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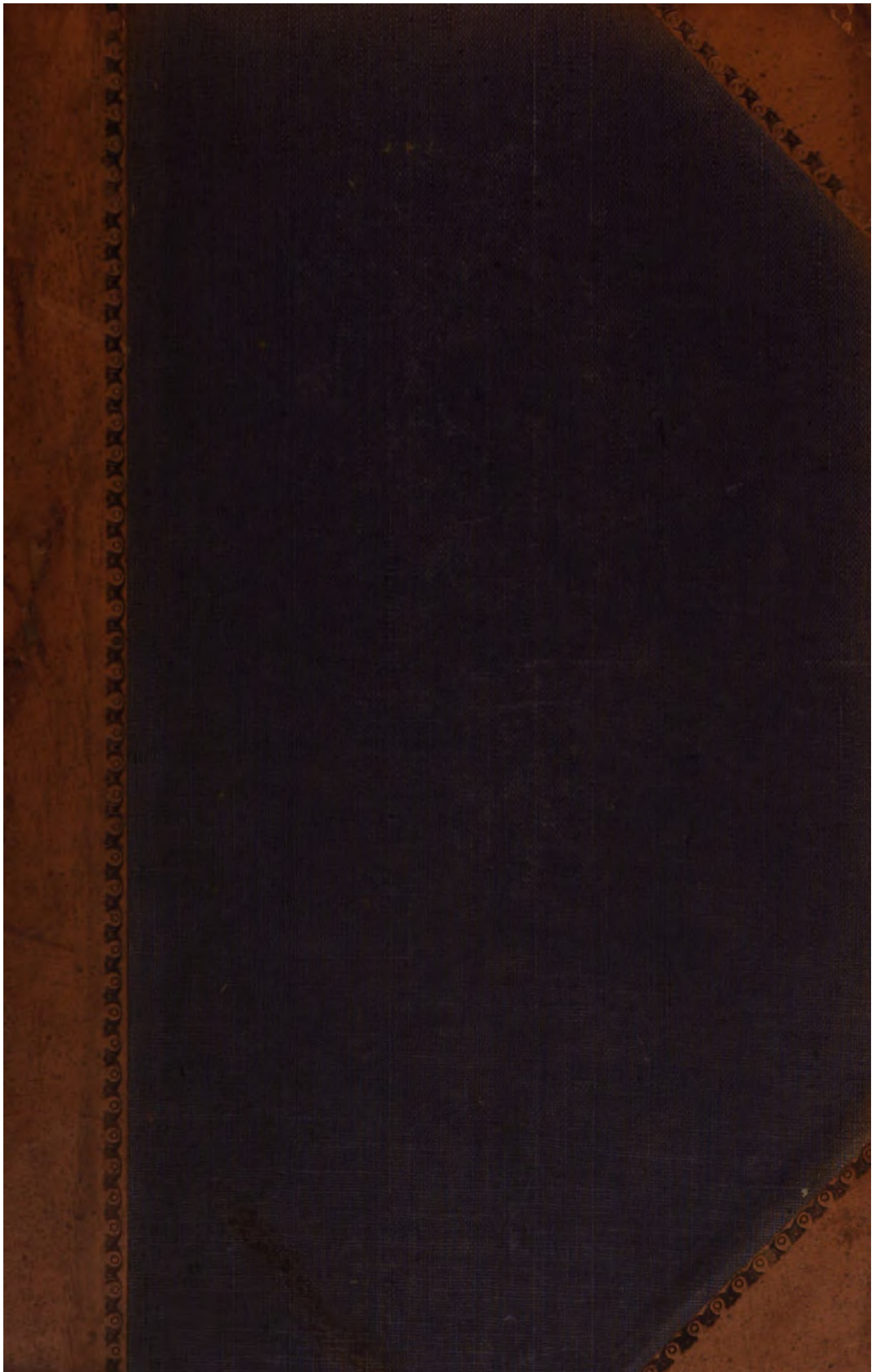
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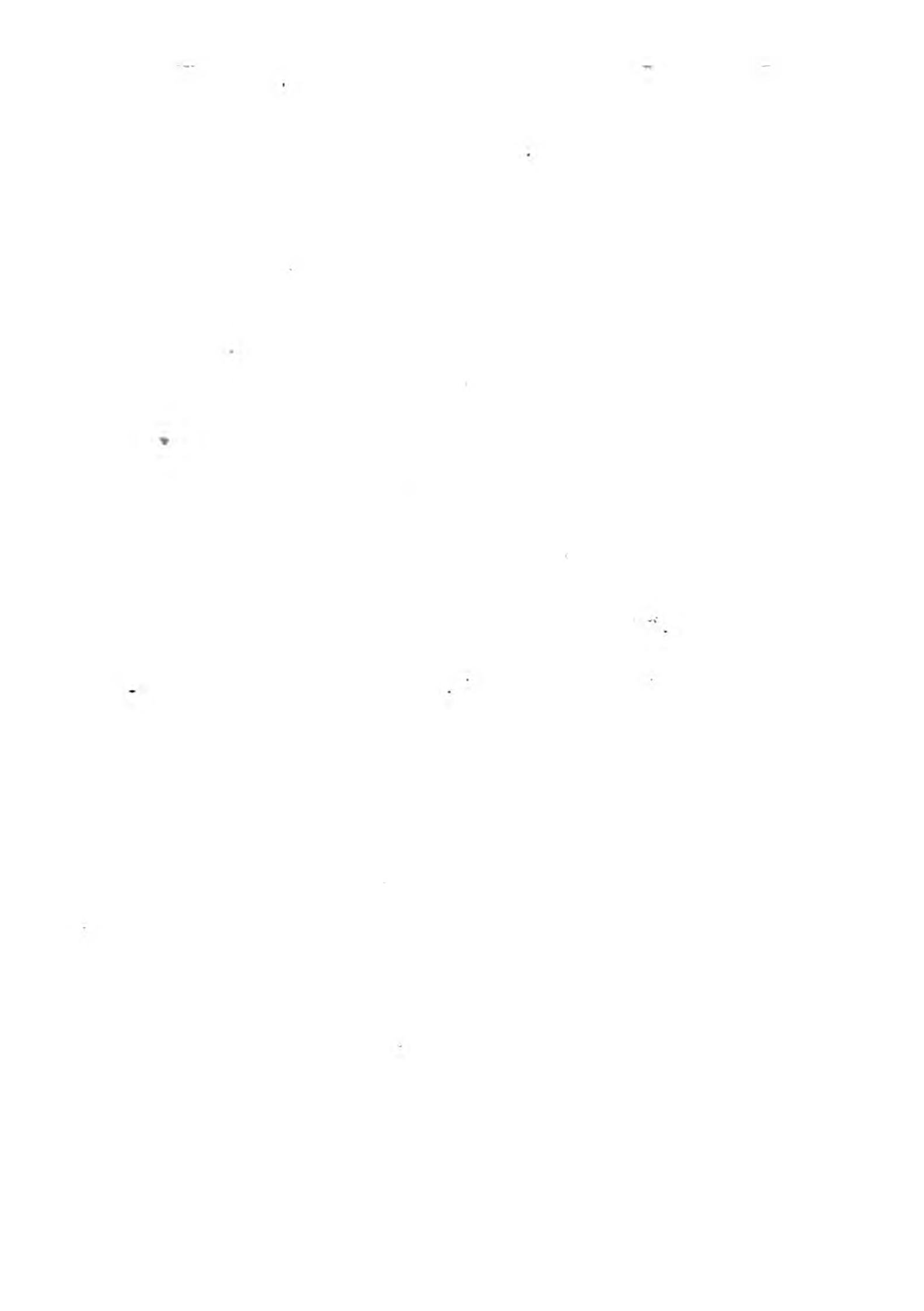
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THE
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APRIL TO JULY.

VOL. IV.



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APRIL, 1862.

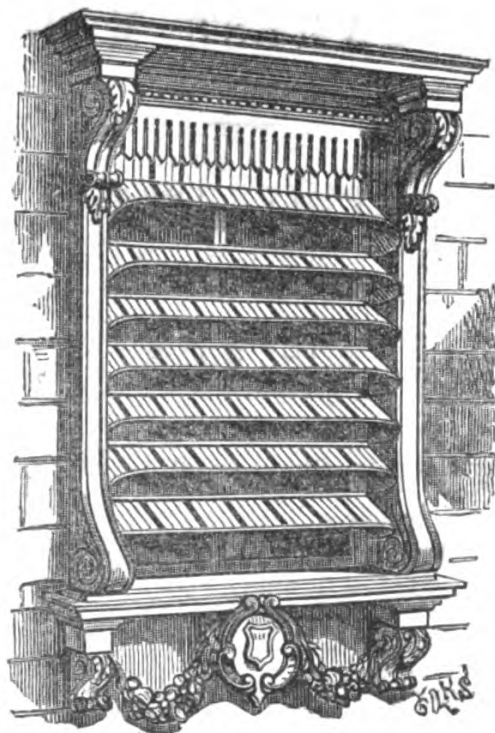
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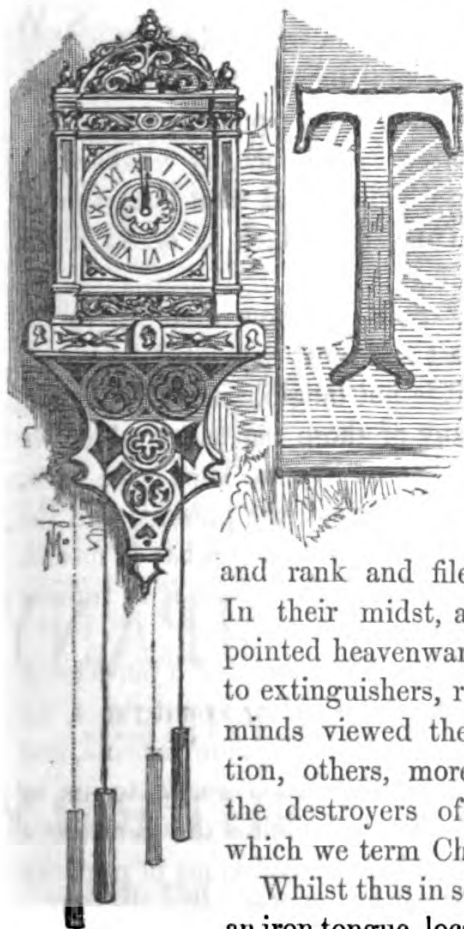
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TIME AND SPACE.

BY CAPTAIN DRAYSON, R.A.

No. 1.—TIME.



THE hour was midnight, and, standing on the least-frequented bridge in the vast metropolis, the distant hive-like hum of many sounds fell upon the ear. High in the southern heavens the full moon shone, and looked bright and god-like, whilst the lurid unwholesome gas lights seemed dull, and emblematic of this earth. Above was the clear star-spangled sky, imagery of vastness and purity, whilst below flowed the shallow river, foul from the carelessness of man. On either side crowds of buildings stood, shoulder to shoulder and rank and file, like soldiers withstanding an enemy. In their midst, and high above them, a hundred spires pointed heavenwards, and, from their strange resemblance to extinguishers, reminded us that whilst some expanded minds viewed them as emblematic of heavenly aspiration, others, more contracted, appeared to treat them as the destroyers of that innate and God-implanted light which we term Charity.

Whilst thus in solitude meditating amidst a crowded city, an iron tongue, located in the upper part of the extinguisher placed on one of the churches, announced that it was midnight. Twelve pert, tenor-like notes were struck on the bell, and we knew that

another day had commenced. Scarcely, however, had this fact been announced by the leading clock, than a deep-toned bell, in the distance, with great solemnity also announced that it was midnight. Before this bell had completed its twelve notes, two or three other bells joined it. Then from far and near came a many-toned echo of bells—high and low, some striking eagerly and rapidly, as though their time were fully occupied, and therefore they had but little to spare for striking; others, in a deep solemn tone, tolled out their notes as though they were announcing a death, or were reminding their hearers of the great truth that each hour and day they are slowly but surely dying.

During several minutes the comparative silence was broken by the sharp note of a clock-bell, and when each church spire had seemed to have given its idea of time, still another laggard would be proved by the sound of its own bell. For fully five minutes the sound of some bell may be heard announcing that it is midnight, and thus we become puzzled as we hear the diversity of opinion which exists amongst the metropolitan clocks—for there can surely be but one single instant when to-day ceases to be and to-morrow begins. There can be but one amongst this multitude of clocks which has really spoken the truth, and there can be but one stroke of the clock which is the indication of the instant of transmission of to-day to to-morrow. Thus a host of clocks must be in error, and must have been either too hasty or too tardy in their announcements. Which then was the lucky or well-adjusted time-piece that really spoke correctly; or how was this instrument known to be correct? In fact, by what means was this clock guided to indicate correctly "Time," and what is this thing which we speak, read, and think of as Time, and which is of so much importance to us all?

What is Time? How simple a question, yet how difficult to be answered. The idea of Time in its widest and most expanded form cannot be grasped by the human mind; for it is not tangible nor visible, nor, in fact, to be tested or manifested by any of those means by which we become cognizant of objects around us. Yet we live in Time; we pass, waste, or take advantage of it; we speak of the past, the present, and the future; and from association of ideas we know thoroughly what is meant. Yet Time itself is incapable of being comprehended, because it is infinite and eternal.

The notion of Time is said to be understood by means of a succession of events; and unless we could compare these events, or count them, we should have no idea of time. Thus we see the alternations of seasons, and we become aware of years; the changes of the Moon speak to us of months; the daily rising and setting of the Sun define the periods of night and day. Hence by natural means we become conscious of portions of Time, or measurable parts of that whole whose entire we can neither gauge nor understand. By artificial means we measure Time; the revolutions of the hands of a clock or watch serve to show equal divisions of

Time, whilst the beats of the instruments measure out small portions of the great mystery which we speak of as Time.

Time, then, appears to be incomprehensible until it is, as it were, embodied or represented by something material, and which our external senses can therefore perceive. Thus, like the greater Mystery, God, Time in its widest form is not suited to the perception of our senses until it is made manifest in some material manner, and we can then speak of it, and think of it—not as it is in its grandeur and fulness, but merely as we comprehend it by means of its palpable embodiments.

What existed before Time, if ever there were a before, and what will happen after, if after there can ever be, are questions which might prove to us how much is incomprehensible in that which we think is common.

To measure accurately portions of time is one of the aims of science, and we may almost at once decide upon the amount of learning possessed by nations, if we know the means which they adopt for the measurement of time.

Amongst the rudest nations we find that the Sun and Moon are referred to when any portion of time is indicated.

“Our journey,” says the African savage, “will occupy as long a time as it takes the Sun to travel from there to there,” indicating two points in the heavens.

“Two hundred and fifty Moons ago I was a beardless boy,” says the Kaffir.

The minute measurements of time appear to be merely thought of when civilization has made vast strides, and when it is found that attention to apparently minute details leads us to a knowledge of the most vast truths.

The earliest means adopted for measuring time accurately were the sundial and the water-clock. We have the sundial of Ahaz mentioned in Scripture, thus showing that in the time of Isaiah it was well known. The dial of the ancients was usually an upright column, the shadow of which served to indicate the direction of the Sun, and hence the portion of day that was yet to elapse. This, however, was a very rough method of measuring time, and in cloudy weather was useless; and another was adopted which was supposed to possess many advantages, viz., the water-clock. A large vessel was filled with water, and a hole being left, out of which the liquid might flow, it was so arranged that during a day or a week, or some given time (found by the Sun), the vessel emptied itself. If then this effect was produced during a day, by dividing the sides of the vessel into twenty-four equal parts, one hour could be measured; and thus, without daily reference to the Sun, a means of measuring portions of time was invented. There was an inequality in this method of measuring time with which it seems the ancients were unacquainted. This was, that when the vessel was full, a larger quantity of water would flow out than when it was nearly empty, because the pressure of the water in the first

instance would be considerably greater. Still the whole quantity contained in the vessel ought always to flow out in equal divisions of time.

In more modern periods a very similar principle for measuring time is made use of in the form of the hour sand-glass; and on board ship, where the motion of the vessel and the changes of climate would produce great effects upon any but the best chronometers, or those clocks which are not governed by a pendulum, the sand-glass is still made use of as a means of regulating the different duties—its principal drawback being, that unless watched, it may run out without being observed, and thus an interval of time may elapse which is not noted.

Amongst ourselves we are accustomed to speak of time as though it were something with which we were thoroughly acquainted. We have our watches and our clocks; and if a question be asked in connection with time, we examine for an instant either of these mechanical machines, and we “tell the time.”

Even the most superficial observer, however, must have remarked that different kinds of “time” are spoken of. We hear of *Local time*, *Greenwich Mean time*, *Sun time*, and *Sidereal time*. Also we may notice, in the pages of any small almanac, that the sun is occasionally before the clock, or *vice versâ*. Thus, to a reflective mind, it must be at once evident that there is something mysterious about the subject which we speak of as “time.” We will now endeavour to do away with at least a part of this mystery, and will first describe “Sun time.”

We will suppose that we are writing for the edification of some intellectual gentleman or lady, who, having finished breakfast, and devoted an hour to the columns of a newspaper, at last takes in hand the *ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE*. The hour would then be nearly twelve (noon); and if this reader were to look out of the window, and towards the South, the Sun would be seen very near the South line in the heavens.

If by the aid of a compass, or by any other means, he could ascertain exactly the South point on the horizon, and if he were then to trace an imaginary and straight line from this south point to that portion of the heavens which was exactly over his head, he would have taken the first great step towards becoming an astronomer; for this line would represent that which is called “a meridian,” a very important matter in astronomical observations.

But we fear to make use of such a term as “meridian,” lest we should alarm some sensitive minds, and lead them to suspect that it was our object to inveigle them into a maze of problems, definitions, and other head-distracting subjects, whilst they in their simplicity had trusted that we should, at least in the pages of a Magazine, be guiltless of such a crime.

Hence this imaginary line, which is really a meridian, may be represented by a piece of thread fastened to the window, or may be only thought of as a means of guiding us to find the South line in the heavens. Let us

remember only, that we know where the true South really is, and we may then proceed to the next step.

The Sun, then, is observed when it is nearly south. As the glowing orb seems to move onwards towards the right, it will soon appear exactly on the South line which we have supposed to be traced in the heavens. When the centre of the Sun is exactly to our south, then it is exactly twelve o'clock by "Sun time."

The orb of day steadily glides on towards the West, and sets beneath the western horizon, remains invisible during the night, rises on the following morning, and again passes our South line. When the Sun's centre is again exactly on the South line, it is again twelve o'clock "Sun time," and a "Solar day" has elapsed.

If we were provided with a clock which maintained a steady uniform motion, and then compared the movements of the hands of this clock with the return of the Sun to our South line, we should find a singular discrepancy.

The hands of the clock are exactly at twelve, and the sun is also exactly on the south line; on moves the sun, and likewise the hands of the clock. On the following day we observe the sun and the clock; but we find that, at some seconds before the clock indicates twelve, the sun is directly south. Surely the clock must have gained, we might at first suppose; but if we did do so we should be in error, for the clock has moved uniformly, but the sun has not done so.

On the following day we might again compare the hands of the clock with the arrival of the sun at the south line, and we should find that the celestial orb arrived at the south at a greater interval before the clock indicated twelve than it did on the previous day; and so it would go on during several weeks, until we should find that the sun reached our south line when the clock-hands pointed to fourteen minutes to twelve. The clock would then be fourteen minutes after the sun.

Let us still continue these observations, and another change will now become manifest.

We should find that each day the clock now seemed to gain upon the sun, which, instead of passing the south line at fourteen minutes to twelve (by the clock), would pass at thirteen, ten, five, and so on, until a period would be reached when the sun would again be found exactly south at the instant that the hands of the clock pointed to twelve. Thus the clock would first appear to lose and then to gain.

Exactly opposite results would next occur. The sun would now appear tardy, and instead of reaching the south line before the clock indicated twelve, it would gradually be retarded, and at last would not reach it until the clock indicated sixteen minutes after twelve. In this second instance, the clock would therefore be before the sun.

The hands of a well-regulated clock will move uniformly, and will measure exactly equal intervals of time; but the sun, as we have shown,

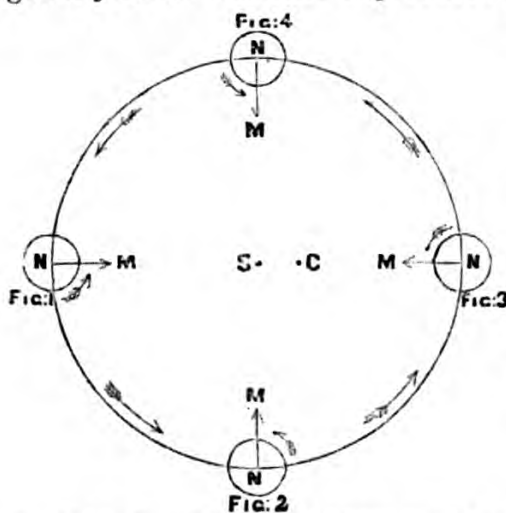
will not agree with the clock, and it is the sun which does not move uniformly. The time shown by the clock is called "Mean time," whilst that indicated by the sun is called "Sun time," and the difference between "mean time" and "sun time" is usually given in almanacs, and is written "clock slow, or fast, 3 m.," or as the case may be.

We have here simply described a fact which is discovered by observation, and which was known to observers of the heavens more than two thousand years past. That the Sun did not move uniformly or regularly was known to Hindoos, Egyptians, and Greeks, before the ancient Britons had learned to clothe their painted hides. It remained for more modern astronomers, however, to explain satisfactorily the cause of this irregularity in the Sun's return to the Southern point in the heavens; for although the ancients did assign a reason for it, their explanation was not correct.

The irregularity in the movement of the Sun is due to two causes, only one of which, however, we will venture to fully describe on these pages, because it is sufficiently simple to be comprehended by the most unmathematical mind.

This cause is, that the Sun is not in the centre of the circle, or nearly circular course, which the Earth glides over each year, but is so placed that during December it is three million miles nearer the Earth than it is in June. The result of the Sun's position is to produce an inequality in the period of return to the South line, which is the same thing as causing a difference between sun time and clock time.

An examination of the following simple sketch will show how an irregularity in the Sun time is produced by the Sun not being situated in the



centre of the nearly circular course which the Earth annually follows.

Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, represent four portions of the Earth in its orbit, the true centre of which orbit is C; the line N M points towards the south, and is carried round by the daily rotation of the Earth in about twenty-four hours, so that during that time it points in every direction round the circle.

In addition to this daily turning round, the Earth also moves from fig. 1 to fig. 2 in about three months; thus there are two movements to be remembered—first, the turning round, or rotation as it is termed, each day, and also the onward movement round the Sun.

If the Sun were at C in the centre of the Earth's orbit, and if this orbit were circular, the line N M would point towards C at exactly equal intervals of time, and thus an uniform measure of time would be obtained.

But as we before stated, the Sun is not in the centre of the Earth's orbit, but is nearer the Earth in December by more than three million miles than it is in June; thus we may consider the real position of the Sun to be at S, whilst the centre of the Earth's course is at C.

If the Earth at fig. 1 were exactly in line with S and C, we might cause the circle (fig. 1) to turn round repeatedly, and we should find that the line N M would point towards S and C at the same instant. But when we examine fig. 2 we shall observe, that when we turn the circle round in the direction indicated by the arrow, the line N M will point first at C and then towards S.

As the Earth moves from fig. 1 to fig. 2 during about three months, the Sun, during the same period, would gradually lose upon the clock; for the line N M being the South line, the Sun would be south after the clock, just in the manner before stated.

From the period when the Earth was at fig. 2 until it reached the position indicated by fig. 3, the Sun would gradually gain upon the clock, until the two again passed the south, or were pointed at by the line N M at the same instant.

When the Earth was in the position indicated by fig. 4, the line N M would point to S first and to C afterwards, and at this period of the year the sun would be *before* the clock. Hence one cause of the difference in time between the Sun and a clock is, that the Sun is not in the centre of the Earth's orbit.

The other cause is, that the Sun appears to move obliquely, as it were, round the Earth, instead of appearing to move always round the central portions: this oblique movement causing a modification of the preceding variation.

Another slight change is produced in consequence of the Earth travelling through space more rapidly when it is near than when it is distant from the Sun; and a fourth change arises from the orbit of the Earth being neither exactly a circle nor a perfect ellipse. So that in reality those little items connected with the clock and Sun, and which we observe inserted in almost every almanac, are the result of observations carried on during hundreds of years with the aid of the most perfect instruments.

The two principal causes, however, of the difference between the time shown by the Sun and by a clock are the variable distance of the Sun, and the oblique course which he appears to annually pursue.

Thus, if the Sun were in the centre of the Earth's annual course, and reached always the same height each midday, then the time shown by a clock and by the Sun would be the same. As matters are at present, however, the *mean* of the periods of the Sun's return to the south is taken—that is, the *mean* or *average* of the Solar days is taken—and this period of time is called a mean day, and hence, portions of this day, *mean time*.

It is often a matter of great surprise to unprofessional people to hear

that certain facts can be ascertained in connection with distant worlds. How it can be possible to discover these facts is to them a mystery; but it frequently happens that the mystery, after all, turns out to be something very simple. If, for example, we were suddenly to announce that we could tell exactly how much a clock in Jupiter would be before or after the Sun at various periods of the year, we might be accused of romancing. Yet a moment's thought will show, that not only is this possible, but it is by no means a difficult problem; for we know exactly how much nearer the Sun is to Jupiter at one period than at another, and we know how much the height of the Sun varies in that planet during its year. So we know the two items which produce the difference in time between the Sun and clock, and therefore we could calculate the value of this difference for Jupiter just as easily as we can for the Earth, or for any other known planet.

At first sight the announcement appears wild, and impossible of verification; but an examination of it proves its feasibility.

When the Sun is exactly to our south, it is twelve o'clock Sun time. It would then be said that it was twelve o'clock "*Local Sun time.*" In consequence of the Sun appearing to pass round the Earth, and returning to the same point again during twenty-four hours, it will at some period of those twenty-four hours have been south of all localities on the Earth's surface. Therefore, when it is twelve o'clock (noon) in London it cannot be twelve o'clock in Paris, or, in fact, anywhere but in places exactly north or exactly south of London.

As the Sun rises in the east, we may say that twelve o'clock comes on from the east and passes away to the west; so all places to the east of London will be before it in time, because the Sun will be south there first, whilst all places to the west will be after it.

Local time, therefore, is the time at any locality, which cannot be the same for any other place, except the two be exactly north or south of each other.

When we travel towards the west we increase the length of our days, and thus we are said to lose time; for if we carried with us to America a watch which indicated London time, we should find that it was quite early in the morning when the watch showed twelve o'clock. So, also, if we travelled to the east we should gain time; for when the same watch showed twelve o'clock, the time at our locality would be after twelve.

If we know the longitude of any place east or west of Greenwich, we then know the difference in local time between it and Greenwich; for each degree of longitude gives four minutes' difference of time; thus, between Paris and Greenwich there is exactly nine minutes and twenty seconds, Paris being before Greenwich. A rather singular paradox arises in consequence of this variation in time at different localities; which is, that on the exactly opposite side of the earth to that in which Greenwich is

situated there will be a difference of twelve hours in time between this place and Greenwich ; but whether this locality is twelve hours before or after Greenwich is the problem.

We will suppose that two people, A and B, start at the same instant from Greenwich to our antipodes, and that A crosses the Atlantic and reaches America ; when in America, he would find that it was about half-past six in the morning at the same instant that it was noon at Greenwich. As he travelled westward he would still gain time, until he reached the antipodes. He would then find that just at midnight on a particular day, say Saturday, it was midday on Sunday at Greenwich, because he would have gained twelve hours of time.

B, who left Greenwich at the same instant as A, travels eastward, and he upon reaching Madras would find that it was about twenty minutes past five p.m. when it was noon at Greenwich ; as he travelled eastward, he would upon reaching the antipodes find that it was midnight on Sunday there when it was midday on Sunday at Greenwich ; yet A would consider that it was midnight on Saturday.

Which, then, is the antipodes, twelve hours *before*, or *after*, Greenwich ?

The tale of Edgar Poe's "Three Sundays in a Week" is based upon this fact connected with time.

A telegraphic company might lay a wire to the antipodes by an Indian route, and if their message travelled instantaneously, it would, if sent from Greenwich at noon, pass through India at five p.m. and reach its destination at midnight of the day on which it was sent. A rival company might, if they possessed a line which passed across America, announce that they were more rapid in their communication, for their message despatched at noon would out-travel time, and would actually reach America at half-past six a.m., and the antipodes twelve hours before it was sent from Greenwich. Yet both messages would arrive simultaneously.

"*Sidereal time*" will next be considered.

We have pointed out that the interval of time which elapses between the departure from, and return of, the Sun to the South line in the heavens is a Solar day, and the average of the Solar days is a mean Solar day. So also the interval of time between the departure from, and return of, a star to the South line is a *Sidereal day*, and any portion or multiple of this interval is *Sidereal time*.

At a first glance it may appear singular that there should be any difference between a Solar and a Sidereal day ; but the fact is, that if the sun and a fixed star could be observed on the South line at exactly the same instant of time, then, on the following day, the star would be found to arrive at the South line just three minutes and fifty-six seconds *before* the sun. Thus a Sidereal day is nearly four minutes shorter than a mean Solar day ; and as a Sidereal day is divided into twenty-four hours, each hour of Sidereal time is shorter than an hour of Mean Solar time by nearly ten seconds.

Let us now see *why* any Star should reach the South line before the Sun, when the day before it passed at exactly the same instant.

In the first place, the Sun is at quite a measurable distance from the Earth: it is never more than about ninety-six million miles from it—merely a stone's throw, speaking astronomically—over which distance an express train travelling without intermission would pass in about two hundred and twenty years. The nearest of the fixed stars, however, is at an immeasurable distance, far more than a thousand times that of the Sun from the Earth—so that all the annual movements of the Earth produce no apparent change in the relative positions of the fixed stars. By the aid of a small diagram we may now be able to explain why a star should appear to move more quickly than the Sun, and hence why intervals of Sidereal time are less than intervals of Solar time.

S represents the position of the Sun, whilst figs. 1 and 2 are two positions of the Earth.

When the Earth is at fig. 1, the arrow C D, which represents the South line, points towards the Sun, and also towards a fixed star, and consequently the Sun and Star would appear to pass the South line at the same instant.

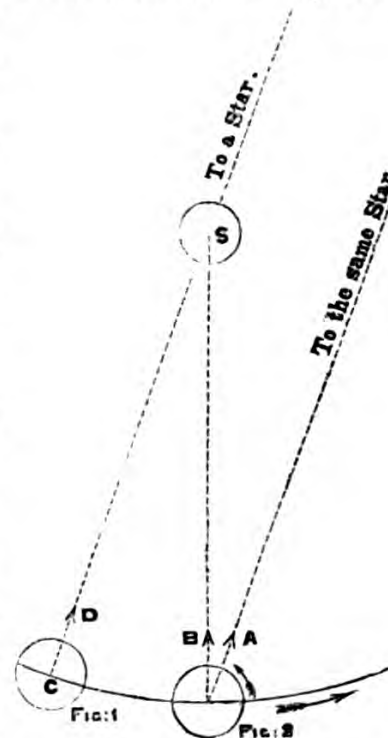
On the following day the Earth would have reached the position marked fig. 2, and would have completed one rotation; that is, it would have travelled round once, and the arrow marked A would point towards the distant star which on the previous day passed the South line at the same instant as the Sun.

Now, however, in consequence of the Earth's movement from fig. 1 to fig. 2, it would be necessary for the Earth to turn round a little more, in order that the arrow should point towards the Sun; thus B represents the position required to bring the Sun on the South line.

The interval of time required to bring the rotation round from A to B is almost exactly three minutes and fifty-six seconds.

Thus, if the Sun and a Star passed the south on any particular day at the same instant, the Star would pass on the following day three minutes and fifty-six seconds before the Sun; on the next day twice three minutes and fifty-six seconds; and so on, until in three months' time the Star would pass six hours before the Sun; and in six months twelve hours.

A little reflection will now enable the reader to perceive that the turning round of the Earth on its axis is actually our regulator of Time, for it is this "rotation" which causes the stars to appear to move round us, and



it is by means of the passage of stars across the South meridian line that every clock in England is regulated and proved to be correct.

Thus, as we have hour, minute, and second hands to our clocks, so also are there various indicators to the mighty clock of the universe—God's bright clock; for the rotation of the Earth, its annual journey round the Sun, and its many other movements, some of which occur at intervals of many thousand years, are indicators of time, just as the hands of a time-piece serve to divide small portions thereof.

In popular language we speak of a year as consisting of twelve months; or, if we aim at more scientific accuracy, it is said to be 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49.7 seconds. Let us now inquire what it is which occurs in this interval, or what really determines the length of a year.

We have seen that the rotation of the Earth on its axis determines the length of a day, which may be called a *Sidereal, Solar, or Mean Solar* day. In like manner, it is the movement of the Earth around the Sun which decides the length of the year; but the common, or *Tropical year*, is finished before the Earth has fully completed its course round the Sun. The reason for which apparent anomaly being, that the interval which elapses between the passage of the Sun over the Equator on one year, and his passage again on the next year, is not (owing to the movement known as the *Precession of the Equinox*) the same as that which elapses between the Earth's departure from, and return to, a fixed point in its orbit.

The interval between the Sun's passages over the Equator is the *Tropical year*, by which common time is measured; and this period consists, as we stated, of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49.7 seconds; but it takes the Earth 20 minutes 19.9 seconds longer to reach the same point in its orbit, or to again bring the Sun and any particular Star in the same straight line. This short period, added to the preceding, makes 365 days 6 hours 9 minutes 9.6 seconds, which is the period known as a *Sidereal year*.

Therefore, the periods known as days and years are measured by a clock the dial of which is nearly eight thousand miles in diameter, the long hands of which extend into almost infinite space, immeasurable, and inconceivable, and the machinery of which is maintained in motion by a power which is so vast that mere mortals shrink from even contemplating it.

Let us once again, however, descend, and endeavour to deal with those grand yet finite subjects which are within the reach of man's mental grasp, and which require but patient thought and observation to make them easily comprehended by the inquirer.

Finding that the turning round of the Earth is the regulator which decides the length of the day, and hence that also of the year, we are naturally led to inquire whether this regulator is invariable in its movements, and if within the history of man it has always remained so?

This inquiry might, at first sight, appear to be one easily answered, or one which it was ridiculous to make. In answer to the first objection, it will be shown that to positively decide whether any change has really taken place in the period of the Earth's rotation is almost impossible; and with regard to the second, it is not ridiculous to believe that some change might occur, when we find that the other worlds in the universe rotate each at a rate different from that of our Earth. Thus, the Sun occupies 607 hours 48 minutes in his rotation; Jupiter, 9 hours 56 minutes; Mercury, 24 hours 5 minutes; Mars, 24 hours 37 minutes. If, then, the Earth slowly altered its rate of turning round, how could we discover it?

First we will suppose that the Earth gradually rotated more slowly. Then we should find that the year, instead of consisting of 365 days 5 hours, &c., would consist of only, perhaps, 364 days, because each day would be of longer duration. If, however, the velocity of the Earth's actual movement also decreased, then we should not by this means discover that a change had occurred. The same reasoning would hold good supposing that the Earth's rate of rotation had decreased.

Another method of discovering if any change occurred in the length of the day would be by means of the Moon. For if it were found that certain changes in the Moon's position occurred at gradually shorter intervals, it *might* be due to an increase in the rate of the Earth's rotation.

Still, however, the time necessary to make observations upon these probable changes is so vast, and so delicate must be the instruments with which the observations are made; and also, to decide the question, so much faith must we have in the accuracy of our forefathers, that it is difficult if not impossible to say whether such a standard of time has been maintained that we may positively affirm that no changes have occurred in the length of our day during the last 500 years. For no later than the year 1834 a change was made in the length of the Tropical year, which change caused a period of 3 minutes 3.68 seconds of imaginary time to be inserted between the beginning of one year and the end of that preceding it.

The duration of the Tropical year is, as we have stated, 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49.6 seconds. To prevent the days of the year from getting into error in consequence of these odd hours and minutes, a day is added every fourth year—but this obviously produces another error; for the year ought to be 365 days 6 hours in length to enable us to add one day in four years. Thus we get in advance as it were of time by 44 minutes 40 seconds in four years. To avoid this, we omit leap-year every hundred years, and we again approximate to greater accuracy; still we leave out by this arrangement 330 minutes in a century, which will amount to 1,320 minutes in four hundred years, or to nearly a day. So every four hundred years leap-year is allowed to stand. But as a day consists of 1,440 minutes, we still have 120 minutes in 400 years unaccounted for, so that in 4,800 years this would amount to a day. Our descendants, however,

at that date, must make some fresh arrangements for themselves, and by thus adding a day, as we have done, keep matters all correct.

It is from want of *space*, not of *time*, that we are now compelled to conclude this article. From a contemplation of the rolling orbs which are the time-measurers of the universe, we are compelled to turn to the length and number of pages and lines, and we find our limit has been reached. A few more remarks upon the subject, and we await another month for *space*.

Time, then, in its widest and fullest sense is incomprehensible, because it is infinite. Portions of this infinite are to us familiar and measurable. We find that the Sun and Stars are but the hands of a vast celestial clock which indicates equal divisions of time, some of which are only days or hours in length, whilst others extend over periods of thousands of years, and many probably over millions; for to the great Time Maker, a day is as a thousand years. We may observe our small sand-glasses, our clocks, and all our methods of measuring time, and we see the work of man, perishable and finite. But when we contemplate the clock of the universe, and comprehend its accuracy, vastness, and imperishability, we are reminded of the difference which must ever exist between the grandest thoughts and efforts of man, and the most trifling work accomplished by the Mighty Ruler and Creator of all Time and Space.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

A ROMANCE.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAP. X.

THE INQUEST.

AN Inquest was, as a matter of course, held upon the body of John Everett Brandron deceased. The investigation lasted some six hours, and it is quite unnecessary that I should weary the reader with its rambling details. Stephen Frankland was the first witness; and all he knew was soon told. It was no secret that the deceased man had come to Westborough for the purpose of meeting some one with whom he had been acquainted in former years. He had said so himself when he engaged his room. It was clear that he had met that person; and, the presumption being that he had fallen by that person's hand, to find out who that person *was*, was, of course, the grand object to be attained. The deceased had refused to denounce him in the presence of Mr. Hillyard, and Stephen was able solemnly to swear that no name had been mentioned to him. The dead man had persisted in refusing to give his assassin up to justice. "He certainly began to give me his confidence," said Stephen; "but what he said related to another subject, and I must tell you candidly that I am not at liberty to divulge what he said. This much, however, I can say—all that he told me was spoken by him whilst in a delirious state, and in my judgment would not, if repeated, assist this case. But even if it would, I gave him my word of honour that I would not repeat it, and must decline to do so, whatever may be the consequences."

Upon this five of the jurymen cried out "Hear, hear!"

The next witnesses were the boys who had directed the stranger to the Rising Sun. They fixed almost precisely the hour at which they had seen the two gentlemen walking together towards the wood; but could not give any definite description of the person who had spoken to them. He was an elderly gentleman; a very kind-spoken gentleman; and dressed just like a gentleman, in dark clothes and a hat. No! he was not like the Coroner, or the foreman of the jury. He was much older-looking than Captain Frankland. Yes—they had seen his face; and one said that he noticed greyish whiskers; whereupon the rest were quite certain that he had no whiskers at all. They would know him again directly, if they were to see him. They could not remember whether he had an umbrella, or a stick, or anything, in his hand. He appeared to be a strong, active gentleman. He seemed to be very friendly with Mr. Brandron as they walked along. Mr. Brandron walked along with his hands clasped together behind his back, and with his head bent towards the ground—listening. The other gentleman seemed to be telling him something particular. They did not seem to be quarreling at

all. Several of the lads said that they had been playing about the Green till tea-time; and that if anyone had shrieked out "murder" in the wood they could have heard it. They did not hear any noise or loud speaking all the time. There was no regular path through the wood; but people sometimes went that way as a short-cut to Harpenden. Would little Jack Todd (who was decidedly the sharpest of these boys) be a good lad—the Coroner asked—and think a bit, and try to remember any person that the strange gentleman was like? "For example," said the Coroner—as the door opened and an elderly man with greyish whiskers made his appearance, "was he anything like that gentleman?"

Little Jack Todd immediately replied that the stranger was not only *like* that gentleman, but that that gentleman was actually he! The other boys agreed in chorus; and great was the excitement for a few moments, until the gentleman in question calmly took a seat by the Coroner's side and announced himself as Mr. Sampson Lagger the Detective, from London, just arrived with instructions from Scotland Yard.

After this it was clear that the testimony of the boys was not to be relied upon; and they were ordered, with much severity, to leave the room. The boys took no particular notice—as they said over and over again—of the other gentleman, or, indeed, of Mr. Brandron; but being badgered by the Coroner and jury to find a likeness for the former, they did so, and were fortunate enough to hit upon the very man of all others least likely to be prejudiced by their mistake.

A police constable, who had searched the wood and found what appeared to be the instrument with which the death-blows had been inflicted, was the next witness. He produced a heavy hedge-stake, covered with blood, to which several human hairs, similar in colour and length to those of the deceased, adhered. This stake the constable had found concealed in a ditch, at the end of the wood furthest from Westborough church. It was hidden amongst a lot of nettles; and he had discovered it by tracking some footsteps which led to the place from the main pathway.

"And of course," said Mr. Lagger—whom the Coroner had asked to put any questions that he deemed important—"of course you've covered those footmarks over, and set a man to watch and see that no one meddles with 'em till his worship can send me down to dig up a pair on 'em out of the ground for future use? Don't you tell me you haven't thought of doing that," continued the detective severely, as the man's manner changed; "because, you know, you're a constable—you are."

The poor man (who up to this moment had gained great *kudos* for his discovery of the hedge-stake, and had been described in the reporter's notes as "that able and intelligent officer,") was obliged to confess that it had not struck him to do anything of the kind.

"Oh, dear me! dear me!" said the Coroner, to whom the notion was also a novelty, "that was very wrong. Run at once, and do as Mr. Lagger has directed."

Constable Peter Brown was very sorry, but he was afraid it would be no use. A number of labourers had come running up when he found the stake, and they had quite trodden out all the marks. Leastwise, he had tried to find them again, and could not do so.

Mr. Lagger looked the crestfallen officer up and down, from his head to his boots, and from his boots back again to his head, with an expression of sovereign contempt. "And now," he said, "shall I tell his worship why them labourers came a-rushin' up? They came a-rushin' up because you was so proud of findin' that there stick, that, instead of keeping yourself *to* yourself, and seeing what else you could see about, you shouts out, 'Holloa!' or, 'I've found it!' or 'Here it is!' or what not, just like an old hen that had laid an egg. *That's* why they came up, and you can't deny it!"

Constable Peter Brown did not attempt to do so; and the reporter for the local paper at once struck the words "able and intelligent" out of his notes, and substituted, "but for the culpable stupidity of this witness, an important clue would doubtless have been obtained." Such is Fame!

The man who had found the body was then examined, and deposed to the state in which he had found it. The clothes of the deceased were only slightly deranged. His watch was in his fob, his purse in his pocket, his ring upon his finger. He had evidently been lifted up from the ground where the marks of blood were, and thrown into the pit—for the water (which was about two inches deep over the bottom) having been bailed out, prints of his shoulder and knee were seen in the clay. This examination, I must observe, was not made till the next morning, before the inquest—which was adjourned after a view of the body—had been re-opened.

The cause of the adjournment was to enable Mr. Lagger to make some inquiries touching Jim Riley, whose presence in the village on the day of the murder had not escaped attention; and also to give Stephen Frankland an opportunity of reconsidering his determination not to allow the Coroner to read the papers which the deceased had confided to his charge.

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the Coroner—as he lost his handkerchief for the thirty-first time, and his spectacles, which had thrown themselves off his nose and were dancing a reel on the table indicative of mingled triumph and contempt—"dear, dear, dear! if you *will* not obey the law, I really do not know how I am to deal with you."

"I *do*," said Mr. Lagger. "This 'ere deceased might have had reasons of his own for not wishing to let out who it was that assaulted him. The law ain't got nothing to do with such reasons, and it sez—'this 'ere man must be found out.' Good! Well; these papers may help to find him out, or they may not. Leastwise, the law sez, 'let's look at 'em,' and the law must be o—beyed. Now, the Captain knows what it is to obey orders, else he wouldn't be a Captain, and what he's a-going to do is this ——"

"Certainly not to make their contents public," interrupted Stephen, "until ——"

"He's a goin'," the detective continued, addressing the Coroner, and not noticing this interruption, "to give your worship his word of honour that he won't destroy none of 'em; *that's* what he's a-going to do. And he's a-going to sleep upon what he said just now, and to dream how very inconvenient it would be if your worship had to commit him for contempt of Court, and the law was obliged to take these 'ere papers—as it has a right to do—by force. He don't like to be worried now about 'em; but he'll turn 'em up after the adjournment quite handsome. Bless your hearts, *I* knows what gentlemen like the Captain 'll do. When they're right they never gives in at all, for anybody; and when they're wrong, they gives in at last, and makes the best of it. They're rum customers is gentlemen like the Captain, to Rooshians and wild Injians, and sich like; but, bless your heart, they ain't no match agin the law, and they knows it—that's what *they* knows."

Mr. Lagger had certainly an irresistible way of putting things; and Stephen was very glad of the respite thus afforded him. The detective next took the jury in hand, and, without the slightest consultation with any one of them, told the Coroner what they were going to do. "The jury," he said—addressing that functionary—"are a-going to ask your worship to adjourn this 'ere case till the day after to-morrow, in order that you may give orders to the officer from London—that's me—to co-operate with the county police in making inquiries after this Jim Riley. *That's* what the jury are a-going to do. I haven't spent two-and-twenty years in courts of justice," he added—turning round and gazing triumphantly at the ceiling—"without being able to tell, with half an eye, what twelve respectable men are a-going to do in a case like this."

And Mr. Lagger frowned, and the jury looked wise, and nodded their heads in a manner which indicated it to be their opinion that Mr. Lagger was a person of much discrimination, and not to be misled in his estimate of them or any one else.

So the inquest was adjourned until the next day but one; and Stephen, left alone once more in the little Inn, gave orders for the funeral, which was to take place the following afternoon; and, this done, sat brooding over all that had passed at the inquest, and worrying himself, not about the evidence he had given, but about that which he had withheld.

It was not his refusal to produce Brandron's papers which troubled him. A very slight reflection sufficed to show that there was wisdom in what Mr. Lagger had suggested. The law had discovered the existence of certain old letters, and wanted to see them. Well, the law might take them. They did not relate to the secret. But of those other papers which were hidden at Mangerton Chase (wherever that might be) which *did* relate to it, the law had, as yet, no knowledge; and Stephen considered himself thoroughly justified in declining to volunteer any information

respecting them. It was by no means certain they would throw any light upon the subject before the Coroner; and Frankland felt himself bound by the solemn promise he had given to make no use of them, directly or indirectly, for any other purpose than carrying out the *act of justice*. True, he had sworn at the inquest to tell the truth—the *whole truth*; but he easily persuaded himself that this merely obliged him to tell the whole truth relating to the matter immediately in question before the Court. “If the law wants those other papers for its own purposes,” Stephen mused, “let the law find them out for itself. I shall not interfere. Poor Brandron gave them to my care. I intend to do my best to find them. It will be time enough to consider what is to be done with them when they are in my hands, and if I never discover them—there is an end of it.”

I am giving you now the reasons which, according to Stephen Frankland’s own showing, he gave himself for acting as he did. It is no use arguing now whether they were good ones or bad ones. Those who were wise after the event said they were bad ones, and perhaps they were right. Stephen was not the man to palter with an oath; and if you will review his position you will find that it was a very embarrassing one. He desired to obey the law, and yet had determined to keep faith with Brandron! He would gladly have given ten years of his life to see the murderer brought to justice, and yet he felt himself bound to become almost an accessory to his escape! It is all very well to say that he had a duty to perform towards society which should have overridden all other considerations. Society had not saved his life. Society had not watched over him with fatherly tenderness all the long days and nights of his illness. Society had not clung to him upon its death-bed, and, with eager eyes and faltering accents, won from him a pledge to do its bidding. Brandron *had!*

Let him be right, or let him be wrong, in acting as he did, no man can say that Stephen was actuated by one corrupt motive or a fear of consequences. What he divulged, he divulged because he thought it his duty to make it known; and what he concealed, he concealed because he felt bound in honour to keep it secret. So far as Brandron was concerned his conscience was quite clear; but there was one thing that troubled him sorely. “How came it”—he asked himself in vain—that he felt so anxious to keep his father’s name out of the case? Why was it that he felt guilty of deceit for not having stated that he had met Sir George in the lane leading from Mrs. Riley’s cottage? All the witnesses except himself had been asked what strangers they had seen about Westborough on the day of the murder. What made him await the replies to such queries so anxiously? He was not supposed to know natives from visitors, and no such question had been put to him. Why did he not volunteer the information for what it was worth, and say, “I met my father here at about half-past five. He had walked over from the Wells, and went home by Poundbridge, as I know; for he wrote a letter to me from thence.”

Why did he not say this? "Because"—as he argued to himself—"whether my father was here, or at the Land's End, or at the bottom of the Red Sea, on that day, can have no possible bearing upon the question how John Everett Brandron came to his death. How could it?" And yet he was not quite easy in his mind at having made no mention of their meeting. This concealment might look rather awkward, he thought, if the fact came out from some third person, and at one time he had resolved to mention it at the adjourned inquest. But, upon consideration, he thought that the mischief—if mischief there were—was done, and that the less said would be the soonest mended. Besides, after all, what could it matter?

These resolutions were not formed until after Stephen had carefully examined the papers left by his deceased friend. In the desk he found a few receipted bills, the official document granting Mr. J. E. Brandron six months' leave, and some travelling memoranda of no consequence. In the packet which he had sealed up there were eight letters, and two empty envelopes, the enclosures belonging to which were probably amongst the papers which Brandron was engaged in destroying when he saw the stranger approaching the Inn. Seven out of those eight letters were yellow with age, and bore date at various times in the winter of the years 1838-9, and related to his Indian appointment. They appeared to be written by some attorney acting for the person who had obtained this for him, and one gave him notice that a sum of £1,200 had been paid into Coutts's Bank to his credit. No name was mentioned—the writer stating, "My client instructs me to say" this; or, "My client begs that you will be so good as to do" that—and so on, throughout. The signature was "P. Williams, 14, Bucklersbury," or "Francis Sawyer, for P. Williams," &c.; and they were addressed to "J. E. Brandron, Esq., 1, Clement's Inn, Strand, London,"—all but one, and that to "J. E. B., Post Office, Dover." This was the letter in which the £1,200 was mentioned.

The remaining epistle was that which has already been mentioned as rudely folded together and sealed with the impression of a thimble-top. It was directed to Mr. Brandron, of Richmond, Bengal, Indies, in an uneducated and shaky hand. Upon opening it, an enclosure fell out, which subsequently appeared to be the copy of a letter written by Brandron in consequence of the information contained in the communication with which it was folded and preserved.

As these two letters are of great importance, and contain as it were one end of the Tangle in which Stephen Frankland's fortune and happiness were afterwards involved, it will be necessary to give them complete.

There was no date, local or other, to the letter with the thimble seal, and it ran as follows:—

"Mr. Brandon.

"Honoured Sir,—“You will be surprised to hear from me after all these years. I have bin a minded to write many times and tell you what I have

to say, but somehow I couldn't. Honoured Sir, I am in great trouble, and nothing as ever gone well with me since I deceived you. You do not know what a wicked woman I have bin. He told me you was as bad, and that you had sworn to keep the secret for £1,200, and never to come back to England any more. But I found out that this was false, and oh, Sir, if you will believe me, he is altogether false. All he told you about the child being dead and my destroying the papers is lies. It is alive and well, as I can prove, if you or any other gentleman will help and protect me from him, for I darent indeed, I darent do it by myself. And the papers is just where we hid them at the Chase. He gave me the money for burning them, and I swore to him that I had put them in the fire ; but, Sir, I darent go into the room. It is haunted. She comes there, wringing her hands, every night, and a calling out for him, and what would have happened to a wicked one like me if I was to see her, poor dear ! Honoured Sir, I do hope you will forgive me ; but nothing as gone right with me since I deceived you.

“Sister Lucy, who brought all that shame upon us, is dead, and Mary has turned Catholic, and is living in that Institution which Father Eustace used to belong to. If she new I was writin' I am sure she would send her dooty. Oh, pray, pray, honoured Sir, do something for my poor lady's child. And so no more at present from your humble Servant,

“SUSAN.”

The copy of a letter enclosed was in Brandron's handwriting. It bore signs of much thought, many words and sentences having been scratched out, and altered ; but as it stood, it was short and to the purpose. It was in these terms :—

“(Copy.)

June 23rd, 1859.

“Almost immediately after you receive this, I shall be in England. When I tell you that one of your tools has exposed the deceit of which for twenty years I have been the victim, you will know what to expect.

“As soon as I land I shall write again, appointing a place and time for you to see me. Fail not to attend, and prepare to do justice upon your peril.

“JOHN EVERETT BRANDRON.”

There was no direction to this.

Stephen read and re-read these letters till his head ached and his eyes swam ; and it was midnight before he could fully realize the difficulty of the task before anyone who sought to weave those contents into a clue which would lead to the discovery of the more important papers—the papers which contained the secret. These, as we know, were hidden in a certain room at Mangerton Chase. Where was Mangerton Chase ? This place once discovered, and the rest would be plain-sailing. So thought Stephen Frankland ; and at first he saw no difficulties in his way. From the description of the room, given with such minuteness by Brandron, the house it contained must, he concluded, be one of some consequence. Tapestry hangings, suits of armour, oak wainscoting, oak cabinet, a corridor running along the far side of the hall—all seemed to denote an ancient country mansion. Were there not books of reference in which the seats of all the nobility and county families were described ?

Stephen rode over to the fashionable watering-place on the morning after Brandron's death to try and get a sight of such a book, and he got it; but there was no Mangerton Chase mentioned therein. He called at the office of an estate and house agent, and asked him, in as casual a tone as he could assume, if he knew of such a house thereabouts. The house agent had no knowledge whatever of it. Was it in Kent or Sussex? Who lived there?

Stephen replied that he had only just returned from India, and did not know—that all the direction that had been given to him was that the Chase was in England; but whether East, West, North, or South he could not tell. The person to whom he had looked for further information was dead, and it was of the utmost importance that he should find out the house.

The agent was very civil, and procured a large modern *Gazetteer*, together with *Histories* of the surrounding counties and several others, for Stephen to search in. Amongst the latter was a *History of Derbyshire*, but Stephen put that aside with a smile, saying, "Oh!—that's my own county; if Mangerton Chase were there I should have had no occasion to trouble you. It *must* be a great house, and if it were there I should know it well."

For hours he pored over those ponderous volumes, and found that they professed to give account, and often some illustration, of every mansion of any note, splendour, or antiquity, but they contained no such name as Mangerton Chase; nor was there—as proved by the *Gazetteer*—throughout all England, Scotland and Wales, any town, village, hamlet, township, rape, hundred, borough, city, river, mountain, forest, or any other geographical expression which was known by the name of Mangerton. He looked in the *Directory*, and found many people so called, but not one of them was represented as living in a "Chase."

It was upon his return from this fruitless expedition that he first read the two letters just mentioned; and his heart sank as he saw what a mere shadow of a clue they afforded.

He saw now, that to find out where was Mangerton Chase he must just discover "Susan," and concerning her he drew the following deductions: The style of her writing and composition, and the fact of her speaking of some one as her "lady," showed that she was a servant. The manner in which she spoke of hiding the papers containing the secret in "the Chase," pointed her out pretty clearly to be the person of whom Brandron had spoken as Susan Alston. But that was her maiden title, and he had spoken of her as a married woman, professing his inability to remember her husband's name. If there had been any post-mark upon the letter it would have been tolerably easy to have found out, in the parish register of the post town, who Sarah Alston had married some twenty years ago; but the letter was so worn and yellow with age, that Stephen's eyes—which were of the sharpest—could decipher no name

upon it whatever. There was a 3, and a J, and something that might have been a V, or part of a W ; but nothing legible.

Still, Frankland did not despair. There were not so very many Roman Catholic Institutions in England, and "Susan" might be traced through her sister Mary. True it was that her surname was also left in doubt, but the chances were, that, being in such an Institution, she was a single woman. Besides, there was Father Eustace ; *he* could be found by inquiry amongst his co-religionists, or, at any rate, the Institution with which he had been connected could be ascertained. "There," Stephen mused, "would be Mary. She would direct me to Susan. Susan would tell me where to find Mangerton Chase, and that once discovered, it will be odd if I cannot find an excuse to be alone for ten minutes in the tapestried chamber over the armoury that opens from the end of the corridor on the far side of the hall."

The day following the commencement of the inquest the murdered man was buried in Westborough churchyard. He was followed to the grave by Stephen Frankland as chief mourner, and a great number of strangers, whom curiosity had drawn to the spot. Upon his headstone was engraved—by Stephen's orders—these words :—

In Memory
of
John Eberett Brandron,
Who was
Basely Murdered in Westborough Wood,
On the 29th of July, 1859.

"Vengeance is Mine, I will Repay, saith the Lord."

Stephen had already written to his father stating what had happened, and that it would be impossible for him to be at home on the day fixed for his return. He had now to make a further postponement, on account of the adjournment of the inquest. This was the more annoying, because, upon the investigation being resumed, Mr. Lagger was obliged to admit that he could produce no further evidence, and at present did not know what to make of the case. "But what have you discovered respecting this suspicious person named Riley?" asked the Coroner. "That's exactly what I was sure your worship would want to know," said the detective. "As I was a-coming along this morning, I sez to myself, I sez, 'The first thing the Coroner will ask you, Sampson Lagger, is this—Have you, or have you not, discovered anything respecting that suspicious person named Riley?'—*that's* what the Coroner will say! And the answer you'll have to give, I sez to myself, is plain. You aint—I sez—a born fool; and your superiors as always give you credit for doing your dooty. Therefore you can afford to tell the truth. You must tell his worship—I sez—that for the present Jim Riley's beat you. That you don't know where to find him; but that if the information given to you be cor—rect, this 'ere

Jim Riley was a trampin' along towards London, miles and miles away from this, at the very hour when the murder must have been committed! That's what I sez to myself, and what I humbly sez to you is this, Don't think any more about this Jim, for he can prove an *alibi* that the Archbishop of Canterbury himself couldn't get over. No! it aint Jim Riley." "Then who is it?" asked the Coroner, feebly struggling with his spectacles, and looking at Mr. Lagger with his chin.

"Well, Sir," replied the officer, "it will be my dooty to co—operate with the county po—lice, and try and find out. But," he added with a significant smile, "as a coroner's inquest aint bound to sit for ever, gentlemen of the jury having something else to do, and as we can take the case before the Justices any day if we find out Mr. Right—considering all this, it seems to me that poor Mr. B. was murdered by some person or persons unknown—that's what it seems to *me*!"

The hint was taken, and an open verdict recorded.

"I tell you what it is, Stevie," said Cuthbert Lindsay, taking his old friend's arm and leading him out of the room, "I'm not so satisfied with this Mr. Lagger and his off-handed exculpation of Riley. I know you will not let this horrible mystery remain unravelled; and if I can help you in any way, don't hesitate to command me. Confound the villain! If he were only detected I'd hang him myself, if nobody else would."

"And so, Master Jim Riley," mused Mr. Lagger to himself, after his fashion, when the last juryman had departed, "you left here at nine minutes past six o'clock on the morning of the 29th July, and you did not arrive in London till the afternoon of the 30th. Well, having a gal along with you, you couldn't do it in much less time—*if you walked*. But——" (this reservation Mr. Lagger did not breathe even to himself) he added, however, after a long pause, "In a few hours I shall have my eye upon you, my lad; and, if you *are* wanted, why I shall know where to put my hand upon you—that's what *I* shall know."

CHAP. XI.

"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

IF Stephen Frankland had had any idea of the sort of reception which was being prepared for him at Tremlett Towers, I think that he would have still further postponed his return; certainly he would not have left it to be supposed that he acquiesced in the arrangement by writing—as he did in his innocence—to let his father know by what train he might be expected. If there was one thing that he disliked more than another it was being made a fuss about.

As he was rattled along in the express he could not help looking forward to the happy meeting which had been so often in his thoughts,

and picturing where, and how, and in what manner it would take place. Frank, he thought, would drive over the dog-cart for him, or perhaps his father would come too: no one would recognize him at the station. They need not pass through the village, he thought; and he would get dear old Frank to drive him round the back way to "The Towers," so that he might run up unperceived to his mother's room, and have a quiet hour or two of home-talk with the three nearest and dearest to him, before he ran the gauntlet through the kindly but embarrassing welcoming which he could not but flatter himself would be in store as soon as his actual return was known upon the estate and throughout the neighbourhood. Then he arranged, that towards evening he would go down to the storekeeper's room, and shake hands with Mrs. Cooper the "Juno," and Jones the "Jove," of that domestic Olympus. The next morning he would walk over to Ruxton Court—with Frank, most likely—and see them all there; return by Durmstone; have a chat with old Hoodgate the barber, who used to sell him fishing-tackle and gunpowder in his boyish days; and wind up the day with a visit to poor paralytic Bill Grant, the ex head-keeper, at his cottage the north lodge of the park. A railway carriage is a capital place for thinking in, if your thoughts are pleasant ones, because there is nothing to distract them; but I think that, of all awful places to be shut up in with a sorrow that has come, or the shadow of one that is approaching, a railway carriage is the most awful. When people travelled in the old coaching days, I suppose they made up their minds that it was no use being anxious or impatient; but now, if personal experience be worth anything, it seems as though the speed at which we travel serves, not to allay, but to increase those feelings, and to make us more and more impatient to get to such and such a place, and know the best or the worst of what is in store for us, in proportion as we are wheeled along faster and faster towards it.

