, it is clearly permissible to supply those blanks, if not with suppositions and suspicions, at any rate with such evidence at all bearing on the subject as can be secured from other quarters. But this done, and all said, surely we may agree that there was as much, or very nearly as much, to pity as to condemn in the story of poor Perdita. If she sinned—and she did sin—was she not sinned against?

DUTTON COOK.

LIFE IN ALGIERS.

A WINTER in Algeria! There is a degree of novelty and raciness in the sound. For though our countrymen are certainly sown broadcast over the face of the earth, they have come up in a comparatively scanty crop on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Algiers is too distant to become a refuge for the numerous classes whom poverty, the wish for cheap education, and, still more, "past follies," induce to quit their native land; and many an invalid, who will quietly work his or her way to the south of France, is deterred from proceeding farther by the voyage of nearly 500 miles from Marseilles in the Messagerie boats, which are slow and uncertain, having insufficient engines and poor accommodation. This will be obviated when the lines of railway are completed,—the European one to Carthage, and the African between Algiers and Oran,—when a short sea voyage will bring the traveller at once among the palm-trees and bananas. But by that time many of the most curious features of Algiers will have disappeared. The ancient Moorish houses are being rapidly demolished to make way for stately palaces raised by the magic wand of Sir Morton Peto. Handsome quays have arisen where five or six years ago lay an immense swamp; and though the city is still in a state of transition, encumbered by débris, and the roads cut up

by immense waggons laden with stone, it is, perhaps, at present in its most interesting condition. There is enough done to show the power of European civilisation, and, at the same time, to contrast most favourably with all that still exists of the curious Moorish architecture. Three of the finest of these palaces are now inhabited by the French Archbishop, the Governor (the gallant MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, whom we may be proud to consider almost as a countryman of our own), and the Sous-Gouverneur-Général Desbeaux. There is a great similarity in all of these houses, which are completely oriental and suited to the climate: lofty buildings of two or three stories, with chambers opening on to galleries, surrounding the four sides of a spacious court, and supported by beautiful pillars of carved marble. The Duke and Duchess of Magenta are deservedly beloved, not only by the French, but, if possible, still more by the various races of Arabs, Moors, and Jews, whom they have done all in their power to assist and elevate. The Duchess superintends in person, every Friday, a distribution of money, provisions, and clothing among several hundreds of these destitute beings, whom she visits in their wretched habitations, and makes herself personally acquainted with their several circumstances. The Duchess (or "Madame la Maréchale") receives every Monday during the winter season, the first and last being official balls, and fearfully crowded, while the intermediate *soirées* are confined to a limited number, and arranged with all the charm of the best French society. The court-yard forms the ball-room, the top being merely covered over with flags,—an amply sufficient protection in this warm climate, where fires are never seen.

On the 13th of February a slight change was remarked as having taken place in the usual arrangements, the balcony of the first-floor gallery being hidden by a muslin screen, in which very small openings were visible. In the course of the evening the mystery was explained by the Duchess inviting a very few French and one English lady to visit the gallery with her, where they found three Moorish princesses, one of them with two lovely little girls, watching the gay and animated scene below. The ladies and children were magnificently attired in cloth-of-gold interwoven with threads of green and crimson silk; trousers of the finest white muslin tied round their ankles, and their tiny bare feet thrust into slippers literally covered with gold and silver embroidery; their beautiful eyes rendered still more expressive by the dark shade painted below them, and their luxurious

black tresses perfectly blazing with diamonds. They all spoke French—one of them remarkably well; and truly curious and interesting was it to watch their countenances, and to hear their most original remarks upon a scene which they beheld for the first time, and which must have impressed them as only one to be imagined in an oriental fairy tale.

The kind Duchess had persuaded their lords and masters to give the desired permission, and had then smoothed every difficulty. The ladies' heads were closely wrapped in muslin *sacks*, and, surrounded by slaves, they were brought up to the gallery by a private staircase which led to the Maréchale's boudoir, charmingly arranged for their reception, where they were waited on by many female attendants, and among the rest the Duchess's two English *bonnes*; for both she and her children speak our language perfectly, almost without the slightest foreign accent.

It is devoutly to be hoped that this beginning may lead to some further emancipation of the Moorish ladies, whose submission to a life of such utter seclusion can only be accounted for by the listlessness occasioned by a total absence of all education. The majority "have nothing to do, and do it well;" but a few have been persuaded by their European friends to attempt a little embroidery, &c., and they are evidently grateful for the interest taken in them. There are many Moorish females to be seen, in and about Algiers, carefully shrouded in muslin or white flannel, with nothing visible but their eyes. These, however, are entirely of the lower orders, as women of rank are supposed *never* to leave their houses but twice in their lives—once, when they leave the home of their childhood for their husband's dwelling; and once to visit their parent's graves, should they have died before them. They are usually married at or before the age of thirteen; and I was informed of some curious particulars by an English lady who was present at one of these marriages, the families on both sides being of the highest Moorish birth. The young lady was very lovely, and under the age I have mentioned above. The company of ladies (headed by her mother), amounting in all to upwards of sixty, among whom were my informant and a few French ladies, surrounded the bride, whose head, as usual, was wrapped in a sack, and led her, a few hours after dark, to her future home, where they were received by the mother and female relations of the bridegroom. The poor child, weeping bitterly, was then undressed, carried by her attendants into a bed, where she was commanded to sleep for an hour or two while they ate their supper!

The European ladies were served apart with coffee, *cakes*, and confectionery; while the Moorish ladies (some of them very beautiful) were closely seated in a circle on an immense low cushion, and on their knees a long napkin which extended round the whole party; in the centre was a sort of low circular table which moved on a pivot, and on which the slaves placed one dish at a time, out of which each lady took a mouthful with her fingers, and with a slight touch made the dish revolve to her next neighbour. The dishes succeeded one another to the number of more than twenty, when the whole was carried off; and at eleven a slight refreshment was taken to the bride, after which the ceremony of dressing her commenced. Every lady present was requested to take some slight part in this important operation, and my English friend's consisted in plaiting one of an immense number of little tresses into which her long black hair was divided, with a diamond trembling at the end of each. Her face was then *enamelled*, and a star of gold-leaf fixed on each cheek, as well as on her chin and the tip of her nose. Rows of the finest pearls were hung round her neck, increasing in size until the lower row reached to her waist, and which were of the size of small nuts. Her dress was of cloth-of-silver, with the usual muslin trousers, and a sort of crown of diamonds on her head. By two in the morning all was ready and the room prepared, when the finishing stroke was put to the whole by *gumming down her eyes*, which were not to be opened until the following morning, when she might see her husband, and not till then.

At two o'clock the slaves introduced the bridegroom, a handsome youth of nineteen, dressed in pale grey silk profusely ornamented with silver and diamonds. He took his place under a canopy, to which the bride was also guided by her mother, and placed by his side. His mother then poured a few drops of rose-water into the bride's hand, which the bridegroom drank; and then her mother poured also a few drops into his hand, and guided it to her daughter's mouth, and she drank it; upon which they were pronounced man and wife, and the company immediately separated.

There are an immense number of Jews in Algiers, who, since the French conquest, have been rapidly increasing in wealth and consequence. Before that period they were treated with the most cruel and unmitigated severity. But they are a very plain race; I have not seen one handsome Jewess; whereas at Tangier the reverse was the case, and a plain Jewess the exception. The valleys in the neighbourhood of Algiers are pretty, and

worth visiting, covered as they are with geraniums, cactus, yellow jessamine, and many other beautiful plants; but there is a great want of wood, scantily relieved by a few palm-trees and the grey-tinted olive. The best palm-trees are in the Jardin d'Epai, which are loaded with dates, though the climate is not hot enough to ripen them properly.

There is certainly much to interest the visitor in Algiers, and it promises to become in time a flourishing and valuable colony, though even the French themselves cannot deny that in the hands of the English its prosperity would have increased in a tenfold ratio. F. C.

THE POST OFFICE, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Postmaster-General has recently issued one of those valuable annual reports which, by a plain statement of facts, justifies the claim put forward for the Post Office of being one of the best, if not the very best, departments of the public service. Sir Rowland Hill has shown that the whole nation may be benefited by a reform which at the same time benefits each of us individually. In 1839, the last year of the old system, the letters which passed through the Post Office were 70,000,000; they were 240,000,000 in 1844, rose to 410,000,000 in 1853, and will fully reach 700,000,000 in the present year. In London alone the number of letters delivered in 1863 was 160,000,000, more than twice as many as in the whole kingdom in 1839. There are now 1100 receiving houses and letter pillars in the metropolis, and more than 16,000 altogether; showing that the immense number of 40,000 letters are put into each receptacle in a year, taking one with another. As there are 5,300,000 inhabited houses in the United Kingdom, this gives about 120 letters on an average to each house. Considering how few letters the humbler classes receive, the average indicates how large must be the receipt of letters by the commercial houses. Striking an average in the same way, every one of us—men, women, boys, and girls—receives twenty-two letters in a year. As houses are now being built at the rate of considerably more than 100,000 per annum, we have a foretaste of the spread of postal communication to which we may fairly look forward in future years, irrespective of the increased habit of writing among most of us. Within a given area, there are now twice as many receiving houses and letter pillars as there were in 1854, an increase of facilities that certainly tempts to an increase of letter-writing. Ten thousand small villages and hamlets which in 1854 had the letters "left till called for," or else had to pay extra postage

for them, have now free delivery, that is, delivery at the houses without extra charge. In 1854 there were only two places that had three mails daily from London; in 1863 there were sixty. The mails have been so accelerated that a whole day is saved in return of post between London at one end and Aberdeen or Dublin at the other. In the metropolis the principal morning delivery of letters so late as 1854 was not finished till ten o'clock, whereas now it is over by nine: this is within what are called "Town limits," which include Islington, Pentonville, Newington Butts, Kensington, Vauxhall, Camden Town and Kentish Town—all of them excluded from these limits in 1854.

The *Money Order* system is an immense public advantage, more so than most of us think without going into the matter a little carefully. This office was opened in the first instance to facilitate the transmission of small sums by poor persons; but it has gradually become almost a bank for the trading classes generally. The certainty and security of Money Orders is very great, only 1 in 100,000 failing to be paid to the proper owner. The trouble of the transaction is rather greater than lazy people or selfish people relish; but it would really be unfair to complain of this, considering the advantages of the system in various ways. In 1854 there were about 1900 Money Order offices, in 1863 more than 3000; in the former year there were orders issued to the amount of 10,500,000*l.*, in the latter year 16,500,000*l.* The average amount of each money order is not much above 2*l.*—a useful bank-cheque for a small sum.

Regarded either as an off-shoot from the Money Order system, or on its own individual merits, the *Post Office Savings Bank* system is a triumph. Notwithstanding the difficulty of eradicating old habits, 370,000 persons became depositors in these banks within two years and a-half after the commencement of the system, investing a sum of four millions sterling! The Postmaster-General may well say that such a result is a matter for surprise and pleasure; and he adds, "It is a subject of still greater gratification to find that, by the establishment of Post Office Savings Banks, the Legislature has effected, not a mere transfer of depositors from one establishment to another, but a real and considerable increase in the total number of saving persons throughout the kingdom." The way in which this fact was ascertained was as follows. Just before the introduction of the Post Office Savings Banks there were 1,600,000 depositors in savings banks of the old kind; whereas on a particular day in 1864 there were 1,900,000 depositors of all kinds,

showing that people had not merely transferred their deposits from the old establishments to the new, but that 300,000 other persons had become depositors in little more than two years. This is a mighty engine for good, the full value of which we shall only learn to know by degrees.

The *Advertisement* post, if we may so call it, is essentially a growth of the penny post system. When postage was high, commercial men could not afford to send many advertisements and circular letters by post; but now that a pretty ample printed announcement may be sent for a penny to any part of England, either as a folded letter or in an envelope, the plan is adopted very extensively. Wishing to ascertain how far this novel system is adopted, the Post Office authorities found that in London alone in the year 1864 there were 4,000,000 letters posted which were obviously trade circulars, and that 3,500,000 of these could be assigned to various trades, companies, and societies. The drapers took the lead to an astonishing extent, posting no fewer than 1,700,000 circulars, relating, in all probability, to those "enormous sacrifices" and "unheard of bargains" which ladies are so fond of. Then came the railway companies' circulars to their shareholders, &c., 350,000 strong; the religious and charitable institutions, the insurance offices, and so on. Four years earlier, in March 1859, the Sacred Harmonic Society posted on one single day more than 400,000 printed circulars, relating to the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. The circulars filled two vans, which conveyed them to St. Martin's-le-Grand. In 1862, nearly 500,000 letters were posted at the International Exhibition, mostly printed papers issued by the Commissioners. At the last Lambeth election, 40,000 "Addresses to Worthy Electors" were posted on one day.

The *Book* post was at first unquestionably a very bold adventure. The *Newspaper* post, which long preceded it, is the result of rather a complicated struggle connected with what have been called "taxes on knowledge." In reference to it, we shall simply say that there are now about 70,000,000 newspapers sent annually through the post; but as concerns the *Book* post the Postmaster-General says:—"The book post has entailed a very large increase of expense on the Post Office; and it has made the primary duty of the department—the duty of distributing letters—more difficult of performance than it might otherwise have been. By the establishment of the book post, the gross weight of the mails and the weight to be carried by each letter-carrier have

been increased, and by it the operations of sorting have been much complicated." In truth, were it not for the profit realised on letters, the book post could hardly be expected to pay itself: seeing that it includes such a phenomenon as carrying a quarter of a pound of paper to any part of the United Kingdom, and delivering it at a person's house, for one penny. Nevertheless, the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand, in this as in so many other ways, set an example which foreign nations are one by one following; and the *educational* result of the system must necessarily be important, however little it may be detected at first. At the rate of a penny for four ounces, or fourpence per pound, it is found that the packets sent by the Inland book post average about five ounces each, and pay about twopence each postage. The average postage of all the *letters* that pass through the post is a trifle over one penny.

One of the postal curiosities introduced within the last few years is the *Sample* post. Whoever would have thought, except in these busy days of ours, that the post would convey samples and patterns, as a competitor to carriers and railways? It was in 1862 that the system began in reference to England and France; since then, it has been extended to other foreign countries and to most of the colonies; and in 1863 it was followed by an *Inland* sample post. Articles of Birmingham and Sheffield manufacture being mostly of metal, Lord Stanley of Alderley was at first puzzled how to deal with them, but now even these are brought within the scope of the same very useful system. We can send a little parcel of patterns or samples, under four ounces in weight, to John O'Groat's if we like, at the small postage charge of twopence. The general conditions are certainly reasonable enough: viz., that the packet must not exceed twenty-four ounces in weight; that there must be no writing except the sender's and receiver's names and addresses, a trade-mark and numbers, and the prices of the articles; that the packet must either be open at the ends, or must be so fastened as to enable the Post Office authorities to see easily that nothing but samples or patterns is enclosed; and that the sample must not have any intrinsic or saleable value except as a sample. They must be very odd packets, some of them;—grocery, seeds, oilcake, corn, hops; wool, cloth, silks, muslins, merinos, calicos, stuffs, alpacas, ribbons, carpets, worsteds, trimmings, felt, flax, hemp, lace; biscuits, raisins, tobacco, peas, liquorice, flour, bran, nuts, herbs, isinglass, arrowroot; knives, screws, nails, wire, hooks,

buckles, locks, rings, tin, brass; drugs, india-rubber, leather, string, wax, glue, indigo, resin, shellac, feathers, pencils, envelopes, sandpaper, brushes, combs, wax candles, umbrella-handles—nothing comes amiss, unless very unsuitable indeed to be sent in the sample or pattern form. In one single month of 1864 there were conveyed by post from London to the country 1030 samples of hops, 3300 of sugar, and 7150 of tea. It would be curious to trace the reason why these three articles of consumption should take the lead of all others in this respect; that the competition in the tea trade is great we all know, but it was not before so apparent that the hop-dealers pushed their trade eagerly. The sample post to London was most rich in stuffs, alpacas, woollens, and silks. There was one sample of brick, one of potatoes, one of china, one of gilt mouldings; the postman must have been rather puzzled to find such things among the letters in his bag, and possibly not well pleased at their weight.

That grand bit of simplicity, the *Adhesive Stamp*, has wrought quite a revolution in postal matters. It has lived just a quarter of a century, and has been copied by almost every nation on the globe. A year and a half ago there were no less than 1500 different kinds of these stamps, and the number has been largely increased since. So long ago as the time of Louis XIV., stamped or prepaid envelopes were used to a small extent in Paris; but the system died out, and nothing further was done in the matter until recent times. A few years before the introduction of the penny postage, Mr. Charles Knight proposed a stamped cover for newspapers, and Dr. Gray suggested stamps for prepaying letters. When Rowland Hill's great measure was set to work, opinions were divided whether prepayment should be effected by means of stamped letter-paper, stamped envelopes, or stamped wafers that should both seal and frank the letter. The celebrated "Mulready envelope" was one of the results of this discussion. An embossed stamp of beautiful simplicity was ultimately adopted, but stamped envelopes and letter-paper have never come very largely into use. The adhesive stamp was adopted in 1840—first black, then brown, then red,—blue and other colours being reserved for stamps of higher value. The colours at present used in England are six—red, blue, rose, vermilion, lilac, and green, for one, two, four, six, nine, and twelve pence respectively. Stamps are made mostly at Somerset House under the management of Mr. Edwin Hill, brother to Sir Rowland. The paper is peculiar, the engraving peculiar, the printing peculiar, the ink and

pigments peculiar, the adhesive composition peculiar: the stamps being required to possess varied and special qualities. They are made directly for the Stamp Office of the Inland Revenue Department, between which department and the Post Office there is a debtor and creditor account always open. The Post Office carries letters without receiving money directly either from the sender or the addressee; the payment is mostly from the Inland Revenue Department as money in lieu of stamps. So wonderfully has this admirable little contrivance been found to facilitate postal matters, that adhesive postage-stamps are now used by almost all the civilised nations of the earth, France beginning the imitation in 1848. Messrs. De la Rue and Messrs. Perkins and Bacon engrave and print a very large number of foreign and colonial postage stamps, many of them far superior in beauty to our own. A twofold use is made of these tiny square bits of paper; not only are they employed for their primary purpose as postage-stamps, but they are valid also as receipt stamps and as money to those who are willing to accept them as small change. For this last-named purpose the Post Office affords facilities by offering to re-purchase postage stamps at a small reduction of the nominal value. Those advertisers who offer to sell certain commodities for "twelve postage stamps," or whatever the number may be, sell those stamps to the postmasters.

One of the most curious things connected with the Post Office is the constant demand made upon the officials for the exercise of patience and ingenuity. No one would, beforehand, have expected such gross carelessness on the part of the public as is now known to be exhibited. The successive annual reports of the Postmaster-General show in how many different ways this carelessness makes itself felt. Sometimes there is inadvertency at the Post Office itself. For instance, on a particular day in 1861, 500 banker's parcels, containing bills, notes, drafts, and other kinds of monetary paper, were not forthcoming at the proper hour; the postmen did not bring them, and Lombard Street was in consternation. Messages and telegrams were despatched hither and thither without avail; when lo! the 500 packets were found safely reposing in a basket which had inadvertently been pushed under a table out of sight in one of the rooms at St. Martin's-le-Grand. This one peccadillo, however, is small compared with those which the public are every day perpetrating. On one occasion a gentleman at Westmeath complained bitterly to the postal authorities that a letter containing notes and bills for 400..

had not been delivered; after a world of trouble the letter was found safe in a drawer belonging to the person to whom it was addressed, and to whom it had really been delivered. An important letter having miscarried, a clerk was examined as to whether he had posted it; he solemnly averred he had, and honestly believed what he said; but happening to put his hand in his pocket while he was speaking—there was the letter! A cheque for 12*l.*, not forthcoming at the proper time, was found (after much anxiety and waste of time on the part of the postal authorities) to have been innocently sold among scraps of waste paper to a papier-mâché manufacturer, to be made up into tea-trays. A letter containing halves of two 10*l.*-notes was dropped on its way to the post office and lost; but the finder, happening to be honest, transmitted it to the proper owner. Another letter, delivered at a music-shop, was heedlessly wrapped up by a lady in a roll of music, and carried away: a fact which was not ascertained until the Post Office had been much worried and pestered about it. Many letters, of which the non-delivery was made matter of complaint, have been found peacefully lying in street-door letter-boxes. In one case, where the letter-box was out of order, fifteen letters, one as much as nine years old, were found between the box and the door. A bank-agent sent his son to the post office to receive a letter containing valuable enclosures—the boy did so—but father and son were wonderfully forgetful, seeing that the letter, with enclosures valued at 1500*l.*, found its way to school, and there remained unnoticed till the next holidays. A letter, containing negotiable bills for 1200*l.*, was given to a boy to post; he transferred it to another boy, with a penny to buy a stamp; this second boy spent the penny in toffee, and tore up the letter to escape detection—the pieces of paper found in a field being the means of unveiling the young rogue. A money-letter was sent from one part of Ireland to another, but being fastened with very soft wax, it stuck to a letter directed to Nova Scotia, and made a double voyage across the Atlantic before it reached the hands of the proper person.

Lord Chancellor Cranworth on one occasion complained to Sir Rowland (then Mr. Rowland) Hill that a letter of great importance had not reached him—he afterwards found it buried under a heap of papers on his own table. A 10*l.*-note was put into a letter, and another letter placed beside it; each letter was put into the envelope intended for the other, and an honest postmaster, with fifty years' good service to back him, was driven nearly wild

with anxiety at the confusion which this blunder on the part of the sender occasioned. In 1858 the most experienced officers in the home and western districts of the Post Office were, at great expense of time and trouble, engaged in a mysterious case of non-delivery of letters; it proved to be the work of a boarding-school miss, a clumsy but most disgraceful plot to get home.

The above are merely individual instances; but it is worthy of note that there are certain classes of blunders or inadvertencies which occur in pretty constant ratio year after year, and to the likelihood of which the Post Office authorities look with as much regularity as to the general run of business. That there should be a law of human carelessness may seem strange; yet the Postmaster-General could make a pretty good guess at the number of letters that will, during the present year, 1865, be misdirected, the number that will be posted unsealed, the number without any direction at all, and the number of newspapers that will slip out of their envelopes. During the last few years each of these kinds of blunders has supplied a pretty uniform ratio to the number of letters properly sealed and directed, and there is no reason to expect that the present year will in these particulars differ very materially from the last. More than *two million* letters are every year returned to the writers, from some error or other in the directing or posting. Twelve thousand letters or so are posted without any address whatever on the outside; these are opened at St. Martin's-le-Grand as the only course to pursue, and are sent back to the writer. One such letter enclosed paper money to the value of 4000*l.*, which was promptly returned to the sender; and thus ended a double blunder—sending so large a sum by post, and failing to address the letter. Twenty thousand letters or more arrive at the chief office every *day* without any street or number being written on the outside—simply Mr. So and So, London. Fifty thousand postage stamps are every year found in the letter-bags and boxes, rubbed by friction from the letters and newspapers to which they had been imperfectly cemented. One newspaper in about five thousand slips from its cover through careless fastening, and comes to grief; for the sorters do not know which covers belong to which newspapers. Without noticing the country post offices, or even the 1100 receptacles for letters which now exist in the metropolis, city men send to the chief office alone two hundred letters every day entirely unsealed and unfastened. Some letters have no address either on the inside or outside. G. D.

AURAY.



WHEN the full rose unbosom'd to the morn,
 The blushing sea-shells swathed around her heart,
 When fleecy clouds, upon dim seas of corn,
 With faint impressment drew their counterpart ;
 In summer, when the peaceful spirit grieves
 To break the happy slumber of day-dreams,
 Beneath the forest's spacious tent of leaves,
 Or by the side of willow-shelter'd streams,
 Young Alain woo'd a lily-handed maid
 Where Auray's ripples in the sunshine play'd.

He a poor student ; daughter she of one
 Who sought to save himself by grasping gold ;
 Who deem'd it better, foul disgrace to shun,
 His little blue-eyed Gwenna should be sold ;
 And would have wed her to Sir Ives—he
 Whose lands stretch'd northward over hill and dale,
 Whose pastures sloped unto the western sea,
 Whose castle lay in Auray's wooded vale—
 But that the girl, beseeching short delays,
 Repell'd the horror of the coming days.

And to the greenwood, like a trembling dove,
Fled she to soothe the passion of her fears;
For thither came young Alain and her love,
Who stemm'd the crystal fountain of her tears ;
And turning to him she would pray that God,
Ere yet she had become this sacrifice,
Should lay her still beneath the daisied sod,
And close, to wake no more, her aching eyes ;
Then, as for safety, would she closer creep,
And on his bosom sob her grief to sleep.

"My little one !" he cried, "and must thou go
From me, all impotent to stay thee here ?
Must we be parted, sweetheart ? Oh, no, no !
God in his mercy will prevent it, dear !"
So spake he tenderly, and Gwenna clung
Unto him closely, as the briony clings
Unto the hawthorn that hath downward flung
One great, strong arm to meet the slender rings :
While, in the silence of the leaflets' stir,
He sang a low, soft song to comfort her :—

"Say, wilt thou love me in the winter, darling,
When frosted wreaths of snow
Make the red robin and the sombre starling
Nearer the house-eaves go ?
And wilt thou kiss me in the winter, darling,
Though chilling be thy cheek ?
And, while the bitter northern winds are snarling,
Wilt thou still softly speak ?
Nay, never unto thee comes winter, darling !
In sunshine of thy heart
Warm breezes blow ; and happy streamlets purling
Make summer where thou art !"

She wept her sorrow out upon his breast ;
He kiss'd her with pure kisses soft and sweet ;
In his fond arms encircling she found rest,
Nor deem'd aught safer than this safe retreat ;
And in the holy twilight, calm and clear,
Eyes meeting eyes, they to each other swore,
Though ill on ill should darken all the year,
They should be one in heart for evermore :
Then parted ; and he watch'd the sunbeams guide
Her footsteps downward to the river's side.

The summer pass'd ; there came one fearful day—
Her mother wept ; her father ashen pale,
Bade them in haste prepare a bride's array—
White crown of flowers and a whiter veil ;
He strode about, and storm'd that they were loth ;
And chid them peevishly for such delay ;
For under weak disguise of being wroth
The cowardice of guilt transparent lay ;
And Gwenna, with hot eyes dried up in woe,
Gazed hopelessly across far wastes of snow.

Awoke the bridal morn. Her mother there
Would hang Sir Ives' gifts upon her girl ;
Would crown the golden ripples of her hair
With sunny serpent-string of foamy pearl ;
And kiss'd her daughter, on whose dove-white cheek
Nor came nor went a herald flush of red,
Nor word of joy or sorrow would she speak ;
It seem'd the very bridal of the dead :
She was as cold as the cold earth that wept
Where the black Auray round her snow-ropes crept.

The mother went ; and, from a secret place,
A little love-gift Gwenna brought—'twas one
That Alain gave her in those days of grace,
Wherein their young hearts ripen'd in the sun ;
And as she look'd on it, there downward stole
The solitary token of a grief
That had in vain demanded from her soul !
The broken utterance that brings relief ;

Till in her inmost heart arose the cry :
"Give me my love, O God, or let me die !"

Sudden upon her yearning face there fell
Such subtle shadow-radiance as doth screen,
Within the twilight where the fairies dwell,
The rose-leaf eyelids of their sleeping queen ;
A light that came triumphant on the dark,
As the auroral red that proudly dies
Upon the dawn's pale forehead, while the lark
Sprinkleth pearl-music in the eastern skies ;
So stood she, beautiful beyond compare—
Serenely lovely in her last despair !

Then from her lover's simple gift she turn'd
Unto the splendour of her bridal dress ;
And with impulsive bitterness that spurn'd
The glory which would blunt her sharp distress,
She pluck'd and threw on the unheeding ground
The slender serpent-links of sunny light,
And wrapp'd her in a mantle round and round,
That scarce enclosed the floating folds of white ;
And from the house she fled—still with the cry :
"Give me my love, O God, or let me die !"

In the lone valley hung the silent air,
Entranced above the stainless deeps of snow ;
The red-eyed wolf alone forsook his lair,
Driven by famine to the wastes below ;
Upon the phantom trees lay, like a dream,
Garlands that hush'd to nothingness a stir ;
Afar, to meet the cold horizon's gleam,
Rose height on height dark walls of gloomy fir ;
Beyond, steel-bright, the eternal arc of blue
Tinged the wide snow-flats with its own pale hue.

And down the valley, like a frightened deer,
Young Gwenna fled, nor utter'd sigh nor moan ;
In the death-stillness—icy-cold and clear—
That one dark form sped onward—ever on ;
And through the valley and across the hill
And down another valley still she went,
Chased by a shadow of pursuing ill,
That never ceased to urge her wild intent ;
Until the day grew purple, and the afar
Within the twilight burn'd one golden star.

Nor yet she rested, but along the side
Of a dark river still her course she kept—
A sombre river whose mysterious tide
Amid half-melted ice-flakes hissing crept ;
And like a fiend it murmur'd to her there,
"Why linger on, more misery to meet ?
Here is a refuge for thy great despair,
Here wildly throbbing bosoms cease to beat ;
So lay thee down, poor pilgrim, woe-oppress'd,
And I shall rock thee into perfect rest !"

She look'd askance, and saw the sedgy spears
Glimmer against the surface of the stream ;
Heard the slow eddying circles, as one hears
The mournful music of a dying dream ;
Saw the broad leaves of lilies which she knew
The fairies waved as lamps throughout the dark
When, breaking on the distant wanderer's view,
Within the hollow floats an azure spark ;
Yet still she tarried not ; though every breath
Seem'd to renew the gift 'tween love and death.

The hills crept down ; upon a lonely moor
Stood a small cottage whence a red light shone—
A star of hope that ever seem'd to pour
Faint welcome o'er that heath so bleak and lone ;
She saw, and struggled onward, with low cries,
To reach the safety of her lover's hand,
As one who in his shallop madly dies
For want of strength to bring him to the land ;

So bravely struggled she once more, then swoon'd,
And lifeless fell upon the frozen ground.

Lo ! as a white swan cleaves a sullen lake,
To winnow shoreward silver threads of light,
So the full-breasted moon swam up and brake
Asunder the blue ether of the night ;
And on this figure lying cold and wan
A flood of liquid splendour seem'd to flow ;
And round about the bridal robes it ran—
Robes that gleam'd whiter than the ghostly snow—
Until it sought her face, but could not dare
To touch a loveliness so saintly fair !

“Alain !” she cried—he heard and oped the door—
Saw pallid fingers mutely clasp'd for aid,
Saw pallid features there that strangely bore
Resemblance to his little blue-eyed maid :
Then, shrieking, over her he wildly bent,
With sudden horror to peruse that face
Whereon there lay a heaven of calm content—
A beauty touch'd with more than mortal grace :
Death-like he lay, nor wept ; though at his side
The moonlight saw him kiss a stone-cold bride.

WILLIAM BLACK.

AN OLD ARM CHAIR.

THE newspapers of France, and since, those of England, have given an account of the recent sale of an old arm chair, which gave rise to an imposture not unlike that of Perkin Warbeck. Presented to Maria Theresa by the maker, it was sent after she had ceased to require the use of that or any other chair to Marie Antoinette. It was used by Louis XVI. in prison, subsequently conveyed by his valet to England, and sold by him to the Prince Regent ; then the Duke of Cumberland got it, and took it with him to Berlin. At this place it was sent to an upholsterer to be re-stuffed. The upholsterer gave it to a workman, who found in the seat a diamond pin, which he sold for his own benefit, and the portrait of a boy, and some manuscripts, which he gave to a friend of his, who, on the strength of them, endeavoured to pass himself off as Louis XVII., in which character he imposed on a few persons, and finally ended his career in a Dutch colony about a dozen years ago. He was not the only one who attempted the same imposture ; but he came too late to meet with the success which for a time attended a claimant to the French throne under the same title.

In 1796 there appeared in sundry places in Normandy a youth who, in addition to an agreeable exterior and engaging manners, bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Louis XVI. At first he said he belonged to a family of rank, the members of which had either been put to death or driven into exile. In this capacity he found many people of standing in society who believed his statements, supported as they were by his appearance and the seemingly innocent way in which he

made them. His career was cut short for a season by his arrest at Cherbourg as a vagabond, which must have been a pretext, as he had at the time a good supply of money and jewels. From this predicament he was released by a tailor, named Hervagault, of St. Lo, who came forward and claimed him as his son, a claim which the prisoner did not impugn, but which by gestures and manner he contrived to convey to the minds of his partisans was merely a device to procure his release from the authorities. Obligated to accompany the tailor to St. Lo, he remained with him for a time, probably until the officials of the commune thought the imposition would not be revived. After a while he re-appeared in the department of Calvados ; but he seems to have been undecided as to his exact status in society, for he sometimes described himself as a son of the Prince of that smallest of republics, Monaco, and sometimes as the son of the Duke of Urselles. Then he was a member of two or three royal families in succession, and finally settled down as the son of Louis XVI., whose death in prison, as represented by the revolutionary authorities, has often been contested. Ladies of rank and wealth were the first to recognise his claims, influenced to a great extent, no doubt, by his appearance, as well as by the circumstantiality of the tale he told. Their recognition of him, however, did not save him from being again arrested, and to prevent a repetition of his claims, the tailor was again brought forward to claim him as his son in open court, upon which he was handed over to the claimant, who was instructed to teach him his trade and make him a respectable member of society.