Stephen's reflections, upon the whole, were agreeable ones. He longed to get to his home, yet was somewhat shy of the first plunge into it—just as he might desire to enjoy his shower-bath on some frosty morning, but quaked at the idea of pulling the string. The upshot was, that although the last thirty miles of his journey were performed in little more than half an hour, it seemed to him as though the express were the slowest train he had ever sat in. But when it began to slacken speed at Durmstone he would have given a good deal to have had another fifty miles to travel before he had to face what he was sure would there await him.

He was not surprised to see a quantity of people assembled upon the platform, for he remembered that it was market-day at Derby. Nor was it strange to him that his father should spring forward and open the carriage door; but he was astonished when all the company took off their hats and shouted with all their might, as he alighted. An ovation was the last thing that he expected; and his first notion was that the inmates of the county asylum were there in waiting for some excursion-train that was

to take them out into the country for a holiday. He was glad, therefore, when Sir George hurried him through the booking-office to where he saw an open carriage waiting for him. In this was seated Lady Tremlett, very elegantly dressed, and, springing to her side, he clasped her in his strong arms and kissed her heartily.

“ Bless me !” exclaimed My Lady, arranging her rumpled finery, “ I am so happy—dearest Stevie ! but you naughty boy, you’ve been smoking—and, dear me, how very brown you are !”

“ And you, dearest mamma, are not one bit changed—as beautiful—more beautiful, than ever.”

He had always been proud of his mother’s beauty. When a child, he had called her his “ pretty mamma,” and as a stalwart youth of eighteen had behaved towards her more like her lover than her husband’s son. He was more of a man than she of a woman in those happy days ; and her silly, winning little manner, and thorough dependence upon him in the—then—frequent absences of Sir George, had won for him a deep and faithful affection, such as step-mothers but rarely enjoy. The “ poor delicate little Frank” of that time—though her own flesh and blood—was not a favourite. His weakness and petulance troubled her ; for, as we have seen, she was of a selfish, indolent nature, and clung with a helplessness, which is sometimes mistaken for affection, to anyone who would save her exertion and minister to her wishes.

“ Flatterer !” she replied, as the little vexation she had felt at the derangement of her toilet vanished under this incense of her vanity, “ you know I have grown quite an old woman.”

“ I know no such thing. How kind it was of you to come for me ! But where’s Frank ?” asked Stephen, looking eagerly around for his half-brother.

“ My love,” said Lady Tremlett, addressing her husband, who had just come up from fussing over Stephen’s luggage, “ where’s Francis ?”

The radiant smile that had lighted up the poor Baronet’s face since he had seen his first-born died away at this question.

“ Have you not told him ?” he replied in a low tone.

“ My dear, I understood that he left the message with you ?”

“ So he did. But I thought,” he added, in a tone of reproach, “ that you might have spared—I mean, that you might have told him yourself.”

“ Why, George, how can you be so absurd ? He has only just asked me.”

“ The fact is, Stevie,” said his father, after a gulp or two, “ that Francis is very sorry, dreadfully grieved, I am sure, not to be able to be here to welcome you. But he has gone—he was obliged to go, I assure you—compelled—absolutely *compelled*, to attend a meeting of magistrates upon a matter of the greatest importance, about—let me see, about sewers ? no, no—not about sewers, about reformatories—er—er—or something or other, I don’t know exactly what ; but I give you my word it was of the highest

importance. Francis has become quite a great man, and has always something of the highest importance on hand."

This, I must explain, was not one of the Baronet's fibs. If people will only be sufficiently dogmatical and disobliging upon the score of being engrossed in matters of the highest importance, they will gain a reputation of being "quite great men;" and this useful receipt was followed with much success by Mr. Francis Tremlett, so much so, that his father—who indeed had endured much of it whilst in course of preparation—believed in him—believed in him generally, but not on this occasion. The extent of which his father had availed himself of My Lady's *carte blanche* for his brother's reception had annoyed him greatly. Moreover, he perceived assembled in the Park certain members of county families whose visits to "The Towers" had lately been few and far between, and who had not honoured *his* great *fête* with their presence. Young, hearty fellows, like Lord de Cartarett and his brother, Percy Coryton, and Spencer and Ashton Neville; and hearty old fellows, like General Barker and the Honourable Joe Pilkinton (known as "bumber Pilkinton,") could not stand being put down, and set right, and patronized, by "dear Francis," and his set, any more than could the recalcitrant Jack Cutler. The consequence was, that they kept out of his way, but were early on the scene lest they should lose the opportunity of giving our Stevie a cheer.

So the green-eyed monster was raised in his half-brother's breast, and it was this offensive Saurian who suggested the important magisterial business at Derby, which had not been heard or thought of until Lord de Cartarett was seen galloping into the Park. If "dear Francis" could not prevent his father from doing things on a grand scale, he could at least put a slight upon the affair by absenting himself from it. Stephen could not help feeling a little bit disappointed at his brother's absence, but upon reflection he remembered that he had been obliged to change the day for his return, and concluded that by doing so he had unluckily pitched upon the very time when Frank could not be there to meet him. It would have been all the same, whatever time and day he had fixed. "Dear old Frank," he said, "I hope he hasn't worried himself about it; we shall have many a long day together now."

As he spoke these words out of his loving heart, the carriage drove off, and he noticed for the first time that there were four horses to it. He saw, also, that many of the persons who had been upon the platform had mounted their nags and were following. An uneasy presentiment that there was something in the wind began to creep over him; and this was increased, when Sir George made him change places and sit by his mother's side, on the front seat, saying, "No, no; you must have the place of honour you know, as you are the hero of the day!" But it was not until they turned the corner of the plantation near "The Towers," and galloped into the park, which looked like a fair—so full was it of marquees

and tents, and booths, waving flags, shouting people, and bands playing "See the Conquering Hero comes"—that the full horror of his situation burst upon him. It was well for the designers of these festivities that their conquering hero was in a carriage-and-four. Had he been on foot, or horseback, he would undoubtedly have turned and fled in dismay. As it was, he merely got a little faint and pale, exclaimed, "Oh, father, why have you done this?" but before any reply could be returned, the carriage had drawn up in front of the principal marquee, in the midst of a cheering host of friends, farmers, servants, tenants, and labourers; when Sir George, rising with great pomp, shook his bewildered son vehemently by the hand, as though he had just seen him for the first time, and began what was intended to be a formal speech expressive of welcome and congratulation, which he had composed with much care, and committed to memory; but which broke down after the first sentence, and ended in a sob, and a gulp, and a "God bless you, my boy—God bless you!" This was a signal for more cheering, and when Stephen sprang to the ground, actuated by a rash resolve to get it over, he ran an excellent chance of being thrown down and trampled to death. The confusion which arose was not mended by a cry that a lady had fainted; and, as usual, everybody pressed forward and told everybody else to stand back. The rush to get at the conquering hero was fearful, and his right arm ached with the shakings that it got for days afterwards.

However, Lord de Cartarett and Ashton Neville made a charge, and rescued him from the crowd of striving, cheering labourers and women, who stood around with joy upon their lips and their aprons to their eyes, and carried him bodily into the tent, where the more aristocratic body of his friends and admirers was collected. In speaking of this little escapade afterwards, Mr. Francis Tremlett observed, that they had managed things better when *he* had to receive the congratulations of his dependants upon the occasion of his coming of age. They had not broken bounds, and behaved in such a rude and boisterous manner to *him*. He had had them arranged in line, and made to walk past him and bow, one by one. And certainly this ceremony was performed in the most orderly manner. There was no bursting of barriers to get a shake of the hand from Mr. Tremlett!

In the tent, Stephen had to undergo a more decorous, though not less hearty welcoming; the first person to receive him being motherly Mrs. Coleman, who flung her fifteen stone of good-nature into his arms, and cried over him and kissed him, and kissed and cried over him again. But oh, what changes ten years had made amongst those who were there assembled to receive him! Pretty girls with whom he had danced and flirted at the county balls before his departure for India, stood handsome, smiling matrons, their flowing skirts clasped by miniature editions of themselves in short flounced frocks or knickerbockers, who, finger on lip, stared with awe at the grave young soldier of whose prowess in the deadly

field they had heard such exciting tales. It was pleasant to see the generation of pretty girls which was then and there competent and willing to dance and flirt with young cadets at county balls, but who were in the nursery when Steevie went out, come tripping up to him smiling slyly, and saying, "Oh, Ste—Captain Frankland! don't you know me? I'm Nelly," or "I'm little Chattie," or repeating some other well-known name which would sound as a key-note to one or other of the gladsome old times which memory's nimble fingers were playing on his heart-strings. Pleasant, too, it was to see the eager flush which lighted his countenance as the shifting of the crowd revealed some remembered face approaching, or when a stalwart handsome lad came up and said, "Oh, I see you cannot remember me. I'm poor Charley Frampton; but you see I have grown up after all. Have you forgotten that day when you taught me to row the punt? Well; I'm at Cambridge now, and they've made me 'bow' in the University Eight!" Then, the handsome matrons whom he had known as pretty girls introduced their husbands to him; and the young married men whom he had known as gay bachelors introduced their wives to him; and the old neighbours who remained introduced him to the new neighbours who had come since he was at home; and although his eye fell here and there upon a black coat or a crape skirt, the ever-varying excitement of the scene was too great to allow of his missing some once familiar forms which he was not to behold again.

The manner in which the marquee and its approaches were decorated certainly did the Coleman girls the greatest credit. Nothing could have been more graceful, or in better taste. Grace Lee was delighted with it; and when people came up, and, mindful of her Christmas work in the church, simpered condescendingly that they were *sure* it must be her doing, she took them up very short, and gave all the praise where it was due.

Grace was able to say very sharp things, in a quiet way, to such as tried to patronize her, and many had thought it expedient to do so when first she came to live at Ruxton Court. Good Mrs. Coleman, who was—certain small jealousies apart—very fond of her, had made a great mistake in not defining her position with sufficient accuracy on the outset. People were left, therefore, to draw their own conclusions respecting Grace, and, of course—she being a pretty and a clever girl—drew them to her detriment. The facts that were known respecting her were as simple as facts can be. She was the orphan ward of an old professional friend of Mr. Coleman's. She had a snug little fortune of £300 of her own. Her guardian, who was also her trustee, had assigned his trusts by will to Mr. Coleman, and died some four years before the date at which I have taken up this history. What could Mr. Coleman do better than to get his wife to take the poor friendless girl to her pleasant Derbyshire home, and finish her education with her own elder girls? But the worthy matron not liking, as she said, the idea of being supposed to take in a lodger,

threw out certain mysterious hints, which made people believe that Grace was a distant relative of her husband; and this, coupled with the good-natured girl having undertaken to teach Jane Coleman what she knew, for want of anything else to occupy her active mind, raised the supposition that the poor relative had her board and lodging in Ruxton Court in return for services as a governess. Consequently, some foolish persons thought it incumbent upon them to pity and patronize her, and, consequently again, Grace took an early opportunity of showing that she was not to be pitied or patronized; and the proud, and, it must be confessed, rather smart manner in which the high-spirited lassie resented this mode of treatment, made her for awhile by no means popular in the neighbourhood. She was an object of terror to feeble-minded young gentlemen and shallow-pated girls of her own years, but became very popular with persons of more mature age and intellect. Mr. Francis Tremlett, in the plenitude of his power, had been good enough to state publicly that he intended to "take her up," as a young woman possessing acquirements congenial to his own; only, somehow or other, he did not succeed in doing so. Grace had not many antipathies, but the heir of Tremlett Towers was one of them, and being "taken up" by anybody was another.

Stephen Frankland had not been long in the marquee before he edged his way towards where the Coleman party had assembled, and hearty were the greetings which were exchanged on both sides. His embarrassment by this time had somewhat abated, and, after the fashion of the eels, who, as we are given to understand, become accustomed to being skinned, he grew a little reconciled to being made a Conquering Hero, and became a little more at his ease.

"But oh, Steeve," said Laura, after they had been conversing for some ten minutes, "I forgot to introduce you to a very dear friend of ours. Grace, dear, this is Captain Frankland. Captain Frankland, Miss Lee."

Grave Stephen made one of his gravest bows; but Grace frankly extended her hand; and after a little boggling on the part of the Captain, the mystic ceremony of presentation was complete by a juncture of palms.

"What do you think of him, dearie?" asked the three elder girls in chorus, as soon as some other group had obtained possession of the lion of the day; "pray tell us, that's a darling?"

"Well, I think he looks very awkward and stupid," was the reply.

"Oh, Grace! how can you?"

"How can I what?"

"How can you say he is awkward and stupid?"

"I did not say that, dear. I only said he *looked* so; and I am very glad he does."

"You funniest of funny things," said Laura, who was in high spirits.

"Why?"

"Because I suppose I must try to like him, as you seem so particularly

anxious that I should do so; and he *ought* to look awkward and stupid in the midst of all this fuss about him. That is *why*, dear. And I give you fair warning, that the very moment he begins to look anything else, I shall hate him as I do — well, as I do any conceited upstart.”

“Oh, Grace! and he so good and brave.”

“All men are brave, or ought to be; and as for his goodness, Laura, I know nothing about that, and never take goodness for granted.”

“Why, did he not save that poor wounded soldier from being tortured by the rebels, and carry him on his back amidst a perfect storm of bullets? Is not that goodness, Grace Lee?”

“I daresay there are scores of common soldiers in his regiment who would have done exactly the same thing, if they had had the chance,” was the reply.

“I see you are determined not to like him,” said Laura, annoyed by her friend’s coldness.

“I am determined to try and like him, dear, for your sake, and therefore decline to form any hasty opinion of him, that I may find reason to modify. I will admit, now, that he is good-looking. Come, that’s something, isn’t it?”

What Laura said in answer was drowned in the commotion which followed a highly important announcement. I have said that the tent was very beautifully decorated by the Coleman girls. It had also powerful attractions—contributed by good Mrs. Cooper, the housekeeper at “The Towers,” and her ally, its portly butler—in the shape of sundry wild fowls, jellies, and other delicacies, and long-necked bottles tipped with tin foil, spread upon a long table which extended from end to end. And the announcement in question was a direction to all to sit down and make the best of these good things.

I think that the company ate and drank upon this occasion much as people eat and drink upon others—that young gentlemen made the usual feeble jokes, and that the affair was rather dreary, until the champagne began to pop and sparkle in the glasses, and somewhere else. Of course it would be very wicked to suggest that those elegant and fragile creations, in whose absence the stateliest entertainment is stale, flat, and unprofitable, would, could, should, or ought to be the least affected by such dreadful things as ardent liquors, even when confined in such aristocratic receptacles as long-necked bottles tipped with tin foil; and far be it from me to lay myself open to the well-merited punishment which would follow any statement of mine to the contrary. Only, were I given my choice as to the time at which I should join festive gatherings of a prandial character, I should postpone my advent until the champagne had gone round. What a dull affair is a dinner party up to the second course! And that first galop after supper, Sir! Did you find Angelina less agreeable than usual at that period of the evening? Had “mamma’s” good nature departed? or was Paterfamilias more than properly grumpy, after his and her “slight

refreshment?" These are questions which you are not bound to answer, so pray let me proceed with my story.

At the proper period the ladies left the table, and clustered round the entrance of the tent to hear Stephen's health proposed, and gloat over him whilst going through the agony of returning thanks. In the short interval which preceded this act of cruelty, Mrs. Coleman drew her eldest daughter aside, and said sharply :

"What made you faint, child, just now?"

"Oh! mamma, the sun was so very strong, and I was so tired with standing; and those men frightened me so when they broke the ropes, and rushed at Ste— Captain Frankland."

"Hum—m," said her mother, in reflective mood. "Now, tell me truth, Laura; did anything pass between you and Steeve before he went to India?"

"Anything pass, mamma?"

"Yes, yes—don't pretend that you don't understand what I mean. Did he say anything to you? Did he make anything like a proposal, or had you reason to think he *would* propose when he returned?"

"No, dear mamma," Laura replied somewhat sadly. "We were too good friends for that," she added *naïvely*.

"Has he ever written to you?"

"Oh, no."

"Or you to him?"

"Mamma!"

"Well, I did not say you had, child. Pray don't stare at me in that stupid way! Come! we'll go back to the tent, and hear the speeches."

They arrived just as the Honourable Joe Pilkinton had risen, amidst a great thumping of the table, to ask permission to propose a toast—a ceremony which was hardly necessary, insomuch as he had been requested by Sir George, at an early period of the day, to do so when the right time should come.

The Honourable Joe was an elderly dandy in a wig, and laboured under the impression that his huge sky-blue stock and high-collared coat were the height of the fashion. Being a Member of Parliament, he was fond of making speeches, and scorned to come directly to the point of his address. He adopted what I believe is irreverently called the "bow-wow" style of oratory. I mean, that he uttered his words as though he were barking them like a dog. He barked out a short sentence to the right, and bobbed, violently, in that direction. He barked out a short sentence to the left, and bobbed again, that way. He barked out a short sentence straight in front of him, and then bent his body nearly double over the table to emphasise the conclusion; and at each bob, and at every bend, he paused until some one said "Hear, hear!" The manner in which he trifled with poor Stephen's feelings was cruel in the extreme. He played with him in his speech like a cat with a mouse. He fenced and flirted

with the subject in the most provoking manner. Of course, his victim knew what was coming, and a dozen times thought that it had come, when the voluble M.P. flew off at a tangent, and talked about something else.

He began by observing that it was very beautiful weather, and that the next best thing to beautiful weather was to see neighbours assembled on an occasion like the present, to do honour to a distinguished relative of a gentleman for whom they had all the highest regard ("Now for it!" quaked poor Stevie). Their humble friends, he (the Hon. Joe) understood (bob), were enjoying themselves in another place—(by which Parliamentary phrase he designated a huge booth, from which sounds of riotry were wafted now and then),—and he was delighted to think—he might say to be *sure* (bob),—that the toast he was about to have the honour of proposing would meet with the cordial approbation of all members of the community. (Bend over the table, and cries of "Hear hear!") Here Stevie studied intently the pattern of his plate. Some of them had heard, the speaker continued with a bob to the right, that the possessions of Her Majesty in the East Indies (bob to the left) had lately been the scene of a most cruel (bob) and unnatural (bob), he might say *unprecedented*, rebellion (bow over the table and "Hear, hear.") And had it not been for the brilliant and enduring services (bob) of a band of men, whom he would not improperly designate as heroes (bob, and "Hear, hear"), he thought he might be justified in saying that it was not impossible but that Her Majesty might have been temporarily deprived of the possessions (bob), to which (bob) he had alluded. But Her Majesty had *not* been deprived of those possessions (bend over the table, and "Hear!"), and the reason why she was not deprived of them, was, that she was served by men, who, as he before observed, were not inferior to the heroes of—of Thermopoli—and—and Waterloo (bob, and lusty cheering). Now, what were they to do—what were gentlemen of the county of Derby to do, when one of these men returned full of honours to his home? Were they to give him the cold shoulder? demanded the Honourable Joe defiantly, amidst cries of "Hear, hear," and "No, no." Were they to decline to place upon record their admiration of his conduct? ("No, no.") Were they to allow him to subside into the private life which he adorned, without paying some public—that is, quasi-public—tribute to his worth? No, they were not! He (the Hon. Joe) knew they were not. He could *see* that they were *not*—(and the speaker bent double over the table, and gazed eagerly into a *blancmange*.) They had amongst them there that day (Stevie's chair became uncomfortable) many persons who had been acquainted with the family of his excellent friend and host (cheers), Sir George Tremlett, for years, and they would rejoice with him (the Hon. Joe again) at being permitted to express at his hospitable board (bob and cheering), the pleasure they felt in enjoying the privilege of welcoming back to his country one dear and near to him (Sir George, this time), who

had been many years absent from its shores. He meant Captain Stephen Frankland!

At the mention of the long-expected name, the whole company rose, cheered, stamped, waved handkerchiefs, broke wine-glasses, shouted, upset plates of trifle into each other's laps, and cheered again fit to shake the tent down. The uproar having at last subsided, the Hon. Joe came to the point; briefly sketched Stevie's Indian career, alluded gracefully to his winning the Victoria Cross, sympathized with him upon his sufferings, proposed his health, and sat down amidst more cheering, and destruction of glasses as before.

The tumult was renewed with increased force when Stephen rose to return thanks; and what he said was simply this:—

"Please excuse my making a speech. You have filled my heart so full, that I cannot get out the words. As for my services under my dear old chief, no one could help doing his duty under such a leader. I did no more; and hundreds upon hundreds of men deserve your praises better than I do. I thank God for having spared my life. I thank the Queen for awarding me the honour which chance enabled me to gain; and I thank you, with all my soul, for the good wishes you have expressed towards me this day." And then he sat down, pulled his tawny moustache, thanked his stars that he had got over his troubles at last, and longed—oh, how he longed!—to run away and hide himself.

"Oh, Grace!" said Laura Coleman, "I never was so disappointed in my life. I *did* think he would have made a better speech."

"Did you, dear?" replied Grace, very quietly.

"And Mr. Pilkinton spoke so beautifully!"

"Beautifully!" said Grace, dryly.

An hour afterwards, as they were walking to their carriage, Mrs. Coleman thus addressed her spouse:

"My love!"

"Well, my dear?"

"I really think that it is your duty, as Lady Tremlett's trustee, to suggest her doing something handsome for Stevie."

"My dear," said her husband, raising his forefinger, "BUSINESS!"

"Oh, bother 'business;' I'm sure I love him as though he were my own son."

"I am very fond of Stevie," said her husband.

"Then why don't you see him properly provided for?"

"My love!"—and the forefinger rose again—"Business!"

"Bah! Do you know, I think he likes our Laura!"

"Nonsense!"

"And I'm quite sure the poor child is in love with him."

"That may be. She's a great goose."

"It's just like you, to run down your own children, Coleman; and when it's in your power to——"

“ *Business!* ”

“ And Rhoda would never miss a hundred or two— ”

“ *Business!* ”

“ And I’m sure she would be only too glad to take the hint if you—— ”

“ Mrs. Coleman, I have generally to speak the word once, and once only ; but I have already four times had to say—BUSINESS ! ”

And so the subject dropped.

But as the good lady was retiring to rest that night, she mused upon it, and thought, “ Well, I suppose they will be able to live pretty comfortably upon their pay ; and ladies are made so much of in India. It won’t be much of a match for her, poor thing ; but then, she gets so dreadfully in the way of her younger sisters ! ”

So we can see clearly enough what was passing in her mind.

The meeting between Stephen and his brother was, to all appearance, a cordial one, though Lord de Cartarett had told the former, in his off-hand way, that it was all bosh about “ dear Francis ” being obliged to go away on magisterial business. He had only gone, that nobleman said, to worry the Governor of the House of Correction about some dirty little boys who were going to be whipped for stealing apples. But to this statement honest Stevie paid no heed, and thought rather badly of his old school-fellow for making it.

The hours spent by Sir George Tremlett in preparing for this fête were the happiest he had known for many a day. He dearly loved planning, and settling, and arranging such things, and fidgeting about with the workmen ; and he chuckled in his sleeve as he thought of “ dearest Francis,” with his charity children and his tea and buns, his one tent, and his pretended fear of being “ compromised ” by an ovation to his soldier-brother ! “ It was perhaps as well, after all,” thought his father, “ that he kept out of the way ; for an ovation there *has* been, and no mistake about it.”

Lady Tremlett was delighted with all that had been done. She came into the Park to look on occasionally at the building of the triumphant arch ; and “ Dear, dear,” she would say, “ what clever creatures you all are ! But what a mess you’ve got your new frocks in ! Will you ever be able to get it all down again ? ” At last she even began to take quite an interest in what was doing, and actually exerted herself so far as to twine a piece of pink calico a great way up one of the poles of the marquee ! If, however, she was not liberal in her assistance, she was so with her praises and thanks ; and, as I have already said, the poor Baronet was a happy man.

But, alas ! retribution came with the bill ! And this having to pass through the hands of the methodical Mr. Francis, provided, we may be sure, the text for many a discourse upon extravagance, love of display, gluttony, self-adulation, and all the vices. Nor did Lady Tremlett back up her husband as she might have done, considering that she had given

him full authority to do what he thought proper regardless of expense; and had commended, in no measured terms, what he had done. You see, a grand *déjeuner* is all very nice whilst it is taking place (especially when others have the anxiety of seeing that all goes well), whilst the band is playing, the flags waving, the friends complimenting, and everything has got to be enjoyed; you are inclined to be wonderfully liberal then. But when there is nothing left of these grand doings but a bare brown mess upon the greensward, a lot of faded flowers, tarnished spangles, the recollection of (perhaps) a headache and a bundle of "little accounts," to which Her Majesty's likeness in blue has got to be attached—why, then I fancy there is sometimes a good deal of grumbling, and complaints of some one having ordered so much *this*, and not having managed to do without *that*, and that objections which never arose before have to be endured, if they cannot be answered.

Poor Sir George had a sorry time of it when the youthful chancellor of his wife's exchequer began to settle accounts in his usual methodical manner. This process, however, was not commenced until some weeks after Stephen's return; and what took place in the mean time had anything but a softening effect upon its rigours.

Quickly passed the days with Stephen, every one marked by some hearty meeting, or the revival of some pleasant old association. Sir George, too, had a good time of it just then; for "dear Francis" had been made to sing rather smaller than usual since his brother's return. At first he tried the high hand with Stephen, and instructed that Indian officer concerning the manners and customs of India. He criticised, also, certain military operations in which Stevie had been engaged with such solemnity and correctness as nearly to choke the latter with laughter. "You will be the death of me, old boy, if you go on like that," he said; "but pray don't talk so before anyone else who knows India, or they'll set you down as such an awful Griff."

This being said in the presence of his father and mother, before whom "dear Francis" could not bear to be taken down, he essayed a formular which he had used with great success on former occasions.

"I am not going to suffer myself," he said, "to be laughed out of a position. To a casual observer, no doubt, the thing will appear as you would put it; but if you will give the matter a little more attention, you will perceive that I am quite correct in what I have advanced."

At this, hearty Stevie laughed again, and offered to bet his brother a "fiver" that none of his dates were right to a fortnight, or his distances to a hundred miles; whereupon "dear Francis" indulged him with a homily upon the folly of betting, which, however, produced no other effect than to make his brother laugh again, slap him on the back, and declare that they ought to make a parson of him, and he'd be Archbishop of Canterbury in no time.

Whilst this was going on poor Sir George sat quaking with fear, lest

his second son should push his obstinacy to offensive lengths; and My Lady reclined languidly upon her sofa, and backed up the disputants by turns, declaring at one time that "dearest Francis" was so very clever that he could not be mistaken, and observing at another that "dear Stevie" had been in India, and therefore *must* know best.

"Are you as certain of that, old fellow," he would say, when "dear Francis" began to preach upon some of his peculiar doctrines—"as that Goorzerat is on the Ganges, eh?" Thus cruelly bringing to light a dreadful blunder that his brother had made in a recent speech at the Mechanics' Institute at Durmstone—a fearfully penitential institution, of which he was the founder and patron. Even when he was right, Stephen laughed at him; for, you see, the process by which Mr. Tremlett's supposed intellectual acquirements had become the terror of the neighbourhood was gradual. Stephen could only think of him as "dear little delicate Frank," the small brother whom he had carried about on his back, and who had cried for what he wanted; consequently he treated him accordingly, with much affection, but not a scrap of homage—to his intense disgust, and the secret satisfaction of everybody else.

So, as I have said, the days passed pleasantly enough with Stephen Frankland at "The Towers," until his conscience began to prick him for neglecting Brandron's dying request. True it was, that, during the four or five hours that he had been detained in London whilst on his way home, he had made numerous inquiries respecting Mangerton Chase, and neither from word of mouth or, in books of reference could he gain any information whatever respecting it.

He saw therefore that he would have to trace it out by steps, the first of which would be to discover Father Eustace. He did not expect to find anything that would help him in the heavy luggage of the deceased which he received notice had now arrived at the Southampton Custom House.

At first Sir George and Lady Tremlett would not hear of his leaving home again so soon; but the objections of the latter were softened when she heard of certain shawls and ivory ornaments which Stephen had stored in his own *impedimenta*.

Any subject connected with Mr. Brandron appeared to be distasteful to the Baronet (who had never once alluded to the *rencontre* at Westborough), and he soon ceased to offer an opposition which, of course, would raise the topics he evidently desired to avoid.

So Stephen promised not to be away longer than a week at the furthest, and went his way into Babylon the Great, there to do his best towards picking up the clue which was to lead to the discovery of the secret hidden behind the black oak paneling in the room over the armoury at Mangerton Chase.

WHAT IS A GREAT MAN ?

"No man needs to search for paradox in this world of ours. Let him simply confine himself to the truth, and he will find paradox growing everywhere under his hands as rank as weeds."
—DE QUINCEY.

THE present age, often accused of scepticism, shows itself to be, in some respects, fully as credulous as any of its predecessors. Without stopping here to multiply examples in support of this assertion, it will be sufficient to instance the firm belief it displays in the doctrine of hero-worship. Nor is this belief professed merely by the vulgar and illiterate. It is extensively current even among the intellectual and the refined; it has found its way into books; it forms the text of some of the most popular works in our language; it is echoed in every direction; and, in fine, has become so prevalent, that if one should venture to doubt the existence of "great" men, he would be regarded much in the same light as if he were to doubt the reality of his own existence, or deny that all men are mortal. "It is natural to believe in great men," says Mr. Waldo Emerson. "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness," says Mr. Carlyle, "than disbelief in great men—it is the last consummation of unbelief." There can be no doubt, then, of the existence of this belief. It is notorious that public opinion selects certain personages to occupy the highest place in its regard, and upon them confers the title of "great men." And in making out the list of what are termed great men, public opinion appears to be actuated by a spirit of the utmost impartiality. It liberally selects names from almost every country under the sun, esteeming none too remote or too insignificant to furnish a representative. Even China has Confucius; and Switzerland, small as she is, is credited with Tell, notwithstanding that hero labours under the somewhat serious disqualification of never having existed in the flesh. The praise of liberality does not, however, exclusively belong to the nineteenth century. It must be shared with the eighteenth, which was even more lavish in the bestowal of this title. It was with it Voltaire paid his physician, Tronchin; and upon losing Madame Chatelet, as he could not in good French call her *grande femme*, it is still *grand homme* (great man) that we find him styling her, when, in writing to the King of Prussia, he says, "I have lost a friend of five-and-twenty years' standing, a great man who had but one fault—that of being a woman."

We have now established with certainty the existence of a belief in great men; let us next ascertain, if we are able, what is a great man? Let us see what constitutes a "great man," and discover wherein he is like ordinary men, and wherein he differs from them.

But it is here, at the very point where the inquiry becomes of some value, that we are fated to meet with disappointment. In former ages no doubt existed as to the meaning of the term. It was conferred only

upon a man of exalted social or official rank—the Xerxes, the Alexander, the Cæsar. In ancient Rome, no one could have thought of calling Virgil and Horace great men, even though he entertained a higher opinion than we of their literary merits. The term was confined in its application solely to those who were powerful by reason of their influential relations to the State. And down so far as to the time of our own Elizabeth it had the same limited signification. Shakespeare would, I conceive, no more have spoken of Ben Jonson as a great man than the latter would have used the term in reference to Shakespeare—notwithstanding, as he confesses, he loved him as much as any “on this side idolatry.” Thus limited, the term had a just, precise, and well-known meaning. But now that the traditional and ordinary idea of a great man has been abandoned, and the title indiscriminately and capriciously conferred upon other grounds, it has lost its significance and become utterly unintelligible. Almost everybody professes to believe in great men as decidedly as he believes, say, in sky-rockets. But the basis of his belief in the one case must be essentially different from what it is in the other; for almost everybody knows what a sky-rocket is, can describe one, and is able to recognize one when he sees it; whilst, as to what constitutes a great man, there is an irreconcilable variety of opinions. No two persons will be found to give the same definition of a great man, or (what is the same thing in amount) agree upon those to whom the title shall be applied. Many, affecting catholicity in their views, make out a long list; others, more particular in their choice, select only a few for the honour; while some are so fastidious as to exclude all names but those of two or three of the most famous personages that have ever lived. Nor is this the sole difficulty that besets our inquiry. There is another and a more formidable one. Not only are we presented with a variety of lists, but each list in itself varies in accordance with the different stages of its owner’s mental culture. No man pretends to be in possession of a list that is permanently fixed. Now, a name is added thereto; now, one is displaced or degraded; and now, again, it is struck out altogether, to make room for another which is thought to be more worthy of honour. The heroes of his youth are no longer heroes in his manhood, and the names he most esteemed in the prime of life are often regarded with indifference in his declining years.

It plainly rests with those who have an idea of a “great” man and call upon us for our belief, to prove the existence of such a thing, or at least to enlighten us as to the meaning of the term. They do neither, however. The widest possible diversity of opinion exists amongst them, and every attempt on our part to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion must therefore, of necessity, be fruitless. Mr. Carlyle—who appears to be regarded, and to regard himself, as the high-priest of hero-worship—contends that earnestness and sincerity constitute a hero; and, accordingly, his “great” men, let them differ ever so widely in other points, are yet

all sincere and earnest men. One might be a despot, another a staunch opponent of absolutism; this might be an apologist of Catholicism, that other its deadliest enemy—but in one respect they are all alike: they are eminently distinguished for earnestness and sincerity. If we turn from Mr. Carlyle's idea of a great man to that of his American admirer, Mr. Emerson, we shall have another, and a widely different definition. Mr. Emerson supposes a great man to be "one who has a large stomach,"—"one of great affinities, who takes up into himself all arts, sciences—all knowables—as his food; who can spare nothing; who can dispose of everything." Such a man we confess never yet to have known—for the assertion that "Plato, like every great man, consumed his own times," is manifestly incorrect—and such a man is an impossibility. Mr. John Ruskin also believes in great men, and is of opinion that "the first test of a great man is humility." Not that he therefore supposes a great man to be ignorant of his greatness; "For," says he, "all great men not only know their business, but know, usually, that they know it; only they don't think much of themselves on that account." Professor Ranke, again, the historian of the Popes, contributes a fresh notion. In speaking of Alfred he indignantly asks, "What right has he to be styled 'the Great?' That title belongs only to those who have fought, not merely for private, but, at the same time, for great general interests."

Such are some of the various opinions entertained in reference to the subject of our inquiry. I have quoted these authors only because they are those whose works happen to be by me whilst I am writing. Were I to quote as many more, they would be found to differ amongst themselves quite as much as these. They might all agree that there is such a thing as a "great man;" but here their agreement will end; they will be at issue on the meaning of the term; they will all use the word in widely different senses.

The progress of our inquiry has, thus far, been but slow; or, rather, it has been in a backward direction. We are, in fact, at the very point from which we started. Can it be, then, that this term—spoken so trippingly on the tongue, and falling so easily from the pen—has, after all, no idea to correspond with it in the mind? Are we to conclude that it has no meaning, and that it is constantly used without being understood? We shall see.

Speaking broadly, there appears to be two classes of men to which general opinion is willing to assign the highest and most honourable title in its power to bestow. First, there are those in whom certain active, masculine qualities are developed in a very high degree, and successfully made patent to the world. In this class (to take notable examples) are Dante and Napoleon. These men are "great" in the worldly sense of the term. Next, there are those who are esteemed great in proportion to their goodness, and the beneficial effect they have exercised on human virtue and human happiness. In this latter, which is the theological sense,

Washington is a greater man than Napoleon, and John Howard, or the inventor of printing, perhaps, greater than either.

Now, whilst admitting that Dante was a great poet and Napoleon a great warrior, I must, at the risk of being characterized as "a critic of small vision," and "a promoter of spiritual paralysis," confess my inability to perceive how any greatness, except of this partial kind, can justly be claimed for either of them. And that no man is "great," other than in this partial sense, may be deduced from the simple consideration that *no man can be an exemplar of all greatness*. An instance will make my meaning clearer. Let us take, as our example, the first Napoleon. Here is one whom all classes of hero-worshippers will most readily agree to admit into their several lists of heroes ; he was as great a man, they say, as any that ever lived. Without derogating in the least degree from the just fame of this celebrated character, and crediting him with the possession of all his rare and brilliant qualities, I cannot concede to him the title of "great man." He was no poet, no artist, no orator, no philosopher, no handicraftsman ; or, if he was, and more, he was much excelled as such by many of his contemporaries for whom the title is not claimed. He was a military man, had pre-eminently the genius of a soldier, and possessed all the various qualifications requisite for the successful carrying on of war. But this does not constitute a great Man ; it makes only a great Soldier. There might be some, too indolent to perceive any difference between these expressions, who will object that I am playing upon words—that it is a mere verbal dispute—and that to call a man a great warrior is substantially the same as to call him a great man. But the dispute is something more than a dispute about words ; it is essentially a dispute about things. If it be admitted that the qualities that appeared in Napoleon are the identical qualities that constitute a great man, it must follow that warriors only are to be called great men, and it must follow that Dante, and such as he, who were in possession of none of these qualities, have no right to the title. If, instead of Napoleon, we make Dante our example, we shall of course arrive at a similar conclusion. Grant that Dante's qualities are those that give a man a claim to be called great, and you exclude Napoleon, and all who have not been poets. Both these men we have mentioned are pre-eminent in their several departments, and it might seem fair to assume that, after all, this only is meant by the term—one, namely, who has been successful in arriving at the first place in his particular walk. The great man "must be good of his kind," says Mr. Emerson ; "able men do not care in what kind a man is able, so only that he is able." This test is intelligible—it would admit Mr. Thomas Sayers and M. Blondin, and would not exclude even Mr. Barnum. But few hero-worshippers will consent to adopt it. Lord Macaulay, one of the most eminent of them, repudiates it. In one of his essays, he says : "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is

not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all." This dictum is prettily and plainly expressed; the meaning cannot be missed—but, is it just? If Homer is a great man, because decidedly the first of epic poets, why, it might be asked, should Boswell be precluded from occupying a similarly elevated position, seeing, that notwithstanding he has for competitors many of the greatest men that ever lived, he is the first of biographers, and has in his calling immeasurably surpassed them all? The essayist, however, did not see the difficulty, or seeing it, he evaded it; he was too brilliant to be expected to be accurate.

Not only, however, are we called on to believe in great men, but we must esteem them as well, or we shall suffer penalties. "Our religion is the love and cherishing of these patrons," say all true worshippers; "woe be to him who believes not!" But just as we have seen these professors to be guilty of an improper ambiguity, and a want of accuracy in the definition they give of their patrons, so now, in demanding our esteem for them, we shall find they are equally unreasonable. We are ordered to esteem "great" men for the qualities they possess; but if we demand a reason for doing so, we get no reply. And can we expect any that is satisfactory? The qualities that go to make up a man's greatness, whatever they be, are gifts, are accidents—just as health, wealth, or strength are gifts. "He is great," Mr. Emerson confesses, "who is what he is from Nature,"—and again, in speaking of Shakespeare, he says, "His principal merit may be conveyed in saying, that he of all men best understands the English language, and can say what he will. Yet these unchoked channels and floodgates of expression are only health, or fortunate constitution." Qualities of the intellect are as much gifts as personal comeliness is a gift, or as a healthy constitution is a gift. They are external to the man, and esteem is no more due to him for the possession of the one than it is for the other. Why, then, should we esteem him? Riches are admirable; but are we to give our esteem to the man who is rich? Health and beauty are admirable; but are we to tender our respect to the healthy and beautiful? Mr. Carlyle's synonyme for greatness has even less claims on our esteem than these. "Heroism," he tells us, "is sincerity; we must reverence the sincere." Before, however, tendering our reverence to any man, we should first ascertain what his principles are; we should know whether they are good or bad—whether conducive to the happiness or misery of mankind. Sincerity, in itself, is a quality neither to be commended nor blamed. It matters not how sincere or conscientious a man may be in his opinions; it matters not how earnest he may be in his conduct: if the opinions be erroneous, and the conduct noxious, I am at a loss to understand on what ground esteem or respect can justly be claimed for the individual. Yet it constantly happens that men treat with con-

sideration the advocates of a principle they believe to be false and wicked, solely on the ground of presumed conscientiousness. Mr. Bright, for instance, is admitted to be a sincere and earnest man. Competent authorities, however—competent by reason of education, long acquaintance with affairs of State, personal experience, and intimate knowledge of past history—deny his right to be considered a Statesman, and look upon his principles as dangerous. What course, then, should they naturally pursue in reference to Mr. Bright? Not, surely, any course that would tend to elevate him in public opinion. Yet this is the very course they pursue. On their last accession to office, Mr. Bright's chief opponents, the Conservatives, retaining as firmly as ever their decided objections to the honourable Member's Policy, thought fit, in more ways and on more occasions than one, to express their high esteem for the honourable Member himself. And why? Why, because Mr. Bright is distinguished for earnestness in advocating the very doctrines they most condemn. The measure of esteem is, I presume, proportioned to the earnestness of the advocacy; if, then, the advocacy should turn out to be successful—if, that is to say, the party should be overtaken by political death, the esteem would perhaps be doubled. Again, there is no doubt that Mary Tudor was eminently sincere in her religious professions—there can be no doubt that she was equally earnest in their propagation; but how can we esteem her personally whilst we are forced to disavow her tenets and reprobate her conduct? To do so would plainly be irrational. Yet this is what Mr. Carlyle in numerous instances does. Such a course, as might be supposed, leads him into inconsistencies and contradictions. It leads him also to commit positive acts of injustice; it leads him, amongst other things, to speak of the poet Byron with contempt, and to celebrate the ploughman Burns as a king of men.

It must now be clear, that the popular notion of a "great" man is liable to many and serious objections; that, in fact, it is a chimera—having no more real existence than those famous "general Terms" which formed so prominent a feature in the philosophy of Plato, but in which there have long since ceased to be any believers. It must be equally clear, that the only sense in which a man can justly be called great is in the sense suggested above—that, namely, which credits him with being supreme in his particular department or departments. This view of the question has much to recommend it. Whilst leaving room for asserting that Dante was an eminent poet, and Bacon an eminent philosopher, it would confine the meaning of the term to its proper limits, and would prevent the senseless comparisons instituted between "great" men who have often nothing in common except their humanity. And it is productive, indirectly and incidentally, of other benefits. It would put an end to the presumption that success in one line or pursuit indicates power for success in all lines or pursuits, and render impossible the absurd and unjust censures people are in the habit of passing upon a man eminent in one department for

disappointing their expectations in not being eminent in another department. What complaint is heard more frequently than that of some hero-worshipper who expresses his surprise at the "great" Napoleon's many littlenesses of character under captivity; or at the cowardice of Cicero when pursued by the emissaries of Antony? A juster estimate of the pretensions of either of these celebrated men would have dissipated this surprise. It would have made it clear that the former, who was a soldier and man of action, never had any pretensions to be considered a moral philosopher; and that the latter, who was a philosopher, cannot be blamed for not having the qualities of a soldier. But this distinction it is impossible for the hero-worshipper to make. He looks for a "whole man" whose faculties are co-ordinate, whose function it is to be great—a man who is excellent in all respects—a Brahmin of the race.

Nothing less than this is sufficiently *piquant* to satisfy the strong popular appetite for hero-worship. Ignorant people, in all ages, require some tangible, some personal, representation of the qualities they admire. They cannot see a principle until it is personified—they cannot discriminate between the qualities and their possessor; and as, of old, Demetrius the silversmith made gods for the people of Ephesus, so to-day Mr. Carlyle, or somebody else, supplies the public exigency with respect to heroes. The people cry for gods, and there is never wanting an Aaron to gratify their wishes. Nor does it much matter to hero-worshippers what the claimants for their regard may be—"Scourges of God," or, "Darlings of the human race,"—only they must make a great noise, or have a great noise made for them; let them be but "sufficient" men, whether of sword, or of tongue, or of pen, and they cannot fail to be apotheosised.

A "great" man, indeed, is nothing more than one who has achieved a great reputation; his "greatness" being in the ratio of his fame. So we find Swift making the avowal to Bolingbroke that all his endeavours to distinguish himself arose from want of a great title and fortune, that he may be used like a lord by those who had an opinion of his parts; for, he adds, "the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses,"—that is, it carries power. The favourite design of Napoleon also was to make a great noise. "A great reputation," he writes, "is a great noise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations—all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." He was right, and he made a great noise accordingly; he is the best-heard man of all times.

Something, doubtless, may be said in favour of the doctrine of hero-worship. A specious reason (and valid in a social view) is presented by the fact that the tendencies of the people have confessedly been in a too preponderating degree democratic; and that the doctrine under consideration, however incorrect in itself, is useful, inasmuch as it involves

many obviously true and important principles on the opposite and conservative side. But this reason is wholly invalid in a philosophical view; and as soon as the doctrine propounded is advanced on any other ground than that which might be pleaded for it along with much of the dogmatism of past times, it becomes injurious. This exaltation of heroes—this sycophantic homage to great names, repeated from generation to generation till they are depressing, has become detrimental to the best interests of humanity. It breeds habitual contempt in one class of people for the pursuits and actions of another; it tends to encourage the absurd popular notion of some “coming man,” who, “himself alone,” in any emergency is expected to set things right; it tends to discourage the recognition and the ready acceptance of the fact shown by the experience of the last two centuries, that association, organization, and a division of labour, are the truest means that can be adopted for the material and moral progress of mankind; it praises the past at the expense of the present; it compares the moderns with the ancients only to give the palm to the latter; in a word, it is an incubus upon Civilization itself.

THOMAS PURNELL.

“ VENDETTA.”

A CORSICAN STORY.

I.

FOR hours two travellers had been slowly toiling up one of those long and difficult ravines that furrow the northern declivity of the Monte D'Oro. Only fragmentary glimpses of the blue sky were obtainable from the deep chasm through which the road ran, while the austere character of the precipitous rocks enclosing them was enhanced by the scanty and pale vegetation clinging to clefts and coigns of vantage. The only living creature visible to them was a ragged vulture that from a discreet distance watched their painful progress with grave eyes, as though speculating on the perilous contingencies of travel.

The two wayfarers, who had compassionately dismounted from their weary mules, were silent as they pursued the rugged path, rather from the depressing influence of the nature around them than from fatigue; but the attendant, who leisurely followed at a distance with the mules, emitted occasional snatches of song, vivacious as the sparkle of champagne, the amorous burden of which indicated thoughts of a less sedate nature than might have been conceived suited to the locality. As these fragments of melody rang amid the rocks, and were hoarsely rejected by them as unseemly, the younger of the travellers, waking from a vague reverie, turned to his associate and said, ironically,—

“ The joyous carolling of our mulateer is a tacit denial of your assertion as to the evil reputation of this road to Ajaccio.”

The assumed confidence of the words did not entirely veil the interest of a prudent traveller as to the dangers that might possibly beset him; though the clear blue eyes and resolute mouth of the speaker bespoke one not unaccustomed to peril, or unprepared to meet it. His negligent attire was English, as was the accent with which his Italian was enunciated.

“ It only proves that he has yet no cause to fear,” replied his companion, with a courteous smile; “ being poor, he thinks not of robbers. ‘*Cantabit vacuus!*’ as the poet says; yet an innocent lad, he has made no personal foes. Do not the numerous crosses, indicating scenes of murder, that you have to-day seen by the way, significantly reveal the social evil of this land?”

The bland austerity of the speaker's manner betrayed the ecclesiastic as plainly as the long black stockings and silver-buckled shoes he wore.

“ After so long a residence in Paris, devoted to learned pursuits and the service of the Church,” observed the other, thoughtfully, “ this return to a barbarous land, the spirit of which is so foreign to your accustomed modes of thought, must necessarily be distasteful to you.”

“ And yet the free air of these mountains strangely stirs my blood,” mused the priest. “ What memories throng upon my brain! What novel emotions agitate me!”

"You are, perhaps, familiar with this spot? Yes, I see it in your rapid and eager glance."

"I was here once, when a boy," answered the ecclesiastic evasively, perceptibly paling as he spoke; then, hastily turning to the advancing mulatcer, he exclaimed—"Beppo, you are somewhat hasty with the mules; they are wearied, and we are in no hurry, for we can easily reach the village before night; let them therefore travel slowly, my son, since, as holy Scripture saith, 'a devout man should be merciful to his beast!'"

"But, I—I am in a very great hurry myself," said Beppo vivaciously.

"Slow and sure, says the proverb."

"There is a time for everything; I am in haste to-day, because—Ah, Signori, if you only knew my reason!" and, as though language could be but a weak exponent of his feelings, he waved his hat, decorated with many-coloured ribands, triumphantly in the air. "Yes," he continued gravely, recovering himself, "but for *that*, Signori, you would have had another guide; but when, having pressing reasons to go home, I found that your excellencies were travelling my way, and in quest of a guide, then, by St. Ursula, I offered my services; and here I am, at your excellencies' command—Ho, ho, ho!"

"But wherefore your hurry—you have not yet explained that?"

"See you not," retorted the youth, "that I am a bridegroom? Yes," he added proudly, "Marcella, the fair daughter of the miller, is my betrothed."

"Why, you are only a lad—a mere child," said the priest, mischievously.

"That is just what Marcella used to say: 'Wait a year,' she replied to me; 'Black Andrea is a head taller than thou art; wait till thou hast grown.' Then, when a year had gone, she made us stand back to back while she pretended to measure us, smoothing Andrea's hair with her white hand, but pulling mine. 'Beppo is the taller!' she screamed, and I leaped three feet in the air with joy; and so we are going to be married."

"And Andrea?"

"Your excellencies should have seen his frown! The mischievous girl had been coquetting with him so long, for her amusement, that he conceitedly fancied himself the favourite. Ha, he slunk away like a fox from a dovecote."

"Beware of him, my son!" admonished the priest.

"But there is no cause to fear. Marcella's father is the richest man in the valley of the Gravone, and our united kindred——"

"For all that, he may chance to give you a blow with a knife in some lonely place."

"So said my cousin, the innkeeper in Corte; but in your worships' company I apprehend nothing, and I can guard myself elsewhere. But will not your excellencies mount? Day is closing, and I am solicitous that you should see my Marcella; we pass the mill as we enter the valley."

“ A fine lad—full of spirit,” remarked the Englishman as they continued their journey.

“ A true Corsican,” replied the priest ; “ one whose joy and sorrow are alike tempestuous. Let him look to his joy—it may receive an untimely check !”

“ Do you mean that—”

“ The thirst for vengeance is natural to man.”

“ Is it the messenger of peace that says so ?”

“ Signor,” said the churchman gravely, “ it is true that I have been set apart to the service of God, but, previously to that sacrament, I was a sinful man, and not an angel. No influence whereto man can be subjected can entirely extirpate his individuality and natural instincts. *Expellas furcá naturam ?* I am in the first place Corsican.”

During this colloquy they had been gradually approaching the head of the pass, and now stood on that higher ridge of the mountain whence the fair valley of the Gravone was visible in its entire length as far as the distant Ajaccio, beyond which the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean bounded the view. The sun was about to set, and though the mountain summits yet glowed with golden light, darkness was hovering over the valley, giving a dreary indistinctness to its details, and investing with purple tints the rapid stream which wandered amid the shadowy masses of foliage. Beneath the eye, ascending threads of blue vaporous smoke indicated the position of the little hamlet, nestled amid chesnut, fig, and olive trees, whereat the travellers designed staying, and amid the vague murmurs of evening the busy clack of a mill was distinguishable. Beppo, standing between the pleased travellers on the summit, was pointing out to the priest with pride the very home of his beloved, when the observant eye of the Englishman caught a metallic glittering in an adjacent thicket ; but, ere he could mention what he had noticed to his companions, a sharp explosion awakened the thousand echoes of the mountains, and the youth Beppo, shot through the heart, reeled to the ground, murmuring “ Jesu Maria !” The priest, obeying a professional instinct or impulse, immediately knelt by the unhappy lad, to administer the last office of his faith, so far as the circumstances admitted.

At this moment, while the mighty Mother witnessed in solemn silence the last agonies of her murdered son, the sun sank below the horizon, investing all natural objects for a moment with a crimson glow. The Englishman shuddered, on observing that even his own hand seemed bedabbled with blood ; but the effect was brief. The ominous colour imperceptibly changed to violet, and that subsided into a mournful grey, the forerunner of darkness. The priest rose hurriedly, and seizing the bridle of his mule, exclaimed, “ It is over ; we must not linger here any longer.”

“ But, the dying man ?” queried the Englishman.

“ He is with God ; he has confessed and received absolution ; more

cannot be done for him, and we must now consider our own safety. Let us be gone. On reaching the mill I will inform the poor youth's friends of that which has happened. As Christians we can do no less, while as strangers we should do no more."

Having first assured himself, by personal inspection, that his guide no longer breathed, the Englishman reluctantly mounted his mule, and hastened after the ecclesiastic, who was already impetuously spurring down the mountain slope in advance of him.

II.

THE consciousness of the terrible crime, the victim of which they had abandoned in the darkness, oppressed the spirits of the wayfarers, and rendered their journey silent as it was hurried, in the vain effort to escape from painful thought by rapidity of motion.

The Englishman, indignant at the cowardly treachery of the act, panted with a desire to identify its author. Who could say what were the emotions of his reverend associate, or what sad experience had familiarized him with such crimes?

They halted a moment at the little mill in their rapid descent, to communicate to an idler that which blanched his cheek; and night had arrived ere they dismounted at the hospitable village inn, and were ceremoniously ushered into its state apartments.

While here awaiting supper, the priest paced the floor with that measured step which indicates earnest deliberation, while the Englishman, looking from the open lattice out into the night, and inhaling the soft air, heavy with the aroma of orange-blossoms, sought, in the ideas wherewith that sweetness was associated, to evade the painful spectre that haunted him. But the pensive pleasure given by the fragrance of flowers easily changes into sadness, and in his actual mood the stranger conceived a funereal odour in the air, and by a natural transition his thoughts recurred to the crime recently committed amid the holy repose of nature.

The priest, courteously disposed to distract from unpleasant reminiscences one with whom travel had temporarily associated him, passed him in his walk and said, "I conceive the impression which the late sad occurrence is calculated to make on a stranger; and I take the freedom of suggesting to you, that it is unwise to think much of that whereof it would be indiscreet to speak, as is this, which, however to be regretted, concerns us not. In Corsica there is no saying what susceptibilities may not be wounded by an incautious word. I have not told the occurrence here, for who knows how far these people may be interested; and even at the mill, as you may have noticed, in fulfilling a Christian duty I mentioned no names."

"Is it permissible to conceal a crime?" inquired the stranger, with surprise.

“It may be expedient,” was the evasive reply.

“It is every man’s Christian duty to aid its detection and punishment.”

“Yes—of those who have been injured.”

“Is not every man injured to a certain extent by a violation of the laws which protect him? Is there, then, no justice in Corsica?”

The priest smiled, sadly, “I sometimes ask the same question myself.”

“Can you, who are a servant of Christ, advocate the principle of private revenge?”

“Whoso sheddeth blood, by man shall his blood be shed,” said the priest, solemnly.

“Does that authorize revenge?”

“What is man’s justice, under any circumstances, but revenge?” asked the priest passionately. “I doubt whether my people would be happier for the tyranny of law. Here the patriarchal customs prevail. Love, faith, and the hate of wrong, can yet influence men. An artificial and corrupt civilization has not yet, in Corsica, so subordinated all noble truthful impulses to sordid care for selfish interests as to make man a living lie. The inefficiency of public law to avenge private injuries is so well recognized in highly-civilized lands, that usage wisely concedes to a man the right of avenging, with his own hand, certain personal grievances. Knowing this, can you with any propriety censure the traditionary customs of this simple land?”

Here, to the dissatisfaction of neither, this disagreeable discussion was abruptly terminated by the entrance of their hostess, a plump little woman, with a comely face, bright eyes, trim ankle, and light step, who, while complacently arranging supper on the little table, glanced repeatedly at the priest with an expression of mingled curiosity and disquietude, and finally exclaimed, triumphantly snapping her fingers, as she found the desiderated clue to her vague suspicions,—

“Santa Brigetta! It is indeed himself! Ah, Signor Antonio Zampieri, I scarcely dreamed of seeing your worship honouring my poor house! As you dismounted from your mule, I said to myself, I have surely seen that reverend gentleman before, somewhere, and truly I had! Let me see, it is about nineteen—nay, twenty years since you left us. Ah, blessed Saint Ursula, how time flies! It seems but yesterday that you were a lad—so high—just about fourteen—and such a pretty lad—while I myself was but a thoughtless girl who had never known sorrow. Alas! And how fares it with your worship all this long time? Will not your relations stare—and your sister, will she not rejoice indeed to see her only brother again!”

The priest, who blandly smiled, and had tacitly admitted his identity and encouraged these reminiscences, here interrupted the simple wonder of the hostess—

“You know my sister, then?”

“Who does not, indeed?” she exclaimed, warmly. “Is she not the

beauty and pride of Ajaccio? You will never recognize her, she has grown so beautiful."

"I believe it," said the priest sadly; "she was not born until after my departure from Corsica."

"Yes, indeed—just so; it was—" the hostess hesitated, and became abruptly silent.

Without appearing to have observed her embarrassment, the priest made trifling inquiries about former acquaintances designed to set her at ease.

"Yes, Signor," quoth the dame summarily, after a long account of local affairs, "some have prospered indifferently; others not at all. The Custom House authorities are so keen that business is dull. There are no rich people now-a-days."

"None! That is strange."

"There are only two—the Cavalli; and truly a prince need not be ashamed to own their residence by the sea. Old Vicente built it, from whom all their wealth came—and are not the young gentlemen proud! Truly, they fancy themselves to be of some note!"

"Is old Vicente no more?" inquired the priest, with a start.

"He has been dead these ten years, Signor. After escaping so many dangers in his smuggling enterprises, he was shot by an enemy in Elba; and in truth his enemies were many. The ball struck him here, as it were; but his death was better than his life, for he confessed and received absolution. He was brought to Ajaccio, where he had a splendid funeral, such as is not seen every day, and was buried in a stately tomb, after I know not how many hundred masses had been said for the repose of his soul. The nephews he had neglected in life inherited all his wealth, and gratefully erected a fine monument to his memory."

The priest, who had been singularly interested by this obituary, after some agitation observed, kindly, "You appear to be yourself prosperous. I trust you are also happy?"

"Wherefore should I not be so?" she retorted with a proud and happy smile. "My elder son, Beppo—ah! you have not seen him—has won the love of the prettiest and wealthiest girl in the neighbourhood; a little coquettish is Marcella, but as true as steel. Ah! what a wedding there will be! Beppo has gone to Corte. Perchance you may have seen him there. My Beppo, he is fair, and like——"

A sudden commotion outside, frantic lamentations, hoarse cries for vengeance, and the agitated murmur of many voices, here attracting the attention of the enthusiastic mother, interrupted her joyous revelations, and spared the afflicted listeners the duty of replying and undeceiving her.

After exchanging glances of sorrowful compassion with each other, the guests, stepping to the window, looked down into the court, which was full of sympathizing friends and retainers; and by the flickering light of many torches they silently contemplated the first anguish of a bereaved

mother, manifested with the passion of the South. At length observing them, she rushed again into their presence, with streaming eyes, disheveled hair, and disordant attire: “ Signori, you—you came from Corte! My Beppo! Tell me!” And she looked up to the priest with an agonized entreaty in her eyes, as she demanded from his lips a word of hope; or, if that could not be, for sympathy and comfort in her sore affliction.

“ Alas! he is dead,” answered the priest mournfully, turning away his face. “ He is dead; I saw him die—die in my arms, shot from ambush. But, be comforted, my daughter, for he confessed, and received absolution of his sins, like a good Christian.”

The unhappy woman, sighing heavily, sank at his feet, covering his reluctant hand with tears and kisses. “ He died like a Christian! Ave Maria!”

There was a sad consolation in that assurance. This gentle mood was rapidly succeeded by a thirst for vengeance. The tearful woman—Rachael weeping for her children—was transformed at once into a Fury. The miller and his retainers, with those of the inn, who had hitherto stood around her in mournful silence, responded to her cry for blood with fierce enthusiasm. The indignant rage, long restrained with difficulty from respect to her grief, now broke forth as Andrea’s name was loaded with the bitterest execrations. But there was a method in their fury; for after this volcanic explosion, their voices sank into ominous whispers, and, surrounding the travellers, they carefully inquired into the minutest circumstances of the occurrence. Then, rapidly calculating time and distance, a terrible smile lit up their countenances, for they had ascertained that it was in their power to intercept the assassin in his retreat. All similarly apprehended the steps advisable by a singular intuition, without other interchange of thought than their fierce glances allowed.

“ By ascending the valley of the Sora, friends,” joyously exclaimed Federigo, the younger son of the hostess, “ we shall intercept him at the Rocca Perduta. Let us away.”

This proposition was greeted by a shout of unanimous assent; every one capable of wielding a knife was eager to act upon it; and, fiercely brandishing their weapons, the excited peasants rushed out into the night, accompanied by the travellers, who were deeply interested in the issue, too much agitated to seek repose, and not reluctant to escape the contemplation of a passionate sorrow that they could not alleviate.

III.

CAUTIOUSLY extinguishing the torches, whose light would have prematurely revealed their movements to him they panted to destroy, the men, thus intimately associated by a common wrath, traversing silently the valley wherein their houses were nestled, entered a mountain-path leading across a ridge to that profound chasm through which the Sora flows.