If the authorities really expected him to learn the trade of a tailor, they took no steps to compel him to do so ; probably they thought it sufficient to have compelled him to submit in silence to the public statement that he was the son of one. There is a good deal of obscurity as to the way in which he lived for some time after this. The account given of him by the police records is to the effect that he, when on his way to Alençon, suddenly got out of the diligence at a roadside village, and was directed, in reply to his inquiries for accommodation, to the house of Mademoiselle Salon Lacombe, whom he imposed upon so successfully that she supplied him with money and clothes, and eventually accompanied him to the place where he represented his estate to be, but which on their arrival there, was not discoverable ; a circumstance he attributed to the revolution. He made his way afterwards to Meaux, and being without money he represented himself to a lady there as the son of a farmer, who had

run away from home to avoid military service. She believed his statements, and gave him money to continue his journey to Paris; but instead of going on to that city, he stopped at Mery, where he was denounced on account of his representations, and arrested; but as he would give no distinct answer to the question as to who he was, he was sent to Chalons, and to the same question addressed to him by the authorities there, he replied proudly but enigmatically, thereby exciting the greatest curiosity among the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood. He was imprisoned at this place; but whether it was in the hope that he might be identified, or that the prison rules were not very stringent at that time, no hindrance was offered to persons who wished to see him in his confinement. In his reception of these visitors he assumed an air of patronising superiority, and, as is most frequently the case where nothing is known of the pretender, people were willing to take him at his own estimation, and it soon became noised about that he was the Dauphin. Everybody seems to have accepted the tale as true. Even the very gaoler, in whose custody he was, was so convinced that he was guarding his legitimate sovereign that he lent him money, treated him with the deepest respect, allowed him to walk about anywhere within the precincts of the prison, and admitted visitors to him, who not only supplied him abundantly with dainty food, but decorated his apartment with handsome furniture, and even went the length of sending him masters to cultivate his mind. It is very strange that this was allowed by the authorities to go on until it became a matter of very general belief among a great number of persons in Chalons that their lawful sovereign was within the walls of their prison, and still more strange that he was allowed to continue wearing the costume of a female while in prison, it being quite impossible that they could be ignorant of a fact with which everybody else was acquainted. Eventually, however, probably in consequence of orders received from Paris, he was again examined, and with the same affectation as on a previous occasion, he stated that he was the son of a tailor at St. Lo; who when written to on the subject confirmed his statement; whereupon he was sentenced to imprisonment for one month. On his release those who believed his statements with respect to his royal birth presented him with jewels and money, and being thus amply supplied with the means of travelling, he journeyed into the department of Calvados once more, for what reason cannot be ascertained now, it being the last place to which

one would have thought of his returning. At any rate, the journey was an unfortunate one for him. He was again arrested, and this time he was ordered to be imprisoned for two years. Still, even now he could not have been treated as an ordinary prisoner, for he was allowed to receive all the delicacies for his table which his adherents so liberally supplied, and at the end of his imprisonment (during which he is said to have given way to drinking) he was taken by the Countess de Saignes to Chalons, where he was received with testimonies of respect little short of adoration. Information having been received that there was danger of the police interfering with the liberty of their young sovereign, he was furnished with introductions to noble families in different places, and by these he was received with unhesitating belief. Expensive entertainments were given in his honour, songs were made in his praise, he was accorded the title he assumed by those whom he addressed, men of rank contended for the honour of waiting upon him in any capacity, and intrigued for appointments at court when he should have obtained possession of his just rights. He might have been well content to have waited for the arrival of this period, considering how well he was treated, until he had completed his existence, but his freedom was interfered with by Fouché, who sent an officer with a warrant to apprehend him. He was taken at Vitry le Français, and his behaviour on this occasion was such as to indelibly impress everybody who saw it that he was indeed their lawful king. Combined with the remarkable resemblance to Louis XVI., there was an air of such calm dignity in the manner in which he treated those sent to arrest him, that they regarded him with a kind of awe, while his adherents expressed the most reverential sympathy.

The same indulgence which had been extended to him in his previous imprisonments was accorded to him in his new prison. The first meal he ate in it was served with princely magnificence, and this sumptuous style of living was maintained throughout, of course at the expense of his adherents. The royal title was given to him by those who visited or had business with him. He employed a secretary, who signed his letters for him as Louis Charles; and when he went to mass a servant attended him, carrying his prayer-book on a cushion.

At last a different course of treatment was adopted with respect to him: he was treated with harshness, tried and convicted as an impostor, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Against this sentence he appealed, and was sent to Rheims to wait the result.

Among his followers was a bishop, who had

an undoubting faith in the representations of the prisoner. As the day came on for hearing the appeal, the excitement in the old city increased. When the public prosecutor made his appearance anywhere he was hooted, while the counsel for the prisoner was as vigorously cheered. This did not prevent the judges from confirming the original sentence; and the only chance that remained of saving him from the ignominy and annoyance of a long imprisonment was by procuring his escape in some way. Meanwhile, the bishop, and others who held the same opinion of the truth of the statements made by the prisoner concerning his origin, were unremitting in their endeavours to alleviate the hardship of his position. They supplied all his wants on the same splendid scale as previously, and laboured secretly to increase the number of his adherents. It seems strange that their faith in the prisoner continued to remain unshaken in spite of all that was said concerning his antecedents at the trial, and on the hearing of the appeal; but apart from the personal resemblance of which we have already spoken, he would shed tears copiously while telling touching little anecdotes concerning his infancy and sufferings while imprisoned in the Temple; of the way in which his father, Louis XVI., taught him easy lessons in subjects suited to his comprehension; how kind and loving his mother was; and how tenderly attached to him his sister—all told with such affecting simplicity, that no woman, and few men, could resist belief who heard him. The reason of his being released from his imprisonment in the Temple, according to his account, was through the insistence of the Vendean Royalists, who refused to enter into any negotiations with the Government formed after the fall of Robespierre unless their young king was first delivered up to them, which was at last agreed to, on the understanding that the whole matter should be kept a profound secret for the present, and another child substituted in his stead. The affair was arranged in the way proposed; a large sum of money was paid to a tailor named Hervagault, of St. Lo, for his son, and to take charge of a boy in his place. The account he gave of the mode of his liberation, and of his subsequent career in England and elsewhere, will be less easily credited here than it was by those to whom it was told, especially that part referring to his reception in England.

When the tailor's son was brought into the prison in an insensible condition, consequent on the dose of opium that had been given to him, he was laid on the Dauphin's bed, and the latter was rolled up in some dirty linen, and carried by the gaoler's wife to a man who

had brought clean linen into the prison, and tossed into his cart. There he remained until the vehicle reached Passy, when he was freed from his unpleasant situation by three distinguished persons, who carried him to the headquarters of the Royalists at Belleville. Here he was taken charge of by Charrette, who, on all occasions, strictly charged him not to make his quality known. Meanwhile, his unfortunate substitute had been visited by the physician Dessault, who found him almost dead from the quantity of opium that had been given to him, and at once recognised that he was not his royal patient. His report of the affair to the secret committee was kept a profound secret, and it was thought by them advisable to say nothing about it, and as the Royalists observed the same silence for certain reasons, the substitute, when he died—which he soon did—was handed over to Dessault's successor to be dissected, who also saw that it was not the body of the supposed little prisoner, and hence, in drawing up his report, he commences:—
 “*Nous sommes procédés à l'ouverture d'un cadavre que les commissaires nous présentèrent comme celui du fils de Louis Capet.*” The cause of his not being put forward as the lawful heir to the throne by those who had rescued him he attributed to the Duke of Artois; and afterwards, as the successful resistance of the Vendéans became evidently impossible, the two or three persons who knew the secret of his birth were too much alarmed on his account and their own to speak of it while he was on French soil, but the assurance of the existence of Louis XVII. was sent to the King of England, who desired that he might be forwarded to the English Court. In accordance with this request, the Chevalier de la Roberie was furnished by certain of the chiefs of the Royalists, who were in the secret, with a document avowing the youth who was trusted to his charge to be their lawful sovereign. He was first taken by the Chevalier de Jersey, and presented to the Duke de Bouillon, who likewise acknowledged him to be the son of his murdered sovereign. The first person to whom he was taken, on his arrival in London, was the Duke of Harcourt, who represented the exiled royal family of France. Afterwards he was taken to the Duke of Artois, who declined to see him. He also affirmed that he was presented to our King, and well received by him, but that political circumstances prevented him from publicly acknowledging him, or doing anything for him beyond giving him letters of recommendation to Rome and Portugal. His reception by Pope Pius VII. was everything he could wish, and in Portugal, whither he subsequently went, it altogether exceeded his

expectations, the Queen even proposing to give him the hand of the Princess Benedictine, with whom he had fallen passionately in love. But before this happy event could be celebrated, an agent sent by Rovere and Pichegru arrived from France to take him back to that country. He landed at Hamburg, was taken thence to Berlin to be introduced to the King of Prussia, who also gave him a kindly reception, and from there to Pichegru's house in Switzerland. His entry into France ensued shortly afterwards, but the plans of the Royalists had utterly failed. Crushed in every direction, there remained none among his adherents who could give him efficient help, and he himself was in constant dread of being seized by agents of the French Government so long as he remained on the soil of France. He tried to make his way to Jersey, but the boat in which he had embarked was driven ashore by an English ship. He wandered about France for some time, and was once robbed of nearly everything he had; after which he was apprehended as a vagrant. Such was the substance of his representations; what followed this event has been already told.

If there are not many evident inconsistencies in this narrative, there is abundance of matter in it to make us wonder that so many influential persons should have given credence to it. The resemblance between the pretended Dauphin and Louis XVI., whose features must have been perfectly well known to some of them, and whose portraits abounded, is of itself a remarkable fact, but which would not have been sufficient, one would think, to induce them to make the sacrifices they did if the pretender had not been able to supplement the preceding narrative with a number of details of which no account is preserved.

His ultimate fate is a mystery. Some of his partisans, including the bishop already referred to, endeavoured to organise a plan for rescuing him while he was being conveyed from Rheims to Soissons, but their plot was discovered and defeated. What became of him after his arrival at Soissons is not known.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN'S LOVE.

I READ this incident when a mere girl in a very stupid old novel founded upon it, and which I never could succeed in meeting with again. The preface stated that in some church in England there yet remained the monument of the knight with his noble one-armed wife beside him. I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me where this monument is to be seen, and the real names (which I have forgotten) of the knight and lady.

'Twas in the grand heroic days,
When Cœur de Lion reigned and fought;
An English knight ta'en in those frays,
To Sultan Saladin was brought.

The Sultan sat upon his throne,
His courtiers stood around;
And emir, prince, and padisha,
Bent lowly to the ground.

They served him upon bended knee—
"To hear is to obey:"—
For the fierce and cruel Moslem race
An iron hand must sway.

The monarch gazed on each stern face:
"Ye Moslem chiefs are brave;
But I know a braver man than ye.
Bring forth the Christian slave!"

The slave was brought, and at a sign
The scimitar waved high,
But the English captive gazed unmoved,
With calm, unshrinking eye.

Then spoke the Sultan: "Hugh de Vere,
I've need of men like thee,
And thou shalt be the first man here,
In this land, after me.

"Thou shalt have gold, and gems, and land,
Palaces shall be thine,
And thou shalt wed a queenly bride,
And be a son of mine.

"Only forsake thy father's faith,
Mah'med and God adore,
And forget thy love and fatherland,
Which thou shalt see no more."

Then Hugh de Vere obeisance made,—
"Since I must make reply,
I will not change my love or faith,
Far liefer would I die.

"I have a God who died for me,
His soldier I am sworn.
Shall I, whose shoulder bears the Cross,
Upon the Cross bring scorn?

"I have a love, a gentle girl,
Whom I love as my wife;
I cannot bear a Moslem name,
Nor wed a Moslem wife."

"Bethink thee now," the Sultan said;
"How knowest thou that the maid
Is not now wed, since thy return
Hath been so long delayed?"

"Fickle and false is woman's heart,
It changes like the sky;
The showers that fall so fast to-night
To-morrow's sun will dry.

"Nor—trust me—e'er was maiden yet
Constant as is the dove,
Who dies of grief for her lost mate,
And knows no second love."

Then at the monarch's feet bowed low
The saintly freres who came,
To ransom slaves, bound by their vow,
For Jesu's holy name.

And at his footstool wealth untold
With lavish hands they pour:
"His bride sends thee her gems and gold;
Sir Hugh de Vere restore!"

The Sultan spoke: "The other knights
And men may go with thee,
But not for gold or jewels bright
Shall Hugh de Vere go free.

" I love him with a brother's love,
His love I hope to win,
And in this land raise him above
All men save Saladin.

" What is a woman's love to mine ?
A hundred slaves I'll give,
Let him his Christian faith resign,
And in my shadow live.

" His lady-love sends pearls and gold,
She'd give them for a shawl,
But she must give a dearer thing
Before I yield my thrall.

" I'll try how Christian maidens love—
This answer to her bear,
' Thy faith and fealty to prove,
Give what is far more dear.

" " This is the ransom I demand,
No meaner thing I'll take,
Thy own right arm and lily hand
Cut off for thy love's sake."

" Return, good frères," Sir Hugh then said,
" To my betrothed bride,
And speak of me henceforth as dead,
Since here I must abide.

" Far rather would I die this day
Beneath the paynim swords,
Than ye should bear Agnes de Bray
The Sultan's cruel words.

" For well I know her faithful heart
Both arm and life would give,
To ransom mine ;—and will not prove
Her death, that I may live."

Then mournfully the ransom sent,
The good frères took once more,
And with the captives they had freed
Sailed to the English shore.

And Earl de Bray's castell they sought,
And to fair Agnes told,
How that her lover could not be
Ransomed for gems or gold.

And that the cruel Sultan asked,—
Nor meaner thing would take,—
Her own right arm and lily hand,
Cut off for her love's sake.

A shudder ran through all who heard,
Her mother shrieked aloud,
Her father, crimsoning, clutched his sword,
And death to Moslems vowed.

Her little sister to her ran,
And clasped her tightly round :

" Sure, sister, such a wicked man
Cannot on earth be found ? "

But Agnes smoothed the child's long hair
And kissed her, then spoke low,

" That cruel is the ransom asked,
My dear ones, well I know.

" But did not God for ransom give
His own beloved son ?
And do not churls and nobles give
Their lives for king and throne ?

" Has not my lord and father bled
By Cœur de Lion's side ?
And would he bid his daughter shirk
Duty—whate'er betide ?

" Am not I Hugh de Vere's betrothed,
Fast pledged to be his wife ?
Do not I owe him fealty,
Even though it cost my life.

" What is my life ? Long days and years
In vain repining spent,
And orisons to God to end
My dear love's banishment.

" And He *has heard*. At last my prayers
Have reached up to God's throne,
God gives me back my long lost one,
Nor leaves me sad and lone.

" Only, he asks a sacrifice,
A proof my love is pure :
For such great gain, a little pain.
And shall I not endure ? "

* * * * *
Once more the Sultan Saladin
Sat in his royal court,
At his right hand stood Hugh de Vere
Grave-eyed and full of thought.

A herald came. " Sultan, our lord,
The Christians' holy men
Who come to ransom captive slaves,
An audience crave again."

The friars came, and bowing low,
They placed before the throne
A silver casket richly chased :
And spoke in solemn tone.

" Monarch, to whom women are slaves,
Toys of an idle hour,
Learn in a nobler faith than thine
Love's purity and power.

" The cruel ransom thou didst ask
For Hugh de Vere here take,
His love's right arm and lily hand
Cut off for her love's sake."

Then Hugh de Vere, beside himself,
The casket seized, and said,

" Oh ! cruel monks, why told ye her ?
I bade ye call me dead.

" Oh, fair sweet arm ! oh, dear white hand !
Cut off for my poor sake ! "
And to his breast prest it and sobbed,
As if his heart would break.

But Saladin the casket oped,
And lo ! embalmed there lay
The fair white arm and lily hand,
Sent by Agnes de Bray.

And as he gazed his tears flowed down,
His nobles also wept.

" Oh ! would ere I such words had said
I'd with my fathers slept ! "

The lily hand full reverently
And like a saint's he kissed.

" Oh gentle hand ! what noble heart
Thee owned, I never wist.

" I never dreamed that woman lived
Who would, to save her lord,
Thus freely give her own right arm
And hand unto the sword.

" Mah'med and God witness for me,
I loved Sir Hugh de Vere !
And thought if I this ransom asked
I should retain him here.

“ Fair arm, fair hand, and true brave love !
My kingdom I'd resign—
Richer than any king of earth
In such a love as thine !

“ Take, Hugh de Vere, thy freedom, won
So nobly by thy love ;
Take gems, and silks, and gold,—all vain
Saladin's grief to prove.

“ Tell her I yield my selfish love :
Well may she claim thy life !
She who was such a noble love
Will be a noble wife !

“ Unloose the sails, make no delay,
Depart ere close the day,
While I among my precious things
Thy ransom stow away.

“ That, 'mid my treasure placed, it may
To future ages prove,
How Holy, Christians' plighted troth,
How pure their maidens' love !”

MARY EYRE.

FREIBURG IN BREISGAU.

“ *QUELLE jolie petite ville !*” was the exclamation of the soldiers of the French Republic when they saw for the first time the neat little town of Freiburg nestling in a recess of the Black Forest hills, on the edge of the broad basin called the Breisgau, formed by an expansion of the valley of the Rhine. Seen from a distance, it looks like a well-defined cluster of high roofs grouped round a central spire, which from every point of view is the cynosure of the scene. Yet the scale is deceptive. The town is not a very small one, for it contains by the last census nearly 20,000 inhabitants, and occupies a considerable space of ground ; but with the exception of the part in the neighbourhood of the Protestant church, it forms a tolerably compact oval, and it is dwarfed by the cathedral, as the cathedral is again dwarfed by the neighbouring mountains. To those who approach by railroad—and this method of approach has generally the effect of lowering the dignity of objects—it might appear incredible that the spire of Freiburg is nearly four hundred feet in height. St. Elizabeth's Church at Marburg, in Electoral Hesse, which it otherwise resembles, is dwarfed in the same manner by a high hill which stands immediately behind it. It is perhaps to be lamented that the mediæval builders chose such situations for some of their architectural masterpieces. From Strassburg the mountains are comparatively distant, and Antwerp Cathedral owes much of its imposing appearance to the fact of its standing on a vast level ; and the same may doubtless be said of the Pyramids of Egypt, the loftiest structures in the world. Yet the height of Freiburg Cathedral

may be divined by one who ascends the Schlossberg overhanging the town, and who finds how high he must mount in order to get above its level, and by one who approaches the town from the plain of the Rhine, and finds how long a time is required in coming up to an object which appears to be at a short distance off. Moreover, the building looks smaller than it is, from its exquisite symmetry, as is notoriously the case with regard to St. Peter's at Rome. I never look at Freiburg Cathedral without wishing it transferred to the top of the little hill at Alt Breisach, where a handsome church already stands. It would show itself there to the utmost advantage, especially from the French side, when reflected in the Rhine. However, we must not quarrel with the unconscious faith of the middle ages which left us such treasures of art, but make the best of them now, and do everything for their preservation, for the feeling that produced them can never be revived, nor perhaps is it desirable that it should be.

Freiburg possesses many advantages as a residence. The town is sweetened by its running waters. It is well supplied from a fertile country with all the necessaries of life. Above all, its wines are cheap and good, the best of all being perhaps that produced at Ihringen, on the volcanic soil of the Kaiserstuhl, and the better sorts of the delicate Margrâfer. The University deserves a wider reputation. The medical faculty is represented by several talented professors, and there is perhaps no place where the physical sciences can be studied to greater advantage. The walks in all directions are beautiful, and tempt the most indolent to take exercise. A few minutes suffice to lead into solitudes of woods and mountains, such as could only be enjoyed by those who are willing to dwell away from the neighbourhood of civilisation. The adjoining woods are pierced with a labyrinth of walks, which have been made at the expense of the town, leading to points where charming views are to be obtained. Then the hotel accommodation is most ample, and not expensive. Besides the palatial Zähringen Hof and the rural Peacock, there is the Deutscher Hof, nearer the centre of the town, with a most obliging host ; and a number of others which have each their special merits. These are the results of the town having long been the capital of an extensive district. There are two parties among the inhabitants of Freiburg,—one that wishes strangers to come and live there, and another that wishes to deter them, each being naturally in some measure guided by their private interests. Builders, owners of houses, landlords of hotels, and shopkeepers are inclined

to welcome the coming guest ; persons who derive no advantage from the stranger, but who are inconvenienced by the raising of rents and prices of commodities, such as officials who live on salaries and independent persons, are more inclined to politely speed the parting one. There is a very tolerable theatre (formerly the Augustinian church), which is more than can be said of most towns of the same size in England or France, especially good in the musical department. The ventilation is the worst thing about it. Then it is something to be in a place where an air of distinction is given by the beautiful Minster to all who are within sound of its bells, without that spirit of somewhat awful decorum and repose that reigns in our small cathedral cities.

Freiburg is an old place, but does not appear to have much history anterior to the Crusades. In the wide basin of the valley of the Dreisam called Himmelreich, in contradistinction to the Höllenthal, of which it is the vestibule, is a village called Zarten. This was the Tarodunum of the Romans. Above it passed a fortified rampart across the valley, the so-called Heidengraben. This Tarodunum was a station on the Roman road which passed from Breisach (Mons Brisiacus) and the Rhine to the Upper Danube across the Schwarzwald. It is supposed, from some mosaics having been found on the castle hill by Freiburg, that originally a Roman watch-tower stood there. According to an old record of 1008, the Emperor Henry II. gave to Bishop Adelbero, of Basel, the wood bounded by certain places in the neighbourhood, now unimportant, which shows that no town or even village then stood on the present site of Freiburg. The first house, according to a legend, was a hunting-seat. Round it collected by degrees a population of hunters, fishers, and miners, as shown by old excavations. This hunting-seat probably belonged to the counts of Kyburg, and the original wildness of the site is testified by names of streets and lanes which still remain, such as Wolfshöhle, Egelgasse, &c. Albatius Argentinensis records that one count of Kyburg allowed his brother-in-law, a Count of Zähringen, to build a castle on that which is now called the Schlossberg. When the castle was built a village grew under it, as commonly happened then, from dependants gathering round the castle for their own protection, as well as the convenience of the lord to whom they owed service. Duke Berthold, of Zähringen, built a church dedicated to St. Peter, a filial to the church of Umkirch, and the village became important enough to possess a hospital. Duke Berthold III., of Zähringen, a man great both in war and peace, and whose character

was a brightly-shining light in an age of darkness, was the proper founder of the civic community, and to watch over it with paternal care he came to inhabit Schloss Zähringen, whose picturesque ruin crowns a mountain promontory about two miles to the north. Freiburg became under him the emporium of Alsace, Switzerland, Suabia, and the Breisgau. The plan of its constitution was taken from that of Cologne, which Berthold had studied when he was a prisoner in that city, having been taken in a war which the municipality waged against the German emperor. The record of the constitution guaranteed by Henry V. dates from 1120. The burghers were made singularly free, and bound to the liege-lord by a very indulgent tenure. They were only obliged to accompany him a day's journey in his feuds. Berthold seems to have had a real passion for founding free towns, for he afterwards set up Villingen in the Black Forest with the same privileges as Freiburg, and arranged it on the same pattern. After his death in a feud, his brother Konrad, who had acquired great accessions of territory, made himself immortal by planning and commencing the Minster (1122 to 1152).

The building was already so far advanced in 1146, that Bernhard of Clairvaux preached his crusade there for two days, and conferred the cross on a vast number of devotees. In the time of Berthold IV. (1152 to 1186), Freiburg could boast of many noble citizens, and bring 3000 fighting-men into the field. Under the Hohenstaufen emperors the free cities flourished in a notable manner. With Berthold V. the main branch of the illustrious line of Zähringen closed. He died in the castle at Freiburg, and was buried with shield and spear, to indicate that he deceased without male issue, behind an altar in the Minster, where his effigy is still to be seen. In the division of the Zähringen estates, Freiburg passed to Count Egon I., of Urach, who had married Berthold's elder sister Agnes, after a sharp contention with Frederick II., who claimed it as a fief of the empire. These counts of Urach took the title of Counts of Freiburg, and built another castle on the chine of the Schlossberg. But they began, stimulated by their debts, to make encroachments on the liberties of the town. Egon III., who had joined an insurrection of Suabian nobles against Rudolph, made the burghers destroy Zähringen Castle, then an imperial fief, for which they had to pay a heavy indemnity, and his oppressive conduct generally goaded them into taking up arms against him. He marched against them from Strassburg, with his brother-in-law, Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenberg. The burghers defended

themselves stoutly, and repelled the attack, the bishop falling in a sortie near Lehen by the hand of a butcher, whence the butchers obtained the right of leading the procession of the guilds on Corpus Christi day. Peace came again, and a better understanding with the liege lords, which continued until the close of the glorious dynasty of the Hohenstaufen emperors. In the meantime a constitutional change had taken place in Freiburg, recalling on a small scale the early history of Rome, as the plebeians, or new citizens, had acquired sufficient power to nominate twenty-four new councillors by the side of the original twenty-four, which represented exclusively the old patrician houses. When weaker emperors succeeded the Hohenstaufens, the nobles gave the reins to their natural rapacity, and the free towns were obliged to form leagues for mutual defence. In 1366, Freiburg formed a treaty of this kind with Basel, Bern, Neuenburg, and Breisach, and was provoked into warlike acts against the Egon of the period, even proceeding so far as to demolish his castle which commanded the town. Graf Egon marched against the town, and was joined with 500 lances sent by Strassburg at Endingen on the Kaiserstuhl, where the Freiburgers proceeded to besiege him, but having heard that he had been reinforced, thought it best to withdraw and meet the succours they expected from Basel. Egon, greatly superior in cavalry, fell on them on their retreat, and completely routed them, with the loss of about half their number killed or drowned in the Rhine, and all their materials of war. On this occasion we find that the town had brought a force of 5000 foot and 300 horse into the field. The count then met the men of Basel and defeated them utterly, so that hardly a tenth man escaped (18 Oct., 1366). The town, though it had received a severe blow, was still capable of a sturdy defence, and the count at last made peace, giving up Freiburg and receiving Badenweiler instead, with 5000 marks of silver, and 5000 more as ransom for prisoners. By this treaty, however, Freiburg was obliged to choose a new liege-lord within six months. Austria had already acquired Villingen and part of Breisgau. Freiburg, on consideration of being relieved of its debt, gave itself up to the Dukes Albrecht and Leopold of Austria, and the dominion of the House of Urach came to an end.

At the division of the Austrian possessions, Freiburg fell to that Leopold who was the unwilling author of so much glory to Switzerland, and who was killed at Sempach (1386). On that occasion one Martin Malterer, who

bore the banner of Freiburg, threw himself on his lord's body to protect it, and so met with his own death. Under the Austrian house Freiburg had its share of the wars and feuds of the period, but its prosperity was greatly restored by one Frederick "with the empty pocket," who managed to redeem all the lands mortgaged by Austria, and to leave a million of ready money. The Archduke Albrecht III. is memorable in the annals of Freiburg as having founded the University. He was surnamed "The Lavish," but he appears to have spent to good purpose. He died childless in 1463, after twenty years' government. A more sinister reputation attaches to Archduke Sigismund, who mortgaged his Breisgau possessions to Charles the Bold of Burgundy, for 80,000 florins. Charles goaded Freiburg through his oppressions into war, and his lieutenant-governor was slain at Breisach. He swore vengeance, but was prevented from carrying it out by his mishaps at Granson and Morat, and finally his death before Nancy, 1477. The exploits of the Freiburgers as allies to the Swiss have been sung by a native poet. In 1490 the town was ceded to the German king, Maximilian, which gave it a new lease of prosperity. At this time it acquired the right of coining money, and quartered its own arms, argent, a cross gules, with those of Austria, gules, a bend argent.

In the War of the Peasants, 1513, a horde of 50,000 men marched on Freiburg, took the fort on the Schlossberg, diverted the course of the Dreisam, and battered the town until the corporation bought the leaders off with 3000 florins of silver. With this exception the stormy period of the Reformation appears to have passed quietly enough at Freiburg, probably because the Protestant element was too weak in the town to provoke a conflict. The town was visited in 1529 by Erasmus of Rotterdam, who was received with great honours, and lodged in the Emperor Maximilian's palace. At first he appears to have hesitated about accepting the invitation of the authorities, as his words are quoted, "The town is small, and its inhabitants superstitious. Now it is a long time since I have been able to eat fish, and although I have a dispensation from the Pope, yet it would be looked upon as a crime in me if I did not keep the fasts strictly." At last, however, he consented to come, and was so well pleased with the town, that he bought a house of his own for 1000 ducats. He praises in his writings the liberality of the monks, as compared with those of Louvain. Except disputes with the liege-lord about taxes, Freiburg now enjoyed quiet till

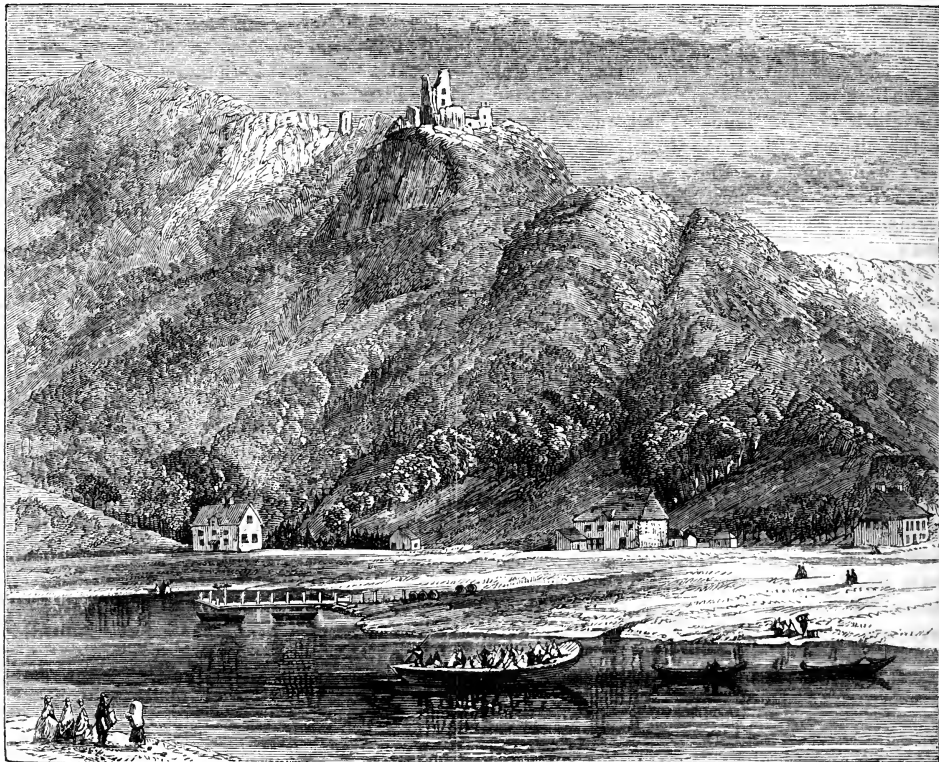
the Thirty Years' War. In the year when Gustav Adolph was killed, 1632, a Swedish band, under Field-Marshal Horn, appeared before Freiburg, but was repulsed; afterwards, however, when the town forces had been sent to Breisach, the same corps returned under Colonel Schaffalitzki, and the town, after a siege of two days, was obliged to surrender, and laid under contribution to the extent of 30,000 florins. Then the Swedes evacuated it, and it was occupied by the Imperialists. The Swedes returned again in the spring of 1634 under Rheingraf Otto, and invested the town, but were obliged to withdraw, as a consequence of the unfavourable result of the battle of Nordlingen, and give place to another Imperial garrison, which remained until the death of Ferdinand II., 1637. The town was again besieged and taken by Count Bernard of Weimar in 1638, and its fall was followed by the siege of Breisach, where the garrison and population were reduced to the direst straits before they surrendered. The Swiss commander, Erlach, who was an ally of Bernhard's, then sold the Breisgau to the French. In 1644, the Imperialist and Bavarian general, Mercy, stormed the suburbs of Freiburg, but his first attack on the town was beaten off. In the meantime, Turenne, with 10,000 men, came from Alsace to relieve the town, but too late to save its capitulation. Then Condé arrived with 10,000 men more. There was some severe fighting by Schönberg and the Lorettoberg, where the Imperialists were strongly fortified. In the end the French retreated, and Mercy retired, leaving a garrison in Freiburg. After the peace of Westphalia, 1648, Freiburg remained with Austria. An interval of quiet succeeded. After the campaign with Montecuculi, in which Turenne was killed near Achern, 1675, the Breisgau was denuded of troops, and Marshal Crequi in 1677 appeared before Freiburg late in the autumn, and took the town after a severe bombardment, and Freiburg was in the hands of the French till the peace of Ryswick, 1697. The French endeavoured to turn Freiburg into a fortress on the plan of Vauban, surrounding it with six bastions and levelling the suburbs, the Dreisam being turned from its course by a canal. On the Schlossberg new fortifications were erected. Louis XIV., after expending much money on Freiburg, gave it up to the Austrians again at the peace of Ryswick, and thus his military improvements there came to be called "the king's last folly." In the war of the Spanish succession Freiburg had again to sustain a siege and capture by Marshal Villars, and at the peace of Baden, in Switzerland, 1714, it was given back to

Austria in a very exhausted state, its burghers having been reduced to 500. In 1744, Freiburg was again besieged by the French, under Marshal Coigny, with 50,000 men, the siege operations being witnessed from the Lorettoberg by Louis XV. in person. In this siege, the Cathedral suffered considerably from balls and shells, so that the necessary repairs were estimated at 100,000 florins. In 1745, the French evacuated Freiburg under the pressure of the arms of the Empress Maria Theresa. The peace of Aix, 1748, brought with it a return of prosperity. The Emperor Joseph II. appears to have taken a special interest in the town, and to have effected many great improvements. Under him the monastic brotherhoods were suppressed, and some of the convents, and the funds applied to general civil and religious purposes. All went smoothly till the French Revolution. In 1793, the Diet declared war against France, and Freiburg being near the frontier, was destined to suffer for it. The French began by bombarding Breisach; Freiburg furnished 600 volunteers, who distinguished themselves in a combat by Wagenstadt (1796). The French, however, by the 7th of July made their way into Freiburg. Wurmsor's army was obliged to retire before them, being weakened by the withdrawal of the corps of Archduke Charles. Subsequently the archduke approached again, but after a fight on the Murg near Baden, was thrust back by Moreau to the upper Neckar, while Jourdan drove Wartensleben back on Bohemia. The object of the French generals was to effect a junction with General Buonaparte. Archduke Charles however succeeded in beating Jourdan in three actions, and deceived Moreau by a movement through Ingolstadt and Amberg, so that he managed to hinder the junction of the armies of the Sambre and the Meuse with that of the Rhine. Moreau, being in danger of being cut off from his base, felt obliged to retreat. The ways by the Kinzig and Rensch valleys were already blocked by Austrian troops. The only way open to him was from Biberach, over Neustadt, and so through the Hölenthal to Freiburg. In 1702, the Elector of Bavaria had ordered Marshal Villars to go through that pass. He is said to have replied, "The pass by Neustadt is called the Valley of Hell, and I am not devil enough to go that way." However, Moreau made the venture, and with perfect success, and his troops appeared in Freiburg, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, on the 8th of October. He was beaten by the Austrians at Emmendingen and Schliengen, which showed that they could easily have crushed him entirely had they been sufficiently on the

alert to catch him in the pass. He finally recrossed the Rhine at Hüningen, Dessaix passing it at Breisach.