While descending toward the stream, the party was overtaken by a

young girl with streaming hair, distended nostrils, flashing eyes, and panting bosom, who clutched in her slender hand a long, glittering knife. A singular delicacy of feeling prevented her being noticed otherwise than by oblique glances of pity, as, assuming a place among them, she pressed forward in stern silence—for it was Marcella, the betrothed of the murdered youth, in whose heart hate had conquered sorrow.

Arrived at the bottom of the ravine, the party began to ascend toward the higher region from which the stream issued, its precipitous and narrow channel offering a short but arduous route into the heart of the mountains. Silently following each other in single file they toiled upwards, clambering over the chaos of slippery and jagged rocks, amid which the foaming torrent rushed, evincing that stern determination superior to physical weakness. At length they stood, with limbs tremulous from passionate exertion, upon a mountain ridge at the base of the Rocca Perduta—or Accursed Rock—which shot directly up from it in a pinnacle. The only means of communication between one part of the mountain and the other, on either side of this rocky spire, was by a perilous path which wound tortuously over it, having at the summit an abrupt precipice on either hand, a descent by which into the valleys would have been impracticable to a goat. By this track the assassin must necessarily pass, and in doing so certainly fall into the hands of those who now awaited him in the lower plateau wherein that track issued.

All eyes were directed to the dark rock standing in sharp distinctness against the starry sky, and, after a pause of silent expectation, some movement was distinguished on it which occasioned whispers of—"He comes!"

At this moment the torches were re-lighted, and those harsher accidents of the scene that night had softened or concealed started into vivid reality.

The Rocca Perduta, rising from the abyss, glowed amid the surrounding obscurity with a fierce red light, which illumined all the chasms that time and tempest had rifted in it.

The Englishman could not refrain from observing to his associate, in a subdued voice, "How imprudent to re-light the torches. He will be alarmed and turn back."

"He cannot," replied the priest, with a significant smile; "another party has taken a detour, and closed the further end of the pass to prevent it."

As he spoke a glare of torch-light from the distant mountain confirmed his assertion, and the unhappy object of hatred could now be distinctly seen upon the summit, with his gun slung over his shoulder, looking down on those whose very presence showed them to be his unpitied foes. When first the torch-light thus revealed to each other the hunters and their wretched quarry, a shout of fierce exultation arose; and seeing the fiendish joy, the eager lust of blood, animating those around him, and recalling to his mind the cruel sports of Imperial Rome, the Englishman shuddered

with disgust, while at the same time he sadly felt how futile and even dangerous it would have been for a stranger to interfere.

“Oh, Santissima!” shrieked the girl passionately, “he is approaching the abyss—he is about to throw himself over—to escape us!”

“Fear not,” said a kinsman tenderly; “see you not Federigo is stealthily creeping up towards him?”

“Happy Federigo!” said the girl, much relieved, and concentrating her attention on the youth, who, trailing his piece, and profiting by the sinuosities of the ground to conceal his advance in shadow, was slowly gliding upward.

When he conceived himself to have arrived within range, he rose into the light and fired. A storm of imprecations arose from the spectators when it appeared that Andrea was uninjured by the shot. At the moment that Federigo had erected himself, Andrea had thrown himself off the ridge upon the mountain side, which, while precipitous, had many projections and furrows, and was also covered with a mass of *débris*. Equally strong and agile, he allowed himself to slide down this dangerous inclination, his arms outstretched behind him, and adroitly determining his direction by his feet. After a moment of thrilling expectation, his downward course was arrested, eighty feet below, by a projecting crag upon the very edge of the precipice. In seeking security, the daring adventurer had but deferred his fate; for from that narrow ledge escape was impossible, since he could not return from thence unaided, while below him was a sheer precipice of five hundred feet in depth.

Another savage shout of triumph arose when his desperate condition was distinctly apprehended. The rifle-balls whistled continually around him; but, while returning the fire, he was in some degree protected from the lower party by the distance and the accidental projections of the cliff; while from the other, which had now advanced and stood on the ground immediately above him, he was completely hidden, and they were reduced to the expedient of rolling rocky fragments down, most of which flew harmlessly above him into the abyss. In the effort to avoid these latter missiles, Andrea forgot his caution, and, exposing his person unduly, had an arm broken by a ball.

The priest tapped the marksman on the shoulder, with an approving glance and hearty “Bravo!” that froze the Englishman with horror.

Thus disabled, the unhappy Andrea was obliged to intermit his fire, and content himself with an endeavour to escape the leaden hail that fell around him; but even then, the advantages of his position would have enabled him long to baffle the hate of his enemies, had not the young Federigo, impatient of delay, eager for revenge, and desirous of distinguishing himself in the eyes of his kindred and friends, boldly resolved to dare the same perilous descent, and grapple with his enemy in his lair.

As the youth commenced this enterprise, the eyes of all were anxiously fixed upon him, and many blasphemous prayers were offered to the Saints

for his success. Downward he slid, calmly guiding himself towards the very spot whereon his foe was crouched, and preceded by a shower of rolling rock that caused the assassin to crouch for safety, not apprehending that they indicated the advancing fate. As the youth alighted beside him on the narrow ledge, before he could arise to his feet, the avenging knife had twice pierced his heart, accompanied by the stern words, "My brother sends you this!" Andrea felt a sharp pang, made an effort to rise; a torrent of blood sprang forth, his form trembled, swayed to and fro; and with hands clutching desperately at the air, he sank over the edge of the precipice and disappeared into the darkness.

A tumultuous shout of joy and frenzied clapping of hands greeted, perchance, not so much the deed itself as the audacity of the actor. This horrible applause made so painful an impression on the stranger, that, eager to escape further association with such fiendish passions, and thoroughly sick at heart, he separated himself from the jubilant crowd, and endeavoured to recover his equanimity beneath the shadow of a jutting rock at some distance.

Federigo was rescued from his perilous position by his kinsmen, and, when he rejoined the party, Marcella fell on his neck, terming him her avenger, her champion, and even kissing wildly his ensanguined hands. One of the bystanders remarked, with a smile, "Federigo will be his brother's heir in every way!"

The priest, ere they finally set out on their return, having observed the emotions of his travelling associate, sought him out, and, pointing to the rock which had been the scene of this tragedy, said, in a stern whisper, "There, Signor, thirty years ago, and when a helpless child, my father was slain before my eyes. I could not, like that unhappy youth, avenge the object of my love. Do you now understand me?"

IV.

WHEN the Englishman arose next morning from a troubled and unrefreshing slumber, if he was much relieved to learn that his quondam associate had departed, he was also somewhat amazed to perceive that his hostess had recovered composure, and was not only able to attend to her domestic avocations, but even to amuse her guest by conversing on indifferent matters. Balm had been poured into her wounded heart by the events which had horrified him—the family honour had been vindicated; her son had been avenged by his brother; the friendship between her house and that of the miller had been firmly cemented; and already her maternal heart was speculating on the chances of Federigo succeeding Beppo in Marcella's love. "Ay, truly," she observed, significantly, "the Signor Antonio departed last night in great haste; he won't be pleased with the news that awaits him in Ajaccio; I was not so officious as to tell it to him. The Zampieri were once powerful, and had wide

domains, but a fatality attended them, and they fell into decay. Old Vicente bought the last relic of their rich possessions, their ruinous castle near Ajaccio, that he might build his new palace on the site.”

“The families are not likely to be friendly then?”

“Your excellency guesses aright; a feud has existed between them for centuries, and the later events only embittered it.”

“Ah! I am somewhat interested, and shall be glad to know what you allude to—if the matter may be spoken of without impropriety.”

“Oh, every one knows that Signor Marco Zampieri was waylaid in the mountains, and shot by Vicente Cavallo. The event made noise enough at the time, and is far from forgotten yet, though it happened twenty years ago. The corpse of the poor gentleman was brought to this very house, with the little Antonio, who had been with him at the time he died. Mother of Heaven! though only a child, what a fury he was in! Lest something dreadful should take place, he was discreetly sent abroad, where he became a learned man and a priest, which is all for the best.”

The stranger had some misgivings as to the correctness of this conclusion, which he did not consider it discreet to express, and contented himself with inquiring from his communicative hostess what was the intelligence which she had refrained from making known to the priest?

“Why, your excellency must know that Donna Giulietta, the beautiful sister of Signor Antonio, is about to marry Romano Cavallo, the nephew of old Vicente. How it has been brought about no one can say, though Romano is certainly the handsomest youth in Ajaccio, and one of the wealthiest also—though that scarcely excuses him for being so proud as he is. I remember him when he was a barefooted lad in tattered clothes—when he had little thought of ever inheriting his uncle’s wealth. Now, the Zampieri, though poor, are noble; and though Antonio has turned priest, he is very proud—as who has better right to be?”

“You fancy, then, that he will oppose this strange marriage?”

“Certainly he will,” quoth the hostess, confidently; “but Giulietta, though she has the face of an angel, has a will of her own, and open opposition will only strengthen her determination. Truly, I know somewhat of her temper.”

“And the other relations?”

“Ah, *poveri!* what can they do? Romano has taken care to win the good-will of the only ones whose interference might injure him—the old aunts with whom she lives. He has flattered and loaded them with presents, while making love to the niece. Ah, Signor, you know what women are—a smooth face and artful tongue wins them. It is very unlucky that the brother should have returned just now. Had it been but a few days later!”

The stranger had ample food for meditation in this, and could not repress a presentiment that the passion generated under such evil auspices would issue unhappily. The late tragical occurrence had saddened and predisposed him to presage evil, and, by a strange psychological perversity,

the effort to escape from it determined the continuous recurrence of the painful reminiscence. Thus, on arriving subsequently at Ajaccio, he was more interested in the exceptional social character of the people than in either pictures, scenery, or antiquities, and was as inquisitive about the national habit of feud and vendetta as was permissible on a subject which his family annals rendered personally painful to every Corsican.

Having introduced this subject during a morning visit to the Mayor of Ajaccio—an intelligent Frenchman, whose agreeable acquaintance he enjoyed—his host freely communicated to him some interesting information acquired in his official capacity.

"When, as sometimes happens," said the Magistrate, "a feud has been prosecuted with such bitterness as to threaten the extinction of the hostile families, a truce is frequently concluded, to continue until the maturity of the younger members may admit of the renewal of hostilities. Hatred assumes the form of mercy. A similar transaction is awaking much interest here at present. An ancient feud between two distinguished houses was suspended in this fashion some score of years ago, no representative surviving on either side but children and aged persons. Not only has peace reigned ever since, but the story of Romeo and Juliet has been renewed. Love has laboured to bridge the chasm existing between the rival houses, and I am momentarily expecting the arrival of the lovers to demand from me the usual authorization of the proposed marriage. Strange, is it not? Yet, I confess I have certain misgivings."

"I have heard the affair spoken of," said the Englishman.

"Well, you may infer, if this union takes place, that the national prejudices are disappearing. A girl marrying the nephew of her father's murderer! Even our own lax propriety would be startled, and pronounce it indecorous. As you may conceive, there has been considerable discussion here of the issue, which will greatly depend on the decision of the girl's brother."

"I have seen him; indeed, travelled from Bastia in his company."

"Then you can perhaps give me some clue as to what his probable action may be? He has been absent from his country twenty years; but, however long the Corsican may be subjected to the softening influences of civilization, his native air seems at once to neutralize them, and revive his barbarian instincts. I have seen such numerous instances of this, that I have but a vague hope that he will prove the exception."

The Englishman replied, evasively, "I know too little of him to be able to reassure you."

The arrival of the betrothed interrupted the expression of the magisterial regret.

Rumour had certainly by no means exaggerated the loveliness of Giulietta. She had all the passionate beauty of southern climes, subdued to tenderness by the consciousness of love. Romano, whose vigorous manly beauty was the counterpart of hers, assumed an air of insolent self-

assertion that indicated the *parvenu*, and did not prepossess an observer in his favour. The thoughtful stranger regarded with a sad interest these young persons, whose joy might as suddenly be transformed into despair as the purple glow of the southern evening passes abruptly, when the sun sets, into darkness.

The Magistrate considered it a duty to inquire of the girl, whether she had reflected on the importance of the step she designed taking? His language intelligibly suggested, while it did not define, the numerous objections which might be made, otherwise than by a courteous and apparently indifferent inquiry as to where her brother was.

“ What has my brother to do with me ?” inquired Giulietta, coldly. “ I saw him yesterday for the first time. We are strangers to one another.”

“ But——”

The maiden interrupted her counsellor. “ But—he has said to me what he conceived his duty required him to say, and I replied with words dictated by my heart. He said all to which you have vaguely referred, in a manner pardonable only to a brother. I replied, and he was silent before me.”

“ Silence is not consent.”

“ Does the law require his consent ?”

“ He is your natural protector.”

“ I have exercised my right of choosing one for myself—Romano Cavallo—let him speak for my inexperience.”

Thus appealed to, Romano stepped boldly forward, and somewhat insolently demanded whether his magisterial office required that the Mayor should suggest obstacles to their proposed union which he knew were not legitimate.

The Magistrate, requesting that what he had said might be attributed to a sincere interest in their welfare, and expressing a wish that the goodwill of their relations were as certain as his own, remarked, that, though the law did not enforce it, yet the consent of the family was desirable.

“ I am pleased to be assured that our own wills are sufficient,” replied the maiden ; “ and I will terminate your uneasiness at once, by stating, that, however repugnant the union may at first have been to my brother, he has nevertheless offered both to furnish the bridal dress, and perform the nuptial ceremony, which indicates assent sufficiently.”

The Magistrate’s scruples were silenced, if not removed, and he had no pretext to refuse the authorization of the union. These legal formalities transacted, after a courteous invitation to the Magistrate and his English friend to be present at the ceremony, the satisfied lovers departed.

V.

THE good people of Ajaccio complacently accepted as final this strange reconciliation of two houses whose embittered enmity had been evidenced by so much bloodshed. If a few entertained vague doubts founded on

intimate knowledge of the national character, the stranger had suspicions originating in his personal acquaintance with the priest. These, which he discreetly kept to himself, were confirmed by the priest's gloomy aspect and reserve when accidentally encountered in the streets, by the singular pertinacity with which he eschewed society, and by the vein of bitterness discernible in his eloquent addresses from the pulpit. He performed his ecclesiastic duties with cold punctiliousness; but no visitor was ever received at his house, except a poor relation named Gian Battista Zampieri, a man of somewhat disreputable character, association with whom could scarcely be beneficial.

Who can judge of the severity of the contest between good and evil which may have taken place in the man's bosom? Who shall unhesitatingly condemn him if ancient prejudices inherent in his blood, pride of family—even natural affection—neutralized and counteracted in a passionate nature the influences of civilization and the dictates of religion? The ensanguined spectre of his father, ever present to his eyes, demanded imperiously from him vengeance on the family of him who had cunningly stripped him of his inheritance by the chicaneries of law, and traitorously sent his soul into eternity oppressed by hopeless sins! Was there justice either in earth or Heaven if such villany went scatheless?

The long-expected morn arrived; and Giulietta, waking from sweet dreams, and rising hurriedly from her couch, grasped impatiently the box despatched from Paris, and containing the bridal costume promised to her by her reverend brother. The scanty night-dress, veiling so much secret symmetry, was disordered by the vivacity of her efforts to relax the fastenings which secured this Pandora's box and irritated her eager curiosity. At length, aided by her equally interested attendant, the last knot was loosed, the lid flew open, and disclosed a magnificent robe of lace, with the accompanying veil, gloves, and other adjuncts, all of funereal *black!*

"Santa Maria!" shrieked the maid, dropping the lid in dismay, and about to fly for help to her fainting mistress; but though she became deadly pale, and felt the current of her life stand still, Giulietta evinced the strength of her character by grasping firmly the arm of the frightened attendant, and commanding her silence.

"Mother of God! What can this imply, dear lady?"

"There is some mistake, Rita," replied the mistress, seeking to reassure herself rather than the maid—"Some mistake, that is all."

"Who can have done it?"

"What an absurd question! You know that my brother has before sent dresses to me from abroad. In this instance, either his directions have been misunderstood, or this dress was intended for another person, and has been misdirected inadvertently. Can't you see it?"

"What an evil omen!" sighed the abigail, partially relieved, with the ready superstition of her race.

“ It shall *not* be one,” said Giulietta, vehemently. “ Only the weak accept omens, and realize them by irresolution and timidity. And now, Rita, however difficult it may be to you, for once in your life be discreet, and mention this—this inadvertence—to no one. Remember that my happiness will at present depend on your silence.”

Rita replied by one of those expressive pantomimic gestures peculiar to Italians, and reverted to the exigencies of the day by inquiring—“ In what dress, however, do you mean to be married, lady ?”

“ There is a white Parisian dress that I have never worn, which will do admirably ; bring it, and hide that accursed thing in the closet.”

Her toilette completed, and attendant dismissed, Giulietta awoke from her apparent apathy, and, after a moment of anxious thought, proceeding to a private drawer, took from it a stiletto richly decorated. After withdrawing it from its enamelled scabbard, and meditatively trying its keen edge with her delicate fingers, she re-sheathed, and carefully concealed it in her bosom, murmuring hoarsely, “ They who would intimidate me shall sorely rue it.”

When Giulietta re-entered the saloon wherein her lover impatiently awaited her, surrounded by the numerous friends who came to do her honour, the stranger was not the only one who was conscious of a singular transformation in her, and conceived that some violent emotion had agitated her. There was perceptible in her aspect none of the coy, blushing timidity of a bride conscious of happiness, yet reluctant to evince it. Her cheek, indeed, was pale ; but no emotion dimmed the dark eyes that glanced around with uneasy suspicion, while her bearing was stern and resolute. She signed the marriage contract with a bold and untremulous hand, casting around her a defiant glance in quest of one who was not there.

At the luxurious repast which succeeded to these legal formalities and preceded the ecclesiastical rites, though not a single member of the Zampieri family except her aged aunts was present, the bride gradually regained her composure, reassured by the presence of the most eminent persons of the island, and affected to converse with Michele, the brother of her betrothed, who sat beside her, and was scandalously said to envy his brother’s fortune. Refreshed by food and wine, the gentlemen were arranging the order in which it was proposed to proceed to the Cathedral to receive the blessing of the Church, when the door of the saloon was unceremoniously opened, and a boy appeared upon the threshold. Bare-footed, and in poor attire, the little red cap sat jauntily upon his tangled curls ; his tattered blue mantle was worn with the dignity of a senatorial toga, and his looks were scornful and defiant. After glancing contemptuously around, he addressed the surprised assembly thus :—“ I, Matteo Zampieri, according to ancient usage, thus publicly notify to you, of the House of Cavallo, that the Zampieri henceforth esteem themselves at open enmity with you, and warn you to be on your guard !” and therewith the elf vanished. Such was the prescribed form of declaring the cessation of

a truce, the message being generally entrusted to a child for the purpose of evading the inquisition of the legal authorities.

The uneasy silence which succeeded this strange incident indicated that peace and happiness had fled before anxiety and distrust. Henceforth it would be necessary that the Cavalli should barricade their dwellings and be always armed to the teeth, and instinctively they separated from the rest and huddled together for defence. The old ladies—Zampieri—shook with terror, and all eyes were turned to the betrothed.

Romano, mastering his fury with an effort that paled his cheek, and apprehensive that the ties of kindred would prove stronger than those of love, advanced to Giulietta, and offered her his trembling hand, saying, in a broken voice, "The sweet dream is over! Farewell!"

But the girl, who had hitherto stood pale and cold, bursting into passionate tears, wound her arms around him, saying, as she gazed tenderly into his face, "I am thine only! My family has cast me off; receive me into thine!"

The heroic words, which seemed an echo of classical antiquity, and which suffused the stout Englishman's eyes with tears of tender admiration, broke the spell that had hitherto enchained the auditors. All were bitter in condemnation of so audacious an interruption of their joy. The authorities declared, that if the defiance proved other than an idle boyish trick, it should be severely punished, as the Government had resolved on employing stern measures to repress these relics of barbarism. It was then debated, whether, under the circumstances, it might not be most prudent to relinquish the proposed procession.

Disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, Giulietta advanced and exclaimed, "Let not our enemies taunt us with the tacit admission of the indecorousness of this union involved in hesitating openly to acknowledge it! Friends, if the union of myself and Romano be indeed innocent, and deserving of the heavenly benediction, let us publicly demand the customary rites!"

This resolute appeal decided the most irresolute; the more so, as it was improbable that even the most implacable enemy would be so rash as to endeavour to effect his revenge in broad daylight and in the crowded streets of the city. This consideration encouraging the most timid—the bridal procession sallied out on its way to the Cathedral, in the order previously concerted.

The singularity of the circumstances connected with this union had occasioned the attendance of all the idlers of Ajaccio, and the beauty of the bride elicited enthusiastic expression of their admiration.

Already the pillared façade of the sacred edifice was in sight, and the priest Antonio, arrayed in his robes and surrounded by his choristers, could be discerned within its heavy shadow awaiting their arrival, which was disagreeably retarded by the struggling eagerness of the ragged crowd to secure a fair proportion of the largess, when Giulietta felt her betrothed

start convulsively beside her—heard an involuntary cry of sudden anguish, and saw him fall prostrate at her feet, crimsoning the bridal robe with his rushing life-blood! With a piercing shriek she cast herself beside him, calling wildly for aid, and kissing deliriously the brow damp with a deathly moisture.

The cruel deed had been so adroitly committed, and under circumstances so favourable to concealment, that it was impossible for the terrified friends to fix the criminality specially on any one in the dense crowd of spectators.

The confusion and consternation, not only of the bridal party, but of the spectators generally, when the occurrence became known as having taken place in so mysterious a manner under their very eyes, can with difficulty be imagined. The no longer festive party recoiled upon itself, each trembling for his personal safety, suspicious of his neighbours, and momentarily apprehensive of a similarly treacherous blow.

Ere providing for their own security, it was necessary to look to the unhappy betrothed; it might yet be possible, with care, to save the life of Romano: but, on examination, he was ascertained to be indeed dead!

Slowly apprehending this dreadful reality, Giulietta sprang to her feet, and, when her eyes fell upon her priestly brother in the distance, yet silently regarding the troubled crowd and apathetically contemplating the extinction of her hopes, she seemed to find the clue to the mystery; then, directing towards him a glance of fiercest hatred, and wildly waving the stiletto above her head, she shrieked “Vengeance!”

The brother of her slaughtered lover gently disengaged the weapon from the slender fingers that convulsively grasped it, and said tenderly,—“That is my duty, sweet sister!”

VI.

THIS crime, and its audacity, caused a most painful excitement. The authorities spared no exertion to detect the murderer, but uselessly, for his evil ingenuity had well calculated on the density of the crowd to escape, if he had not yet more artfully sought to evade suspicion, after the event, by remaining with the commiserating spectators.

The boy who had delivered the defiance proved to be a son of the Gian Battista previously mentioned, who had himself left the island, about the time of the occurrence, in a Sicilian *speronare*. Though his precipitate evasion favoured the hypothesis of his guilt, yet he was scarcely sufficiently interested in preventing the marriage of Giulietta—assuming him to have dealt the fatal blow—to have been aught but a mercenary instrument in the hands of others, which his poverty and fierce disposition peculiarly fitted him to be.

Popular suspicion unanimously indicated the priest Antonio as the prime mover in this tragedy—his first opposition to the marriage, his marked absence from the marriage feast, some accidental expressions

of anger, and his special reasons to hate the Cavallo family, were all considered as corroborative proofs; while his strange intimacy with Gian Battista was now also remembered to his disadvantage. Michele Cavallo was unwearied in the accumulation of evidence against Antonio, and Justice being determined not in this instance to be disappointed of its victim, the priest was arrested and arraigned for the murder, or as being implicated therein.

Though the English traveller, apart from other evidence, had no doubt of the guilt of the priest, when he recalled the fragmentary glimpses obtained of his feelings during their short but eventful acquaintance, yet pity determined him not to reveal that of which he had become cognizant under the inviolable seal of friendship, or incur the painful consciousness of having contributed to his death.

The accused defended himself with singular acuteness and eloquence against the mass of circumstantial evidence adduced; but the very subtlety he displayed implied his guilt to those theorists who agreed that innocence would have been less artful and more sincere. Nevertheless, the audience conceived his acquittal almost secured, when, to the astonishment of all, a circumstance till then unknown to the public was alluded to, its knowledge of which the Court had hitherto carefully dissimulated.

The Judge asked, with seeming carelessness, "Whether he had furnished his sister with a bridal dress?"

The countenance of the priest was convulsed; but, mastering his emotion by a powerful effort, he replied sharply in the affirmative.

"You ordered it from Paris, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Of what description was it?"

"It was—a dress—I forget. I know so little of such matters—she wore it on that—that day."

"Your sister has been induced to assume it again to-day to establish its identity. Is it the same? Look up, and examine it carefully."

The priest reluctantly raised his blood-shot eyes and saw before him, indeed, his sister—pale, stern, and attired in deepest black. He shivered.

"Yes," exclaimed Giulietta, solemnly, "this you sent me as my bridal robe!"

The priest reeled, and fell insensible.

"Sentence—*Death!*"

"I have fulfilled my duty," said Giulietta apathetically to the Court, after sentence had been recorded. "You can demand from me no more!" And then she glided calmly from the judicial hall, which she had entered only to consign her brother to Death!

A DAY BY THE SEA.

UPON the short dry grass along the cliff
 I lie my length, and list the sea beneath
 Incessant murmur, fretting o'er the stones.
 With painful care, of indolence born, I note
 Each clear smooth wave fall sighing on the shore
 And whiten into foam. The pebbles harsh,
 Drawn down by its return reluctantly,
 Shriek in shrill trebles; and the gleaming sands
 Mirror the curving crest, that curves to break
 Upon the tide-ribbed ridges, flaked with froth
 Of former waves.

Scarce on the utmost verge
 Of this o'erhanging steep the grasses nod—
 So faint the breeze; whereon grey gulls, long-winged,
 Slide slow above the sea, or sudden drop
 And rock on the long swell that rolls to shore.
 The drowsy air rings with their plaintive pipes,
 Sharp shafts of sound that pierce the listening ear.

An oily calm broods o'er the tranced deep,
 Wherein the tide, obedient to its queen,
 The invisible moon, moves toward the land, and sways
 The mighty mass of waters.

It engulfs,
 Rising, each after each, the blackened stakes,
 Tressed with long trails of tangle, oozing brine,
 And, reaching on from gleaming stone to stone,
 Climbs gradual to its bounds.

The clouds o'erhead
 Are dimpled to repeat the sands below
 Stretching between the shingle and the surf,
 And seem stray islets in the sea of blue,
 Whereon the broad sun floats into the west.
 Far o'er the glassy wave the distant sails,
 Or white or russet, or the ruddy tint
 Of autumn fern, flush back his prodigal light;
 And every little ripple on the deep
 Scatters his golden largess lavishly.
 Across the lustrous, limitless expanse,
 Spattered with fire—bright, transient, dazzling sparks
 Dropt from his golden lamp upon the wave—
 The quivering reflex of each tiny boat
 Lovingly reaches toward the land, to fade

Where, nearer shore, the waters curl and swell,
 Netted with ripples, meshed with snowy foams,
 And crisply whispering break along the beach.

Half down the steep the yellow poppy clings,
 Horned with the plenty of another year :
 The branching samphire and the fleshy growth
 Of spined sea-thistles, with their steel-green leaves,
 Hang on the white face of the wave-scarped cliff.
 The tremulous oat and spikes of darnel fringe
 The crest extreme—whereon I lounge and gaze—
 And round-leaved mallows, o'er whose last few flowers
 The bees monotonous murmur as they poise.

The voices of the children scar to me,
 Winged with their happy laughter, as they plunge
 Up to their white knees in scarce whiter spray,
 To launch their tiny ventures on the deep—
 Their little fleet of mimic argosies ;
 While mighty vessels—dwindled to their peers—
 Glide through the distant haze and drop from sight
 To visit other shores—beneath that line
 Luminous dipping, which divides the sea
 And dim sky—belting the extremest ken
 With a pale zone of waters.

Quiet sea !

One day I seek thy gentle influence,
 And breathe thy briny breath. How many months
 Has my heart heard thee calling me ! I long
 And pant for thee—as for the meadows pants
 Some prisoner country-born pent up for life
 In heart of the gloomy city.

Now I drink

Fresh health and vigour in the air that sweeps
 Across the soft swell, swooning to the shore.
 Thy little flashing pools among the rocks—
 Calm miniatures of heaven, serenely blue—
 Are brighter jewels than the sparkling stones
 Dug from earth's centre ; and thy beaded foam
 More precious is than are the pallid pearls
 That in thy distant deeps the diver finds
 Among the branchy coral and the shade
 Of bright-hued forests swaying with the tide.

Green rolling waters ! Sweet the song you sing
All through the day, and in the silent night.
What are the mystic melodies you croon,
Tossing and tumbling—restless evermore ?
No tongue may them interpret : only hearts
That love thee understand them—hearts that sigh,
Like ocean-parted shells, when far away,
Sad—patient—grateful for thy many boons
Of health and happiness and solemn thoughts.

That was no sea-bird's cry ! A shriller scream
Than ever mew's comes to me o'er the flats,
And tells me where my morrow's doom awaits.
White Steam ! To-morrow me your panting might
Shall hurry back into the populous town,
Whirling through smiling villages and fields,
Brown with dry stubble, till the evening's fall,
To where the distant city's flaring lamps
Make a mock daybreak in the darkening sky.

But back with me go memories of the sea,
Fresh with its healthy brine to brace the nerves
Weary in London turmoil ! In my dreams
The roaring streets shall personate the wave,
And mine own ocean in my heart shall dwell
In the remembered echoes of its voice.

THOMAS HOOD.

DANCING IN ALL AGES.

It is a curious circumstance, that although dancing has been an institution among all nations from the earliest ages, no author, until very recently, has attempted to record its history. The gap has fortunately been filled up by Mr. Albert Czerwinski, Professor of Dancing at Dantzig; who, probably having more time than he desired on his hands, owing to the decadence of true dancing, resolved to employ it usefully, and we trust profitably to himself, in writing the history of his favourite pursuit from the earliest ages to the present day. We purpose to run through his pages, stopping now and then to cull such suggestive passages as may amuse our readers.

Among the ancient peoples dancing was a necessary accompaniment of all religious and secular solemnities. The Egyptians not only danced at the festivals held in honour of their recovered Apis, but also, like the Greeks, regarded the art as a bodily exercise, and an indispensable part of every well-bred person's education. The Egyptian priests represented in their dances the course of the planets, and mythological scenes from the histories of Osiris and Isis, which were performed for several days in succession on the banks of the Nile. Dancing played a great part in the wild orgies at Bubastis, as it did in the funeral solemnities. In the grave of Amenoph II., at Thebes, are still



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

to be seen a group of dancing figures, performing various *pas*, and falling into graceful positions. From these and other representations it is plain that dancing was performed in Egypt according to invariable laws and rules—from which no deviation was allowed, as was indeed the case with all the arts that exercised an influence over morality or were allied with religion. The accompanying vignettes represent (1) an Egyptian dancer posing, and the music supplied by two ladies, who clap their hands; while fig. 2 is probably the earliest known instance of the pirouette, which has erroneously been supposed to be an invention of the later Italian school.

It is probable that the Jews introduced the religious dances of the Egyptians into their ceremonies, and performed them on all joyful occasions. Thus a festal dance was ordained after the successful passage of the Red Sea, while the dance round the golden calf was merely an imitation of the Apis worship. From the description of the memorable dance which David performed before the ark "with all his might," we learn, that the sacred dances of the Jews were not solemn stately measures, like those that take place in Catholic churches, but real dancing. In the Psalms we find many traces of the introduction of choruses of singers and dancers in the religious services. In the temples at Jerusalem, on Mount Gerizim and Alexandria, there were special choirs, in which sacred dances were performed with great pomp.

No nation, however, paid greater attention to choregraphy than the ancient Greeks, and with them it formed the most important branch of youthful education. They regarded it with such respect that the gods and goddesses were represented as dancers and inventors of ballets. The dances performed in the Mysteries introduced by Orpheus and Musæus formed so material a part of these solemnities that it was customary to say, of any one who had revealed the secret, that "he had betrayed the dance." The religious dances of the Greeks, however, must not be regarded as mere outbreaks of childish joy, but as complete pantomimic representations. But, while in the time of Homer and Hesiod dancing was merely an amusement at festivals and holidays, at a later period it became a necessary portion of theatrical representations. Plato performed the Cyclian dances with a ballet of boys; and Alcibiades delighted the populace by theatrical representations and dances, which excited the jealousy of his fellow-citizens. We need not feel so surprised at the value attached to these dances, when we find that the greatest poets, generals, and sages paid serious attention to the art. Sophocles was a celebrated dancer; Epaminondas was renowned for his graceful movements; while Socrates confirmed his fiery speech on behalf of choregraphy by learning his steps when well in years. Among the Greek dances, the Pyrrhic takes the first place; it was a lively, impassioned dance, in which all the movements made in actual warfare were imitated, and it thus served as a species of drill. The chief comical dance was the Cordax, which we often find represented in old marbles.

In Rome, dancing was not so highly esteemed as in Greece; many powerful voices were, indeed, at times raised against it; but they could not put it down. Under the Empire, choregraphy attained its highest development; and we learn from Ammianus that there were in Rome alone upwards of three thousand foreign dancing-women, who were considered such a necessity, that they were allowed to remain in the city at a time when all the foreign philosophers, orators, and public teachers were banished through fear of a scarcity of food. A representation of the mimic dances so much admired by the ancients exists among the frescoes

discovered at Pompeii (figs. 3, 4, 5). They are the celebrated dancers who have given the name *Delle danzatrici* to the house in which the frescoes are.

Some writers have given a mythologic interpretation to these wondrous forms, and declared them to be Bacchantes; but later researches have proved them to be dramatic dancers.



Fig. 3.

Among the numerous customs which the early Christians borrowed from the Pagan Church were masques and dances; and in some of the oldest churches of Rome we find the choir to be a species of elevated stage, on which the priests performed the sacred dances every Sunday. The old bishops were indeed called *præsules*, which, according to Scaliger, originally meant the leading dancer. It is probable that the successors of the Apostles and the first Bishops favoured dancing,



Fig. 4.

because they knew that the Pagans were so attached to their religious rites, and could hardly give them up on joining the new Church. These Christian dances, however, did not for long remain proofs of religious zeal. As they most frequently took place at night, they eventually produced excesses, and the Church was obliged to interfere.

Such hold had dancing obtained

of the Christians, that in 692 it was found requisite to publish a Decree of the Council in prohibition. Special allusion was made in the decretal to the public or objectionable dances of women, and the festivities in honour of false gods. At the same time, the priesthood sedulously spread the opinion, that the Evil One was the patron of dancing; and we find in a Breton ballad, that dancing was accursed since the day when the daughter of Herodias danced before the cruel king, who ordered, through her blandishments, the head of John the Baptist to be cut off.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the revival of dancing took place in Italy. On the celebration of the marriage between Galeazzo



Fig. 5.

Sforza Duke of Milan, and Isabel of Arragon, in 1489, Virgonzo de Botta performed a grand ballet, which created considerable attention, and was imitated at other European Courts. The general impulse given to the arts of peace was favourable to choregraphy; and this was especially the case at the Court of the Medici, where upwards

of fifty young ladies of the highest families trod stately measures. The principal amusement was the so-called "Danses basses," in which the dancers did not rise above the ground, or either leap or hop. These were so solemn and stately, that at the Court of Charles IX. of France they were performed to Psalm tunes. As these dances were exceedingly proper, it was not at all unusual for clerical dignitaries to be present. When Louis XII. gave a ball at Milan, the Cardinals of St. Severin and Narbonne appeared at it as dancers. But the "præsul" of the clerical dancers was Cardinal Hercules of Mantua, who opened a ball given in 1562 to the Spanish king Philip II., at Trent, at which all the dignitaries of the celebrated Council of Trent followed his example.

In Spain, dancing has been a national amusement from the earliest ages, and the descriptions which Roman authors have left us of the Gaditanian dancers favour the assumption that the Spanish dances of those days, like the present Bolero and Fandango, were combined with animated movements and gesticulations, and accompanied by the sound of the castagnettes. From a curious work, published in the Basque language, by J. J. de Iztueta, we find that the Gúipozcoans had no less than thirty-six dances, the most renowned among them being the "Fordon," or Lance dance, performed on St. John's Day, by men armed with poles and staves, in remembrance of the battle of Beotibar, which the Gúipozcoans gained over the Navarrese. Through the Moorish occupation of Spain, the dance melodies obtained an oriental tinge. From the same period too comes the Moriska, or Morris dance, which soon spread from Spain through Europe, and became one of the most popular *divertissements* of the period. Among the Spanish dances most liked in the middle ages were the Gibadina and the Allemanda, whose cessation Lope de Vega sincerely regrets in his romance "Dorothea." But the most celebrated dance of all was the Pavane, a solemn performance called pre-eminently "the great dance."

Princes danced it in their full panoply; the Chevaliers with mantle and sword; the Magistrates in their robes, and the Ladies in long trains. In this dance the movements of the stately peacock were imitated, and hence some derive its name, though it is probable that it originally came from Padua. A dance of this name (*Saltatio Paduana*) is noticed by an old author whom Rabelais quotes. In Shakespeare and his contemporaries the Pavane is frequently alluded to; and in one of Ford's plays, bearing an inadmissible title, is the passage, "I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish Pavin with more grace."

In the early rude attempts of the Spanish drama, dancing had its allotted place, and it was always produced in the performances in the churches. Among the festivities in honour of Corpus Christi, in addition to the "Autos" or Miracle plays, dancing was considered indispensable; and we find, from the municipal law of the town of Carrion de los Condes, bearing date 1568, that at least two dances must be performed. It was Cardinal Ximenes who restored the old custom in the Cathedral of Toledo by which dances took place in the choir during mass; and this fashion has remained in existence up to the present day. In the Cathedral of Seville a ballet is performed nightly during the *Ottave del Corpus* in front of the high altar. The dancers are boys varying in age from twelve to seventeen, dressed in the rich old Spanish garb, and their movements are stately and measured.

During the sixteenth century, many new dances were invented which were considered improper, owing to their freer movements and suggestive poses, and which met with such favour from the multitude that they caused the older dances to be almost forgotten. The writers of the day are very bitter against these dances, but, before all, against the *Gaillarda*. Equally violent were the attacks on the *Zarabanda*, *Chacona*, and *Escarraman*—three very favourite dances, which found their way to every stage during the latter half of the sixteenth century. They were generally performed to the accompaniment of the guitar, but also to that of the harp and flute; and some dancers are said to have possessed the gift of being able to dance and sing simultaneously. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, when through Philip the Fourth's love of splendour the external brilliancy of the dramatic performances was greatly heightened, the dances grew into lengthy ballets, which gradually drove the simpler national dances from the stage. From the beginning of the eighteenth century the *Zarabanda* and the *Chacona* appear almost forgotten; but a similar form of dancing sprang up among the country-folk. Native authors assert that the *Seguidillas* (a name expressing both the dance and the accompanying song) came into vogue in *La Mancha* at the beginning of the last century; but the name, at least, is much older, for it is found in "Don Quixote." The *Seguidillas* soon spread over all the Spanish provinces; and the *Fandango* is, in reality, only a modification of this dance. The character of the *Fandango* is at first gentle and

tender, gradually attaining the extreme of Southern passion ; and in this lies its fascination, for the steps are extremely simple and inartistic. Formerly the nobility danced it in a dignified and ceremonious manner, and according to the rules prescribed by the stage, until it became popular, and was performed with more extravagant movements. The Bolero is a noble, modest, and more decent dance than the Fandango, and is also performed by two persons. Among other Spanish dances we may refer to the Cachucha, which Fanny Ellsler first introduced in the ballet "Le Diable Boiteux" to a well-known Spanish air. It is always performed by one gentleman or lady to the accompaniment of the castagnettes. The meaning of the name is uncertain, as it is not to be found in any Spanish dictionary ; but Blasis says that the Spaniards apply the word to a beauty, and to anything that is graceful. In the language of the Andalusian gipsies it signifies gold.

The first dances reached France from Italy in the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., and Catherine de Medici did a great deal for them. She had heroic, gallant, grotesque, and allegorical ballets performed, which met with the same applause in France as they had at Florence. The Queen, after transplanting the luxury and splendour of the small Italian Courts to France, gave the French ladies opportunity for displaying their grace. She gradually added to the "Basses dances" (the Branle and the Pavane) livelier dances—such as the Gagliarda and Volte, in which the gentlemen,



Fig. 6.

imitating professional dancers, were obliged to make leaps, and the ladies wore short dresses in order to show whether they kept time. Grand ballets and allegories took the place of tournaments, which had grown unfashionable since Henry II. lost his leg in one of them. Zarabandas were introduced from Spain, and the national dances of the provinces imitated at the Court Balls. Among these we may mention the "passepieds" o

the Lower Bretons and the "bourrées" of the Auvergnats, (both originally danced in the streets of Paris), the "tambourines" and "rigaudons" of the Provençals, and the "gavottes," of the Dauphinois. These dances were generally accompanied by the national instruments; and, at a grand ball given by Catherine de Medici, the dancers performed in the national garb, to the great delight of the assembled Court. The Burgundians and Champenois danced to the hautboy, the Bretons to the violin, the Biscayans to the great Basque drum, the Provençals to the tambourine and flageolet, and the Poitevins to the bagpipes. The accompanying vignette (fig. 6) will give an idea of the amusement dancing must have been in those days.

Sacred dances also played a considerable part in France; they were very much liked, performed at all ecclesiastical festivals, and, when finally abolished, were defended by many Divines. Toward the close of the sixteenth century they were no longer in accordance with the taste of the age, and were expressly forbidden by a parliamentary decree bearing date September 3, 1687. But they had imbued the clergy with a taste for choregraphy, and thus a capitular of Langres hit on the idea of writing a book about the dances of that day. This remarkable and rare book, the first of the sort published in France, induces us to say a few words about its author. He was a certain Jehan Tabourot, son of the Bailiff of Dijon. From an early age he was addicted to athletic sports, and evinced a special partiality for dancing, which he learned at Poitiers. Originally intended to succeed his father, he was compelled to give up the notion in consequence of a vow—when he was on the point of death, his mother promised to dedicate him to the Church, in the event of his recovery. As an obedient son, he carried out his mother's wishes, and joined a sacred order in 1530; and, in spite of his want of qualification for the office, he attained high rank in the hierarchy. He devoted his leisure hours to the study of the customs belonging to his religion, and especially to the ecclesiastical dances, which were still in vogue. His old inclination for dancing was rekindled, and induced him to publish a work upon it at the age of 69. The volume appeared in 1588, under the title "Orchesography; or, a Treatise in the form of Dialogues, by which all persons can teach themselves the honourable art of Dancing: by Thoimot Arbeau." The idea which the author applied in his volume of indicating the dances and tunes, and writing over each note of the melody the movements and steps, was at a later date perfected by Beauchamps, and systematized by Feuillet, under the title of "Chorégraphie," which work appeared in 1700. Hence it is possible to draw an accurate and detailed picture of the art of dancing in France from the earliest period, and to form the acquaintance of all the dances that were introduced and forgotten during the course of centuries.

Ballazarino, one of the greatest violinists of his age, was the first to introduce the ballet into France, and it was considerably improved at the

beginning of the seventeenth century by Ottavio Rincincini. Still these ballets, in which kings and nobles danced, declaimed, and sang, were in extremely poor taste, both in their overladen splendour and their relations to art. In one of them, for instance, the first act closed with a dance of apes and bears, the second with ostriches, and the third with parrots. We know, from Bassompierre's *Memoirs*, that during the reign of Henri IV. princes and lords studied ballets with their ladies the whole year through, in order to rival each other in graceful splendour; and even serious Sully took the liveliest interest in these Court amusements. These noble pleasures continued during the melancholy reign of Louis XIII., and even Cardinal Richelieu tried to gain the Queen's affections by dancing the Spanish Zaraband in her presence, with bells on his shoes and castagnettes in his hand.

Dancing attained its acme, however, during the reign of Louis XIV. Not only did Molière, Lully, and Quinault compose Court ballets, and thus effect great progress in music, pantomime, and dancing, but the real art of dancing advanced through the exertions of Beauchamps and Pecour. The King himself was passionately fond of dancing, and is said to have taken lessons for twenty years of Beauchamps, so that he might fairly venture to compete with professionals in the ballet. Up to his 32nd year he performed in nearly all the Court ballets, but, being annoyed by some verses in Racine's "*Britannicus*," referring to Nero's theatrical amusements, he resolved not to dance again. His last appearance was on February 13, 1669, in the ballet of "*Flora*." At that day, when the Opera was nothing but a Court festival, and princes and princesses, imitating their King, performed in the ballets, a ministerial decree allowed every man of rank who sang to receive a salary, and the same was naturally the case with dancers.

On March 30, 1662, a Royal Academy of Dancing was founded at Paris, and Beauchamps declared by a decree of the Parliament inventor of the idea of the choregraphy first ventilated by Thoinot Arbeau. Charles Louis Beauchamps, usually called the "Father of all Dance-masters," was born at Versailles, in 1636. In his youth he held a very subordinate position at the theatre. He played the insignificant parts of valet, gipsy, and chasseur, receiving in them many a box of the ears, and at times even was obliged to devote himself to candle-snuffing. Still, he must have found means to distinguish himself, for he was selected by Molière to arrange and conduct the dancing in "*Les Furieux*," the piece performed at that celebrated festival which Fouquet gave to their Majesties at his Palace of Vaux. A short time after, Lully, who had been ordered to arrange a fête at the Louvre, was suddenly taken ill, and could not continue his rehearsals; but he did not hesitate to entrust the entire management to Beauchamps. This was decisive for the artist's reputation, for an opportunity was thus afforded him of displaying his extraordinary talent as a composer. His reward from a grateful monarch was his

appointment as "Director of the Académie de Danse," and Chief Superintendent of the Court Ballet. At the age of 30 he was the collaborateur of Molière and Lully, and by his genius enhanced their reputation. On the performance of the "Triumphes de l'Amour," Beauchamps was accorded the extraordinary honour of being dressed in female clothes and acting as the partner of Louis XIV.; but when this ballet was soon after repeated at the Odéon, the experiment of employing ballet-girls was made. This change has generally been attributed to Lully, but really was due to Beauchamps, who, with his small figure and strongly-marked features, had a great repugnance to assuming petticoats. It was long, however, ere the ladies attained any celebrity in the ballet, for the first of any importance belong to the year 1730.

The salon or social dances of the day resembled those performed on the stage. In their turnings and figures they were as parallel and stiff as the old French gardens, and in all were visible the same elegant coolness, prudery, and modesty. It is characteristic of the age, that instead of calling them dances, people were wont to talk about "*Tracer les chiffres d'amour.*"

Beauchamps' successor was Louis Pecour, who attained a great celebrity as dancer and ballet-master. He was also the first dancer who found his way into fashionable society; and he was a great favourite with the ladies. He was the inventor of the "Danses Galantes," the most popular among them being the "Canary," in which the gentleman danced to the bottom of the room and back and the lady imitated him. The "Rigaudon de la Paix," another popular dance, was probably introduced from England, and was the basis of the Quadrille. But of all the dances invented at this period, none retained the favour of the public so long as the Minuet. It was for more than a century the dance of the fashionable world, and all the old dancing-masters agreed that the perfection of all dancing was displayed in it. The origin has never been satisfactorily settled, but that it must have been very ancient is proved by the fact, that Don Juan of Austria once travelled *incog.* from Brussels to Paris to see Marguerite of Valois, who was considered the best dancer of the day, walk a minuet at a ball. It is generally supposed that the minuet (from the French *menu*, or Latin *minutus*—small and graceful), was invented by a Poitiers professor, and that the Parisian Academy of Dancing were very jealous of it, because it threatened to dethrone the Courante, a dance they had introduced for the nobility. To furnish some idea of the difficulty of the Minuet, we may mention that it took three months to learn it,—and that is probably the reason why it is so utterly forgotten at the present day, when real dancing is a thing unknown. The first Minuet tune was composed by Lully, in 1663, and Louis XIV. is said to have danced to it at Versailles. No dance has undergone such changes; but the most celebrated composition, though at the same time the most difficult, was the "Menuet de la Reine," composed by Gardel for the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie

Antoinette, and which was generally danced in connection with the "Gavotte à la Vestris."

A great teacher of the minuet was Marcel, and all the ladies flocked to his rooms, in 1740. After bowing to him, according to the rules, they walked to the chimney and threw a six-franc piece into a vase standing upon it. But Marcel was far from treating his pupils with equal courtesy; on the contrary, he abused them shamefully. But the dear creatures forgave him, on account of his eminent skill. We find Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters" strenuously urging his son to take frequent lessons from Marcel; he returns again and again to the subject, and says that the dancing-master will do him more good than Aristotle. When Marcel grew old and was tormented with gout, he used to go down stairs backwards, wore a peruke à la Louis XIV., carried a gold-headed stick, and always had two valets with him, whom he employed in lieu of crutches. His most celebrated pupil was Noverre, who made his appearance on the Royal stage at Fontainebleau in 1740. His skill as a dance-arranger attracted the attention of Prince Henry of Prussia; and Frederick the Great summoned him to Berlin to manage the ballet at the New Italian Opera. Not being satisfied with the King's saving tactics, he returned to Paris, where he remained till 1749, when Garrick engaged him for Drury Lane. When the war between England and France broke out, in 1754, Noverre was rehearsing a ballet, and the mob burst into the theatre to smash the Frenchman. Although Garrick suffered a serious loss, it was not he, but Noverre, who broke off the engagement; for the haughty ballet-master could not endure to see his art trampled under foot by the enemies of his fatherland; and it was not till the Revolution that he again appeared in London. After this, he proceeded to Stuttgart, where he determined to outvie the Great Opera at Paris, and for a time succeeded. The mighty Vestris came to Wurtemberg to study the new ballets, and the Parisian Opera had its costumes prepared in the land of the Suabes. The Stuttgart ballet decayed with the despotism of its Royal master; but Noverre did not witness its fall, as he had previously been appointed, through the influence of Marie Antoinette, first Ballet-master at the Royal Academy of Music. The Revolution caused him to fly, and he died at St. Germain en Laye, on November 19, 1810, a Knight of the Papal Order.

The Pantomimic Ballet was further developed by Noverre's successors, Gardel and Dauberval, until, in 1800, Gardel the younger produced at the "Théâtre de la République et des Arts," his celebrated ballet "La Dansomanie," which dethroned the old system. It created an intense sensation, and was performed for upwards of 100 nights. Simultaneously, the French lost the taste for their old serious dances; the English Column dances, which were performed in quick times and hopping steps, first took the place of the old Minuets and Courantes, and the taste varied from this period very frequently. After a while, the original Quadrille sprang up,

superior in form to the old dances, but affording less chance of displaying grace. This was eventually abolished in favour of the "Contredanse," which was first introduced into France in 1710, by an English professor. It did not find its way into the ball-rooms, however, till 1745, when Rameau had introduced it into his ballet, "Les Fêtes de Polymnie." In the first ten years of our century, the so long admired Contredanses made way once again for the lively "Ecoissaises." Their first appearance in fashionable society was about the year 1760, as we find from Voltaire's Letters, in which he speaks of the Ecoissaise, in which his niece Mdle. Denis greatly distinguished herself.

Up to this time French dances had either been original, or at least arranged by French masters; but a change suddenly took place. The hitherto despised peasant dances, especially those of the Germans, began to become formidable rivals of the old dances in the ball-room. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Galop was transplanted to France as the Waltz had been at an earlier date. The Allemande was introduced originally to the French Court from Alsace, in the reign of Louis XIV. and was intended to be an artistic incorporation of the newly-conquered German provinces. At the beginning of the Empire it was reproduced on the stage, and was so admired, that it was for a long time performed in every *entr'acte*.

Another dance of the Empire, from whose bold postures and groups the old etiquette started back in dismay, was the "Shawl-dance," generally performed by an even number of young ladies. It was frequently danced in such a way, that a decent person could not venture to look at it for a moment. Ten years later came the Cotillon, a name very characteristic of the age. While up to this period the name had been given to a French quadrille, it was now transferred to a social game, which still survives in some circles, and reminds us of the simple age of forfeits. Forty years ago, turns of the following nature were common: the first pair held a handkerchief by both ends, and held it out for a gentleman to leap over, after a long debate had taken place as to the correct height. The latter then leaped over the barrier, which gave him the right of dancing with the lady. Or, the lady stationed herself in the centre of the room with all the gentlemen round her; then she threw her handkerchief in the air, and the fortunate man who caught it waltzed with her, and so on.

All these dances, however, were suddenly dethroned by the Polka, which was discovered, about the year 1830, by a servant-girl in a Bohemian country town. She danced it for her own amusement, to a tune of her own composition. The schoolmaster wrote down the tune, and the new dance was soon after publicly performed. About 1835 it found its way to Prague, and there obtained the name of Polka, from the Bohemian "pulka," or half—as it was in half-step. Four years later it was introduced at Vienna; and, in 1840, a dancing-master of Prague danced it with the utmost success at the Odéon. The "Schottische," some-

times called the "Polka tremblante," is also a Bohemian national dance. It was known to the Bohemians by the name of *Trasák*, and was in 1844 introduced to the Parisians by Cellarius. The latter dance dethroned not only the Polka, but also the Galop, after it had become a thorough infernal *galopade* in Paris. The last dance we have to mention is the "Lancers," introduced into Paris, in 1836, by the celebrated Laborde, and imitated from an English dance. It is said to be founded on a dance performed at the festivals of the primeval Britons in honour of their leaders, and in which the dancers, armed with lances, made various movements to the four cardinal points.

The dances of Germany need not detain us long; and we will only make room for the St. Vitus's dance, which broke out with extraordinary intensity in 1374. Bands of men and women appeared in the streets of Aix la Chapelle, who, united in the bonds of madness, offered an extraordinary sight to the people in the streets and church. Hand in hand they formed circles, and danced for hours, paying no attention to the spectators, till they fell down in a state of utter exhaustion. The mania spread shortly over the whole of Germany and the adjoining Netherlands. It was a species of convulsion, which excited the astonishment of contemporaries for two hundred years, but has never been seen since. The "Fackel tanz," which created some excitement at the period of the Princess Royal's marriage, dates back to the period of the Romans. A variation of this dance was performed far into the eighteenth century, in the "song-dances" peculiar to Prussian marriages. No dignity or rank secured a dispensation; soldiers, magistrates, even clergymen, must join in it. After the tables had been removed, and room made for dancing, the gentlemen donned their cloaks and swords; the two bridesmen, each of whom held a torch in his hand, made a bow to bride and bridegroom and invited them to dance. The same was done to the relatives; and so with the rest, till all joined in a dance of honour, which took place to the sound of drums and trumpets.

What an important part dancing formerly played in England we see from Shakespeare's dramas, in which the poet allows no opportunity to escape for alluding to the dances of his day, or introducing them at proper places, as they so thoroughly suited the taste of Merry England in the olden time. Their number amazes us; for not only were the fashionable dances of the Italians, Spaniards, and French in vogue, but also a considerable number of peculiarly English dances, for whose performance not only great skill, but also an accurate knowledge of the complicated figures, was requisite. The great favour accorded to the Morris dance, an imitation of the Spanish *Moriska*, induces us to dwell more at length upon it. It was an old custom, which the English shared with the Goths and Swedes, solemnly to salute the returning pleasanter season after a long winter. Festivals and popular amusements took place in the open air, in which high and low mingled, and the costs were paid by the parish. In

the time of Edward III., a Moorish dance was added, performed round a May-tree erected in a meadow. Of the long series of dances performed in England in the sixteenth century, we will mention the French Courante and the Italian Volta, which must have borne some resemblance to the German Waltz. The "Measure" was a very stately and admired dance which the highest statesmen, even a Bacon, did not consider it beneath their dignity to perform gracefully. It probably derived its name from this stateliness, for Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," says that it is "full of state and ancientry." The "Cushion dance" was most original, and has continued to keep its footing for centuries; it was generally danced at marriage ceremonies to the tune of "Joan Sanderson," after which it was sometimes called. There was a considerable amount of fun in it, and each round began with a kiss.

A curious book, called "The Dancing-Master," supplies a noteworthy account of the dances prevalent in England in the seventeenth century. It contains five hundred and seventy old dance-tunes, with the description of the dances appertaining to them, and they bear very droll names; as, for instance, "Cupid's Garden," "Green Sleeves and Pudding-Pies," "The Merry Milkmaids," "The Quaker's Dance," &c. The "Anglaise" is of a later date, being danced in the form of a column, and bearing considerable likeness to the "Ecoisaise."

Olaus Magnus, in his work on the "Manners and Customs of the Goths and Swedes," published at Rome in 1555, gives an account of their Sword-dances, which is too lengthy for quotation. At the present day, however, the Swedes possess a large stock of popular dance melodies, of which four hundred have been collected and published at Stockholm. We must not be led astray by the ordinary title of these dances, "Palksea," or "Polonaise," for they are all of true Scandinavian origin.

In Holland and the Netherlands we learn the dances of early ages from the copper-plates of the old masters, who often selected them as the subject of their pictures. In this respect Israel van Meckenen's large copper-plate is remarkable, representing the "Dance of Herodias," which certainly carries us back fifteen hundred years into the Jewish world, but for all that brings before us the exact semblance of a Dutch dance at the end of the fifteenth century. The musicians stand in a gallery in the centre, and the couples move round them, performing a peculiar dance. The gentlemen are dressed in breeches and jacket tight to the body, with a short Spanish cloak over them, and pointed shoes; while the ladies have extraordinary long trains, covering the entire floor, or getting between the gentlemen's legs. A peculiar dance in Holland is the "Matelot," generally danced in wooden shoes, and with the arms crossed on the back.

It is an acknowledged fact, that no nation has such passion for dancing as the Slavonic—the Poles and the Czechs before all. The latter race has the characteristic, in common with the southern nations, that dancing

and singing are ever most closely connected. Few people can boast of possessing such a stock of national dances and songs as the Bohemians. The abundance and variety of these dances is really astounding; most of them being ancient, and intimately connected with the national manners and customs. A remarkable dance, that was continued up to the close of the last century, despite the prohibition of the priests, was the "Death dance." The dancers assembled in couples to merry tunes, which gradually passed into a sad strain employed at funerals. One of the men lay down on the ground to represent the dead, and the women and girls danced round him; they also performed very neat and comical steps and leaps, intended to caricature mourning for the dead. At the end of the dance each girl in turn approached the dead man, stooped down, and gave him a kiss, after which all danced round him, and concluded the dance with merry laughter.

In Russia, nearly all the provinces have their own national dances, of which the "Golubez" or Pigeon dance, and the "Cossack," are celebrated. The latter is performed by two persons, who move toward each other and retire, in turn, and accompany it with pantomimic gestures. The Transylvanians and Croats have also their national dances, as have the Wallachs, among whom the "Pumaniezka" is the most admired and characteristic. In this long round dance, which moves slowly to the right and then to the left, any one has a right to join, or to retire, of his own accord. The music accompanying this dance is an endless tune, in which the gipsies are the performers. Utter exhaustion alone stops the dance or the music; and all join in the amusement most passionately.

The dances of the Hungarians are of a most peculiar nature, and bear a distant resemblance to those of the Cossacks. The steps are performed with movements of the loins, turning in and out of the heels, beating together of the spurs, and striking of the hands on the boots. The most characteristic of these dances is the Czardas, which begins to a slow movement and gradually grows more excited. It is danced not only in the public-houses, but in every society; it is seen at times in the gilded halls of the Ofen palace; and it produces a peculiar effect when the grand military band suddenly retires and the gipsies appear in a black dress, with cymbals, fiddles, and clarionets, in the splendid orchestra. The solemn Hungarian Magyars will lay aside their bejewelled fur cloaks and take their places for the dance.

The dances of the Poles resemble the Hungarian; and the audible beating of the heels together is a great point. The only exception to the rule is the Polonaise, which is still danced at some European balls, as is also the case with the Mazurka and Cracovienne. In Turkey, where any violent movement is considered improper, dancing is only performed by travelling bands. The public dancers are always present at Turkish festivals. A favourite dance is the Romaika, in which less attention is paid to the steps than to the movements of the body. Remarkable too is

the Religious Dance of the Mevlevi, or dancing dervishes, a species of waltz performed by nine, eleven, or thirteen persons, with bare feet, the eyes being closed and the arms extended. The modern Greeks are principally fond of pantomimic representations and dances; as, for instance, the Albanian Robber dance, in which a foeman, after a long contest, is carried off by the victorious robbers.

In modern Egypt, dances are only performed by the Ghawasi. The Ghaziehs (dancers) and Awalim (singers), who are among the prettiest women in Egypt, live deplorably in some district allotted to them, or under canvas. They are invited to the harems at festivities; they frequently accompany the pilgrims to Mecca, or join an army marching into the field. Up to 1834 they were permitted to dance unimpeded at public places; but, owing to the growing immorality, the Mohammedan clergy obtained a prohibition. The most remarkable of the Egyptian dances is the "Bee," performed by a single dancer, who, in look and action, expresses the pain she feels at being stung by the insect. The description of this dance is, however, too pronounced for these pages.

Such are the most remarkable epochs in the history of dancing; and we think they deserve preservation at the present day, when dancing appears to have disappeared from the scene. The headlong pace at which couples dash round the ball-room in the waltz *à deux temps*, or the Polka, renders it impossible to pay any attention to the steps; and even the Quadrille, which might have afforded some opportunity for the display of grace, has yielded to the prevailing fastness of the age. The history of dancing, within a hundred years, will have become an interesting object of investigation for Archæological Societies.

THE HERDSMAN OF LA CAMARGUE.

PART III.

MANIDETTE walked quickly. She soon lost sight of her home; and since it was the first time she had been thus alone in the open country, she felt some degree of fear in traversing those bare plains, where her footsteps were imprinted on the sand without breaking the silence; but soon, happy to be able to think unrestrainedly of him whom she loved, she slackened her pace, and became pensive. It was spring; and, as often happens at that time of the year, pale clouds rising from the sea towards the sun tempered his heat, and gave to the margin those opal hues which are so charming. The distant line of the horizon melted into the sky; the rather harsh tints of the marshes were softened under light vapours; and Nature seemed to surround herself with a poetical veil. Manidette felt herself as much moved by the majesty of this grand landscape as by the thoughts of love which agitated her heart. In this mood she reached the Mazet. The window at which she had seen Paradette talking and laughing with the Keeper was closed; the building had become sad and silent; but the image of Bamboche animated the deserted walls. The young girl seated herself opposite the casement, as if she again beheld the handsome Keeper there. The half of the journey was accomplished, and she stayed some time to rest. The sun shone already with his most dazzling beams. From the Mazet even to the horizon a sheet of fine grey sand sparkled before her. Neither tree, nor stone, nor insect, broke the uniformity of that silvery carpet—nothing, but the innumerable particles which composed it, and which shone separately like so many rivals. Fascinated by the luminous distance, the soul of Manidette seemed to float along with her glance over the dazzling surface. Suddenly the young girl started; she had just perceived, half buried in the sand, a large blue bead. She at once recognized it as one of the ornaments with which Paradette loved to decorate herself. Manidette picked up the bead, held it in the sunlight—by turns brought it near, and removed it from, her face. The bead, of a beautiful turquoise blue, charmed her. In this dangerous pastime a lively sentiment of coquetry took possession of the poor girl. “Who knows,” said she to herself, “whether, with such ornaments, I should not look as pretty as Paradette?” and holding the bead with one hand to her ear, she held her pitcher for a mirror with the other. Bending over the rustic vessel, she tried to discover in the “pretty” reflexion which was pictured on the moist sides of the vessel of water the effect produced on the whiteness of her complexion by the contrast of the trinket, when a cry uttered suddenly from behind her made her lose hold of the pitcher, which fell at her feet. It was not broken; but the water ran out and over the sand in a stream.

Manidette had not recovered from her fright before Paradette, seated in her little carriage, was within two steps of the Mazet. "Ah," began the wine-girl, jumping to the ground, "it is a pity to disturb you; but" added she, taking possession of the bead and fastening it to her ear-ring, "learn, my dear, that in order to judge of an ornament it ought to be complete." And balancing her head coquettishly, she listened complacently to the tinkling made by the touching of the drop against similar beads forming the necklace which adorned her. "I thought that I had lost my blue bead here," added she, "and therefore I came to search for it on my way to Saintes-Maries; but how did you happen to find it? You would not have come to the Mazet unless you had lost something, or expected to meet somebody. Now, as I know no other than Bamboche who would give assignation here, it must either be that you came to rob me of my jewel or the heart of the young man," said she, feeding her own anger.

"I set out this morning from Sansouire for Saintes-Maries, and if I am at the Mazet it is but to rest myself," answered the young maiden in a firm tone. "I found your trinket by chance, and I expected to send it to you by some pilgrim; but I thought I might be permitted, before restoring it, to try if the jewel of a pretty girl would embellish me."

Regretting her unjust sally, and flattered by the modesty of the young girl, Paradette replied in a friendly tone, "If thou lovest jewels it would be easy to possess them. I had never looked closely at thee. Thou appearest much prettier than at a distance; and I am sure thou wouldst find salters, and even keepers, who would be glad to offer thee pretty ornaments."

Manidette blushed: "That is not what I wish. I shall never wear jewels except what my own work may furnish."

"Then, my poor girl, thou wilt only possess them when thy hair is grey," replied Paradette, laughing; "for, frail as thou art, thy earnings will be small. But it is late. Wilt thou ride in my little car? We will go together to Saintes-Maries, and thou shalt see," added the wine-girl gravely, "that Paradette can respect the notions of an honest girl."

Manidette hesitated. It seemed to her scarcely becoming to travel with the wine-girl. On the other side, she feared to chill her susceptibility just when her words deserved a mark of confidence. This thought overcame her scruples, and she agreed to go a part of the way with Paradette; but when they drew near to Saintes-Maries she separated from her new friend, and accomplished the rest of the journey on foot.

That day the town of Saintes-Maries presented a picturesque spectacle. Many pilgrims who had arrived the evening before were already camped on the shore; others had arranged a shelter beneath the ramparts; some, as in a moving house, were installed in their carts in the market-place of the town; some of the fishermen's tents, brought from the pool of Valcares, whitened the area around the church. Through slits of their torn canvas

might be seen a poor little rickety family, who expected health and strength from the Saints. Not far from thence, ragged gipsies, with bronzed complexions and frizzled hair, took possession of a small corner to set up their kettle, the only wealth of this nomadic population; whilst the shrill and piteous cry of a wretched little shrimp, half hidden by woollen rags, made known that the journey had been undertaken for the sake of some poor cripple. Propped against the fence, a thin pale salter was trembling in the sun, whilst his wife, red and panting, perspired freely under the shelter of her large felt-hat. Both, in various stages of the fever, chaunted beforehand the hymn they would sing in the church. Jaundiced, withered, without hair or teeth, old revenue collectors, bent over their stick, wandered in the streets, awaiting the favourable moment to pray the Saints to heal their sciatica. Peasant women from Low Languedoc and La Provence might be seen there, some wearing the large felt-hat of Montpellier, others the caquette of Cevennes; here the short gown of Nismes, there the coarse woollen cloth of Castres; some were shaded by the coquettish hat of Nice, but the greater number were embellished by the fine corset and ribbon of the girls of Arles. The sand of the plain had become an immense hospital, in which every one encamped where he could. Carts, on which hoops supporting a canvas cover formed a comfortable and portable tent, distinguished the richer of the pilgrims.

The town of Saintes-Maries is not visited by the sick alone; a gay and flaunting concourse who bring joy and pleasure assemble there—the youth from the villages built on the other bank of the Rhone. Hawkers, with baskets of various wares, line the streets; some offering to the devotees medallions, wax candles, or chaplets; others tempting the bachelors and maidens with toys and trinkets.

When Manidette arrived before Saintes-Maries the bell slowly rang for mass. Slipping without difficulty—thanks to her slight, supple figure—amongst the lame, Manidette reached the choir, wax-taper in hand. This was the place formerly the site of the oratory of the two Maries: a crypt marks the spot, whilst above, in an upper chapel, is the shrine which contains the relics. Between the crypt and the shrine is the sanctuary in which they come from far and near to kneel and pray.

The chains which suspend the shrine suddenly being lowered, the relics descended into the choir. The propitious moment having come, by turns poor invalids, unhappy, afflicted children, and timid young girls, drew near to touch the shrine. "Holy Maries! hear our prayers," said some. "Holy Maries! heal my son," cried mothers. "Holy Maries! accept my vow," murmured young girls. "Assist us—protect us!" repeated numbers of the faithful in chorus, whilst others hung up their offerings. Manidette had fastened up the satchel which contained the Madonna's Ear in the chapel of the Saints, and prostrated herself at the foot of the altar: "You who have saved me from death," said she, clasping her hands, "receive

with my thanksgivings the confidence of my heart. I love Bamboche the Keeper, and I swear by your ashes to be faithful to him." She remained some time wrapped in thought; then she added with exultation, raising her head, "Now, may a curse come over me if I fail in my vow!" She arose. Her eyes being habituated to the dim light of the chapel, she could distinguish in the shade an old woman who muttered prayers between two stalls. At one of these stalls dangled a multitude of scapularies which had been blessed on the tomb of the Saints; on the other burned wax-tapers of all sizes.

"Here are both for the living and for the dead," said the old woman in a low voice; "the one is the emblem of hope; the other that of remembrance."

Manidette chose a little scapulary of black cloth on which was sketched in white an artless picture of the Holy Maries. "It shall never leave me," thought she, hanging it round her neck; "for it will remind me without ceasing of the mysterious betrothment which unites me to Bamboche."

A large red candle was conspicuous over the second stall; and as the young girl was astonished at this red-like torch burning in the midst of the white clearness of the wax-tapers, "This," said the old woman in a contemptuous tone, "is the nine days' offering of the Herdsman."

"What herdsman?" asked Manidette quickly.

"I do not know his name," replied the old woman; "but I know that he does not frequent the churches, and that he serves the demon rather than the Lord."

"Then why this taper?" asked Manidette.

"It appears that he has never known either father or mother," added the old woman, becoming more communicative since the young girl had given a piece of silver for the scapulary. "Not knowing whether they are living or dead, he causes every year a mass to be said for them, and nine wax-candles to be burnt for the repose of their souls. It is two years since he came to express this desire to M. the Curé. I caught a glimpse of him as he went out of the sacristy; he was a handsome youth, about twenty, well-made, dark, active, and had a resolute look. Every year at the fête of the Saintes-Maries we find nine candles and the price of the mass beneath the poor-box."

"Here," said Manidette, giving the little wax-taper that she held in her hand to the old woman, "I wish this to burn by the side of the Herdsman's large candle."

The young girl had no doubt but that this herdsman was Bamboche, and she went out from the church full of emotion.

The sun sank down to the sea, the pilgrims returned home laden with chaplets and medallions. On the square, noisy groups of youths and maidens arranged themselves for dancing. It was time to set forth, and Manidette began her journey. With a joyful heart and light foot she walked with

that equal and rapid step which indicates the accomplishment of a long-
meditated project. She felt proud of having given her heart irrevocably
to the handsome Herdsman. Wholly engrossed with the charm of her
thoughts, she glided lightly over the sand, without regarding the streamers
of fire which the sun unfurled at his setting in the Mediterranean—without
thinking or fearing the evolutions of the horses and cattle who bounded
through the marshes, she went forward, her eyes fixed on the *lande* as if
to measure the space which she had yet to traverse. She would not have
perceived Bamboche, who was seated on the skirts of a small wood of
pines, if a mysterious warning of her heart had not caused her to glance
aside. The Herdsman seemed anxious. To the timid salutation of the
young girl he replied by an abrupt question: "Have you seen the
Sangard?" he asked.

"Peccaire!" answered Manidette, quite confused; "I do not know
what the Sangard is."

"You do not know the Sangard," replied the Keeper, "the finest
bull in La Camargue? He has been surnamed the 'King of the Marshes,'
and I was proud to have him in my herd. When we are seen together in
the chase, even beforehand we are applauded; for it is well known that,
Bamboche excepted, every one will recede before him. Sangard has no
fear either of the trident or the bell-leader. He is the only marsh bull
who has a white star in the middle of his forehead. That star is the mark
of a blow from a trident that I gave him when throwing him down for
his branding. The wound bled freely, and ever afterwards the hair grew
white. You see, pretty maiden, the keeper and the bull who have
struggled together resemble two men who have fought in a duel; they
have measured their strength—the ylove and respect each other in a
certain fashion, unlike to any other. Well, yesterday, in the amphi-
theatre at Nismes, this bull, that I love as a friend, was so crippled by the
thongs of the Spanish matadors, that he escaped, bellowing; and Drapeau,
my bell-leader, has not yet been able to find him. Sangard is announced
for a sport which should take place next Sunday at Aigues-Mortes. All
La Camargue will be there to see us contend together. To fail, when
promised in the programme, is to fail in one's honour. It will be said
that I am afraid. If Sangard is not found here to-morrow, you may pray
for me." And, without expecting an answer, Bamboche leaped on his horse.
"On, Drapeau, forward!" said he, turning towards a large, peaceable ox
who was grazing in the marsh close by. And he set forth through the
plain.

A few minutes later, as she drew near to the Mazet, Manidette saw a
heavy black mass defined amongst the bulrushes; whilst an ominous
hoarse rattling in the throat, a dull bellowing, broke the silence of the
landes. She thought of Sangard, and advanced cautiously towards the
marsh. It was, indeed, the favourite bull of Bamboche. He raised his
head, and showed by the last beams of daylight the tuft of white hair

which, like a snowy crossing, was traced on the ebony of his forehead. Like a wounded giant, the king of the forest seemed waiting for death. Blood and sweat trickled over his flanks; covered with thick foam, his nostrils quivered convulsively. Wildly he floundered amongst the rushes, tinging them with purple drops or whitish flakes. Turning a bloodshot eye towards Manidette, he began to bellow loudly. She quickly perceived on his loins the cords, which, ordinarily taken off when the day's sport is over, leave only slight marks on the bulls, but which having remained on Sangard had cruelly wounded his flesh. She hesitated to approach the irritated animal; but he sank down and looked quietly at her. Manidette resolved to advance towards the colossus. She took some steps timidly, and ventured to put her hand on his bristling chine. Sangard did not stir; and, encouraged by his attitude, she endeavoured, whilst stroking him with her hand, gently to remove the thongs (*banderillas*). It was a difficult operation; but her delicate hands accomplished the task. From time to time she managed to wet her pocket-handkerchief with the fresh water from her pitcher, and washed and applied healing herbs to the wounds of Sangard; she tore her apron and made bandages to subdue the swelling; the coolness and the unctuous moisture soothed the animal's pain. But a crowd of small flies buzzed about, and Manidette feared that her cares would be frustrated if Sangard passed the night in the open air. Caressing the animal, now somewhat restored through her assistance, she managed to get the bull to follow her to the stable of the Mazet, which he entered without difficulty.

When she retook her homeward way, Manidette fancied she saw a man's shadow lengthen on the sand. She was frightened, and ran towards Sansouire. All the family were seated before the door of the cottage, awaiting her return with impatience. Alabert, who had gone to meet her, returned to the salt-works just as she arrived out of breath. After having explained, with some hesitation, the cause of the lateness of her return, by saying she had strayed amidst the *lande*, Manidette spoke largely of the grand mass at Saintes-Maries—of the concourse of pilgrims; and ended by announcing the bull-chase which was to be at Aigues-Mortes the following Sunday;—but she made no allusion to her vow, nor to Bamboche, nor to the Sangard.

“Thou art now almost as good as married, my daughter,” said Fennète, in a low voice, giving her the evening kiss; “the Saints will bless the choice of thy heart. I can respect a secret, and I will say no more of thy mysterious engagement; but remember that I am old, and that I should like to know before I die to whom thou hast given thy heart?”

For sole answer, Manidette hid her head in her grandmother's bosom. The young girl did not sleep; she thought of the means of returning to the Mazet—of the wants of Sangard—of the hope of healing him before next Sunday.

The next day, as she went to the vegetable-garden to cut some herbs for her rabbits, she set down her basket and seated herself on a hillock which overlooked the garden. The weather was clear, and the Mazet could be seen from thence; and whilst trying to discover the small hut in the midst of the *lande*, she wished she could find a pretext for going thither. She was still there, motionless and in reverie, when Alabert passed with gun upon his shoulder. He stopped before her. "If you wish to go to the Mazet," said he, in a natural though rather trembling voice, "you will find there more salutary herbs for your rabbits. Those that you may get there will answer better than the bran and hay which you lavish too largely."

The young salter went quickly to let her mother know this advice; and a few minutes after, with basket on her head, she went quickly towards the Mazet. She found Sangard in a fair way to be healed. She again applied herbs to his wounds; she washed his nostrils with fresh water; she passed the comb to the extremity of his long silky tail. The bull, who felt his vigour and pride come back, looked at his deliverer with eyes dilated with gratitude. Yet the colossus snuffed lustily at the basket which Manidette had set on the ground. He quickly swallowed the small quantity of bran and hay which it contained. As she was joyously returning, she saw at a distance the Collector leaning against a mound. His eyes were tearful, and he made a sign that he wished to speak to her. She set down her burden, and seated herself on a hillock. He approached, and took her hand. "You have vowed to the *Holy Maries* to love only Bamboche," said he to her, in a sorrowful tone; "you are, therefore, as his wife, and whether he espouses you or not, you will never marry another. I have no more advice to give you," added he, with melancholy; "and now that you are the betrothed of the Keeper, I beg that you will forget anything that I may have said disparagingly of him. But in giving her love to one man, a girl may retain her friendship for another; may she not, dear maiden? He who has cradled you in his arms, who has seen you grow up, and for your sake has never wished to leave Sansouire—he who has loved none but you, has claims on your confidence and affection. Why have you hidden from me your bold undertaking to heal the Sangard? In a fever of anxiety I have waited for you at the Mazet. Your reputation would be lost if it was known that you took care of Bamboche's bull; but I shall watch that no one sees your approach. As I formerly guided your steps, and supported your feebleness over the sand of the *landes*, I wish now to follow and protect you in a new life. What shall I do if I have not the consolation of helping you to become happy?"

Manidette arose; and taking her basket in one hand, she held out the other to Alabert. "You shall always be my best friend," said she to him. "It is true I love Bamboche, who, perhaps, will never know the oath which binds me to him; but it shall be mine to teach you he is worthy of

my love." Without suspecting the torture which Alabert felt, she related to him the mysterious circumstance of the wax-taper in the church of Saintes Maries, and the details of her meeting with the Keeper in the *lande*. The young Salter and the Collector walked slowly towards Sansouire, and whilst the maiden spoke with animation, Alabert listened, silent and surprised. "You will help me to heal the Sangard, you will accompany me on Sunday to Aigues-Mortes, and I shall love you as a brother," said Manidette, embracing Alabert on the threshold of her dwelling.

The young girl entered the house; but pale and trembling, the poor Collector remained standing at the door. Alas! thought he, must I also deprive myself of the innocent caresses which ever since her birth have afforded me so much happiness?

However, restored by the attentive cares of Manidette, Sangard had become again the proud marsh bull who made all La Camargue to tremble at his fierce look. His shining skin had retaken its ebony colour; the white star shone with new brightness on his forehead; his eye darted sparks of flame; his nostrils smoked with the ardour of youth; his robust flanks rested on his iron-like hams. He bellowed no longer with pain, but with impatience and complaint. The king of the pine-forests was himself again.

On Saturday evening, the door of the Mazet was opened gently and Manidette appeared on the threshold. Suddenly appeased, the colossus looked at the young girl with an extraordinary expression of affection, whilst his tail performed the maddest evolutions. The young salter had her apron full of ribbons; she decorated the horns of the bull with them; then opening the door, "Thou art free, my beautiful Sangard," said she to him; "to-morrow there is to be the chase at Aigues-Mortes. Uphold the honour of Bamboche!"

Sangard, who a few moments before thought only of going to the marshes of his rustic kingdom, now stood motionless in the midst of the ox-stall, hesitating to leave it. Manidette, astonished, encouraged him with her voice, when suddenly the gallop of a horse and the bell of a leader resounded in the plain; a noise of unequal and clumsy steps were at the same time heard. It was Bamboche and Drapeau, who led the herd to Aigues-Mortes for the chase of the next day. The sight of this black troop on their way to combat made sparks of fire flash from the eyes of Sangard. He set out like an arrow to join the herd; but as the night was falling, the Keeper did not see that the king of the marshes had retaken his place at the head of his wild troop. To recruit some more bulls, the horde thus coursed over the pine-woods and marshes. Increasing continually, and galloping in the silence of night, this heavy cohort led by a single keeper had a strange effect. During some minutes a confused tramping interrupted the silence of the *landes*, then the desert returned to calmness and the night to tranquillity.

PART IV.

ALTHOUGH situated beyond the delta of the Rhone, Aigues-Mortes may be considered the capital of La Camargue, for the nature around it presents the strange and monotonous features which belong to the Provençal island. Isolated in the midst of a marshy plain all furrowed with canals, Aigues-Mortes has only one way of approach, which is raised over deep pools. A sort of tower called La Carbonnière, which formed part of the fortifications of the town, is built in the middle of the causeway, a quarter of an hour's distance from the town. It is in some sort the land-port of that ancient city. Hemmed in on all sides by brackish marshes, salt lakes, and navigable canals, which like the threads of an entangled skein are twisted round its walls, Aigues-Mortes, with the great tower which governs it and the thick ramparts which protect it, seems to have arrested the march of time on its battlements. Life flows evenly and tranquilly in that slumbering city. The convulsions of the centuries hardly come over its ramparts. Pale, melancholy, and wasted by fevers, the inhabitants of Aigues-Mortes seem to bear on their features the sad reflection of the greenish and monotonous marshes which surround them. One sole diversion has the power of drawing them from their habitual torpor—the saddened aspect of the town suddenly changes when the period of the bull-chases returns. Aigues-Mortes awoke joyously, one morning, beneath a summer sun. The girls had made themselves smart; the young people assembled on the grand square. From an early hour, vehicles of various construction wound along the causeway towards the ramparts. Peasants clothed in their best dresses, who had set forth at dawn from their remote homes, arrived tumultuously at the gates of the town, whilst noisy groups here and there gathered to wait for those who lagged behind. As far as the eye could stretch might be seen those little two-wheeled cars called "taps," which are the carriages of the notables of the neighbourhood. Laden with women and children, old horses trotted over the sandy border of the marshes, whilst, mounted by keepers, their brisk descendants freed the reedy ground with the rapidity of an arrow. Instead of the tame and feverish pilgrims to Saintes-Maries, it was a flaunting, sprightly population, who arrived gaily in little boats by canal, in vehicles by the road, or walking by the lagoon.

The chase had already commenced when Alabert and Manidette arrived at Aigues-Mortes. It was not without difficulty that the young Salter and the Collector could thread their way amidst the crowded barricades and place themselves on a cart already occupied by numerous spectators, amongst whom was conspicuous the lively Paradette, seated beside a handsome hussar newly come from Lunel. Many bulls and many keepers had already appeared in the arena, but Bamboche had not shown himself. The piercing glance of Manidette had, however, discovered him, lost and hidden voluntarily in the midst of the crowd. The Keeper did not know

that Sangard had joined the herd. Humiliated, at not being able to tilt with his favourite bull, he kept himself aside, sombre and motionless, looking on in place of acting. Suddenly, a bull called L'Eufèr was announced—a fierce and vindictive beast, which was the terror of the peasants of La Camargue. The hautboys gave the signal for a joust. Bamboche could no longer resist his fighting instincts. He leaped into the arena, and unanimous applause greeted him. Blind with fury, L'Eufèr immediately lowered his head to rush upon Bamboche, who, motionless, awaited him at one end of the arena. Every one held his breath, but the Keeper had so justly calculated the moment at which the animal would reach him, that, without changing his place, he took in his left hand the horn which almost touched him, leaned strongly thereon, and seizing one of the large feet of L'Eufèr in his right hand, obliged the animal to fall full-length on the sand. The enthusiasm of the spectators was not slow. There was stamping of feet, and frantic bravos, which interrupted the games for a quarter of an hour.

“Peccaire! He will be killed!” said Manidette, shuddering; and drawing from her bosom the scapulary of the Saints, she offered up a short prayer in a low voice. Drapeau at that moment came to fetch L'Eufèr, who, confused and humbled, seemed to be lying like a block of black granite in the midst of the arena.

The action of the young Salter had not escaped the observation of the Keeper. “Without showing it in her countenance, Manidette knows better how to love than many women,” thought he to himself.

The jousts followed. After having thrown L'Eufèr, Bamboche reduced some other bulls to submission; but Sangard did not make his appearance. The last part of the sports were about to begin. Bamboche was determined to leave the arena, and placed himself near the cart where Manidette was seated.

“Into the arena, Bamboche! into the arena!” was cried on all sides.

Leaning against the cart as if exhausted, Bamboche did not stir. The timid young girl felt one of those impulses which only love gives. Jumping off the vehicle, and approaching the Keeper, “Descend into the arena,” said she to him in a whisper, “for the Sangard has returned; he joined the herd last night.”

These few words changed the countenance of the Keeper. From being sombre and sad, he became radiant. A few moments afterwards the Keeper was standing in the midst of the circus displaying his scarlet scarf, and making it float like a banner. Instead of reclimbing the cart, Manidette seated herself bravely on one of the benches which surrounded the arena.

“You are foolish,” cried Paradette, disdainfully.

“She who puts herself under my protection is less foolish than she who denies my courage,” answered Bamboche.

The amateurs were grouped in a body under the raised platform for the

musicians; the keepers took their tridents, and ranged themselves on each side of the entrance; a solemn silence reigned over the assembly, and all eyes were turned towards the door of the ox-stall. The Sangard advanced proudly.

Bamboche was in a sort of bewilderment when he saw his favourite bull appear so beautiful and decorated—he whom he had believed to be dying in the depths of some marsh. As if to show himself to the whole assembly, Sangard walked slowly around the circus, tossing his head at intervals, swinging his tail, and breathing freely. When he came before Manidette, he stopped and uttered a long bellow. “She is lost!” cried some; but, to the great astonishment of the crowd, the young girl smoothed the velvety fur of Sangard with her small fingers, flattered him with her voice, and adjusted the ribbons round his horns, whilst, like a faithful dog, the colossus licked her hands.

“I understand all,” thought Bamboche; “it is Manidette who has saved my beautiful Sangard.”

However, the tambourine sounded a martial trill, and the hautboy shrill notes. The two champions had placed themselves face to face in the lists. Motionless, and as it were nailed to the ground, the Sangard fixed his fiery eyes on those of his adversary. With light foot and supple body, ready to follow every movement of the bull, Bamboche, in order to excite him, waved his scarf like a red cloud above his head. They remained thus some time, measuring each other with their eyes. The Keeper first took the offensive; with a provoking shout he leaped towards Sangard, and before the animal was prepared he tore from his forehead the large cockade with which he was decorated. “Bravo!” cried the crowd—and they leaned from their places to see to whom the Keeper would offer the trophy. More than one damsel secretly flattered herself that she pleased him sufficiently to merit this homage. To the general surprise, he turned to the salter’s daughter, whom nobody thought of.

“You alone deserve it,” said he, placing the cockade on her knees.

Manidette, delighted, fastened the rosette to her handkerchief; but this was only a prelude. All the ribbons must, one by one, be taken from the bull. Going, coming, leaping, flying around Sangard, Bamboche seemed to sport with danger. As if on a spring plank, he rebounded from the soil of the arena, and every time that the affrighted spectators cried, “He is dead!” he replied by throwing fresh cockades to Manidette. At length came the time when, deprived of all his ribbons, the bull was black and unadorned in the circus as he was in the marsh. Bamboche had conquered. As soon as Drapeau had led Sangard back, every one descended into the arena to applaud the victor and to admire him more closely; but Bamboche stole abruptly away from this ovation.

A few days afterwards, Manidette had walked as usual in the direction of the Mazet. Bamboche was there; he seemed to expect her. She wished to go away, but the Keeper took her hand. “Little maiden,” said

he in a gentle and serious voice, "you would be surprised that I left Aigues-Mortes without saying a word of farewell; but it requires very little to injure a girl's name, and what I have to say to you should be heard only by yourself."

Manidette, trembling, kept silence. Bamboche spread his mantle on the sand of the path. "Be seated," said he; "you must be weary."

The young girl obeyed without answering. Bamboche, who remained standing, contemplated her with a mixture of tenderness and respect. "Maiden," said he at length, "the best of my soul, that is to say, my esteem and gratitude, are yours for ever; it is you who have restored Sangard to me. Instead of behaving yourself like a feeble and timid woman, you have acted like the most courageous man; therefore, I know not how to thank you. I do not know how to express this to you, but I should not dare to love you as I have hitherto loved other young girls. The tenderness with which you inspire me is of another character. I tell you so, frankly, that you may help me, you who are good and sensible, to understand its nature. The sentiment which draws me towards you is so strange, that I, the gallant keeper, as I am called, should not be able to tell whether you were beautiful or ugly; but this I do know well, that your sweet face pleases me beyond all others. You are young and delicate, and yet I regard you with the respect one has for a mother; you are a woman, and I have addressed you with the frank and free tone of a comrade. I have seen you only three times, and it seems to me as if I had known you from childhood. What is this mysterious affection which makes a new man of me? Can you tell me?"

And Bamboche looked earnestly at Manidette, awaiting her answer. As trembling as the leaves of the clematis, which shiver in the evening breeze, the young girl twirled her fingers in the fringe of her shawl, and, lowering her eyes, remained silent.

"I know that a worthy salter's daughter can scarcely speak of love to a keeper, who has neither hearth nor home," resumed Bamboche with a pensive air, "and that usually she would choose a rich and quiet salter for her husband. Thus," added he, with an effort, "I truly think that friendship is all that I can ask." And he paused again, interrogating the young girl with a look.

The moon had risen in the heavens, her pale light had by degrees dissipated the rosy tints which remain so long in the sky in the beautiful summer nights; the marshes had renewed their greenish tones; the pools their whiteness, and the pine-woods their sombre aspect.

"Good-bye, Bamboche," said Manidette, much troubled; and crossing her little shawl on her breast, she took some steps towards Sansouire.

"There is to be a branding on the 1st of July, at the Brezimberg; promise me to be present," said the Keeper, taking hold of her hand.

"I will come," simply answered Manidette. Then, gently disengaging herself from the clasp of the young man, she glided with a light step to

the door of her dwelling. Bamboche whistled to his steed, who was grazing in the midst of a neighbouring marsh, and springing on his back he set forth in search of his cattle in the valley of the Psalmidi. Manidette scarcely slept; she repeated a hundred times to herself the words of Bamboche; she hesitated, she was so happy, to comprehend its true meaning—but a fear soon came to damp her joy. This fear, which made her silent beneath her mother's gaze, and caused her to shut up in her heart her love-secret as a fault—this fear, which made her weep long hours in her little chamber, was of the opposition which her parents would make to her marriage. "They would rather see me die unmarried in a corner of Sansouire than wed me to a keeper," thought she.

However, the 1st of July came. Early in the morning the young girl, standing before her little mirror, combed her long hair, which she arranged in smooth braids under her white hood; she carefully brushed her little shawl; then, quite pensive, she went down stairs to the door. It was still early, the branding would only begin at noon, and Brezimberg was but a mile from Sansouire. Manidette, seeing that it was not yet time to set forth, seated herself on the threshold of her dwelling, and watched the sky with uneasiness. The sun would not shine that day. Heavy clouds, driven by a sharp wind, coursed in space like gigantic flakes of foam, whilst a greyish hue was spread over all the country. The horizon was enveloped in thick clouds, which veiled everything; dull, and without shadows, the profile of objects was but vaguely defined on the diluted soil.

Berzile and Caroubie closed the dams of the salt-works, extended large rush-mats over the tables, sheltered the salt-pans under fences of rushes, in short, endeavoured to protect their harvest from the storm which threatened; whilst, dragging herself painfully from the house, Fennète went to draw the fish from the pond and to shut up the fowls. Pre-occupied by a single idea, Manidette saw nothing of what passed around her; her imagination transported her to the Sauvage—to the branding—near to Bamboche; and if she feared the storm, it was only for him. She rose suddenly, and running to her grandmother to show her a great cloud which rose from the horizon and advanced towards the salt works:—

"Look at the *marin* which blows," said she to her. "Look at the clouds; they all come from the sea, they will pass over our heads; but it will only be a white *marin*.*"

"May it be so!" said the old salter; "but I understand," added she sadly, looking at the toilet of her daughter, "thou wouldst go to the branding; and, therefore, thou thinkest the *marin* will not be severe. Listen, Manidette; enough of mysteries. I divined a part of thy cart's secret the day of thy pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries; but now I wish to know all." And the old salter stopped resolutely before her granddaughter.

* A name given to cloudy, obscure weather, in which the clouds, motionless in the atmosphere, do not clash against each other, and bring no rain.

“Peccaire!” said Manidette, intimidated by the scrutinizing look of her grandmother. “What can I tell you? I love, it is true, an honest youth; but I am not yet certain that he will marry me.”

“Truly! What do you say?” cried Fennète, raising her arms to the skies. “Truly, I should wish to know who the salter is who would not consider himself happy to marry the maiden of Sansouire!”

“But, if he was not a salter?” insinuated Manidette.

“Ah! it is only a simple boiler” (camellier), responded Fennète, “and thou art afraid he cannot come here on account of engagements which bind him to another salt-ground. Reassure thyself. Thy father, thank God, will be still able to work for a long time to come; and although I know he wishes to keep thee beside him, and to be aided by a son-in-law, he will consent to thy departure, since such is thy destiny. Thou wilt return as soon as thy husband shall be free, and the daughter of the salter of Sansouire shall be in her turn the mistress of the place.”

Manidette bent down her head,—large tears stood in her eyes.

“Thou dost not answer me! It is then neither a salter nor a boiler. Can it be only a simple digger?” said the old woman, with a degree of disdain. “Speak then; thou makest me sick. Can it possibly be some town-bred fellow? See what it is to send young girls to towns and festivals! Who would have said that Manidette, so simple and so modest, would have wished to quit her country home to go to live within the black ramparts of Aigues-Mortes, or the sad streets of Saintes-Maries, and to take to herself, instead of her parents, an upstart who will despise them?”

Manidette raised her head proudly. “I would rather drown myself at the bottom of Valcares,” said she, with vivacity, “than change my salter’s coif for a lady’s cap, my round shoes for silk boots, my marshes and my pine-walks for sad walls—to give up my freedom. Ah! grandmother, you cannot think so!”

Fennète breathed again. “Well! whom then dost thou love?” she asked, in a softened tone.

“Alabert will tell you the name of my betrothed,” said Manidette, escaping.

With his gun upon his shoulder, the Collector was passing at this moment before the hut. The old woman interrogated him with an anxious look. “I suppose Manidette has not had courage to name him herself,” said Alabert. And taking in his own the hand of Fennète, he sighed deeply. “We can do nothing more,” said he, as if to console her beforehand; “learn now, without too much chagrin, that our dear little damsel has given her heart to the herdsman Bamboche.”

Some minutes elapsed before the old salter, surprised by this news, could utter a word; then raising herself up, and clasping convulsively the arm of Alabert, “You are mistaken; Manidette cannot love that rover of the marshes,” said she in a hollow voice. “No! the betrothed of our child

cannot be that stroller, who, without purse, or penny, or scrip, sports with his life for a few bravos! No, I say to you, that man without a fireside, who sleeps here or there, on the grass or on the mud, pell-mell with his bulls—who lives without God and without family, without a home and without a name—cannot be loved by our little maiden!”

“See,” said Alabert, pointing with his finger towards the pine-wood of the Sauvage; “look down there, and you will see whether I tell you truly.” By the border of a marsh, Manidette, her little shawl blown by the wind, walked rapidly towards the Brezimberg. In silence the old woman’s eyes followed her, until she reached where the vehicles, whitening in the distance, showed the place of the branding.

“It is true!” said she, in a stifled voice.

At this moment, Berzile and Caroubie came in to breakfast.

“In spite of the bad weather, Manidette would go to the branding,” said the salter, placing himself at the table. Fennète looked at Alabert, and put one finger on her lips.

“After all, it will be only a white *marin*,” continued Berzile; “the fête will be very fine, and I am not sorry that Manidette has gone. Pierrotte, the boiler of the salt-works of Badon, will be there; they will doubtless return together. I must have an understanding with him before the end of the season. My daughter does not seem to displease him. He is a fine fellow, laborious, and docile. Let us drink to the health of the two, grandmother,” said he, holding his glass to his mother.

“You know well, my son, that it is not lucky to quaff to a love which the Church has not yet sanctified,” said Fennète, in a hollow voice, pushing away his goblet sadly.

“Old women are all superstitious,” grumbled Berzile. “Here, Caroubie,” said he, presenting the bottle to his wife, “thou art younger, and shouldst not have such gloomy fancies; drink to the coming marriage of thy daughter.”

“We should first know whether Pierrotte pleases Manidette,” answered Caroubie, quietly declining the proffered toast.

“Thou also refuseth,” replied the surprised salter. “Ah! well; Alabert, it is for you to celebrate with me the betrothment of your god-daughter,” added he, passing a glass to the Collector.

“I do not know Pierrotte,” said Alabert, hesitating, “and one drinks only to the health of those one loves.”

“Since it is thus,” said the salter, extremely piqued, “Manidette herself must settle the question this evening, and we shall see whether an honest girl can object to a project which will ensure her happiness.”

And at a draught he emptied the bumper intended for the Collector.

“WANTED A LIFE-BOAT!”

I.

NOT far from the pretty little watering-place of Glandore, and yet far enough to escape the tourist's route, there is an old and half-ruined chapel, and close to which may be seen a neat little cottage, whose carefully-tended garden and snowy muslin blinds bespeak the presence of an occupant a step or two above the peasantry of the district. Both chapel and cottage are within a stone's throw of a fearful cliff, at the foot of which the waves of the Atlantic chafe and roar with their everlasting and solemn thunder, and now and then, when lashed into fury by the pitiless wind, send showers of spray over the dank margin of the rocky wall. On such occasions it is that the little cottage shows life; a bright lamp is lighted in the window, a fire glows upon the hearth—and the door is flung open as if to invite the entrance of the storm. The occupants of the cottage are two—a young but faded woman, who sits by the fire, her pale, eager face turned to the door, as if watching for some well-beloved one to come,—and an old and infirm man, who moves about, sometimes giving his companion a report as to the progress of the storm, but oftener pausing to look up and cross himself, with such a sad, hopeless expression that it requires little penetration to see that his is one of the hardest trials in life—the long heart-breaking watch and ward over the shattered intellect of one dearer to him than life itself.

Who and what these two are will appear from the following narrative.

Among the passengers on board the “Washington,” that sailed from Boston towards the close of February, 184—, was a Mr. Morris, the son of an officer of the Engineers, who, at the close of the Peninsular War, accepted, like many others, a grant of Canadian land. The old gentleman had prospered, and at his death left his only son a rich man. Pining to see old England, he sold off all he could, and set forth from the land of his adoption full of the brightest anticipations.

For the first fortnight all went well with them; and in all human probability a few days would bring them in sight of British ground. Upon the 23rd they spoke a brig bound for Dublin, and sent letters on board to be posted on her arrival. From the moment when the pretty little brig was cheered away, Home and England became as it were a reality. Men who had sailed all the rest of the voyage without seeming to possess one feeling in common with any one else, now became communicative, and began to recount anecdotes of their childhood, becoming almost poetical in their descriptions of village scenes. The after-dinner ten minutes became an hour, and still some lingered; more hot water was called for, so the steward at all events felt an interest in their reminiscences.

About twelve o'clock on the following night they were off Cape Clear. Morning would, they expected, give them their first returning glimpse of

British ground; but morning broke, or rather, struggled forth, dreary and stormy. Heavy clouds were rising, packed upon each other with that precise appearance a sailor knows so well. Sullen gusts of wind came booming over the waves, which here and there showed a troubled frothy look. As day advanced the gale freshened, and, there was no use denying it, they might prepare for a rough night; the wind was dead in their teeth, and, the sea running as only the Atlantic can, for a time there was some indecision on the Captain's part whether or not to put about and run for Bantry Bay. But, though heavily enough laden, the ship was a good one, perfectly manageable, and had a first-rate crew; thus, though the first impulse of prudence, mingled with the dread of exposing so many inexperienced matrons as his twenty-three passengers to a storm, spoke in favour of a retreat, the honour of his ship, the time of his voyage, and the interest he had in the speed of his vessel, were too strong; and, keeping her well to sea, he still attempted to stay on his true course. But another power was at work, and the wind and sea were his opponents, each moment lending to their fierce strength—so much so, that the vessel drifted in spite of every effort. Presently the sky cleared a little—the wind lulled; then, veering round to the south-west, seemed to rise wilder and madder than ever. The force was irresistible, the ship drifted in-shore, and in this way night closed in.

Few on board slept that night; for though no hint was there as to danger, the very fact of such a tempestuous welcome to their native land had a depressing influence, and, together with the wind and wave, kept sleep far off.

The wind began freshening after midnight; the Captain hoisted a sail to keep the vessel off shore; a greater press of canvas was deemed advisable. Daylight brought new horrors. It was discovered that the ship had sprung a leak, and had nine feet of water in the hold; the maintopsail and mainsail were to be taken in. But the effort was vain; it was impossible to furl either. All pumps were set at work. At noon they caught a glimpse of land, which to their surprise proved to be Cape Clear, showing that they must have either lain almost like a block, or drifted back—neither very promising events. It was now that one of the sailors, a native of Ireland, came up to the Captain and told him of Glandore Harbour, offering to pilot the ship in, even in the gale. But he was not listened to; a deceptive lull aroused a hope that the wind was abating, and her head was kept out the best way they could.

The water soon gained upon them, one of the winches having broken; and none being found to fit, the pumps were soon choked, and nothing remained but to bale out the fore-hatchway. Canvas buckets were at once formed, and set to work. At this juncture the tiller broke, and, before anything could be done to save it, the rudder went, and the ship was left at the mercy of the wind and tide, a hopeless wreck.

The passengers, now fully alive to their danger, crowded round the

Captain, asking for hope. One poor woman threw herself upon her knees before him, beseeching him to say one word of comfort. At this moment, when, although nearly midday, the rain and mist made it impossible to see beyond a yard or two, the ship struck upon a rock. Horror seemed to tie every tongue! and in this terrible silence, more fearful than even shrieks and sobs, the vessel rose, as if lifted by a supernatural power, trembled for a moment upon a mountain of water, and then crashed down upon the black and pitiless reef.

"It's all over!" said the Captain—his voice breaking the spell of silence.

"Not yet, Captain!" cried Harry Crofts, the Irish sailor who had proposed running for Glandore. "Sure we're off Downeen Castle! I know that black reef; an' the Coastguard's just beyond. Holy Virgin, they've seen us! There go the guns!"

As he spoke, the boom of a gun was heard, not two hundred yards off, and instantly answered by a yell that seemed to burst from every heart.

"Clear away for a rocket!" shouted a voice—showing how near they were to the shore.

A rocket was fired, but fell short; another—and yet another.

"It's the mist," said the Captain; "they cannot see us."

"I'll swim ashore with a line, Sir, if you'll let me," said a voice.

"No, no, Crofts; it's death!"

"It's the same to stay, Sir. Here's Mr. Morris and me ready."

"Off, then; and God speed you! Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Ropes all right?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"God bless you!"

And the two men, with a rope firmly fixed round the waist of each, scrambled over the side, and committed themselves to the mercy of the waves.

A few minutes of intense anxiety followed, during which the people on shore threw another rocket, with an equally unfortunate result. Then those on board holding the lines, felt them tighten—the swimmers had reached the land; a hawser was then attached, and soon drawn ashore. Then one of the sailors offered to go and see what was to be done; but, before he could do so, Morris reappeared, and was welcomed with the most tumultuous joy.

He and Harry Crofts had reached the mouth of a cavern, and having secured the hawser, were ready to do what could be done in getting the rest along it.

Baskets were tied together and slung. Into these the children, six in number, were fastened, and entrusted to Morris and a couple of sailors; next the women, in a similar conveyance; and lastly the men, one by one.

A couple of hours were passed in getting off from the wreck, the Captain

being the last man to leave her. She could be seen from their resting-place beating helplessly, literally grinding to pieces, until every plank had separated, and the wild waves tossed them to and fro in their fierce play. Even now, their situation was only a shade better; for though they were on firm ground, the cavern could be approached only at low water and in the calmest weather; in such a storm as was now raging, it was a prison. Besides, they had not even a drop of water or a morsel of bread, and were, in all, nearly 100 persons. The Coast-guardsmen had evidently conjectured where the crew had found refuge, as a basket of provisions was lowered towards evening; and in it a few lines scrawled on paper, telling them not to lose heart, and all would be well. A pencil and paper were laid in the basket; and with these the Captain wrote as full an account as possible of their situation, names, &c. A few minutes after the basket was drawn up, the rope was let down again—this time with a bundle of blankets. For the two days that the storm lasted they were abundantly supplied with food; still their sufferings were great, and when the third morning broke, calm and clear, it would be difficult to describe the intense joy of every one. Directly the tide went down a boat appeared round the end of the cliff, and was, as the reader may imagine, hailed with a cheer—such as one gives once in a live-time.

II.

FROM the moment that the storm came on, a sort of instinct had drawn Mr. Morris and Harry Crofts together; and when they reached the shore after their sufferings in the cavern, and Harry was clasped in his father's arms, he did not forget his friend, but humbly offered him such accommodation as their cottage afforded. This Morris thankfully accepted. The rest of the passengers and crew were amply provided with clothes and comforts by the gentry and country-people. But every one of them had left the neighbourhood before Mr. Morris—who still lingered at the coastguard station, boating and shooting with Harry, exploring about among the mountains, and listening in the evening to old Tom's yarns and Nelly's sweet Irish songs. Nelly, who was Harry's only sister, a perfect specimen of Irish beauty, perhaps had something to do with our hero's prolonged stay. He did not, however, acknowledge this even to himself, but found a hundred excuses to quiet his conscience and give him an excuse to remain. At last he was summoned to London on business, and most reluctantly bade farewell to his kind entertainers, to whom he had endeared himself and become like one of themselves. A couple of months passed by. Harry went off on another voyage; but not before he had noticed the change in Nelly's looks and spirits, and tried to give her sage advice against thinking of Mr. Morris, who, as a gentleman, could not think of her in an honest way. Poor Nelly flushed up, and for the first time grew angry with Harry, telling him that she did not care for Mr. Morris, and hoped he would never come back; to which

Harry answered nothing, but left home with a sorer heart than he had ever done before.

After Harry went, there came no news of Mr. Morris, and Nelly's cheeks grew paler still. She would sit watching the Bay, gazing eagerly at every passing sail, as if she expected each was winging its way to her with some news of her old happiness. But winter came and went, and a terrible winter it was! Wrecks multiplied upon the coasts of Great Britain;—the cries of the drowning went up from every side. Three vessels were wrecked off Gallyhead and Ring; and for more than a month after the passenger-ship was lost (with every soul on board), anxious and heart-broken strangers came and went to the village, searching out every relic of those friends and relatives hurried to their graves.

Life-boats were added to the number then in existence; but the fishermen at Glandore were too poor to purchase one, and the Institution not wealthy enough at that period to supply one free. Rockets were their only means—and even of these but a scanty supply could be obtained. All that human strength and daring could do had been done for the unfortunate vessels; but on such a coast, man's power, unaided by artificial means, can do little.

Nelly was the wonder of the whole country-side; she seemed endowed with superhuman courage and forethought, and the simple villagers began to look upon her with something like awe. They little knew what was nerving her heart and mind, or that the storms had become like a precious memorial of her lost happiness. A vague presentiment had taken possession of her mind that his face would lie before her cold and fixed, even as those the storms cast upon the shore. But spring came, and, as far as she knew, Morris was safe.

One afternoon, her father having gone upon some business to Ross, Nelly locked up the cottage and went off to her favourite place on the cliffs just above the cavern. A soft breeze was blowing over the water; the waves rose and broke with a regular cadence; the sheep were cropping the short wiry grass almost overhanging the cliff, turning their quiet eyes now and then down into the fearful depth below. Nelly's thoughts were busy with the day of the wreck; and then following it up, turning to Morris, the lovely sky and bright looks of everything seemed to mock her own sadness, and leaning forward, with her face covered with her hands, she sat wondering at her fate.

Nelly had but small experience of the world, and none whatever of books, so knew nothing about the "old, old story." Her fate seemed to her an unusual one—one at least she had never seen before in any of her acquaintances; and it was the shame she felt that had made her bear up so bravely that none suspected the cause of the change.

"There she is, ye'r honour, good luck to ye!" said a childish voice close beside her; and starting up, she saw Morris by her side.

Neither spoke for some minutes. Nelly was vainly trying to keep down the beating of her heart, scarcely believing she saw other than a spirit. Morris himself was silent—panic-struck at the change he saw.

“Good God, Nelly, are you ill?” at last broke from his lips, as he stepped forward as if to take her hand—then hesitated. Nelly raised her eyes.

“Oh! Nelly, Nelly! Have I made you ill? Oh, my own darling, I’ve come to you! I tried hard, but I could not stay away. I’ve come for my wife.”

III.

WHAT a night of gossip and conjecture that was! Every cottage fireside had its group; and I believe not one among them but was proud of Nelly’s good luck; and as all of them knew and liked the gentleman, there was not an envious heart amongst them.

Old Tom’s return from Ross was one he remembered all his life after; and—when he heard from Morris how he had loved Nelly long ago, but, remembering how seldom unequal marriages turn out happily, had said nothing, and gone away hoping she would forget him, but that every month made him love her more, till at last he could not help returning, just, he thought, to see her once more and then go back to America,—Tom wiped his eyes more than once during the recital. Then getting Nelly on his knee, he told her it was just the way her mother and he went about it, only he was the poor one—her mother being a farmer’s daughter, and a good bit above a common sailor—“But true love gained the day,” added Tom, “and so it will to the end o’ the world.”

Nobody in the cottage thought much of sleep that night; and Nelly was up and off to have a look at the cliffs at daybreak, just as she told Morris—to try and understand it all.

It seemed Morris had no one to please but himself and Nelly as to when the wedding was to take place. So it may be believed neither of them had any wish to put it off. Harry was expected home in six weeks, so they fixed a day upon which he would be present.

In the mean time, Morris spent his time at the village, making, as the people said, a scholar of Nelly, whose cheeks began to wear their old roses and dimples. June came in bright and sunny. Every hour was counted until the 9th, their wedding-day, and all that human means could do to give happiness to those around was done by Morris, who was now the idol of the whole neighbourhood. One thing went straight to their hearts—he promised to get them a “Life-boat,” and pay for it too, so that they would only have the expense of repairing, &c., a portion of which the Society would do. Tom Crofts was to act as coxswain, and had soon picked out a crew from twenty or thirty volunteers—all young unmarried men; for, as Tom said, “the married ones had mouths of their own to feed, and life to keep up.” Tom paraded the crew

before Morris, to show him the sort of men he might entrust his present to.

The only thing that marred the happiness with which the wedding-day broke forth was the non-arrival of Harry. Mr. Morris had written to the agents, and found, the ship's departure having been delayed, he could not reach England, unless by an unusually speedy passage, before the 10th or 12th of the month; and Nelly would fain have put off the wedding-day. But old Tom would not hear of it, and accordingly the arrangements were completed; and upon the 9th of June Nelly stood by the altar of the chapel on the cliff, and plighted faith to her chosen one. Everybody in the village, and indeed for miles around, flocked to the chapel, and lent their voices to cheer the beautiful bride.

While the ceremony was proceeding, an ominous change had been taking place in the weather. Sea-gulls were seen hovering uneasily round the cliffs—a few early swallows skimmed along close to the earth, while heavy-backed clouds rose to the south, and a thin driving mist, soon changing to rain, came scudding across the water. A slight shade passed over Nelly's face as Morris whispered, "I found you in storm, Nelly dear, and we are going to have a storm to consecrate our happiness."

Nelly shuddered. But what had she to dread now he was there by her side and bound to her for ever? So she banished the dark fear, and, looking cheerily up in the loving face, said :

"We'll keep the sunshine in our hearts anyhow, darling; the storm cannot touch them."

The threatening storm was soon forgotten, until some four or five hours later the howling winds began to speak too plainly to escape notice, and the fishermen told of other storms that had come on much the same way. At last, just at nightfall, there was no mistaking or shutting out the fact, that a fearful tempest was raging.

The usual precautions were taken—rocket tubes made ready, and look-outs posted. About midnight, guns of a ship in distress were made out; but so intense was the darkness and the violence of the storm, that it was impossible to judge correctly of her whereabouts. Nor was it until daybreak that one could be seen, and then all hope of saving her was over. She lay sideways on a reef close off the long-strand beach—every wave breaking clear over her, carrying her away piece by piece.

The instant her situation became known, rockets were fired—one, the last, went all right; but, so great was the confusion in the wreck, that no hawser could be found. A couple of men attempted to come ashore along the line, which, giving way, broke off the only apparent chance of helping the crew. Tom Crofts had been busy on the look-out all night, and soon after daylight Morris joined him. Almost as he came up, a report arose among the crowd—nobody exactly knew how—that it was the ship Harry Crofts was aboard, and some one even said they had recognized him as one of the men who made the attempt upon the line. The whisper reached

the father's ears, and found a ready echo. Some dread presentiment had hung over him all the previous night, and an inward voice seemed to say that his son was indeed there.

“O for a Life-boat!” groaned Morris, as he watched the figures clinging to the deck and rigging. “But we must save some! Who'll go with me?”

Three or four men sprang forward.

“We'll go, Sir; but you mustn't come! Boys, lend a hand with the boat!” Morris, too, lent a hand; and together they ran a fishing-boat down to the verge of the spray.

“Ye're mad!” exclaimed Tom Crofts, laying his hand upon Morris's shoulder. “Ye're flying in the face o' the Almighty, boy!”

“No, no, Tom; I cannot stand and see them drown. Come, lads!”

Just then a white figure ran along the beach, and in a second or two Nelly was beside him—horror and fear distorting her face.

“Oh, my God!” she cried; “it's coming now! Morris, as sure as you go in that boat, you are lost!” And she clasped her hands wildly round his arm.

“No, no, Nelly; cheer up! It's my duty! I must do it, or live to despise myself. Every moment may destroy one of them. Good God! there's the first!”

As he said this, the body of a man was cast forward by a wave, and left within a yard of the spot where he was standing. Nelly had seen many before, and scarcely turned, until a cry of agony drew her round, and she saw her father frantically kissing the cold lips of—her brother! More than human seemed the calm that from that moment came across the girl; it was the lull before the tempest that was to be her last.

“I won't stop you, darling. But you'll come again—I'll see you again, dead or alive!” One wild embrace, and her husband was in the boat, and, catching a favourable moment, the remaining men pushed off, with a vain sobbing attempt at a cheer—for not a soul but felt they were launching them to death. For a few minutes the boat was lost sight of; then she appeared for an instant, still safe, and a shout and a prayer rose on the beach. A sudden lull came in the storm, and with it a ray of hope; then, with a clap like thunder, the wind rushed across the bay. The boat shuddered for a second, and then disappeared, overwhelmed by a mountain of dark water.

One terrible cry broke from Nelly's lips, the only one she ever uttered. The women tried to get her away, sobbing round her, but shrank, one by one, as they saw her eyes, which were fixed as if upon a sight beyond their ken, while a wild smile parted her lips. There she stood all that day and until nightfall, when her father, scarcely less heart-broken than herself, tried to lead her away. Finding it was useless, he got her under the shelter of some rocks, and with one or two of the women sat down to watch her, as she still stood with her strange gaze fixed upon the sea.

Towards morning, poor Morris's body was washed up not far from the spot where he had launched the boat. Nelly walked calmly to the place, knelt down, and raising the dead face between her hands, she gazed at it for a time; then smiled, and shaking her head, began talking to him, telling him he ought to have come back to marry her, and not broken her heart. At last, when perfectly exhausted, she laid her head upon his breast and moaned herself into a deep sleep, in which state she was carried away, not to her home, but, by the quiet forethought of the parish priest, to his own cottage beside the chapel—and there Nelly remained. When she recovered, all recollection of Morris's return and their wedding had passed away, and she still watches each sail as she did for the first long months—preparing warmth and comfort for those whom storms may cast upon the shore, and appears to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of some one.

“It's no good contradicting her,” said old Tom to me; “and, after all, maybe she's right; for though he was a heretic, sure they were man and wife, and the trouble she's going through may be getting his dear soul out of purgatory.”

Morris's relations disputed the right of Nelly to inherit his property. The case was taken through the law-courts and decided in their favour, on the plea that, there having only been a marriage according to Nelly's faith, whereas, he being a Protestant, the Roman Catholic ceremony was not binding in a legal point.

So the Glandore fishermen have not got their long-wished-for Life-boat yet; they cannot raise even the £150 or £200 that would purchase it. The Society cannot afford to give it without that sum; and although half-a-dozen wrecks in the winter is no unusual event, no one has come forward among the wealthier neighbours to promote a subscription. Year after year, brave fellows are lost attempting to save and help the wrecked—boats are stove in, and whole families reduced to beggary. Yet, I never heard one of the poor widows or orphans murmur, save for the loss of the beloved one. “Sure, ye'r honour,” said one poor woman with the tears trembling in her eyes, “what could Barney do whin the poor creatures were drownin'? I would have gone too, av' I'd been strong enough. There's many a sore heart no doubt for the poor things that's wrecked; but there's sorer here, whin we see thim that's the support o' a family drowned, tryin' to help thim—an' faith it's little he's thought of elsewhere.”

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

LONDON is, in one respect, the most wonderful of cities. It seems to possess an unlimited power of expansion. Step by step, from year to year, its growth advances, as it enfolds new suburbs to its bosom. This process has been going on for ages, until the traveller of the present can scarcely realize the scenes of the past. As we move amid the throng of passengers, and listen to the undying hum of commerce, it is difficult to think of the Metropolis as comprised within the ancient city walls and gates of which the names alone remain. Still more difficult is it to conceive of a time when the Thames flowed silently through green banks and deep forests.

Our forefathers, even in barbarous ages, seem to have possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty of choosing suitable sites for cities. Though many proofs of this might be found, there is none clearer than their choice of a capital. It is mainly the excellent commercial situation of London which has brought it, in the course of time, to its present astonishing greatness and importance. As we muse on the many advantages of its position, we can forgive the enthusiasm, if not the poetry, of Drayton, in the following lines from his *Polyolbion* :—

“Oh, more than mortal man
Who did this town begin,
Whose knowledge found the place
So fit to set it in.
What god or heavenly power
Was harboured in thy breast?”

All attempts to fix the date of the foundation have failed. The monks and poets of the middle ages loved to ascribe it to Brutus, the fabulous Trojan hero. Sir Christopher Wren remarks that London must have been the chief seat of trade between the ancient Britons and the Gauls. The Romans did not subjugate it till the reign of Claudius; but Tacitus mentions it as of great note in the time of Nero.

The true meaning and derivation of the name are matters of much dispute. Sir Christopher Wren derived it from two British words, signifying “Ship hill,” or “a harbour of ships;” Maitland, from two Gaelic words, “Lon,” a plain, and “Dun,” or “Don,” a hill. Perhaps the most probable theory is that of Pennant, who traces the name to the Celtic terms “Llyn,” a lake, and “Din,” a town. No less pains have been taken to define the point at which the town commenced. It appears, on many accounts, likely that the first buildings were at or near Cheapside.

During the early days of the Roman occupation of Britain, London suffered much from war. It was burnt in the revolt of Queen Boadicea by the Romans, and plundered by the Picts in 297. There is, however, ample evidence that Roman London became a city of magnitude, and even magnificence. We are able to trace the boundaries pretty accurately.

These would seem originally to have been the Thames on the south, and a line on the north a little beyond Guildhall. The burial places, which with the Romans were always outside their cities, are proved, by the funeral urns and other relics discovered, to have been in Spitalfields, Goodmanfields, Bishopsgate, and St. Paul's Churchyard. But the city outgrew these limits; for the wall built in the reign of Constantine the Great inclosed a much larger space. It ran from the Tower, by the Minories and Houndsditch, to Bishopsgate; then to Cripplegate along London Wall; thence to Aldersgate, whence, turning southward at an angle, it passed through Ludgate and behind Newgate to the Thames, which it skirted all the way back to the Tower. Many handsome villas must have existed at this period, as their ruins testify; and the numerous Roman remains from time to time found, in the shape of articles of artistic elegance and value, give us an idea of considerable wealth. The great Roman Highway, or main road, was Watling Street, stretching from the ancient London Stone, which still exists, in Cannon Street, to the Tower. It is worthy of remark, that the modern level of the city is about 15 or 20 feet higher than that of those days; so that the footsteps of the citizens of the present are level with the first-floor windows of the Romans. A great deal of draining and embankment was needed, for the waters of the Thames then spread far and wide. Chelsea and Battersea were lakes, the West End a marsh, and Finsbury a forest. A single bridge of wood spanned the river.

We catch but very few glimpses of London at the time of the Saxon invasion of England. It would seem to have escaped ruin from the invaders, and to have been occupied with but slight alteration. On the introduction of Christianity, through the preaching of Augustine, a church dedicated to St. Paul was erected on Ludgate Hill (where a temple to Diana had formerly stood) by Ethelbert, King of Kent. Soon after, Sebert, King of the East Saxons, built one at Westminster—then a place of thickets and fens—which was said to be miraculously consecrated by St. Peter. The sites of these churches are now occupied by the noble Cathedral and venerable Abbey which are our city's architectural pride.

In the year 833, a Witenagemot was held at London. This was probably the first Parliamentary assembly within its walls—not an assembly of courtly nobles or educated commoners, but a gathering of bearded warriors, anxious to devise means for repelling the "Black Danes." Whatever were the measures agreed on for resistance to those terrible invaders, they did not succeed; for in 839 the city was sacked. And whenever the citizens of London appear in history during the next hundred years, it is as harassed by guerilla incursions from the bands of Denmark. Fires, too, were frequent. Speede tells us, that "In the year 982 the citie London was miserably destroyed and defaced by fire; whose beautie then chiefly extended from Ludgate westward,—for that within the walles, and where the heart of the citie now is, was then neither beautiful nor orderly built." However, damages of every sort were quickly

repaired by the inhabitants with timber from the then extensive forests of Islington and Hornsey. On the amalgamation of the kingdoms of the heptarchy, London gradually assumed its position as the capital of all England. The first of the long line of coronations at Westminster was that of Edmund Ironside. Edward the Confessor rebuilt St. Peter's Church there, and erected a Palace adjoining it. Here he spent the last days of his life, and died in the room called the Painted Chamber while his subjects were keeping the Christmas festival.

There is little to enable us to create for ourselves a picture of Saxon London. But, as Lambarde assures us, "there want not innumerable testimonies of all the Saxon authors, that during all the tyme of their government it bare the bell." Bede calls it "a princely town of trade."

After the Battle of Hastings, the Londoners at first resolved to fight for their independence of Norman rule. William the Conqueror hastened towards the city; but meeting on the way with some resistance, he changed his mind, and turned back to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. There he took up his quarters in the old castle of the kings of Mercia—the ruins of which adorn that town to this day—and began to consider what he should do. He was spared the necessity of fighting. The clergy of London, with Stigand the primate at their head, declared for the Conqueror; and the city submitted. William was crowned at Westminster—not without a disturbance—and granted the following charter, consisting of four lines and a quarter in the Saxon character, on a slip of parchment six inches long:—

"William the King greets William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreeve, and all the burgesses in London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all lawworthy, as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir after his father's days: and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong."