The archduke followed his footsteps through Freiburg, and took Kehl, opposite Strassburg, in the middle of winter. But in Italy the Austrian arms were totally unfortunate, and in 1798 came the peace of Campo Formio. As Modena by this treaty was annexed to the Cisalpine Republic, the Breisgau was offered in lieu of it to its duke, Hercules III. of Este, but he could not be prevailed on to accept it till 1803. He died in that year,

leaving Breisgau to his son-in-law, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. Napoleon was crowned in 1804, then came another war, with the affairs of Ulm and Austerlitz, and the discomfiture of the Austrian armies, ending with the peace of Pressburg. At this time Freiburg often changed its governors. The Rheinbund was formed, and Freiburg, with the Breisgau, came back to the paternal rule of the house of Zähringen. Charles Frederick was made grand-duke, with the title of Royal Highness, but he died in 1811, aged 83, without setting foot in Freiburg, and was succeeded by his



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grandson. After Napoleon's fall, when all his allies in Germany deserted him, Freiburg had to find quarters, to its great loss and detriment, for the motley horde of the avengers of French invasion; but the princes were rewarded for their timely defection by the retention of their titles and possessions, and the people of Freiburg witnessed the entrance of the emperors of Austria and Russia and the king of Prussia on the best terms with its own grand-duke. Since then time and good government have restored prosperity to the town, and it has enjoyed a long peace, with the ex-

ception of the storms which followed the revolution of 1848, when it was for a short time in the hands of the Baden republicans, who were driven out by the troops of Darmstadt and Nassau. It will doubtless continue to thrive under the just and liberal administration of the present Grand-Duke of Baden; especially if the railway is constructed which is projected to join it with Breisach and France.

Considering the historical scenes through which Freiburg has passed, it is a most fortunate circumstance that its exquisite and de-

licate Cathedral has been preserved in so perfect a state to the present day. It is built in the shape of a cross, with a transept short in proportion to its length, one high tower to the west, and two lower towers flanking the western angles of the choir, each tower being crowned with a spire of open stonework through the fine tracery of which the light appears.

The oldest architecture (Byzantine) appears in the transept, which would date from the middle of the twelfth century. It took rather more than a century to complete the first structure. The handsome but incongruous porch at the south of the transept is plainly of the Renaissance period, and it was probably intended to harmonise with the Kaufhaus, or Merchants' Hall, a very beautiful building which fronts it, with an open portico and tourelles at its angles, a high-pitched roof with coloured tiles, and decorated with statues of emperors, the last of whom is Ferdinand I. The building of the new choir was begun in 1354, but not finished till 1513; great assistance was afforded in 1479 by Pope Sixtus, who granted indulgences to all who contributed manual labour or a week's sustenance, besides especial favours to the souls of those who left by will their best suit of clothes (no paltry bequest in those days of splendid apparel) to increase the building fund. Before the chief entrance stand on the detached pillars figures of the Blessed Virgin, and on each side of her those of St. Lambert and St. Alexander as patrons of the church. The bones of the latter were brought to Freiburg in the time of Innocent X., and he appears to have been substituted for the more mythological St. George. The porch under the tower is profusely decorated, with rows of niches containing scriptural and allegorical personages on each side.

It was in the porch that benches were placed for penitents in the days of ecclesiastical power. To one entering the church the triple nave with the high altar in the choir presents a beautiful coup-d'œil, as it is shown by the softened light which shines through the stained windows. These are of different ages, but the rose-windows of the nave belong to the most perfect period of the art, and the figures in them are formed of a mosaic of glass, coloured throughout, and look as fresh now as if they were of yesterday, though they are several centuries old.

The two great windows in the western wall were the gift of the guilds of millers and vintners. The whole edifice, with the exception of the Byzantine portion, is in the purest style of decorated Gothic, and the flying but-

tresses impart the same effect of lightness to the body that the open stonework does to the spire. It is surely a grand epic poem written in red sandstone, the portions due to different ages cunningly morticed together, like the work of different authors in the well-known Lay of the Nibelungen.

Among the altar-pieces, one, which is a masterpiece of Hans Holbein the younger, is the most famous. It belongs to the chapel of the University, and has been several times carried away by German emperors who wished to study it, probably with the ultimate object of appropriation, and lastly by the French, in 1796, to Colmar, on which occasion one Stromann discovered it, and brought it back with some difficulty. Among the curiosities contained in this altar is a silver cross, said to have been found by a young girl playing on the Schlossberg, and hence always carried before the maidens in processions.

Amongst the other churches of the town which deserve especial notice is that of St. Martin, which was given to the order of Barefoot Friars in 1241, and in 1515 passed into the possession of the reformed Franciscans, being close to the quadrangle and cloister of their convent in the Franciscaner Platz, where the University building and the Rathhaus now stand. In the middle of this square is seen the statue of Brother Berthold Schwartz, who though a man of peace, gave new energy to war by the invention of gunpowder. The handsome Byzantine Protestant Church which stands outside the old town, looks as if it had been in its place as long as the Cathedral, but it was built in 1829, from the materials and on the model of an old conventual church at Thennebach. On the left side of the vale of the Dreisam, in going towards the Höllenthal, stands, about a mile from the town, a Carthusian priory, which was founded in 1316, and secularised in 1783; and farther on, in the recess of a woody glen under the Rosskopf, lie the shrine and spring of St. Ottilie, who is reported to have dwelt in a grotto in the rock, and to have shed miraculous tears which found their way through, and flowed for ever as a fountain, which is supposed to possess very healing qualities for sore eyes. The abbot in "Ivanhoe" may have confused this legend with the classical one, when he talked about *Saint Niobe*. The Loretto-chapel, which looks at the town from its eminence on the S.-W. is of comparatively recent date, having been erected to commemorate the successful stand made by the Bavarian general, Mercy, against the French in July, 1644. The two ruined castles near Freiburg, besides those on the Schlossberg, are that of Zähringen to the

north, sacred to the memory of the patrons and founders of the town; and that of Schnewburg, whose dismantled tower still nestles among the woods of the Schönberg, having belonged to the Schnewlins, an old patrician family. The Schönberg is a mountain 2000 feet high, standing out by itself on the south side of the town. Among the excursions in the neighbourhood of Freiburg which may easily be compassed in a day, is that to the top of the Erzkasten, or Schauinsland, one of a nucleus of eminences which form the highest ground in the Black Forest. It is mounted by most commodious zig-zag paths from the valley of Guntersthal, and its top, which is more than 4000 feet above the sea-level, suddenly presents in fine weather the view of the Alps from the Glarnisch to the Diablerets. It takes a somewhat longer time to arrive at the Feldberg, which is the centre of the group, but to which the ascent is equally easy. At a short distance below the bare summit is an inn, which in the winter is only inhabited by the landlord and his dogs. Somewhat lower down, skirted by gigantic pines and rocky precipices, is a small round lake called the Feldsee, which is altogether about the wildest spot in this region. In the mystery of the mists that often brood over it, it might be very suggestive to an artist engaged in illustrating Dante's "Inferno."

The Feldberg is approachable by many ways, most readily from Freiburg by the St. Wilhelm's Thal or the Zastler Thal, two deep glens ending in a steep all but inaccessible towards the mountain, and made accessible only by cunningly-devised paths. Valleys of this kind are common in this mountain cluster, presenting an appearance of having been scooped out of the mass. They probably owe their origin to primæval glaciers, as the streams which at present run from them are insufficient to account for them. It appears from geological researches that there was a great upheaval of the primary mountains of the Schwarzwald subsequent to the deposit of the formation called Bunter Sandstein. The newer rocks all lean westward towards the Rhine, and eastward towards Suabia, on each side of the great elevation of the older rocks. In the diluvial period, when the Rhine probably flowed through a vast long lake, a violent volcanic eruption must have taken place in the middle of the Breisgau basin, the product of which was the Kaiserstuhl, where the action was most violent, and also several lesser long hills lying generally north and south. The bulk of the Kaiserstuhl is dolerit, a kind of basalt, clad up to a considerable elevation with a thick coating of volcanic sand called

Loess. The whole neighbourhood of Freiburg is a rich field of observation for the geologist, mineralogist, and botanist, from the curious structure of the earth at this place, and the variety of climatic conditions produced by it. The Kaiserstuhl, which stands like a mountainous island in the plain, is a museum of natural history in itself.

G. C. SWAYNE.

ANA.

FEMALE MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—A French traveller in Germany says, "The culinary art forms part of the education of women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesman, like the mechanic, takes a pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object, the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and is then placed by her parents with a country clergyman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may almost be termed the post of servant, and doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this, that she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her, as well as for her clothing. This is the first step in her education of housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or in that of some hotel of good repute. Here she has the control of the expenditure, and of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as *Fräulein*, or Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive a similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal residence. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present moment who was trained in this way. Consequently, the women in Germany are perfect models of order and economy. The richest lady, as well as the poorest woman, is well acquainted with the market-price of provisions; and it gives one real satisfaction to see her bustling about from one part of the house to another; now peeping into the nursery to see how the children are going on, then looking into the kitchen to see that the cook is doing her duty, and that everything is perfectly clean, and generally giving an eye to everything and everybody, and keeping all well up to their work. In short, she is the very soul of the house."

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER VIII. THE GREAT HEYDAY.

A DAY or two later Mr. Craggs asked his son whether he had seen, down in Oxfordshire, more than one old lady who could tell his fortune. James laughed, and owned that he had. He could not say that their prophecies agreed altogether; and he would not say anything more. His mother waylaid him too, anxious on the same subject,—not to know what the Goody had said, but alarmed lest her son should have committed a sin in consulting her. While the Scripture said, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,” she could not feel sure of its being innocent to converse with one. O! if Goody Gillow was not a witch, she was very glad, though she could not see how any person could foretell future events without help from the Evil One.

When Mrs. Craggs was out of hearing, Mr. Craggs recurred to the subject of the Goody and Lois, about whose looks and behaviour he questioned James, with an odd particularity which he soon explained. He had reason to believe that the Goody was making a little fortune down in the country. So many persons went to her from the Great House that there could be little doubt that many went to the house for the sake of seeing the Goody. If the woman was as wise as she ought to be, she would not stay down there. In the present state of the public mind she would have such custom as no fortune-teller ever had before.

However it came about, Goody Gillow and her daughter were living in London before the winter was over, and getting money almost as fast as if they had been among the fortunate holders of South Sea Stock.

By that time the other fortune-teller was proved right. The King had dismissed Lord Townshend by a harsh letter from Hanover; and he had then come over, and so far seen matters differently with his own eyes that he had apologised to Lord Townshend for the manner of his dismissal. Not the less was power in the hands of Lord Sunderland, from whom a share of it was certain to come to young Mr. Craggs. It came very soon. Mr. Addison was ill; and everybody knew he was not happy in his grandeur at Holland House, with a Countess for a wife. He had no health or spirits for official life; and he resigned at a moment when young Mr. Craggs was seen to be the proper person to succeed him. Mrs.

Craggs therefore beheld her son Secretary of State for War. When the world said that the family were favourites of Fortune, the family did not think of disclaiming the fact. Mr. Addison himself, having sent for James on occasion of his appointment, said much the same that everybody else was saying, only adding what perhaps other people were forgetting,—that wealth and honour were not everything; and that when a man prefers them too strongly, he may be kindly admonished by reverses that there are higher blessings. It was not without a sigh that this was said by the moralist, who at the moment was lapped in luxury; but the habitual loftiness of Mr. Addison's manner did not hide the genial interest he took in the conduct and fortunes of his young friend. He even intimated in regard to himself that, if he lived to publish that collection of his works which was to employ his new leisure, he should desire to dedicate the edition to his successor in office. He was surprised himself at the glow which spread over James's animated face when he heard this, and when he replied that Mr. Addison was thus providing that at least one, and the very chiefest, of his honours should be immortal.

There can be no doubt that the Craggs family, like hundreds of other families, were very happy at present. The ordinary obstacles, difficulties, embarrassments, and vexations of life seemed to be in abeyance in England, by some special favour of Heaven. The old sayings about the hard terms of success, the labour and patience necessary in making money and rising in life, and about the preponderance of poverty over wealth in all societies, seemed now to have lost their meaning. Everybody might be rich who chose to try; and nothing was more easy. It was not a case of many poor suffering to make a few rich. So far from this, there were thousands of servant girls all over the country who had as good a chance of gain as the Duchess of Kendal herself. If the Duchess of Kendal and others of the German favourites had made their tens of thousands, the nursery-maid whose employers were considerate, and the scullion who had an acquaintance in the army, or among the constables, might make her twenty, or thirty, or forty guineas between one day and another. There was no denying a fact which seemed to stand out unquestionable before all eyes. If one

went into Threadneedle Street any morning, and saw it crowded from end to end with Peers, and Court Ladies, and scene-shifters from the theatres, and young masters truant from school, and the great merchants, and the great actresses, and a bishop jostled by a sailor just landed, and afraid of losing his chance of a fortune; and questionable ladies, and unquestionable ladies meeting here, while never dreaming of meeting anywhere else; and chairmen, not content to wait for their fares, but making the most of the time in speculating; and the belles of the season, with their trains of admirers, who adored their charmers with one eye, and looked to their chances with the other; and the blind beggar, in alliance with the cripple, both able to produce at the right moment, some little capital, which was to grow to ten times the amount, they did not very well know how, but in the same way that everybody else's money grew; if one went and saw all these, and keen city knights, and proud statesmen, and clergy, both dignified and threadbare, all prosperous, all in high spirits, except for mere mortification at not having speculated higher and made more, how could one deny that human affairs seemed to have taken a new course, so that industry, patience, moderation, and contentment, were at length discredited in the world?

"What I cannot make out," observed Mrs. Craggs, at her own table, to the Bishop at her right hand, who had just said grace, "is where the money all comes from. If riches were so scarce quite lately that everybody had to consider how to make both ends meet, now was the money then which is so plentiful now?"

"Aye, madam, there you hit the point," replied the Bishop, admiringly. "I wonder whether there is anybody in the world who could tell us."

"Sir Robert Walpole, I have heard, thinks he could make it all clear. But then he denies the wealth itself."

The Bishop shook his sides at this; it always amused him to hear of these paradoxical gentlemen,—gentlemen who would stand in Gracechurch Street, and prove mathematically that the height of the Monument was so many inches less than nothing.

"What could they mean?" asked Mrs. Craggs. "What was the use of saying such a thing?"

The Bishop shrugged, and proposed to ask Sir Robert Walpole what was the use of denying the new flood of wealth, when he, the Bishop, actually held several thousand pounds of it; and his daughter's governess had gained five hundred; and his coachman nearly twice as much; and the very errand-boy two or

three guineas. Still, his lordship could throw no light on where it all came from. In the course of a few minutes he had proposed the question to two or three of the guests lower down the table. As might have been expected, the topic was taken up by Sir John Blunt, at that time the oracle of every house which he could be induced to visit. He was the greatest of the Great Directors of the South Sea Company. He was the patriotic financier who had made that splendid offer to Government to pay off the National Debt in six-and-twenty years, if the floating and permanent debt were completely entrusted to the Company, with permission to make terms with the proprietors, and also with some commercial privileges which would hurt no existing adventurers. It was Sir John Blunt who had stimulated his fellow directors to out-bid the Bank of England, and out-bid it again, rather than let anybody but themselves pay off the National Debt, while getting profit enough to put an end to debt for ever. Sir John Blunt was clearly the man to tell, if anybody could, where the money all came from.

He gave a wonderful description of the untouched wealth of the far countries to which the company was sending its ships. He fired the imaginations of the whole party by his account of the wealth of the mines yet unopened; of the seas where the whales yet gambled unmolested; of the primeval forests, and their soil unsunned since the creation; of miles of mulberry trees, whitened over with silkworms, whose cocoons lay rotting by bushels under the trees; of pearl-beds, whence all the courts and aristocracies of the world were long be provided; of groves of spices, and forests of rare fruits; and continents whose whole breadth was to be divided between sugar plantations and vineyards, which would save England the trouble of looking beyond her own resources for wine and sugar. In fact, England would henceforth buy of nobody, but sell to everybody, after having satisfied her own wants.

"There, madam," whispered the Bishop, to his hostess, "I think we are fortunate in having such an account of our wealth from the highest authority. Is it not very grand?"

"Very grand indeed. But still——"

The Bishop here informed Sir John Blunt that their hostess, charmed as she was, had yet some difficulty. Mrs. Craggs saw something like a frown on her husband's countenance, and she would fain have stopped her officious neighbour: but it was too late; Sir John Blunt faced round upon her, and desired to know her difficulty. Confused and abashed (a very rare phenomenon in her case), she

said: "O! it was nothing, it did not signify."

"There the low breeding comes out," whispered the Honourable Mrs. Symes to her next neighbour.

"For once," replied the gentleman. "And yet it is only natural timidity, not vulgarity. For all the years I have known this family, I have never once been aware of any real vulgarity in them. O! the father is out of the question, of course! I did not think of him. He is ambitious in a driving sort of way. His son? Yes, James Craggs may be ambitious, but not in that driving sort of way."

"Do you see that?" inquired the honourable lady, tittering. "Now, on your honour, is that real or—politic?"

Sir John Blunt had insisted on an answer, by sitting in an attitude of expectation; and Mrs. Craggs had no option. Though her husband looked displeased, she said she did not pretend to understand such subjects; and that she still felt puzzled about how wealth should abound so prodigiously already if those South Sea countries were even now untouched,—still locked up, with all their wealth. This started Sir John on a new flight. He described how, far away at sea, the fragrance of the Company's spice islands invigorated the mind and senses of wearied voyagers; and in like manner the essence, as it were, of the Company's achievements, floating homewards, created wealth by anticipation.

"Is that simplicity or policy?" repeated the honourable lady, in regard to the hostess whose dinner she was eating.

"Oh, it is simplicity, madam! She thinks she has made a mistake; and so does her husband."

"But that may be policy too."

Hardly, her neighbour thought. A woman who had lived in her kitchen and poultry-yard till her children were grown up, could not speedily become skilled in drawing-room hypocrisy. Whatever might, or might not, be true about her husband's speculations, and intrigues, and gains, Mrs. Craggs was certainly not in any such plot. Mr. Craggs might be vexed at what she had just said; but it might be better for him than he was aware of.

The effect of the conversation during and after dinner was to stimulate to the utmost the appetite for excitement and the thirst of gain of most who were present. There could be no doubt that the party would reappear in 'Change Alley the next morning.

It would have puzzled any one of them to say what they desired beyond what they believed Mr. Craggs to have attained: that is, wealth enormous, and increasing beyond calcu-

lation. Yet, perhaps, no one of them would have been satisfied with Mr. Craggs' lot. Nor, amidst vast concealed exultation, and some that was unconcealable, was he himself entirely satisfied with his position.

When his guests were nearly all gone, and James was about to depart also, to attend a later party, his father asked him to wait a few minutes, and forthwith began a consultation which could not be overheard.

"I must get rid of *them*; and you must help me," he said, glancing towards the sofa, about which his daughters and two or three guests were gathered.

"I do not understand," said James.

"I mean Anna and her husband. It is out of the question that they should remain here. If you had heard what Ives said to me this morning!"

"I can understand that. He is unsettled, you see. Will you not give him back the farm?"

"What! that place? Do you suppose he would stay there now? or his wife either? And shall a son-in-law of mine play the yeoman at the Duke's very gate? Besides, it is too near. He would be in 'Change Alley every week of the year, seed-time or harvest."

"Why not put Milbury in his charge, with a good salary? That would be dignified enough, and profitable enough, and at a good distance."

Mr. Craggs shook his head. Ives must go further, and Anna too. They were no more fit to speculate than children, yet they could not keep out of it. Ives had been with him that afternoon to beg for a further loan, to enable him to take shares in two new Companies, which would outgrow the South Sea Corporation presently. And what were they?—one was for importing jackasses from Spain, and the other for making deal-boards out of sawdust. "We may laugh," Mr. Craggs observed, "but Ives was serious enough. He told me I chose to prevent his being rich, when Heaven sent him the opportunity."

"Did it come to a quarrel?"

"No,—oh no! I told him that when he brought me a plank of the ordinary price and quality, proveably made of sawdust, I would lend him the money to get more. But that is not what he wants."

"He wants to gamble in 'Change Alley."

"And what Anna has to say to me is, I suspect, a good deal worse. She comes to-morrow; and I declare I dread it."

"Let me bring her to you now."

"She is gone. I saw her slip away just now. It is she who ought to dread me,—not I her; yet I declare I do. She wants money

too ; but it is to pay debts,—Heaven knows how many !

“How can our Nanny have debts ?”

“I suppose you are too busy to follow the road to 'Change Alley. But even a Secretary of State ought to see that sight.”

“I have been, two or three times. Do you mean that Nanny is to be seen there ? If so, she is only like every woman I know.”

“Ay, but what does she go for ? She speculates like a gamester, and gets duped like an idiot !”

“Our Nanny !”

“I wish I could induce you to call her by her proper name, and not remind people of dairymaids and henwives. Yes, Anna is as deep in it as any German favourite of them all. The only way I see is, to set the silly couple through on one condition,—that they shall go out of the way of temptation entirely. They must leave the country : and Blunt's talk at dinner will make that all the easier. Did you see how it excited Anna ? She looked as if she would eat him. Among all those mulberry groves, laden with cocoons, or the diamond mines, or the gold rivers, or the spice or cotton plantations, we can easily find or make a place for Ives,—and one where he might grow rich in a creditable way. Now James, I expect you to help me to manage this. If we do not accomplish it immediately, we shall be disgraced by this poor fellow.”

James was silent ; for he was sorry. His father probably felt, by his own consciousness, what was passing in his mind, for he changed the subject.

“There is something else that I want you to help me in,” he soon resumed. “You go pretty often to Leicester House ; you see the Princess frequently ; and I know you stand well with her. Do make her understand that I had no hand in depriving her of her children.”

“I may assure her of that, may I, father ?”

“Of course you may. What can be plainer than that it would be the extremity of folly in me to offend the Prince ; and yet more such a woman as he has got for a wife ?”

“You would not wish me to put the case in that way ?”

“Why no ! But you can assure her that no man grieves more at the misunderstanding in the royal family ; and that all my influence is, and will be, used to restore the Prince to favour. There is no fear now of violence to his person,—if that danger ever existed.”

“You would not believe, father, that the children would be taken away ; but you see they are.”

“And for what reason ? The King credits what his Germans tell him,—that the children's

mother has no natural affections, and that she would only make tools of them against the Court. And the King will go on to believe it, if the mother sits down quietly under the loss, as she seems disposed to do. She rails at me, I hear, as a heartless spoiler ; but I don't find that she takes any steps to recover her treasure.”

“Her ladies will see to that, father. They were telling her yesterday that she would be lost in the opinion of England, if she did not demand her children till nobody should dare to keep them from her.”

“To think that any mother on earth should need to have that said to her !”

“We must remember that she is a wife too ; and she is a devoted one.”

“Yes, as the wives of Heirs-apparent naturally are. Well, well ! I mean no disrespect to her Royal Highness, and I really am very sorry for her ; for the King is in no mood to gratify her in any way. That reminds me—what does your favourite, Mr. Gay, mean, by refusing a Court appointment ?”

“What would his friends have thought of him if he had accepted it ? Only conceive a man of his mind and manners playing the—gentleman-usher !”

“Say ‘footman’ at once, James. Men as clever in their way as Mr. Gay have risen to eminence from that very rank.”

“But in the service of a mere baby ! That little Princess is two years old, I think.”

“It does look rather absurd, I own ; but Mr. Gay need not look for anything more from the Court.”

“He will not. He says it is enough to have been insulted once. Besides, he will not need it : his stock is worth twenty thousand pounds at this moment.”

As usual, the South Sea topic closed the intercourses of the day. There were few houses in London, or in any town in England, in which this was not the last subject at night and the first in the morning, after having occupied all brains with waking or sleeping dreams in the interval.

Mr. Craggs might well dread the morning's interview with Nanny. She came early, to make sure of seeing her father before he left home for his office ; and perhaps also for the chance of a morning's speculation in the city afterwards, if her father should be indulgent, and give her the means. Under the immediate disappointment of her cravings, she spoke out the things which he least needed to be told.

“How dare you blame me for what I have done !” she said, looking reproachfully at him for the first time in her life. “It is all your doing ; you have left me nothing to do, no-

thing to care about, nothing to help me to bear my grief; and all for your own convenience, father! Harry and I were very happy down in the country. We never wished for anything beyond the farm. You must know that very well, for you could not persuade me to give up Harry for the chance of a grander match."

"There is no use in going over all those matters now," Mr. Craggs said.

"That is for me to judge of, because I know why I go back to them. You took my husband away from his occupation and his home, and set him down in London, where he did not know what to do with himself. Yes, you put him in the way of being rich, or you may fancy you did: but what has come of it? Where is my child, who would have been playing about now on the farm, if you had let us stay there. Don't talk to me of your grief for my girl, and your thankfulness that I am to have another child, at the very time that you blame me for doing the very same thing to relieve my misery that you do to get more wealth, when you have too much already,—at the very time that you want to send us away over the sea, where you will never see the grandchild that you pretend to be so glad of."

At last it was over. Mr. Craggs was gentle, not only because he feared the effects of agitation on his poor daughter,—so altered from the quiet and contented Nanny of so few years ago,—but because his heart was really sad. He had his troubles, well as they might be concealed. All that appeared to the outer world was, that with every turn of events, Mr. Craggs grew richer. When other men sold their estates, at any price offered, in order to have wherewithal to speculate, Mr. Craggs bought them up; and thus he grew richer. But he also had money with which to speculate in several of the new companies; and he so bought in and sold out as to remain always a winner; and thus again he grew richer. He foresaw what Parliament would do in the competition between the Bank and the great Company; and he bought in largely when many were getting out of so doubtful a position; the rise of the stock being, in a day or two, from 130 to 300, and his gain being the difference between 130 and 300 per cent., so that he was 170 per cent., or tens of thousands of pounds, the richer from the adventure. When it had transpired that Sir Robert Walpole himself was a holder of South Sea Stock, Mr. Craggs laughed at such a commentary on Sir Robert Walpole's condemnation of the whole scheme; and when Sir Robert Walpole sold out, content with having made twenty thousand pounds, Mr. Craggs laughed again,

and used his opportunities as a Director to secure more of the stock, which was the same thing, in the popular view, as growing richer. It was reported, all through London, that his name was down for nearly 700,000*l.* As Nanny and her husband talked over the reports of her father's wealth current on 'Change, they felt it hard that he would not give them some tens of thousands to make their fortunes with. But they had no choice; they must answer for their liabilities at home, or go to South America. On this Mr. Craggs was peremptory. The only favour they could obtain was, that Nanny should stay till after her confinement. Her husband must go immediately, because a passage could be had; but the Company would henceforth be sending out their ships more and more frequently; and Nanny would follow much sooner than she could have done in the early days when the Company modestly sent out only one vessel in the year (besides carrying slaves from the Coast of Africa to South America), to bring back the price of its British merchandise in gold, or diamonds, or something else, prettier than the whale-oil which had once been the one idea of South Sea traders.

(To be continued.)

"TYPHUS-NESTING."

KING DAVID must have experienced great difficulty in making choice between war, famine, or pestilence, and it does appear rather hard upon his people that they should have been afflicted with one of the scourges of mankind on account of the sin of their monarch. Yet, when we are told that pestilence was sent upon the people for his sins, we can scarcely doubt they believed that God had tempered justice with mercy, and had chosen for the king the lightest of the three evils. A sufficiently long induction has proved to the meanest intellect that life will ebb with the blood shed by the wounds of war; that food is necessary to existence; but not yet, even in this nineteenth century—even with the accumulated experience of nearly three thousand years gathered between the days of that king and our own, will men believe that there is a law of health as certain and as invariable as the results of decapitation or starvation. Not to overthrow the gentle faith which regards all human ills as the direct messages of God is the purpose of this paper—not to disturb such a belief in His omnipotence as that which doubts not His power to strike the strongest or to heal the sick who are past human skill—but to show that, for the most part, disease is incipient suicide, and that premature

death is too often unjustifiable homicide—this is the object of the writer.

It would be mere affectation to doubt that by the large majority of persons the extinction of diseases, even of the zymotic class, is never regarded as possible, and therefore it will be well to make a survey of some notorious “fever-nests,” and to show how in their case, while no doubt can exist as to the cause of disease, there are never wanting circumstances which, under proper treatment, will insure its disappearance. People are so shy of figures in connection with this subject, that some of the most alarming facts pass unheeded simply because they are submitted in this unpalatable form. The loss of human life by war is as nothing compared with the waste of it by the want of a practical faith in our power to combat disease. If the book which recently told the sad tale of the sanitary condition of our Indian army had been of any other colour than “blue,”—had it been issued by any other printers than Her Majesty’s,—perchance those fearful diagrams would have been studied with general attention. Yet a single fact will include their witness;—the men died at the rate of sixty per thousand. This, however, is the language of blue-books, and conveys nothing but an arithmetical impression. The listless, unoccupied life of the Anglo-Indian soldier is not seen, predisposing him to vicious habits and to indulgence in stimulants; nor the close and filthy barracks, nor the reeking canteen with its liquid poisons, nor the foul bazaar with its shameless women, nor the glaring, blazing sun visiting sanitary sins with quick vengeance; yet to these causes are due some fifty of these sixty deaths; for how, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we find that in the prisons of this country the death-rate among men of the same age does not exceed five per thousand! Here is Liberty at a discount; her cap is darkened with constant mourning, while the handcuffs are become the real insignia of health. Yes! we can do nothing better in this matter than imitate our jail-birds, study the mode of life led by these crop-haired gentlemen, the sanitary appliances by which their health is maintained at so high a standard, their compulsory temperance, their gentle exercises, their immunity from care. It cannot be by chance that typhus has been expelled from our prisons: this must be simply the result of a watchful regard for the sanitary condition of their inmates, among whom, if a case should arise, inquiry at once removes the cause and arrests the disease.

If the public were conscious of its mastery over these ills,—if it were but to realize the loss of wealth and comfort, the hindrance to

economic and moral progress caused by their influence upon public health, it would attack with still stronger strokes this greatest of our social evils. To recall some experiences of the last visitation of cholera to this country, when the luscious stores of Covent Garden were at a discount, and folks shrunk from veal as unwholesome, can it be forgotten how the disease first raged about Golden Square, where the gases of an ancient cholera graveyard had been accidentally tapped with poisoning effects upon the neighbourhood? During the same season it raged with greatest severity in some of the Northumbrian towns. In a Report made by Mr. Rawlinson to the General Board of Health in 1850, we find that no part of the town of Alnwick was, in 1847, more foul, confined, and overcrowded, than a miserable pile of common lodging-houses known as the “Tunnel.” Let us reflect what this implies. A stack of crazy buildings, kept from falling by other buildings, jammed into a space in such labyrinthine manner as to defeat the possibility of sufficient ventilation, rotten in roofs and floors, with mildewed walls and a subsoil saturated with years and years’ accumulations of foul percolations and deposits,—with the small space which admitted light to the back windows crowded with open cesspits,—with every square inch giving its quota to the poisonous atmosphere, and within—ugh! Talk not of bad smells till you have visited one or two dwellings where a single room, perhaps a cellar, serves one, or, may be, two or three families, for all the purposes of life. Give reins to your imagination with this idea for motive power, and fear not that your picture of this human sty will, in the horrors of its atmosphere, in its awful indecency, its squalor, its bestial life, exceed the reality. What a fortunate circumstance it is for social optimists that painting can give no idea of such a scene! Well, such was the “Tunnel,” at Alnwick, in 1847, when cholera paid a premonitory visit. But when it raged in Alnwick in 1849, the “Tunnel” alone among such poor districts was spared. And why? Thanks to the foresight of a local surgeon, its condition had been previously brought before the Board of Guardians, and by their order the filth had recently been cleared away, and the premises partially purified by lime-wash and fumigation.

In another of Mr. Rawlinson’s Reports, that upon Ormskirk, where he found the rate of mortality exceeding 46 per 1000—being greater than that of London during the deadliest prevalence of the cholera in 1849—among evidence the most convincing of the preventible nature of this mortality we find one person stating that he “had counted 117 persons,

men, women, and children, waiting for water at one pump." Again, at Willenhall, a favorite home of typhus, we find butchers rearing pigs on the offal of their slaughterhouses, boiled with Swede-turnips : numerous instances of the common and pernicious mode of building houses back to back without any "through" ventilation ; we find a practice common in the colliery districts of "night and day shifts of men," occupying alternately the same bed. Please just to look into this typhus-nest. Here is a room occupied by a family, who to fill it and increase their income take two colliers for lodgers. See the "night shift" coming "home" in the grey morning, clammy and cold with perspiration, grimy with coal-dust. Far sweeter is the pit-bottom than that room, or than that bed from which the "day shift" has just risen. Here, among father and mother, sisters and brothers, the tired collier strips, and, after a wash in "the collier's tub," takes his—rest!

Now let us take a few facts from a Report recently issued by the Officer of Health for the borough of Liverpool, a borough which possesses the unenviable fame of being the greatest "typhus-nest" in England. The death-rate in Liverpool during the year 1864 was equal to 36 in every 1000 of the inhabitants, and in that year typhus accounted for 10·5 per cent. of all the deaths. It appears to be most fatal between the ages of forty and sixty, and, according to Professor Christian, "puts on the epidemic shape only at periods of want among the labouring classes." The debility caused by want of food predisposes the poor, who are living in foul atmospheres, and surrounded by filth, to the reception of the fever-giving influence. But owing to the liberal dispensation of relief, it appears that here, as throughout the district generally, typhus has not made many victims of the Cotton Famine. The severest year of distress was undoubtedly 1862, and in this year the importation of cotton into Liverpool scarcely exceeded one-third of the imports of 1860. Here was a loss of work to the "lumpers," porters, carters, and others, upon more than 2,000,000 bales of cotton. But in 1862 the deaths from typhus in Liverpool were only 730, while during last year they rose to 1,774. With all deference to Dr. Trench, we must therefore ascribe this increased mortality to the greater congregation of Irish at Liverpool, awaiting emigration, at a time when there was no demand for their labour in the manufacturing districts.

The exertions of the Corporation of Liverpool to prevent overcrowding, which is the most fertile source of typhus in the borough, have been of late years continuous and successful.

Yet there is a lugubrious sound in the words of their medical officer who writes, with congratulatory intentions, "it would now be impossible to detect, even in the lowest neighbourhoods, any instances approaching those described by Dr. Duncan, when fifty or sixty persons were found in a house containing three small rooms, and upwards of forty men were found sleeping in a cellar." In combating the reduced forms of this great evil, it is found at Liverpool, as elsewhere, that the great difficulty arises in the degraded habits of the people. The Nuisances Removal Act may declare that the cubical space available for each inmate of a common lodging-house shall not fall short of 400 feet, but among the poor creatures who are the greatest offenders there will probably be many whose peace of mind is not troubled when their share of the "sleeping space" is reduced to thirty cubic feet. The Health Committee of Liverpool has sanctioned 300 cubic feet as the minimum space for each lodger, and probably this is more humane, and will be more effectual, than if they had attempted to force the larger standard upon the very low class of population which furnishes the majority of cases to their death lists. Their medical officer finds "the chief instances of overcrowding to great excess, where the tenant sublets for the purpose of helping to pay rent, and in what are locally termed the 'straight-up-and-down' houses, containing three rooms one above another." Among examples of overcrowding Dr. Trench states: "in some cases there was literally no furniture whatever, the men and women lying together promiscuously on straw or on the bare boards. In the case of Michael Gilmore, however, there was, as far as the family was concerned, no just plea of poverty, for he was in constant employment under the Corporation ; yet, of the seven people crammed into a room of 1,057 cubic feet, two were himself and his wife, three his children, and two others were men lodgers."