With the Norman Conquest seems to have commenced the architectural beauty of London. William I. erected the White Tower, the nucleus of the present fortress. This is said to have been designed by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester. Westminster Hall owes its origin to William Rufus. When, about the end of the century, St. Paul's Church was destroyed by fire, the splendid Gothic structure known as "Old St. Paul's" was reared in its stead. Many noble priories—as St. Bartholomew at Smithfield, and St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell—graced the commencement of the twelfth century. The chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster, destined for so many ages to accommodate the House of Commons, was built fifty years later. And in 1176, the wooden bridge over the river having become ruinous, there was commenced one of stone, under the direction of Peter of Colechurch. This was a great work for the age, and was not completed until 1209. The Temple Church adorned Fleet Street ere the twelfth century ran out.

We get a tolerably clear view of London in the reign of Henry II. Small, indeed, it would have appeared to modern eyes. The population was estimated by Peter of Blois at forty thousand. Orchards flourished where Paternoster Row and Ivy Lane now stand. The youth of the city took summer strolls to Clerkenwell, Holywell, and St. Clement's Well, of which the waters were greatly esteemed. Smithfield—then called Smoothfield, and described as in the suburb without the gate—was the horse market, and not unfrequently the racecourse. The forests on the north abounded with stags, wild bulls, boars, and fallow-deer. Yet Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, who died in 1191, has left a glowing description of the wealth, power, and importance of the Metropolis. There were, he tells us, thirteen conventual and one hundred and thirty-six parochial churches, and three public schools. The citizens were patterns of social elegance, of domestic virtue, and of respect for religion. Into the city flowed the gold and spices of the East, the furs of the North, and the wines of the South. "The only plagues," says he, "are the intemperate drinking of foolish people, and the frequent fires." The last of these evils was in some measure corrected by an ordinance of Richard I., in 1191, commanding that all houses should be built of stone. For the former "plague," modern science has not yet discovered, or at least applied, any adequate remedy.

It is not the purpose of the present article to enter into the history of London. We must therefore pass rapidly over the Plantagenet and Tudor reigns, nor be tempted to turn aside for even a passing glance at the many stirring events which took place within the walls. The march of the Crusaders from St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the preaching of the Reformers at Paul's Cross, the burning of the Marian martyrs in Smithfield, must not compel us to linger; but we may notice the improvements which were introduced during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and record what can be gathered as to the growth of the city.

In 1218 the forest of Middlesex was cleared, and the land sold for building. In 1221 the first stone of the present Westminster Abbey was laid by Henry III.

The great question of a supply of water engaged public attention in 1236. Hitherto various wells and springs had supplied the city; but these now began to fail and grow insufficient. A plan was therefore devised by which water was brought from the village of Tyburn in leaden pipes to conduits or cisterns erected in various streets; and this was found to answer satisfactorily.

Coal began to be used in the manufactures in the early part of the fourteenth century. At first it was much opposed by the citizens. The smoke was voted a dangerous nuisance, and an Act passed in 1316 actually forbade the burning of coal. But its superiority as fuel, and the growing scarcity of wood, secured its ultimate adoption—more especially

as levying taxes on it was soon found to be a fruitful source of revenue.

London over the water may be said to have first fairly commenced in the reign of Edward III. For some time felons had been in the habit of escaping over London Bridge into the village of Southwark, and thus defying and evading the law of the Metropolis. Edward therefore annexed the village to London, and brought it under civic rule. As early, however, as 1191, Lambeth Palace had been erected.

We get a quaint and distinct picture of London life and trade at the close of the fourteenth, or opening of the fifteenth century, in "London Lackpenny," a poem by Lydgate. It describes a poor countryman as coming up to London to prosecute a lawsuit, being confounded by the clamour everywhere around him, and finding that he could obtain nothing for want of money. The poem is far too lengthy to quote entire, but a few lines describing some of the chief resorts of trade will be interesting. The countryman, after failing to enlist the sympathies of the lawyers of Westminster Hall without fee, and being moreover tantalized with the offer of all kinds of luxuries in exchange for the cash he lacked, tells us :—

"Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize.
'Hot peascods!' one began to cry,
'Strawberries ripe!' and 'Cherries in the rise!'^{*}
And bad me come near, and buy some spice.
Pepper and saffron they gan me bede,[†]
But for lack of money I might not speed.
Then to the Chepe I began me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
Another he taketh me by the hand:
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land.'
Then full I went by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwyke Street;
Drapers much cloth offered me anon,
Then comes me one cried 'Hot sheep's-feet.'
One cried 'mackerel,' 'ryster green,' another gan greet.
Then I hied me unto Eastchepe;
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
Pewter-pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy."

The poem closes with the following benediction for the "limbs of the law:"—

"Now Jesu, that in Bethlem was born,
Save London, and send all true lawyers their meed—
For whoso lacks money with them shall not speed."

During the mayoralty of Sir Henry Barton, in 1416, an attempt was

^{*} Branch.

[†] Bagan to offer me.

for the first time made to light the streets of London at night. The inhabitants were ordered to hang out lanterns before their doors in the winter evenings between Allhallows and Candlemas; and a watchman was nightly heard to cry in the streets, "Hang out your lights!" Feeble as was the glimmer of these, they must have been a great comfort to the dwellers in "lovely London," as the city is called about this time in the ballad of Chevy Chase. Soon after, Leadenhall was erected as a public granary for storing corn against a time of dearth; and Newgate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor. The portion of London within the walls now became closely crowded. The palaces of the nobility and the merchant-princes adorned it. The torrent of trade and population began to overflow. But the houses were still largely built of wood and clay, with one storey jutting out over the other until the top of the street was but a narrow chink to let in light. The furniture, even of mansions, was rude; the floors strewed with rushes seldom renewed; the supply both of water and air deficient. Holinshed describes London, in the early part of the sixteenth century, as presenting but "a mean appearance in comparison with foreign cities."

Greatly had London increased in size when Elizabeth ascended the throne; and it continued to grow so rapidly during her reign that its extension was forbidden. Yet, when we turn to the map drawn by Aggas, in 1560, we are forced to smile at what our forefathers considered the wondrous stretch of the city. "Finsburie Field" was a field indeed, and a place of practice for archers, though it was getting dotted here and there with houses, much to the annoyance of the said archers. There were three windmills, too, on the open ground hard by. Spitalfields were equally verdant; Goodmanfields still more so. Clerkenwell was not yet annexed. The Strand was a kind of lane from London to Westminster, ornamented on the south side with noblemen's mansions running down to the water's edge. All west of Charing Cross was open country, Spring Gardens having a bowling-green and several favourite promenades. There were a few scattered buildings on the north side of Holborn, along the road to St. Giles-in-the-Fields. St. Pancras, Kentish Town, Islington, and Tottenham Court, were villages only to be reached by a rural and somewhat dangerous walk. On the Surrey side of the river there were not ten buildings between Lambeth and where the west foot of Blackfriars Bridge now stands. From thence to the Borough there was a row of houses, and a few more were scattered between Tooley Street and Horsleydown. On the accession of James I. the whole population of London was calculated at 150,000.

When the civil war broke out between Charles I. and the Parliament, an assault from the army of Prince Rupert was feared, and fortifications were erected around the city in consequence. The position of the entrance to these gives us an idea of the dimensions London had then attained. The first entrance was near the windmill, Whitechapel Road; the second

at Shoreditch; the third in St. John Street; the fourth at Tyburn, St. Giles's Fields; the fifth at Hyde Park Corner.

The assault came not; but London was ere long to pass through a more terrible ordeal—a baptism of fire! In 1666 the Great Fire laid the main portion of the Metropolis in ashes. 436 acres were covered with the ruins. From Temple Bar to Bishopsgate, and from Holborn to London Bridge, masses of flaming or charred timber, mingled with calcined stones and melted metal, were all that remained of the proud and mighty town. 400 streets, 13,000 houses, 87 parish churches, and 6 chapels, the grand old cathedral of St. Paul, and the whole of the public buildings, were withered from the face of the earth. Seven million pounds'-worth of property was utterly destroyed.

Fearful as was this devastation, the city rose again with marvellous rapidity. It must ever be a source of regret that the plans of such men as Wren, Evelyn, and others, for its reconstruction, were not carried out. The attachment of the people to the sites of their former dwellings prevented this. They insisted on rebuilding their own houses after their own fashion. It is probable, however, that the event tended to widen rather than contract the boundaries of the city: and it was certainly most beneficially effectual in clearing away the narrow streets and cumbrous wooden buildings, which had now to be replaced by structures of brick.

London may be supposed to have in some degree recovered from the Great Fire by 1690. The population was then half a million, and the houses were estimated at 87,000. The buildings within the walls had nearly risen from their ruins, and Spitalfields had become covered with dwellings. The modern West End, too, was beginning to appear, for St. James's Square and Church were just built, and a chain of houses linked them to Temple Bar. Burlington House had also been reared. But all northward and westward of this was open land, with ponds for fishers and covers for sportsmen. Conduit Street was a meadow with a celebrated water spring; and Oxford Street (then called the Oxford Road) ran between hedges. Chelsea was still a quiet country village, and so was Islington. The nobility and the *élite* of the mercantile community lived yet in the city, in those palaces many of which are now standing to testify of its bygone architectural grandeur.

As the eighteenth century commenced, London still progressed to the north and west. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven many French Protestant refugees to England, who settled in St. Giles's and Spitalfields. The district called Seven Dials sprang up. Bedford Row, Red Lion Square, and the whole district north of Holborn, were added to the swiftly-growing city. Bloomsbury Square (then called Southampton Square), Soho Square (then called King's Square), and Golden Square, followed suit. Soon Shoreditch, Clerkenwell, and the hitherto solitary Islington, began to be drawn in. From Bond Street to Marylebone houses were rearing in 1717; Rathbone Place was built in 1718; and in 1726 was

completed the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Berkeley Square arose in the far west, while in the east the parish of Wapping was formed. The Fleet Ditch was covered over, and Fleet Market built thereon. Paddington was joined with Islington by the New Road. Grosvenor Square also belongs to this period.

By 1750 the West End was a compact mass of houses. The boundaries of London on the north side of the river were then somewhat as follows :—Starting eastward, from Portman Square, crossing Tottenham Court Road, we pass Bloomsbury and travel on through Clerkenwell, Finsbury Square, Spitalfields, and Whitechapel, to Wapping. We quote the following description of the north-west portion of the Metropolis about 1766 from a recent publication :—

“Great Portland Street, Marylebone, was then almost in the country. An irregular lane between fields and hedges led from Portland Chapel to the New Road, where was a turnstile. . . . Cavendish Square was then on the very outskirts of the town. There was a very large farm where Osna-
burgh Street now begins, and eight or ten large hayricks used to stand there in a row. At that time the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields had only recently been surrounded by buildings, and six small almshouses stood in the very middle of High Street. North-west of Russell Square was a large farm, occupied by two very eccentric old maiden sisters named Capper. A few straggling houses flanked the northern part of Tottenham Court Road. Hanway Street was a place for fashionable shops, and Rathbone Place was tenanted by people of wealth and station. Whitfield’s Chapel had been built in 1754, on the site of a large pond, which was called the Little Sea. Windmill Street, just beyond it, was recommended for lodgings to invalids by physicians for the sake of its pure country air. Northward, there was an open extent of fields, with numerous turnstiles; and the pipes of the New River Company were carried on long props, six or eight feet high, beneath which watercresses used to grow abundantly.”

While London outgrew so mightily, internal improvements were not suspended. The shops, which had for ages been open and unglazed, began, about 1710, to be enriched with plate-glass windows. The “Tatler” tells us of “private shops that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin-pots showing themselves through a sash window.” And in 1762 was passed a Paving Act, than which none was ever more needful. For centuries, the filthy and undrained streets had been an eyesore to foreigners, as well as a fruitful source of accident and discomfort; while only a few favoured spots could boast of pavement. Now, at length, steps were taken to remedy this evil. Another almost equally great was cured, by the removal of the old signs which hung over the shops, and of many other obstructions to the thoroughfares. The system of numbering the houses was commenced in 1764.

During all the preceding centuries, but a single bridge had girded the Thames. The traffic across London Bridge now became so great, and its distance from the West End so inconvenient, that in 1738 a Parliamentary

grant for a new bridge was obtained, and Westminster Bridge was completed in 1754. Blackfriars followed, in 1770.

Onward, and still onward, to the north, London advanced. The latter part of the century saw Bedford, Russell, and Brunswick Squares laid out, and the parishes of St. Pancras and Marylebone formed. Somers Town was commenced in 1786. Lord Camden, in 1790, let land on his estate, near Kentish Town, for building 1,400 houses, and thus commenced the modern Camden Town.

Public attention in the opening years of the present century was directed to one of London's most pressing wants—that of suitable Docks for her maritime trade. The Greenland (now called the Commercial) Docks, made in the seventeenth century, on the Surrey side of the river, were the only ones she could boast. So speedily, however, was this defect remedied, that, within a very short space of each other, the West India, the London, and the East India Docks were opened. The last of these were completed in 1806. Since then the St. Katherine's and Victoria Docks have been added.

But there was yet to be revealed to the Metropolis a still greater benefit. Hitherto, during the winter nights, the city had been lighted only by occasional oil lamps, which served for scarcely more than to make darkness visible. In 1807 Mr. Winsor, a German, lighted one side of Pall Mall with gas. The idea was, of course, jeered at as chimerical, and, for want of means of purifying the gas, seemed at first of doubtful feasibility. However, in 1810, an Act of Incorporation, and in 1812 a Charter, were obtained for a Gas Company. In the following year, Mr. Samuel Clegg devised many very useful improvements. Ere long it was confessed that the great triumph of turning night into day had been fairly achieved. The Metropolis now nightly shines, as Lord Macaulay observes, with a splendour to which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale.

From the accession of George IV. to the Regency, London has advanced, both in size and beauty, beyond all precedent. Whole districts, large as cities, have arisen as by the wand of the enchanter. Belgravia and Pimlico on the south of Hyde Park; Tyburnia on the north; the noble sweep of Regent Street, the Regent's Park with its splendid Terraces, Trafalgar Square, Portland Place, and the chief buildings which beautify Pall Mall, are the growth of the last forty years. Waterloo, Hungerford, Vauxhall, and Southwark Bridges, have spanned the Thames; and that marvel of engineering skill, the Thames Tunnel, has afforded a passage beneath its waters. The monuments of Nelson and the Duke of York, with statues innumerable, of various merit, relieve the monotony of a succession of dwelling-houses. The introduction of railways has afforded the means of pouring into the bosom of London the produce and manufactures of every part of the land; while steam-ships and electric telegraphs connect it with the whole habitable globe. And still the mighty hive

of industry spreads, till it seems ready to engulf the heights of Hampstead and Highgate on the north, and the Surrey Hills to the southward.

The census returns just published show that there are at present, in London and its suburbs, within the limits of the Metropolis Local Management Act, 362,890 inhabited houses. The area covered by these may be roughly estimated at 80,000 acres. The population is 2,803,034. Thus, there are now just four times the number of houses, and nearly six times the population, of 1690.

Our task is now ended. We have traced London from the cluster of mud-huts reared by the Celtic savages, to the splendid position of the largest city, and the capital of the foremost nation, in the world.

The growth of London is a grand spectacle. It represents to us the toil and the talent of bygone generations who slumber in its crowded churchyards, or beneath its many steeples. It is a type of that marvellous British colonization which is expanding over the whole world. May it prove also a type of the progress of those principles of sound political wisdom which have made England great, glorious, and free! And may it image the spread of that civil and religious liberty which England so happily enjoys!

THE GARLAND MAKER.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

ABOUT the flowers her fingers glided,
 Into their place the blossoms slid,
 Roses—but never a thorn remained—
 Snow-drops, pendant like pearls unstained,
 Lilies, beneath their green leaves leaning,
 Orange flowers, with their mystic meaning!
 And as she wove the wreath for a bride
 Some Love got twined the flowers beside;
 For She had a lover who loved her well—
 She too would be wed ere the autumn fell,
 So her task was light that happy minute,
 For her heart was in it—her heart was in it!

The autumn fell, but she was not wed;
 Her lover was false the neighbours said.
 She twined a wreath with her fingers thin,
 But never a rose was found therein;
 To the rhythm, she twined, of a tolling bell,
 And the flowers she wove were *les immortelles!*
 A wreath to be laid on a young girl's tomb,
 A maiden dead in her early bloom,
 And tears dropped down on the pallid sheen,
 And Grief got twined the buds between—
 Her task was sad—but she would begin it,
 For her heart was in it—her heart was in it!

A VISIT TO THE TRAPPISTS.

DURING the course of a continental ramble, recently undertaken through a portion of La Vendée, a district of France ever interesting from the historical recollections it calls up, chance led me one evening to Le Chenille, a little town of the Department of the Mayenne-et-Loire, situated on the skirts of Anjou and Poitou. In this neighbourhood the storms of La Vendée have everywhere left deep traces of their progress, and more than one ruined château whose remains, blackened and calcined by fire, meet the traveller's eye, recall to his mind the brave deeds and martial exploits of the peasantry under their leaders Cathelinau and Bonchamp.

Surrounded as I was by the very actors in these scenes, the living medals, so to speak, of an epoch so dramatic, and yet so little known, I listened with eagerness to the various recitals of skirmishes, more animated by far than regular engagements—this almost forgotten language of the civil wars—intermingled with many episodes of individual escapes and acts of wild and adventurous daring, the victories and defeats of the *Blues*, and their swift and deadly reprisals. Having for three days lived among a people whose habits and manners contrast so forcibly with those of the inhabitants of other districts of France through which I had passed, a vivid desire to prolong the novel sensations I experienced prompted me to seek, in the environs of my head-quarters, for anything which might offer itself as novel or unexpected. It was, therefore, with feelings of lively satisfaction that I learned the existence of a Trappist Convent at a short distance from the town. I would willingly have undertaken a pilgrimage of twenty leagues to have visited this monastery, so extraordinary were the tales I heard related concerning the lives of these austere men, the graves which they dug every day, and the famous "*Brothers we must die!*"

Having joined company with a very agreeable French family whom I met at the inn, we started one beautifully fine morning for the Monastery of La Bellefontaine. Our guide was a *garde champêtre* of the environs, an old man, with a deep scar on his weather-beaten cheek, who had formerly served as drummer in the French army. Ere long we reached Bellefontaine. This ancient priory, which before the great Revolution possessed a considerable property, is situated in a wild and picturesque spot, surrounded by hills, whose sides, densely covered with sombre-looking pines and forest-trees, exercise a melancholy effect upon the spectator. The mind is saddened even before the visitor catches sight of that mute sojourn where death alone is welcomed with joy. On our way to the convent we passed a pretty little isolated chapel. It is tastefully decorated, and an inscription placed near the altar informs the visitor that indulgences for one month are granted to such of the faithful as may present themselves at its shrine. Near this chapel a grotto, in which is figured the Passion of Our Lord, indicates the road to the monastery, the broad terrace of which skirts one side of the avenue.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the convent, and as at this hour of the day the brotherhood are allowed a short period for repose, no one appeared to receive us, and we penetrated without difficulty to the cloisters. I sought in vain through the long, low, whitewashed corridors for a single human being to whom we might make known the object of our visit. At length the guide—less patient than ourselves—opened at hazard a door, and an old man came forth. Scarcely, however, had he crossed the threshold of his cell when a sort of convulsive movement seemed to agitate every feature of his wrinkled countenance; the mere sight of our party seemed to strike him with horror and affright. With his right hand he hastily waved an imperative gesture of retreat, while with his left he covered his eyes, as if to shut out our presence from his sight. Silent and motionless we gazed at one another for several minutes, seeking in vain to make out the cause of this strange piece of pantomime; but we discovered it at length, by observing the direction taken by the threatening forefinger of the old man, whose costume was as nearly as possible that of a country servant. The terrible object which had excited so much fear was a woman! The young lady who accompanied us, as ignorant as we were ourselves regarding the rules of St. Bernard, had imagined that she also could satisfy her curiosity without occasioning the least scandal among the holy brotherhood. The arrival of the *frère hôtelier*, however, soon put an end to our embarrassing position. I shall never forget the physiognomy of this monk. He might have been about fifty years of age; his shaven head was carried with an erect and assured air; his complexion, though pale, was not, however, entirely devoid of freshness; an air of politeness and good breeding was strikingly apparent in his manners and conversation, and from the large wide sleeves of his white frock there occasionally peeped forth one of the most delicately small and beautiful white hands I think I ever saw in a man. With a grave step he advanced towards our party; and then, using the privilege which he alone partakes in common with the Superior of the community, broke that eternal silence to which all the Trappists are vowed.

“Madame,” said he, “is the only personage of her sex who has ever crossed the threshold of our cloister; I ask her pardon for the apparently rude reception she has met with, to which she would not have been exposed had our porter been at his post during the period we take a little repose after dinner. If Madame will be kind enough to return to the porter’s lodge, she shall have some refreshment; she can also visit our farm, if that should prove agreeable to her; and our people will afterwards conduct her to the exterior chapel.” These words were accompanied with a graceful salutation, in striking contrast with the strange contortions of the porter. Our young friend would not on any account deprive us of the pleasure of visiting the convent; and in spite of our offer to accompany her, she separated from us, begging only that when again we met we should give her a faithful account of all we had seen and heard within its walls.

The *frère hôtelier* is the sole link by means of which a Trappist monastery still attaches itself to the outer world. Charged with the duties of hospitality, responsible in this sense for the opinion which strangers may carry away with them regarding the brotherhood, he is in general chosen from among those who have moved in the upper ranks of society; he alone, perhaps, of the entire community knows something of the affairs of the world. I was too eager for information to lose the opportunity afforded by this man's communicativeness of gaining some insight into Trappist life, so accordingly entered at once into conversation with him.

"You have named," said I, "the person who has just left us as the brother porter; and yet he wears not the habit of the order?"

"We have, Monsieur," he replied, "three descriptions of brothers: the Brothers of the Choir, in the first place, are those who have received a good education, who know Latin, and can chant the sacred hymns; these alone have the *entrée* of the choir, where each has his stall. They are clothed like myself, in white, with a black scapulary, which is removed during prayer time. Next come the Lay Brothers, dressed in brown, like him you see yonder at work at the forge. They are chiefly mechanics, and exercise their trades here during the intervals of their religious duties."

"Every one works here, then?"

"Yes, Monsieur; there were formerly in this cloister three monks, who enjoyed an income of thirty thousand livres a year. We possess but fifteen hundred, and there are eighty of us here now; so you see it behoves us to work, in order that this little income may suffice for the common necessities of life, though these are but few, and cheaply acquired."

"And, even while at work, do you adhere to the rule of absolute silence?"

"Always; every morning the Superior arranges the daily employments of each; those even who drive the plough must not speak; signs are sufficient in order to make themselves understood. Brothers have been seen who, when met in the fields by strangers, and pressed with questions, have allowed themselves to be insulted, and even struck, rather than infringe this rule of their order. The third class consists of the *Fratres oblatis*, who fulfil in general the duties of domestics, because they know no trade by the exercise of which they could render themselves otherwise of use to the community. The porter is of this order, which, as you may perceive, wears the lay costume."

The brotherhood were now proceeding to chapel, and we ascended a sort of tribune, placed in front of the altar, from whence we could have a good view of all that took place beneath us; our obliging *cicerone* had quitted us, in order to repair to his stall. I then beheld a sight which I shall remember all my life. Ranged along the walls of a wide and bare nave, were seated thirty men, in appearance far more like dead bodies than animated human beings, enveloped in garments that might be taken for

funereal shrouds, their shaven heads issuing from the wide white folds of their capuchons, while from their cavernous jaws there came forth chants which seemed to proceed from a sepulchre. I could have fancied I was among a people of ancient times, where the "god of consumption" had a temple consecrated to his worship. The weak and trembling voices of these unhappy men seemed to raise with difficulty the notes of the usual hymns; no signs announced in their psalmody the presence of religious fervour; they were rather like the last accents of some dying man, who no longer even seeks to collect his strength for a final effort. In the stalls I could perceive the countenances of youths of apparently little more than twenty years of age, side by side with men of eighty, and in both cases I felt astonished how they could have arrived there so soon, and have remained there so late.

At the end of the office the brothers of the choir traversed with us the corridor like a troop of shadows passing to their final abode. The vault above, the walls, the men—all were white; and this uniformity of colour seemed to impart to all an air of indefinable sadness, which the universal silence rendered still more solemn. In every other place the dispersion of a multitude is in some way or other attended with noise and bustle—confused murmurs, the rustling of dresses, the whisperings, the restrained impatience, are inseparable from the idea of the breaking-up of an assembly; but here, no impatient gestures, no hurried footsteps—not a word, not a sound! A Trappist, whom I passed in the corridor, suddenly raised to my face his large black eyes, but as quickly dropped them again to the earth. His manly and finely-formed features, his lofty and open brow, aroused in my mind a train of confused remembrances. Surely, I had met this man before in some of my previous wanderings, and he was then, if I am not strangely mistaken, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the circle in which he moved—rich, elegant, admired and envied by all, and holding in the world a brilliant social position: the being I now saw before me—bent low, broken down by fastings and vigils—what slow suicide has he chosen to escape the disgust caused by the remembrance of an ill-spent and frivolous life! But is it indeed disgust which casts men into this living tomb? Rarely, if the different expressions of those never-to-be-forgotten countenances are to be believed. Some old, hidden crime, some great deceived passion, a monomania, the austerities of which add but fuel to the fire, are at La Trappe almost the sole causes of proselytism. One can conceive, perhaps, that the imaginations of men of the world might reach the point of giving birth to certain frightful dreams, a remedy for which they imagine is not to be found here below; but that these lay brothers, these workmen, these mechanics, who have but arms to labour withal—that these men should change an existence which is at best but a painful one, for one still more painful—weariness for misery, fatigue for exhaustion, speech for silence—passes my comprehension.

How far my reflections might have led me I know not, had we not at

this moment entered the visitors' room. They had prepared dinner for us here, to which meal our friend the *garde champêtre*, less disposed to reverie than myself, had for some time back been doing honour, having already found his way to the bottom of a bottle of white wine. An omelette, a salad, some cheese, fresh bread-and-butter, and fruit, was the fare which awaited us—a truly Sybarite banquet to that which never varies in the monastery. Once a day only, ten ounces of bread, some vegetables plain boiled (without either butter or salt), a bowl of milk, and a fixed allowance of water: such is the daily regimen observed at La Trappe.

“But,” said I to our host, who was engaged in attentively ministering to our wants, “when one of the brothers is ill, supposing the physician were to order him some meat, or a little wine?”

“Ah, Monsieur!” said he, interrupting me, “we only recognize the Spiritual Physician here.”

“He is, I own, the only Infallible One; but yet there are certain serious diseases to which all are liable.”

“With us there is but one: a decay of the vital powers. The brother who is attacked by this complaint receives an additional supply of nourishment, which generally restores him.”

“But sometimes I suppose one dies, and in these cases the succours of art might have saved him.”

“Saved, Monsieur! say, rather, that they might have prolonged his career of trials. Saved! when he is about to receive On High the reward of his penitence; when we celebrate his happiness; and when, united round his couch, we mingle our voices with the heavenly choir of angels who are preparing for him an indestructible crown!”

And while he thus spoke, his eyes sparkled with divine fire, and a faint reddish tinge coloured for an instant his pallid cheek.

The Superior now entered the parlour. He was a tall, thin old man, with an angular and wrinkled face. He spoke but little, and then with a brief and authoritative air; he must have been a military man. Nothing distinguishes him from the rest of the brotherhood, save the wooden cross which he bears in the chapel. Like them, he is clothed in linen; like them, he wears *sabots*. To him alone are known the names and past lives of the Trappists, all of whom have on their first entrance poured into his bosom the narrative of their faults, their crimes, their sins and sorrows, prior to their taking up their abode with men whom they know not, and to whom they are unknown. There is not a mortal, perhaps, who has been made the depositary of so many terrible histories, who has reassured so many trembling hearts, or has seen so many tears of agony flow. At once the father and mystic guardian of his subordinates, he opens all letters that may reach the monastery—the contents of which, however, he never divulges. If one of the recluses has become an orphan, the Superior never warns him of the circumstance; but on the following day, during the sermon, he says, “My brethren, we have to pray for the mother of one

of our fraternity who is no more." He addressed two or three words to us, but without expressing any marked opinion, upon a few of the political topics of the day of which he had lately received news; and, after a stay of a few moments, bade us "Good morning," and retired.

The *frère hôtelier*, after we had finished dinner, resumed his black scapulary, and we proceeded to visit the different parts of the monastery. He warned us, however, that in certain places—such as the refectory, the dormitory, the chapel, and the corridor of the cloister, where his privilege of speaking ceased—our inquiries would remain unanswered, promising, however, to supply by means of signs a silence he was compelled by his vow to observe.

We already knew the chapel, but we had not yet seen the new choir at which they were then at work, and which was concealed by a drapery during the hours of prayer. As this portion of the holy place had not yet been consecrated, our *cicerone* could converse with us, and explain the nature of the improvements which the community were then employed on. Whilst I was remarking with surprise the florid architecture of this new choir, the rich Corinthian capitals of whose pillars seemed so little in unison with the nudity of the rest of the edifice, the Trappist perceived in my hand a snuff-box, and hastened to offer me his own. I must confess it appeared strange to me, that, in a place where even a glass of water to quench the thirst is interdicted, the satisfaction of a habit like snuff-taking should be allowed.

"Might I dare," said I to our host, "to ask a favour from you? Since the innocent recreation of snuff-taking is not forbidden here, it would gratify me exceedingly if you would accept this little box as a *souvenir* of the pleasant morning we have spent in each other's company."

He seemed much gratified with my offer, for which he thanked me many times; but refused to accept of my box, alleging that it was too handsome for him to use. And yet I had only given three francs for it in the Palais Royal.

We now entered the Sacristy, where hundreds of relics are piled up; the most precious being the Cross of St. Bernard.

The Refectory, which we next visited, is on the ground-floor. Three rows of tables are ranged down the middle of the room; at the further end, disposed within a sort of raised alcove, is the Superior's table. His dinner-service is as simple as that of the rest of the fraternity, consisting merely of a round tin porringer and a wooden spoon—no table-cloths, no napkins, and nothing but huge wooden benches to sit on. The repast is short, and afterwards they retire to their cells for one hour's repose,—but in what beds! three planks raised from the ground on a species of trestles, without bed-clothes, without mattress, without even a little straw; a fourth plank is disposed in an inclined position, to serve as a pillow, and in this manner to sustain the head. It is upon this couch, reduced by the nicest calculations of torture to a size infinitely too short for a man of

moderate stature, that the unhappy occupant of the cell casts himself, half undressed, at night, worn out by the toils and sufferings of the past day. In the course of my wanderings I had seen the famous dungeons of Venice, and it was at La Trappe that I again recognized a counterpart of the pallet which the Council of Ten had invented for the torture of its victims. Without a fire, even in the depth of the coldest winter, the Trappist must rise at two o'clock in the morning, and, half frozen with cold, must kneel in prayer upon the icy pavement of the chapel. Is it astonishing, after this, when we find that seldom more than one novice in a hundred perseveres through this rigorous treatment? These statistics we learned from our guide, on meeting a young brother, whose hair had not yet been shaven off. He had, it appeared, but two months more of his noviciate to serve, and would be enabled, according to all appearance, to meet courageously the fatal period of his death to the world.

The term of the noviciate lasts a year; every postulant is received, provided he be of age and unmarried. One single infraction of the rule of absolute silence is sufficient to cause his instant rejection. On entering the convent, his clothes, his jewels, his money, all that was in his possession on the day of his arrival, are laid carefully on one side. Should he renounce his vocation previous to his pronouncing the vows, these articles are restored to him; but so soon as he is bound by that oath which cannot be broken without covering him with the mantle of apostacy, thenceforth nothing belongs to him. For him, human legislation exists no longer; surrendering alike his reason and his will, the mute slave of his spiritual father, he must endure injustice without a murmur, haughtiness without a reply. He abandons the riches of his mind along with those of his anterior position. He will rarely be enabled to read—never to write. Science, the arts, history, poetry, philosophy—he must forget all, and even repel the passing thoughts of these former recreations, as he would an unhappy and sinful inspiration.

Strange routine of the cloister! If a set of men unite together to meditate on the vanity and emptiness of life, to devote themselves to the contemplation of God and heavenly things, and to obtain at the last day mercy and pardon for the errors of their past lives, we might suppose that all that can elevate the soul and maintain it in this high sphere of self-denial—as, for instance, the writings of the Fathers, or the eloquent productions of some of their own modern divines—would be as eagerly sought for among them as is a new pleasure among worldly persons; but such is not the case. The monastic rules were formerly revised by the Abbe de Rancé, and these must be strictly followed. Whatever he has not said cannot be done, and what he has not laid down cannot be adopted. Although a few of the old mediæval legends are to be found on their library-shelves, all modern productions are strictly prohibited though in a place where above all their eloquent pleadings would impart to the heart of the unhappy sinner the balm of consolation and hope.

The rule suffices for all. A single heart must not be exalted, save at a certain hour; the grand idea which here holds sovereign sway must not seize upon the soul, save at a given signal. It is, in short, Death, who here holds his college, with his Provisor and Regent, and his tasks. But, will it be believed? there are punishments also at La Trappe! I could not have supposed that, among men whose very existence is one long chastisement, such would have been possible. These punishments, it appears, are in general based upon the system of humiliation; but on this point I could gain but scanty information from our otherwise communicative *cicerone*, who appeared to shun every allusion to the topic. All culpable desires, regrets, distractions, recollections—even involuntary ones—are each evening confessed aloud, in the chapter-room, before the entire community. The brother who may have been witness of another's fault charitably recalls it to his mind should the latter neglect to accuse himself. The Superior thereupon inflicts the penances, and each is happy in performing those allotted to his share.

My ramble through the monastery had saddened me, but the revelations of the chapter-room added ill-humour.

"Truly, reverend father," said I to our host, "your penances are too severe; is it not sufficient to have embraced such a life, which in itself is one long penance, and whose rigorous customs it is necessary to see in order to have even the most remote idea of?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied he, raising his head suddenly, "are we not commanded to work out our own salvation?"

This little outburst of monachal pride was, however, quickly repressed by the observations of one of our party, who, basing his argument upon the Divine clemency, sustained that a Christian might be saved, although fulfilling at the same time all the social duties of life. The Trappist lowered his eyes to the ground, and owned that Heaven had indeed more than one door of entrance.

And, in all conscience, is not the pious, simple-minded village *curé*, of which class one meets so many delightful types in the rural districts of France, who after mass takes his cheerful walk through the village, scattering as he goes the seeds of love, and kindness, and charity—is not this man, we repeat, as sure of the infinite clemency of his Maker as the gloomy and ascetic monk, who, by dint of austerities and penances, advances in piety as he advances to age, decrepitude, and death?

We next visited the Laundry. Here several brothers of the choir were at work, some beating the clothes, others replenishing the fires under the boilers; two old men were busily engaged in wringing out the wet frocks and stretching them on the lines to dry. During their work they exchanged signs, which were at once comprehended; here there was motion without confusion—a continuous but silent activity. I could have fancied I was in a deaf and dumb institution. During this time the workshops were filled with the lay brethren: carpenters, wheelwrights, weavers,

blacksmiths; every trade almost had its representative. We met some bearing loads, others leading horses to the field or to water; nothing that we saw recalled to our minds either the slothful and luxurious opulence of the Bernardines, or the intemperate idleness of the old mendicant orders. If the Trappists are to be pitied, at least they cannot cause offence. They occupy themselves in labour, they cultivate the earth, they never beg. More than one Department of France has owed to them various improvements in the arts of husbandry, and consequent augmentations in the produce of the soil. Their moral influence upon the surrounding population is, as may be supposed, nothing—for the simple reason that their example offers no temptations for others to follow. But, after all, is it not allowable that there should be a place of shelter open for those who desire to pass the remainder of their lives in a seclusion where, according to the dictates of their own conscience, and following the peculiar forms of their religion, they may be able to expiate in repentance and humiliation the sins and errors of their past lives? Moreover, what right has the world to meddle with the lives of those who interfere not with it? While thus reflecting, I had reached the door of the monastery. I had heard some reports of alms having been bestowed on the convent, and of certain charitable souls who succoured the community; but it was almost in fear and trembling that I glided a louis into the hand of the Trappist, whose distinguished appearance and easy and graceful manners and conversation made me fear lest, in so doing, I should be committing a breach of etiquette. Our conductor, however, bowed very humbly, and making the sign of the cross, said to me, “May the Lord restore it to you a hundred-fold!”

When we rejoined our young companion at the little chapel, the day was drawing to a close; the broad red sun was sinking behind the pinegroves which clothed the surrounding hills, its glowing disc shining brightly through their leafy interstices; a few countrymen were slowly wending their way homewards from their daily labour, while from a neighbouring spray a blackbird was pouring forth a volume of liquid melody. How strange the contrast between what now met our eyes and that which we had been lately witnessing! It was like the awakening in the morning from some feverish dream—like the passing from a living tomb to light and life again. We found our horses waiting for us, ready saddled, at the little wayside chapel, and, hastily mounting, we proceeded homewards. But though a brisk gallop through a pretty country on a lovely summer's evening went a considerable way towards dissipating my melancholy thoughts, yet it was a long while before I could entirely divest my mind of the painful impressions caused by my Visit to the Monastery of La Bellefontaine.

CAUGHT BY THE PRESS-GANG.

BY LIEUT. WARNEFORD, R.N.

TOM POTTS, when I knew him, not so many years since, a pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, used to spin the following curious yarn to whoever would moisten his clay whilst paying it out. Like most garrulous storytellers, Potts was distressingly discursive; it will be well, therefore, to epitomise, and tell it mainly in the third instead of the first person.

Potts was dubious as to his place of birth—Devonshire he had no doubt, and somewhere he believed between Exeter and Plymouth. But if his place of birth was obstinately mute as to his advent upon earth, he himself knew perfectly well, that, at about eight years of age, he was a small orphan-boy in the service of a Mr. Jobson, pork-butcher, of Plymouth. Passing on till he had attained his twentieth year, we find Tom factotum in his master's much-improved business, and, moreover, growing in favour with Jemima, Jobson's only daughter and heiress. This favourable disposition on the damsel's part dated, I understood, for a considerable time subsequent to the hasty departure of a much older apprentice—one Philip Jenkins by name, who having been detected in some misconduct, was kicked or otherwise forcibly expelled the house by Jobson, and being a tall, likely lad, with no other resource, he enlisted in the marines, and was not heard of again at Plymouth for many a year. It was all happily settled at last between Tom Potts and Jemima, with old Jobson's hearty approval. The young couple were to be regularly spliced at church on the Monday, after which "Potts, late Jobson," was to be inscribed in gold letters over the shop. On the day previous, he, seated by the side of the lovely Jemima, made one of a large family-friends' dinner-party specially invited to celebrate the double event to come off on the morrow—the retirement from business of Jobson, and the union of Jemima Jobson with his successor, Mr. Potts.

Dinner over, the flowing bowl went swiftly round—so swiftly, that Tom, after a couple of hours consumed at the pleasant pastime, bethought him that a stroll upon the Quay might cool his cranium and render his articulation less thick and uncertain. Apologizing therefore for a short absence, Tom left the gay company, and, as the father of mischief would have it, hitched down from the pegs as he passed through the passage a rough pea overcoat and shiny hat—the properties of one of the guests, a seaman distantly related to the Jobsons—put them on and sallied forth.

He had taken but a few turns on the Quay, and feeling considerably qualmish, wisely resolved to get back home as speedily as might be. He had taken but a few uncertain steps homewards, when there came tumbling along a party of rough, rollicking, devil-may-care sailors. Precisely how the thing was done, with what expletives, Potts had but a hazy recollection; but the fact was indisputable that he was bundled into a man-of-war's boat lying at the Quay steps, and carried off, spite of kicking and screaming, on board the Serpent sloop of war, lying in the Sound, which at once

brought her anchor home, filled, and spread her white wings for the southern hemisphere, with important Admiralty despatches.

"It were no manner of use to tell them thunderin' varmint when I came to," said Potts, "that I was a respectable master-tradesman agoing to be married the very next day. I might as well have sung psalms to a dead horse. The villains only laughed at me, and a bosan's mate threatened to give me something to howl for, if I didn't hold my stupid old-woman's jaw. The first luff was civiller, and kindly observed that if what I said was correct, I should most likely obtain my discharge from the Service when the Serpent returned to England, which might be in about three or four years, more or less.

"There never was such a dismal go," continued Potts; "but blubbering wouldn't brighten it, so, being always of a cheerful, happy-go-lucky turn of mind, I thought it best to grin and bear it, hoping, of course, that something would turn up, an' Jemima prove constant and kind. Well, something *did* turn up, that's certain—and on the very day week that I was to have been married too—which was an infernal turn-up with a forty-gun French frigate. The Serpent mounted only twenty barkers. The very first broadside knocked me over, and being carried below, the surgeon said my right leg was smashed so bad, most likely by a chain-shot, that he must whip it off at once—which was done. It makes me hot now to think of it, particular the first dressing afterwards.

"When I was able to talk and be spoke to, I asked how the fight had ended, and was told that it might have gone hard with the Serpent had not the Menelaus frigate, Captain Sir Peter Parker, hove in sight, when the Frenchman sheered off.

"'You are on board the Menelaus now,' said the marine, who, somehow, I seemed to know; 'you are on board the Menelaus now, and will be sent on shore at Malta directly the frigate gets there, with me and other wounded men.'

"The marine had his left arm in a sling. It had been broken by a musket-ball, in a brush with boats, not very long before he told me.

"'You don't remember me, Potts,' says he presently. 'I do you, well, much as you've grown. How 's old Jobson and Jemima?'

"Why, it's Phil Jenkins! said I, springing up in my berth as well as I could.

"'Right, my boy; and no malice! Why should there be?'

"Now, I had always disliked—I may say, hated—Jenkins, knowing him to be the artfullest, most circumventing beggar that ever breathed. He was uncommon kind to me, both on board and when we were in hospital at Malta; but for a long time I was afraid to trust him—the more so, as he was always slyly pumping me about the Jobsons—of Jemima in particular, to whom, from something I had said when first under the doctor's hands and light-headed, he fancied I had been actually married just afore I was kidnapped. I let him think so, though I saw he had some doubts upon the subject from my fighting shy of it. I got a

surgeon's assistant to write a letter for me to Jemima, telling her of the sad misfortune I had met with, and hoping to see her soon. An answer came, saying she was true blue, and would be my wife as willingly as if I had still *both* my precious legs. She hoped I should soon be in old England again, as she felt shocking lonely, her father having fallen off a ladder, and so hurt himself on the brain that he was quite imbecile, though harmless, and otherwise in good health. Didn't Phil Jenkins try all he know'd to get a sight of that letter! Finding it was no go with me, the artful varmint managed to worm all about it out of the assistant-surgeon, when, of course, it was no use to keep up the deceit any longer.

"Well, to cut the story short, two or three days after the letter was gone, Phil Jenkins comes into the ward, bright and shining, to say his discharge, which I knew he had lodged the money for long before, was come, and that he should embark for England that very day.

"'I shall not be going into Devonshire,' says he, 'for some months to come, if ever, or I'd take a message for you to Jemima—to Miss Jobson, I mean.' He shook hands, and away he went.

"My leg healed slowly. It had required to be broken and re-set, but was perfectly cured at last; and with a joyful heart—(my discharge from the service, into which I had been entrapped in such a rascally way, having also come)—I set sail for England about two months after Philip Jenkins.

"It was late evening—Saturday evening, when I reached Plymouth. The shop was being closed; but I could see Jemima through the inner window sitting by the parlour fire alone. In I goes—claws hold of and kisses her like mad—she screeching ten thousand murders, and bawling out, 'Philip! Philip! Here's that Tom Potts come to life again!' In rushes Philip; floors me; then picks me up with the help of one of the men, and hustles me into the street!"

Jenkins had written from Malta, as from the surgeon of the hospital, stating, that Tom Potts's wound having mortified, death had ensued in a very few hours. He soon after confirmed the melancholy tidings in person. As Jemima felt "shocking lonely"—particularly so since poor Potts's death, and was moreover in pressing need of a man to manage the business, she was easily persuaded to marry her old acquaintance, out of hand; and the serio-comic farce of "Treachery Triumphant" was played out.

Rage and disappointment threw Potts into a dangerous fever, from which he did not thoroughly recover for many months. But though reduced to sad straits, bandied about as an unattached pauper from parish to parish, he persistently refused to accept any dole from Jenkins or his wife—finally settling down in Greenwich Hospital, his admission whereto was not effected without much difficulty. He generally wound up his yarn by some doggerel lines, fiercely vituperative of the iniquitous press-gang system, as illustrating his own experience—which would, however, scarcely repay quotation.

FOR THE YOUNG OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN COZY NOOK.

ABOUT SISTER JANE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"ISABEL," inquired Mary—with that desire-to-impart-information manner which belongs to very early days—"Isabel, do you know what a Hero is?"

"No, Miss. I know Hero—at least, I did not know her, but my fellow servant at my last place did."

"Isabel (in a still more instructive voice), a hero is a man! The Duke of Wellington was a hero; and so was Admiral Nelson. You have heard of him?"

"In my last place, Miss, we had a beautiful Newfoundland dog called Nelson; but I know nothing of an Admiral. The hero I heard of must be the right hero, because my fellow-servant had a verse about it—she used to sing it:—

‘Hero sat in her tower—
A maid in her bower,
While Leander
He swam a meander,
And was drowned, drowned, drowned.’

Law, Miss Mary, how can you laugh at that? You would not laugh if you heard Carry Joyce sing it! She rounded off the ‘drowned,’ so sweet, it used to make me cry."

"She could not have known that Hero, at all events," said Mary; "for she is dead many hundred years. Leander swam across the Hellespont to see her, and was drowned for his pains."

"Ah, Miss," said Isabel; "I was going to say, what a pity, and then I knew that would be foolish; because if they had lived till now they must be dead, as it is so long ago. Now, Miss Mary, you are laughing again! I hardly ever speak that you do not laugh!"

Mary thought in her own mind that Isabel was very stupid. I do not know that she was exactly stupid; but she misplaced her words. She caught an idea rapidly enough, but confused it, because she never thought how it could be best expressed; she meant, they could not live till now, they must have died long ago.

"Well, Isabel; Hero is a female name. But a hero means a man who does great, brave, noble acts; and a heroine——"

"Oh yes, Miss. I know what a heroine is: I once heard all about it in a sermon," exclaimed Isabel, her face suddenly and brightly illuminated by the memory.

"Yes, Miss; in a sermon—in church! A heroine means Miss Florence Nightingale."

"Capital! Isabel. You could not have illustrated the word by a better name."

Mary paused. She was going to tell her maid that her sister Jane was a heroine; but she knew that if she used the word now, Isabel would brighten up again, and in her matter-of-fact way inquire if she was like Miss Florence Nightingale; and Mary very naturally desired to withdraw Jane from such a comparison.

It is quite true that that illustrious lady stands alone as the great glory of our time; but there are heroines in private life who deserve sympathy and admiration—who *endure*, and *do*, and *triumph* over themselves, and pass along the highways and byways,

“In humble russet clad;”

who are content to perform their work in silence, and more than content to feel they do their duty meekly to their fellow-creatures as a proof of their devotion and obedience to HIM who charged us to love and serve each other!

“Well,” continued Mary, after a long pause—for she had got into a difficulty, and did not exactly see how she was to get out of it. Isabel had quite unconsciously raised the highest standard of “heroines;” and so Mary thought she would let the story she had to tell about Jane speak for itself, and say no more about heroism—“Well, mamma never liked the idea of sending any of us to school. She wished to keep us all at home, and pop her darling face into our domestic school-room now and then, with a kind word to us, and an apology in her sweet voice to Miss Claridge of, ‘I beg your pardon, Miss Claridge, if I interrupt you; I only wanted to see how my chicks were getting on, and if they are all good.’ But at that time I was a mite of a thing, and cannot recollect it; but I have been told that Jane was very troublesome!”

“Law, Miss Mary; I thought she was such an angel!—ever and always!”

“Oh, so she was, Isabel—a *great* angel, but very tiresome. Every one loved her, she was so truthful, bright, and generous; but she was as giddy and harebrained as—as——. Now what are *you* laughing at, Isabel? You do not think me harebrained?”

“Oh dear, Miss, you’d let a poor servant keep her thoughts to herself?”

“Well; she was very thoughtless, and worried papa so; and papa (mamma says) ought to have been an old maid; he is so very particular. But at last papa decided that Jane must be sent to school—not so much to learn accomplishments as to be taught order, and regularity, and punctuality, and all the ‘alities,’ upon which, according to papa, the comforts of life so much depend.”

“Yes, Miss, your good papa *is* a particular gentleman. It is a sight to see him watching the clock; and the moment the hand sets to the breakfast or dinner hour, pull goes the bell! He never keeps any one waiting, and won’t wait for any one. Oh, to see how master’s bell makes the cook jump, if she is one minute behind time!”

“Mamma was grieved to part with Jane; but it was for her good, and so Jane went. She never knew how dearly she loved home until she left it. The governess and teachers, and her fellow pupils, were all kind in their way; but Jane was often like a walking wardrobe. Whatever a young lady failed to put in its appointed place was pinned to her shoulder—ten minutes for a first offence; and if she continued to leave things about she would be obliged

to carry them for an hour or two! Poor Jane! she had frequently pocket-handkerchiefs and gloves, and slates and pencils, and music and books, and once a night-cap and a pair of stockings! all dangling from her shoulders at the same time. This was one of her trials; but indeed her first six months was spent in endeavouring to get rid of her bad habits; yet her progress was slow, very slow. She says now that it is impossible to be too grateful to those who nip bad habits in the bud, so as to prevent their gaining strength to blossom! She would rise in the morning, determined to put everything right and tidy, and leave nothing out of its place; and then, somehow, from habit, the very thing likely to attract the most attention would go into the wrong spot, or be neglected altogether. Then she used to weep bitter tears when she remembered all the trouble and anxiety she had caused papa and mamma; and, perhaps, after the termination of a 'good cry,' she would put her bonnet, and cloak, and gloves in their right place, and leave her garden-shoes on the hall-seat!"

"And she is such a wonderful young lady for exactness now," interrupted Isabel; "and everything she does is as neat as wax and as straight as pins. Why, Miss Mary, they call you the 'scatterer,' because you are so leaving-about-your-things like."

"By 'they' you mean the servants, I suppose?" said Mary, looking dignified. "I am frequently blamed when I do not deserve it, Isabel, as you know. Dear little Doaty leaves things about; but she is so delicate, and sometimes so peevish, that she gives a great deal of trouble, and I am glad to bear the blame of her misdeeds to save her from being found fault with."

Isabel knew this was true; and she admired Miss Mary's forbearance with all her heart.

"But my sister's great trial at school arose from the unkindness of one of her fellow-pupils. She knew Jane's peculiar fault—she knew that carelessness was her besetting sin; and instead of strengthening her good resolutions and endeavouring to assist her to carry them into practice, she really lay in wait to tempt or betray her into forgetfulness of Mrs. Grantley's regulations. Jane has the sweetest temper in the world; but Harriette Gray would do all she could to irritate her. If Jane forgot to lay by her music-book, or shut down the piano when she had finished practising, Harriette would never, like many of the other girls, exclaim 'Jane!' and then look at the 'what-not,' or the open piano; but she would seem as though she were not observing, until after the Teacher had observed it and the punishment was awarded. Then she would sing in an undertone the old rhymes:—

'Careless by name, and careless by nature;
 Careless of shape, and careless of feature;
 Careless in dress, and careless in air;
 Careless of riding in coach or in chair.
 Careless of love, and careless of hate;
 Careless if crooked—careless if straight;
 Careless at church, and careless at play;
 Careless if company leave us or stay.
 Careless of all that we ever propose;
 She's careless—how careless, nobody knows!'

She had an arch provoking way of chanting these rhymes, which made them doubly tantalizing; and my poor sister, who is very sensitive, very

much felt the uncomfortableness of being made a laughing-stock; all the more, because she certainly, in her careless way, used to do the most absurd things, and a few moments' reflection would show her the effect such conduct must produce on others. The young lady whose memory helped her to the 'careless' rhymes was not only bright and clever, but cool and orderly, and seldom got into a scrape of any kind. She kept the head of her class, and was considered a sort of Queen of the School; but latterly she had become very satirical, and fond of playing off jokes; and her fellow-pupils, who, for some time, had been amused by laughing at others, found, in their turn, they were being laughed at, and discovered that the person who will turn into ridicule the peculiarity or weakness of an absent friend, will be equally ready to laugh at those they first laughed *with*. Do you understand this, Isabel?"

"Yes, Miss, quite; the person who makes fun of a person behind-backs will be ready to make fun of *you* when your back's turned. Isn't that it?"

"Yes; and mamma says that satirical people are unsafe friends. I suppose some of the wiser girls thought so too, for they tried to prevail on Jane to, as it were, set up against Harriette, and that when May Day came—(which Mrs. Grantley permitted the young ladies to celebrate in the old fashion, having a garlanded Maypole in the garden, and a dance on the lawn, and a real live cow to make syllabub, and a Queen elected for the day)—some of the girls, I say, tried to prevail on my sister Jane to allow herself to be nominated as Queen—(Miss Gray had been crowned three May Days)—and promised to agitate a revolution and establish a new dynasty in Jane's favour. They brought forward several distinct charges against their former Queen, and urged Jane to accept the dignity if it was offered by her companions. Jane would have liked to be Queen of the May. To feel that she was beloved by her fellow-pupils and obtain absolute sovereignty for a whole May Day would have been the very delight of her heart; but she refused to listen to such a proposal, or have anything to do with it. She said, also, that she knew her Governess would not approve of her receiving the distinction until she had completely conquered the habit that had given so much trouble at home, and subjected her to so much contempt at school. It was very disagreeable to be sneered at, and sung at; and she had reason to complain of Miss Gray's ill-natured, satirical ways and words, and some day hereafter, if her school-fellows continued to like her, she might, perhaps, permit the school to be canvassed fairly and openly. But though she loved power and station, she told them she still better loved the good opinion of her Governess! She felt, that until she had overcome her besetting sin of carelessness she had no right to hold such a distinguished position even for *one day*; and she reminded them, that however disagreeable Miss Gray was to her and to others, still she had some very high qualities, and if they had not thought so they would never have elected her Queen of the May for three years."

"What a young lady, to be sure!" exclaimed the maid. "Now, Miss Mary, to my thinking, all that made her fitter for the honour. What did the young ladies say?"

"They thought as you think, Isabel; but they also thought that Jane reasoned justly, and that distinction is disgrace unless it is deserved. This

conversation took place in a summer-house, with closed doors; and one of the girls, who was my sister's warmest friend, a Miss Murphy——"

"An Irish young lady, I am sure, by the name," said Isabel.

"Oh, yes; such a dear, warm-hearted little thing, who always cried when Jane was what Miss Gray called 'in harness,'—which meant, when the things she left about were dangling from her shoulders. She had her arm round my sister's waist—(girls, you know, are always clinging together like bunches of hazel-nuts)—as they left the summer-house and ran down the broad walk, Miss Murphy hanging a little behind Jane (who is a famous runner), when they met Miss Gray sailing in the middle of the walk. She stopped, made a mock tragedy-sort of curtsy, and said, 'Miss Careless and her tail!' Kate Murphy took fire at this rude speech; and perhaps her fire burnt more hotly than it need. She demanded, with a very strong Irish accent, what she meant by calling her 'a tail?' and with most provoking coolness Miss Gray made another curtsy, and inquired 'Why Miss Murphy's tail was like her tongue? Do you give it up? Because both are always wagging.' I wonder how you can laugh, Isabel; it was very impertinent and vulgar."

"Yes, Miss, so it was; and I often wonder how young ladies can say those sort of things. It seems to me, that when they lose their tempers they lose their manners."

"Indeed, I fear they do. Miss Gray made it worse by insinuating that Miss Murphy was not only Jane's *tail*, but her *whisperer*, and carried careless stories to the careless lady. And then my sister roused, and answered, that her Governess had a right to find fault and reprimand her, but no one else; and if she persisted in insulting her, she would complain to Mrs. Grantley. And then Miss Gray said, with her usual coolness, 'It was a pity they were not boys; if they were they could fight it out.'

"Miss Murphy (oh, she was in such a passion!) observed, 'They need not be boys to do that,' and attempted to strike Miss Gray, while she stood as calm and unruffled as a statue in the sunshine, looking so handsome yet so malignant. By this time all the girls had gathered round the trio; and some stood by Miss Gray, others grouped round Jane and her friend Kate Murphy; and in the midst of the chattering and talking Mrs. Grantley was seen in her green spectacles coming towards them. Of course there was a great scene; and Miss Gray accused my sister of getting up a cabal against her to induce the young ladies to deprive her of the floral crown she had won and worn for three years as Queen of the May. Whether this was purely her own invention, or whether there was some wicked whispering girl who had invented such a calumny to my sister's disadvantage, we do not know to this day. Miss Gray would never say who told her. This accusation was honestly met by the five young ladies who went into the summer-house for the express purpose of prevailing on my sister to suffer them to nominate her as Queen in opposition to Miss Gray. They frankly stated the entreaties they had used, and did full justice to Jane's argument, that until she perfectly overcame the habit which had caused so much discomfort at home and at school, she could not consider herself worthy to be put in nomination for such a distinction. 'If the floral crown,' continued one of the young ladies, 'had been at her feet, she would not have suffered one of us to place it on her brow!' My sister, I believe, finished the scene by bursting into tears; and poor Kate was ordered into solitary confinement

for her intended violence. Miss Gray also was told she must remain alone until she considered whether or not she would persevere in a line of conduct so exceedingly unlike a young lady! When Mrs. Grantley said a thing, she meant it, and when she told Kate Murphy and Miss Gray to go to their rooms, she intended they should remain there until she gave them permission to come down again. Miss Gray rebelled dreadfully. For a long time she had been a pattern-girl, and been held up to others as an example; but she was very obstinate and determined. She could not bear to see a girl, whom at that time she despised, growing in favour, not only with her schoolfellows but with her Governess. Jane, notwithstanding her unfortunate carelessness, had unintentionally been created her rival, from the affection borne her by her companions, and this had called forth the jealousy of Miss Gray's disposition, and she retaliated on the innocent cause of her decreased popularity. The school was a long, rambling house—straggling here and there—added to at various times as pupils increased: here a closet; there a chamber; here another chamber. Then, Mrs. Grantley, during one of her holiday visits to the Continent, was charmed by a long room, heated in a particular manner, where exercise and air could be enjoyed in bad weather. She immediately built a very charming imitation of what she had seen, and my sister says it was a source of the greatest pleasure to the pupils. Instead of being cooped up in a comparatively small space when bad weather prevented their taking necessary exercise, 'the long gallery' resounded with laughter and merry voices; there was room for *Les graces* and battledore, and all the games we children love so dearly—and an old piano at one end was worked nearly to death by the nimble fingers that played for nimble feet. The girls familiarly called the 'long gallery' LIBERTY HALL, and Mrs. Grantley and the teachers always knocked before entering. It was full of air and light; and a door opened on the lawn, which was guarded by the bow-window of Mrs. Grantley's particular sitting-room. The young ladies had also their own gardens, which they were permitted to cultivate according to their own plans. But *the garden!* That was indeed a garden!—such a one as it is easier to imagine than to meet. It was divided by long, wide, grass walks, overshadowed, but not obscured, by trees; and these walks were as smooth as a bowling-green—they were delicious in hot weather. And as Mrs. Grantley loved birds better than cherries, particularly blackbirds and thrushes, and there were a good many old cherry-trees in the wilderness that skirted the garden, just think what a concert there was in the early spring."

"In town, Miss," said Isabel, "we think so much of the song of a single bird."

"Then there was a very wide gravel walk, quite a terrace, close beneath what was called the South Wall—and the wall was so well sheltered that myrtles and many delicate climbers lived there and flourished all the winter without putting on any jackets of bass matting—which look so ugly, but, like many ugly things, are considered very useful. During the dry east winds the pupils used to walk and play on the terrace; and in the long summer evenings, when the dew began to fall, Mrs. Grantley rang what was called the 'warning bell,' which told the young ladies to leave the grass walks, for fear of damp, and finish their evenings under the shelter of

the South Wall. Oh, yes; and there was a railed-in pond, very shallow, but of sufficient depth for the growth of aquatic plants."

"What plants, please Miss?"

"Oh, water plants—water lilies, and rushes—and all kinds of plants that require water; and there were gold fish ——."

"Pretty creatures!" said Isabel.

"And such lovely frogs ——."

"Lovely! Miss Mary, I can't abide frogs. O gr——! they have such cold skins and such stony eyes."

"And lizards ——."

"Oh, worse and worse! And please, Miss Mary, don't you think you had better leave the garden and get to the house, or there will be no end to the story?"

Mary paused and laughed; and then said, "Well, Isabel, I wonder a town girl would not enjoy lingering in a garden when she has the opportunity, which is not very often. Sometimes when the pavements are so hot, and the streets so very dusty, and I cannot gather a sprig of mignonette in the square without blacking my gloves or fingers, I long and long for a race on the pure, green, *clean* turf, of a sunny down, or a ramble in Burnside Wood, near grandpapa's. Oh, Isabel, it is so pretty, just after sunset, to watch the rabbits stealing out of their holes, hop a little way, twiddle up an ear, then hop, hop, up goes the other ear, and their lovely soft brown eyes glisten, and then off they go again, unless tempted to munch a tuft of clover, and then their ears lie flat on their dear bumpy backs; watch the rabbits ever so closely, still your attention is called off by the last notes of the blackbird's whistle, or, if you are in great luck, by the first gush of the nightingale's song."