As overcrowding is the common cause of typhus in Liverpool, we need will dwell upon the collateral cause of foul, decomposing matters, or upon the want of proper sewers and drains. This, in a far greater degree, accounts for the high rate of mortality in Manchester. In the Registrar-General's return for the quarter ended 31st March, 1865, London, which contains by far the largest of the nine great populations of the United Kingdom, is shown to have the lowest death-rate, the mortality being only 2·798 per cent. ; while that of Manchester, which is fourth on the death-list, is 3·414 ; and that of Liverpool, the highest of all, 3·979 per cent.

With reference to the removal of animal

refuse, the systems adopted in London and Manchester are precisely opposite. In London, all house refuse is drained directly into the sewers, and by them conveyed to a distance from the dwellings of the inhabitants. In Manchester there are 97,882 houses, and in at least 75 per cent. of this number there is a "typhus-pit" constructed, at the backs of the houses, into which the sewage-matter flows from the closets, and is thrown from the houses. The consequence is, that within the city of Manchester, in among the closely-packed houses, there are about 675,000 superficial feet of dung-heap—to say nothing of rotten walls through which the drainage of these "middens" sometimes fouls the narrow backyards—continually emitting gases prejudicial to human life. Coals are freely burnt in Manchester, and the foul matters in these pits are not unfrequently rendered for a short time innocuous by a plentiful covering of ashes; but this, at most, lasts only until they are emptied, and then the smell from their foul walls and contents is simply horrible. Take what is common in every town in the manufacturing districts, parallel streets of operatives' dwellings; the backs of the houses are, perhaps, twenty-five feet apart, the yards ten feet square, with a passage five feet in width. In every yard is one of these pits, open to the putrefying influences of the sun and rain. Not Boreas himself could keep the air of these back yards free from impure influences. And it cannot be doubted that this circumstance, more than any other, accounts for the high death-rate of the manufacturing districts as compared with that of London.

But it must not be supposed that only in the great centres of population, and in the large towns of the kingdom, there is "typhus-nesting" to be done. Let us turn to the recently issued Report upon the State of the Dwellings of Rural Labourers by Dr. Hunter, and we shall find many typhus-nests in among the verdant villages of England. Dr. Hunter reports upon 5,375 cottages, containing 8,805 bed-rooms, in which there were resident 13,432 adults, and 11,338 children under thirteen years of age, making a total of 24,770 persons, which would give an average rate of 4.6 to a cottage, or 2.8 to a bed-room. But an examination of his report shows how delusive such an average would be; and indeed, of these 5,375 cottages, 2,195 had but one bed-room. There is a suggestive statement! Is it not more reasonable to look for figs from thistles than for decency, morality, and sobriety from families thus housed? Let Dr. Hunter introduce us to a room in the village of Magor, amid the splendid scenery of Monmouthshire.

"A room, in which slept the resident owner, his wife, a boy of thirteen, a girl of twelve, and four younger children, was accessible by a hole in the floor and a ladder; had no window, and of course no fire-place. There were no side walls. The ridge of the roof was 4 feet 9 inches above the floor, which had an extreme measurement of 11 feet 6 inches, by 8 feet 4 inches, of which, of course, a great part was rendered valueless by the leaning of the roof." At the village of Whittington, in Derbyshire, "the water from the pit was offensive to sight, taste, and smell, and very hard." "We've been three days, and haven't had a cup of tea," cried the women of this village, in a county the soil of which receives more rain than any equal area in England to the south of it. There should be plenty of water in Durham, yet Dr. Hunter relates how the village of Low Prudhoe is supplied by a stream which was no thicker than a pencil when he saw it. "Twenty-one buckets were *en queue* waiting for water, and a mob of women and children wrangling and lamenting over it. * * * Women get up," he adds, "in the middle of the night to get water, and even then find others waiting their turns at two or three o'clock. The whole colony of six hundred people, pitmen and their families, had not a single privy among them." At Netherton, in the same county, "the women were at work with a teacup laddling it [water] up by spoonfuls into a can." Such distressing want of water appears to be common throughout the kingdom from the want of storage, or other means of efficient supply.

The same grim details pervade the Report. In every county there are hundreds of cottages overcrowded in a disgraceful and unhealthy manner, — foul ditches, reeking open cess-pools, emitting typhus-seeds by day and night. Village populations, like that of Christian (?) Malford, are obliged in summer to drink dung-discoloured water. There are "show" parishes, where a few cottagers are allowed to live in model honeysuckle-covered abodes, and many, many more to which they must tramp in the dark, cold winter mornings, because there are not sufficient cottages in these parishes to house the labour which the land requires.

Dr. Hunter exposes very forcibly the operation of the existing poor-law, showing how strong the objection is in many parishes to have the poor with them always. He describes how those likely to become applicants for relief are passed on from village to village, and in illustration of this the writer remembers to have been much amused by the story of a very clever cadger, who narrated how he had tramped in great comfort through a certain

district by making his female companion simulate "an interesting condition" with a bundle of hay, the external appearance of which had such a terrifying effect upon "the guardians" that they gladly gave him gratuities to help him out of their parish.

To those who, reading this paper, ask how "typhus-nesting" is to be followed, no better reply can be given than Abraham Lincoln's direction to "peg away." None of the causes of this waste of life are invincible. And see what it costs! Suppose there were in this kingdom 50,000 preventible deaths yearly, and for every such death thirty preventible cases of sickness; that each case of sickness costs 1*l.*, and each death 5*l.*, regarding merely the loss of wages and incidental expenses; this calculation alone would amount to 1,750,000*l.*,—a sum which may be said to represent the actual payment made by the working classes, and does not touch the greater deduction from the productive wealth of the country, and the still graver loss of health and happiness. Solomon's dictum, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," still remains true, and undoubtedly poverty is a great friend to fever. But they act and re-act upon each other. Disease is the main-spring of pauperism, and pauperism predisposes to fever. In the workhouse of St. George's, Southwark, the Commissioners for Inquiring into the State of Large Towns found, that out of 1,467 persons who received parochial relief, no less than 1,276 were reported to have been ill with fever.

The apathy of the sufferers, and the greed and ignorance of ratepayers and owners of property, are great hindrances to sanitary reform. Nothing but the diffusion of information and the rod of public opinion can successfully oppose these. As an illustration of the first, it happened to the writer, not many days since, to see the narrow entry at the backs of two long rows of houses flooded with rain and sewage water, with the most disgusting refuse floating in this pool, which precluded the possibility of dry access to the backdoors of these houses. Yet there were several persons calmly pouring the refuse of their homes into this pond, which it would have been by no means difficult for any one of them to drain. And in reflecting on the many instances in which he has known improvement delayed by fears of its cost, none more ludicrous occurs to mind than a resolution moved by a blind man at a town's meeting, held to consider the question of the introduction of gas. This blind leader of the blind proposed, "Let them ha' leets as want 'em," which was carried with many cheers and also with much laughter.

Of all sanitary evils, overcrowding is the most difficult of treatment. Undoubtedly the worst offenders are "persons whom destitution has sunk below the reach of penalties." And this evil, too, is the most productive of drunkenness, which, like disease, is at once "a cause and a result of destitution." The difficulty, however, in dealing with this evil is only in the administration of a well-defined law, and it may be expected that overcrowding will decrease as the public familiarity with the law enables its provisions to be more and more strictly enforced.

Scarcely second to pure air is the sanitary importance of a pure water supply; but setting this view of the question aside altogether, there can be no doubt that the value of the labour expended in fetching and carrying water in ill-supplied districts, which includes the carrying of it up millions of stairs, would furnish a fund sufficient to make a wonderful improvement in the national supply. In many districts, now unprovided, water could be supplied by gravity at a maximum cost of 3*d.* per 1000 gallons; and now that, by steam-power, 80,000 gallons can be lifted 100 feet at a cost of 1*s.*, there is no good reason why every floor in every house should not have its tap, and constant service of wholesome water. House-wells are rarely pure in town districts, and not unfrequently, through the influence of a neighbouring churchyard or cesspool, are poisonous. Often too, in the country, the ground about their mouths has been trodden to a funnel shape, so that they receive the yard drainage.

It is scarcely necessary now-a-days to urge the necessity of providing sewers and drains. And no more remarkable instance of their efficacy is recorded than by the clerk to the Macclesfield Board of Guardians, the circumstances of which came under my knowledge as the Resident Government Inspector of Public Works in the Manufacturing Districts. This gentleman reports, with reference to a certain street, "where fevers more or less always existed, and where the labours of the Union surgeon were in constant requisition, no sooner had the main sewer past each range of houses, and provided for the surface and house drainage, than the fever abated; and finally, there was not a single case in the street—an event previously unknown in the experience of the relieving officer."

There is a brightening prospect for sanitary reform throughout the whole kingdom, and nowhere more so than in Lancashire, where the diffusion of knowledge is uncommonly general. In the early days of the great sanitary work, which, under the auspices of the

Poor-Law Board, is being accomplished by the local authorities of the cotton manufacturing district, upon the occasion of our attending a meeting of 2,000 working men at a town in North Lancashire, many of whom had notoriously assembled to oppose the introduction of the Local Government Act to their district, the Government Engineer said, "That typhus fever ought to be so rare, that if a death occurred, a coroner's inquest ought to be held"—a sentiment which is worthy to be the motto of "typhus-nesters." Nor need it be long, before, by legal enactment, such inquiry may be held, and the ever-patent cause of death made public. Neither is it too much to expect that, in the advancing appreciation of the real value of sanitary works, such publication would not fail to cause its prompt removal. It is difficult to determine whether reflection or prospect is more inspiring to sanitary reformers. Backwards, it is hopeful to remember that the lordly inhabitants of St. James's Square have beheld, unshocked, a public dirt heap in its centre; while forwards, there is in full view one of the noblest works which can enlist the energies and reward the labours of philanthropy.

R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

It is difficult for modern playgoers to appreciate thoroughly the point of view of Elizabethan audiences—to conceive the boundless good faith, the uncritical intelligence, the hearty connivance at stage illusion which dispensed with all, or nearly all, theatrical appliances; which demanded neither appropriate scenery nor suitable costumes; and, above all, accepted with absolute content male representatives of the heroines of the drama. Surely, too, there is tribute to the genius of Shakespeare in the fact that, writing for the theatre of his time, and fully aware how his plays were to be produced, his characters personated, he would, nevertheless, permit himself to be hindered or hampered in no way—defied what seem to us most depressing limitations—and gave to the world works which, loaded with the costliest of theatrical decorations, or produced in the most scare-crow fashion upon the boards of a barn, yet preserve their effect, and assert their greatness; creations which histrionic genius may light up brilliantly, but the utmost incompetence of the players can hardly darken altogether. For the poet's heroines—who could collect from present study of them that they were conceived with a full knowledge that they were to be rendered upon the stage by young men? A male *Viola*, a male *Imogen*, a male *Rosalind*! The idea that such things

could ever really be, brings home to us all *Master Slender's* discomfiture at finding his sweet *Mistress Anne Page* changed into "a great lubberly boy."

No doubt the youthful actors of Shakespeare's time, and long afterwards, who were accustomed to appear in female characters, acquitted themselves adroitly enough—assumed feminine graces with much cleverness—and thoroughly satisfied their audiences. Yet, to us, there will always seem grave difficulties in the way of their complete success. For instance, how bewildering and embarrassing it must have been, when the male-heroines in compliance with the requirements of the drama doffed female attire, and donned the dress of the male sex—when *Viola* appeared as *Cesario*, *Imogen* as *Fidele*, *Rosalind* as *Ganymede*,—in other words, when the actor presented himself to the spectators in his ordinary dress—how difficult it must have been to persuade the audience that the young man before them must be accepted as a young woman disguised as a young man! This wheel within wheel of personation, this complex system of simulation, must surely have been very mystifying. As Charles Lamb puts it: "What an odd double confusion it must have made, to see a boy play a woman playing a man! We cannot disentangle the perplexity without some violence to the imagination." Yet the Elizabethan drama presents almost numberless instances of female characters assuming male dress.

It was not until after the Restoration that women came upon the stage. In the patent granted to Sir William Davenant (1660) there was a clause: "Whereas the women's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence; we do permit and give leave for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women." On the 18th August, 1660, Pepys chronicles, "I saw 'The Loyal Subject' at the Cockpit, where one Kynaston, a boy, acted the duke's sister, *Olympia*, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life." On the 20th November, in the same year, he saw "The Beggar's Bush," the play being entirely acted by male performers—but he was at the same play again on the 3rd January, 1661, and then he records that for the first time he saw women come upon the stage.

Of the stage representation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" in the poet's own time, no certain record has come down to us. That for long years the lovely pastoral remained strangely neglected, there can be no question. The stage, almost crushed by the Commonwealth, burst forth into vigorous life again on

the restoration of King Charles. Yet the appetite of the playgoers was not in a very healthy state—had become gross and vitiated. There was a demand for highly seasoned dramatic dishes—for a foreign style of theatrical cookery. The sterling plays of the periods of Elizabeth and James were voted dull and gone by. The taste was for dancing and singing and stage decoration, ranting tragedies with jingling rhymes, and artificial comedies adorned with more wit than decency. If Shakespeare was to be brought on the stage at all, it could only be—so ran the general opinion—by regarding him as so much raw material to be turned and twisted, and made up into something to suit the debased inclinations of the age.

Under these humiliating conditions, several of Shakespeare's plays, much lopped and topped, gradually found their way back to the theatre. Not so "As You Like It," however. It was, doubtless, deemed to be too hopelessly poetical and beautiful—there was nothing to be done with it. No bustling intrigue could easily be grafted on it—it couldn't well be made into a vehicle for absurdity or scurrility. So it was left in peace for a good many years—until 1723 indeed—and then a very ingenious gentleman took the matter in hand.

Ever in the wake of the dramatists—like a shark after a ship—follows the adapter. Years ago the adapter did not go to the French author as he does at present—but he turned to the elder dramatists—disinherited them, as it were, and made ghoul-like feasts upon their graves. He vamped up old plays, and sold them for as good as new to a credulous and uninquiring public. Mr. Charles Johnson was an adapter of this kind. He is registered in biographical books as the author of some score of tragedies, farces, and comedies—all, or nearly all, resuscitations, neatly trimmed and garnished, of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Cowley, and others. He was a portly pleasant gentleman, "famous," says an authority "for writing a play every year, and for being at Button's every day." He had been "bred to the law," had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Wilks the actor, through whose influence his works found their way to the stage; had married a widow with a tolerable fortune, and had thereupon set up a tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, leading a life that was at once comfortable and profitable, commercially speaking. Mr. Charles Johnson laid his heavy hands upon Shakespeare's "As You Like It"—adapted it—and brought it upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre on the 9th January, 1723—impudently re-christening the play, "Love in a Forest."

Mr. Colley Cibber was the *Jaques* of the

play; Theophilus Cibber, *Le Beau*; Mr. Wilks, *Orlando*; Mr. Booth, the banished *Duke*; while *Rosalind* was played by Mrs. Booth, formerly Miss Santlow,—“a beautiful woman,” writes Cibber the Younger, “lovely in her countenance, delicate in her form, a pleasing actress, and a most admirable dancer.” (She was noted, too, for her fine head of hair, which she contrived in dancing to throw about her neck and shoulders in a very picturesque manner.) The characters of *Touchstone*, *Audrey*, *William*, *Corin*, *Phoebe*, and *Sylvius*, are entirely suppressed. Fancy “As You Like It” without *Touchstone* and *Audrey*! There is a little of Mr. Johnson's own writing, and large interpolations from other plays of Shakespeare. The wrestling match between *Charles* and *Orlando* is converted into a formal knightly combat in the lists. *Charles* accuses *Orlando* of treason, and the speeches from “Richard the Second” relative to the quarrel between *Norfolk* and *Bolingbroke* are introduced. In the second act the description of *Jaques* and the wounded stag is taken from the *First Lord*, and given to *Jaques*; a manifest impropriety, which, strange to say, is even now (1865), retained upon the stage—so difficult is it to get quit of the domination of stage tradition,—and though *Touchstone* is omitted, *Jaques* still relates his encounter with a “motley fool” in the forest. In the third act, for the lines which *Celia* should read, the burlesque verses of *Touchstone* are substituted. *Jaques* introduces *Benedick's* speech about women from “Much Ado About Nothing.” *Rosalind* omits the account of “Time's paces;” *Jaques* makes love to *Celia*, and enjoys a soliloquy made up of scraps from *Benedick* and *Touchstone*, with additions by Mr. Johnson. The next act begins with a conversation between *Jaques* and *Rosalind*, in which he reveals his love for *Celia*; then comes the scene between *Orlando* and *Rosalind*, greatly mutilated, and with *Viola's* speech from “Twelfth Night,” “She never told her love,” inserted. *Jaques* and *Celia* are made in some measure to supply the loss of *Sylvius* and *Phoebe*. In the last act we have the burlesque tragedy of “Pyramus and Thisbe,” from the “Midsummer Night's Dream,” and the play concludes with the union of *Orlando* and *Rosalind*, and of *Jaques* and *Celia*, the original epilogue being omitted. This wretched, tessellated arrangement of Shakespeare's “As You Like It” appears to have been performed some half a dozen times. It was then thrown aside for ever.

In 1740, we have to record an improvement in public taste. On the 20th December, in that year, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, “As You Like It”—the poet's text

being adhered to pretty closely. The play-bill of the night was headed, "Not acted forty years." But this was probably a random statement—the original play would seem not to have been played since the Restoration. On this occasion, Mr. Quin was the *Jaques*; Chapman, *Touchstone*; Millward, *Orlando*; Mrs. Clive, *Celia*; Mrs. Egerton, *Audrey*; and Mrs. Pritchard, *Rosalind*. "As You Like It" was performed twenty-five times during the season—quite a long run for those days. During the following season the play was produced at Covent Garden, to which theatre Mrs. Pritchard, the *Rosalind*, had seceded.

In 1747, a very charming *Rosalind* stepped upon the stage of Drury Lane. This was the beautiful Mrs. Woffington, with whom the part remained to the last a great favourite. It was indeed in this character at Covent Garden ten years later, that the poor woman was seized with a sudden faintness, stopped in the middle of the epilogue speech, screamed with pain, and tottered from the stage she was never destined to adorn again. The pain-stricken audience had seen the last of their darling Woffington—their lovely *Rosalind*. In 1747, Mr. Macklin was a somewhat grim, sarcastic, yet humorous *Touchstone*.

The Dramatic Censor (1770), preferred Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Barry to Mrs. Woffington in the part of *Rosalind*; but it is not clear that this was at all a general opinion. Mrs. Pritchard would appear to have abandoned the character after 1741. After that time her manner and figure were probably more adapted for the matronly heroines of high tragedy. Mrs. Dancer (who was afterwards Mrs. Spranger Barry, and after that, Mrs. Crawford), did not appear until October, 1767. Barry had brought her with him from Dublin, and she at once became a great public favourite. Mr. Taylor in his "Records of my Life" (he was known as "Sun" Taylor, from his connection with the newspaper of that name—and "Pun" Taylor, from his confirmed habit of punning), makes flattering mention of Mrs. Barry's *Rosalind*—"It was," he says, "the most perfect representation of the character that I had ever witnessed. It was tender, animated, and playful to the highest degree. She gave the Cuckoo song with admirable humour. Her voice was sometimes harsh, but generally musical; and some of her tones were so tender, that it was impossible to resist them." The lady had her detractors, however. Mr. Hugh Kelly, the stay-maker and author of the comedy "False Delicacy," wrote a poem—"Thespis," a vulgar imitation of Churchill's "Rosciad." He charges Barry with having "thrust his moon-

eyed idiot on the town." Poor Mrs. Dancer happened to be short-sighted*—and her infirmity was thus gracefully alluded to by the satirist.

Passing over subsequent *Rosalinds*—among them Mrs. Bulkeley, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Macklin (the daughter of "Sir Pertinax"), and Miss Younge, afterwards Mrs. Pope,—none of whom made any great impression in the character,—we arrive at Mrs. Siddons, who on the occasion of her benefit in 1785, first appeared in "As You Like It." She was of course a very stately *Rosalind*—but not otherwise a very successful one. One critic wrote of the performance, "Her *Rosalind* wanted neither playfulness nor feminine softness; but it was totally without archness—not because she did not properly conceive it; but how could such a countenance be arch?" It is pretty clear the part did not very well suit her.† Miss Seward writes, "For the first time I saw the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons in comedy, in *Rosalind*; but though her smile is as enchanting as her frown is magnificent, as her tears are irresistible, yet the playful scintillations of colloquial wit, which most strongly mark that character, suit not the dignity of the Siddonian form and countenance. Then her dress was injudicious. The scrupulous prudery of decency produced an ambiguous vestment that seemed neither male nor female." In plain English the actress dressed the part badly and foolishly, and as a consequence drew some ridicule upon herself. Mr. Geneste says with blunt justice: "She had it entirely at her option to act *Rosalind*, or not to act *Rosalind*—but when she determined to act the part, it was her duty to dress it properly." The lady did not cease, however, to be so supulous about the sort of male costume she was to wear. Two years later she is about to play *Imogen*, and she writes to her friend Mr. Hamilton, the painter: "Mrs. Siddons would be extremely obliged to Mr. Hamilton, if he would be so good as to make her a slight sketch for a boy's dress, to conceal the person as much as possible, as she was obliged to give the one he was so

* O'Keeffe, in his "Memoirs," tells a story touching the defective vision of Mrs. Barry. One night at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, she was personating *Calista* in the "Fair Penitent." On the point of stabbing herself, at the conclusion of the tragedy, the lady unfortunately dropped the dagger, and was too short-sighted to see where it had fallen. "The attendant endeavoured to push it towards her with her foot. This failing, she was obliged to pick it up, and very civilly gave it to her mistress to put an end to herself: an awkward effect, as it took from the probability of the scene, yet completed the proper catastrophe."

† John Wilson Croker, in his "Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage," says, with quaint satire:—"I have heard of a lady who wept plentifully throughout the whole of 'As You Like It,' when Mrs. Siddons played *Rosalind*, from an unhappy impression that it was 'Jane Shore.' I am glad to relate the anecdote, that so much good tears should not go for nothing."

good as to make for *Rosalind* to Mrs. O'Neil, when she was last in Ireland. Mrs. Siddons hopes soon to bring the little folks to see their old friend. She expects them all this week. The dress is for *Imogen*—but Mrs. Siddons does not wish to have it known.*

Only once in her career was the great actress destined to see one of her characters wrested from her. But it is evident that a more successful, and doubtless a better *Rosalind* was found in the person of Mrs. Jordan. Certainly, Mrs. Siddons did not venture to repeat her performance of the part after Mrs. Jordan's first appearance as *Rosalind* on her benefit night in April, 1787. She charmed the town at once—she had a jocund laugh that was irresistible, a pretty bright saucy face, the sweetest of voices, and at that time a smart, neat, graceful figure, the charming outline of which she was rather inclined to reveal than conceal. It is possible that there was just a little too much of the hoiden about her personation—she was essentially a comic actress, and had only recently been promoted from what are known as “chambermaid parts;” but if something of the poetry of the character was out of her reach—she revelled in its humour and its high spirits—she was so arch, so gay, so winning, that she quite carried away the house. Even Tom Campbell, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, is moved to declare, that Shakespeare himself, if he had been a living spectator, would have gone behind the scenes to have saluted Mrs. Jordan for her success in *Rosalind*.

The actress was possibly surprised at her own success—full of spirit and self-confidence as she always seemed. Mr. Taylor notes his meeting her in the green-room of Covent Garden one night when she is about to play *Rosalind*. He happens to mention an indifferent actor, who had recently appeared with striking success, and expresses some surprise at the public taste in the matter. “Oh, Mr. Taylor, don't mention public taste,” cries the lady; “for if the public had any taste, how could they bear me in the part which I am to play to-night, and which is far above my habits and pretensions?” By-and-by the actress's admirers urge her on to more ambitious parts. The retirement of Miss Farren was, according to Geneste, an unfortunate circumstance for Mrs. Jordan, as it tempted her to enter upon a line of acting for which she was not duly qualified. She ventures to appear as *Lady Teade*; and next she plays *Imogen*. But this rouses Mrs. Siddons: she has yielded once—she will yield no more. Accordingly she announces “*Cymbeline*” for her benefit. “I believe,” says her biographer

quietly, “that a feeling of rivalry with Mrs. Jordan was not quite unconcerned with her motives for wishing to play the part (of *Imogen*).” Criticism about prudery of costume* now goes down before the excitement occasioned by the greatness of the performance. “By acting *Imogen* only once,” says Campbell, “our great actress put a stop to Mrs. Jordan's competition with her on the graver stage. *Imogen* having to repulse *Cloten*, and to rebuke *Iachimo*, requires not only sweetness, but dignity of demeanour. Of the latter princely quality, the lovely and romping Mrs. Jordan had not a particle.”

Jaques had been played pompously by Quin, gracefully and musically by Spranger Barry; but the actors who acquired the most fame in the character appear to have been Sheridan and Henderson, both renowned for the intelligence and skill of their elocution. Bensley, the admired of Charles Lamb, a formal, rather stiff actor, with a solemn nasal voice, was also accepted by the public as an efficient *Jaques*. To Garrick, Kemble, and Kean the part seems to have offered no attractions—they never attempted it. Mr. Macready was a distinguished *Jaques*—though the contemplative philosophic nature of the part was rather at variance with his ordinary line of character—during a costly revival of the play under his management at Covent Garden. Mr. Kemble had previously taken pains to secure to the play a fitting *mise-en-scene*. In the forest banquet scene, in the second act, the table was supported not by ordinary wooden legs, but by large antlers dexterously arranged. Indeed the passion for applying elaborate stage decorations to Shakespeare's plays began with John Kemble.

Touchstone was a favourite part with Woodward, famous for his eccentric fops and harlequins, at a time when harlequin was more of a legitimate comic character, less of a dancer and a contortionist than at present. Tom King, too, noted in the *Rosciad*, the original *Lord Ogleby* and *Sir Peter Teazle*, distinguished himself as *Touchstone*; and after him came Fawcett and Garrick's pupil, the younger Bannister, who both satisfied the town. More recently the stage recognised in the late Mr. Harley a humorous representative of the character. An excellent delineator of *Touchstone* and other Shakespearian clowns may happily still be found in that thorough comedian, Mr. Compton.

* The costume was certainly rather curious—warranted some little ridicule, if Mr. Boaden's account be correct. He writes (1831):—“It was exactly the strait or frock-coat and trowsers of our modern beaux; and you saw, as you ought in fact to see, the attempt at the opposite sex not quite successful.”

Among *Rosalinds* we have possessed *Rosalinds* of high spirits, and *Rosalinds* of quiet sentiment; *Rosalinds* who have romped through the part, and *Rosalinds* who have been decidedly sombre in their gaiety; *Rosalinds* with the pronounced laughter of the *soubrette*, and *Rosalinds* whose smiles have had about them a strong suspicion of tragedy. The part in truth rests upon neutral ground; worthy of the efforts of the greatest artists, it pertains wholly to neither the tragic nor the comic repertory: and the conventional and artificial distinctions of the players in such matters, it must be understood, are here referred to. Strictly speaking, of course the character is not tragic at all; yet in right of its romance, its subtle sentiment, the feeling and tenderness of which its reading is susceptible, it presents irresistible charms to the actress of tragedy: while its archness, its wit, its mirth, will subject it to the claim of the comedy actress who aspires to a higher range of character than plays of mere rattle and intrigue can furnish.

Modern playgoers may have memories of the late Mrs. Nisbet's *Rosalind*—a following of Mrs. Jordan's treatment of the part, with more refinement: the vivacity less hoidenish, the tone more of high comedy, less of bustling farce. It was very gay and bright and winning, coquettish even to flirting—the rallery so ready and so sharply uttered as to be something vixenish, but for the laugh that accompanied the satire—a very silvery and musical laugh, till time, alas! made it a little shrill, and the actress, unconscious of its deterioration, made it a little wearisome, and the high spirits became a trifle forced and artificial. The performance was highly popular, however, though the poetry of the part was left to take care of itself; its sentiment was subdued, if not quite suppressed; tenderness for *Orlando* was wholly subordinated to the delight of teasing him. It was hardly possible, witness ing her performance, to help admiring the *Rosalind*; but the admiration did not keep: grew less and less, would not bear looking back upon or remembering. You had seen, indeed, not the *Rosalind* of the forest of Arden and of Shakespeare, but a very handsome, consciously clever, ball-room belle, playing the part. You might have exclaimed, concerning her, in *Touchstone's* words about *Audrey*, "Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!"

Among graver and gentler representatives, the *Rosalind* of Miss Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) should be noted; feminine, intellectual, bright, poetic, it well deserved applause. A word of record also should be given here to Mr. Kean's *Jaques*—a conscientious and accomplished performance.

Adequate representatives of the great characters of the drama are rapidly passing from among us; and from present schools of acting, we can hardly look to have their places supplied. For high-class performers there seems to be, in the existing condition of public taste, but a very small demand. Long and general contentment with incompetence is not the best way to promote the growth of ability. Clever actresses we have, and may yet have; but we look vainly among them for a *Rosalind*. According to all appearances, we shall have long so to look. It seems only fair, therefore, to make acknowledgment here, however brief, of the merits of a *Rosalind*, still adorning the stage, who may surely compare advantageously with past *Rosalinds*—who unites to singular physical graces a rare intelligence, whose charming voice is exquisitely modulated and managed—who can be both merry and wise, as *Rosalind* should be—who can be playful and tender too, humorous yet pathetic, arch and yet kind—can rail and love all the while—can wear doublet and hose, and, not forgetting *Rosalind* in *Ganymede*, be womanly still. Among the things to be properly prized by a public making any pretension to cultured taste—that should be seen, while yet it can be seen—is the representation of *Rosalind* by Miss Helen Faucit.

DUTTON COOK.

HELVELLYN.

I.

OVER the heather we rambled,
Edgar and I alone,
Where the cloud-wreathed peak of Helvellyn
Towered on its grand wild throne.

II.

Where the becks with the sunlight spangled
Leapt down the mountain side,
And the air was all blue and bracing,
And I was a happy bride.

III.

A two-days'-bride in her glory,
In the flush of a new-found joy,—
New-found, yet seeming for aye to have been
Betwixt us girl and boy.

IV.

The white flocks dusk in the gloaming
Were quietly pasturing;
And now and anon, through the shades of eve,
We heard the bell-wether's ring.

V.

As slowly we strolled, and turning
Down the winding path to the lake,
Lingered with many a whisper,
Each for the other's sake.

VI.

He stooped, and lo! in the furrow
Of a tiny moss-covered ridge,
In a crevice whose utmost limits
Might scarcely harbour a midge,

VII.

Lay a violet, wee blue stranger,
Peeping timidly forth on the air,—
A sweet and a visible token to man
That young Spring at last was there !

VIII.

And we felt that the early flower
Spoke to us of the Spring of *Life*,
Of the pure and the holy duties
That may be for husband and wife.



I

In the twilight grey of the mountain
We looked in each other's eyes :
Our clasped hands answered each other's
thought,
Though never a word might rise.

X.

Bending, my own love plucked it,
And placed it within my breast ;
And in our hearts was a tender peace,
And in our bosoms was—rest !

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

A FAMILY IN THE EVOLENA DISTRICT. (VAL D'HÉRENS).

It was a wet night, and about nine o'clock, and we were sitting in one of the rooms of the Hôtel du Lion d'Or at Sion. A garçon had been sent to fetch a porter,—they must be rare in that town, judging from the time he was gone,—and we were waiting until he should return, and bring the man with him. At last there was a knock at the door, and the garçon entered.

"Monsieur le guide et monsieur le porteur," he said. And with a very low bow he ushered these two gentlemen into our room.

"Bon soir," from our party.

"Bon soir," replied monsieur le guide, and being attired in a black coat he advanced nearer to the table. But monsieur le porteur, who wore a common blouse, uttered his "bon soir" humbly, and retired nearer to the door.

"You want a guide and two porters to Evolena?"

"No. Two porters and two mules. What would be the use of a guide?"

Monsieur le guide slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked at monsieur le porteur before answering. "Well, listen, sir," he said, and, in order to give greater weight to his arguments, came nearer still to the table. And then began that kind of bargaining so common in Switzerland. He wanted to persuade us—which of course we would not believe—that a guide was necessary as well as the two porters. Failing in this, he came next to money matters.

"Well, perhaps a guide may not be so requisite; but if you take my advice," with a little wave of the hand, "you would certainly have one. About the porters, you will give them——"

He hesitated for a moment, and we, knowing the proper tariff, waited to hear what he would say. Then, seeing that we expected him to speak, he, with the greatest coolness, named a sum very nearly double that appointed by the proper authorities. On this question consequently we were also forced to disagree with him; and finally, after numerous shrugs and grimaces on his side, it was agreed that for forty-eight francs two men and two mules should be at the Hôtel by eight o'clock the next morning to go with us to Evolena. We intended to make that village our first resting place on our visit to the district. Knowing that that part of Switzerland was very little frequented, we had, before leaving England, gathered all the possible information from the various guide-books. But these did not give

us the information we most required. Our party consisted of seven, and being at the same time an odd party for wandering about in unfrequented districts, we wanted an account of the little mountain inns, and of the accommodation we were likely to meet with. This account we hoped during our outward journey to obtain from some one who had visited the district. But here again we were disappointed. We did not meet with a single person who had either visited that part of the country, or who knew anything of it. But now perhaps a word is necessary about the district itself. Situated in the canton of Valais, it lies in the most mountainous part of Switzerland. The Borgne and the Navisanche, flowing through its two principal valleys, carry down to the Rhone part of the drainage from the northern side of the Pennine Alps. The first of these mountain streams is fed by the glaciers of Arolla and Ferpècle. It runs through the Val d'Hérens,—called the Eringer Thal by the Germans,—and falls into the Rhone by Sion, the ancient capital of the Valais. About ten miles from this town, and on the same bank of the Rhone, is Sierre or Siders; and opposite to Sierre is the mouth of the Navisanche, which is the opening of the Val d'Anniviers, or the Einfisch Thal. Still farther along the Rhone, by Turtman, is the entrance of the Turtman Thal. This valley is also in the Evolena district, but is smaller than either the Val d'Hérens or the Val d'Anniviers. And Mr. Ball, in his guide to the Western Alps, mentions two other small valleys: "One at Reschy, about five miles S. W. of Sierre; the other is that formed by the Mühlebach, which crosses the high road of the Simplon about half way between Turtman and Visp." These five valleys, together with the Val d'Hérérence, form the Evolena district; and though they present some of the grandest views in Switzerland, they are very seldom visited.

There was the ordinary number of loungers lolling against the pillars, and smoking under the portico of the Lion d'Or, when we were waiting for the mules in the morning; and these, on seeing our party, ran away to fetch their friends, so that a considerable crowd was collected round us by the time we were ready to start; and with a woman's love for children, all those of the gentler sex clustered round the mule on which Fuff was seated. Doubtless they longed to kiss him, for he was a pretty child of three years old, with light hair and blue eyes. Yet, notwithstanding his age, this was his second visit to Switzerland. In 1863 he crossed the Col de St. Théodule from Zermatt to Breuil, and that too when the snow was thick, and the crevasses hidden. He is, I

believe, the only child who has crossed that pass. Standing by the side of Fuff was his father, W., the prime minister and the chancellor of the exchequer of the party. Owing to a very remarkable hat which this gentleman wore, the bystanders eventually turned their attention from the son to the father, and criticised the latter rather severely. The hat that first attracted their notice was a large Panama straw, bound with black ribbon; it had a high crown, with a huge curly brim; the shape consequently was peculiar, and the colour, owing to a long acquaintance with both sun and wind, was very yellow. The rest of W.'s dress was very much after the fashion of the present day, with the exception of his gaiters. These were of brown holland, and self-made, and have been known on one or two occasions to supply the place of a towel after bathing.

Perhaps, after all, the old Panama straw so lately abused was not the most peculiar hat among our party. Madame certainly wore one as ugly, if not uglier, than her husband's. This was of the mushroom shape, made of brown straw, and adorned by a single piece of brown ribbon. The crown was high, and the brim, though not curly, was very broad. But, out of respect for the lady's feelings, I must add, that this specimen of ugliness was for the mountains only; and also that a large waterproof bag, hanging by the side of Fuff's mule, contained "un petit chapeau tout comme il faut," as the shop-girl said, for swell occasions.

"Ease, not elegance," was the motto we adopted, and certainly, judging from all our boots, we practised what we preached. The largest among the large were those belonging to Fred, W.'s eldest son. And as though his boots were not sufficiently heavy, this fellow always carried, slung across his back, a large "candle-box," painted a bright green outside and a bright red inside, and on the strength of this box he professed to be very learned in ferns.

Wee-Wee, a girl about twelve, who was on the second mule, a French nurse, and W.'s brother, called the Colt, made up the party. For this sobriquet I was indebted to Fred. As to whether this was or was not a respectful way of addressing his uncle I must leave the reader to decide; but before a too hasty judgment is formed, let me add, that the uncle is only twenty and the nephew is eighteen. The name itself was given to me as it was my first visit to Switzerland; the rest, with the exception of the French nurse, having been there two or three times before, represented themselves as regular old stagers at the work.

Our party then consisted of seven, and added

to which were the two men bargained for on the previous night. Monsieur le guide, in his black coat, was at the door to wish us bon voyage and to receive his bonnemain, which by-the-by he did not receive, and at not so doing expressed his disgust pretty plainly. The two mules we had hired were the only two, I believe, for hire in Sion. The first muleteer or guide, or porter (as he likes), was resplendent in a blue coat, bran new; the second muleteer (or whatever he likes) wore a pair of black trousers, shining with all their virgin gloss. Besides taking care of the mules, each of these men carried a moderate-sized carpet-bag; and being at the best of times, I should think, great cripples as regards their powers of walking, these bags were fairly too much for them. Before we reached Vex—a village about ninety minutes from Sion—we met the garçon from the inn at Evolena. He was accompanying a gentleman to the town, and as he intended returning with the mule in the afternoon, he promised to bring on my knapsack if I left it at the little inn at Vex. The road to the village where I was to rid myself of my little impedimenta was very steep, and wound round the slope of the mountain. From one corner the guides pointed out to us a hermitage on the other side of the valley. It was cut out of the solid rock. "The hermit," they said, "was rich, and very hospitable to strangers." But, owing to the bags, that was all they could say, and they had even to stop to say that. And, to our surprise, when we left Vex, where I parted with my knapsack, they also appeared, eased of their burdens.

"Well, but you must understand," said W., "that you agreed to carry those bags from Sion to Evolena, and I don't intend to pay any extra person."

"Of course not, sir," they answered with a grin,—they were both very good-natured,— "we'll settle that. We would much sooner pay him than carry them ourselves." And so it seemed. Although dirt accumulated thickly round the black trousers, and the blue coat became woefully splashed, the bags no longer galled their shoulders, and their spirits rose accordingly. They talked freely to us, and smiled most approvingly at the songs and choruses sang for Fuff's amusement.

We had taken the path on the left bank of the Borgne, and we consequently crossed the entrance of the Val d'Hérémençe. This is also known under the names of Val d'Orsiera, or Val d'Orchéra. The Dixence, the stream that flows through this valley, has its source in the Glacier de Cheillon, and falls into the Borgne by Suen. This Val d'Hérémençe is very seldom visited even by members of the

Alpine Club. There is no inn or any accommodation for travellers, which rendered it impossible for a party like ours to explore the valley. Near to the picturesque bridge that crosses the stream we saw several conical mounds of earth, each capped with a boulder of rock. These the guides pointed out as the Pyramids. We had seen one very similar to them at St. Gervais. It is called there "la Cheminée des Fées," but it is much higher, and the stone much bigger than those in the Val d'Hérens.

There were several little clusters of hamlets scattered along the valley, and in the midst of one of these we ate our luncheon by the village fountain.

"I say," said the Colt, who was sitting on the washing-board put across the trough, "has anything been seen of the five?"

There was a party of that number, we had learned at Martigny, who intended going the same route as ourselves. And, on comparing dates with our informer, we found that they would start on very nearly the same day. For several reasons we were anxious to be ahead of this party. The inns in the district were small, and we were afraid when we reached Evolena of finding our friends, "the five," in possession of all the bed-rooms.

"No party of that number has left Sion lately," said the guide in answer to our question.

"All right then," shouted out W. ; "come on. If they are behind, don't let them overtake us."

So we broke up our encampment, and went steadily along till we reached Evolena.

The village is situated on the right bank of the Borgne, at the foot of a little hill, about sixteen miles from Sion. It seemed to us to be very dirty ; but the inn, which is on the farther side, was much better than we expected. It is a square house, two stories high, with the lower part built of stone. Mine host met us on the threshold, and bowed us into the *salle-à-manger*. He was very civil, but he scarcely looked like a *maître d'hôtel*. He had a habit, whenever he spoke, of raising his arms, like the toys that jerk out their limbs when held up in one hand and the string pulled with the other. As we were a large party and intended staying nearly a week, he took us *en pension* for six francs each a day. The interior of his inn was as clean as the outside promised. It has fourteen bed-rooms, and three of them contain double beds. The stairs and passages up to the first story are of stone ; but, being at that time without any covering, they caused the house to look rather bare, and certainly caused the noise made by

people getting up early in the morning to be the more audible. Of this we afterwards had an undeniable example. The cooking at the inn was not so good. The meat we had was generally very hard, but with that exception, the *Hôtel de la Dent Blanche* is very good for a little mountain inn.

There was staying at the house when we arrived one visitor,—a young French lady. This seemed a peculiar place for an unprotected female to be quartered in by herself, but subsequent information threw a true light upon the subject. There had been high words between her and her uncle, and he, polite gentleman, had gone away, and left her to get home in the best way she could. He was the traveller we met with the *garçon* in the morning, and his niece went after him the next day. She started before we were up, for we intended merely to take a stroll down the *Combe d'Arolla*. This is a name given to a part of Val d'Hérens. By *Haudères*, a little village about an hour above *Evolena*, the valley splits into two. The *Combe d'Arolla* through which the *Borgne* flows from the *Glacier d'Arolla* is the western branch. This is separated from the other valley, through which the stream from the *Ferpècle Glacier* runs, by a lofty range collectively called *Les Grandes Dents*. The best way from the inn to the *Combe* is along the road, which is a very good one, to *Haudères* ; and then the path crosses the *Ferpècle* torrent, and afterwards passes over to the left bank of the *Borgne*. In going we crossed the *Borgne* just above *Evolena*, but we returned the other way and found it shorter. About an hour beyond *Haudères* is the chapel of *St. Barthélemy*, and near here the guide-books mention a very fine waterfall—*Cascade des Ignos*—of nearly 500 feet. This we did not find, as it is some distance from the ordinary path. Turning off to the right at the first hamlet past the chapel, an hour's walking is required to reach the foot of the cascade. In half an hour more the top may be gained. But this information we did not learn till our return to the inn.

The scenery along the *Combe* is very grand. The path at first lies at a great height above the torrent, and then descends to its very bed. Mounting again it leads to the *Châlets*, or *Mayens*, *d'Arolla*, and these we reached in four hours' easy strolling. From the last of the *Châlets* we had a very fine view of *Mont Collon*, and of the *Glacier d'Arolla*. The mountain (12,264 feet) rises abruptly from the glacier, and presents an almost perpendicular wall of snow on the north side. On the south-west side of *Mont Collon* is the *Col de Collon* (10,264 feet),

leading from Evolena to Prarayan. We had started too late to allow of any time for a walk on the glacier, so we stopped at the Châlets, and then strolled back to the inn. On our return we found "the five" in the *salle-à-manger*, but the house fortunately was large enough to accommodate us all.

We made an earlier move the next morning, and leaving Wee-Wee, Fuff, and the nurse at the inn, as we had left them on the previous day, started on an excursion to the Sasseneire, with Jean Folloniere as guide. He was a pleasing looking, stout-built young fellow, entered as a guide in July 1864, but the commissionnaire who wrote his *signalement*, was, I think I may safely say, no physiognomist. The colour of Jean's hair and eyebrows was easily determined. His forehead, "*un peu rond*," might do; but who could distinguish a man from the description of a "*nez ordinaire*," and a "*bouche moyenne*."

For ten minutes after leaving the inn we kept along the road to Haudères, and then turning sharply off to the left, followed some very steep zig-zags for the next half hour. The path then led through a cluster of hamlets, and afterwards up grassy slopes. In two hours we reached a large plateau, on which several huge masses of rock were lying, some heaped together in fantastic shapes, like old ruins; and in an hour and a quarter more we arrived at the top of the Col de Torrent. It was just here, within a hundred yards from the cross, that the Hanoverian gentleman was shot in 1863. Baptiste Pater, a guide from Ayer, a little village in the Val d'Anniviers, was with him. We had Pater ourselves subsequently as guide in an excursion to the Zinal Glacier, and he told us of the murder in nearly these words:

"We were going over the Col to Evolena, and soon after passing the top I saw a heap of stones that I had never noticed before. 'That's strange,' I said; 'I passed here ten days ago, and those stones, I'm positive, were not there then.' And almost before I had finished speaking a shot came from behind the heap, and, passing through the gentleman's body, struck me in the side. The blow knocked me down, but my companion walked on some thirty feet, and then, without a cry or a word, fell to the ground. As I lay there the man fired again, and the ball hitting my arm, broke it in two places. Seeing us both helpless, he came out quickly from behind the heap, and, going to the gentleman's side, rifled his pockets. He then came to me, unbuckled the knapsack, and turned all it contained out on to the path.

"'Here,' said he, 'you can have this,' offering me, with a laugh, some wine he found. I didn't care for it, and I refused it.

"'I shall never drink wine again,' I said.

"'Eh! why not?'"

"'Because I shall die here. But promise me that you will not hide my body. My wife knows where I was going, and when I do not return, she will come and seek for me.'

"'Your wife! have you any little children?'"

"'Yes, I have six.'

"'I don't think you'll die,' he then said; and, stooping over me, he propped me up not unkindly against a stone. 'Bon jour!' and with a forced laugh and a nod he left me lying there. For some time, I expect, I was insensible, but afterwards feeling better I crawled to where the gentleman lay, and I saw immediately that he was dead. I could be of no use to him, so I went back slowly to the cross, and eventually managed to reach the cow châlets in the Val de Torrent. These are, as you know, about an hour from the top of the Col. Here I obtained assistance; the gentleman's body was fetched, and I was carried on a stretcher to my own home. For two months I could not raise my head. The wounds were bad, but the shock to my nerves was worse. And even now I never accept an offer that obliges me to cross the Col de Torrent. I have promised my wife not to do so, and I never do."

Pater was forty-nine when this happened, and consequently it affected him more in both mind and body than it would have a younger man. An English gentleman, whom I afterwards met at Varallo, told me that he saw the murderer, handcuffed, walking between two gendarmes. Both the men were old, and the prisoner, afterwards seizing a favourable opportunity, sprang down a sloping bank; they fired after him, but missed him, and he escaped. He went directly to America, and no steps have been taken for his recapture. His old father and mother, both well known and respected in the valley, Jean said, had died broken hearted. The Hanoverian's tomb is in the Church at Evolena. Fred and I looked for it, but we did not find it.

From the top of the Col de Torrent it took us an hour to reach the summit of the Sasseneire. We started along the ordinary path, but after proceeding about two hundred yards we were forced to return to the Col. Some rocks had fallen, and rendered the track impassable. Jean then proposed that we should go along a steep slope of half-frozen shale, on the west side of the mountain.

"Oh! I can't go along there," cried out M. when she saw it. "I know I can't. You three go with the guide, and I'll wait here till you return."

"To find you frozen to death," answered

W. "We can't leave you here." In this of course he was quite right. We should have been absent nearly two hours, and the cold on the Col was intense. A very keen north wind was blowing, and even the work of the climbing failed to keep us warm.

"Shall we all go back?" asked W.

"It's quite safe, madame," said the guide. So madame was persuaded, and we started along the slope. Jean went first, holding M. by the hand, then came W.; Fred and the Colt followed. It was hard work scrambling along the shale, harder than ordinary, because, being half frozen, it afforded no hold for the feet. The danger consisted in the footing fairly giving way—which it was very likely to do—and in some great stone disturbed by the fall not proving itself the most pleasant companion for a roll down a steep slope of nearly 300 feet. After twenty minutes of this work we joined the proper track, and in four hours and a quarter from the time of our leaving Evolena we reached the summit of the Sasseneire (10,690 feet). The clouds had risen thickly since we started, and we only saw sufficient to convince us that the view must be very grand on a fine day. We waited some time in hopes that it might clear, but it grew worse and worse. A few flakes of snow came floating down—the forerunners of a storm—and these, together with the cold, drove us away. On our way inn-ward we stopped for a few minutes on the large plateau, where the rocks lay. By one of these there was a cow ch^âlet, and the guide brought from thence a pail of milk and three spoons. He held the pail, which was common to the community, and by dipping the spoons into this, we drank the milk.

The descent we found when we reached the inn took us three hours. The Sasseneire is mentioned in Mr. Bull's guide as requiring a stiff climb. This, we certainly found from the Col de Torrent, to the summit of the mountain, but there is a mule path from Evolena to the top of the Col.

It was not particularly fine the next day, so Wee-Wee joined our party, and we went for a stroll up the valley to the Ferp^êcle Glacier. This branch of the Val d'H^érens is not so grand as its neighbour, the Combe d'Arolla. The scenery is not so wild, and the glacier is not visible till within half an hour's walking from its foot. Here, nearly surrounded by moraine, is the Bricolla Alp; and up part of this we found a path. We then reached a small plateau where there was a ch^âlet, with a ledge of rock about twenty feet high rising perpendicularly behind it.

"Excelsior!" cried Fred, "we must get

up that." But the rock being remarkably like the side of a house, it was suggested that as Fred seemed so anxious he had better go first. At last we found that on one side the ground sloped up under an over-hanging rock, and that at the top there was a hole sufficiently large to admit of a man's body crawling through it. By this, we, who were not encumbered with crinoline, mounted on to the ledge, but M. objected on the part of Wee-Wee and herself to squeeze through this hole.

"Then we must pull you up here," said W. And making them catch hold of the alpenstocks, we pulled them up the rocks in a place where they were not so steep. But on leaving the Alp they were forced to return by the hole. Fred stood at the top and pushed them through, like, as he said, bulky newspapers into a letter-box; and W., standing half-way on the slope, stopped them as they came sliding helplessly down. The walk home that day was by no means pleasant. Snow and rain obtrusively forced themselves into our company, and did not prove the most agreeable companions. Our other friends too, "the five," had left for St. Lux in the morning, but in lieu of them a German princess came with her attendant and courier in the evening. And a most royal row did Her Serene Highness make from four till seven o'clock the next morning, whilst preparing for her departure. It was Sunday, and we, in the afternoon, walked to the outlet of a glacier. This was a slit in the rock, through which ice was visible, though the glacier was nearly two miles distant.

Fortunately the weather, which had been cloudy for the last two or three days, was very bright and fine on the Monday, and we started for the Pic d'Arzinoz without a guide. We crossed the Borgne just below Evolena, and, keeping the mule-path, wound up very easy zigzags for nearly two hours. This brought us to a little white ch^âlet, which mine host had told us particularly to notice, as it made a capital land-mark if we missed the path. But this ch^âlet was not visible for the first ninety minutes of the climb. After passing this land-mark they still kept to the mule-path, and gained the top of the Col in another hour; but the Colt leaving them went another way, which, though much steeper, brought him to the top in about thirty minutes. And from the spot where we again met to the Pic took us an hour, but this was owing to our having no guide. We found when we reached the top that we had wandered round a semi-circle. We had kept along the edge of the ridge instead of leaving it considerably on our right. In fact, when the proper path lay

along the cord of the arc, we had gone round the arc itself. The summit of the Pic was all covered with snow, dotted here and there with those pretty Alpine flowers, the blue gentians. These thorough lovers of mountain air only grow in places that are above 5000 feet in height. Several large boulders of rock from which the sun had melted the snow formed capital seats, and here we sat and enjoyed the view. The whole chain of Mont Blanc was visible; then came in succession the summits of the Pennine Alps, till the eye rested on the inaccessible peak of the Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin; and nearer still, and only 400 feet lower, rose the sharp point of the Dent Blanche, and by it was its wondrous neighbour, the Weisshorn. To the north was the range of the Bernese Oberland; but on these, seeing as we did the south side, there was little snow. Mrs. Freshfield, the author of "Alpine By-ways," recommends this excursion to the Pic d'Arzinol, in the guide-book at Evolena. It is an easy climb. There is a mule-path within half an hour from the top, and the view certainly is very grand.

On our way home W. and Fred went along the path, but M. and the Colt, thinking it shorter, took to the grass slopes. At last we came to a place where two rather broadish rivulets ran parallel to each other, the dividing line being a narrow strip of turf, sloping down on both sides.

"How am I to get over these?" asked M., standing on the brink of the first rivulet.

"Easily enough," answered the Colt, and he jumped on to the narrow belt of turf, and held out his hand. "Now, one, two, three,—jump well."

M. gave a better spring than the Colt expected, and he, pulling pretty hard at the same time, she, anxious to escape Scylla, fell into Charybdis. She cleared rivulet number one easily, but over-shooting the narrow strip of turf, slipped down into rivulet number two in such a manner that it would have been much better if she had waded through both. After a good laugh at her misfortune we joined the others, and ultimately reached the inn, the descent having taken us three hours.

There are several other comparatively easy excursions to be made at Evolena. The tariff for an excursion to the Couronne de Bréona is five francs; for the Trois Dents de Visivi is seven francs; for the Aiguille de la Za is six francs, and for the Sasseneire is six francs. So, judging from this, each of these excursions must be much about the same. The high passes to Prarayen or Zermatt are, according to report, very fine. But of this we had no

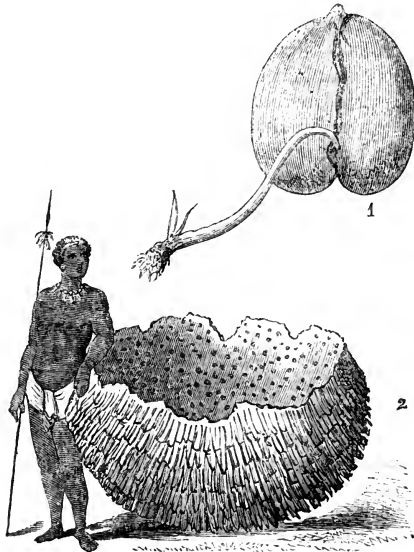
opportunity of judging; steep ice slopes were too dangerous playgrounds for some of our party. Besides we had stayed our time at Evolena. The next morning, accompanied once more by two men and two mules, we crossed the Col de Torrent for St. Lux in the Val d'Anniviers. A. V. H.

THE LAST NEW THING IN THE PLANT WORLD.

In the plant-world, as in other branches of science, new discoveries are from time to time taking place, though not so frequent, or startling on our own soil, as on that of foreign climes. With us almost every inch of ground has undergone the scrutiny of some keen observing naturalist; and though comparatively little of the globe's surface at the present day remains unexplored, there is still plenty of room for further operations in this respect; and even in many parts where the feet of Europeans have trod, the productions of the country have frequently been overlooked, especially when those productions are useless in supplying the wants and necessities of the travellers, and consequently interesting alone in a scientific point of view. This is particularly the case with a plant of which we would now say a few words.

In the Indian Ocean, to the north-east of Madagascar, between 4° 15' and 4° 21' S. latitude, and 55° 49' E. longitude, lie three small and rocky islands, named respectively Praslin, Curieuse, and l'Île Ronde. These islands form the Seychelles group, and were discovered in 1743. Upon Praslin and Curieuse grows a lofty palm, attaining a height of from 70 to 90, or even 100 feet, crowded at the summit with a graceful spray of fanlike leaves of 10 or 12 feet wide, and, including the petiole or leaf-stalk, 20 feet long. They are of a palmate form; that is, they are divided into lobes from the edge nearly to the middle of the leaf. So strong and flexible is the leaf-stalk, that a man may sit upon its extremity, and sway up and down as if upon a bar of well-tempered steel. This must be a perilous feat, and a writer who had been in the islands says he never knew but one man who would perform this bit of Blondinism, but who nevertheless always escaped without accident. So far at least our readers will think there is nothing peculiarly striking in this from any of the other palms, which mostly have long slender trunks, and sometimes fan-shaped leaves, but even in these respects the Coco de Mer is distinct from its allies. The general appearance of the leaves is unlike that of any other of the family, and the flexibility

of the trunk is only exceeded by that of its petiole, as in storms and high winds the trees bend, and clash violently together, producing a noise like thunder, and tearing the leaves into ribbons. But mark further the geographical limit of our palm: in no other part of the world is it found, but in those two small islands. It is the double cocoa-nut of the English, the Coco de Mer of the French, and the *Lodoicea Seychellarum*, Lab. of botanists. The English name of double cocoa-nut is obtained from the similitude of the fruit to two cocoa-nuts united laterally, though they sometimes occur in a triple, and even quadruple form. These fruits are about the size of three ordinary cocoa-nuts, including the husk, and weigh some 40 or 50 lb.;



1. Germinating Fruit of Double Cocoa-nut; 2. Bowl-like portion of root. Drawn from the specimen in the Museum, Kew.

consequently a passage beneath the trees is rather a dangerous journey, except in the calmest of weather. It must be understood that the palm is not a true cocoa-nut (*Cocos nucifera*); it is indeed the only species of the genus *Lodoicea*.

Palms are proverbially a poetical family of plants, for many a lay has been sung in their praise; but this one, the subject of our present paper is, to say the least, an eccentric and romantic member. We cannot trace its history by hundreds of years, or say that it is lost in the depths of antiquity; true it is, that before the discovery of the Seychelles, the nuts were found floating in the Indian Ocean, and were sometimes washed ashore on the Maldive Islands, and extraordinary stories prevailed as to their origin. It was confidently

asserted by most eminent travellers of that age that they were not an earthly production. Dr. Seemann, in his "Popular History of Palms," gives the following strange stories connected with it: "The Malay and Chinese sailors used to affirm, that it was borne upon a tree deep under water, which was similar to a cocoa-nut tree, and was visible in placid bays upon the coast of Sumatra, &c., but that if they sought to dive after the tree, it instantly disappeared. The negro priests declared it grew near the island of Java, where its leaves and branches rose above the water, and in which a monstrous bird or griffin had its habitation,



Double Cocoa-nut Tree.

whence it used to sally forth nightly, and, with its beak, tear to pieces elephants, tigers, and rhinoceroses, the flesh of which it carried to its nest; furthermore, they avouched that ships were attracted by the waves which surrounded this tree, and there retained, the mariners falling a prey to this savage bird, so that the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago always carefully avoided that spot." We also read that every nut discovered in the Maldives immediately became the property of the king, who frequently offered them "as the most precious of regal gifts;" and it is said that those nuts measuring 12 inches in diameter sold at once for "150

golden crowns." These fruits were also very highly valued as a medicine in all diseases to which flesh was then heir to.

At the present time, now that we know a little more of the Seychelle Islands and likewise of their palm, the fruit is still found to be valuable to the natives in many ways, but is of no value with us except as a curiosity in our museums. But the greatest curiosity connected with this palm is the peculiarity of its root, which is shown in the engraving. Some short time since a communication from the English commissioner in the islands, relating to these trees, was read before the Linnæan Society of London. One of the most startling facts mentioned was this extraordinary growth. It would seem that the trunk is actually seated in a naturally formed bowl. To understand this anomaly more clearly we must refer our readers to the engraving, and at the same time briefly trace its formation from the time of germination. The pericarp, or outer covering of the seed or nut, is of a hard, horny consistence, similar to the shell of the common cocoa-nut. From the middle of this nut, between the two lobes, the embryo protrudes through a small hole in the shell, corresponding with one of the three holes which every one has noticed in the true cocoa-nut shell. A long cotyledonary process is then given off, gradually increasing in thickness towards the end, where an enlarged mass forms, composed apparently of fibre and cellular tissue; from this the radicle, or young root, starts downwards, while the bud, or future stem, bursts upwards. It is this mass, from the interior of which the young bud bursts, that eventually forms the bowl, or cup-like process, in which the root is seated. From its fibrous nature, it gradually changes, by slow growth and length of years, into a hard, horny substance, of a somewhat similar nature to the shell, developing itself either into a perfectly hemispherical, or pure bell shape, and perforated with holes, which give the inside the appearance of a huge cullender, while on the outside these holes are continued by tubes bristling out in a downward direction, through which the rootlets pass into the ground. It is certain that this cup, or bowl, must go on growing for some considerable time at the same ratio as the trunk it contains, when we look to their great size, frequently two to three feet across, and nearly the same in depth, but whether it ceases any vital connection with the trunk at any period during the life of the tree is a question at present unsolved. A fine specimen of this curious vegetable eccentricity, lately received from the Seychelle Islands, is now added to the rich collections in the

Museum of Kew. From an examination of this, the only specimen in England, it would seem that the soft tissue of the trunk has remained attached only to the bottom of this bowl, while the rootlets have been given off all round; and, passing through the tubes, have firmly fixed themselves into the earth outside. Such is one of the peculiarities of the double cocoa-nut, which, before the arrival of the specimen alluded to, was quite unknown in the scientific world, except by what could be gathered from the unsatisfactory notes of travellers.

It is much to be regretted that greater care has not been taken to promote the cultivation of this palm in its native habitat. The trunk, owing to its smoothness, offers greater obstacles in the way of climbing than many palms; and so, to obtain the fruits, numbers of the female trees have been wantonly cut down, so that in many localities none but male plants exist. From the frequency of forest fires, also, many noble trees have been destroyed; and, from recent information, it would seem that not a single plant at present exists on P'île Ronde, where they formerly grew abundantly. These facts becoming known to the Linnæan Society of London, a memorial was forwarded by that body to the Governor of the Mauritius, under whose supervision these islands are, praying that some stringent measures might be taken for the preservation of this most peculiarly interesting and useful palm. This memorial brought a prompt reply, to the effect that at one part of the Island of Praslin a large number of trees still exist, from the youngest state to 120 feet high. This island, Sir H. Barkly states, is nearly all private property, and therefore beyond the control of the Crown; but in Curieuse directions have been given to keep up the supply, by planting all the germinating nuts that can be found.

The tree itself is a most valuable one to the natives of the Seychelles group. The nut in its immature state is eatable, and is known in the islands as "Coco tendre." The large hard shells, when fully ripe, are put to a multitude of uses, as bowls, measures for grain, drinking vessels, &c., and they are much prized for these purposes, both in the islands as well as in the East Indies, where the natives frequently spend much time and taste in carving the surface, the working of which must be somewhat difficult, owing to its extreme hardness and brittleness. The finest specimen of this kind of carving the writer ever saw is in the collection at Kew. It was sawed by a native for the Governor of Bombay. Some lines from the Koran in Arabic form a belt round it, and the rest is literally covered with

an ornamentation displaying great taste and artistic merit. Frequently they are simply smoothed, polished, and mounted with silver. The young, unexpanded leaves, forming what might be called the "heart" at the crown of the trunk, are eaten as food, both in their fresh state, and pickled with vinegar. The down with which the young leaves of this and many other palms are covered makes an admirable material for stuffing pillows, mattresses, &c. ; but it is from the leaves themselves that some of the most beautiful productions of these islands are manufactured, namely, the hats, baskets, fans, &c., for which the resident French ladies are celebrated. For this purpose the leaves have to be taken while young, before they have expanded: at this age they are naturally doubled and folded very compactly together. The lamina or blade of these leaves is of a pale straw colour, and of an ivory smoothness. To split them for plating a very simple machine is used. It is composed of a piece of hard wood, with a small and sharp knife set in it, and a raised ledge placed at the required distance from it to guide the strips of an uniform width. Some of the hats, baskets, fans, and artificial flowers made from these leaves have the most beautiful and delicate appearance imaginable. The nerves of the leaflets are also capable of being split into very fine hairs, and in this state are frequently introduced with good effect into bouquets. Owing to the limited range of this palm, these manufactures are rarely seen in this country. Were its growth more widely diffused, there is no doubt the leaves would become a large article of import for bonnet making; indeed, a recent writer upon the subject says: "A large bonnet-maker in England, who cleaned some for a lady from Seychelles, was particularly struck with the excellence of the material of which they were made, and said he could ensure a ready sale for any quantity of it."

Many attempts have been made to grow the *Coco de Mer* in our own palm stoves, but all have proved unsuccessful. The greatest success, perhaps, has been attained at Kew, where several nuts have germinated and promised well, but eventually withered and died. So recently as 1854 as much as 10% was given at public sales in London for a germinating nut.

A SUMMER DAY AT DORNEY AND BURNHAM.

A HALF-HOUR'S walk from Eton, up the river to Boveney, will bring the tourist along a pleasant English lane on to a broad open common, which at almost every season of the

year is thickly studded with cows, sheep, and horses. Behind him the towers of Windsor Castle rise proudly into the air; the Thames on his left "wanders along his silver-winding way. Before him he will behold a mass of deep-green foliage, and a cluster of most umbrageous elms, such as perhaps is not to be matched elsewhere in England. That grove of elms surrounds Dorney Court, a picturesque and peaceful country mansion, mainly built of timber,—such a house as one would scarcely expect to find within little more than twenty miles of the metropolis; for so perfect is its seclusion, that it is not visible from any point outside the park-gates of the domain. A little further, on the road to Taplow and Maidenhead, the traveller comes upon Burnham Abbey, or rather all that remains of it, for the refectory and chapel of the old monks have long since been levelled with the dust, and a dovecot and a portion of the outer walls of the convent garden alone remain. When we last visited the spot, a troop of merry children were making the welkin ring again with sounds which, three or four centuries ago, would have struck alarm into the heart of Brother Austin or Father Francis, and caused them to call for holy water, and for bell, book, and candle to anathematize the impious intruders. But we must not grow too anti-quarian, and allow ourselves to be tempted in the glories of the past to forget the present, although it is necessary to say a few words about Dorney and its lords.

The Palmers, who have held Dorney to the present time from before the middle of the seventeenth century, obtained this property by marriage of their ancestor, Sir James Palmer, with the heiress of the Garrards; and since 1660 they have occasionally represented the borough of Windsor in Parliament, and have discharged the duties of high-sheriffs, deputy-lieutenants, and magistrates for the county of their adoption. Their former estates were at Angmering and Parham in Sussex, and Wingham in Kent, whence they took the title under which James I. raised them for military services to a baronetcy, which, however, became extinct some thirty years ago. They are a branch of the ancient and knightly family of Palmer, whose name carries us back to the days of the earliest Crusades, and which has ever held a high and proud position in this land, both socially and heraldically. They suffered severely in the cause of Charles I., the then head of the family having maintained a troop of horse on behalf of that unfortunate monarch at his own cost for several years. This forced outlay it probably was that compelled them to dismantle two-thirds of Dorney Court, and to reduce it to the size of an ordinary gentleman's

seat. As we have already stated, the great house, as it is still called, formerly consisted of three courts or quadrangles, opening into each other, and must have covered—if we may judge from pictures still in possession of the family—some four or five acres of ground. Timber was largely used in its construction; and some of the old beams, dating from long before the Reformation, may still be seen, more especially on the north side of the house, where the visitor will notice, carved in black oak, a sort of canopy, under which a soldier in other days stood sentry no doubt, keeping watch and ward, day and night, against marauders from Burnham and Dorney.

daughter and heiress of the first Viscount Grandison. The paintings consist of works by the first artists,—Correggio, Canaletti, Rembrandt, Sir Peter Lely, &c. Portraits of the head of the Palmer family of each generation are preserved since the reign of Richard III.

There is a tradition that the family jewellery, &c., was hidden during the “troublesome times.” Whilst some papers taken from an old secretary, some seventy or eighty years ago, were being burned by the then Lord of Dorney, he was surprised by seeing characters appear on what seemed a blank piece of paper, but which it was too late to save; thus much, however, was perused before its destruction:—“There is great treasure buried in or at Cabb’s Foot——” The house also has its “ghost story;” but want of space prevents our recording the same in our columns at present.

Few tourists who have seen Eton and Windsor, have failed to pay a visit to the Burnham Beeches. We can only say, that if they omit to do so they lose one of the most pleasant scenes of English woodland beauty. Here the beech tree stretches out its boughs in a right royal and lordly way, seeming to vie, as it were, with the classic oaks of Windsor Forest on the opposite slopes of the valley of the Thames, and the woods that crown St. Leonard’s Hill. Here, especially on a hot summer day, the unlettered visitor can learn what Virgil meant when he described Tityrus as

Patula recubans sub tegmine fagi,

and he must be dull indeed to the charms of English sylvan scenery if he can go away without admiring the noble woods which gave its name to Buckinghamshire.

These beeches are consecrated to the Muses. Let the careless and thoughtless reveller keep silence, and take his shoes from off his feet, for the place all around is classic ground. Gray, who lived only a mile or two off, at Stoke-Pogis, used to read the Roman poets under the shade of the Burnham Beeches, as he tells us in his letters. Writing to Horace Walpole, in Sept. 1737, he says:—“I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own; at least as good as so, for I spy no living thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most



Dorney Court and Church.