"Oh, Miss Mary," questioned Isabel, "have you ever heard a living nightingale?"

"Certainly! I never heard a dead one," was the reply, given with a very grave face.

"Oh!" exclaimed Isabel, perfectly unconscious of her blunder, "how I should like to hear a nightingale! I have heard an owl and a corn-crake, and seen many a bat; but never heard a nightingale or a glow-worm."

"*Hear* a glow-worm, Isabel! Why, you don't suppose a glow-worm goes whizzing about like a cockchafer, do you?"

"I don't know much about them sort of things, Miss," replied Isabel, meekly, "but I can fancy how pleasant a wood must be, or a walk on green, *clean* grass. But, please Miss, get on to the house."

"The house, then (and please remember this Isabel), never rose to the dignity of a third storey; and the walls were covered with either ornamental climbers or fruit trees. You hear what I say, 'though a very large house, containing a great number of rooms, it never rose beyond the two floors.' Miss Gray slept in a little off-shoot of a room that was built with a small communicating staircase, so that if a pupil were ill she could be removed from noise, and kept away from all disturbance. She steadily refused to apologize to Jane for her rudeness and injustice, and Mrs. Grantley said she should remain in her room until she did apologize. This 'remaining in her room,' also signified that she should have no

candle-light; and the evening soon enshrouded her in almost total darkness. She asked for a lamp, or candle, even a rush-light. No, they were all refused. But Miss Gray's was a very determined disposition—determined for either good or bad; and when all the inmates were gone to bed she crept softly to the drawing-room, and taking the remains of a wax-candle from a chandelier, she double-locked her door, lit the candle, and lay down on her bed to read. Of course, this was a great act of disobedience. We all supposed she fell asleep; but one of the servants, who had sat up for some purpose, passing by the little staircase which led to Miss Gray's room, smelt fire, and saw a light under the door. Instead of rushing to the door, she stood still, and screamed.

“My sister slept in a chamber with a teacher, close to the little staircase, and instantly came to the landing. There stood the housemaid, having dropped the candlestick, screaming. Not only could she see the light under the door, but she could *hear* the flames muttering and crackling. Returning to her bedroom, while the teacher added her screams to those of the housemaid, Jane hastily threw a blanket round her, and, seizing another in her arms, ran up the little staircase and endeavoured to open the door. It was locked inside. By this time, pupils and teachers, and governesses and servants, were roused, and called upon Miss Gray to open the door. There was no answer. They tried to force the door, while the governess sought the master-key, in vain. Suddenly, Jane ran down stairs and out of the house; three girls, who saw she had formed a plan, following her. She had remembered that a gaunt old pear-tree grew outside the window of Miss Gray's room, and in less time than it has taken me to tell you the idea she had mounted it, opened the casement, and entered!”

“What, Miss! among the flames?”

“Yes, Isabel; she saw everything in a moment. Harriette had been reading in bed and fallen asleep; the candle burnt down and set the bed-clothes on fire. Fortunately the curtains were of some woollen stuff, and smoked and smouldered instead of flaming; but the smoke and the smell of the smouldering woollen and feathers were suffocating. Miss Gray was insensible. No wonder she had not opened the door. The wind from the open window brightened the fire. Jane threw the blanket she had dragged up with her over the insensible form of her enemy, and heaved her to the window, thrusting her out. By this time the servants had managed to push on the gardener's ladder to the window, so that Miss Gray was got down comparatively without injury, though her right arm and hand were scorched and her hair singed. But, when she was fairly saved, the exertion and heat had been so great, that Jane sank on the ground and fainted, and the flames were absolutely lapping around her when she was got out.”

“Oh, Miss Mary,” exclaimed Isabel, “would not you like to have done that? I should; yes, if I had died on the very spot!”

“You could hardly have died in a better cause than ‘doing good to those that spitefully use you.’”

I was only a very tiny girl, but I remember seeing my own darling Jane crowned Queen of the May by the grateful hands of Miss Harriette Gray!

THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1862.

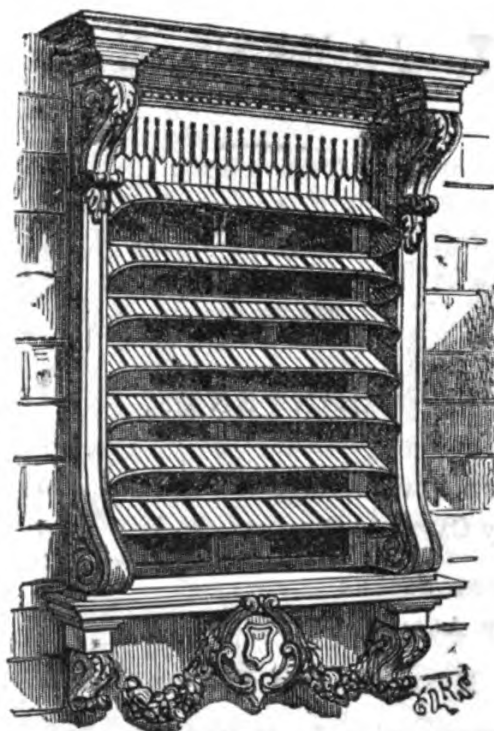
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TIME AND SPACE.

BY CAPT. A. W. DRAYSON, R.A.

—
No. 2.—SPACE.



CLOUDY-LOOKING object is observed far on the distant horizon, its jagged and cut outline indicating that it is a mountain just visible above the ocean wave. It is more than fifty miles from us—a distance which we could not accomplish on foot in less than twenty-four hours. It is a long way is fifty miles; and we should feel that it was so, if we were compelled to tramp it. Everybody knows what a mile is; so that a distance of fifty miles is at once realized, and is therefore familiar to our senses.

The sun is shining on that distant mountain, and his rays cause the ocean to glitter like a lake of molten silver. We cannot look, but we can merely glance at this glowing orb, whose genial warmth is now recalling the dormant animal and vegetable life into full action; and we remember that the Sun is distant from our Earth about ninety-five million miles—95,000,000! What an enormous distance to contemplate—how immeasurably more vast than any amount of space with which we

are intimately acquainted on Earth; for even our longest voyages are scarcely more than twelve thousand miles.

Yet the Sun's distance is trifling compared to that of other orbs in the heavens. For at midnight in the present month we shall observe in the southern heavens a brilliant so-called star, which shines with a steady pale light. That orb is really the planet Jupiter, which is then distant from the Earth about four hundred million miles, or more than four times as far from us as is the Sun.

In the same part of the heavens in which Jupiter is seen, we may observe a large red-looking star, which also shines with a steady light. This is the planet Saturn, then distant from the Earth more than eight hundred million miles, or more than twice as far from us that Jupiter is.

Let us now reflect upon the amount of Space with which we are dealing.

First, we have considered the distance of a mountain on the horizon, which was fifty miles from us. We then mentioned the Sun's distance from the Earth, and we found this more than eight thousand times that of our longest voyages. Next we find two planets, one of which is more than four times, the other more than eight times, as far off as is the Sun from this world.

We are thus speaking of enormous distances, yet we can to a certain extent comprehend them, for we can compare them with terrestrial distances with which we are acquainted. We might even refer to a more vast portion of space, and speak of the number of miles which intervene between us and the most distant known planet of our system, viz., Neptune, which is thirty times as far from the Sun as our Earth is.

But all these miles are but measurable portions of space, whose entirety is infinitude, incomprehensible, like eternity, to which it seems to bear a great analogy.

We cannot comprehend Eternity, nor can we grasp the idea of infinite Space. Let us speak of seconds, minutes, hours, years, centuries, or millions of centuries, and we can to a certain extent understand the periods indicated; and by comparing these with well-known intervals of time, we seem to grasp and realize mentally those years and centuries. When, however, we endeavour to think of century occurring after century in one endless round, never ceasing or varying, our minds are almost exhausted by the effort, and we return in thought to some well-known subject, feeling like the exhausted, unskilled swimmer, who again gladly feels the solid ground beneath him after he has ventured out of his depth.

As it is with Time, so is it with Space; we can comprehend all that is minute—such as feet, yards, furlongs, miles, leagues, and thousands of miles. The distance which separates our Earth from the planet Neptune, although nearly two thousand eight hundred million miles, is still made intelligible to our senses by comparison. When, however, we know that the nearest of the fixed stars is immeasurably beyond the most distant

planet of our system, and that beyond this star there are probably others equally as distant, and so on, we become lost amidst the multitude of recurring stars, or incapable of entertaining an idea of that which may be termed endless space.

Is it that space, like all we see around us, is a creation of the Infinite, and that even now space itself is being created to contain worlds not yet formed?

We are, in our present condition, incapable of fully realizing the infinitude and omnipotence of Deity; although we can, according to our capacities, realize a portion thereof. So space, in its fulness, is incomprehensible; let us but take a portion of it, and few among us see in it anything wonderful, or worthy even of much reflection.

Let us, however, examine how portions of space are measured, and how, by means of the most simple rules, we are enabled to know that we have a tolerably accurate idea of the size and distance of the various worlds, and hence of the scale upon which the universe is planned.

Amongst almost all civilized nations there is what is called a "standard measure," the length of which varies according to the taste of the inventor or the time of the invention. Thus we hear of the cubit, the Greek foot, the French metre, the English yard, &c.; and these measures are well known in each country, so that, when referred to, any person can indicate about the distance spoken of.

An English mile is no doubt a well-known distance to all our readers, this mile consisting of 1760 yards. Thus, any definite measure, such as a yard, being established, we can, by repeating this yard any number of times, ascertain the extent of one, two, or more miles; thus, even sixty or seventy miles may be measured on Earth, and we may ascertain the distances which separate towns, villages, rivers, and other parts on the Earth's surface.

So far, measurement of distances appears a very simple thing, as easily understood as the process of ascertaining the number of yards in a piece of cloth or ribbon—and so it really is; but now let us suddenly attempt an apparently daring feat, which, however, is one that centuries ago was attempted by the Greeks. We purpose measuring the size of the world, and finding how many miles it is round.

To measure one mile was indeed a simple labour; we had but to repeat an operation with a yard measure several times, and the length of a mile might be ascertained. To measure sixty or seventy miles in the same manner would be tedious, although quite practicable, so we will not here mention the usual plan of measuring long distances on Earth, for to do so we should have to deal with matters of too scientific a nature for the pages of this Magazine. It is sufficient for us to know at present that we can ascertain where the exact spot is which is sixty or seventy miles from that on which we are standing, and we can then measure the world. But to do so, we must cast our eyes upwards, and turn our attention to the little

twinkling stars, which we have already seen are the only true guides to our measurement of time.

We will take an imaginary position anywhere on the Earth's surface—suppose at Greenwich; we will then select some star for observation, and to simplify the matter we will assume that this star passes exactly over our heads during the night. To ascertain that it does so, we must use an instrument; but either by means of a plumb-line, or a reflecting surface such as mercury, we can be certain when the instrument is truly perpendicular, and hence when the star is exactly overhead.

After observing during several nights, and finding that the same star was at a particular time exactly overhead, we might then proceed to a station north of Greenwich, and distant about 69 miles; and if we again made observations on the same star, we should find that, instead of its now being exactly overhead, it seemed to pass at some slight distance from that point.

We could not express the distance of the star from the point overhead in miles, or yards, because we know not the various distances of the stars; another method is, therefore, adopted, which is as follows:—

All circles are divided into three hundred and sixty parts, each of which is called "a degree." From the point exactly overhead down to the horizon is one-fourth of a circle, and therefore this space contains ninety degrees; we can therefore speak of a star as one, two, or more degrees distant from the point exactly overhead.

Now let us return to our station 69 miles north of Greenwich, and we will suppose that we find that the star observed to be overhead at Greenwich, is, at this station, one degree exactly from that point. It might seem premature to say at once that we had then measured the size of the world; yet such a statement would be correct. For we should have found that 69 miles caused the star to appear one degree from the point overhead, therefore, twice 69 miles would produce a difference of two degrees, and so on, till 360 times 69 miles would give us the actual circumference of the Earth—that is, it is about twenty-four thousand eight hundred miles in circumference.

Thus by observing a star, and, finding how far it is necessary to move on the Earth's surface in order to cause that star to alter its elevation by one degree, we can at once obtain the number of miles contained in one three-hundred-and-sixtieth part of the earth's circumference.

We have endeavoured to give the most simple illustration, in order to explain the means by which the size of the Earth is known, and a star was spoken of which passed exactly overhead at a particular locality. It would not, however, be absolutely necessary that such a star only could be made use of, for any star might be selected; and when we found that its height above the horizon altered exactly one degree in consequence of our change of position, then we should know that we had travelled over one three-hundred-and-sixtieth part of the Earth's circumference. Again, it would

not be necessary to alter the altitude of the star by exactly one degree, for half a degree, or half a dozen degrees, would serve equally as well.

The size of the planet on which we reside is, therefore, as well known as that of our houses, and consequently we can at once tell the number of miles which separate two places, if we know how many "*degrees*" they are from each other. For example, Stockholm is about $59\frac{1}{3}$ degrees north of the Equator, whilst the Cape of Good Hope is nearly 34 degrees south of it. The two localities are, therefore, separated by about $93\frac{1}{3}$ degrees; and as they are nearly in a line joining the two poles of the Earth, the distance between them may be found by multiplying $93\frac{1}{3}$ by the length in miles of a degree.

After we have measured the size of the World, we may attempt many problems which might previously have appeared impossible; for science advances by a series of steps, and great works are thus accomplished, just as we perform a journey on foot. If we recline and view a distant mountain, we often doubt whether we can ever reach it—and those who rarely use their limbs would deem the effort futile. By a steady perseverance, however, mile after mile is passed; and if the journey be not accomplished to-day, it may be to-morrow, or next day, or probably a week hence. Many years elapsed after the Earth was supposed to be like a ball in form before an attempt was made to measure it. Centuries again passed, after this problem was solved, before another depending thereon was attempted, this other being the distances of the various celestial bodies which occupy a portion of space.

Not only in consequence of its size, but also from the facility with which certain details are seen on its surface, the Moon was in the earliest ages supposed to be the nearest celestial body to the Earth. Modern observation has proved this supposition to be correct; and when we consider the amount of space which intervenes between our world and the various fixed stars, we may by comparison call the Moon within a stone's-throw of us. The method adopted for finding the Moon's distance is as follows:—

Two localities are selected on opposite sides of the Earth—one we will suppose to be Stockholm, the other the Cape of Good Hope. The direct distance in miles between these two stations is known, and also the number of degrees between the two. An instrument is placed in position both at Stockholm and the Cape, by means of which degrees can be measured.

The two stations are, we will suppose, exactly $93\frac{1}{3}$ degrees distant from each other. Then, if two stars were at the same instant exactly vertical at each place, these two stars, on account of their immense distance, must also be $93\frac{1}{3}$ degrees distant from each other.

If from these two stations the distance *in degrees* of any celestial body from the point, or star overhead, were measured when that celestial body was at its greatest height, then the distance in degrees that this body was

from the star overhead at the Cape, added to the degrees that it was from the point overhead at Stockholm, would amount to exactly $93\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, supposing that the distance from the Earth, in miles, of the body observed, was infinite. If, however, the distance of the body were not infinite, then the sum of the degrees would be more than $93\frac{1}{2}$, and according as the celestial body was very near or far from the Earth, so the excess above $93\frac{1}{2}$ would be greater or less.

Suppose, for example, that the sum of the two distances amounted to $94\frac{1}{2}$ degrees when the Moon was observed, then we should know that a line drawn from the Cape to the centre of the Moon formed an angle of one degree with a line drawn from Stockholm to the same point. Knowing the distance between Stockholm and the Cape, the Moon's distance in miles from either locality could be at once calculated.

We have used the word "calculated;" and this may lead some readers to imagine that the process of calculation is very difficult. A few preliminaries being learned, however, renders it very simple. In fact, the distance of the Moon might be obtained, when we know the data mentioned above, by the aid of a ruler and pencil; for we could draw two long lines, forming an angle of one degree with each other, and then measure where the two lines were just one inch apart; then, from these points to the junction of the two lines would represent the distance of the Moon from the Earth, whilst the one inch represented the distance between the Cape and Stockholm. If between the points and the junction of the two lines were 40 inches, then 40 times the number of miles between the Cape and Stockholm would give us the distance of the Moon: hence, from knowing the former we become acquainted with the latter.

From observations of this description it is found that the Moon is sometimes at a greater and at others at a less distance from the Earth—the mean of these, however, amounts to about two hundred and forty thousand miles.

The method which we have mentioned as that by which the Moon's distance is obtained might be adopted to obtain the distance of the Sun and the other celestial bodies, except, that, owing to the vast amount of space which intervenes between our planet and the central orb, the angle formed by two lines drawn from different portions of the Earth to the Sun is so small that great uncertainty would exist in the result.

If we had a friend on the Moon who would make observations at the same time that we did on Earth, and who would measure the distance in degrees between the Earth and the Sun at the same instant that we measured between the Moon and the Sun, then the problem of the Sun's distance could be at once solved. At present, however, the means of transit to the Moon are very little known, and consequently we have to seek other methods for the advancement of our knowledge connected with space.

More than a thousand years ago, however, a very good idea was pro-

mulgated connected with the Moon and the Sun's distance—this was, that when the Moon was exactly half illuminated, then a line from the Moon to the Sun would be exactly at right angles to a line from the Earth to the Moon. If, at this period, the distance in degrees between the Moon and Sun were measured, then two angles of a triangle would be known—and hence the third, because the three angles always amount to one hundred and eighty degrees. The three angles being known, the triangle can be drawn, and as one side—viz., the distance in miles of the Moon from the Earth—is known, therefore the other sides could be measured or calculated, and one of the other sides is the distance of the Earth from the Sun, which is the quantity required to be measured.

Nothing could be more simple in theory, but in practice the problem is a failure, on account of the irregularity of the Moon's surface rendering it impossible to tell when she is exactly half illuminated.

It was not until about a hundred years ago that another and very ingenious plan was suggested for obtaining the Sun's distance. This was by observations made during the passage of the planet Venus across the Sun's disc. By observing how far in degrees Venus separated herself from the Sun the proportion between the Earth's distance from the Sun and that of Venus was known—the actual distance in miles of either was not known, but merely the *relative* distances. The proportion also was known between the size of the Sun and its distance—that is, if it were twenty million miles from the Earth it must be so large; if forty millions so large; and so on. Then two or more stations were selected on opposite sides of the Earth, and from these Venus would appear to move across different portions of the Sun's disc. Then the *difference* in the times of passage across the Sun, compared with the whole time of passage, afforded data sufficient to calculate the actual distance of the Sun from the Earth. To explain this problem fully would occupy nearly as many pages as are allowed us for the whole of this article; we can, therefore, merely mention the means adopted, and give the result obtained—which is, that we are about ninety-five million miles from the Sun.

This was one of the most important discoveries connected with modern astronomy, for it at once gave us the scale of the universe, and enabled us to extend our points of measurement from the Cape and Stockholm—a distance of a few thousand miles—to two points distant one hundred and eighty million miles from each other; for in consequence of the Earth moving round the Sun, it travels round a circle the diameter of which is that number of miles in length.

When we know the diameter of a circle, we also know its circumference, the proportion being about as 7 to 22. Therefore, from knowing the distance of the Earth from the Sun, we know how many miles we travel each year, and we find that these amount to nearly six hundred million, a distance over which an express train could not pass under thirteen thousand years.

This enormous amount of space, however, is comparatively nothing, when compared to that which intervenes between us and the fixed stars. To realize how vast this is, we ought first to make an experiment as follows:—Take a telescope, and direct this upon a brick wall which should be at a distance of a hundred yards or so; count how many bricks are seen to extend across the telescope; then advance a few yards nearer to the wall, and again examine with the telescope how much larger each brick appears, and consequently how many have disappeared. We shall then find how great an influence is produced on the apparent size of each brick by the change of position from one end of a room to the other. If with the aid of two fine hairs placed in the telescope we were to measure the actual length of a brick, we should find that this length appeared to increase in consequence of our approaching it only a few yards.

Having tried this experiment, we could then appreciate an exactly similar one connected with the Stars; for the Earth, which travels around a circle the diameter of which is one hundred and eighty million miles, must be at one time of year much nearer certain stars than at others. If, then, we select two stars which are close together, and arrange our telescope and the hairs in it so as to measure the distance between these two—first when the Earth is nearest to them, and again when it is (six months after) most distant from them—we can comprehend how vast must be the distance between these if we find no alteration in their relative positions, although we have approached them many million miles.

The Pole Star, which is probably well-known to most of our readers, is more than thirty million miles nearer to us in December than it is in June; and yet it seems no closer to the stars in its immediate neighbourhood at the former than at the latter period. Thus, thirty million miles is not much, when compared to the distance of the Pole Star. To select two stars close to each other, and to observe that no changes take place in their relative positions although we may approach them by more than thirty million miles, shows us that our distance from the Sun, great as it is, is still but an atom compared to that which separates us from the Pole Star. It has lately been supposed that some stars have been found to alter their relative positions slightly during six months, but the change is so trifling as to indicate that they are at a comparatively infinite distance.

If our material existence had been cast upon the planet Neptune instead of on our own orb, we should then have had a much better chance of measuring the distance of the fixed stars, and, in fact, of the various principal planets in the system. For Neptune is, at one period of his year, five thousand seven hundred million miles nearer to some stars than he is at the opposite period. But as he occupies more than sixty thousand terrestrial days to move round the Sun, each astronomer would have but one chance during his life-time of observing the same stars from the

nearest and furthest points—that is, supposing that the Neptunites live only as long as we do.

What, then, do we know of Space? As a whole, little or nothing! We can measure portions of it—we know which of the worlds are near and which are far from us. The stars, we can prove, are at an enormous distance; yet, beyond all those that we see, there are probably others equally as far from them; and again more yet further. But must we again and again go on, and still find Suns and Systems, universe succeeding universe, and still more and more? If so, what is beyond all this? Does empty space then extend, in which nothing organic exists and nothing has yet appeared? If even this should be, what is again beyond that, and where is its boundary? Tied as we are at present to material bodies, fettered as we are, even in ideas, by this coherence of the perishable with the immortal, and accustomed to think of, examine, and compare only those things which are finite or measurable by us in our now condition, we utterly fail when we attempt to realize the idea of infinite space.

That faculty of our mysterious triune being which we term thought does in a measure annihilate portions of space. We can roam in thought, and in an instant, amongst the huge, deep, cauldron-like craters on the Moon, or we can rapidly transport ourselves to the surface of Jupiter, and picture to our minds his midnight sky, brilliant with the light of four moons:—a voice or a note of music will suddenly recall us from these distant orbs, and perhaps transport us mentally to some quiet sea-side nook where we listened to a voice of music whose tones have thus been recalled to us. It seems, however, necessary to have some link even to enable our thoughts to range through space, for without it we fail to project them.

What link have we to guide us when we endeavour to grasp the idea of infinite space? At present it appears that we have none; and hence we fail to comprehend it. In a future state, however, our condition may probably be so altered that finite distance is not now more clear than will then be the infinitude thereof. Between Time and Space there appears a great analogy—a sort of twin-brotherhood. Portions of each may be measured, divided, and treated as common every-day matters: the whole of each is immeasurable and incomprehensible, like the Creator of each. And thus we again find a third analogy. For all organic and inorganic matters are but portions of the Infinite, who, to us, is incomprehensible.

There is a question which is not unfrequently asked by those who hear or read of the time and labour which are devoted to the elucidation of such subjects as those upon which we have ventured to treat. This is—Of what use is it to know all this? What benefit can it be to any person to know that the Sun is so many million miles distant? Why might it not be only half as far? and if we knew it not, what could it matter? Is it not mere waste of time and money to still go on gaining more and more information about a host of stars? *Cui bono?* is the cry.

May we not answer, that it is one of the results of the natural healthy condition of man's mind to thirst after knowledge for its own sake, if for nothing else; and when the mind is not so impelled, then it is not in a sound state. "I have enough, and want no more," is the cry of the mental invalid, who dreams not that his cup is full from merely being so small. But there are other answers. When experimentalists first applied a loadstone to pieces of iron and found its effects on them, did they dream that their continued researches would reveal the compass which was to guide the mariner on the pathless ocean? When the earliest astronomers formed their catalogues of stars, and registered the exact position of the Moon and Sun at various periods, they scarcely fancied that they were placing those foundation-stones which would enable nations then unformed to issue a guide to mariners three years in advance. The child who learns his letters and his pothooks scarcely realizes the use that this labour may eventually become to him. And thus, in Science, the labourers thousands of years ago were the representatives of Science in its boyhood. We, deriving benefit from the work of those early observers (just as the youth benefits from the studies he applied himself to when a boy), may be called the representatives of Science in its youth. Those who follow will take care that this same youth is nourished and fed so that he may become a man, and eventually be matured in all wisdom. He is long-lived and of slow growth is this Science—many thousand years he has already existed, and yet he is but a stripling; still he progresses rapidly, and gains strength and vigour as long as he has freedom to use his limbs—which are the thoughts of his votaries.

Shall we, in our day, say he has grown enough?—that we have nothing in trust for those who are to follow us?—that we need not inquire more, or labour more, except in those fields which will yield us that which the man of to-day calls "something useful?" Nay, let us rather inquire from the love alone of knowledge; let us collect facts, consider problems, and weigh probabilities, so as to lighten the labour of our followers: and if we do nothing else, we shall in this particular Science learn that Time is but a term, and that to solve some of our problems requires ages: and thus, whilst dealing with vast epochs, we cannot fail to realize the fact that to-day we are here, but that after a few to-morrows our lot will be cast amidst other spheres: and hence we should become, not mere creatures of to-day, but beings whose labours and thoughts are also for the morrow. We should thus endeavour to make ourselves an integral part of that humanity which is placed here to work out a destiny that in the future must be great and high!

A TANGLED SKEIN.

A ROMANCE.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAP. XII.

UNDER HIS NOSE.

WHEN Mr. Sampson Lagger informed himself that in a few hours he should have his eye upon Jim Riley, and that if he *was* wanted, why, he should know where to put his hand upon him—that's what *he* should know—he little thought that, ten minutes after he had quitted Mrs. Wantley's shop in Little Union Street, that same ex-convict and ostensible knife-grinder had entered it, accompanied by his idiotic sister, who had come with him in his long tramp from Westborough.

When the patient reader last heard of him he had just bought a newspaper, and was shuffling about at the counter, having evidently something on his mind to say and lacking the courage or the wit to speak it out. There he stood, drawing lines with his great grimy forefinger on the cigar-box that we have heard of, and rubbing them out again in an abstracted mood with the sleeve of his coat. At last, in reply to reiterated questions from the shopkeeper if there was anything else that he pleased to want, he replied suddenly—

“I wants to speak to Missis Wantley.”

“Well; that's me.”

“Ah!” said Jim, looking at her fixedly, “I thought so.”

“And what did you please to want with me?” said the woman, edging a little further away—for she did not like the looks of the strange pair who had invaded her premises.

“If you're the Missis Wantley as I'm a seeking for, you've got a son called Bob, leastwise, Robert Wantley?”

At the mention of this name she turned very pale. One hand fell heavily on the counter for support, and the other was pressed to her heart.

“What of him? Is he well? Is he? Oh, tell me, Sir—do! What of my poor, poor Bob?”

“I suppose you knows where he is?”

“Ah, yes; I do indeed,” replied his mother, with a deep sigh.

“Well, up to last Wednesday at noon I was there too,” said Riley.

Mrs. Wantley drew still further off. There seemed to be an objection on either side to give a name to the “*there*.” The reader knows it to be Maidstone gaol.

“Maybe, then, you are one of those who led my poor lad into crime and misery?” said the widow, flushing up scarlet, and regarding her visitor with an upbraiding look.

“You're wrong. If you please, may the gal sit down? She's fairly wearied out. She's my sister, poor thing, and she's daft.”

Mrs. Wantley made no reply, but brought a chair out of the back room, and gave it over the counter to him, for Nancy.

"Thank you kindly," said Jim, "I shouldn't ha' come here if he hadn't sent me; and what I've got to say is just this. He, that's Bob, and two others, they made an attempt to escape one night about—let me see, two month ago."

"An attempt! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"They made themselves tools, picked the locks of their cells, and climbed out on to the roof of the Governor's house. Two of them got down all right; and Bob, he was the last, would ha' got off all right too, only one of the knots in the pieces of blanket they'd torn up and made a rope on slipped, and Bob, he fell, and hurted hisself very bad."

"My God, he's killed!"

"No, no! Don't e' go on so! Not killed I tell thee, though he had a hard time of it, poor lad. Shall I tell thee all about it?"

"Oh, do, do! But tell me, how is he now? How is my poor boy?"

"Nicely, nicely, I do assure you. You've no call to be afeard o' me. I ain't as bad a one as I look, though I arn't an angel—that's true. I tell you this though, if I was to fall down dead this moment for telling a lie, I am as innocent as your baby of what they locked me up for along with your son in that gaol."

There was something in his manner, more than in his words, that reassured the poor woman, and she asked the pair of tramps into her little back room behind the shop; and having turned out the children to play in the street, eagerly awaited what Riley had to say about the erring Bob.

"You see," he said, "our cells were next to each other, and we was confined solitary. You don't know, no one as has not been confined solitary knows, what it is. The days are all alike, and the nights are all alike; and you see no one's face but the chaplain's, and that only once in a way; and you hear no sound, and have nought to do but to stare at the bare walls, until they seem to eat through your eyes into your brain like to drive you mad. It won't do to tell you or anyone else how prisoners confined solitary, as are in the secret, can communicate with each other all over the gaol—leastwise, all along the side of a passage, holding, it may be, fifty cells; but Bob being next to me in chapel and at exercise, as he was next in cells, give me the office."

"The office! What office?"

"Well, I don't justly know what else to call it. I mean that he told me how the thing was done; and then I found out that he, and the next one to him, and the next further on, had made up their minds to try and escape, and wanted me to join them."

"And did you? Are you one of the men who got off?"

"Only one of them got *right* off, and is right off, for aught I know yet," Riley replied. "The other was took. No! I'd only about two weeks more to sarve, and I wasn't agoing to risk being tried agin."

“Will my Bob be tried again?”

“Sartin—next assize, and get another twelvemonth I’ll be bound.”

Poor Mrs. Wantley’s tears burst out, and she rocked herself to and fro in her chair, moaning piteously and beating her hands together at the bad news. When she became a little more composed Riley continued—

“For a good bit I thought they had made right off, all on ’em, as I could get no answer from either cell, right hand or left hand. But one day the chaplain comes in, and says he, ‘No. 37,’ (that was my number,) says he, ‘No. 36 has met with a severe accident trying to escape, and the surgeon thinks that he will die.’ But he ain’t dead you know,” Jim added quickly, “that was only what the chaplain said; and says he, ‘As you’re a going out soon, he wants you to take a message to his mother. Will you take it?’ That I will, said I, glad enough to have any one to speak to. So he says, ‘Come along with me.’ And we went to the Infirmary. There I saw your Bob, and heard that he had fallen forty feet, right on to the flags. He had put out his hip, his right arm was broken in two places, so was some of his ribs, and he was terribly shook and bruised all over.’

“My boy—my boy! But what did he say?”

“First of all he asked me my name, and I told him.”

“Please tell me?” said Mrs. Wantley, drawing her chair a little closer to where Jim Riley sat.

“My name,” he replied after a pause, “is Brooks—Tom Brooks; and says he, ‘Jim,’—leastwise, as I said, ‘Tom, go to my poor mother,’—and he told me where to go—‘and tell her from me that I’ve been a thinkin’ a good bit of all I’ve done, and if I die, as they say I may do very soon, I shan’t, please God,’—this is just his words—‘I shan’t, please God, die the devil’s imp I’ve bin all these years; and if I live, why, I’ll be a comfort to her yet.’”

“God bless him!—I knew he’d mend. I knew it!”

“Well; he got mortal bad after that, and they let me be with him a good deal, on an’ off; but he said nought else but that what I’ve told you, many a time over; and at last he took and got round agin slowly, till the morning as I come out he was a sittin’ up eating his soup quite perky.”

“Heaven be praised! But if I was to go to see him, do you think they would let me in?”

“I think they would,” Mr. *Brooks* replied. “The chaplain, he took to him very kindly, and so did the surgeon; and I think if you was to see them they’d get you let in.”

“I’ll go directly—I’ll go this very night! Here, Flora!”

“Gently, gently!” said Riley, stopping her as she rose and was rushing out of the room. “To-morrow ain’t visitors’ day, nor Wednesday neither; and the Governor, he’s a rare one for sticking to rules. You go down on Thursday, and you’ll have a chance.”

The poor widow thanked Mr. Thomas Brooks heartily again and again, and, after some further conversation about her son, asked him where

he had come from, and where he was going that day; and upon this Nancy, who had sat silent and motionless all the time, broke in—

“I live at the third cottage opposite the well, a mile and a bit from Westborough.”

“At Westborough!” said Mrs. Wantley, recalling the words of Mr. Sampson Lager. “Ah, yes; I know Westborough! It’s down near Penzance!”

Riley (or Brooks, as he chose to call himself there) eyed her intently for a moment, and then replied, “Ay, sure; down by Penzance.”

“And have you walked all the way?”

“Every step from Westborough.”

“Dear, dear, dear!” exclaimed the widow, “how tired and hungry you must be; and I not to offer you anything! We’re just going to tea, and if you and the young woman could stop and take share of what we have got, we shall be so pleased.”

By this time all the poor woman’s fear and antipathy had vanished, so they all sat down to tea together in the back parlour. But before the repast commenced Helen took poor daft Nancy in hand—changed her wet and muddy boots; combed out her shaggy elf-locks that had not known care since Mrs. Riley died; washed and tended the poor helpless thing; ran together the slits and tears in her tattered dress with nimble needle; made her tidy and comfortable with some little things out of her scanty wardrobe—so that you could hardly recognize the wretched weary drab who dragged herself upstairs, led by this kind-hearted, girl in the almost nice-looking woman with whom she returned after a brief half-hour into the little back parlour. Had not the poor creature’s brother brought good news of Bob? And if there be joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, shall no delight be expressed on earth, my brothers?

Elegant Miss Flora was the only member of the family that did not do his or her best to make the strangers welcome. “If mother chooses,” this lady remarked, “to make up to a lot of idiots and pickpockets out of the street and ask them in to tea, just because they pretend to have come with a message from that disgraceful Bob, I ain’t a-going to demean myself by sitting down with them!” saying which she tossed her head and flounced out of the apartment.

Refined, however, as was Miss Flora’s mind, her appetite was considerable; and when the savoury odour of eggs and fried ham—delicacies purchased suddenly as a treat for the visitors—was wafted into Mr. Lager’s room, which his fair attendant invariably occupied, in state, during his absences, she began to soften. First she went down again into the back parlour, under pretence of getting some work which she had forgotten, and left the room tossing her head with lessened severity. Then she re-entered, finding that no one entreated her to stay, and intimated that she had condemned Master Augustus—(this was her youngest brother)—to go supperless to bed on account of sundry acts of insubordination committed

by that juvenile during the day; but added, that perhaps she could be persuaded to let him off if he begged her pardon. This Augustus—who had gorged until he was utterly unable to swallow another mouthful, and was rapidly subsiding into a comatose state—sleepily declined to do; whereupon his mother whipped him with a severity out of all proportion to the fearful howling which followed the infliction, and carried him off to bed. What, then, could the fair Flora do but take the vacant place, and preside?—"just to mind the children," as she protested, "nothing more," saying which she immediately helped herself to a plateful of the savoury dish which had been exciting her gastric juices, and made a very excellent meal.

It was soon time for Helen to start for her theatre—for she was to appear in the first piece—and she departed smiling. It was soon time for the nomadic and predatory young Wantleys to go to bed. Thitherward they were driven, for the most part, howling; and then the wayfarers were left alone with the kindly widow and her eldest daughter.

"Now, Mr. Brooks," said the latter, when she had cleared the table, "I'm sure you would like to smoke your pipe a bit. So you take off your coat, and make yourself comfortable."

Jim was not slow to accede to her request, and was soon puffing away at some excellent tobacco which the omniferous little shop provided; whilst the fair and fragile Flora, whose dislike to the fragrant weed was for a while subdued by curiosity to hear what the—to her—unwelcome visitor might have to say, sat at the window pretending to read the current number of "Crimes and Coronets; or, the Mysteries of the Peerage." But although the previous number had left the innocent heroine hotly pursued by the wicked nobleman along the sewers under the Westminster Bridge Road, into which she had dug her way with a pair of scissors from that reprehensible Peer's mansion in St. James's, the judicious pursuer was too well versed in such *escapades* to imagine for a moment that any harm would result to injured innocence; and consequently had plenty of attention to give to the conversation which ensued.

"But you don't mean to say," remarked the widow, when Jim had stated that he was bound to Sheffield, "that you're going to drag this poor thing"—indicating Nancy, who had crept to her side, and was gazing wistfully in her motherly face—"all that weary way?"

"What else am I to do?" asked Jim; "I wouldn't if I could help it; for it's most like I shall have to tramp back agin if a gentleman as I met at West—— at Pen—zance, you know, doesn't find me summut to do."

"Hasn't she got any friends in London who would take care of her whilst you were away?"

"I wish she had."

"And I suppose—hoping I don't intrude in asking—I suppose you can't afford to pay anyone for taking care of her?"

"I could," said Jim gravely, puffing away at his pipe; "I could,

Mother left a little money behind her—saved up for Nancy, I'll be bound. Leastwise, *I* shan't touch a penny of it. It comes altogether to nigh upon five pound, and I'd give it all, cheerful, to anyone as would give the poor lass board and lodging, and use her well, for—well, say two months; and after that, if I got work, I'd pay so much a week out of my wages to keep her comfortable."

"I'm sure that's very good of you."

"You see," continued Jim, in a reflective tone, "if she was all right in her yead she could cook and that for me, and keep a bit of a room neat and clean for us to live in. But, bless you! she can't do nought, and a great rough chap like me ain't no use to her. Look what she was afore your good gal cleaned her up a bit, and look what she looks like now?"

"I'm sure my Helen would be very kind. Helen would do anything for anybody who belonged to anybody who was kind to our poor Bob," replied Mrs. Wantley.

"Ay!" said Brooks; "she's one of the right sort, I can see; but it ain't likely that such as her would mind Nancy. You don't happen to know anyone," he continued, after a pause, "who has childer of her own, and would feel kindly like to a poor half-witted thing—some one who'd take care on her for a time? Because if you did, I'd give her the money down, and I'd go and look for work with a light heart." And he cast a searching glance at the widow, as though he were reading all that was passing in her mind.

The sum named as a subsidy was not a large one to feed and board a full-grown woman upon, but as things went in that frugal household it was quite sufficient, and a little to spare. Moreover, it had been a bad time lately in the little shop. A fast young gentleman, who lodged higher up in the street and had run up a longish score, ran it off through the Insolvent Court just as the water-rate (for which the expected payment had been intended) became oppressively due. Then there was the intended journey to Maidstone to see the crippled prodigal, and cherish his good resolves with more of the long-enduring motherly tenderness which, like bread cast upon the waters, had come home at last. *That* must be taken, if all the stock had to be sold up to raise the money,—"and it will cost a good bit," thought poor Mrs. Wantley. Be good enough to remember, that these calculations relate to a household to which a few shillings a week, more or less, made all the difference between plenty and want—between the comfort of owing nothing and the misery of debt. Please to think of this, ladies and gentlemen, when you make your bargains and tell Styles's little girl to call again some other day for her mother's little account, as it is too much trouble to get change now. You are at dinner, you are going out for a drive, and are hurried. You are just come in from a walk, and are tired. "Bless the woman!" you exclaim, "why does she tease one so! Let her send again." These may

seem small things to moralize upon; but the Parish Unions can tell you of hard-working folk who have ended their days in misery, because they had too often to "call again" at rich men's doors. The gaol and the reformatory can tell you of children driven upon the streets to starve when the bread-winner's little shop was sold up, or his tools pawned to satisfy those who would not "call again" on *him*! Fingers that once were decorated with the *insignia* of honest toil, but upon which now glitter Vice's costly fetters, could write the history of patient work-girls, who would be patient work-girls still if grim Hunger could be told, as *they* have been, to "call again." Ay! and the black whirling river can show you the ghastly forms of those who will never "call again," unless it be for vengeance on those whose selfishness, indolence, or fraud, has brought them to their nameless graves.

It was no use to "call again" on the fast young gentleman, and the rate collector had announced that he would pay his last visit on the next morning but one. The takings of the little shop, with Mr. Lagger's rent and the earnings of Helen and Charley, kept the honest household afloat, despite the extravagances of Miss Flora; but there was no surplus to be drawn upon for a contingency like the present. So good Mrs. Wantley, after some hesitation, declared that she did really think that she knew somebody who would be likely to take good care of poor Nancy. "You see," she said, "she seems very quiet, and won't give much trouble after all."

"Trouble!" exclaimed Jim, who knew well what was coming; "just give her some of them old pictures, or a pair of scissors and a bit of paper to cut about, and she'll sit as quiet as a mouse from morning to night."

"The children would soon get fond of her," mused Mrs. Wantley, "and she of them. And we could easy put her up a bed."

"You could?"

"Bless me! what am I talking about? Well, my thought's out now, you see, Mr. Brooks, and if you like to trust me with your sister, why, I'll trust *you* to do what's right in return."

Riley sprang to his feet, and smacked his hand in hers. "It's a bargain," he cried joyfully. "By Godes, it was good luck that sent me here this night!"

The compact was not concluded without a protest from the fair Flora, who declared that mother might do what she liked, but *she* wasn't agoing to be put about by lunatics, and so she told them. She thanked her stars that there was them about as would soon see her settled somewhere else—a hint of impending matrimony which the gentle creature kept for occasions like the present.

The bargain, however, was struck, and the money paid over, Mrs. Wantley insisting upon being allowed to draw up in writing what she supposed to be an inflexibly formal document which would bind her in the severest manner to perform her part of the contract. To her sorrow, she had become acquainted with the roundabout phraseology of the law,

as contained in the various mortgages and assignments made by her jovial but reckless husband ; and she made use of her knowledge, good, honest dame, in the following deed :—

“ I hereby promise for myself, my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to take care of her, and treat her well, and give her as much victuals as she can eat for two months, for this money, according to arrangements now made. And I declare this to be my act and deed, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.”

But as it did not show who the “ I ” might be, or who was the “ her ” who was to be taken care of, or how much “ this money ” amounted to, or what the “ arrangements now made ” were ; and as, moreover, it bore no signature and no date, it cannot be said to be a satisfactory production in a legal point of view. It answered, however, all the purposes for which it was made, and Jim Riley wrapped it up in a piece of old newspaper and pocketed it with much apparent satisfaction.

It was then resolved that Nancy should stay and begin her sojourn that very night, sleeping with Helen till a bed could be prepared for her—that Jim should be accommodated at a respectable lodging-house known to Mrs. Wantley, in Ruby Row—that he should depart for Sheffield the next morning—and that out of his first wages he should send up money to buy Nancy some clothes, or, failing his obtaining employment, that the little which was requisite should be purchased out of the five pounds and made up afterwards—and, lastly, that Mrs. Wantley should go to Maidstone by the Parliamentary train on the following Friday to see her erring son. Then they began to talk of things in general, and, amongst others, of the gentleman who had promised to help Riley if he went to Sheffield.

“ I’ve got other friends down there as is likely to find me something to do,” said Jim, “ besides that gentleman. He lives in a great house near Durmstone, and I don’t expect there’s much in my line to be done there.”

“ Near Durmstone ! ” replied Mrs. Wantley, in a tone of surprise ; “ what is his name ? ”

“ Captain Stephen Frankland.”

“ Ah, I’ve heard that name somewhere, but I don’t remember him. But, law ! it’s twenty years and more since I was near Durmstone, and I was there only for a few weeks.”

“ In the town ? ”

“ No ; I was living in service with Lord Penruthyn. It was my second place ; I wasn’t married then. Haven’t you ever heard tell of the Honourable Horace Penruthyn ? ”

“ No.”

“ He *was* a wild one ! He was My Lord’s younger brother. My Lord was only a young man himself, and rented an old house down there for the fishing and shooting, and what not. Eh ! but it was a gloomy place. It nearly give me the horrors to live there ; and I was not a bit sorry when the establishment was broke up and the family went abroad.”

“Why was that, if I might make bold to ask?” said Jim.

“Well, it was something to do with Mr. Horace and a wild young friend of his—as wild a one as himself. They was all as poor as mice for all their title, and he—that’s the Honourable Horace—got his brother into some awful scrape with bills, and one thing and another, so that they was obliged to make a flit of it without any warning. I lost my wages, and so did the other servants; but I did not mind that. I was quite satisfied to get clear of that ghastly old house. Don’t talk about it, it makes me creep to think of it.”

So the subject was dropped; and soon afterwards, Helen having returned early, as she was not wanted in the afterpiece, Nancy was again given into her charge, and Mr. Brooks went his way to the lodging-house in Ruby Row, saying that he would return in the morning to wish his sister good-bye.

A long account of the inquest upon the murder in Westborough Wood appeared in the next day’s papers; and instead of Jim Riley came a message from him, stating that he had fallen in with a friend who was going into Yorkshire, and with whom he had agreed to travel in company; but as this friend would start as early as daybreak, why, Mr. Brooks would not disturb Mrs. Wantley, but wished her and Nancy good-bye, and they should soon hear from him. Nancy never missed him. At first she was restless and querulous in her new home; but Helen and Mrs. Wantley were very good and gentle with the poor creature, and the children kept her constantly amused; so that in a very short time she not only became quite contented with the change, but seemed to brighten up considerably. Her unchanged, eventless life, in the little cottage at Westborough, was almost enough of itself to deaden any intellect that was not of the strongest. Certainly, it had the worst possible effect upon a mind which had never yet awakened. Little Union Street—not, as we have seen, the gayest of localities—was to her full of wonders, and the humble shop and its customers slowly filled her mind with new but vague ideas, which, confused and distorted as they were, were better than no ideas at all.

In due time Mr. Lager returned to his lodgings. He sauntered in as though he had just been as far as the door to see whether it was fine or raining, and by some chance stumbled over Nancy on the staircase. This happened upon the day on which Mrs. Wantley had gone to Maidstone. Helen was absent at a rehearsal, Charley was in the Temple, and the elegant Miss Flora, being engaged in a flirtation with Mr. Cornelius Bruffer, the chemist next door, the small Wantleys, left to themselves, were devastating the neighbourhood, and getting amongst the horses’ hoofs and under the wheels of the vehicles passing down Ruby Row. How comes it that small children of this class *cannot* be run over? If you were to place the infant heir to ten thousand a-year alone in Little Union Street, he would be a mangled corps in as many minutes!

Nancy was, therefore, all alone; and having a vague notion that the

person left to "mind the shop" was expected to treat all incomers as so many natural enemies thereto, flew fiercely at the detective, and would have ejected him summarily, to his intense astonishment, if Miss Flora— attracted by the disturbance—had not made her appearance.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed Mr. Lagger; "what's all this about?"

"If you please, Sir, it's only a poor lunatic that mother would go and take charge of, to worrit us all. She won't hurt you."

"I won't take my oath of that," replied the lodger, casting a doubtful glance at Nancy's flushed and angry face. "Who the dickins is she?"

Asking this, he gave what Helen would call "a cue," and it was taken immediately, for Nancy replied, eagerly—

"I live at the third cottage opposite the well, a mile and a bit from Westborough."

If Mr. Sampson Lagger had never yet been taken aback during his long professional experience, he was fairly taken aback now. His astonishment vented itself in a long, low whistle.

"Whee—u—u! Westborough, eh! And where's brother Jim?"

Ay, where *was* brother Jim? Nancy could give no information; but Flora told what she knew of his movements—and Mr. Lagger did not sleep that night at home.

CHAP. XIII.

ON THE TRACK.

STEPHEN FRANKLAND'S anticipation that there would be nothing in Brandron's heavy luggage to give a clue to Mangerton Chase was correct. It consisted, for the most part, of articles evidently intended as presents to the gentler sex, and of great value. Cashmere shawls, exquisite Indian muslins, bracelets and other ornaments in gold and silver filagree-work; boxes, ornaments, and puzzles carved in ivory and sandalwood—curiosities of all sorts there were in plenty, and underneath, at the bottom of the box, Stephen found a bundle of shares in a Calcutta Bank which he knew to be worth near upon eight hundred pounds. There was also some wearing apparel; but no letters—no papers or memoranda of any value whatever for carrying out the quondam owner's dying request.

We have seen that Stevie had well considered the manner in which the clue was to be sought for. The key to the secret was in the hands of Father Eustace; and the first step was to find him out and obtain an interview, or to ascertain with what institution likely to afford a home to such a person as Mary Alston he was connected, some time between the years 1838—when Brandron went to India—and 1859, when he received the letter signed "Susan." But how was Stephen to commence these inquiries—and where? He had thought over this many a time before he left home on his search, and from questions which he had put in a casual manner to the Vicar of Durmstone and Lord de Cartarett—who was

a Roman Catholic, but, I am afraid, not a very good one—he learnt that something in the nature of a Clergy List was issued at the office of a notorious Roman Catholic newspaper which was published every week in Strand. To the office of this journal he went direct from the railway station, and obtained permission to look over the current list, and such of the lists for previous years as were on the premises. These went back as far as 1847, and the publisher was not sure whether there were any others. He rather thought that the publication was commenced then, or thereabouts; but was not quite certain. In none of these was the name of Father Eustace.

Stephen next began to inquire about institutions in which a person in humble life could obtain a home; but obtained very vague replies. Such public institutions as existed in London would be mentioned in the Post Office Directory. The publisher knew nothing about those in the country; perhaps the sub-editor did, only he was out; and the editor never came to the office. The publisher rather thought there was one at Birmingham and one at Salford, and had heard about one at Liverpool. This much, however, he could say, there was no printed guide whatever which would give the inquirer such information as he desired, relative to all England, or to private charities. Was the publisher acquainted with any person who would be likely to know? Well, perhaps the sub-editor might. Would Stephen call again? Stephen promised to do so, and left the shop a little dashed by this failure in a quarter from which he had been led to expect so much.

An interview with the sub-editor was fixed for the next day at two o'clock; and, being so near the Temple, Stephen thought he would call upon Cuddy Lindsay by way of killing time. He found no difficulty in getting *into* this abode of learning; but after having wandered to and fro amongst its courts and passages for about three-quarters of an hour, he perceived it to be by no means so easy for the stranger to get *out* of it, or to find any point therein of which he was in search—particularly if he trusted to the directions of the clerks and porters who infested its precincts.

At last he stumbled upon Sycamore Court, and upon the lentil of No. 7 found painted the name of Mr. Cuthbert Lindsay, with two others, as occupying the third floor. He sprang up the stairs; and when he had mounted about half way, encountered a young gentleman laboriously engaged in zoological investigations. He had caught an unlucky mouse, and, having tied a long piece of black thread securely to its tail, was trying to make it walk up one of the bannisters backwards. Of course Stephen boxed his ears. There is a sort of boy to box whose ears in passing is a debt one owes to society, and which society should exact. It may not be quite legal, perhaps; but this is a fault in the law, which will not be wholly just until it makes boxing the ears of an electric telegraph boy discovered playing marbles, a doctor's boy caught sliding

on the pavement, or an office-boy seen playing on the staircase, an assault not only *justifiable*, but compulsory.

The delinquent upon this occasion—who was no other than our friend Charley Wantley—resented the infliction after the manner of his tribe. He stiffened his arms, held them behind him, and, thrusting his chin very close to the bottom of Stephen's waistcoat, requested him to hit him (Charley) again, in a tone which threatened the severest consequences in case the blow were repeated. In the confusion the mouse escaped, and Stephen, pushing its indignant tormentor aside, continued his ascent, and found Cuddy's door open. He was about to enter, when Charley ran up, and, seeing whither the stranger was bound, assumed a penitential mien, and asked whom he pleased to want.

He was about to reply, when strange sounds from within attracted his attention. First came a slight noise, as though of a struggle; and then a voice, which he knew to be Cuddy's, exclaimed,—

“Now, I say, put me down, Jackson, please put me down! Con—found you! *Don't*—DON'T! Don't be a fool! Put me down!”

“Then swear you won't tell.”

“I'll see you hanged first! Oh!”

At this moment an inner door was thrown open, and a gentleman in red morocco slippers and a velvet shooting-jacket, who could have commanded a handsome salary as the giant in a travelling show, appeared in the passage, carrying Cuddy in his arms as a nurse would carry an infant, and occasionally tossing him as infants are tossed.

“You great idiot!” screamed Cuddy; “put me down! Don't you see there's some one at the door?”

The great idiot did not, for his back was towards it; but thus appealed to, he dropped Cuddy in so summary a manner, that if the little man had not had a good hold on his nurse's whiskers he might have come to grief.

“I think you used to know this person, Stevie,” said Lindsay, when the first greetings were exchanged. “He was with us at Rugby. He owns to the vulgar name of Jackson. Jackson, Captain Frankland.”

“I am ashamed,” replied Stevie, “to own that I do not remember Mr. Jackson.”

“Oh, I only came just as you were leaving. I was quite a little fellow when you were a preposter,” was Jackson's reply.

“I hope to goodness that I never thrashed you, then!” said Stephen gaily, glancing at the Herculean proportions of the speaker, who thereupon roared out a hearty laugh, and observed, that if Stevie had done so, he probably well deserved all he had got.

There is a sort of freemasonry in these things; and Stephen, who would have been as stiff and cold as Gold-Stick-in-Waiting towards the giant, had he been a stranger, warmed up towards him directly he heard that they had been together for a few weeks at the same public school.

"Your state is the more gracious, I assure you," Cuddy observed, "for not remembering the creature called Jackson. It was indulging its fierce and brutal nature when you came in."

"If you only knew, Captain Frankland, what a desperate little tyrant Cuddy is in these chambers, you would consider him mercifully dealt with. It is the only way we have of bringing him to order."

"Don't say *we*," replied a voice from the inner room; "and either come in or shut the door."

"The person who now speaks," said Cuddy, ushering Stephen into the apartment from whence the voice proceeded, "is another familiar, whom I picked up at Merton. He is a working creature, and has recently put us to open shame by getting briefs. Captain Frankland—Lorimer. Jackson, you may smoke one pipe. Stevie, behold some bitter beer! Lorimer, put away those insulting briefs! And now, my children, you know one another—bless you!—be happy!"

After a short but pleasant conversation, Jackson and Lorimer left the room.

"Those are two of the best fellows in the world," said Cuddy, shutting the door after them, "in diametrically opposite ways. They have rooms of their own on the opposite side of the lobby, but they are always with me, or I with them. Now, tell me how you found all at home? What a grand splash you had on the 31st! We saw it all in the *Illustrated*.

"To tell plain truth, it was an awful bore to me," Stevie replied; "but the dear old governor was pleased, and the mater too; so it was all right in the end."

"Anything discovered about poor Brandron?"

"Nothing. I have called to-day to ask your advice about a matter closely connected with him."

"What is it?"

"Don't be offended, old man, if I say that I may not tell you. I can ask you what I want to know, but must not tell you why I want to know it. You must have perceived at the inquest that there was a secret between us that I cannot reveal."

"I did; and I know well that you are not the man to break your word. Use me just as you please, Stevie, and I shall be delighted to give you any assistance in my power, without asking why or wherefore. What do you want to know?"

"I want to find out one Father Eustace, a Roman Catholic priest, who is, or was, connected with some charitable institution in England."

"Then Lorimer is your man!" Cuddy exclaimed; "he is a great theologian, and he and a distinguished Papist, who knows everybody and everything, are constantly engaged in the profitable occupation of consigning their mutual souls to perdition, each supposing that he is rapidly converting the other. Here, Dagon!"

Dagon responded to the call, in the person of Charley, so christened by Jackson on account of his name of Wantley being associated with dragons.

“Go and tell Mr. Lorimer he is wanted,” Cuddy commanded; “but Mr. Jackson is not to come. Quick now!”

Lorimer appeared, and Stephen’s wish being explained as far as was necessary, he readily promised to give the latter an introduction to his friend and polemical foe, the Reverend Mr. O’Hara—“only,” he added, as he sat down to write the note, “you will excuse my advising you not to let him draw you into a religious argument, unless you happen to be very well up in controversy.”

Stephen replied that he would take care of that; and after some more jolly talk and chaff amongst the friends, in which the giant—or Gigas, as they called Jackson—was permitted to join, Stephen took his departure; and not caring to trust himself again in the labyrinths of the Temple, hailed “a Hansom,” which he found in King’s Bench Walk, and drove off to Finsbury Circus, where the Reverend Mr. O’Hara resided.

He found there a brawny middle-aged Irishman, who received him with the greatest *bonhomie*, and laughed a rich deep laugh, that matched well with his rich deep brogue, at almost every remark he made.

“Assist you—Ha! ha! ha! Of course I will—if I can. Glad to see any friend of Lorimer’s!—Ha! ha! ha! So you want to find Father Eustace, eh?—Ha! ha! Well, sit ye down—sit ye down—Ha! ha! ha! and before we go any further ye’ll take a bit of lunch with me, for I can’t talk on an empty stomach, and I have not tasted bit, bite, or sup, since one o’clock this day.” It was then half-past four.

In vain Stephen protested against this exercise of hospitality from a perfect stranger. The jolly priest laughed louder than ever, pooh-poohed his scruples, and rang the bell. The summons was answered by a neat-handed Phillis, who had an intuitive knowledge of what would be wanted, as she returned in about three minutes with a tray, upon which the greater part of a cold fowl, a Strasbourg pie, a crusty loaf with its head set on in a confidential and inviting manner, and a foaming tankard of fat ale, were set out on the snowiest of cloths.

Having done ample justice to these good things, to his reverend entertainer’s intense delight, expressed by chuckles which surged and bubbled up from depths deep beneath his ample waistcoat, Stephen found that he had been hungry, and gave the most practical admissions of that fact, notwithstanding all he had declared to the contrary. At last the tray was cleared off. “And now,” said the padre—crossing his comfortable legs and drawing back his chair—“now to business. Are ye quite sure ye’ll not take a glass of toddy, or anything else?”

“Quite sure!”

“Just to settle the pie!” insinuated the jolly priest.

“Many thanks—no. I never touch spirits.”

“Ye’re wrong. Indeed, ye’re wrong—Ha! ha! ha! A jug of wholesome punch—in moderation, mind—is the stomach’s best friend.”

“What would the Temperance folks say to that doctrine?”

"That! for the Temperance folks," replied Mr. O'Hara, snapping his fat fingers. "Let those who cannot master their appetites take an oath to touch nothing, for fear they should take too much; but let moderate men enjoy the good things Providence gives them, in their own way."

"Well," said Stephen, smiling, "I did not expect——"

"Did not expect what?"

"Why, if I must finish a sentence imprudently began, I did not expect to hear such—such——"

"Go on—Ha! ha! ha! Such common-sense from a priest, eh? Was that what you were going to say?"

"Something like it," said Stevie, "I must confess."

"Know us a little longer, and a little more, my boy," replied Mr. O'Hara, with more earnestness than he had yet displayed, "and ye'll find that treating human beings *as* human beings, and talking common-sense to them, is the secret of the hold we have on our parishioners. Your clergy, for the most part, preach over the heads of the poor. This, and your pew system, is what keeps them from your churches. But, to business—to business—Ha! ha! ha! Ye want to discover Father Eustace."

"I do; and if you will——"

"Sure, I'll do anything for ye that I can. But tell me now, first of all, what's his surname?"

"His surname?"

"Faith, yes; a man has two names, if he's a Christian; and Eustace sounds to me more like a Christian name than a surname."

"I never thought of that," said Stephen, in a tone of vexation.

"Maybe he is a foreigner?"

"That I cannot say. All I know of him is, that he was connected with some Institution (which I suppose to be in England) within the last twenty years. I own it seems absurd to trouble you upon so meagre a clue."

"Not a bit of it—Ha! ha! ha! What made me ask you if he is a foreigner is, that our priests are not usually called by their Christian names in this country. Maybe it is a surname after all. Eustace—Eustace! Eustace! The name seems familiar too. Where can I have heard it? Faith, I have it!" The padre did not laugh this time, but grew suddenly grave, and asked abruptly—"What do you want him for?"

"That, I may not tell you."

"Hum! Will you tell me what you *don't* want him for, if I put a few questions to ye?"

"Certainly."

"If ye did find him out, would it be to his detriment?"

"No. I want him to direct me to a certain place—no more."

"And if he directed you to this place, whatever or wherever it may be, would anything happen prejudicially to one of our faith?"

"On the contrary, an act of justice would be performed, in which I

believe every good Christian, be he Protestant or Catholic, would rejoice."

"You are connected with the law?" said the priest quickly.

"Not I."

"Or with some public department?"

"No. I am acting as a private individual, attempting to carry out the wishes of a friend who died before he could fully express them."

"One question more, and I have done. Supposing that you are enabled to carry out those wishes fully, will they, in your judgment, and upon the honour of a gentleman, affect, directly or indirectly, the propagation of the Holy Faith (here the priest crossed himself), in this country, or abroad?"

"I think I can say, conscientiously, that they will *not*. I give you my honour, that, if I find them likely to do so, I will make no use of any information I may glean from Mr. Eustace in carrying them out. I can say no more."

"You have said enough. I will give you a letter to a person who I have every reason to believe *can* tell you what you require to know. Whether he *will*, or not, is a matter for himself. Excuse me for a short time." So saying, Mr. O'Hara left the room, and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a note in his hand.