The old house contains a handsome dining-hall, in the ancient Gothic style, and full of paintings and other valuable heirlooms. Among them are several fine portraits, and also an illuminated pedigree on vellum in a volume, containing the alliances of all the different branches of the family, with the Palmer arms quartered with those of the different heiresses and co-heiresses, all heraldically emblazoned, from the time of Edward I., authenticated by Sir Wm. Legar, Garter-King-at-Arms. It is said to be one of only four similar pedigrees now known to exist in the United Kingdom. It was compiled and dedicated to Lady Anne Palmer, only child of Roger Palmer (M.P. for Windsor, 1660, after created Earl of Castlemaine), who was the only son of Sir James Palmer, of Dorney, by his second wife, daughter of Sir William Herbert, Earl of Powis; by his wife, who was Barbara Villiers,

venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds :

'And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate ;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.'

"At the foot of one of these I sit, (*il penseroso*) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve ; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there."

For much of the following curious information respecting Burnham, we are indebted to a pamphlet privately printed by Mrs. Grote in the year 1858.

The hamlet, or rather liberty, of East Burnham, was mainly the property of a family the last male member of which died about 1810. Down to a recent period, few visitors ever wandered into this rural and retired place, unless it were a sportsman in pursuit of game. The old forest, now known to cockney and other visitors as Burnham Beeches, composed chiefly of aged trees, with hollow trunks and gnarled roots, forms a part of the manor of Allards (otherwise East Burnham), in which the scattered hamlet is situated, and a wild open heath, called East Burnham Common, adjoins it.

"Very few persons," as Mrs. Grote remarks, "seem to have known anything of this picturesque tract, although the poet Gray speaks of it in his letters. Indeed, Gray used often to ramble up into this forest from his home at Stoke-Pogis, and compose poetry in its glades ; and some of the most exquisite lines in his *Elegy* may fairly be taken as descriptive of the scenery of this spot."

The road between Windsor and Beaconsfield passes at some little distance from the Forest, and but few visitors penetrated its recesses until after the year 1840, when the railway brought it into greater proximity to the world ; and thenceforth Burnham Beeches, from a sylvan solitude, gradually became the favourite resort of summer pleasure-parties from the surrounding districts, and of artists with their sketch-books in their hands. Tourists and book-makers soon followed in their wake, and the place gradually became one of the "Lions" of the vicinity of Windsor.

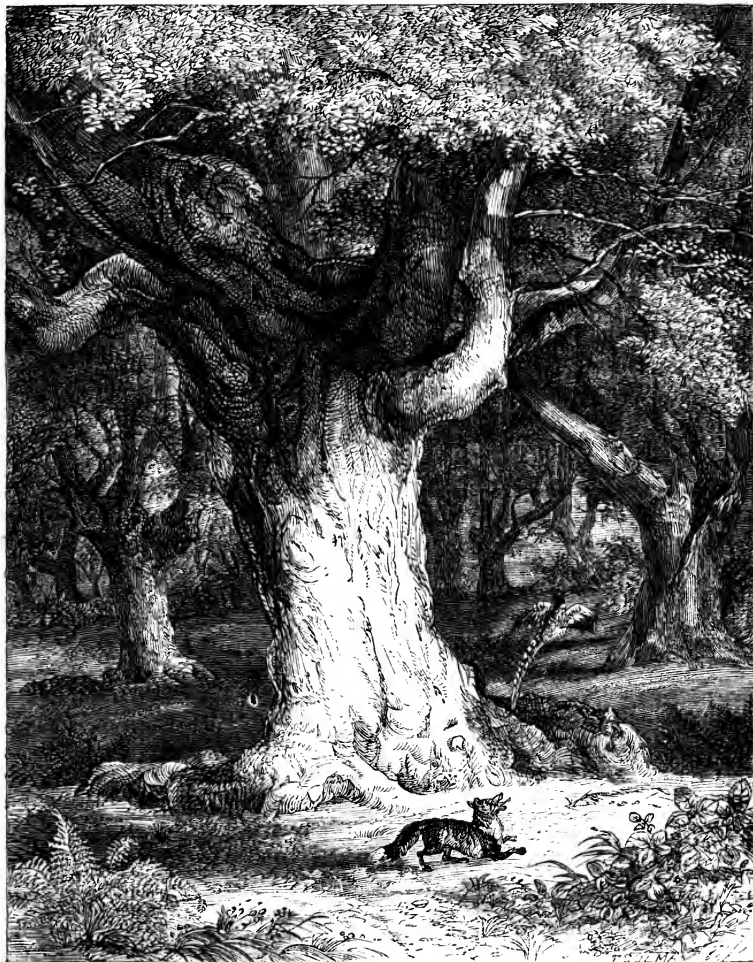
If the Londoner had nothing else to see in the neighbourhood, it would be well worth his while to come hither for the sake of spending a few hours this bright spring day beneath these spreading beeches. He would scarcely

believe, until he saw it with his own eyes, that such a wild spot could be found within an hour of the smoke of London. It really is still all that Gray described it a century and a-quarter ago. While everything around has been or is being enclosed and "improved," it remains intact in its loveliness, and scarcely an encroachment has been made upon it. The hills, as Gray observes, do not pierce the sky ; but the Burnham Beeches will bear comparison with the most famous of the lords of the English forest. When Gray wrote, they were already hoary with age ; and since that time a century has passed away, enlarging their girth, and scoring their bark, and gnarling their roots, and covering their trunks with gray lichens, and otherwise adding to their venerable character.

Indeed, those who have travelled over a very large portion of the length and breadth of England own that it is a difficult task to find the equals, much more the superiors, of the beeches of Burnham. Mr. Charles Knight, in his interesting work on "The Land we Live In," thus describes them :—"In Windsor Forest there are some that are, if not of larger bole, of more magnificent proportions ; and so there are in many of our parks—but there they mostly stand apart and throw out their arms freely in an open area. The New Forest has beeches of noble size, and, growing in a soil well adapted for them, they form pictures that dwell in the memory as the ideals of the scenery of beechen woods. No one will readily forget them who has wandered among those gloomy avenues just at the hour when the last streak of sunset is hanging on the horizon, and the heavy masses of foliage overhead are deepening into a solemnity of shadow that is felt to be sublime ; or when the full moon is working its magic among their interwoven tracery. Sherwood Forest, too, boasts of its beeches, though sadly thinned. But there is a character about the Burnham beeches that is distinct from all of these. They are not lofty, for they appear to have been headed down at some time or other ; but they are of enormous size, and the pruning of the heads seems to have thrown a superfluous amount of vigour into the trunks. Nowhere else do the trunks of beeches, as a rule, burst into such strange forms, or so 'wreath their old fantastic roots on high'—though they everywhere do so to some extent. Every second beech trunk here is a study for a painter. The long knotted roots, and the base of the huge twisted and contorted trunks, are covered with vivid dark green and brown mosses, which again are contrasted with bright white lichens. And then what splendid bits of forest scenery do

they make in combination!—Now you are shut in on every side by these gray old sylvan giants, and the sky is barred out by the thick foliage overhead; anon there opens a glade of living verdure which the rugged boles and interlacing branches enclose as in a wild frame; and then you see a quiet scrap of irregular avenue along which a narrow beaten path winds deviously, or a rough and deep-rutted

cart-track with a sturdy peasant strolling idly down it. You might loiter away hours, about the perplexing labyrinth of paths, admiring one and another of those varying scenes, noting how some magnificent old bole stands grandly out from the light sky; or like Gray 'grow to the trunk for a whole morning, watching the timorous hare and sportive squirrel,' and listening to the harmony of the feathered



Burnham Beeches.

minstrels, or make acquaintance with the old keeper of the forest,—a good-natured, chatty sort of person, who will be found very willing to tell all he knows, and a good deal more, about the wood and its traditions."

The ancient tradition of the neighbourhood has it that the beeches were all pollarded by the Parliamentary army, who were encamped here during the civil wars of Charles I., and who used the timber for making gun-stocks.

But some people doubt whether the trees were ever really pollarded at all, and certainly they do not look at first sight as if they had ever been subjected to such a process, so tall, and round, and shapely are their forms.

Down to the middle of the last century, the Eyres, who were owners of East Burnham, lived at Huntercombe, an old mansion adjoining the site of Burnham Abbey. But the property passed by bequest or marriage through

the Popples to the wife of the late Mr. Robert Gordon, many years M.P. for Windsor, Chippenham, &c., and Secretary of the Treasury, who in 1812 sold his wife's reversion to the late Lord Grenville for between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. The transaction, however, was not very advantageous to the purchaser, for his lordship, though he had long owned the adjoining estate of Dropmore, came into actual possession of this property only a few years before his own decease, viz., in 1830.

"The dominant idea of Lord Grenville's whole life," says Mrs. Grote, in the book already quoted, "was to secure political influence for the family of which he was a member. The Marquis of Buckingham, the head of that family, may be said to have dreamed of little else: his mind was vastly inferior to those of Lord Grenville and the third brother, Thomas Grenville, and his claims to political office and power arose almost entirely from the extent of his territorial possessions, together with the pressure which he could exercise at elections over the tenantry of his lands, over the residents in his boroughs. Accordingly, the aim of Lord Grenville for many long years, was to lay hold on every estate in the south of the county of Bucks which came into the market, with the view of strengthening the Grenville interest in the elections, especially of the two members for the county. By the aid of Lady Grenville's large inheritance (which unexpectedly fell to her by the death of Lord Camelford), and his own emoluments as one of the auditors of the Exchequer, Lord Grenville managed to add very largely to his landed possessions, and doubtless to his political influence. Still, from the important acquisition of the East Burnham and Huntercombe property much less advantage resulted, either as an investment or as a means of multiplying dependent voters, than his lordship had expected when effecting the bargain in 1812. Not only were the buildings on the farm found to be quite decayed, and the labourers' cottages half in ruins, on the Sayer estate; but the Reform Bill swept away, two years after Lord Grenville came into the enjoyment of the estate, a large portion of the advantage to be derived from the voters living upon it. However, the distinguished statesman himself closed his mortal career almost at the same period, leaving to his widow the charge of setting to rights all the dilapidations consequent upon five-and-forty years' neglect and apathy on the part of the two aged predecessors, Captain Sayer and Captain Pople."

On the estate at East Burnham there is still standing a cottage for many years occupied by the late Captain Sayer, and where he kept

a pack of harriers. This cottage is classic ground, for even to this day the neighbours well remember how that Richard Brinsley Sheridan brought down thither his charming young bride, Miss Linley, on returning to England from Flanders after his stolen marriage; and here, therefore, we may imagine, without the risk of being too hasty in our inferences, that he spent the greater part of his honeymoon. Our readers will possibly remember that in Tom Moore's "Life of Sheridan," there are several letters printed which are dated from Burnham Cottage.

Very pleasant indeed are such scenes as these to the eye of

. . . one who, long in populous cities pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issues on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms adjoin'd.

But the day is beginning to close, and time reminds us that we must return to the

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Our path lies through pleasant shady lanes, with tall green hedges on either side, and sandy and gravelly soil, which form such pleasant pictures in English woodland scenery. The walk is beautiful, even in this early spring day, when the trees are budding forth with every delicate hue and shade of green, and the sunlight works a flickering pattern over every foot of pathway; but the walk must be even more charming in the autumn, when the beech leaves are changing their green garb for the brilliant yellow and red array which becomes that tree so well.

We pass through the street of Burnham, once a market town of importance, and, if local tradition be correct, a royal residence, but now little more than a straggling village. The church, however, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, mainly of the fourteenth century. The nave has lately been handsomely restored, and it is to be hoped that the chancel and tower will soon meet with similar good fortune. Some of the windows are particularly fine specimens of their kind; and the ancient carvings with which the late Lady Grenville adorned the sides of her family seat in the north transept will delight both the antiquary and the ecclesiastical architect.

Mr. C. Knight reminds us that the learned Jacob Bryant spent the last days of his life at Cippenham, in this parish, where he died, when verging on ninety, from an accident with which he met whilst reaching down a book from an upper shelf in his library—a death, which, as has been well and wittily remarked, was for a literary man to expire on the field of honour, if not on the field of battle.

E. WALFORD.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER IX. HEYDAY AND HUMBLING.

AFTER revolution, and war, and rebellion, extending, with but short intervals, for the life of a generation, London, if not all England, was in the gayest mood conceivable, imagining that political troubles were over at last, and that there was now nothing to check the most rapid growth of prosperity ever witnessed in any state. The warlike King of Sweden was dead: and the Queen had besought the protection of England against the Czar. Thus there was no longer any fear of invasion from that quarter. There were no signs of Jacobite risings; and so little was said of the Pretender, that it really seemed as if he was forgotten. His known partisans were as eager as other people about the speculations of the time; and Lord Sunderland confidentially remarked to his colleagues in the Ministry, that the opponents of the South Sea scheme could be no statesmen if they did not perceive the advantage of such public objects,—that of so interesting and amusing the country as to put political plotting out of everybody's head. If it was all-important to gain a sufficient breathing time for the new family to establish itself in the sovereignty, it was patriotic to encourage such an enterprise as the one which was now so remarkably increasing the wealth of the country. Therefore it was that he had laboured to have the King made, by Act of Parliament, Governor of the Company; and that he had willingly countenanced those members of the Government and their friends who had become Directors.

There were persons, all the while, of a suspicious habit of mind, who hinted that the Jacobites were using the opportunity of making money on behalf of the next attempt of the Pretender; but they were laughed at for fancying that the Hanoverians were not growing rich faster than anybody else. The Prince pretended to be Governor of a Welsh Copper Company, without sanction of Parliament; the Duchess of Kendal, as pious as ever, was showing how to serve God and Mammon at once; the Countess of Platen had made a fortune in the very sunshine of the King's favour; and there was hardly a German about the Court who had not clutched more English money, as a precaution against a reverse, than the Jacobites could possibly have obtained in order to bring about such a reverse.

The amounts obtained by these Germans

were talked of as a public scandal; so that even Mr. Craggs, the most devoted of courtiers, was uneasy at his son's facility in helping the King's favourites to large slices of the great pudding. When he could make no impression in any other way, he brought about an interview between his son and Goody Gillow. In the confidence generated by their deep but shame-faced superstition about this old kind of witchcraft, father and son had talked over the interview at Blenheim; and now, neither was unwilling to try the experiment again. Young Mr. Craggs had not gone to her since she came to London; and when he now did go, it was disguised as a sailor, home from a long voyage. This was done ostensibly for a joke, and to show off to his companions adjourned from the dinner-table his powers as a mimic; but he was not sorry to have the opportunity. Though his dress and behaviour were perfect, and the Goody treated him as what he appeared to be, she said the same things about his perils from a lady from abroad, and his fate depending on his wariness in evading her snares. There was no end of jokes among his comrades that night, about foreign ladies. When they were gone, his father spoke seriously enough.

"You see now, James! Surely you will not let those women have any more stock through you? If things went ill, the losers would tear you to pieces in the streets. This warning about a foreign lady ought to make you consider whether it would not be safer to offend the King than go against such a warning as this. Besides, I doubt whether the King hears a word from his ladies about the matter."

"So do I," said James. "But, father, the Goody said nothing about a foreign lady. Ah! you may well look surprised: I allowed those jesters to tell you what they thought they heard: but they took it up wrong. The Goody described a lady from foreign parts, which is a very different matter. In fact, I am convinced she was looking much further abroad than Hanover."

Mr. Craggs was completely puzzled. His son went on:—

"Has it never occurred to you why I have objected so obstinately to such a small personal matter as Lady Mary's new way about small pox?"

"Oh! I see," said Mr. Craggs, thoughtfully.

"Did you suppose that it was because my mother stroked my cheek, and begged me not to put my complexion in danger—or because I was afraid to make myself ill a little for a few days—or because I thought it an impertinence to Providence—that I would not follow the fashion, and get myself inoculated?"

"I did not know what to think. You would do nothing but joke, when, God knows, the spread of the small-pox was serious enough. But I will think it over."

"Do; and you will see that the warning suits the case remarkably. You will not speak to me about it again, nor urge anybody else to do so."

Mr. Craggs let the subject of inoculation drop from that hour; and the London carnival became gayer and noisier every day, with the small-pox creeping from house to house all the while. There was a reason for the spread of the disease, though nobody thought of accounting for it at the time; and least of all, the person unconsciously answerable for it. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the fashion, after her return from Turkey: the gay world was never tired of hearing about the East, and its usages; and when it became known that she had had her own child inoculated with the small-pox, and rendered safe for life by it, there was a great rush, not only of prudent people to have their infants secured in like manner, but of excitable gentry to get protected in their own persons. The consequence was that so much small-pox was induced that it was spreading in all directions among the unsecured; and among the eager speculators on Change were some who had left the bedside of a dying child, or wife, or even husband, to snatch yet another handful of wealth. When James had satisfied himself that this invitation to small-pox was the snare which he was to avoid, he indulged his obliging temper at Court, and in apartments up backstairs, at St. James's or Leicester House, or wherever he met ladies who made requests to him as a South Sea Director: and the Duchess of Kendal did not spare his complaisance.

Amidst the wild gaiety of the time, however, there were heavy hearts in many grand places. The quarrel between the King and the Prince made the lives of both bitter, and the Ministers felt the shame of the scandal almost as deeply as the danger to the succession. They had troubles of their own too: Lord Sunderland's measure to restrict the Peerage had brought him vast applause at first, and he carried everything his own way in the Upper House; but in the Lower, it called up Sir Robert Walpole, and made him show himself in a new light. There was not a man in office who

could compare with him in ability; this was now too clear; and, with his hostility to the new speculation, he could at any moment discredit it enough to throw out the Ministry, and ruin all its chief members in purse and character. Again, new companies, most of them absurd and dangerous enough, were springing up from day to day; and the people began to call speculations "bubbles." This did not sound pleasantly; the prospect began to be fearful; and nobody must seem to be aware of it. The new schemes must be checked, and, if necessary, exploded. The thing was not difficult to do; but every such explosion might, and probably would, give a shake to the great scheme of all.

While the carriages were rolling day and night, from gambling scenes to dinner-parties, and thence to routs, and balls, and theatres, and to other gambling scenes to finish the round, there was much hidden misery in a humbler rank of life. Shops were kept open on credit, or shut up; servants became thieves; and those dearer in a household than servants were discovered doing unscrupulous things, or involved in debt. These were sorrows which were sure of being hidden; and thus, the humblest trading streets in the city rang with laughter, and shone with gay wedding processions, and exhibited a population all turned into fops and fine ladies, while nothing appeared of the woe beneath.

The streets were never gayer than on fine summer evenings, when parties who had been up or down the river, creating a sensation there by their bright boats, and their flags and streamers, and music and liveries, landed and went home. Everybody was idle in the evenings, if not visiting; and the landing-places on the Thames were always thronged when there was music on the river. The loud laughter, the practical jokes, the universal levity which was going on in front of the Abbey, one midsummer night, while the last sunset tinge was melting from the towers, fell heavy on the heart of a lonely poet, as he passed by, to keep an appointment close at hand. He was laughed at by the crowd,—laughed at for being short,—for being fat,—for being in mourning,—for looking as if he was going to cry when he halted for half a minute, as if about to speak. Mr. Gay did feel very sad, and he was about to feel sadder still.

He entered the Jerusalem Chamber, and found there an appalling contrast to the scene outside. The room was dark, except for the partial glare of a few wax-candles ranged on either side of a sumptuous coffin. The husband of the Countess of Warwick was lying in state, and was to be buried in the Abbey after

midnight. Mr. Gay needed some one to speak to, while his heart felt as it did. He wished some one whom he knew was there, or he could not stay. Some one whom he knew was there. The figure in black, crouching down behind the coffin, with his face in his hands, and sobbing so bitterly, was young Mr. Craggs.

At first he was vexed that Mr. Gay had discovered him in his anguish : but Mr. Gay was in hearty sorrow too, and they soon did one another good. Both were of an open nature, and they were soon whispering their confidences.

"I hear you had a beautiful letter from Mr. Addison so late as last week : is it so ?" asked Mr. Gay. "Ah ! that is the way he thought for us all. He sent me a message, and I answered it ; but to this moment I cannot understand what he meant. He asked my forgiveness for an injury he had done me. Could he have been delirious ?"

"Certainly not : his mind was clear throughout."

Both mused on what injury the great and Christian Mr. Addison could have done to Mr. Gay. Nobody knows, to this hour : but Mr. Gay was ever after inclined to think that Mr. Addison might have damaged his prospects at Court ; might even have been concerned in offering him the post of gentleman-usher to a baby-princess. Both the mourners declared, under the influences of the moment, that they thought more highly than before of the great man for this ; and then they eased their hearts by reminding one another of the noble graces of his character, and the unequalled charms of his wit, and learning, and sensibility in his conversation. Still, there was something in young Mr. Craggs' tone and manner, which struck even the unobservant little friend by his side. Mr. Gay looked wistfully in his face when the light shone upon it, put his hand within James's, and said :—

"I am sure you are very unhappy."

He was proceeding to say that they ought all to have been better prepared—so clearly as Mr. Addison had informed them that he was dying—when the stir began which betokened the end of the lying-in-state, and the arrival of the hour for the funeral.

This was not the first imposing funeral that James had attended. He had followed other coffins as grand to a conspicuous grave. But it seemed to him, as he told Mr. Gay afterwards, as if he had never before thought of death. It was not new to him to thrill and melt at the funereal music, and to feel the stifling of the heart at the lowering into the grave : the service sounded solemn and noble,

as often before, but there was something more.

"The midnight,—was it that ?" said Mr. Gay. "Or—you are not afraid to die, James ?"

"I! afraid to die! I am much more afraid to live."

"You ! with all your advantages ! My dear friend, you are unHINGED and miserable at our great loss. You cannot mean that you are really afraid to live."

"Yes, I am—the sort of life I look forward to. Oh ! if I could but go away, quite out of sight, and be a turf-cutter on the common where I used to play in better days than this ! I wish I were a hewer in the Blenheim woods, or the lowest hodman in the village."

"Disappointed in love!" thought Mr. Gay ; but Mr. Gay being apt to speak his reveries aloud, young Mr. Craggs heard him.

"No," he said, laughing almost his own laugh, "you are wrong there. It is not that. But never mind. I want to say something to you about yourself,—something that I had rather say on the night of our farewell to Mr. Addison, than before or after."

"You are not angry with me about anything, my dear friend ?"

"No, indeed ; but I am somewhat uneasy. You have known what it is to be anxious about the means of living ; and no man feels more strongly the mischief done to a genius like yours by such cares."

"Well !" cried the eager little man, with a hope flitting across his mind that he was to be offered more of the fashionable stock.

"It rather surprises me, and some others of your friends, that you do not secure your fortunes, now that the means are in your own hands. Why do not you buy an annuity, or a little estate, if you like, or invest your thousands in such a way that you cannot well lose them ?"

Mr. Gay did not like the suggestion, it was clear.

"After such an experience as yours," his friend went on, "think what a comfort it would be to be sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day !"

"You want to shut me out of the money-market. Why should I be out of it, all alone, James ?"

"Not alone. Sir Robert Walpole and others have withdrawn. If you ask why you should, I answer, because of the risk. Think whether you could bear to lose what you may now make secure for your life."

"And how would you like, sir, to see me drudging on on shoulders of mutton all my days,

in dull lodgings perhaps, when, but for you— To be sure, it is true that but for you I should not have had any money at all to consult about,—but, as I was going to say, how would you like to see me living as you say, when, but for your advice, I might have been a man of consideration for my wealth, with my town and country house, you know, and everything I wish for? How could you bear that, Mr. James?"

"Better than to see you beggared, and hear you speak again so painfully, as I have heard you, of the lot of a man who lives by his wits from day to day. And this is the more likely fate of the two, because, if you cannot bring yourself to stop speculating now, you hardly will when you have made more money: and so you will go on till——"

"Till when, Mr. James?" As James did not reply, Mr. Gay took his turn in asking questions.

"Pray sir," said he, "if I may ask, have you sold out your South Sea stock?"

"You know that I cannot: I am a Director of the Company."

"All very fine, sir. When you have sold out, let me know; and perhaps I will think of doing something of the sort myself. My stake is not so large as yours, and nothing like so large as your father's; and I don't see why I am to be shut out from the game——"

"Let us say no more about it, Mr. Gay; I shall not press my counsel upon you. I thought that perhaps, at this hour, when we have just been compelled to think how ill our great and dear friend fared in a life of splendour, you might strongly feel the value of a modest independence, which would leave your mind free to work out what Mr. Addison believed you to be capable of."

"Thank you," Mr. Gay replied, in a relenting tone. "I am sure you mean well; and perhaps I may consider what you say."

"Do so; and, Mr. Gay, let me hope that you will not call me 'sir' again."

"Did I do so? Forgive me. But, my dear James, let me give you a hint. It does not matter what you disclose to me; but it will not be wise in any one of your family to advise people to sell out, while you yourselves keep all you have got. This hint does not offend you, I hope?"

James laughed, and tried to show the simple-minded poet that the discredit would be the other way,—in the Craggs family selling out while inducing other people to hold on. But Mr. Gay could not see this, and there was nothing to be done but to leave him to his fate.

Simple and self-engrossed as he was, he saw,

however, that James was in lower spirits to-night than he could have been supposed capable of. With his grief for Mr. Addison some gloomier trouble was mingled. What could it be, if he were not crossed in love? On this point Mr. Gay consulted all his friends as opportunity offered; and thus there was presently a close watch set on the affairs of the Craggs family, and on the course of the speculation which had made them so rich as they certainly were.

(To be continued.)

. ELVEN.

I.

O LOVE, that shone on me, and sadly went,
Ere half the summer of my life was spent,
Return—return, and take me, as a gale
From the warm west doth take a blossom pale,
And bear me to the isles beyond the sea,
Whither my bosom yearns unceasingly!
O heart, shut out remembrance of that night—
The fields were flooded with a mellow light;
And faint as music heard in ocean-shells
In distant meadows died the sound of bells,
Where deep-brow'd oxen, o'er the heavy loam,
With willing labour dragg'd the faggots home.
Down the long vale lay still the golden air,
As if a holy angel floated there—
A silent calm encompass'd land and sea—
A calm that brought sweet rest to all but me.

II.

For when the twilight fell behind the wold,
And through the branches rose a globe of gold
To crown the dusky forehead of the night,
And fill her dark dominion with delight,
I heard a muffled sound of horses' feet
That waken'd only a responsive bleat
From some stray lamb upon the dreaming hills—
And as a harp that in the night-time thrills
To fairy fingers which no eye can see,
So my lone bosom beat impatiently
While here and there I saw a helmet glance
Among the gathering leaves, or some tall lance
Strike suddenly athwart a moonlit beam,
And in the forest like a spectre gleam:
Then all was dark, and on the cold grey stone
That crowns our castle-walls I sat alone.

III.

O aching heart, be still! Thou hast but love,
And what is love that it should kingdoms move?
A storm of nations beckons him from far,
And stirs his pulse with hectic throb of war—
England is up in arms—from hill and vale
They cry for one whose valour will assail,
And swoop with sudden vengeance of the sword
On tyrant Richard and his trait'rous horde!
Deep and more deep the stifled discord hums,
And then a voice—"Lo! from the south he comes—
He comes to right our wrongs—to rule the state,
And keep old England's name inviolate!"
The message woke him like a trumpet-blast
Then northward far a longing look he cast:
Now the wild din of eddying hosts he craves—
A throne of glory rear'd on fields of graves!

IV.

These fifteen years merge into one long day,
Since first I, wondering, heard my father say:

“To-morrow morn, to bear imprisonment,
Henry of Richmond hither will be sent ;
And look you, child, you go not near, nor speak,
Nor tempt his anger with some foolish freak,
For Englishmen are rough, unmanner'd, rude,
And he upon his fancied wrongs may brood,
And strike thee, child : ” whereat I sat and fear'd,
And watch'd my father pull an angry beard.
But when he came—the happy English boy !—
Whose very face dispensed a kindly joy—
Whose frank blue eyes askance sought mine and smiled,
I crept unto him, trustful as a child :
He caught me up—my father laugh'd to see
Him kiss me as I struggled on his knee.

V.

O happy time ! He said I was the sun
That woke to gladness Elven's shadows dun—
He said I was the light that came and went
About the castle in rare wonderment ;
And when, according to the duke's command
He stirr'd not forth, with overflowing hand
I brought wild blossoms from the neighbouring wood
That gave white summer to his solitude,
Then would he, laughing, bind them in my hair,
Saying no queen was ever half so fair ;
And when I ran unto my father's side,
My shame beneath his great brown hands to hide,
The boy would follow, and, with sly pretence
Of weeping petulantly, draw me thence,
Only to plague and tease in happy strife
That I should yield and be his mimic wife.

VI.

The summers pass'd : there came a subtle change.
No more together would we gladly range,
From morn until the evening shadows fell, ^{???}
Through leafy valleys or in murmuring dell ;
No more we left the gloomy castle gates
To wander to the blue Morbihan straits,
Or linger by the creamy-sanded shore
Where white-lipp'd ripples prattled evermore.
I fear'd his footstep in the echoing hall—
I trembled when I saw his shadow fall
Athwart the door-way : when he spoke I burn'd
With conscious colour on my cheek, and turn'd
I scarce knew why or whither, but I fled
Unto my own small chamber overhead ;
I took the harp my mother's fingers strung,
And all unheard unto myself I sung :

VII.

“ Ah, sweet ! how sweet, to be beloved and love,
To cling to one, all else on earth forsaking ;
But ah ! how bitter-sweet to know with love,
The weary, weary, hopeless heart is breaking !

“ Yet would not I discard this hopeless love,
With meaner joy to greet the coming morrow ;
He whom I love is worthy of my love—
Nay, is above it : whereof cometh sorrow .

“ A maiden may not tell her secret love,
Though she unto her grave be softly stealing ;
Within her heart she strives to fold her love,
In death alone the sad mischance revealing !

“ Ah, sweet ! how sweet, to be beloved and love,
To cling to one, all else on earth forsaking ;
But ah ! how bitter-sweet to know with love,
The weary, weary hopeless heart is breaking ! ”

VIII.

One sultry afternoon a horseman rode
Into the court ; nor evil could I bode,

Though his deep eyes about the castle went,
The while he, bowing in his saddle, leant
To hand me letters for my father ; then,
Not resting, he struck silver spurs again,
And clatter'd down into the flinty street
Across the drawbridge, nor would stay to greet
My father, or his guests, or even me
With some slight touch of wonted courtesy—
I, petulant in that he had not spoke,
The largest seal with wilful fingers broke ;
And there I read—Ah me ! the sore despite
That darkest angels robe in vesture white—
How crafty Launay, with fair phrases sought,
To bring my father to his evil thought.

IX.

The subtle serpent ! he would have us yield
The foe he dared not meet in open field ;
With covert artifice of words he feign'd
That to his purpose he the duke had gain'd :
Then, in his villainy grown over bold,
(Moved by desire of English Richard's gold,)
He swore my father should do this, and this, or look
For some condign disfavour of the duke—
“ Who knew not of the matter, but had given
The guidance of 't to one who well had striven
In other service : ” thus I read his prate.
And as a wild dove sees afar her mate
Fluttering 'gainst prison bars, and sadly strives
With feeble wing to break the cruel gyves—
So my quick heart did urge my fainting will
To battle as I might the coming ill.

X.

With stealthy step I climb'd the turret-stair,
So none might hear ; and reach'd the chamber where
The great Earl Pembroke sullen sat and frown'd
At being prisoner kept on Breton ground.
He started as I enter'd ; but I went
Firm to the furthering of my fix'd intent
And laid the letter on the oaken board.
He took and read it : utter'd never word,
But rose and paced adown the hollow room :
And taller seem'd to grow within the gloom :
And mutter'd to himself, and clench'd his hand,
As though his rising passion to withstand ;
Then turning sharp, a wrathful glance he flung,
And struck me with the anger of his tongue :

XI.

“ This is their honour ! this their bravery !
And they have made a messenger of thee—
Of thee ! to screen their white face from the blow
That never yet has fail'd to meet the foe
Of Pembroke's house. Thus kingly Richard wins,
By slaying Henry as he slew the twins :
Would take my nephew as he took his own
To add new horror to his bloody throne—
And your vile Bretons, ever tyrants' slaves,
Will gain red gold by digging deep our graves ! ”
I saw the ashen pallor of his cheek
And scarce the current of his wrath dared break :
“ My lord, mine is the fault—this letter, I,
Unknown, have brought thee, so thou may'st espy
The danger threaten'ing one you love, ” I said,
And fearing my full heart would break, I fled .

XII.

Weeping I fled, and cower'd down alone
Until I heard a soft step on the stone ;
Then a low voice that crept into mine ear,
A low sweet voice my bosom leapt to hear :
“ Sister, look up ! I pray thee, sweet, arise,
And let me seek forgiveness in those eyes !

The earl unknowing spoke, and now would fain
Remove that evil recompense of pain
Which he, in hastiness of age, bestow'd ;
And for myself, dear heart, this sudden load
Of gratitude would almost make me dumb,
Yet vainly do thy tender succours come ;
Though mine own England and thy sunny France
Gave to their call a common utterance,
I, bound by knightly truth and fealty,
May not accept what may imperil thee."

XIII.

Hiding hot tears I pray'd him not to think
Of me, but of himself ; then on the brink
Of one wild word I hover'd, but my tongue
Refused to speak ; and thereupon there rung
Upon the court-yard stone the tramp of feet.
"Listen, my lord, your kinsmen come to greet
You with fair welcome ; and this very night,
If so you venture it, the cold starlight
Shall show you horses waiting in the vale—
Take them, and flee ; and may a happy gale
Waft you to England !" So I spoke, and fell.
O deadness better far than tongue can tell !
Why did I wake to life ? How sweet to rest
For ever in our ancient mother's breast,
And lie so still—so deadly still and deep,
Where sob nor sigh disturbs the dreamless sleep !

XIV.

Loyal, he would not go ; until I show'd
How that fair liberty to stir abroad
Our gentle-hearted duke had given ; then,
Or ere the poison of De Launay's pen
Should reach my father, they might distant be
Upon the joyful road to liberty.
So argued I against myself ; and strove
To kill within me the strong voice of love :
Ah, woful struggle ! Though my heart should break,
I vow'd to aid him for his own sweet sake ;
And sought out trusty servants, who, with speed,
Saddled and bridled such and such a steed
As they might want. So in the night they fled,
And northward through the gloomy forest sped :
Without one kiss—one little kiss—he went,
Ere half the summer of my life was spent.

XV.

And were't not wiser, saith my heart to me,
Had he forsworn this phantom royalty—
To spend a peaceful time through all the years,
Apart from burning hopes and bitter fears ?
Noble I know he is : what he may be
This foolish, foolish heart would fain foresee ;
And almost would some imperfection prove,
To reason with itself against its love.
The snowy bell that in the wild wood grows
Scenting the drowsy silence where it blows,
Transplanted, doth more haughty state attain,
But, losing perfume, waxes gross and vain ;
So may not he, my brave and gentle knight
Lose aught of all the grace and rare delight
That clothe him with a beauty all may see—
The blossom of true faith and courtesy !

XVI.

My father would have storm'd, but that my cheek
Reveal'd a something that I could not speak ;
And when the duke thereafter knew them gone,
And wrote with naught of anger in his tone,
My father pardon'd all, and let it rest,
And took me as of old unto his breast.
But now my life is mournful as the sea
That in the night-time weepeth dismally ;

And on my heart a weight falls evermore,
As wave on wave in sadness seeks the shore.
O pallid days !—unbroken by a gleam
Of the white sunshine of my olden dream—
Save when the first warm kiss of spring-time stirs
The golden life that slumbers in the furze ;
And then I seem to see, through misty tears,
The long, red sunsets of the bygone years.

WILLIAM BLACK.

DORNEY AND BURNHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In the pleasant and interesting paper on "Dorney and Burnham" which appears in your last number, the writer has omitted to mention two facts, which perhaps would be additions to his sketch in the eyes of your readers : 1st, that Dorney Church has a handsome tower, which, in the combination of red brick and stone, is an obvious imitation, on a small scale, of some of the most pleasing details of Eton College ; and, 2ndly, that Dorney Court is famous among the County Seats of the land as being the place where the pineapple was first grown in England. If I mistake not, there is still to be seen at Hampton Court, or at one of the other Royal palaces, a picture of the gardener of Dorney Court presenting the first pine, on bended knee, with great state and ceremonial, to His Majesty Charles II., who is dressed in a wig, and carries in his hand a most imposing gold-headed cane.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Eton, June 11th.

ETONENSIS.

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS.

THE player held for a long time a very questionable position in society. Sufferance was the badge of his tribe. He was counted among the "vagrom men," whom *Dogberry* especially charged his watch "to comprehend." He was of the vagabonds whom an ancient statute describes to be "such as wake on the night, and sleep on the day, and haunt customable taverns and alehouses and routs about ; and no man wot from whence they come or whither they go." In public estimation he was little above "the outlandish persons calling themselves Egyptians, or gypsies," for whom the law provided vigorous treatment enough : holding their abiding in the kingdom for a period longer than a month to be a felony ; the legislature has always dearly loved to keep suspicious characters moving. The actor, however amusing, was a rogue all the same, and therefore fit food for Bridewell, the stocks, and the whipping-post. He occupied in regard to the general public the position of the jester in the private family. He was allowed considerable licence, but he was scourged upon occasions. He oftentimes

received halfpence ; but he was not permitted to consider it a grievance if kicks were dealt to him instead. He was as much the serf of society as Wamba, the son of Witless, was the thrall of Cedric the Saxon—though he wore no soldered collar round his neck announcing the fact. King Edward III. is said to have ordained by Act of Parliament, “that a company of men called vagrants, who had made masquerades throughout the whole city, should be whipped out of London, because they represented scandalous things in the alehouses and other places where the populace assembled.”

The player, thus influenced, ceased to give occasion for scandal, and confined his performances to plays of a religious and moral character. These, however, brought him into the danger of competition with the Church. Stow relates that in the reign of Richard II., the clergy and scholars of St. Paul's School presented a petition to the King, praying his majesty “to prohibit a company of unexpert people from presenting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great trouble and expense, in order to present it publicly at Christmas.” The scriptural and religious plays were called *mysteries*, and the moral plays *moralities*. Gradually, however, secular subjects appeared upon the scene, and an approach was made to the regular tragedy and comedy of the modern theatre. Dramatic performances began to be recognised as among the legitimate amusements of the people. The sovereigns favoured them. The players called themselves the “Servants of the Lord Chamberlain”—but obtaining a licence from James I. in 1603, they took the title of “His Majesty's Servants.” The theatres became less and less moveable booths—they took the form of permanent edifices—oftentimes, however, open to the weather, and only partially thatched with reeds. This increase of toleration was not gained by the actor without his encountering much objection and opposition. Ben Jonson in the “Poetaster,” makes *Lupus* say :—

“These players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state—corrupt young gentry very much, I know it : I have not been a tribune thus long, and observed nothing. Besides they will rob us—us that are magistrates, of our respect : bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians. They will play you, or me, the wisest men they can come by, still only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.”

Tuscus adds,

“Thou'rt in the right my venerable cropshin . . . They are grown licentious—the rogues ; libertines—flat libertines. They forget that they are in the statute, the rascals. They are blazoned there—there they are tricked, they and their pedigrees—they need no other heralds, I wis,” &c.

Prynne's famous attack upon the stage did not appear, however, until 1633. It is a quarto volume of more than a thousand pages, and called “*Histrio Mastix : The Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedy* Wherein is largely evidenced by divers arguments by the authorities of sundry texts of scripture of fifty-five synods, of seventy-one fathers, &c., &c., that stage-plays are sinful, heathenish, lewd, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions ; condemned in all ages as intolerable mischiefs to churches, to republics, to the manners, minds, and souls of men ; and that the profession of play-poets, of stage-players, together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of stays-plays are unlawful, infamous, and unbecoming Christians Besides sundry other particulars concerning dancing, dicing, health-drinking, &c. By *William Prynne, an Utter Barrester of Lincoln's Inn.*” This strange book is fantastically divided into acts and scenes, instead of chapters ; and the bigoted argument is conducted with the utmost severity : the author maintaining gravely, that all acting is hypocrisy—that players are by their profession hypocrites, and therefore to be condemned by the Church and all good men—while he attributes a recent accident from the fall of a scaffold in Paris Garden to the miraculous interposition of an offended Heaven. Mr. Prynne had to pay heavy penalties, however. He was cited in the Star Chamber : charged with having railed not only against all stage-plays and players, dancing, &c., but against all who thought fit to attend such performances, while he knew that the Queen, the Lords of the Council, &c., were oftentimes spectators of masques and dances ; and had thus cast aspersions upon the Queen, spoken censoriously and uncharitably against all Christian people, and, in addition, had made use of infamous terms against the King. He was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to lose both his ears, to pay a heavy fine, and to be imprisoned for life.

The barbarity of this sentence was probably not forgotten when, during the civil war, the Puritan party were in power. Then came indeed hard times for the poor players. Mr. Prynne's sympathisers obtained literally the whip-hand ; and were not slow to use it. An Act was passed in 1647, which decreed, “that all stage-galleries, seats, and boxes should be pulled down by warrant of two justices of the peace ; that all actors of plays for the time to come, being convicted, should be publicly whipped ; and that all spectators of plays for every offence should pay five shillings.” “His Majesty's Servants,” unable to be of use to their master on the stage, took arms on his behalf,

and served him in the field. Hart, of the Blackfriars Theatre, rose to the rank of lieutenant in Prince Rupert's regiment; Burt and Shatterel of the Cockpit Theatre became cornet and quartermaster in the same troop. Mohun was a captain, and on the conclusion of the civil war served in Flanders, and received pay as a major. Allen was a major and quartermaster-general at Oxford. These actors were also of the Cockpit company. A player named Robins, or Robinson, serving on the King's side is said to have been taken prisoner and shot by General Harrison, with the cry, "Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently." Swanston, of the Blackfriars Theatre, was the only player of note who sided with the Parliament; he was a Presbyterian, and when the theatres were closed, took up the trade of jeweller.

During the Commonwealth the actors could only carry on their profession by stealth. Those who survived the wars united, however, and made up a tolerable company out of the general wreck of the theatres. An attempt under the Protectorate to re-open the Cockpit, and present a few performances with great caution and privacy, was followed by the irruption of a guard of soldiers, and the immediate imprisonment of the actors in their stage dresses. On their release, they confined their representations to the country, not venturing nearer town than Kensington—occasionally appearing at Holland House before a select audience of noblemen and gentry—though at Christmas and Bartholomew Fair time, by dint of bribing the officer who commanded at Whitehall, they were enabled to act for a few days at the Red Bull, in St. John Street, running the risk of arrest and interruption on the part of the Roundhead soldiers. The actors were in those days reduced to great want. The position of comparative respectability which they had attained after much painful struggling, was wrested from them again. They were to be accounted among "vagrom men" once more. But a change came at last. Upon Cromwell's death, the Commonwealth crumbled to pieces, the King had his own again—and the players theirs. In 1658, the Lord Protector, from his hatred to the Spaniards, had permitted the performance at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, of an entertainment, produced by Davenant, and called the "Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, expressed by vocal and instrumental music, and by *art of perspective in scenes*"—this being probably the first introduction of scenic decorations upon the English stage. Under Charles a new theatre was fitted up in Vere Street, Clare Market. Patents were granted to

Davenant and Killigrew. Davenant opened a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Killigrew, a little later erected a theatre, called the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane. Both patents it seems gave permission, "that all women's parts be acted by women." The King, the court, and the fashionable world now liberally patronised the stage. There was a general abandonment of Puritanism in favour of pleasure. In the re-action the players were not behind their public. The mimic scene—but it only mirrored the times—condescended to representations of a free and gross character enough.

The player prospered in his circumstances; although his social position was not much enhanced; he was still the slave of the public. De Grammont tells us of an actress shamefully tricked into a false marriage with the Earl of Oxford, and vainly endeavouring to obtain redress from the King. Mr. Pepys relates how one Lacy is sent to prison for performing in a play which hints at the trafficking for places among the courtiers. Lacy not very unnaturally abuses the author (Ned Howard), whose play had occasioned such mischief. Player and poet fall to blows—and the pit calmly wonder that Howard does not run Lacy through, "he being too mean a fellow to fight with!" The actresses are the sport and prey of king and courtiers; the actors, upon the least offence—for imitation of a nobleman, or copying even his dress—are locked up, beaten with cudgels, attacked by bravoos, murdered even: what does it matter? A rogue and a vagabond more or less makes no great difference. So the world argued. Still, as time went on, the chances in the actor's favour increased.

In 1730, Mr. John Highmore, a gentleman about town, with an income of some eight hundred pounds, for a wager of one hundred guineas, made at White's Coffee House, with Lord Limerick, undertook to appear at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of *Lothario*, in the "Fair Penitent." The managers permitted the performance, and were rewarded with the largest receipt of the season—the house being crowded to excess—and in addition received as a gift the rich new suit which Mr. Highmore had worn upon the occasion. The amateur was said to have possessed the poorest of histrionic powers, but the injudicious applause of his friends greatly inflamed his vanity, and went far towards turning such brains as he possessed. He was persuaded that his acting was superior to Booth's; and from his success in *Lothario*, he was led to undertake other characters—*Polydore*, *Hotspur*, &c. Finally, it was proposed to him, that he

should purchase a share in the patent of the theatre, and for a sum of 5650*l.* he was invested with half the power of the patent. For a season the new manager prospered. By-and-by, however, he found himself encompassed with difficulties. His performers, wearied of his incompetence, mutinied—the best members of his company seceded, and established themselves in the little theatre in the Haymarket. Mr. Highmore did what he could in the way of encountering the difficulties of his position. He secured such actors as were without engagement—imported largely from the provinces—enlisted strollers of various degrees of merit—but still found his company lamentably inefficient—the only actor of note whom he was thus enabled to introduce to the town, being Mr. Macklin. What was worst of all was, that the public followed the mutineers. Drury Lane was empty, while the Haymarket was crowded to excess. Every Saturday morning the amateur manager found a balance against him of fifty pounds and more. Thirty weeks of such a loss, and Mr. Highmore would be absolutely bankrupt and ruined. He turned to the Lord Chamberlain for redress—petitioned that his actors might be compelled to return to their allegiance, and that the holder of the king's patent might be supported by authority. The chamberlain declined to interfere, recommending the manager to seek redress in the courts of law. Mr. Highmore was advised to try the question. One of the Haymarket company was to be seized under a warrant from a justice of the peace, and committed to prison as a vagrant. This was accordingly done. A player named Harper, selected, as Davies says, to be made an example of on account of his natural timidity, was arrested, and hurried by the constables to Bridewell. In due course the question came on before the Lord Chief Justice. Eminent counsel were heard pro and con. For Harper it was contended, that though a player, he was not a vagabond—that the Vagrant Act of the twelfth of Queen Anne did not apply in his case—that he did not wander from place to place, nor was there likelihood of his becoming chargeable to any parish—that he was an honest man, paid his debts, did no one injury, was esteemed by his neighbours and by many gentlemen of good condition, and further, that he was a freeholder in Surrey, and a housekeeper in Westminster in possession of a vote. A likely vagabond! It was contended on the other side that he came under the Act by reason of his playing at various theatres and booths, and especially at Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs. The award was against the manager, and in favour

of the actor. Harper was discharged upon his recognizance, and quitted Westminster Hall amid the acclamations of several hundred persons who were assembled on the occasion. Poor Mr. Highmore, utterly defeated, parted with his share in the patent at an alarming sacrifice, and was rid of managerial toils and responsibilities for ever.

At last, then, it seemed a line had been drawn between the position of the player and his associates of so many years: the rogue and the vagabond. But the public of that day was very headstrong and impetuous. Managers and players alike were the slaves of the town, to be thrashed into good behaviour when the occasion seemed to require it. Upon the slightest provocation swords were drawn, the benches torn up, and the stage taken possession of by the audience. In 1736 there was a disappointment, at Drury Lane, about a French dancer, Madame Chateaufeuf, who had been taken ill, and did not appear, while her name, notwithstanding, remained in the bill for three nights without apology. On the first night the audience are ominously silent; on the second they simply hiss; on the third they deliberately proceed to demolish the theatre! The ladies are politely ushered out, and then a noble marquis stands up, and calmly proposes that the building shall be fired. Opinions being divided, this proposal is abandoned. The work of destruction then commences. The orchestra is attacked, the harpsichord and base viols broken, the looking-glasses smashed, the benches pulled up, the boxes destroyed, and—"a sort of petty treason," as Mr. Victor remarks, describing the occurrence—even the king's arms in the front fall a victim to the rage of the rioters. The noble marquis in his cooler moments repents his violence, and sends the manager a hundred-pound bank-note by way of payment for his share of the damage. For the rest, the manager is advised to be quiet—not to seek redress—but to pay for the restoration and re-decoration of the theatre out of his own pocket.

A few years later saw a sort of foreshadowing of the famous O. P. riots of the Kemble dynasty. It seems there had been a sliding-scale of prices. In Cibber's time it had been the practice to increase the charges for admission whenever a new play was produced, or when the management had been put to any great expense in the decoration of a pantomime; and in this system the public had acquiesced. But in 1774 the prices had been raised without the production of any entertainment that justified the change. The audience complained of having to pay extra to see an old panto-

mime of no merit. Three nights of uproar ensued. The manager (Mr. Fleetwood) was called for; he sent one of the performers on the stage to plead that being a manager simply, and not an actor, he was exempt from appearing on the stage before the audience, and he invited a deputation to meet him in the green-room, and discuss the matter at issue. Meanwhile, we learn "a country gentleman was taken out of one of the upper boxes by the constables for hissing, and carried before Justice Deveil, who was too cunning to meddle with the affair however." Much damage was done to the appointments of the theatre, and the performances were suspended for three nights. Ultimately the difference was amicably adjusted. It was agreed that the full prices should be charged at the doors, "and that such persons as did not choose to stay the entertainment, and went out at the end of the play should have the advance money returned." This was found to be in the end a fortunate arrangement for the management. The audience once comfortably seated, did not care to disturb themselves to go out and demand their advanced money, and ultimately the increased rate of charges became permanently established. In the General Advertiser the manager published an address, in which he disclaimed any intention to affront the audience, stating, that the arrest of the gentleman was without his sanction, and occurred in the confusion that ensued from the loud quarrelling, and from persons flinging the sconces and candles on the stage; he denied that he had employed "bruisers" to coerce the audience, and stated that the peace-officers and servants of the theatre were only assembled when the more violent of the malcontents began to tear up the benches, and threatened to come on the stage and demolish the scenes; finally, he pleaded that he had been sufficiently punished for any offence he might involuntarily have given, in having lost several hundred pounds from people being too terrified to come to the theatre.

It was, perhaps, only to be expected, that a difference between the players and the public occurring in the capital of the sister kingdom should be carried on under circumstances of considerable violence. We read in Mr. Victor's account of the Irish stage, that on the 19th of January, 1747, a young gentleman, who it was evident had dined very freely, entered the pit of the Theatre Royal, climbed over the spiked partition on to the stage, and made his way to the green-room. The actresses, alarmed at the inflamed looks and loud words of the intruder, fled to their dressing-rooms. Mr. Sheridan, the manager, who was about to appear in the cha-

racter of *Æsop*, assisted by the servants of the theatre and a guard, ejected the said gentleman from the stage, and he was conducted back to the seat from whence he came. Not satisfied, however, with the forbearance with which he had been treated, the gentleman next took a basket from one of the fruit-women, and began to pelt the manager with oranges or apples, the missiles being so adroitly directed, according to Mrs. Bellamy's account of the affair, as to dent the iron of the false nose worn by the actor, into his forehead. Mr. Sheridan appealed to the audience to protect him from this gross insult, and the rioter's friends at last quieted him, not before some violent words had passed between him and the player. Mr. Sheridan had been called "rascal" and "scoundrel," and not unnaturally replied that he was as good a gentleman as the rioter. The next day the manager's enemies declared that he had been guilty of the shameless arrogance of describing himself to be "as good a gentleman as any in the house."

On the conclusion of the performance, the riotous gentleman found his way to the actor's dressing-room, and there to his face, and before his own servants, covered him with abuse. Mr. Sheridan adopted the simple course of thrashing the intruder; who at last left the theatre to exhibit a broken nose at his club, and to explain to his companions, "that a scoundrel player had beaten a gentleman," and to demand their aid in inflicting condign punishment upon the offender. "A powerful fighting party" was immediately formed to avenge their comrade's disgrace, and for some days there was open threatening in every coffee-house in Dublin of every one who presumed even to wear a look of sympathy with the cause of the actor.

Soon the bills announced that Mr. Sheridan was about to re-appear before the public in the character of *Horatio*, in the "Fair Penitent." But in consequence of the number of letters, cards, and messages he received, warning him that some violence was in contemplation, the manager complied with his friends' advice, and remained at home with a large party to protect him there in case of need, and deputed one of the players to apologise to the audience for his non-appearance, and to explain the true cause. Immediately on the delivery of this address, some fifty gentlemen, headed by the rioter on the former occasion, rose in the pit with their swords drawn, and climbed on to the stage, searching the green-room and dressing-closets, breaking open all locked doors, and thrusting their swords into all the chests and presses of clothes, "by way of feeling,

they said, if Sheridan was there concealed." Disappointed, after much destruction of property, they quitted the theatre, and repaired to the manager's private house; but finding that, with the aid of his friends, he had prepared for them rather a formidable reception, the rioters thought it the most prudent course to retire for the evening.

Much correspondence in Faulkner's Journal ensued, and within a month there were as many pamphlets published as would have filled a large octavo volume. "The whole city," writes Victor, "nay the whole kingdom, were engaged in this quarrel, which not only threatened the ruin of all whose bread was depending on the theatre, but the lives and fortunes of many without doors who were so rash as to engage publicly in the affair; which was nothing more than the honour of an actor. But his cause was a noble one—a defence of decency, and the decorum of the stage, in which he was supported by all persons of worth and honour, and by the laws of his country."

Mr. Sheridan had, indeed, claims to be considered otherwise than as a "scoundrel player." He was the son of the Reverend Doctor Sheridan, the friend of Dean Swift, and well-known and respected in Ireland. He had been educated at Westminster School, and at the Dublin College, where he had been class-fellow with most of the nobility and gentlemen of the kingdom, and had taken his degree as Bachelor of Arts. He was esteemed in private life, and, but for this unfortunate difference, no exception could be taken to his conduct as manager and actor. The chief inhabitants of the city therefore resolved to encourage and protect their manager. They could not consent to be deprived of a favourite amusement, and to see their theatre closed at the will and pleasure of such a capricious clique.

Mr. Sheridan was advised forthwith to reappear upon the stage, assured that the Dublin public would protect him and the other members of his company in the discharge of their duties. Mr. Sheridan announced an early performance of "Richard the Third." The house filled rapidly. On the side of authority was a large number of gentlemen, ladies, and citizens of good repute, with an army of students of the University, eager to rally round an old collegian. The opposition appeared to be without organisation—they arrived rather late, in groups, and took up their position chiefly in the boxes. On the manager's entrance, the boxes received him with loud cries of "A submission, a submission! Off! off! off!" He advanced to the front of the stage bowing respect-

fully—the other parts of the house cheered him loudly with shouts of "No submission, no submission! Go on with the play!"

At this juncture a gentleman rose in the pit and addressed the house in a set speech. He expressed his amazement at the private quarrels of individuals with the manager or the players being brought into the theatre. He presumed that every sober person in the house came there to receive the entertainments promised in the bills, and for which he paid his money at the door. The actors were the servants of the audience, and under their protection during the performance, and all interruption of them in the discharge of their duties was an insult offered to the house. He apprehended that the matter in dispute was no breach of the duty of the manager or actors that could be taken cognizance of by the persons present; but the question could readily be decided. Since the subject of the dispute had been introduced, it might, like other disputes, be submitted to the arbitration of the majority. He concluded by moving, that all who were in favour of preserving the decency and freedom of the stage, should signify as much by holding up their hands, judging that when the superior numbers of the friends of order should be ascertained, the rioters would be silenced and withdraw. A division accordingly took place, when the rioters were found to be in so complete a minority, that they withdrew discomfited, vowing vengeance in the future, however, and discussing what course should be adopted to punish their opponents.

The gentleman who had distinguished himself in the cause of peace, was assaulted at night in the streets. He offered a reward for the conviction of the offenders, and armed himself with a sword and pistols, in case of future molestation. A performance was announced to be given at the theatre in aid of the Hospital for Incurables; the governors and patrons of the charity undertaking to support the manager, and prevent interruption on the occasion. A brilliant audience assembled, above a hundred ladies being seated on the stage. But the entrance of Mr. Sheridan was the signal for thirty men, all armed, rising, and ordering him off. The actor withdrew. A violent dispute arose between the supporters of the charity and the gentlemen in the pit: insults were freely interchanged, and even challenges. A student of the college in his bachelor's gown spoke with some warmth of the rioters; a gentleman in the pit threw an apple at him, and denounced him as a scoundrel. Upon this a large body of the collegians assembled, bent upon avenging the

insult offered to their order. They searched the taverns for the rioters—the theatre having closed—and at last in large parties paraded the city well-armed, threatening to attack the lodgings of all the known enemies of Mr. Sheridan, if the man who had insulted them were not delivered up for punishment. The shops were shut up, much alarm prevailed, and many of the leaders of the opposition fled to the Court of Chancery, where the Lord Chancellor was sitting, and besought his lordship's protection against the fury of the scholars. The delinquent was at last secured, and carried in triumph to the college. There he was compelled to kneel down in all the courts of the college, and repeat a form of humble submission and apology, which had been previously prepared for him. The Lords Justices now ordered the Master of the Revels to close the theatre by authority, and the quarrel was removed to the courts of law. The young gentleman who commenced hostility was arrested on a charge of assaulting Mr. Sheridan, and destroying valuable property in the dressing-rooms and wardrobe of the theatre. The manager was indicted for assaulting and beating the gentleman. "Various were the reports and wagers on the events of these trials," writes Victor, "and I was laughed to scorn for believing that a jury could be found in Dublin that would find a gentleman guilty!" The plans of the rioters, however, for packing a jury, were hindered by the Lord Chief Justice, and great alarm prevailed among the party as to the course which events were taking.

The day appointed for the trial came on. The charge against Mr. Sheridan was first heard. The manager proved by the evidence of three or four witnesses of unquestionable integrity, that the complainant had burst into his dressing-room, and conducted himself so outrageously, making use of much provoking and offensive language, that it was absolutely necessary to remove him even with some violence; but it was pleaded, that any blows struck were justifiable under the circumstances of the case. The jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box.

The other charge was then investigated, and a number of witnesses were called to prove the disgraceful conduct of the gentleman behind the scenes. In the course of the trial, Mr. Sheridan appeared upon the table as a witness, when the counsel on the side of the prisoner rose, and said impudently, "I want to see a curiosity—I have often seen a gentleman soldier and a gentleman sailor—and other sorts of gentlemen—but I have never yet seen a gentleman player."

"Sir," replied Sheridan, bowing courteously, "I hope you see one now."

Finally the jury found the gentleman prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to a fine of 500*l.*, and imprisonment for three months. Mr. Sheridan bore his triumph with the most honourable modesty. After his opponent had become thoroughly sensible of his error, and had suffered a week's confinement, the Government, upon the solicitation of the actor, relinquished the fine; and afterwards Mr. Sheridan himself became bail to the Court of Queen's Bench, and obtained the young gentleman's release from custody.

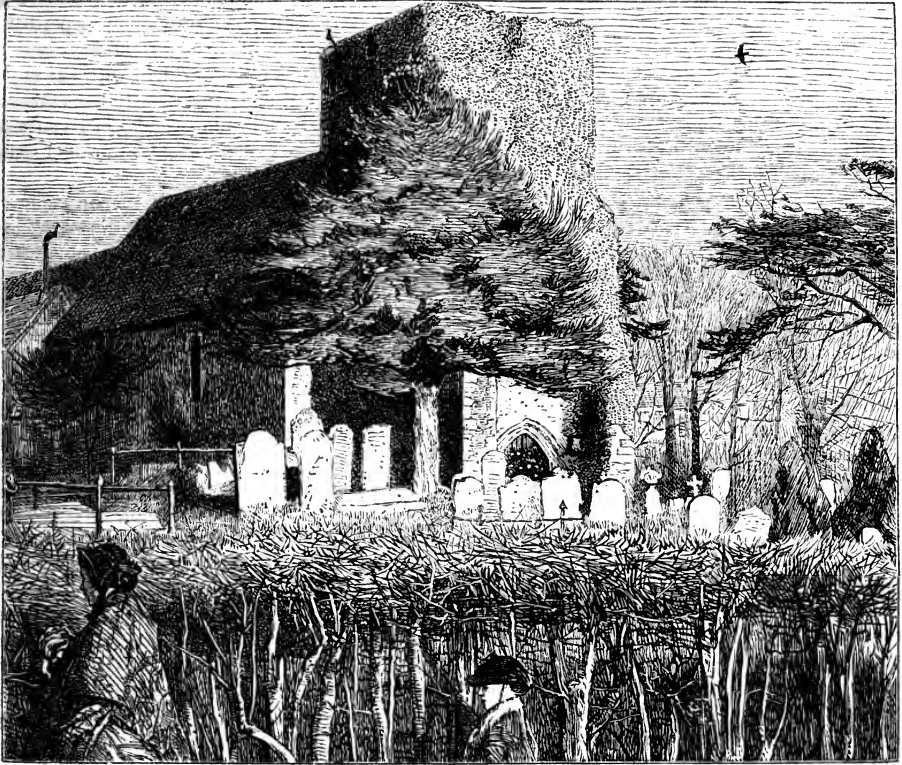
"Thus," says Victor, "was the long usurped tyranny of a set of wanton, dissolute gentlemen (the greatest nuisance that ever any city groaned under), effectually subdued, and the liberties of the people recovered by a worthy Lord Chief Justice, and an honest jury." He might have added, that thus, too, an important step was made towards redeeming an admirable profession from undeserved and ungenerous depreciation. In due time, the poor player, lifted out of shameful contact with the rogue and the vagabond, was permitted to take his fitting rank in the world as an artist and a gentleman.

But it is not easy to remove a stigma which long years have suffered to remain. Some traces of the stain will remain after the utmost care has been exerted in the way of cleansing and purifying. Garrick, admitted to the society of the most illustrious in the land, was, by many of his correspondents invariably refused the dignity of an *Esquire*. To a large class he was always plain Mr. Garrick: while some went so far, doubtless with the full intention of inflicting a wound upon his pride, as to add the word "player" after his name, whenever they had occasion to address him. Junius, who chose to fancy himself injured by some alleged interference on the part of Garrick, wrote on one occasion, with customary insolence—"Now mark me, vagabond! Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer, &c." But upon the whole, "the Great Unknown," who was nothing if not abusive, has not greatly injured Garrick by calling him a vagabond. The world has reversed its old verdict about the players, and Churchill's description has ceased to be true:

The strolling tribe—a despicable race,
Like wandering Arabs shift from place to place;
Vagrants by law—to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life
To Madame Mayoress, or his worship's wife.

DUTTON COOK.

THEN AND NOW.



St. Martin's Church, Canterbury

A FRAGMENT, suggested by the old yew-tree in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Canterbury, said to be the oldest church in England.*

BENEATH the shade of this ancient yew
There seems such difference to my view
Betwixt *that* old age so grand and true,
And this so frivolous, false, and new,
The contrast makes me craven too,
And rather wish to die than do.

* St. Martin's Church lies to the north of the road towards Deal, on a rising ground on the eastern outskirts of Canterbury. The sole entrance is through the tower at the western end; from this entrance there is a good view of the cathedral, three-quarters of a mile off. South-west of this doorway stands the old yew-tree which inspired the writer of these lines.

The chief object of interest in the church consists in its occupying the site of one of the earliest churches in England, built long before the Saxon invasion, as the quantity of Roman brickwork built into the wall of the present edifice testifies. Here Bertha, the French princess and Christian Consort of King Ethelbert, used to worship, ere Augustine arrived in England, which event occurred in A.D. 596. Here the Saint first officiated before Ethelbert surrendered to him the site of the palace, where the germ of Christ Church, the present cathedral, was founded.

In the church there stands a very ancient font, traditionally said to be that wherein Ethelbert was baptised, but really considered to be the ninth century.

O would I had lived in the days of old,
When the world was young, and its heart not cold;
When life was cast in a manlier mould,
And *death* deem'd better than the truth untold;
Ere women were bought, and men were sold:
Then love was stronger than lust of gold!

Such were my thoughts when under the tree;
But when from the spell of its age I was free,
A kindlier spirit came unto me,
And whisper'd, smiling merrily,
“*Then* was not all such a golden time;
Now is not only sorrow and crime.”

H. D. W.

The spot commonly said to be the last resting-place of Queen Bertha is a long flat tomb in the north wall of the chancel, really of Crusading times; a brass tablet of modern date suggests that that may have been her tomb.

The church, in Saxon times, was the seat of a suffragan bishop, one appointed to perform the diocesan work of the archbishop; the site is accurately defined by the Venerable Bede, writing about the year 735, who is the authority for most of the interest that attaches to the spot, and who states that Ethelbert and Bertha are both buried in the cemetery of St. Martin's; the ruined shell of the ancient British Church having been dedicated, on the restoration of the Queen's Chapel, to St. Martin, the warrior saint and the tutelary patron of France, his native land.

A VISIT TO METTRAY.

ON a fine sunny spring morning,—for in Touraine, March is really spring,—we started on our “visit to Mettray.” As it is possible that some of our readers may never have heard of Mettray, or, having heard of it, may nevertheless not know what it is that has made this quiet little agricultural village in the “garden of France” so famous, we will endeavour, before proceeding with our walk, to enlighten them a little on this subject. In a word, then, there exists at Mettray one of the largest, oldest, and I may safely say most successful, reformatory schools in the world. It was founded some eighteen years ago, chiefly through the exertions of M. de Metz, whose name is now widely known in connection with it. This truly philanthropic gentleman is still the guiding spirit of the place, although now advanced in years, and obliged to intrust to other hands much of the practical management. From a small and unassuming beginning, the establishment has gradually increased, and at the present moment provides accommodation for upwards of 700 juvenile delinquents, sent from all parts of France. To the original scheme M. de Metz has recently added the *Maison Paternelle*, which shall be described shortly.

To return to our walk. The distance from Tours, where we were staying, is about four English miles. We ascend the right bank of the Loire by the great Imperial route to Paris; leaving this at the top of the hill, we strike into a country road, which, like most of its kind in France, is none of the best. Much has been said of the beauties of Touraine, and to an agricultural eye no doubt it is all that can be desired. To us, however, and regarded in comparison with English country scenery, it is decidedly too flat to be interesting. Around us stretches for miles an almost unbroken plain, bounded to the south by the valley of the Loire,—if indeed it can be called a valley,—varied with small patches of copse, few and far between, and destitute of those leafy landmarks which in England add so much to the appearance of the most barren district. This plain is chiefly occupied by vineyards, which are here carried to great perfection.

Having surmounted the bank of the river, we come at once in view of the little chapel spire of the “*Colonie Agricole*,”—the high-sounding title with which the reformatory is dignified by our elegant neighbours. This serves us as a guide for the rest of the way. A few peasants’ cottages we pass, and one dilapi-

dated-looking *château*, which, were we in England, would at once suggest the dread idea of “Chancery.” Nearing Mettray the prospect improves, and we at length arrive in certainly the prettiest village in the neighbourhood of Tours. Numbers of new houses are in progress; the place seems as prosperous as it is clean and rural. The *Colonie* is entered through handsome gates, which, with the pretty porter’s lodge, and the neatly-kept flower-garden, already showing promise of its summer beauties, remind one forcibly of an English country-house.

The gate is answered by a woman, who receives our letter of introduction to the deputy-manager, M. Blanchard, and tells us that we are early, for the officers are still at breakfast (the hour was about half-past eleven). She offers to deliver the epistle, and guide us to M. Blanchard’s residence, a comfortable little house in the gardens. Here we are transferred to the care of another domestic, who undertakes to find her master, who is breakfasting in the common-room. She conducts us past several small buildings, and at length brings us into the great square—the original *Colonie*. This square, to use a somewhat Irish expression, is of an oblong shape, the two sides being occupied each by about five small houses, which look like the originals of the little model *châlets* one sees in Swiss shops. At the upper end is the chapel, a plain, substantial building; the lower end forms the entrance; and in the middle of the quadrangle is a large model of a ship, partly rigged, and sufficiently complete for the purposes of the young naval aspirants of Mettray. Passing up towards the chapel, our ears are assailed by the unmistakable clatter of knives and forks, and French tongues,—which last are not in general of the shortest, or quietest either. Into the *châlet*, from whence issue these comfortable sounds, our guide disappears, and we are left for some little time to our own devices, which lead us, in accordance with French ideas of the conduct of the *Anglais* on his travels, to peer into every available place, and comment pretty freely on what we see.