"It is usual, I know," he said, "to send letters of introduction open, but you must excuse my sealing this. Go to the person to whom it is addressed," he continued, handing Stevie the note; "only, mind, I do not say he *will* assist you, I only think he *can*."

They then talked of things in general, and the jolly priest began to laugh again.

It was too late that day for Stephen to follow up his search; but the next afternoon he proceeded to the address given by O'Hara, and sent up the letter of introduction with his card.

He was shown into a spacious room with folding doors. The carpet was of the thickest velvet pile, into which the foot sank deep at every step. The furniture, which was of the most elegant and costly description, was of walnut, covered, where covering was required, with morocco leather of a dark green tint. Curtains of dark green cloth, bound with gold twist, half closed the plate-glass windows. A few choice water-colour drawings hung upon the walls, and statuettes in alabaster and bronze of rare beauty were sprinkled here and there, unobtrusively, throughout the apartment, around all sides of which ran a low book-case well stored with richly-bound volumes. Stephen saw at a glance that he was in the domain of a man of wealth and taste; and, absorbed in contemplation of so many pleasing objects, did not perceive that the folding doors had opened, and that its master was standing between them, watching him.

He was a man of about forty—slight and tall, and dressed entirely in black. His brow was broad and massive, his face pinched and sharp in

the lower portion, and he had glittering, restless eyes, which seemed to eat into anything upon which they fixed. He fixed them upon Stephen Frankland as he turned, and the cold piercing glance sent a shudder creeping through him from head to heel. The manner of this person, though distant, was courteous in the extreme—a wonderful contrast, though, to that of the jovial priest in Finsbury Circus.

“Captain Frankland, I presume?” he said, bowing politely. “Pray be seated. You have seen Mr. O’Hara?”

“I have; upon a subject which, doubtless, he has named in his letter.”

“He has done so. You seek information respecting Father Eustace?”

Stephen bowed assent.

“He was here last night. He sat, if I recollect aright, in the very chair which you now occupy.”

“Then he lives in England?” exclaimed Stephen, delighted with the news.

“Well, hardly so. He had just arrived from Copenhagen when I saw him, and early this morning he sailed for Australia.”

Stephen’s bright look fell.

“Will he be away long?” he asked.

“He cannot tell; no one can tell how long he may remain. He may return by the next mail; he may spend the rest of his life there.”

“I owe you an apology for asking so apparently vague a question,” said Stephen; “but as he is not approachable, can you put me in the way of —”

“Ascertaining what institutions he has been connected with?” interposed the gentleman with the restless eyes, consulting O’Hara’s letter, which he held open in his hand. “Certainly. He was educated at Stoneyhurst. You are, probably, acquainted with that college?”

“I cannot say that I am,” said Stephen.

The previous speaker smiled, and continued: “He became one of its professors of theology. Subsequently, he was made Master of St. Patrick’s Catholic Schools here, in London, and left them to be Confessor to the Queen of Spain. His next appointment was as Chaplain in the Workhouse at Skibbereen in Ireland, and afterwards he acted for some time as Secretary to the Principal of one of our Convents, at Hull. His movements upon leaving this were very unsettled; do you wish me to follow them? I can do so.”

“I am giving you an infinity of trouble.”

“Not at all. First he went to New York; from thence to Mexico; from thence he returned for a short time to the Isle of Jersey; from thence he passed to France, Constantinople, and Bengal. He was at Calcutta for, let me think, eighteen months, and then —”

“Pardon me! It may save you some trouble if I ask, Was he connected during this time with any institution in which an English person of the grade of a domestic servant would enter?”

"No; his last appointment, bearing anything like a permanent character, was that which I have mentioned at Hull."

"May I ask in what year he filled this?"

"He went in 1840, and left in 1845."

"And since that time he has been travelling abroad?"

"Exactly."

"Then I think I have gained the clue I seek."

"I hope you may be successful in carrying out your object." And the speaker fixed his glistening eyes on Stephen's, as though he were looking through them into his mind and reading it there.

Stephen thanked him for his wish, and the service rendered towards fulfilling it, and took his leave well satisfied with that day's work. He determined to go to Hull by the night mail, but, having plenty of time to spare, thought he would look up Cuthbert Lindsay again and acquaint him with the progress he had made.

Cuddy was out when he called, and so was Gigas; but Lorimer was in, hard at work upon some pleas.

"I won't disturb you," Stevie said; "I only came to tell Cuddy I was going out of town for a day or two, and to thank you for the very valuable assistance you have rendered me."

"You've found out what you wanted then?"

"Thanks to you, I have."

"From O'Hara?"

"No; from a friend of his to whom he recommended me."

"Who was that, if I may ask?"

"Certainly." And Stephen repeated the name which was written on the letter. Lorimer appeared greatly astonished at what he heard.

"Indeed! and did you see him?"

"Yes."

"And he told you—?"

"Exactly what I wanted to know—at least, I hope so."

"I should not have thought he would," said Lorimer musingly.

"Why not?"

"Because he is not the sort of man to give information without knowing exactly how it is to be used."

"Do you know him, then?"

"Only by name. Who does not?"

"I, for one," replied Stevie. "Who, and what, is he?"

"You don't mean to say that you don't know?"

"Not I. He seems to be a man of taste, and speaks like a gentleman."

"*He is the General of the Jesuits,*" said Lorimer; "take care what you are about, if what you have to do should interfere with any of the schemes of his order."

Stephen was not so much struck as Lorimer expected with this discovery. The Jesuits and their chief were nothing to this honest-

hearted young soldier. The man had been civil enough, and might have easily declined to give the information if he had not wished to do so. He had entered into minute details respecting the movements of Father Eustace, and so showed that he had nothing to conceal about him. This Stephen explained to his new acquaintance, and so the matter ended for the present.

The next morning found him in Hull, at the Convent gate; but in the meantime he had thought a little more deeply about Lorimer's warning. "From excess of caution," he thought, "they may perhaps throw some obstacles in my way, so I will not ask if they know anything about Susan's sister, but boldly take it for granted that she is here." So when his summons was answered by the Porteress he said—

"I want to see Mary Alston."

To which the Porteress replied, "Please to step in, Sir, and I will tell her."

She *is* here, then, thought Stephen. So far so good, and he entered the Convent hall.

CHAP. XIV.

CHECK!

THE Convent was an ordinary street house, or rather, three ordinary street houses knocked into one; and there was nothing about its appearance, external or internal, as far as Stephen could see, to indicate anything peculiar in the mode of life of its inhabitants. It might have been a boarding-house, a school, the residence of a very large family, a "special" hospital, or, indeed, anything else. Butchers and bakers came to its door, as to others; received their orders, and sometimes did a little bit of flirtation on their own account with servants of the ordinary type. Postmen brought letters and passed them into the letter-box for every one to take her own and read what she listed. Through a glass door at the end of the hall Stephen could see that there was a large and well-laid-out garden behind the house, and in the room into which he was shown to wait he found most of the periodicals of the day, from the *Quarterly Review* down to the current number of *Punch*, which openly displayed an illustration by no means flattering to the Pope.

For a man naturally diffident and shy of strangers as was Stephen Frankland, he had hitherto got on remarkably well in his interviews. The *bonhomme* of O'Hara, and the curiosity and excitement which his visit to the General of the Jesuits had roused, prevented him from plaguing himself with a dozen-and-one tiresome scruples which would have stood in his way under other circumstances. But now that he had so far successfully pursued the track, and was, as he supposed, on the very verge of an important discovery, he felt as restless and apprehensive as a child. "If it were a man now," he thought, "that I am going to see, I should

know how to deal with him ; but a woman !—and of all sorts of women a nun ! What am I to say to her ? How open the subject ? Suppose she begins to cry, or faints, what on earth am I to do ? Of course she has been taught to consider all men monsters of iniquity, and if I am not awfully careful she may get frightened, and refuse to tell me anything.”

As Stephen thus mused, a woman, dressed as a Sister of Charity, in a plain black stuff dress, and plain white linen cap fastened with a broad band under the chin, entered the room, closed the door behind her, and stood with her arms folded—as servants sometimes stand waiting for orders—close inside it.

Though her posture was that of a dependant, there was no token of dependency in her demeanour. A more masculine figure—a harder and more cruel-looking face, than that which she turned upon him, Stephen never remembered to have seen, as she stood biting her thin bloodless lips, and staring at him boldly under her contracted brows.

Stephen bowed, and placed a chair for her.

“ You have sent for me,” she said, waving aside the proffered seat ; “ what do you want ?”

“ I am going to ask you to let me have a few moments’ conversation with you. Pray take a chair.”

“ No.”

“ Then I must stand too,” said Stephen, rising.

“ You can do as you please. Go on with what you have to say.”

“ First let me be sure that I am troubling the right person. Do I address Miss Alston ?”

“ My name is Mary Alston.”

“ Then will you be good enough to give me the address of your sister ?”

“ I have no sister.”

“ Indeed ! Am I not correct in supposing that you have a sister named Susan, who once—long ago—lived at Mangerton Chase ?”

“ I had such a sister ; but she broke all ties of relationship when she went to the house you have mentioned. She has been dead to me for more than twenty years. She is dead to all now.”

“ Dead !” exclaimed Stephen.

“ It is little I hear or care to know of those whom I was associated with in other days,” replied the stern Sister of Charity ; “ but I have lately learned that she is dead. She has my prayers, but neither my pity nor my regret. She should have died long ago.”

“ It is not for me to ask why one in your position should speak so bitterly of a near relative,” said Stephen, disgusted at her harshness. “ I have only now to request, as I cannot get the information from her, that you will be so obliging as to direct me to Mangerton Chase ?”

“ How can I ?”

“ Your sister lived there ?”

“ Well ? ”

“ Surely, if, as I gather from what you have just said, her going there gave you offence, you must be able to tell me where she went ? ”

“ She left her home,” said Mary Alston, “ contrary to the wishes of her parents, and against my advice. Her home was too quiet and religious for her frivolous and sinful mind. She persuaded her youngest sister to accompany her, and led the wretched girl to her perdition here and hereafter. They shook the dust off their feet against us, and we closed our doors and our thoughts to them for ever. I know that she who was once my sister Lucy brought disgrace upon our honest name. I know that she who was once my sister Susan took menial service in some great man’s family. I know no more.”

“ Not even the name of that family ? ”

“ No.”

“ Or where is Mangerton Chase, in which they lived ? ”

“ No.”

“ God help me ! ” moaned Stephen, “ this is bad news indeed. Pray excuse my being importunate. I do assure you I am actuated by no idle curiosity. To find Mangerton Chase is of the greatest importance to me. Think—consider well, before you reply. Can you give me no clue to it—no clue to anyone who may know it, or the name of its owner ? ”

“ None.”

“ Will you tell me where you lived when your sisters left home ? ”

“ Close to Ipswich.”

“ Do you know where they went from thence ? ”

“ First to Cambridge, and then to London.”

“ And how long after their departure from Ipswich was it that you heard your sister Susan had gone to live at Mangerton Chase ? ”

“ About eighteen months. She deceived us by getting some stranger to direct the letter in which she stated where she had gone, otherwise we should not have opened it.”

“ One question more,” said Stephen, “ and I will trouble you no further. Is her husband alive ? ”

“ I was not aware till three days ago that she had been married.”

“ Some of your family may know ; will you——”

“ By associating herself with what brought shame upon us all, she was disowned by her family. There is not a member of it, now that my father and mother are no more, who are aware such a person existed.”

“ She might have written to some of her relations unknown to you ? ”

“ Perhaps.”

“ Will you enable me to see some of your connections to ask ? ”

“ No.”

“ You have a reason for declining, I suppose ? ”

“ I have. I do not choose to rake up old sores to please a stranger.”

“ Believe me that I wish to do no such thing. I pledge you my word

that I will not mention your sister's name, but only ask if they know Mangerton Chase."

"They will not know it."

"How can you tell?"

The Sister of Charity made no reply, but stood motionless, as she had stood all the while, with her arms folded, biting her thin lips, her cold stern gaze fixed on Stephen.

"Am I to understand you as still refusing?" he asked, after a long and, to him, embarrassing pause.

"You are."

Then," said Stephen, "I can do no more, and so I take my leave."

The Sister of Charity stepped three paces aside to let him pass, but did not return his bow, and left the room by an opposite door, without glancing to the right or left.

"It's queer, isn't it," said the portress to one of the other servants, soon after she had let Stephen out, "that Sister Mary should have had three visitors since Monday?"

"Lor, Anne! what of that?" said the person addressed; "why, some of the ladies have four or five every week."

"So they do," replied the portress; "but I've been here sixteen years come Christmas, and I never knew her have *one* person to see her all that time. Now *three* come one after the other. There's something up, I'll be bound. I wonder what it is?"

If Sister Mary had been willing to tell Stephen all she knew, and the result had come to nothing, the chances are that his failure upon, as he thought, the very brink of success, would have dashed his spirits and made him very hopeless for the future. There are some people, however, for whom opposition is the best spur, and Frankland was one of them. "No," he said to himself—dealing his knee a mighty thump, as the train started with him back again to London—"no, I'll see her hanged first! I'll not give it up. I'll find Mangerton Chase yet, in spite of all the Sisters of Charity that ever scowled. The old catamaran! I wonder if her relations could have told me anything? Mangerton Chase—Mangerton Chase. Confound it! It sounds a name that everybody ought to know—like Alton Towers, or Haddon Hall, or Belvoir Castle; but nobody seems to have ever heard of it. If it were not for 'Susan's' letter I should doubt there was such a place, and treat it as a myth of poor Brandron's delirium—like the woman he fancied he saw sitting by the window. Then, if it wasn't for the armoury and the tapestry that he spoke of, one might fancy it to be some cockney affair, built by a retired cheesemonger. But no! It's an *old* house—that's clear. It's probably a *large* house; for, according to old catamaran—(by which unflattering expression Stevie was wont, in his own mind, to designate Sister Mary)—her sister took service in some great man's family. Ha, ha! she did give me one wrinkle, in spite of her teeth, though I ought to have known it

before from what Brandron hinted. It's a *noted* house, or he would have told me where it was. He evidently took it for granted that I should know, or easily ascertain, and so devoted his mind to describing whereabouts in it the papers would be found."

Thus musing, Stephen began to recall what Brandron had said on various subjects, and remembered the fears expressed by him, lest, in an unwary moment, he had betrayed to his murderer where the papers were concealed; and a moment's consideration of this point sufficed to knock on the head a scheme which Frankland had formed. It would not do to advertise. He had no doubt but that an inquiry touching Mangerton Chase in that mysterious second column of the *Times* would bring him a dozen answers, particularly if the hope of a reward were held out to the informer. But then, it would give a very dangerous hint to others, if Brandron had made known the depositary of the secret. There was just a chance, Stephen thought, that the person or persons interested in preventing its being brought to light would not, or perhaps could not, act immediately upon the information; but the moment they found out that some one else was on the track, they would be sure not to lose a moment. "They must know well enough where Mangerton Chase is," Stephen thought, "and could be beforehand with me. No, no; it would not do to advertise, except as a last resource, and the time has not yet come for that. I have not seen much of England out of our own county. I'll do a little travelling some day soon, and see if I cannot hit upon this mysterious house that way. It's no use my bothering my head about the clue—that's done for. I'll be bound, that if ever I find Mangerton Chase at all, I shall stumble upon it by accident, and when I least expect to hear of it."

So he returned to London, and deposited Brandron's property, under seal, with his agents. "I may know," he thought, "some day, perhaps, for whom it was intended." Then he went back to Tremlett Towers, and settled down quietly in his home. He remarked no particular changes in it or its ways. It seemed to him that he had taken up with it again pretty nearly about the point at which his connection was broken off, and that all the years he had spent in India went for nothing. The trees had grown a little, and Frank had grown a great deal; the ivy had overrun the old portion of the house somewhat thicker and prettier, and there had been a change of under-servants—that was all. To others, though—to those who had become familiar with the state of things which the "dear Francis" *régime* had inaugurated—there was a change indeed. Lord de Cartarett, and Spencer Harvey, the Nevilles, Corytons, Markbys, Mainwarings, and scores of other pleasant and hearty young fellows who had been Stevie's chums in former days, but who, as we have seen, had lately begun to fight shy of "The Towers," on account of the airs and graces assumed by "dear Francis," rallied round his brother and themselves; and their division of the county of Derby was a gayer place that bright August than it had been for many a long day.

You see, Tremlett Towers had come to be considered the "great house" of the district (for Lord de Cartarett, though a peer, was by no means rich man, and, being a bachelor, had let his grand house to some people who were not visited); and possibly you may be aware that it is not lawful to do anything in the country that is not first done at the great house. If the great house gets up pic-nics and archery-meetings, or if its sons patronize the village cricket-club, then pic-nics and archery-meetings are charming recreations, and it is quite the thing for everybody to go and witness the great match between "our club" and the "eleven" from Muddleborough. But if the initiative be taken in any other quarter—no matter how well everything may be done—Materfamilias must impress upon her daughters the impropriety of joining this pic-nic, or attending that archery-meeting, and wonder what pleasure anyone can find in seeing a lot of low fellows knock a ball about.

It follows, therefore, that if the great house chooses to be stupid and sulky, all the country within reach of its influence must be stupid and sulky in company. When Stevie had been at hand to take all the trouble of arrangement off her hands, and before poor Sir George had been extinguished as a motive power in his wife's house, Lady Tremlett had been a great patron of such amusements as I have indicated; but Mr. Tremlett had no taste for them. They were frivolous and puerile, he said; and as his wisdom increased, so the country became more and more stupid. At first his lady mother missed the gaieties in which she used to shine—a bright and particular star; and once or twice feebly suggested it would be very nice to do this, that, or the other; but she lacked the energy to move herself, even for her own pleasure; and after Sir George had been snubbed sufficiently for attempting to move on her behalf, the once accustomed diversions faded away, and grave, stately dinner-parties, from which, as soon as the coffee had been served, the guests fled as from the plague, and now and then a solemn meeting of the county archæological society, became the only diversions contributed by, or patronized by, the great house.

This was a state of affairs of which Stephen had no knowledge. He began to do just as he had done before, to the great delight of his mother and discomfiture of "dear Francis," without imagining for a moment that he was doing anything strange or new. It all came so natural to him. Everyone was pleased by this except Mr. Tremlett, who saw his power oozing gradually away, and had nothing upon which he could fix a complaint—for Stephen, in the innocence of his heart, would treat him as the dear little Frank of former days; and, "I say, old fellow, we're going to have a match with Castleton on Thursday, and as you're a muff, and can't play, you're to come and score,"—or, "I say, old fellow, the mammie says we're to get up a pic-nic at the Waterfall,"—or, "I say, old fellow, look sharp, and get out your archery-tackle, for the Coleman girls, and Miss Lee and the Nevilles, are coming over to shoot after luncheon, and we are going to try

and have the next club-meeting here," was the manner in which he would arrange such matters as far as his brother was concerned. And when the disgusted Mr. Francis would begin to preach against such trivialities, he would be told to "shut up;" and when he attempted to excuse himself from participating in them upon the ground of having some important engagement elsewhere, at Quarter Sessions or the like, he would be told—which was worse than all—that they would get on very well without him, or that he was to "come along, like a good fellow."

Portly Mrs. Coleman's delight at this opening of markets for her girls was great; but she was somewhat bewildered by it; for her designs on Stephen Frankland were greatly deranged by the attentions which Lord de Cartarett began to pay her eldest daughter. Uneasiness, however, on this score, was amply counterbalanced by the secret joy she felt at seeing that a far greater catch—namely Percy Coryton, who was three-and-twenty, had ten thousand a year already, and would be some day an Earl with fifty thousand more—was rapidly yielding to the fascinations of her "beauty-daughter," Emily. How she blessed our Stevie for bringing about this increase in the circulation of marriageable young men of fortune! There had been *such* a tightness in the matrimonial market lately.

All went on, then, as merrily as marriage-bells, till one day something happened which jarred upon Stephen's happy but sensitive heart, and gave him a glimpse behind the curtain that concealed his father's miserable and dependent life, and the worthlessness of the brother whom he loved.

It happened one bright Sunday afternoon, when the Tremlett party, including even My Lady, had agreed to walk home from church across the fields, accompanied by a goodly detachment from Ruxton Court, who were invited to luncheon at "The Towers," that they sauntered along through the pleasant meadows in ever-changing groups of twos and threes till they came near to a clump of elm-trees upon the side of a hill, from the crest of which the house could be seen in the distance. Here Stephen halted, and shouted out to his brother, who was in the rear of the party, "I say, Frankie, do you remember when last you and I were here?"

"I cannot say that I do," was the stately reply.

"I have not forgotten. It was the evening before I started for India," Stevie continued to Laura Coleman, who, with Grace Lee, was walking by his side; "and the poor old boy was awfully cut up about my leaving—wasn't he now?"

"He was, indeed," replied Laura.

"Well, we went wandering about in a disconsolate sort of way, till we came here; and then he asked me to cut my name on the trunk of one of those trees yonder, because he could always see it from the house. When I had carved what he wanted, he said—'Oh, Stevie, how long shall you be before you come back?' I told him, perhaps ten years. 'Then,' he said, 'cut ten notches under it, and I will come here

this day every year and hack one out till you are home again.' Come along this way, and I will show it you."

And he ran on in front; and springing into the hedgerow, near the first of the trees, began clearing away the brambles which partly hid the trunk.

"I don't remember it as well as I thought I did," he added, after a short examination of the bole. "It must be the first beginning at the other end." And he ran on again, and began to do the same thing as before to the last of the elms. By this time the whole party had come up and halted, wondering what he could be doing.

"Looking for my name that I cut on one of these trees just before I went abroad."

"I do not think you will find it," said Mr. Tremlett; "for the tree has been cut down."

"Cut down!" exclaimed Stevie, halting suddenly in his struggles with the bushes.

"Yes; cut down."

"Oh, father!" said the poor fellow, in a reproachful tone; "how came that?"

"My dear Stevie—my dear boy," exclaimed Sir George, eagerly; "I had nothing whatever to do with it. I daresay the woodman—I—I really don't know. If I had thought that you—you. I—that is—but I assure you I was not consulted about it—or, or, or"—stammered the Baronet.

"I had it felled," said "dear Francis," coolly.

"*You!*" gasped Stevie; "you cut down my tree?"

"*Your* tree?" replied his younger brother, with a sneer.

"You know what I mean, Frank," Stephen said, in a low tone, and flushing crimson. "I am sorry you did so. Were there not others to cut down?"

"It spoilt the view from my study window," replied "dear Francis;" "and really, I think it most absurd to make such a fuss about an old elm that was not worth sixpence a foot for timber. If you want to see your precious carving, I daresay you'll find it in the wood-stack, if they have not split it up into billets for the fires."

Nothing further was said, and the whole party walked on, leaving Stevie to get out of the hedge, where he had been standing during this conversation, and follow. He did follow; but slowly, and apart from them all, with a sharp pang at his heart. I have told you, that, with all his strength and all his bravery, he was a very child when his feelings were touched.

He marched on gloomily, and did not perceive that Grace Lee had lagged behind the rest, under pretence of gathering some wild-flowers, till he was close up to her.

"Captain Frankland," she said, softly, "all people do not regard the same things in the same way."

"We should quarrel dreadfully if they did," replied Stevie with a gaiety he did not feel; "but why do you say so now?"

"Because I see you have taken something to heart which, perhaps, was not meant heartlessly."

"Oh! you are mistaken. I was a little disappointed, of course; but it's all right. I—I don't worry myself about such trifles."

"Do you really think it a trifle?" asked Grace, bringing her gentle earnest eyes to bear just for one second on Stevie's.

Short and diffident as was the glance, it spoke volumes. It drove back the fib which was on the point of Stevie's tongue, tapped at his heart, and opened it to one who, up to this time, he had almost avoided. Could this kind girl, who could read his foolish sensitive thoughts and sympathize with them, be the cold, matter-of-fact, strong-minded Grace Lee, against whom he had been warned?

"I daresay you will think me a great fool, Miss Lee," he said in an under-tone, "if I confess it seems to me that when they cut down that old tree with my name upon it, they cut me away from my home."

"Do not say *they*," was her reply; "but see, Lady Tremlett has stopped, and is waiting for us." And they passed on without another word.

Many a time after this Stephen found himself chatting with Grace Lee. They had mutually began, as Mrs. Malaprop advises, "with a little aversion." Frankland got over this at a bound when he saw, by her sympathizing with him in his first rebuff, that she had feelings congenial to his own; and a letter which Grace received shortly afterwards from Gerty Treherne set right a misunderstanding under which she had laboured concerning his delay in visiting his home. He had *not* gone to stay with friends, as she had supposed. He had *not* remained away from his parents to give time for the preparation of a grand reception. The *fête* which had taken place was arranged without his knowledge. He had gone to Westborough to do one kind action, and he had been detained there by another. In short, he was not such a bad fellow after all.

"What do I think of Captain Frankland now?" she said—in reply to a question from Laura, on their return from the archery-meeting, which, to Lady Tremlett's great delight, *was* held at "The Towers,"—"why, I think he is not a bit like his brother."

"You goosey! who ever said he was? Stevie's quite handsome."

"I was not speaking of his face, dear," was the quiet reply.

This interesting "he" was, as we know, an inveterate smoker of cheroots—his Indian life having accustomed him to be hardly ever without one in his mouth. Now, there was every modern appliance in his mother's house, except a smoking-room. So he smoked in his bed-chamber whilst he was getting up, smoked in the garden during the day, and smoked in his bed-chamber again when he retired for the night, to the dissatisfaction of "dear Francis," who expressed a rooted antipathy to the fumes of the fragrant weed.

One morning, soon after breakfast, he lit up as usual; and, standing upon the grassplot under his mother's window, began talking to her merrily, cheroot in hand. She had just said how very nice dear Stevie's cigar smelt, and how good it would be for the Magnolia that climbed up the wall to get some of the smoke over its leaves, when "dear Francis" came up, and in an angry voice declared that it was disgusting! Stephen was making the house like a tavern, with his beastly cigars. The process, before described, under which Stevie had unconsciously put down his potent younger brother, had to be kept up as its effect wore away; and the affair of the tree—which Mr. Tremlett considered as a victory—had reinstated him as the great Panjandrum himself for despotism and dignity.

He was echoed, of course, by his lady mother, who observed that it certainly was nasty to have smoking in the house. Upon which Stephen replied, in the gay affectionate tone which he always used towards his mother—

"Then why don't you set up a smoking-room, old woman? You'll want one when all those fellows you've been talking about come down to shoot."

"My friends do not require a smoking-room," said Mr. Francis.

"Then your friends are muffs," was all the reply that Stevie deigned.

Lady Tremlett declared, that to have a smoking-room would be charming, and they really *must* and *should* have one. "And oh, Stevie," she said, "puff, puff, puff—directly. Puff some smoke up here—there's such a dreadful bee coming in at the window, and he's going to sting poor me—the nasty thing!"

So Stevie laughed, jumped on a garden-seat, and puffed long whiffs of tobacco-smoke at the intruder—and whether, like "dear Francis," he did not fancy nicotine, or had some other business to transact instead of stinging Lady Tremlett, I cannot say—but off he went; and off My Lady's mind went, after him, the idea of setting up a smoking-room.

Stephen, however, began to cast it over in his, but could not hit upon a locality. This room could not be spared; that was too large; and the other was not conveniently situated. Musing as a man does when he has a good weed between his lips and enjoys it, he sat on the grass beneath one of the huge sycamore trees, and counted the windows on that side of the house, in order that so the various rooms possible for the contemplated divan might be suggested. "By Jove," he thought, "if there were only just such a little den as the mammie's at the other end of the wing, what a capital place that would be! I wonder if it could be built!"

From the other end of the wing extended a row of silver poplars, as a sort of screen to the lawn. The last tree grew quite close up to the house—so close, that some of the branches grew over the roof, and others ground and chafed themselves away against the masonry. Stevie's bedroom was the last along this side, and he had often been disturbed by the scraping and moaning sound made by the boughs, when there

was any wind to move them. He knew there could be no chamber beyond his own, for the passage ended with a dead wall close to his door. He had a good deal of taste for engineering, and I dare say, if he had been born a rich man he would have spent a fortune in bricks and mortar. As it was, he was quite ready and willing to have a finger in the pie at somebody else's expense, and sauntered along with his hands in his pockets, puffing away leisurely at his big cheroot, to survey this unsymmetrical end of the wing.

He scrambled through the evergreens which covered a high bank on which the screen of poplars grew, and jumped on the top of a dwarf-wall in their rear. What was his astonishment to find that there *was* an oriel window, exactly similar to that of his mother's *boudoir*, entirely concealed from without by the surrounding foliage, and which he had never before seen or heard of! Beneath this was the laundry, the lattices of which opened into the stable-yard at the other side of the dwarf-wall.

"Well, there *must* be a room above," said Stevie, half aloud; "though hang me if I know how they get to it."

He was roused from puzzling himself over this knotty point by hearing his own name called out; and looking down—for the wall was the whole height of the bank on the stable-yard side—saw his father and brother approaching from the coach-house, where they had been to inspect a new brougham that "dear Francis" had set up for his private use.

"What a boy you are, Stevie," said the Baronet, "climbing about like that. No! don't jump down—you'll sting your feet awfully if you do."

"I'm not going," Stevie said. "Come here! I want to show you something." And he pointed up towards the hidden oriel window.

If Sir George had worn a mask upon his face, and that gesture of his son's had touched a spring which cast it off, the countenance of the former could not have assumed a more thorough change. His gay fussy manner left him in an instant, and he turned deadly pale. Stephen noticed this slightly at the time; but oh! how the remembrance of it made his heart ache afterwards.

"Is there a room up there?" he asked.

"No, no," replied his father, hurriedly, "of course not—that is, I mean, not one that is used."

"Time it was then," replied Stephen; "it's the very place for our smoking-room."

"It has the advantage of being well away from the habitable part of the house, if you *must* have such a place," said Mr. Tremlett.

"We must have this old tree down though," Stevie observed; "it will make it so dark." And he sat down on the top of the wall, and rubbed the stains of climbing off his hands, with a satisfied air, as though the whole affair were settled.

"You will do no such thing!" cried the Baronet, angrily. "I tell you that room is not habitable; it has not been used since you were born, and

it has fallen into decay. It's damp and unwholesome; and, and—there's no floor; and—and no furniture; and—I—I won't have that tree touched. I value it exceedingly."

"Well, then, let it stand!" said Stevie; "we shall only want to use the room at night."

"As for its being in decay," chimed in "dear Francis," who loved to oppose his father, "that must be looked to, for fear the mildew should get into the beams and affect the rest of the wing."

"And there are half a dozen carpenters about the place eating their heads off for want of something to do, who would put it all to rights in less than no time," continued Stevie.

"I tell you I will not have it touched!" cried his father, stamping with anger. "Are my wishes *never* to be consulted, Francis? That room was shut up before—before—I—you know what I would say. And shut up it shall remain as long as I live, and as long as your mother lives; for her wishes are mine in this respect. There now! And as for you, Stephen, I take it very ill that you should begin to upset all our arrangements and annoy me in this manner almost the moment you come home."

"Oh, very well, Sir," Stevie said, letting himself down from his perch; "if you treat it in that way, there's an end of it at once. I had no notion you were so particular about it. Were you, Frank?"

"I did not even know that there was such a place," was his answer; "but if my mother assures me that it shall be left to rot, of course she must be obeyed."

"Tell me one thing though," said Stephen, with a smile; "is it up there that you keep the ghost?"

His father took him by the arm, and looked him full in the face. His anger ceased as suddenly as it had broken out as soon as the disagreeable project was abandoned; and though still very pale, and trembling in his speech, he spoke collectedly, and with kindness.

"There are some things, my dear boy," he said, "which we Franklands cannot afford to treat with levity. Take my advice, and trouble yourself no further about that room."

"The dear old governor is awfully superstitious, isn't he?" Stephen remarked to his brother when Sir George had left them; "but we must let him have his own way, and find a baccy-den elsewhere." And so they did.

MODERN MYSTICISM AND MODERN SCIENCE.

IN after times, when the characteristics of this century shall have been reflected upon, and chronicled, the mystic tendencies of it will assuredly not be forgotten. Not that proneness to mysticism is any novelty; seeing that under one form or another it has ever existed: but the curiosity in regard to modern mysticism is, that it has co-existed with the very highest respect for science—gone *pari passu* with the march of scientific discovery. Modern mystics even arrogate to themselves the character of scientific men; and claim for their revelations the dignity of science.

It is in the highest degree important that this pretence should be balanced—estimated; that the truth or falsehood of it should be made apparent. Science is after all, in its largest sense, no more than experience acquired by such means of investigation as may be deemed most void of fallacy. Mankind are not born into the world, like beavers, impressed with the mere instinct of race, capable of deriving no truth from the teachings of their ancestors. To humanity, a nobler privilege is given, a higher destiny is accorded. We begin life, as regards knowledge, at the point where our ancestors left off; advancing thence to other goals for the benefit of those to come after. It is of high importance that the truths be winnowed from the fallacies of each successive age; otherwise seekers after truth in coming times will not know what to believe, or where to begin.

The leading truths of science may be remembered, learned by rote, applied to common purposes, without bespeaking, on the part of such as remember and apply them, the requisitions necessary to constitute a scientific frame of mind. That gravitation is an universal force, keeping the planets in their spheres, and drawing terrestrial bodies towards the centre of our planet—these are elementary facts; not to know which familiarly, and be able to talk about them as a parrot might be taught to talk about them, would shock the very shallowest of all shallow pretenders to scientific knowledge. But investigation of the laws of nature, to which these conditions are due, is another matter quite. Few be they who would care to try, and not all of those who, trying, could succeed; yet of this sort alone is the mental discipline which rises to the dignity of science.

It has been well observed by Liebig, that the quality most essential to scientific inquiry is perfect honesty of mind and judgment. The imputation of dishonesty is so abhorrent to one's apprehension, that few would like to admit the possibility of it as regards themselves: nevertheless—understanding the term as Liebig understood it—each and every one of us may accept the imputation without laying any moral delinquency to his charge; the fact being, that no absolutely honest judgment ever yet influenced any human being, or perhaps ever will. The true philosopher knows this fact, and strives to give to it the importance that it merits. It

is difficult, if not impossible, to enter upon any branch of investigation concerning which the investigator has either not formed some preconceived opinion, or concerning which premature and unreliable views have not arisen during the course of experiment. The true philosopher is so conscious of this tendency, that he is ever on the watch to reveal the dishonesty of his own judgment; and if an inquirer more fortunate than himself should devise some new and unexceptionable form of experiment, through the revelations of which some original hypothesis is made invalid, then by so much the more is the true philosopher gratified. Whilst the sciolist and pretender to science resents every imputation on his judgment, every criticism on the merits of evidence—whilst he is prone to regard all laudable hesitation as a sort of imputation on personal honour—the true philosopher accepts the doubt with gratitude. He is ever on the watch to convict his own judgment of that sort of dishonesty to which the great chemist adverts.

Should these remarks meet the eye of any beginner in the practice of scientific inquiry, one so over-arrogant in his or her conceit as to believe in the possession of that absolute honesty of judgment which Liebig deems impossible, the following anecdote may not come amiss. It is a medical anecdote; and being such, it will not only serve to illustrate the general proposition, that a certain amount of latent dishonesty can lurk in well-regulated minds, but to introduce a few remarks touching that somewhat prevalent form of modern mysticism, *homœopathy*. All educated persons, and a good many of the uneducated, are aware of the quality of Peruvian bark by virtue of which it cures ague or intermittent fever. Furthermore, it is pretty generally known, even by the uneducated laity, that the remedial agency of Peruvian bark is attributable to the alkali *quina*. The latter substance is now, indeed, so usually employed, that the administration of Peruvian bark in bulk is rarely had recourse to.

Mark, now, the following episode in the history of vegetable chemistry. It so happens, that if tincture of gall-nuts be poured into decoction of Peruvian bark, a peculiar sediment deposits; and further, that if decoction of oak bark be poured into a solution of isinglass or gelatine, a deposit occurs similar to the former, in all external characteristics. Hence, from the teaching of this evidence, the inference was prematurely drawn, that Peruvian bark contained the matter of isinglass or gelatine; further, that gelatine might be the constituent of Peruvian bark, to which the antifebrifuge agency should be attributable. This hypothesis, if borne out, could not fail to have a very great medical importance. Peruvian bark is costly; the supply of it irregular, and uncertain. Gelatine is a home product, of which every nation possesses enormous stores. Why should we explore, under difficulties, the dense forests of Peruvian cordilleras for an antifebrifuge, so long as old bones at home might be made to furnish us with unlimited quantities? Ah, *why* indeed? if further testimony should prove that chemical science had not been false in its teachings. The question

remained to be determined whether gelatine, as isinglass, or under any other form, would cure intermittent fever. The experiment was tried of course. For a considerable period, Parisian doctors waxed eloquent about the cures effected on ague patients who had been dosed with gelatine. Alas! for the *denouement*. Pelletier and Caventou, in the year 1820, proved, by more delicate experiments, that not an atom of gelatine existed in Peruvian bark: proved, moreover, that the substance formerly mistaken for gelatine was neither more nor less than quina. Of course, it followed that all the philosophers who had helped to promulgate the announcement that gelatine existed in Peruvian bark, and to demonstrate that gelatine would cure ague, had to revoke. They had committed an error; misled by that self-dishonesty adverted to by Liebig.

Of all scientific experience, perhaps none is more difficult to sift from error than medical experience. Many circumstances conduce to this difficulty. First; the subject of experiment—the human machine—is subject to endless variations. Constitutions are no more alike than complexions, or mental characteristics. The physician is never sure that he operates consecutively on two constitutions in every respect identical. Second; the physician is placed at the double disadvantage of not merely having to guard against the dishonesty natural to his own judgment, but the further dishonesty natural to his patient's. Dishonesty! It is an ungraceful word; but, after the limitations awhile ago imposed, nobody need contemplate it with any particular antipathy. Such of us as have been blessed by the chastening hand of illness (and all who have not lack much of the teaching most proper to make us know ourselves, our friends, and the frailty of the tenure on which we hold our strength) need only reflect, to be convinced, that it is almost impossible for a patient to proclaim his case impartially to a physician. Hope and despondency—rival influences—dispute for the mastery. The patient either proclaims himself better than the fact, or worse; ever mystifying his ailments. The balance of judgment is subverted: chimeras abound. Likings and dislikings, without reason, proclaim intellectual weakness. In proportion as reason wanes, senses are distorted, and sentiments are exalted. Light is unbearable; sound so agonizing that the veriest breathings cause anguish. Odours not perceptible in health now become intolerable. Thus, till Death steps trippingly by; marking with the *facies Hippocratica* the growths he is soon to fell: as the woodman marks trees in a forest.

And after that a change! The senses, so acute awhile ago, fail one by one; taste and smell the first. To one upon whose features death has impressed his signet seal, as revealed by the Hippocratic face, things mostly taste alike, and odours are well-nigh odourless. As sounds of music on the strand, fall weaker and weaker, fading, upon the ship, borne away, so weaker and more weak, fall mortal voices upon the death-stricken ear. Touch—the only sense not ministered to exclusively by some special organ—fails, gradually onwards from the extremities to the chest; an icy cold-

ness, unknown to the dying, marking its departure. Then comes that craving for more light, so sure a sign of speedy dissolution. Then the low gurgling and choking spasm—and then the mystery!

No, it would be hard indeed, that a patient should drive from his sick couch the antagonist influences, hope and despair; both of them tending to make his natural dishonesty of judgment still more dishonest. Small marvel that patients have committed so many errors, not being aware of them;—for example, such as the following. No man of very high acquirements in any of the sciences appertaining to physic ever yet became a successful physician. Wherefore, it boots not here to inquire; but the fact is conceded. No wonder, then, that Sir Humphrey Davy is said to have had so little confidence in the safety of a supposed remedy, despatched by him, when a boy, to a patient, that he sent a messenger in hot haste after the physic, requesting that it might be tried on a dog. To make a successful physician out of a boy who had so little confidence in the safety of a remedy as this anecdote implies, would be most improbable. Nevertheless, Davy, at a subsequent epoch of his life, wrought an extraordinary cure; one much vaunted by him thereafter. Had he been of Royal blood, more could not have been accomplished. He actually cured by the touch!

The circumstances were as follow:—Dr. Beddoes had opened an establishment at Bristol for curing diseases by inhalation of various gases. Davy, then a very young man, was his assistant; and one not putting faith in the resources of physic over-much. Prior to the administration of nitrous oxide gas to a certain individual affected with pulmonary disease, Davy had to note the temperature of his patient's tongue: this of course involving the necessity of touching that organ with the bulb of a thermometer. The patient, not learned in these matters, confounded the preliminary with the essential. No sooner did he feel the thermometer bulb in contact with his tongue than he proclaimed himself already better. Davy, appreciating the full force of the joke, day after day repeated the process, until—strange to relate—a perfect cure was wrought. Of this result Dr. Beddoes was very proud; and published the case amongst others to demonstrate the remedial powers of gas inhalation.

Nothing can well be more pregnant with fallacy than an opinion concerning the remedial powers of any agent, or any system, arrived at by the patient himself. The conditions necessary to the collation of evidence are not present; wherefore they cannot be forthcoming! Nevertheless, partly on the faith of evidence of this sort, and partly on the faith of anterior conviction in the minds of others, people in all ages, and in all countries, have adopted the wildest medical mysticisms—dignifying these with the names of “Systems” and “Sciences:” designations to which they can lay no claim.

Next to the fear of being deceived by the latent dishonesty of judgment, from which not even the strongest, the best-regulated, and most

highly-cultured minds are exempt, there is no source of error more necessary to be guarded against than the paralyzing influence of great names. It has been stated in regard to authors, that so soon as a writer has made for himself a name; it matters little what he may write: the public will feign merit, even if there be none. Most apophthegms are exaggerations. The above is confessedly exaggerated; but it fairly represents a human tendency: one that has ever prevailed, and the prevalence of which is nowhere more remarkable or more embarrassing than in the paths of science. History teems with the records of truths postponed, and errors disseminated, because of this tendency of the human mind to raise up idols to be worshipped. The Aristotelean philosophy maintained an undisputed sway over the minds of men for more than 1,800 years; and in medicine the writings of Hippocrates and Galen, up to the time of that madcap Paracelsus, exercised an authority only second to that of Holy Writ. The world defends its idols as a South Sea islander defends his wooden deities:—to the uttermost. The Brahmin who dashed to pieces the microscope that showed him the myriads of animals he consumed in his vegetable food, could not be more irate than one, who—having set up an idol of belief—witnesses its sudden dethronement by evidence-adduced. Lest so great a calamity should befall one of its idols, society will resolutely give evidence the cut-direct, as though truth were an evil. To illustrate our position by the much-worn history of Galileo would be trite. Rather let us come nearer home, and treat of matters that have a present import. Nearly one thousand coal-miners are lost to the country year by year: killed by explosions of fire-damp. But Davy invented a safety-lamp: an instrument that won him much of his fame. Mining statistics record the fact that fire-damp explosions have been far more fatal since the use of Davy's lamp than previously. This is a significant revelation. That it has not been practically recognized seems referable to the paralyzing influence of Davy's great fame. As is common, the public attribute to the Davy lamp a greater power of safety than Davy himself attributed. It is commonly assumed that a Davy lamp, in good order and untampered with, cannot explode such gaseous mixtures as occur in coal-mines. Davy himself knew better. He knew of, at least, one condition under which the safety-lamp, on his construction, was no longer safe: namely, the condition of currents. Nay, he positively, in his book on flame, enjoins the miner, armed with his lamp, and coming near one of those emanations of inflammable gas termed "blowers," to ward off the current by sheltering the lamp under a hat. The truth of the case is, that, even under the best of circumstances, Davy's lamp is only safe when in a perfectly tranquil atmosphere. Given a current of sufficient velocity, it may be caused to explode at once. Explosion may also be determined by the deposition of coal-dust on the wire-gauze jacket; and under various other contingencies, too numerous here for indication.

It is a characteristic of the true scientific mind never to yield allegiance

thus blindly to the authority of a name ; and here, again, care is required, lest needless objections be raised, merely to demonstrate the possibility of raising them. Experiment is always better than testimony : but in this, again, honesty of judgment is needed, to satisfy—each questioner for himself—the query, “To what extent am I qualified as an experimenter?” Scientific testimony, if it be worthy the name, is ever founded on experiment ; and, what is of high importance, the conditions, limitations, and successive steps of the experimental inquiry are fully set forth. All science is based upon the belief—justified by experience—that Nature’s laws are fixed and immutable. If two and two should be capable of making four to-day and five to-morrow : if sulphureted hydrogen should be proved capable of blackening lead to-day and whitening it to-morrow : if—not to multiply illustrations—Nature were found to be mutable in her operations, there would be an end to science ; inasmuch as there could be no unerring and invariable truth.

It follows, from a consideration of this immutability of Nature’s laws, that, the steps of a scientific investigation being recorded, it is competent for other experimenters to retrace them, and check their issues. If the precise condition be not given—if the steps be not recorded—then, depend upon it, some pretender to science is in the field, and not the true philosopher. By this test shall this form of dishonesty ever be revealed.

Applying the test to Homœopathy, what does it reveal ? Firstly, studying the records of this faith, we learn that Hahnemann, the originator, elected to take his stand, not as a prophet professing a new religion, but as a philosopher whose teachings should be based upon the result of inductive experiment. He professes to have based the “system,” so called, of homœopathy upon facts elicited during the course of long-continued experiments ; and he seemingly is most precise in recording all the symptoms educed by the administration of different agents. But, mark this—Hahnemann mostly affords no information concerning the dose he administered. His readers are left in the most complete ignorance on that point wherefore, the conditions are not put in evidence for enabling subsequent experimenters to test the accuracy of his conclusions. In sober truth, none of the effects chronicled by Hahnemann ever have been educed by subsequent experimenters ; but then, the rejoinder lies : “You might not have administered the materials in the proper doses.” Consideration of this fact is quite enough to show that homœopathy fails in the first requisition necessary to constitute a science. It imposes difficulties ; whereas, in its affected character of a science, it should have removed them. Homœopathy has acquired much of its hold upon the minds of certain people in consequence of the unreasoned ridicule that has been directed against it. Laughter is the usual resource when pure unreason is paraded ; and thoughtful people, competent to analyze the postulates on which homœopathy is based, and the recorded experiments to which its supporters point, can see in it nought but unreason. But ridicule without

argument is a sort of persecution; and persecution never yet was attended with any other result than that of promulgating what it had been intended to suppress. The persecution of ridicule has certainly done much to foster the belief in homœopathy; and—the interests of truth regarded—the condition is perhaps unfortunate that the recorded experiments of Hahnemann, if quoted literally, are so exceedingly ridiculous, that even the most literal transcript of them is prone to raise the suspicion of travesty, or exaggeration. Not heeding the distinction between subsequence and consequence, Hahnemann records every manifestation subsequent to the administration of a medicament, as a symptom. He is led to testify (and the testimony could not well be more provocative of laughter) without argument, that charcoal ingested produces loss of cuticle after riding; and that cayenne pepper causes itching at the roots of the hair after scratching. Wherefore—in these cases—the riding and the scratching are to be held as *non ad rem* Hahnemann has not thought well to explain; and the rules of ordinary ratiocination fail to inform us.

This insufficiency in setting forth the conditions of experiment is ample enough to deprive homœopathy of the character of science to which it aspires. It is a short-coming that cannot be palliated, much less explained away. Thus, based as it is upon dishonesty, the philosopher, the believer in the immutability of Nature's laws—the experimenter—is forthwith prepared to find, that the more he examines into the propositions of this so-called system, the more untenable will the so-called system be. Its propositions are found not only wholly unsupported by experiment, but wholly adverse to experiment. Testing the pretensions of this form of medical belief inductively, the experimenter soon arrives at the issue, that if homœopathy be true, the whole of chemical science must be false. At this point, if the judgment be honest to its keeper, the believer, in spite of himself, will be driven to confess that he accepts homœopathy as a religion—a Faith—not as a demonstrative Science.

It is because beliefs are not thus roughly followed up to their issues, that the revelations, real or assumed, of table-turning and spirit-rapping hold a position so unsatisfactory in regard to evidence. Is it pretended that these phenomena are only some new revelation of the laws of Nature, or that they are wholly supernatural—lawless? Is it pretended that they are a Science, or that they are a Mysticism? A compound of both they cannot be: the choice has to be made—the ground chosen. If a Science, they must have their immutable laws. There must be no caprice in regard to their manifestations. Let us have no shrinking from inquiry. Men of science, on their part, have assuredly good right to press for this candid election. It is their great privilege to foster, knowingly, no delusion. They profess to open the great book of Nature, and reveal her truths. They desire to be assured, that under shelter of

the confidence begotten by a name, quacks and cheats do not assume the attributes of scientific men ; promulgating Deception under the name of Science.

Perhaps it is an unconscious tribute to the scientific character of our age, that the designations "scientific man" and "science" are so lightly assumed on behalf of people who have no claim to them. Surprisingly little need be done to acquire this title, under certain conditions of favour and position. The boldest use, or misuse (no matter which), of scientific terms often suffices. That admirable work of fiction, "The Last of the Barons," contains—as few who read this need be reminded—some allusion to a primitive steam-engine. The illustrious author, in delineating the character of Adam Warner, endeavours to accomplish the difficult task—one, by the way, in which no author has yet thoroughly succeeded)—of setting forth the mental abstractedness of one deeply merged in the boundless ocean of physical discovery. With the perception of the true artist, Bulwer felt the need of dealing less vaguely with this case than is the common habit, the common need, of authors. He desires to create, as best he may—to raise up before the reader's apprehension—a primitive steam-engine. He knows that the function of latent heat in some way, has reference to steam ; and, accordingly, he incorporates the words *latent heat* with the weft and woof of Adam Warner's discourse. Pausing, now, to analyze the effect which this delineation conveys, the result will be curious and instructive. To the uninformed in the matter of steam-engines and physical science, the cleverness of intent will alone be apparent : the whole will pass as a good scene of word-painting. *Omne ignotum pro magifico* will find a new illustration, and the author will be deemed by many a proficient in the knowledge of latent heat : deemed so to be, simply for the reason that his words were incomprehensible. To the student of physical science, the entire misapprehension of the very nature and meaning of latent heat appears as a blot and a short-coming. To his apprehension, the harmony of constructiveness is violated. The shock experienced by him is comparable to what would be generally felt, had the author, in some delineation of scenery, represented oak trees as producing apples, or cucumber plants blooming with roses : or had he depicted the monster imagined by Horace —

" Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam,
Jungere si velit et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superné
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici ?"

And now, the question may haply be propounded. Has Science not her own mysteries ? Are there not, in every branch of science, hundreds of revelations, the explanation of which has not yet been vouchsafed ? Assuredly there are. Science teems with mysteries, but is devoid of mysticisms. None know so well as men of science how slow the march

of induction; how limited the grasp of human reason. But the mysteries of science are of this sort:—often beyond reason, but never opposed to reason. They are, moreover, fixed, unerring, and invariable: ever proclaiming, even in their mystery, the cheering truth, that the God of Creation is not a capricious God; that His physical laws are unalterable.

The broad distinction between Science and Mysticism, which we have thus been endeavouring to convey, was insisted on by Faraday, some years ago, when he demonstrated, by the issue of experiment (the issue agreed upon), that the turning of tables was ever an effect of force unconsciously applied. If phenomena be reducible to a law, their investigation constitutes a science: if not reducible to law, they must belong to the supernatural. Believers must choose their ground of belief; and it cannot be a mixed ground. If an individual should choose to say—"I have been made conscious of supernatural manifestations by the evidence of my own senses—it is impossible that my senses would have deceived me;" or, if he should say—"Though not having myself experienced these revelations, I implicitly trust in the testimony of others,"—then, with such, argument is thrown away, and experiment is useless. We quarrel not with any faith: rather are we prone to look tenderly upon it, considering faith to be an index of the humility of a mind (whatever its errors) not over-proud in its own conceit. The adoption of a faith, as a faith, is tantamount to the adoption of a new religion; and Heaven forbid, that, however false, a faith should suffer persecution! What we do quarrel with, what scientific men do object to, and with good reason, is the debatable ground on which such faith as that accorded to homœopathy and spiritualism is held. Accepted, each, partly as a science, partly as faith beyond science, there is no satisfactory way of committing them to the keeping of history. If spiritualists, if homœopathists, will boldly choose the scientific arena, electing to stand or fall by the issue of experiment, prosecuted according to a scheme agreed upon as best calculated to elicit truth, well and good. Physicists would soon grapple with the issue, and truth or error, as the case might be, would soon become apparent. Or if (repudiating this), they would say, "Leave us alone: we deal with mysteries: we are as priests dispensing a religion: we brook no reasoning:"—then, again, their position taken would be clear before the world. The major evil comes of the divided stand-point: half mysticism, half science.

By those who are willing to investigate modern mysticism as a science, refusing to bow down to it reverently as to a religious belief, the circumstance can hardly fail to have been remarked, that, subsequently to the experiment performed by Faraday to demonstrate the fallacy of table-turning, that sort of spiritual manifestation has here, in England, at least, fallen very much into decadence. Occasionally do we hear of a table turning, ostensibly without the aid of mechanical force applied;

but rarely. Summoned spirits would seem to avoid a manifestation that has been polluted by the touch of the hands of a philosopher. The spirits now prefer to rap; but the rappings may be fully accomplished without supernatural agencies. Some operators can produce these rapping sounds by one or more of their joints at pleasure. Perhaps the knee-joint affords the greatest facilities. The knee-cap, or patella, is lubricated underneath by a fluid termed by the anatomist *synovia*. Some operators have the faculty, by assuming a certain position, of preventing the flow of *synovia* upon the surface lying between the patella, or kneecap, and the bones constituting the knee. The flow prevented and the knee moved, a sharp crack results, which may be repeated by an operator at pleasure. Equally facile of solution is the occurrence of raps against the table: an agile foot will accomplish all.

The very last feats of summoned spirits, according to the spiritualists—or rather, perhaps we should say, of the spirit mediums—are the manifestation of a uminous hand, and the inscription of the name “John” in red letters upon the human arm. If Mr. Foster’s “sperrits,” in the fulness of their knowledge, should look upon these demonstrations as sufficient for their needs—sufficient, that is to say, for mystifying the general public—then can we only regret the shallowness of public intelligence. The apparition of a luminous hand could be represented optically in a darkened room (the condition required by Mr. Foster); and as for the red-letter writing on the arm, we could accomplish that trick in better caligraphy than Mr. Foster’s “sperrit” clerk, with a little cantharidine, regulated as to its action by a perforated oil-skin stencil-plate.

Amidst the cloudy doubts wherewith the popular mind is oppressed in regard to modern spiritualism, some general reflections may be pondered on with chance of consolation. If the proverb, “By their fruits shall ye know them,” be not grown obsolete by time, how low and mean will the votaries of modern mysticism appear by comparison with modern men of science! Granted, the reality of what the mystics proclaim; how low and grovelling, how mean, the intelligence of spirits thus commanded. How incomplete the education of a ghost that writes spirit “sperrit,” and cannot read “Göthe,” if written in German! Are *such* the destinies of the never-dying soul? Is *this* the highest intelligence to which the portals of death give entrance? Why, at the very best, the ghosts by modern mystics summoned, are lower in the scale of intelligence than the goblins of a German fairy-tale. In evil-doing, the utmost power of modern *table-rapping* spirits, does not seem to transcend the ability to make mischief in families by publishing scandal. The utmost good ever claimed on behalf of these summoned immortals, is only comparable to the small acts of petty benevolence attributed to elves and fairies. The mighty grandeur of eternity; the rapt beatitude of its blessed; the torments of its condemned; all that is solemn and soul-stirring in the teachings of revelation or the

promptings of science—all fleet away, in the presence of a belief like this! The meanness of spiritualism, even in its most exalted pretensions, cannot fail to strike a mind, moderately honest, and unprepossessed. Science, and scientific men, have at various epochs been severely handled by professors of dogmatic faith for wildness of statement and arrogance of pretension. Even at the time being, an acerb, not to say a violent discussion, is maintained in regard to the question of the antiquity of man upon the globe. But Science has never been accused of degrading the subjects she handles to a point of meanness lower than the lowest existing standards. On the contrary, it has been the invariable result of Science to exalt whatever she has dealt with. How small and mean were the notions of Pythagoras, or any other ancient sage, in regard to the universe, by comparison with those the progress of astronomy has revealed to us! What visions of surpassing beauty has not the chemist disclosed! Before the scrutiny of his art, matter seemingly torpid and motionless is resolved into myriad forms of life and movement. Flowers and trees are more lovely for the botanist. A stone quarry becomes a temple of adoration, or a poetic fane, at the will and bidding of the geologist. No! Science, with all her arrogance, all her pride, has vulgarized nothing that she ever touched: and, in regard to professions of belief, scientific men are bound by the very tenure of their office to give full expression to them. Again, whatever the errors a science may inculcate, they have no quality of perpetuity, like those of dogmatic faith. Based upon evidence, the creeds and pretensions of science are bound to adopt modifications, according to the lights by evidence disclosed.

Errors of science hold their empire on a precarious tenure: the wilder they are, by so much more frail the holding. They have come under the obligation to abdicate, on the instant that experiment has shown them to *be* errors. It matters nothing by whom inaugurated; with the memory of what great name associated. Experiment, in matters of science, is all in all; authority having no weight, save in so far as it may properly be accepted as a guarantee for the accuracy of experiment. Errors of mysticism, once accepted, tend to grow stronger and stronger by time: whereas errors of science ever tend to wither, under the sunshine of experience; and, withering, pass away. Even such is the difference between Modern Mysticism and Modern Science.

THE HERDSMAN OF LA CAMARGUE.

PART V.

It was nearly noon when the young girl reached the Brezimberg. In spite of the white *marin*, which, like a bluish vapour, hung its clouds some feet above the land, numerous spectators had already assembled on the ground. The fences of the neighbouring marshes, the waggons and vehicles, formed, in the same way as on the day of the races, a circus on the *lande*; only, according to the curious custom at the branding, the herd of bulls itself formed one side of the enclosure. Pressed one against another, and guarded by some mounted keepers, the young bulls were kept compact. A burning brasier and some branding-irons were placed in the middle of the arena.

The Brezimberg is a steppe surrounded by deep marshes, and extends its sandy level between the sea and the pine-wood of the Sauvage. It was in the midst of this greyish *lande*—in which at distances some water-thistles reddened and rare tamarisks flourished—that the branding enclosure had been formed. Dull as the sky which overshadowed them, the silent spectators wrapped themselves in their clothes; but, bringing the damp from the sea, the exhalations from the marshes, and emanations from the pools, the fatal wind of the *marin* pierced the thickest coverings, made the limbs feel heavy, and caused that strange torpor of the spirits which, as the precursor of fevers, reminds one of the deadly stupor induced by the sirocco. Coming suddenly to change the conditions of the atmosphere, and to replace a burning heat by chill fogs, the *marin* is the greatest scourge of La Camargue. It enfeebles the body, decays walls, oxidizes metals, and spreads a veil of sadness over the country. Every sound appears ominous under these heavy clouds, which come creeping like ghosts over the earth. The sea roars with fury on the shore; the wind whistles sharply in the pine-woods; the cries of the gull sound like a brass trumpet in the clouds; the murmur of the rushes which bend on the marshes resembles groans, and the bellowings of the bulls have the depth of thunder.

Lighted by the pale light of the *marin*, enveloped by clouds like mourning veils, the circus of the Brezimberg presented almost a funereal aspect. Buried in their capes, and their felt hats pulled over their eyes, the keepers held their tridents in readiness. No music sounded from the esplanade—for there were no hautboys on the branding-days. Instead of the joyous spectacle of the race, it is a dangerous work, for which presence of mind is needed.

The proprietor to whom the herd of young bulls belonged having looked at his watch, rose up in his chaise and gave orders to commence. Although keepers from all the districts were gathered at the Brezimberg, the proprietor only addressed himself to those of his own herd—those

alone whom he had a right to order ; but whether, that, knowing better than anybody the strength of their cattle, they dared not attack them, or that the influence of the *marin* had paralyzed their limbs, none stirred. In spite of new orders, the keepers looked at each other with a significant air. "It is a tempting of misfortune," said one of them in a low voice, shrugging his benumbed shoulders—"to descend to-day into the arena is to risk catching two deaths—one from the horns of the young bulls, another from the *marin*." "Without the *labeck* (the wind from the south-east) to give courage, the branding is too dangerous," said another.

Vainly did the proprietor of the bulls gesticulate, encourage, and promise a good sum for drink-money. Anxious and oppressed by the *marin*, the crowd awaited in silence. But hope suddenly lighted all faces, a sort of joyful tremor ran through the dull assembly. The keepers ranged themselves in front of the troop—the irons were put in the revived brasier ; and, as if they understood that the hour of punishment was at hand, the young bulls bellowed lustily, and Manidette's heart beat fast ; for, mounted on his steed, Bamboche appeared on the skirts of the Brezimberg. Leaping briskly from his mare, and throwing off his cloak, the young keeper descended into the arena with as sprightly an air as if the humid *marin* had not obscured the sky. "Must a stranger do your branding, then?" cried he to the confused keepers. "Is it earning your wages loyally to refuse to mark your master's initials on the young bulls of his herd ? Would you wait until they are full-grown ? You know well that it is easier to throw a calf than a young bull, and a young bull than a palusin. The most essential thing for a keeper is that he should be respected by his herd. The bulls have memory the same as mankind, and, recollecting your cowardice by and by, they will make victims of you. If it is the *marin* which paralyzes you, I shall show you how to triumph alike over pestiferous clouds and perverse bulls."