At length M. Blanchard appears, our letter open in his hand. Being a Frenchman, he is, of course, most polite and obliging, especially when we mention the name of an English gentleman well known in connection with reformatories, and who has often visited Mettray. After a little conversation, he calls an officer, and, apologising for the urgent business which will not permit him to accompany us himself, retires. Our new guide, a stout, shrewd-looking individual, in a neat uniform, is, however, to the full as obliging, and, what is

better, as intelligent and well-informed, as his superior could be. We were now enlightened as to the system of the small detached houses I have spoken of. Each of these, explained our guide, contains a family, that is to say, an association of about twenty boys, presided over by a master, who is in all things their "guide, philosopher, and friend." The ground floors, however, are occupied by workshops, dining-rooms, &c., into each of which we were introduced. The trades here carried on are those of sabot-making, shoe-making, tailoring, and rope-making. The boys also assist in the bakehouse, kitchen, and wash-house. The chief manufacture, that of agricultural implements, goes on in another part of the grounds. Of the first-mentioned trades, the most interesting to an English eye is that of the *sabotier*. Some twenty boys were engaged in this capacity, and very dexterous workmen they seemed to be. One huge pile of the finished article—finished, however, in the rudest style—was pointed out as being specially destined for the regiment of carabiniers stationed at Tours, who, being big men, require big sabots for their stable work. Our guide called them *petits canots*, and certainly, both in size and shape, they fully merited the name.

After taking a peep at the other workshops, the dining-hall, and school-room, in none of which there was anything specially calling for remark, we ascended to one of the dormitories, which some boys were engaged in setting to rights; for these youths are taught to do everything possible for themselves, even to being their own housemaids. The dormitory was somewhat rough, but clean and well ventilated. The beds, of which there are about twenty, are on the same plan as that adopted in most English prisons. A stout horizontal beam stretches down the middle of the room, at about two feet from the ground; this is furnished with iron hooks on each side, between which and corresponding hooks in the side walls, hammocks are slung at night. In the daytime they are rolled up against the walls. Over each hammock is a shelf, containing the inmate's comb and brush, soap, Sunday clothes, &c. Everything is in the most scrupulous order.

Our next visit was to the chapel, which is plain and substantial inside, with little to call for remark, except the boards with which the walls are covered, containing the names of those persons whose donations to the institution have entitled them to be enrolled as *fondateurs*. These form a long list, the majority being of course Frenchmen; one board, however is dedicated specially to English

fondateurs. Here we noticed several well-known names, a little hard sometimes to recognise under their disguise of French orthography. The chapel inspected, we at length quitted the square, and went round to the farm buildings, one of the most interesting parts of the institution, as having been originally the one occupation of the colonists, on which the others have been grafted by degrees. Everything is here done by the boys, who are carters, groomers, stable-boys, ploughmen, labourers on the farm, the vineyards, and in the gardens. The appearance these youths presented was somewhat curious, and seemed to realise my ideas of what the slaves on a well-managed Carolina plantation must look like at their work. They were dressed in a rough cotton blouse, canvas trousers, and the broad-brimmed straw hat, which seems to be always associated with the idea of slaves and plantations. In one respect, however, the comparison falls to the ground—at least, if we are to believe the abolitionists: the boys all seemed cheerful and contented about their work, and evidently did it with a will.

We were conducted through the stables, filled with the fine powerful horses, generally used for agricultural work in Touraine; all in excellent condition. Then came the cow-house, stocked with some forty or fifty fine animals, and kept admirably clean and neat. Hence we walked through the gymnastic-ground, a field well fitted up with all the requisites for athletic sports, which are only permitted on Sundays. Some of the boys, our guide informed us, are A 1 at these exercises, and all are exceedingly fond of them.

The next place worthy of note is the smiths' shop, where all the working in iron goes on. Very excellent agricultural implements are made here by the boys, both iron and wood work being done on the premises. The heavier iron castings, however, are sent from some neighbouring iron-works. A stock of these implements is kept on show in a building erected for the purpose. Some of the boys, we were told, show considerable talent in inventing and improving on machines; indeed one implement invented by a young colonist obtained a prize at the London Exhibition. This manufacture answers more purposes than one. It gives employment to a great many boys, whose inventive capacities it tests and brings out; it is a source of profit to the school; and last, but not least, it helps to spread over the country the knowledge and use of implements which are as yet but too little adopted in France. During our walk through the grounds, we passed several pretty buildings, which were not shown, some being

officers' houses, some schools for the younger children, and so forth. While talking of schools, I may say that the pupils are all regularly instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and are generally turned out very fair scholars. It is to be said, however, that probably a much larger number of the Mettray boys are well advanced in these accomplishments at their first arrival, than would be the case in England. We also inspected the kitchen, and received a very favourable impression of the Mettray dietary. A huge cauldron of soup was bubbling and simmering when we entered, and emitting a most savoury odour. Several boys, clad in the regular cook's dress (which is next door to a miller's) attended to the preparations, under the direction of the *chef de cuisine*. Altogether the kitchen appeared to be a very well managed branch of the institution. The wash-house, and bakehouse we also looked into; both are attended to by the boys, under experienced superintendence.

There remains one other feature of the institution to be described, and that the most curious of all,—I mean the *Maison Paternelle*. This establishment, which, as far as I know, is quite unique, has been lately founded by M. de Metz, and engrafted on the reformatory. A building adapted to the purpose has been erected in the rear of the chapel. The *Maison Paternelle* is a kind of House of Correction for youths of good birth; its object being to receive for short periods unmanageable boys and young men of the upper classes, who are here subjected to severe discipline, and are almost always tamed by a short residence. In arrangement, the place resembles a prison on a very small scale. It consists of a broad airy corridor, so built that the end of it joins on to the chapel of the *Colonie*. A small altar stands on a gallery at this end, so that Mass can be heard by each prisoner from his cell, the door of which is so contrived that it can be *fastened ajar*. Some twenty cells open out of this corridor, each having its number painted on the door. By these numbers—and this is one of the great advantages of the system—the inmates are known during their stay, their real names being entirely suppressed. Thus no parent need be afraid of ruining his son's reputation by sending him here; and the youth himself will not be so proud of his incarceration as to talk about it. This establishment is a great advantage also in another way. It averts the necessity of expelling boys from the great public schools. A boy who at Eton would be publicly and disgracefully expelled the school, his chances of success in life being thereby seriously injured, is in France

quietly sent off to Mettray for a few weeks, to kick his heels in a solitary cell. He returns conquered, proceeds with his studies, and nobody is any the wiser. The boys are kept separate, except during the gymnastic exercises, which are much practised in order to correct the otherwise sedentary life. The course of discipline pursued is, I believe, somewhat in this wise: a new pupil arrives, who has been utterly unmanageable at home, or at school, as the case may be. After some resistance, he is put into a cell, and left alone. Irritated by solitude, he relieves his feelings by trying to smash his furniture, but fails signally, for the very good reason that such furniture as there is, is too solid to smash. The young gentleman's meals are thrust in through a trap, in regular prison style. At length appears the chaplain, and offers to give him a lesson. The hopeful pupil flies into a rage, and abuses the Professor, who thereupon takes himself off, saying that he will not return till he is sent for. "Well," thinks the youth, "he may wait long enough before I send for him." But he is mistaken. In a very few days he finds his solitude so utterly insupportable, that, thinking even a lesson a cheap price to pay for a little company, he summons the chaplain, who tries to improve his mind and induce reflection. The system fully carried out, seldom fails. The establishment is already well known and well supported. Every cell is usually full, and, at the time of our visit, new buildings were in progress.

With the *Maison Paternelle*, our inspection of the buildings and premises came to an end. Our guide then led us to a small room, in which are kept divers articles to be sold to visitors for the benefit of the institution. Some pamphlets also there were; reports of the Committee for various years; the scheme for the *Maison Paternelle*, &c. Having invested in one or two small bits of rubbish, we thanked our obliging conductor,—he was so gentleman-like that we hardly liked to *tip* him,—and took our departure, highly pleased with all we had seen and learnt concerning this greatest of French reformatories.

Before concluding, however, I may say that the number of boys at present under training at Mettray is 700, *i.e.*, 400 in the parent establishment, which has just been described, and the remainder in different farms in the neighbourhood. Every young offender committed to the reformatory, is, I believe, at first received into the principal establishment; and having been duly trained and tended in the central nursery for some time, is transplanted, as it were, to one of the outlying

gardens. The number of officers required to manage the discipline, schooling, and the various occupations of the inmates, is between forty and fifty. In point of success, the results obtained at Mettray, are, I believe, unparalleled. From my own observation I can say that these quondam criminals, if not always redeemed from their primitive roughness, and though presenting in many cases rather an animal type of countenance, seemed at least contented, and for the most part cheerful and happy.

Abandoning is almost unknown here; and one great token of success is, that almost all the discharged pupils are glad to take any opportunity of revisiting the school. Very few indeed are totally lost sight of after leaving; and the number of relapses into crime is very small.

When we recollect that all this success, all this discouragement to crime, and this moulding of honest men out of criminal children, is in great measure due to the exertions of one man,—M. De Metz,—we must surely acknowledge that he merits as much honour as many who have won for themselves far wider renown. M.

A DREADFUL NIGHT.

If any man enjoys a holiday, it is a clerk in a public office; and in 184—, no one started for his winter trip with more pleasant anticipations than those with which I locked my desk in the Title-Deeds Office, and started for North Lincolnshire. I have never been there since that time; indeed if I ever have a nightmare, I wake from an awful dream of having been smothered under the wolds of that county, as the giants of old were whelmed under *Ætna*. But to my tale.

Does the reader know Great Grimsby? Why it should be called Great Grimsby, I cannot tell, as no one was ever known to have found his way to Little Grimsby. But let that pass. A popular novelist of the present day, when he wished to send the villain of his story to a place where he might reasonably be supposed able to escape observation, relegated him to Grimsby. His selection was most judicious. Does any one even know of a friend who has ever been at Great Grimsby? Dull and dreary is it, twining its slow length along one long street leading to the sea, like some wounded serpent dragging itself to the water, doubled up here and there into a convulsive row of houses, writhing at another part into a knot of two or three dingy cottages. North and south of it are spread out extensive tracts of mud and waste land,

called "fytities," always dismal in the midst of summer, and tenfold more lonely and dismal when the tide of the Humber runs down, and invites numerous flocks of water-birds to their favourite haunts. In company with the cousin at whose house I was staying, I used frequently during that winter to resort to these mud-flats after nightfall, and we seldom failed to obtain a shot or two at wild-fowl.

The *modus operandi* of the gunners of these shores is very simple. They dig a hole during the day in a mud-bank some way above low water mark. Towards nightfall they deposit a bundle of straw in it, on which they stand. They may wait in the cold for hours without seeing a feather, but generally patience is rewarded by getting a flying shot at a party of ducks or curlew coming to feed.

One night (shall I ever forget it?) my cousin had to spend at Lincoln on the Grand Jury. After dinner an immoderate desire took possession of me, to ramble towards the Humber with my gun. It was a bright frosty night, and all the time my hostess was singing to amuse me, I sat on thorns longing to start for the shore. At length she wished me "good night," when I informed her an uncontrollable liking had come over me to look up the ducks. Would she trust me with the key, and I could let myself in after an hour or two without disturbing any one? She tried to dissuade me, urging the charms of the chimney corner and a cigar to no purpose. Then she reminded me I might easily lose myself, but I assured her it was bright moonlight. Finally, she gave me the key, and saw me off literally on a wild-goose chase. I took my double-barrel, and made direct for the "fytities."

A walk of half an hour brought me to the bank, kept up at great expense by the proprietors of the land to prevent the waters overflowing the rescued meadows, at the back of which lie the remnants of an old dyke, that may have been constructed for the same purpose by the Romans. Beyond the low wailing of the green plovers overhead, I had heard nothing during my walk. Now, as I cautiously wormed myself up the bank, and raised my head, an animated scene presented itself. Some 800 yards off, at the edge of the Humber, where the tiny wavelets glittered in the moonlight, was a fluttering of innumerable wings, a screaming, calling, and clanging sound of many flocks of wildfowl. I thought of Homer's account of Cæster's banks, and longed to be nearer the water's edge, as little companies of eighteen or twenty ducks and curlew flew along every now and then parallel

to it. A little way to my right a range of stakes and large boulders ran towards the sea. Trusting to them for concealment, I crept noiselessly along, keeping well in the shade, and with great trouble getting a hundred yards nearer the wildfowl, without as yet rousing their suspicions.

All at once I heard a loud rustle behind me. A flock of teal came overhead, flying towards the sea from some inland pond, and without a moment's hesitation, I fired both barrels into their centre. Much to my delight one bird fluttered to the ground sixty yards in front of me evidently winged, but still, from the speed with which it made for the water, likely yet to escape me, as I had no retriever.

With a noise like distant thunder, and a loud screaming and whistling, all the wildfowl for a mile or more, either way, rose up into the air and made off. Over shingle and over banks of black mud, I ran towards my prize, now sticking in the tenacious mire, at other times plunging deep into a pool that tried my Cording's waterproofing capabilities to the full.

The moon was just passing behind a bank of clouds as I made my way to the reef of mud on which the teal lay seemingly dying. It had fluttered on some way, and drawn me four or five hundred yards from the embankment. The mud was particularly yielding here; but I pushed on to the edge of a little dip, six yards down which lay the bird, dead, as I now saw.

The descent was not inviting, but I went on bravely over the ankles in the hateful black slime. As I seized my bird, being rather out of breath, I slipped and fell on hands and knees, luckily saving my gun from getting damp. With a little difficulty, I recovered my feet, turned and commenced ascending the mud-bank. To my horror I slipped back at every step. My previous foot-tracks were little pools. The treacherous water filled them in immediately. With perspiration breaking out coldly over me, I once more madly essayed the ascent. It was only three yards in height, but that hid the country and even the moon from me. It was preposterous to be foiled at such a trifle. For a full five minutes, I tried my best to mount the incline; but only made about a yard of it, the mud higher up the slope being less tenacious than where with some difficulty I maintained my stand. Now I began to wish I had listened to reason, and remained at home. However, there was nothing for it but, weak as I felt myself becoming, to drain my flask (which luckily retained a few mouthfuls from

our last expedition), and once more essay to return.

After long struggling and expending all my little remaining strength in vain, I became seriously alarmed, and fired several times by way of bringing help. Alas! the nearest house was two miles away. It was half-past eleven on a bitter March night, and even professional gunners, I felt, would hardly come from Grimsby, so far down the river, except by the merest chance.

Then I shouted myself hoarse, and once more wasted my little remaining strength in trying to get out of the muddy prison in which I found myself. One side was just as bad as the other. I heard the far-off lapping of the sea in the deathlike silence of that intensely bitter night; behind me, on the opposite side, the call of a duck or the scream of a curlew occasionally rendered the stillness more intolerable.

I am not one given to despair, so I made up my mind to wait till morning, and trust either to my absence from the house creating a hue and cry, or else, I knew the coastguard boat passed down at dawn, and I could hail them as they rowed by. I had wasted all my powder and shot already. Wrapping my plaid still tighter round my breast, cold and wet as I was, I lighted my pipe and rested, leaning on my gun.

Soon I began to perceive myself sinking into the mud. I extricated myself, only to sink deeper. Thoroughly alarmed, I put away my pipe, and paced to the other end of my prison, about ten yards off. Once more I madly essayed to scale the bank. Down on my knees I crawled, and driving the gun into the yielding mud, strove to use it as a lever. Vain thought! I slipped down again up to the knees in water and mud.

Then the full horror of my position dawned upon me. I had heard there were dangerous quicksands on this coast. The water was up to my thighs now. No plunging was of any avail; it seemed to do harm. I had dropped my gun; reason almost left me; in unutterable despair I looked to the skies. The stars twinkled brightly, and here and there a fleecy cloud passed majestically along. There was no sympathy with them. Far over a purple waste of sea, I saw the Spurn light at the extremity of the Yorkshire coast. It was just seven miles off, but I screamed and shouted to it for help. Now I had settled down to my waist. A burst of tears came to my relief. To die, when so full of life and strength and hopes! Oh, horrible! Another plunge; I settled down deeper still, and bade farewell then to the world. Like some cold

and slimy serpent, the pit slowly drew me downwards; button after button of my waistcoat disappeared. I spread out my hands and gasped in utter despair. What touched one foot? I kicked and felt something hard. The other reached firm ground too. Oh, joy! I was on the gravel subsoil, and though I could not stir, I could not sink deeper! The revulsion of feeling was as dreadful as had been my previous despair. I shouted wildly for delight. It was like being once more restored to life.

Soon my raptures abated. I was up to the arms in deadly cold water; the reef I stood on fell away, I found by experiment, on all sides. My pipe was hopelessly wet. No one could see my head and shoulders from the land. The ordinary path was two or three hundred yards behind me. The wind was rising and blowing seawards. All possibility now, even if I survived the cold, of being heard by a chance passer-by was utterly hopeless.

Hour after hour of that pitiless night passed on. Only my head and shoulders seemed alive, so intense was the chill that had seized my body. Would it never end? The wild-fowl passed gleefully over head. The stars grew dim, the Spurn light that had glared all night so fixedly on my misery, that I had been tempted to curse it, paled; faint white streaks broke through the deep dark blue behind it. At last day was coming; but my senses were so deranged, I hardly knew whether it was not all a hideous dream. Was I alive, or a disembodied ghost? No form of punishment that even Dante's prolific imagination shadowed out can equal the sufferings of that night. Youth is full of hope, or I had flung myself forward many times, and perished in the hateful ooze.

With grey dawn the thin mists that floated over the river disappeared, and from one end of my prison I saw two outward-bound steamers majestically passing along. Then I turned instinctively to the other, the inland narrow view between the two banks. In the far distance, joy of joys! a man approached! Long before he could possibly have heard me, I shouted wildly. It was my cousin's groom, evidently looking for me. He turned away; and my heart sank within me; no, he is turning again, and scanning the mud flats. I shouted and screamed in a vain attempt to make myself heard over the raging wind that so often sweeps over the "fytities." I raised my hands and plunged in the mud once more, but to no purpose. He seemed again to be drawing towards me. Had he seen me? I redoubled my shrieks. Alas! he turned his

back, and soon passed beyond the limits of my view.

Then I gave in. It was useless to struggle any more. I must have swooned. When I revived, horror of horrors! the tide was coming in!—cheerily rippling up against the breeze, and circling round some large boulder or stake, and then swallowing it up. It was but a hundred yards from me now, and the distance momentarily lessened. Anything is better than to be slowly drowned, I thought. Oh, for a dry death! One more plunge, all was softening round me. The first ripple came in to my prison. Perhaps (as I could swim) I might manage, after all, to wriggle out! Hope revived; the first wave washed over my mouth and nose; as I opened my eyes, a boat passed along not thirty yards from me. How I shouted! One long wail cut abruptly short by a wave! They had heard me, and turned her head near me. I could just raise my hands and arms. More amazed than words could tell, a hardy coast-guardsmen leapt into the ooze, holding on by the boat with one hand, and grasping me with the other. The next wave dashed the boat on to me, and I fainted. A rope was flung round my body, I heard afterwards, and two or three of the men pulled me in, *minus* shoes and stockings, and nearly dead with exhaustion and terror. After a long attack of brain-fever, I slowly came round; and now you will not be surprised to hear me say, how sincerely I detest Lincolnshire.

G. M. W.

UNDER SUSPICION.

CHAPTER I. THE ARREST.

"UNCLE JOSEPH, will you see to the luggage?"

"Certainly, madam," I replied. I always called my brother's second wife "madam;" we never quarrelled, but each thought that the other was the most disagreeable person in the universe; and as we each knew what the other thought, it may be imagined our intercourse was not of a very cordial kind.

I did see to the luggage, and then took tickets for the party for the York express by the Great Northern Railway.

Fortunately we had a compartment to ourselves, that is, Mrs. Webster, my niece Clara, and myself.

"Clara, my dear, you look as ill as you can look, no one would think that to-morrow was your wedding-day."

"Do I look ill, mamma?" said Clara, dreamily.

"Yes, my dear, and wretched too. I wonder you've not more sense at your age, a girl of

twenty-five, and breaking her heart for love of a man who for four years has taken not the slightest notice of you."

"Why, it was one of the conditions, Mrs. Webster, that he should not write," I exclaimed.

Clara said nothing, but looked her thanks at her old uncle.

"However, Uncle Joseph, he ought to have come back and taken his dismissal quietly. I have no patience with these poor men blighting a girl's chance of getting well settled in life in this way; however, thank Goodness, it's all over now, the four years are gone this three months, and to-morrow you will be the happy wife of a man whose age will command your respect, and whose position will secure you every comfort."

"And one, mamma, whom nothing on earth but my solemn promise to my poor dear father would make me call husband."

"Well, my dear, it's fortunate for your future interests that you made that promise. I'm sure that Mr. Tredgar is a man after my own heart. If I hadn't other views for my children's sake, I should have set my cap at him myself."

"I'm sure, madam, Mr. Tredgar would feel only too much honoured if he knew your sentiments; the candid avowal of them is, I think, highly calculated to add to Clara's happiness under existing circumstances."

"Well, you know, Uncle Joseph, I am candid to a fault."

"Decidedly, madam, most decidedly," I replied, a remark which caused Mrs. Webster to read a yellow-covered novel for some time in silence, though shortly afterwards she dropped asleep.

Clara stole to my side of the carriage, and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"O uncle, I wish I were dead; can it be so very wrong to die? I am so wretched, I dread to-morrow; oh! why will not God pity me, and take away my life?"

"My dear Clara, don't, there's a good child; it's wicked to talk in this way: life must be borne; I have felt as you feel, and yet I live, and am not positively unhappy, only a vague, shadowy regret for what might have been stands like a cloud between me and any happiness that might be mine. Yours are keen sufferings, but bear them patiently, and use will dull the pain."

"But, uncle, why did he not let me hear from him, as mamma says?"

"Because he was a man of honour; the four years were up only last April, and this is but July; who can tell where he is? Wherever he is, he is faithful and true, I know."

"Oh! uncle, God bless you for those words, I know it too, but what can I do? I cannot delay longer: my poor father's dying words, my solemn promise to marry this man, my stepmother's persecutions,—what can I do? Three months have I fought, and now I wish I could lie down and die. O uncle, is there no escape? I have such a dread that he will come back after I am married, and then—oh! it would be worse than his death to see him!—The temptation!—oh! why cannot I die?"

"Poor child! my poor child!" was all I could utter.

Bound by a vow made at her father's death-bed, she was going the next day to marry a man who was old enough to be her father, and who, but for the fact of his persisting in his claim, spite of her openly expressed dislike of him, was esteemed a very good kind of man.

True, Clara was beautiful and accomplished beyond the average of women of her class, and it would be a struggle to any man to give up such a prize, backed as he was by the assurances of the stepmother that it was only a girlish fancy, and that love coming after marriage was more to be trusted and more lasting than if it came before; I confess I was but a poor counsellor under such circumstances, still I loved her very truly, she was almost as my own daughter, for I was a childless widower, and I would have given my life to save her. But it was impossible, and to-morrow would seal her fate.

It was not a pleasant journey, that. Mrs. Webster read and slept at intervals the whole time, and when she slept Clara nestled close to me.

We arrived at York about six o'clock, and, just as the train was slackening speed into the station, a guard jumped on to the foot-board, locked or unlocked the door, and remained there until the train stopped.

"Have you all your parcels, madam?"

"All, thank you, Uncle Joseph, except my umbrella—oh! that's under the seat," said Mrs. Webster.

"Now, guard, unlock this door."

"Are you with that young lady, sir?" pointing to my niece.

"Yes, certainly, unlock the door."

"Better not make a fuss, sir."

"Fuss! what do you mean?"

The man, who seemed to be looking out for somebody now, asked, "All right, sir?"

"All right," said the station-master, coming to the door, and opening it; "this way, miss."

"What does this mean?"

"Step into my office, I daresay it's all right. Better not say too much out here, you know."

We followed him through the little crowd of passengers and porters, accompanied by a policeman in uniform. As we passed we heard fragmentary observations of a most pleasing kind.

"Which is it?" said some one.

"It's the girl, I think."

"No, it's the old woman, she looks as if she'd do any one a mischief if it suited her."

"Old man looks too soft for anything," and so on.

We went into the office, and I indignantly turned to the station-master.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?"

"Oh! it's very simple, sir: a telegram has arrived from the police in London with orders to stop this young lady; here it is."

I took it, and read:—

"The young lady looking very ill, dressed in black silk mantle, white straw bonnet with white flowers, is to be detained at the station till the arrival of the officer by the afternoon mail. She is seated in the middle compartment of the third first-class carriage from the end of the train. Her present name is Clara Webster. To avoid the possibility of mistake, she has a diamond ring on the third finger of the left hand, with the words 'From Herbert' engraved on the inside."

It certainly was a correct description, and the name—there might be two Clara Websters, though.

"Let me see your left hand, dear."

She pulled off her glove, and there was the ring.

"Let me see that ring with the diamond on it."

"Uncle, what does this mean? is anything wrong at home?"

"I'll tell you presently, dear; give me the ring."

She took it off, and gave it me, and I read 'From Herbert' on the inside.

"Why, that's the ring Mr. Langley gave you."

"What has he to do with this?" said Mrs. Webster. "Perhaps he—"

"He what, madam?"

"Perhaps it did not belong to him, I was going to say."

I saw it was no use to struggle; when the officer came down he would explain the mistake.

"Where can we wait?" I said.

"Wait, Uncle Joseph, what for?"

"Madam, this telegram orders the arrest of

your daughter, and her detention here till the arrival of an officer from London."

"But what for?"

"I cannot tell you; it is useless to complain now, we must wait."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall at once go and get my brother and Mr. Tredgar to come down."

"Pray don't, madam; there's no occasion to make more noise about this matter than can be helped."

"I shall remain with Clara; you had better go on and say we are coming very shortly."

"Your instructions don't include this lady or myself?" I asked.

"Not at all, sir: you are both free to go at any time, but the young lady must stay."

"Where?"

"Well, sir, I'm sure there's some mistake, and was so from the moment I saw the young lady, so if you'll give me your word not to go away, I'll take you into my house out of the bustle of the station."

Mrs. Webster went off, and Clara and I went out to the house.

"What can it be, uncle?"

"Can't say, my dear; it will be something to laugh at bye-and-bye, though it's not pleasant now."

"But about the ring?—do you think it possible, that what mamma said?"

"Possible! my dear, it's ridiculous. It's a hundred years old, and I daresay belonged to his mother before he gave it you."

"I can't think what it can be."

"Don't think about it. It's a mistake, that's all; it will be all cleared up in a few hours. We'll have some dinner, and pass the time as well as we can."

"Do you know, uncle, I feel almost glad of this, it seems like a break in the dullness, it puts off my wedding at least a week; mamma herself could not press it for to-morrow after this."

We had dined, and got to be quite cheerful and laughing over the blunder as we sat at the window, when a rap at the door startled us both.

"Come in."

A gentleman entered.

"Miss Webster?"

Clara bowed.

"Miss Clara Webster," he said, reading the name from a letter.

Clara bowed again.

He handed her the letter, which she opened, read, and dropped on the floor, exclaiming,—
"Thank God! thank God! O! uncle, I am so happy," and then fell into a chair fainting.

I picked up the letter, and calling the

people of the house, very soon brought her to, and we were once more alone with the bearer of the note, which ran as follows :—

“*Tredgar Hall.*

“Mr. Francis Tredgar presents his compli-

ments to Miss Webster, and begs to state that he must decline the fulfilment of his promise to make her his wife. The unhappy circumstance of Miss Webster's public arrest, on the charge of being in possession of a diamond ring, stolen by her former lover, will at once ac-



count to her for this decision : Mr. Tredgar's wife must be above suspicion.

“Mr. Tredgar begs also to inform Miss Webster that the services of his solicitor, Mr. Blake (the bearer), are at her disposal.”

“Well, Mr. Blake,” said I, “you see we

shall not require your services ; I shall wait the event, and, if it is not cleared up, shall employ my own solicitor in the matter. Will you present my kind regards to Mr. Francis Tredgar, and express my own and my niece's admiration of his gentlemanly courtesy and kindness? I would write to him if I did not

consider that a correspondence with such a miserable, cowardly scoundrel was too utterly degrading to be thought of."

"I shall faithfully convey your message, sir, and allow me to assure you that I was quite ignorant of the contents of the letter, and that it shall be the last time I ever bear one from him; and now, as you will not let me help you as his solicitor, allow me to proffer my services as a friend."

"With all my heart, Mr. Blake, come in here a few minutes before the train comes in, and we shall be glad of your help."

"Was I not right, uncle dear?" said Clara, as soon as we were alone. "Oh! you can't tell how happy I am; I can live now. O this glorious mistake! it's the most fortunate thing that has happened to me in all my life. Now, you *are* glad, uncle, aren't you?" and she came up to me,

With all Hope's torches lit in both her eyes, and kissed me, and would have me speak.

"Yes, darling, I am glad,—more glad than I can find words to tell. Your fate linked to such a man as this scoundrel would have been living death. I am heartily glad, Clara."

CHAPTER II. THE OFFICER.

"THIS way, sir. The young person is in my house; she gave her word not to attempt to leave; the old gentleman is with her."

This we heard through the door as the station-master came along the passage. Our friend Mr. Blake had arrived some time before.

The station-master entered, and behind him a tall broad-shouldered man, with bushy beard and moustaches concealing all the lower part of his face.

"Will you have a light, sir?" said the station-master to the officer.

"Thank you, no."

Clara started at the sound of the voice, and laid her hand on mine.

"Now, my good man," began Mr. Blake, "perhaps you'll explain this matter; you telegraphed down from London to stop this lady, and here she is. Now, if you please, explain."

"This gentleman," I said to the officer, "is my niece's legal adviser. I assume it is a mistake, still, we shall be glad of your explanation. You are a detective, I presume?"

"No, sir, I am not, my name is——"

"Herbert! Herbert! my dear Herbert, it is you!"

Clara had gone to him, and he was clasping her in his strong arms, while her face was hidden in his great beard.

"My own! my darling! my own true darling!—she loves me still."

But why describe their meeting? Mr. Blake said to me at once:

"My dear sir, I am not wanted here, and I doubt if you are," and we left them.

In half an hour we thought it possible we might be less in the way, and we went in. They sat on the sofa at a most suspiciously great distance from each other, and looked as happy and foolish as possible.

"And now, my dear Herbert, please to explain to us what has taken you at least half an hour to make clear to my niece."

"Well, my dear uncle,—I may call you 'uncle'?"

"Oh yes: a month sooner is not much consequence."

"Don't, uncle," said Clara.

"You know how I went away with just enough to pay for my tools, and outfit, and passage. I went to California, to the diggings, and was lucky, got a good claim, worked it, made a little money, took shares in a machine, worked the claim, improved the machinery, became manager, director, and got rich, started six months ago to come home for Clara, took the fever at Panama, was down for two months there, not able to move hand or foot, and arrived only last night in Liverpool. There I met an old friend, and heard all the news: poor Webster's death, the promise, and the rest, and above all, that to-morrow was the day. I started by the first train to get to London, thinking the marriage would take place there, and that I should be in time. Looking out of the window of the carriage as the trains were passing each other at Peterborough I saw Clara with her mother, I did not see you. I was mad; the trains had both started, I could not get out. There was Clara going from me, and I going from her, as fast as express trains could take us. What could I do? I knew nothing of where she was going, and yet my information was positive that she was going to be married to-morrow, solely because she would keep her promise.

"Can you wonder at my doing as I did? The train did not stop till it reached London, and I found that by the time I had hunted up the address to which you had gone from the servants at home, I should have lost the last train, and not been able to get here till long past midnight. What to do I could not think.

"In the carriage in which I sat somebody had been talking about the murderer Tawell, and the telegraph, the police on the doorstep, and so on. It all flashed on my mind in an instant.

"I went to the telegraph-office, and looking in, there was only a young lad there.

"I went in, and called him.

"Can you telegraph to York for me?"

"Certainly, sir."

I wrote the telegram you saw.

"You must sign this, sir."

"No I must not, young man," and I drew him towards me by the shoulder.

"My name's Field, Inspector Field; you understand?"

"Oh! certainly, sir. Did you catch that man the other day? I heard of it from one of our clerks."

"Oh yes, caught him safe and sound; he's in Newgate now."

"Indeed, sir," said the lad.

"You'll send that at once, the train's due in less than an hour. I'll see you do it."

He did send it, and as I heard the click, click, click, it was like the throb of a new heart circulating fiery blood in my arteries, for I knew it would enable me to see you, Clara, dear, and then I came down, as you see, by this train, and feel disposed now to embrace all the telegraph clerks in the kingdom."

"Well, young man, it's a dangerous game; I suppose you're aware it's an offence not lightly punished to pretend you're an officer of police," said Mr. Blake.

"My dear Mr. Blake, if it was death on the instant of discovery and I was in the same strait, I should do the same thing over again."

"You must find a prosecutor, Mr. Blake," said Clara, "and as I, the principal person concerned, am not going to prosecute the officer, I think he will escape."

"But why," said I, "did you not telegraph to Clara direct?"

"Because I feared that Mrs. Webster might possibly have prevented our meeting."

Mr. Blake left us with his eyes twinkling, and muttered something to me about "servitude for life."

A month after this I had the pleasure of

giving away my niece to Herbert, and in two months more I had the pleasure of reading in the Times the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Webster to Francis Tredgar, Esq., of Tredgar Hall, to which ceremony I need scarcely say I was not invited.

Clara and Herbert and I live together, and to this day he is spoken of amongst his intimates as Herbert Langley, "that active and intelligent officer."

ARES.

A LOVERS' parting—vows that burn :
(Great Ares, grant they may not mourn!)

A chieftain arming for the fight,
Proud in his manhood's perfect might.

A barque toss'd on the storm-vex'd sea,
Freighted with flower of chivalry.

A foreign shore—a hostile land,
A clash of warriors hand to hand.

The shock of spears—a host that flies,
A battle-shout that rends the skies.

A silent plain—stark forms that lie,
Clothed on with Death's still majesty.

* * * * *
A lonely gazer o'er the deep,
Love-doom'd a sleepless watch to keep.

A beacon-light that flames afar—
(A voiceless herald from the war.)

A white-wing'd barque before the gale,
Hope fluttering in her snowy sail.

A much-enduring warrior band,
Returning to their fatherland.


A shadowy freight, from Ares sent—
(Not such the god-like hero went!)

A maiden weeping tears that burn ;—
A remnant of dust in a funeral urn!

**Apns* (Mars), the god of war, is termed (*Æsch. Agam.* 436) ὁ χερσαμοιβὸς σωματῶν—"the trafficker in bodies," and is there represented as sending back to the friends of those Greeks who had fallen before Troy "a small portion of scorched dust—a thing of bitter tears," in place of the men whom they had sent to the war.

J. B. SHAW.

END OF VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

 A New SERIAL AND ILLUSTRATED TALE, by a popular Author, will be commenced at an early date in the NEW VOLUME of "ONCE A WEEK."