And he leaped towards the bulls. "The irons!" he shouted, in a thundering voice. Suddenly seizing one of these animals by the horns, he flung him on his flank, just as a keeper came up with a red-hot iron in his hand. The latter applied the instrument to the thigh of the young bull, who bellowed and struggled. When Bamboche set him free, he fled towards the pine-wood, bearing the initials of his master for ever graven on his smoking flesh.

If fear is contagious, courage is perhaps still more so. Electrified by the example of Bamboche, the keepers one and all threw off their capes, and descended into the arena to cast the young bulls. A few old men alone remained around the herd to keep them in order. Terrified by the treatment which they saw inflicted on their companion, the panting bulls beheld the brasier with horror. It was necessary to prick them severely to make them leave the ranks ; but as soon as they reached the arena they recovered all their courage, and, furious and foaming, they struggled violently with those who wished to throw them. It was soon a regular

mélée, where might be seen the heavy masses of bulls and the agile bodies of the keepers rolling together in the same dust—the deep bellowings of the animals mingled with the sharp shouts of men, whilst the loud call for “The irons! The irons!” told every minute that a fresh animal was subdued.

After two hours of this fierce struggle, in which Bamboche worked harder than all the other keepers put together, the satisfied proprietor re-ascended his chaise, and proclaimed that the branding was finished. There were still some bulls left; but the preceding year these had already been pronounced too strong to be marked without danger, and the master felt, that, if he did not wish to risk the life of his keepers, he must make the sacrifice of them. Strong, thick-set, with tawny tails and bristling hair, these marsh bulls belonged to the most savage species; they looked at the arena with blood-shot eyes, and bent on the ground, as if to sharpen them, their pointed horns, which were as hard as steel swords.

Everybody, thinking the branding over, prepared to return homewards. The spectators shook their clothes, which were wetted with that heavy moisture which is peculiar to the *marin*, and which is a thousand times more dangerous than the wet from rain; keepers drew over their steaming bodies their clothes, torn by the horns of the young bulls; others staunched the blood of wounds; the brasier was extinguished. Bamboche drew near to Manidette. She had already left the platform on which she had been seated, and was arranging the folds of her little shawl over her shoulders. On seeing Bamboche, she held out her hand to him. The keeper had formed a strong resolution—he wished by a bold stroke to emerge this very day from that state of poverty which forbid him to aspire to the hand of the salter’s daughter.

“Give me the kiss of betrothment, maiden?” said he, with an accent of energetic confidence; “and I vow, that before the *labeck* blows I shall have won the finest herd in the Sauvage. I shall be rich, and your hand will not be refused me.”

Astonished and excited, Manidette presented her cheek to Bamboche, who, from timidity, novel to him, scarcely dared to touch her lips. Leaping into the arena, the young man re-lighted the extinguished embers—put to heat the irons bearing the letter B—then drew near to the proprietor of the cattle. “Master,” said he, stopping his horse, “do you think it would be fair to acknowledge the assistance I have given to your branding to-day?”

“Certainly! And I should have already offered a good reward, had I not known that it is always your custom to refuse such.”

“It is true; and assuredly I would ask nothing, if I was free as I have been until now,” replied Bamboche; “but I love a young girl, and I cannot marry her unless I have some wealth. Modest and delicate, she has not feared to expose her reputation and her life to render me a great service; in my turn, should I not do something for her?”

“What do you wish? If your demand is reasonable, I am ready to grant it.”

“Will you give me all the young bulls that I can cast and mark to my own account?” replied Bamboche, showing the bulls which had been spared as too dangerous.

The proprietor looked at the keeper with surprise.

“I should willingly consent, my poor boy,” said he to him; “but it is thy life, *peccaire!* that I should trifle with, and I should have remorse for granting thee this favour.”

And, as the keeper persisted, “Let it be then according to thy will!” said the proprietor, curious, in spite of himself, to see by what means Bamboche would conquer the fierce marsh bulls.

“The irons! The irons!” shouted the young keeper immediately; and tying a red handkerchief round his head, he took his trident and bestrode his horse, which neighed and shook its white mane as if to animate itself to the combat.

Long since the crowd had set forth from the Brezimberg *lande*; the cataps already glided over the shore; the great wheels of the carts had begun to trace ruts through the rushes of the marshes; the pedestrians followed those who were mounted with quick steps; the asses trotted by the side of the canals; the keepers tried to quiet the newly-branded animals in the pine-wood. Escorted by a brilliant staff, Paradette had retaken the reins of her little cart. Alone motionless as a wall of ebony, the bulls, fascinated, fixed a savage eye on the brasier, which burned anew, fanned by the wind. But like a train of gunpowder, which kindles along its path, the news that a branding of the strong bulls was going to be attempted by Bamboche ran suddenly over the whole Brezimberg. The chaises returned, the waggons stopped, the foot-passengers seated themselves; wine-sellers, keepers, landowners, and salters,—all, in short, wished to be present at the unlooked-for spectacle.

A lurid light suddenly breaking through the clouds lighted up the Brezimberg. As if he had waited for that luminous ray to begin the combat, Bamboche seated himself firmly on his saddle, took his trident in one hand, and in the other a red-hot iron, and, pricking a bull, he made him leave the herd; and having chased him into the midst of the *lande*, he pursued, and ran him down. Perfectly understanding his work, the horse of the keeper manœuvred around the bull without needing to be guided by reins, voice, or spur. His wild nature made him delight in this energetic chase. In this bull he saw an enemy whom his master wanted to conquer; and, with admirable instinct, by turns he leaped, pranced, or stopped. The horse and the keeper seemed to be one.

Darting at full speed, Bamboche, trident in hand, suddenly rushed upon the bull, wounded him on the shoulder, and caused him to fall upon the sand. With one hand he held him fast, whilst with the other he quickly applied the iron to his flank. This bold manner of

attacking the bull on horseback, and of overturning him with a blow of the trident, greatly excited the spectators. There was danger that the furious bull in rising would gore Bamboche; and everybody entreated him to give up this dangerous and unusual mode of attack.

"A cast bull, instead of thinking of avenging himself, only thinks of escaping," answered he, pointing to the animal, which, branded, bleeding, and full of rage, was bounding towards the pine-wood to hide his shame. Then the keeper returned to his task. Until nightfall, without receiving the least scratch, Bamboche 'pricked, pursued, wearied, brought back and marked, the bulls.

"You have well earned your herd, Bamboche," said the proprietor, shaking his hand, "and even something more. So I present you, most willingly, with Drapeau for a leader. This shall be my wedding-gift."

"Drapeau is my oldest friend—I accept him with gratitude," said Bamboche.

"Here! Drapeau!" cried the owner to the peaceable ox, which, standing motionless near the brasier, looked like a large watch-dog.

The massive animal came, as quickly as his heavy legs and the large dewlap which undulated on his breast would permit.

"I shall never have the heart to brand him," said Bamboche, caressing the good beast, who drew near to the red-hot iron without apprehension.

"Would you prefer slitting his ears, as some proprietors do?" asked the owner, offering Bamboche an immense pair of shears.

"No," answered the keeper, looking at the long silky ears of the bell-leader, which, like two velvet wings adorned each side of his head. Then he added, taking the shears, "This is the only mark for my pacific friend." And kneeling, he cut a large B on his thick fur.

Drapeau never stirred the whole time; and, as if he had understood that instead of being simply his keeper Bamboche had become his master, he licked his hands, as soon as the operation was finished.

"Go, good Drapeau—go and collect my herd," said Bamboche, with that untranslatable accent of a man who tastes the joy of possession for the first time.

Although the night advanced, and the *marin* became worse and worse, and though the clothes of the peasants were as wet as if they had been dipped in water, nobody seemed to think of going.

Groups of men were formed on the *lande*, and women in their carts, chattering to each other. Except for the joy and good-will which shone on every countenance, it might have been thought there was some plot in hand. There is in the triumph of a dauntless man a prestige which charms and attracts the crowds. It is sad to think that happiness and success are always more interesting than misfortune and suffering. If the branding had been a failure, Bamboche would certainly have been pitied, but nobody would have dreamed of indemnifying him for his disappoint-

ment. Proprietor of the finest herd in the Sauvage, they felt proud of him, because he belonged to themselves; and when seated by the side of the salter's daughter as her avowed lover, the whole population decided upon offering him Sangard as an earnest of their admiration and respect.

"Sangard is the father of the young bulls which Bamboche has just marked so courageously—it is right that he should have him also," said some. "Bamboche has long done us service at the brandings, and amused us at the chase, so we in our turn should tax ourselves to give him his favourite bull," said others. "If it should cost a hundred crowns, we must not be stopped from buying the finest of the marsh bulls, to give it to the most courageous of the keepers," added others.

"Let the Sangard be quickly sought for!" was shouted on all sides.

The keepers sent in various directions, aided by their bell-leaders, soon returned, escorting the King of the Marshes. A deputation of peasants brought him to Bamboche. "May I then mark him also to my account?" said the young keeper, whose eye brightened at the sight of Sangard. "Thanks!" added he, with emotion, holding his hand to his friends.

"Accept him without marking him; he knows thee too well; he would be avenging himself. Take care, the hour is late; he is on his own ground; thou art weary—he has too much advantage of thee."

The fog and the darkness of the night fell together on the ground; it was no longer easy to distinguish objects in the dense mist. In spite of the efforts which the peasants made to retain him, the young keeper, armed with a red-hot iron, pricked Sangard with the trident, and disappeared into the depths of the marsh with him, where, like an ominous barrier, the *marin* raised up its greyish clouds. Crouched by the brasier, Manidette seemed to draw from its warmth courage not to die of anxiety. Some minutes, which seemed ages, elapsed. Suddenly, a dull sound was heard from the pine-wood, and hoarse shouts calling for the irons mingled with terrible bellowings. The peasants left their waggons hastily, to lend assistance to Bamboche; and the keepers, armed with irons, rushed in the direction of the shouts. Manidette alone had not courage to follow them. After having vainly attempted to rise, she sank without strength near the brasier, which the wetness of the *marin* had almost extinguished; afterwards, she retook with tottering limbs the way to Sansouire—but she could still hear the joyous shouts which celebrated the last victory of the intrepid keeper.

A month had hardly gone ere a joyous peal of bells announced a marriage to the inhabitants of Saintes-Maries. As soon as the first tinklings of the bells were heard, the peasants in groups lined the border of the marshes to see the nuptial procession pass. "Maybe the bridegroom will disdain us now that he has become a rich man." "Possibly he will go to church in a chaise and with a round waistcoat," added others. "I am sure that Manidette will still have her shawl of the colour of dead leaves and her

head-dress with great lappets," said Paradette, in a disdainful tone, as she joined the crowd on the arm of her hussar, a handsome cachemere from Nismes coquettishly arranged on her shoulders.

The procession set forth from Sansouire. Mounted on his horse—which, more fiery than ever, pranced gaily—a red handkerchief on his head and his scarlet scarf rolled round his waist, Bamboche opened the march. Next came Berzile's waggon, covered with new canvas. In the bottom on two chairs, erect and serious, like salters of the olden time, Fennète and Caroubie were seated, whilst Manidette remained standing by the side of her father. This custom—the young bride not to be seated in going to the church—is intended to show that she has not been brought up in idleness, and that she is able to bear fatigue. The young girl wore her crimped cap, her dress of printed calico, and the salter's green shawl—only bouquets of flowers mingled with the ribbons of her coif, and fastened to her neckerchief, showed that she was a bride. The Keeper's herd, Sangard with Drapeau at the head, closing the procession, escorted the waggon; the heifers, the young bulls, the calves, all followed, with regular tramp. At the left of the conveyance came the peaceable guests of Sansouire pressing close together in a frightened column—the timid lamb of the maiden, her pet stork, the cat of the hearth, the old blind horse of the place. This custom of making the animals who have shared the life of the betrothed pair go with them to the church is of patriarchal simplicity. Towns, villages, and hamlets, have at their nuptials the pomp of equipages—the elegant robe of the bride, the wax tapers which burn on the altar, and even the number of the guests. The marshes have the cattle for escort to their nuptials—no firing of guns, nor feast, nor dance, nor festivities, on these humble steppes, but a long train of animals, perhaps more devoted and faithful than mankind. Having reached Saintes Maries, Bamboche dismounted, and tracing before the bridge a broad furrow on the soil, he assembled his herd on one side, and on the other the flock from Sansouire. The waggon stopped in the midst. The Keeper drew near to Manidette—

"Maiden," said he, pointing to the peaceable animals from the salt-works, "it is time to part."

The salter's daughter stepped lightly down, and, drawing a *torntiliado* from her pocket, she crumbled it on the ground; then, not being able to restrain her tears, leaning on the arm of her father she entered the church.

At the moment when the assembled crowd were praying to the Saints to bless the young couple, a sound of footsteps was heard on the flag-stones, and Alabert, in travelling garb, entered, to kneel in a corner of the chapel. The ceremony ended, he was seen to put his gun upon his shoulder, and to set forth—his eyes full of tears.

"It is strange that Alabert should have received orders to change his station the very day of the marriage of the salter's daughter," said an old woman, looking after the Collector.

“He is going to Frontignan,” added a workman; “it is very far, but it is said that he requested permission to leave La Camargue.”

After the sacrament Bamboche mounted on his horse, and took Manidette *en croupe*; then, calling his cattle together, he set off. It was not until the evening that—with his wife clasped to his heart, his herd bounding on the route, and the pleasant breeze caressing his face—the Keeper reached his own home, triumphant and joyful.

Thus came to a happy conclusion that which Love alone could have brought to pass—the marriage of a herdsman and a salter’s daughter—a thing almost without precedent in the annals of La Camargue.

At the present time Bamboche possesses a magnificent estate, the bulls on which are famous through the country. Like a true salter’s daughter, Manidette continues steadfast to the habits of her rank. The loud voice of the Keeper still makes the marsh bulls tremble; and his vigorous arm, as formerly, still casts the young bulls in the arena. The peasants are fond of quaffing with him; but none of them take the liberty of accosting him with the familiar “thou.” In fine, Bamboche has harnessed his old steed, which draws him in his chaise magisterially to the races and brandings.

SPIRITS.

WHEN the last glories of the sun’s red splendour
Melt in the dull grey gathering of the gloom,
The faded rays from eyes once brightly tender
Light up my lonely room.

No intermediary incantation
Recalls the spirits of the loved and lost;
The gentle shadows, bearing consolation,
Come when we need them most.

When the tired soul, oppressed by earthly trouble,
With shattered wings droops feebly in the dust—
When hollowest, frailest, seems Life’s foolish bubble,
Those spirits whisper “Trust!”

“Trust as we trusted—trust through toil and trial,
In the heart’s sickness and the soul’s despair:
Trust as we trusted, strong in self-denial,
And comforted by prayer.”

Regretful memory, and fond affection,
These are the media that recall the lost :
In lonely hours of sorrow and dejection
They come, that Spirit host.

They gather in their old familiar places,
With wondrous meaning in their ghostly eyes ;
With tender smiles, and mild reproachful faces,
They teach us to be wise.

Teach us—the left behind—the broken-hearted,
With the strange wisdom learned in wider spheres ;
Reminding us how they, the loved departed,
Regret their wasted years ;

How, with eternal wisdom shining on them,
They see all earthly riddles read aright ;
And humbly own the burden laid upon them
Was mercifully light.

So do they warn us of Life's dim delusions,
These pleading spirits ; whispering to our souls,
How through this world's worst trials and confusions
One mighty purpose rolls.

One Hand, the web of Life for ever weaving,
Guides the small mystery of each separate thread ;
Strengthening the weak, upholding the believing,
And garnering the dead.

Thus in the twilight speak these Spirit Teachers,
These shadows melting dimly from our sight ;
Yet wiser far than any mortal preachers—
Wise with unearthly light.

So may they ever haunt us—lost, yet cherished ;
Cold though their ashes in funereal urn,
That better, holier, part that has not perished,
The Soul, will yet return.

M. E. B.

THE TRUE FOUNDER OF VIRGINIA.

PART I.

KNIGHT-ERRANT AND SLAVE.

“THE true Founder of Virginia!” I hear the reader exclaim. “Why, Raleigh, of course!” Error, my good Sir: Sir Walter *failed* to found Virginia. “The true founder of Virginia, and who deserves to be called the father of the settlement,” writes Bancroft, the historian of the United States, “was Captain John Smith, an adventurer of rare genius and undying fame.” The rare genius is unquestionable; but the fame, undying though it be, will, I fear, continue to be confined within the limits of a comparatively narrow circle of admirers, unless I shall succeed in popularizing the varied, brilliant, romantic career of Captain John Smith, native of Willoughby, Lincolnshire—daring seaman, gallant soldier, chivalrous knight; beloved of ladies, European, Asiatic, and Indian; hero of three single combats—veritable, serious tournaments—fought by cartel within sight of two applauding armies and beves of fair dames; slayer with a corn-flail of a three-tailed bashaw, by whom he was held in cruel slavery; finally, the fascinating hero who won the heart of, and whose life was saved by, the beautiful Pocahontas, daughter of Powhattan, after the mode more or less felicitously reproduced by Cooper and other Indian story-tellers; “which charming princess of the woods,” writes the hero himself, “ultimately came to settle in England, having previously married a Mr. John Rolfe, and been baptized Rebecca—the first Christian of that nation that ever spoke English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman—a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a princess’s understanding.”

The rough sketch of his life, written by himself, and dedicated to William, Earl of Pembroke, is, without exaggeration, a series of romances, strung together with modest unpretence, and sparkling with war and love adventures sufficient, if properly diluted, to fill the pages of twenty three-volume modern novels.

Captain Smith was celebrated in his own day by nearly all the minor poets contemporary with him—Turner, O’Rourke, Carter, Ingham, Meade, Freet, Brathwaite, and others. The last breaks out in the following laureate-like laudation of his hero—

“Two greatest shires of England did thee beare—
Renowned Yorkshire, Gaunt-styled Lancashire.
But what’s all this? Earth, sea, heaven above,
Tragabigzanda, Callamata’s love,
Dear Pocahontas’, Madame Shanoi’s too,
Record thy worth, thy birth, which, as I live,
Even with thy reading, such choice solace give,
As I would wish (such wishes doe well)
Many such Smiths in this our Israel.”

Freet thus—

“Thou hast a course so full of honor runne,
Envy may snarle as dogges against the sunne.”

Hear another contemporary crier—the gallant O'Rourke, baptized Bryan—

“To see bright honour sparkled all in gore
Would nerve a spirit that ne'er fought before ;
And that's the height of Fame when her best blood
Is nobly spilled in actions grand and good.
So thou hast taught the world to purchase Fame,
Rearing the story on a glorious frame ;
And such foundations doth thy merit make it,
As all Detraction's rage shall never shake it.”

A few sentences of plain prose in addition to these poetic flourishes, and then enter, anno Domini 1599, John Smith, of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, aged about twenty, with the first blush of military fame mantling his bright youthful face, upon which discerning eyes perceive that an heroic life has already dawned and glassed itself.

Smith was educated at the Free School of Alford, and when but thirteen years old had lost both parents, a catastrophe by which he literally fell amongst thieves—his guardians—who wasted his inheritance, and thought finally to dispose of their charge by binding him apprentice to Mr. Thomas Sandell, merchant, of Lynn. The monotonous drudgery of desk-work was not likely to suit the taste of a fiery young gallant, who, as he is careful to tell us, was descended on the paternal side from the ancient Smiths of Crudley, Lancashire ; on the maternal, from the Richards, of Great Fleck, Yorkshire ; and that, too, at a crisis in the world's history when the minds of men were excited, inflamed by the great conflict evoked by the trumpet-tones of Martin Luther ; and when, by the discovery of America, the boundaries of the earth seemed to be enlarged for the purpose of affording new and grander fields for the development of heroic enterprise, where nothing seemed impossible of attainment by clear heads and valiant hearts.

From a very early age Smith had manifested a strong predilection for the sea ; but finding it impossible to immediately gratify this inclination, he availed himself of an opportunity that presented itself of quitting, without leave asked, his master's service, and accompanied a Mr. Bertie to Paris. His first leap in the dark into the turbid currents of the world was a discouraging one—would at least have been so, to a less resolute spirit. He could find no suitable occupation, and after about two months left the French capital on foot, and with very little money in his purse. He appears, however, to have possessed a remarkable power of interesting strangers in his favour. At Paris, a Mr. David Hume, a progenitor, possibly, of the author of the well-known romance of English history, gave him letters of introduction to influential persons in Scotland. These he

did not attempt to make use of for some years subsequently. In the interim, having first acquired the rudiments of soldiership at Havre de Grâce, he found his way to the Low Countries. Four years' profitable fighting in the wars raging there, though the details have not reached posterity, made him a reputation for gallantry sufficiently marked to induce his townfolk to give him uproarious welcome, when, after a fruitless effort to utilize Mr. Hume's letters at the Scottish Court, he reappeared in Willoughby. Soon tiring of feasts and flattery, John Smith suddenly betook himself, accompanied by one servant, to a sylvan opening, far away from towns, encircled by hundreds of acres of forest, thickly deer-peopled; and there, on the brink of a clear rivulet, built himself a habitat with branches of trees, slept in his clothes, and fed upon venison washed down with Adam's ale, with which venison it was the sole occupation of his manservant to victual the establishment. Smith's motive for adopting such a singular mode of life was to perfect himself in the sciences of war and ethics, to which ends he diligently studied Marcus Aurelius and Machiavelli's famous work, and constantly exercised himself on horseback with lance and ring. The romantic life of the young soldier soon became the theme of wondering gossip in the sparsely-scattered neighbourhood. Amongst others, the Earl of Lincoln sought him out, and was so charmed with his spirit and manners that he introduced him to an Italian nobleman of the name of Palaloga, and his (the Earl's) Master of Horse, with a view to perfect his *protégé* in his *manège*. Smith did not need much instruction in that particular, but was so pleased with the conversation of his new friend that, more fully to enjoy it, and winter, moreover, being close at hand, he left his forest dwelling, and took up his abode at Tattersall.

Conversation, however refined and instructive, could not long suffice for such a restless spirit as Smith. He longed for action—action! and finally determined upon setting out, *viâ* France, for Hungary, where Christians and Turks, champions of Crescent and Cross, were engaged in deadly conflict. He embarked for St. Malo; but the vessel, through stress of weather, brought up and anchored off the shallow inlet of St. Valery-sur-Somme, where the destined founder of Virginia came to, it seemed for some time, irreparable grief, after a fashion which proved that, however much he might have profited by the study of Marcus Aurelius, the crafty precepts of the Florentine had not borne congenial fruit in his mind.

On board the ship were four French adventurers, who, seeing he possessed a rich wardrobe, successfully plotted how to possess themselves thereof, as well as of other valuables that might be packed up with the luggage belonging to the free-spoken, unsuspecting English soldier. To effect their purpose, one pretended to be a French nobleman, the others the great man's servitors. The nobleman—a penniless scamp of the name of Carson—listened with enthusiastic sympathy to Smith's schemes for winning renown as a devoted champion of the Cross, and readily engaged

to introduce the aspiring young hero to a Duchess, an intimate friend, whose husband happened luckily to be a General in the Christian army of Hungary. Smith was delighted, and accepted the offer of the nobleman and attendants to convey his luggage on shore, he remaining in the ship to settle some business matter with the Captain, who appears to have been leagued with the robbers. Be this as it may, Smith found, on going ashore, that nobleman, attendants, and luggage had vanished; and all the knowledge he could obtain of the possible whereabouts of the villains was, that they might, perchance, be met with somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mortagne, where the relatives of one or more of them resided.

Smith was in a woeful plight, though he met with much charitable assistance, notably from the prior of the great abbey of St. Stephen, Caen, and a wealthy French farmer, who, finding him lying under a tree in a state of exhaustion for lack of food, carried him to his own dwelling, treated him with great kindness, and sent him on his way with money in his purse. Smith journeyed along the sea-coast in the hope of finding some vessel bound for a port as near as might be to the seat of war in Hungary. Unsuccessful in that, fortune made some amends by presenting a chance which warmed the sickness at his heart of hope deferred, with a fierce joy. Near Dinan he chanced to fall in with the robber Carson. Both wore swords. Smith, eager as flame, instantly attacked his enemy, and, after a for some time doubtful duel, slew him.

Ultimately Smith reached Marseilles, and, as better might not be, embarked for Italy in a vessel filled with pilgrims bound for the sacred shrine of Our Lady of Loretto. Now, Smith being an ardent supporter of the "new opinions," fluent in sarcastic speech—provoked, moreover, by the abuse of the pious passengers, who cursed him and his sovereign (Elizabeth) for Huguenots, and the English nation for pirates—one can readily believe he was not sparing of gibe and taunt anent the monstrous imposture of the shrine to which those foolish pilgrims were bearing gifts, in the fond belief that the house at Loretto, being the identical house in which the Virgin Mary lived and died, and which, at her death—assumption rather—was borne through the air by angels to its final resting-place—gifts offered there would meet with a richer return than if presented at less hallowed altars. To such a frenzy of rage did he at last work the Loretto worshippers, that they resolved to pitch the sacrilegious heretic overboard; and did it, too, though, with commendable moderation, so near a small island used as pasture-ground for goats and cattle, that he easily reached it by swimming.

Two or three days afterwards, a two-masted ship, hailing from St. Malo, commanded by Jean La Roche, cast anchor, during a violent storm, under the lee of the island. Smith contrived to get himself taken on board; and, finding that La Roche was acquainted with persons he himself had known in Britany, related his fortunes—misfortunes, rather—and met with good entertainment. La Roche, a sort of privateer-pirate,

saw at once that he had got the right man in the right place; and a bargain was without difficulty struck between the two adventurers.

The Mediterranean was swept in all directions; its shores hugged, and sometimes touched at many points, without success; till one fine day a Venetian ship was descried near the entrance to the Adriatic. The Republic was fortunately at war with France (it might not have much signified had that not been the case), and no scruple was consequently felt in attacking the rich argosy. The fight was a well-contested, bloody one—the Breton losing fifteen men—in which battle John Smith well vindicated the judgment of La Roche in admitting him to a qualified partnership. The victory was at last won; then—pleasure after business, or business after pleasure, which you please—came the fruits of victory. “The silks, velvets, cloth of gold and tissue, pyasters, chicquins, and sultanas—which is gold and silver—they unloaded in four hours was wonderful; whereof, having sufficient, and tired with toils, they cast her off with her company.”

John Smith's share of plunder amounted to five hundred zechins (sequins?) besides a box containing five hundred more, which—an apocryphal mode of conveyance, it strikes me—he says “God sent him.” Smith took leave of La Roche at Antibes.

John Smith, I must admit, falls terribly in one's estimation, as he walks off with those thousand sequins so obtained—England was certainly not at war with the City of the Sea—and, forgetful of the terrible struggle in Hungary, goes holiday-making at Rome, “where it was his chance to see Pope Clement VI., with many cardinals, creep up the sacred stairs—which it is said are those Our Saviour went up to Pontius Pilate—where blood falling from his head pricked with the crown of thorns, the drops are marked with nails of gold. Upon them none dare go but in that manner, saying so many Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters, as in their devotions. On each side is a pair of such-like stairs, up which you may go standing or kneeling, but divided from the holy stairs by two walls. Right against these is a chapel, where hangs a silver lamp, which burneth continually; and they say the oil neither increaseth nor diminisheth.”

The sequins are gone at last—thanks be for it—except so many as will enable John Smith to embark at Venice for Ragusa, and thence journey as he best may to Gratz, Styria, where he succeeds in entering the military service of the Duke of Austria. Once in the right groove, there could be no fear of his steady advancement. He invented fireworks—fiery-dragons, so called—fastened to the bellies of various animals, which, driven at night into the ranks of the Osmanli, created a terrible panic in the ranks of the unbelieving cavalry—a service that, with others (the invention of military telegraphs for one) obtained for John Smith the grade of Captain.

The hotter spirits of the opposing hosts before Regal, becoming impatient of the laborious preparations making on both sides for a battle

selon les règles—an illustration of *la grande guerre* upon an imposing scale—and desirous, moreover, of amusing the ladies, who were anxious “to see some court pastime,” suggested that the pastime required should consist of single combats on horseback, between Moslem and Christian champions, in view of both armies and the habitants of Regal.

A Moslem officer, one Turbisha, sent the first formal challenge, to meet whom fell by lot to Captain Smith. The Moslem came forth to battle in magnificent array, heralded by martial music, well mounted and armed. On his shoulders were enormous wing-epaulettes, compacted of eagles’ feathers, and glittering with silver, gold, and precious stones.

Now came into play Smith’s practice at his forest home, Lincolnshire, at lance and ring. The western champion galloped full tilt at the cumbrously made-up Moslem, pierced him through the head at the first stroke, decapitated the corpse, rode off therewith in triumph, and presented the same to the Lord-General, by whom it was graciously received.

The Osmanli were not to be discouraged by one mishap. A second challenge came, especially directed to Smith—eagerly accepted, of course; and again the English soldier of fortune won a facile victory.

The third challenger was Smith himself, who despatched a fantastic message to the Turkish dames, to the effect that they might receive back the two Turks’ heads, with his own to boot, if they had a champion in their army capable of fetching them. A warrior, on whom Captain Smith bestows the *sobriquet* of Bonomalgro, accepted the adventure, but stipulated that the weapons should be swords and battle-axes—that the fatal lance in Smith’s hands should not be used. This was a desperate fight; but, after a prolonged and doubtful conflict, Captain Smith added a third head to his bloody trophies, in requital of which exploit the Duke Sigismund accorded him the privilege of quartering three Turks’ heads on his shield, bestowed upon him his portrait set in jewels, and a considerable pension for life.

This was the culminating point in Smith’s knight-errant fortunes. At the “dismal battle of Rottenton” he was left for dead upon the fatal field, where, he says, were slain, “in defence of Christ and his Gospel,” many valiant Englishmen—amongst them Baskerville, Hardwicke, Milner, Molyneux, Davison, and one John-a-Scot.

Captain Smith’s armour and general appearance being those of a knight of high degree, his life was spared, in the hope that he would bring a rich ransom. That hope not being fulfilled, Captain John Smith, hero of the Regal tournaments and other glittering glories, was consigned to the Adrianople slave-market, and marched thither in a chain-gang of some twenty equally chap-fallen champions of Christendom. His aspect and bearing—bolder, haughtier, when low and fallen from a height, than in his days of recognized superiority and triumph—suggested to Bashaw, or Pacha Bogall, who chanced to inspect the slave stock, that he (the Bashaw) having returned from the wars without visible trophies of successful valour,

might enhance his fighting reputation with his young and beautiful *first* wife, Charatza Tragabigzanda (I much doubt the correctness of Captain John Smith's Turkish and Tartar orthography, by the way), by purchasing the Christian knight, and presenting him to his bride as a great Bohemian lord whom he, Bogall, had vanquished and made captive in battle.

The purchase was easily effected; but the fair Tragabigzanda, being sceptical, for reasons of her own, anent the uxorious Bashaw's valour, questioned the handsome slave; and being able to converse with tolerable fluency in Latin, she made herself acquainted, not only with the mode of his capture by her husband, but with the whole story of his life, which so interested her, that she determined upon sending him forthwith to her brother, Tymner Bashaw, in Tartary, "there to learn the language—what it was to be a Turk—till time should make him master of herself."

One potent reason for this prompt action on the susceptible lady's part was, that her mother, an unpleasantly inquisitive lady, had become apprehensive of the possible consequences of her daughter's frequent colloquies with the Bohemian lord, and was meditating how, in the interest of Turkish domesticity, she could without noise and scandal seize poor Smith, and reconsign him to the common slave-mart. The gentle, loving Tragabigzanda, to prevent such a lamentable catastrophe, despatched Captain Smith under escort to Crim-Tartary, with a message to her Bashaw brother, enjoining him to treat the illustrious captive with kindness and consideration.

I have a strong suspicion that a message of quite another character must have been sent at the same time to Bashaw Nalbritz by his mother. Be that as it may, Captain Smith, who had fondly based "his hope of deliverance upon the love of Tragabigzanda," found that that love—or more exactly rageful resentment that he, a Christian dog, should have inspired a Turkish dame of high degree with such a sentiment—conferred upon him the favour of an iron neck-collar, hair-cloth shirt, the office of slave to the other slaves, and a diet of soup, of which the main ingredient was horse-gut! If the savage Bashaw had known Captain John Smith, of Willoughby, Lincolnshire, and Regal, Transylvania, as well as the reader does, he would hardly have trusted himself within reaching-aim of that individual, in a field at a long distance from any human habitation, themselves only being present. He, unknowing, was rash enough to do so; and Captain Smith with his thrashing-bat, after a few angry *pour-parlers*, smashed the Bashaw's brains. He then stripped the dead tyrant; appropriated his clothes, his horse, as much corn as he could carry; and, having hidden the body under straw, rode off into the desert.

Finally, and after terrible sufferings, Captain John Smith reached a Christian outpost on the Don. Here, again, a great lady—Callamata he names her—regarded him with gracious favour, and furnished him with the means of reaching Hermanstadt, Transylvania. "Received there with much hospitality and gratulation," he proceeded on to Bohemia, where he

fell in with Duke Sigismund, who presented him with fifteen hundred golden ducats—a commutation, probably, of his pension.

Of his subsequent desultory wanderings through France and Spain, his visit to Morocco, inclusive of a brief essay at buccaneering, we need not dwell in these pages. In the fourth year of the seventeenth century—he being then only twenty-five years of age—John Smith again set foot in England; and soon, from that great vantage-ground, sprang to the full height of a true hero.

PART II.

HERO AND STATESMAN.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, soon becoming tired of “rusting his life away,” associated himself with a number of gentlemen who were projecting a scheme for conveying a body of colonists to Virginia, in the hope of realizing, in that one respect at least, the dazzling dreams of Raleigh.

Many precious months were wasted in obtaining the indispensable letters patent; and when that was accomplished, the royal red-tapist, James I.—Disraeli the elder’s second Solomon—whose “king craft” was mainly made up of small contrivances to hamper the free action of his subjects—managed at the very outset to sow the seeds of strife and confusion in, it must be admitted, a congenial soil, by sealing up in a box, not to be opened till the adventurers had actually reached the promised land, the names of the men who were to form the Supreme Council of the colony—Wingfield, Newport, Gosnell, Ratcliffe, Martin, Kendall, and John Smith—all, except Smith, found to be, when occasion tested, knaves or fools, with a strong dash of ruffianism and cowardice. “Mostly atheists,” writes Captain Smith; and perhaps, with the exception of himself and Mr. Hunt, a Puritan preacher zealous unto death, there was scarcely one amongst them endowed with the earnest will, the indomitable courage, which, not to be dismayed, discouraged, overcome, makes of Difficulty a great helper, and, sternly struggling against mightiest odds, holds the fleet angel fast until he bless him.

It consequently happened, owing to the sealed-box contrivance, that when, on the 19th of December, 1606, the expedition, in three ships, numbering about one hundred and fifty men, sailed, no one was invested with officially-recognized authority to control the heterogeneous assemblage. Hence anarchy, confusion, distracted councils, at the very outset. Finally, after many mishaps, Virginia was reached. By about the middle of May the site of Jamestown, on the Potomac, was determined upon, and the colonists went busily to the task of making themselves a home in the wilderness, in the midst of wondering, surprised, fearful hosts of savages. Wingfield was elected first President, and Captain John Smith excluded by a majority from the council. His towering superiority wounded their self-love; but whenever danger threatened—and danger of massacre or

of famine was ever present or close at hand during the first years of the colony—the man to whom all eyes were turned was Captain John Smith; and nobly the great man proved his title to the instinctive confidence he inspired.

It is not my purpose, nor have I space, to describe the shifts, the expedients, the daring acts of bravery, by which, through good report and evil report, Captain Smith more than supplied the deficiencies and foiled the treasons of men placed in authority over the struggling colonists. It will suffice to quote the unimpeachable testimony offered to his great qualities by Bancroft, the historian of America:—

“Captain John Smith merits to be called the father of the colony which he repeatedly rescued from destruction. His judgment was ever clear in the midst of general despondency. He united the highest spirit of adventure with consummate powers of action. His courage and self-possession accomplished what others esteemed desperate. Fruitful in expedients, he was prompt in execution. Though he had been harassed by the persecutions of malignant envy, he never retained the memory of the faults of his enemies. He was accustomed to lead, not to send his men into danger—could suffer want rather than borrow, and starve sooner than not pay. There was nothing counterfeit in his nature, which was open, honest, and sincere. He clearly discerned that it was the true interest of England not to seek in Virginia for gold and sudden wealth, but to enforce regular industry. Nothing was to be expected there but by labour.”

High praise, and amply earned! A genuine hero—a warrior of the working day—was Captain John Smith; and so successfully had he worked during three changeful, trying years, that when, in 1609, he was superseded in his governorship, to which the almost unanimous suffrages of his fellow-citizens had raised him, by the nominee of twenty-one peers, ninety-eight knights and countless squires, who had clubbed to purchase a second charter from King James, the young firmly-planted colony was possessed of four ships, seven boats, a well-fortified town (as against Indians), nets for fishing, tools of all sorts, a harvest safely garnered, six hundred swine, and as many horses, goats, and sheep. Thus, by the energy and sound sense of one man, of whom his country may well be proud, the foundation was securely laid of a State in extent as large as France, of which the world-famous city of Washington is now the capital. Let me add that, before John Smith died—and he died young (fifty-two years of age only)—Virginia was covered with rich plantations, of which the exported produce freighted two hundred ships.

Dismissing, then, the political and economic portion of Captain John Smith's American career with a brief memorandum that he discovered and explored Chesapeake Bay, and at a subsequent visit to the New World, in 1615, searched and described Massachusetts Bay—upon the shore of which the Pilgrim Fathers some six years afterwards landed and commenced building New Plymouth—I revert to a singularly interesting

episode, so to speak, in that career of which "the beautiful salvage and Indian Princess," Pocahontas, is the heroine.

In his ceaseless efforts to conciliate and "trade" with the Indians, giving, in exchange for corn, venison, &c., beads, hatchets, and copper, Captain Smith frequently ascended the river upon which Jamestown was being built. The first time he did so, Captain Smith, after a laborious voyage of a week's duration, came to a group of islands (now Gloucester County, in York River), to which he gave the name of Powhattan, as being that of the tribe inhabiting them, and of its chief.

Nothing of moment occurred at that time; but not long afterwards, the Indians having ceased to bring in provisions, Captain Smith was necessitated to trade *bon gré, mal gré*, with them. To that end he left Jamestown, and proceeded in a well-armed pinnace to a cluster of wigwams called Kecongthan. Finding, after much tedious negotiation, that nothing was to be obtained by way of barter, Captain Smith landed his men, and frightened away the Indians by the discharge of muskets in the air. The huts were found to be full of corn, and the English were preparing to help themselves, when the savages, having painted themselves in very terrible guise, returned, armed with clubs, bows and arrows, and bearing a hideous idol before them. It then became necessary to fire upon the poor wretches in earnest. Many of the Indians fell at the first discharge, and the rest fled howling, leaving their god behind. That, however, being an irreparable loss, involving the very existence of their tribe, a deputation soon appeared, offering in exchange for their idol any amount of provisions. The offer was acceded to, upon condition that they should help to load the pinnace, which accordingly returned to Jamestown laden with corn, venison, fowls, and turkeys.

This adventure would seem to have inspired Captain Smith either with unbounded contempt for, or a careless confidence in the placable disposition of, the natives. During his next ascent of the river he left the pinnace, and taking with him only two men, and an Indian as guide, he went on shore in search of game, and soon found himself assailed by over two hundred yelling savages. The two Englishmen with him were killed—he himself was overpowered, taken prisoner, and conducted in triumph to an Indian village on the Rappahannoch. Smith's presence of mind and fertility of resource did not desert him even in this extremity. He contrived to interest the chief by the exhibition of a pocket-compass, and by "endowing a leaf of his pocket-book with intelligence by writing thereon." They had often heard of the famous Pale-face, and the calm courteousness of their captive so amazed them, that they spent three days in incantations, with the view of discovering the mystery of his character. Not successful in that, his fate was referred to the Supreme Chief, Powhattan, by whom he was sentenced to be first fattened, then killed, and eaten at a solemn feast.

Captain Smith appears not to have taken on flesh very rapidly; but

being at last pronounced to be in fit condition, the ceremonies began. Her Majesty the Queen, Powhattan's wife, presented him water to wash with; another amiable lady, with a bunch of feathers to serve as napkin; and he was then invited to quite a sumptuous banquet, which, however, he declined, "not having stomach to eat, being himself about to be eaten."

The next ceremony that was to end his strange eventful history was forcing his head down upon a flat stone preparatory to three Chiefs battering his brains out with heavy clubs.

At that moment Pocahontas, a girl of about twelve years of age, and favourite daughter of Powhattan, unable to resist the impulse of a gentle, compassionate heart, rushed forward, and, with piteous entreaties, implored that his life should be spared. Her prayers were unavailing; and, as a last resource, she placed her own head upon the captive's, and declared they should kill her before they did the Pale-face. This prevailed. Powhattan pardoned the captive, accepted him as his son-in-law, and promised a large tract of land. In the meanwhile Captain Smith, it was agreed, should be sent to Jamestown, upon condition that he would promise to send Powhattan two cannons and a grindstone.

At that time the English were reduced to great extremity by scarcity of food. Pocahontas caused supplies to be sent them, and was ever afterwards their constant friend and watchful guardian. She traversed woods alone and at night to warn Captain Smith of a meditated attack by her tribe, and to her he ascribes the preservation of the nascent colony from famine and ruin.

So confident did Captain Smith feel in the protection of the beautiful Indian girl, that he determined, when the relations between Powhattan and the settlers were far from amicable, to undertake an embassy to that powerful Chief, attended by only four men. In passing with them through the wilderness, and across the river in an Indian canoe, they came to a fertile, beautiful plain, where, wearied with travel, they lay down to rest, to be presently startled from repose by multitudinous war-whoops from the surrounding woods, as if all the warriors of Powhattan's tribe were about to assail them. There was no cause for alarm. The savage yellings ceased, and Pocahontas came running over the plain with several girl companions. She assured Captain Smith that no harm was intended; and in corroboration of that assurance, thirty Indian girls, garlanded with green leaves, issued from the forest, and came tripping towards the strangers, round whom they sang, and danced to a wild melody, and in fantastic measure, for more than an hour. At the end, they again plunged into the woods. Soon Pocahontas, with others, returned and invited Captain Smith to visit Powhattan. He readily complied, was received at the village with great honour, and entertained at an *al fresco* banquet by torch-light, which the Captain and his companions very much enjoyed, the pleasure thereof being greatly enhanced by the Indian girls, who, whilst dancing, singing, and waiting upon the pale-faces, continually ejaculated in their own, the

Mohican, tongue, "Love you not me? Love you not me?" which Captain Smith understood to be their usual mode of welcome.

After Captain Smith left the colony, in 1609, nothing was heard for more than two years of Pocahontas, during which period there was almost continuous war between the Indians and settlers. The beautiful savage being at last made prisoner, peace in consequence was speedily restored. She, however, continued to principally abide at Jamestown, acquired the English language, was converted to Christianity and baptized Rebecca by the Rev. Mr. Rolfe, who thereupon married the Virginian Princess, and soon afterwards sailed with her for England.

Her Royal rank did not procure her the *entrée* of the English Court, and Captain Smith's petition to the Queen that she might be allowed a pension suitable to her rank and the great services she had rendered the colony in Virginia was not noticed—two circumstances which Pocahontas bitterly resented.

The Virginian Princess, nevertheless, soon became the lion—or should it be lioness?—of the season. Lord and Lady Delawarre dragged her through fashionable entertainments innumerable, and she was finally received at the Palace. Better to have remained—ill-starred Princess!—in her father's forest-court. She died at Gravesend in 1619, aged twenty-three, when about to embark with her husband for Virginia. Death in the flush of youth, in a strange land, amongst strangers! Poor Pocahontas! Her child, Thomas Rolfe, received his education at Plymouth, at the cost of Sir Thomas Stukely; and it is said—I know not with what truth—that a living ex-Lord Chancellor may, or might, trace his pedigree up to the daughter of Powhattan.

Many other adventures befell Captain John Smith—such as encounters with Algerine pirates and French privateers, during an attempted voyage to New England; but such comparatively minor matters may be passed over in a life the unsullied glory of which is embodied in the simple epitaph, "*Hic jacet* Captain John Smith, the Founder of Virginia."

Captain Smith died on the 21st of June, 1631, at Willoughby, aged fifty-two.

LA ROSA Y LA ZARZA.

(THE ROSE AND THE BRIAR.)

A FRAGMENT IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH POET, HERZENBUSCH.

A BRIAR grew beside a Rose,
 The Rose was blooming fairly ;
 And the Briar twined about the Rose,
 Because she loved her dearly.
 But the Rose, whispering low one day,
 Wished that the Briar were away :
 She saw the wild-flowers blooming free,
 Butterflies kissing them daintily ;
 Then, sighing, exclaimed the Rose, " Ah, me !
 A blooming wild-flower I would be,
 With no stern guardian near me."

.
 " Fair fragile flower," the Briar said,
 " Little thou knowest of the doom
 Were thine, if I thy friend were dead,
 Thy blossoms all unveiled to noon ;
 Think of the sunshine and the storm—
 The trampling feet of passers by ;
 So lovely now, thy beauteous form
 A wreck, a ruin, would lowly lie !"

.
 " Perish the safety !" cried the Rose,
 " That comes of prison-life like this !
 I'd be the freest flower that blows,
 Fearing no danger, wrapt in bliss."

.
 A woodman came that very day
 And cut the Briar down ;
 Bearing it to his home away
 He left the Rose alone.

Then spake the Rose to the setting Sun,
 " Thou *dost not* scorch and wither," she said.
 Then dawned the starlets one by one,
 And dewdrops gemmed the Rose's bed.
 " I ne'er was so happy yet," said she ;
 " Sweet are the joys of liberty !
 Blest are the free, oh, doubly blest !"
 Thus sighed the Rose, and sank to rest.

Then midnight spread her sombre pall,
 And darkly mantled over all :
 And many a dream from dreamland came,
 On nightmare borne with eye of flame,
 And Sleep and Death roam'd hand in hand,
 And memories 'woke at Sleep's command.

.
 Aurora from her purple throne
 Bids Phœbus bright good morrow ;
 Starlets vanish from his track,
 Dreams to dreamland hurry back.
 Night birds cowering wend away :
 One ruddy flash, and lo ! 'tis day !
 Noon to morn, and night to noon,
 As sand-grains falling, passes soon
 Each day of joy or sorrow.

Then spake the Rose to the morning Sun
 As he kissed off her dewdrops one by one,
 "Thou dost not scorch and wither," said she ;
 "Oh, sweet are the joys of liberty !"
 But the sun fierce and fiercer grew,
 And the wind strong and stronger blew,
 And storm-clouds burst, and lightnings flash'd,
 Thunders rolled, and hailstones crash'd.
 " What art thou now, poor Rose ?
 A wreck, a ruin ; thy beauty gone ;
 Spurn'd to the earth by passers on !
 This is thy fate, poor Rose !"

.
 Ye who, fairer than the flowers,
 Ceaseless pine for liberty,
 Think ye of the storms and showers
 And passion sun-strokes of the free !
 Wish your guardians not away ;
 Listen well to all they say ;
 Teach your hearts to love repose,
 Lest ye perish like the Rose !

J. SCOFFERN.

A RAILWAY TRIP IN CHILI.

AT the commencement of the year 185—, I was deputed by some friends who were interested in the silver mines of Chili to pay a visit of exploration to Copiapo, the centre of the mining district in that country. I quitted Valparaiso in the steamer Pacific, and disembarked on the 27th of April at Caldera, a town situate in a waterless sandy flat, interspersed with bare rocks of quartz and granite, yet rising rapidly in importance as the shipping-port of the Chilian silver regions and the terminus of the Copiapo Railway. A few years since, Caldera consisted of but a dozen poor fishermen's huts. At the present time it boasts streets of well-stored shops, a good landing-wharf and mole, a convenient railway station, a custom-house, and sundry hotels. Of the latter establishments, indeed, I cannot speak in high terms, although that at which I put up bore the lofty-sounding title of "Hôtel de Léones."

On the morning after my arrival, I proceeded on towards my destination in a light, airy railway carriage, capable of accommodating comfortably sixty persons. The Copiapo Railway, communicating between the coast and the mining districts of the interior, is justly considered one of the most remarkable in the world. It extends fifty miles inland to the city of Copiapo, at an elevation of 1,280 feet above the level of the sea, and is thence carried fifty miles to the south, where it attains a height of no less than 4,075 feet. The first sleepers were laid down, under direction of English engineers, at the commencement of 1850, and the line was opened for traffic towards the end of 1851. In about three hours I had travelled the first fifty miles of the route, from the coast to the city, across the dreary desert of Atocama, formidable from its parching heat and choking dust. The ground is extensively coated with an efflorescence of white salt and soda, the glare of which half blinded me. Scarcely a living creature, bird, beast, or creeping thing, was visible. The skeletons of mules and other animals, which had perished of drought, whitened on the wilderness through which we passed, and vultures whirled occasionally over our heads, as if on the look-out for similar victims. Not a blade of grass appeared; not a rill of water—every drop provided for the relief of passengers and for the use of the boilers being carried with us in tanks, having been distilled from sea-water at Caldera. Yet, this desolate tract teems, beneath the surface, with boundless wealth—copper, tin, bismuth, mercury, silver—offering an allurements to human avarice stronger than the fear of danger or death.

Copiapo itself is surrounded by mountains wholly destitute of vegetation. The houses of the city are built of crumbling, sun-dried bricks, and the dust of ages covers the wooden roofs and verandahs, on which no refreshing rain has fallen for many generations. One scanty, turbid rill of water struggles through the suburbs, to lose itself in the thirsty waste beyond. The streets seemed deserted, and the gloomy silence that reigned

over all might befit a city of the dead. The house of the Spanish merchant to whom I was accredited, though large and handsome, was wrenched and distorted in all directions, and its walls, disfigured by wide rents and fissures, required huge iron rods to keep them together. Hardly twenty-four hours, indeed, pass here without the shock of an earthquake, more or less severe. I felt it indescribably awful, in this most silent of cities, where every noise produces a startling effect, to listen at the dead of night to the low, rumbling moan, like suppressed thunder, in the ground beneath me, followed by a trembling of the earth, increasing to a heavy shock, as if the solid globe were rending asunder.

Such being my first impression of Copiapo (which subsequent acquaintance tended not to efface), it is not surprising that I should rejoice in the reflection that my business there was not of a nature to require a long detention at the spot. I made a visit (in an English-built barouche, the property of my hospitable entertainer) to the valley of the "Tres Puntos," the site of some newly-discovered silver mines. The mountains inclosing this valley are all of the older formations. The stratified rocks, having been greatly disturbed by some convulsions of nature, are generally thrown up in nearly vertical directions, presenting the most fantastic shapes and outlines. Marvellous it is, here, in a country where rain has not been known for centuries, to observe vestiges of violent water-action. The whole vale, indeed, seems one vast river-bed; and enormous heaps of *débris* and gravel appear as if but recently thrown together, though, in reality, the product of currents and eddies which existed whilst the now bare and burning mountain-peaks around were yet submerged beneath the ocean.

On the tenth day after my arrival at the city of Copiapo, I set forth, with much satisfaction, to retrace my steps to Valparaiso, which I reached the very eve before the execution of a band of notorious brigands, who, with their leader Cambiaso, had long been the terror of the country. Their day of doom seemed to be a general festival for the inhabitants of Valparaiso. Before sunrise, the streets and lanes of the city were thronged with men, women, and children, hastening in their gala dresses towards the appointed spot. Persons amid the crowd sold sweetmeats, cakes, and refreshing drinks, as at some large fair, and the faces of all gleamed with delight, as in anticipation of some novel and gratifying spectacle. A little before the hour fixed for the execution I repaired to a hill at the back of the town, close to the wall of the great prison in which the criminals were confined. On the invitation of the Commandant, I inspected its interior. At the moment of my entering the condemned cells, eight in number, their inmates were just preparing to form the fatal procession. It is a Spanish custom, on the eve of an execution, to transfer the culprit to a separate cell, or, as it is called, *capella*. There his "friends" have free access to the prisoner, whom their mistaken kindness usually supplies profusely with luxurious refreshments, wines, and liqueurs. He

calls for what he likes ; and it often happens that the few precious hours which he might yet employ to prepare for the awful change before him are squandered in riot and excess. Most hideous was the scene that now met my view. Some wretched men leaned listlessly against the wall of their dungeon, others crouched down on their pallets, or, utterly subdued in mind and body, lay prostrate on the floor. Several there were who looked up wistfully at the crucifix held before their eyes, though they appeared to pay but little attention to the whispered exhortations of their confessors. At length the mixed multitude of priests, soldiers, and prisoners, forming into something like order, moved forward, at a given signal. First marched a strong detachment of troops, then followed, bearing aloft a large wooden crucifix, crowned with garlands of flowers and crape, a host of ecclesiastics, thirty at least in number, chanting Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters at the top of their voices, rather incoherently indeed, and with a nasal twang. Last came the prisoners, one by one, clad in white cloth cloaks, and tottering under the weight of iron bars and shackles, which permitted them only to shuffle along a few inches at a step. Though tightly pinioned at the elbows, each held in one hand a crucifix close to his face. Never before had I seen such a collection of fiendish visages, their expression being in many instances aggravated by a terror-stricken look. Most of them repeated prayers aloud, but, as it seemed, mechanically, since their eyes wandered restlessly to every detail of fearful preparation connected with the fate which awaited them. Cambiaso, however, presented a contrast to the others, both in features and demeanour. He possessed a fine, intelligent countenance ; and his head, though small and of the Malay type, had a remarkably high brow. He uttered no word, and betrayed no emotion, till, suddenly raising his head, he caught my eye, and those of several persons in English uniform near me, gazing on him. He first smiled—nay, laughed outright ; then shot forth a serpent-glance, as of a reckless, untamed demon, untouched by fear, remorse, or hope. That smile and glance haunted me for days and nights afterwards. I turned away sick at heart, to avoid again encountering it. The prisoners meanwhile, surrounded by a phalanx of soldiers, staggered rather than walked to their last earthly resting-place, to the sound of muffled drums, mingled with the shrill moans of hundreds of women, the savage execrations of the guards in keeping off the excited populace, and, louder than all, the clamorous chant of the priests. Along the dead outer wall of the prison were placed eight small wooden benches (*banquillas*), to each of which an upright post was affixed behind. Here the criminals knelt down, and each kissed fervently the "*banquilla*" allotted to him. They took their seats, and, after a deep silence of a few moments, the priests again raised the monotonous death-chant. A needlessly cruel scene ensued. Encumbered as they were by shackles, the unhappy creatures were forced to kneel in a circle round the Provost-Marshal, while he read to them the death-warrant.

The terrible document was then held to the lips of each to be kissed. The prisoners returned to the "banquillas." A firing-party of eight, with a reserve of two, took their stand in front of each. A first roll of the drums gave the signal for blindfolding the victims, and tying them to the posts. At the second roll, the uniforms were torn from Cambiaso and his lieutenant by one of his own band—a mulatto, whose life had been spared on condition of his performing this office on his former comrades. The face of this miscreant was rendered more revolting by having been smeared with a mixture of oil and soot, with the addition of a false red beard. The priests now grew more active than ever, in genuflexions and signs, speaking in the ears of the prisoners, and kissing their cheeks: till the officer in command, seeming to become impatient of the scene, stepped forward and tore aside somewhat rudely the cloak in which a monk had enveloped both himself and Cambiaso for a few last whispers. At this affront the incensed ecclesiastic glared around like an enraged tiger, and, hastily calling together his brethren, pouring forth haughty invectives and threats of excommunication against the military authorities, left the place. The third and last roll of the drum now fell on ears strained to the highest pitch of painful expectation. At the same moment, the sword of the officer waved in the air, and eight victims rolled in the dust. The deep red blood welled and steamed over the white cloaks, now partially blackened and burnt with powder. The bandages of some had slipped off their eyes, which were fixed in a horrible stare. The mulatto before mentioned seized the still quivering body of Cambiaso, and, with a knife, severed the head and members from the trunk: thus sullyng an act of public justice by a final stroke of ferocity, such as would have disgraced a nation of savages. The troops defiled slowly past the corpses, and the tragical scene was over.

A SENSATION NOVEL.

IT is not at all surprising that the publication of the first instalment of M. Victor Hugo's long-announced novel,* should produce an intense excitement in Paris, or that newspapers and periodicals should be full of extracts. It is many years ago since M. Hugo established his reputation as a romancer, by bringing out "Nôtre Dame;" and since then his prose essays have been few and far between, as if he were chary of imperiling his renown. It is true that he has produced a great quantity of poetry in a decreasing order of merit, each instalment of which more and more proved that M. Hugo fancied himself cursed with a mission. Just as the late Sir Peter Laurie believed it his duty to "put down" various things, Victor Hugo imagines himself the only man who can set the world to rights; and in his "Légende des Siècles" he aroused equal horror and ridicule by the subversive theories he advocated. But it is not merely across the Channel that the publication of "Les Misérables" has been eagerly awaited. Among us, people have been very curious to see a work for which the publishers gave £16,000, on the same principle as many worthy ladies fancied that the "Colleen Bawn" must be good, because the Queen went thrice to the Adelphi to see it. In the present instance, readers will consider that the volumes offered them are not worth the money, unless immorality and a tolerable dose of blasphemy command a high price in the literary market. The key-note of M. Hugo's volume will be found in the Preface, which we render to the best of our ability,—and very literally, so as to have no mistake:—

"So long as there shall exist, by the fact of laws and manners, a social condemnation, creating artificially, in the centre of civilization, infernal regions, and complicating, by human fatality, a destiny which is divine: so long as the three problems of the century—the degradation of men by beggary, the destruction of women by hunger, and the atrophy of children by night—shall not be solved: so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible: in other words, and from even a more extended point of view, so long as there shall be ignorance and wretchedness on earth, books of the nature of the present one will not be useless."

Tall language this, as the Americans would say, and suffering slightly from unintelligibility; but we suppose it is all right, and that M. Hugo purposes to remove all these evils by writing ten sensation volumes at sixteen hundred pounds apiece. Of a truth, this is not a case in which philanthropy is its own highest reward. But let us now proceed to analyze the book—(which is a comparatively easy task, as it is so spasmodic and fragmentary)—and stop to cull a few illustrative passages by the way.

The first section, written in a minor key, and containing many exquisite

* "*Les Misérables.*" Par VICTOR HUGO. Première partie. "Fantine." Two vols. Brussels: A. Lacroix et Cie.

touches and wonderful elaboration, is devoted to the history of a just man—a Catholic Bishop, who is a combination of St. Vincent de Paul with one of the primitive Fathers of the Church. In the year 1815, this Bishop was seventy-five years of age. After spending a rackets life, he had been frightened into the service of the Church by the savage scenes of 1793. While a simple *curé*, he went to Paris to collect charity for his poor; and, at the house of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's eagle eye was fixed on him. He asked, "Who is this *bonhomme* looking at me?" To which the curate replied, with some remnant of his old worldly wisdom, "Sire, you are looking at a *bonhomme*, and I at a great man: each of us may profit by it." Not long after he was appointed to the Bishopric of D——. He was accompanied to his diocese by his maiden sister and his old servant. The first thing he did was to give up his episcopal palace for an hospital and accept the latter more than modest abode as his own. Of his income of 15,000 francs, he only retained one thousand to live on, and spent the rest in a system of charity, which M. Hugo, with a tendency to make copy, describes in three pages. His mode of preaching we will transfer to our review, as it throws a lurid light on the state of France at the Restoration of the "desired" King:—

"My very dear brethren, my good friends, there are in France thirteen hundred and twenty thousand peasant houses which have only three openings; eighteen hundred and seventeen thousand which have only two openings—a door and window; and lastly, three hundred and forty-six thousand huts, which have only one opening—the door. And this results from a thing which is called the door and window tax. Place poor families, aged women, young children, in such abodes, and then see the fevers and diseases! Alas! God gives air to men, and the law sells it to them. I do not accuse the law; but I bless God. In the departments of Isère, Var, and the Upper and Lower Alps, the peasants have not even carts, but carry manure on their backs; they have no candles, and burn resinous sticks and ropes' ends dipped in pitch. This the same throughout the Highlands of Dauphiné. They make bread there to last six months, and bake it with dried manure. In winter they break this bread with axes, and soak it in water for four-and-twenty hours before they can eat it. My brethren, have pity! See how people are suffering around you!"

- The only luxuries the good Bishop indulged in were six silver forks and spoons, a soup-ladle, and two branch candlesticks of the same metal, left him by a great-aunt. This plate was put away each night in a cupboard above his bed; but the key was never turned. In fact, his front door even was never locked; for he regarded himself in the light of a physician to whom access must be had at any moment. Of course, a Bishop of this class did not harmonize with the other dignitaries of the Church; and hence, when Napoleon summoned him to a Synod, in 1809, when the Pope was arrested, he did not stay long among the august assembly. The reason he gave was, "I was in their way: the outside air came in with

me, and I produced the effect of an open door upon them." In a word, the good Bishop did not succeed in polished society; his ways were not as their ways—for he lived for charity, and they for ostentation. On the subject of success, our author ventilates a theory worthy of extract:—

"Let me say, by the way, that success is a very hideous thing, for its false resemblance with merit deceives men. With the herd, success has nearly the same prestige as supremacy. Success has a dupe in history. In our days, an almost official philosophy has become domesticated with it and wears the livery of success. Success! that is the theory; for prosperity presupposes capacity. Gain in the lottery, and you are a clever man—the man who triumphs is revered. Have luck, you will have the rest; be fortunate, and people will believe you great. Beyond five or six exceptions that form the lustre of a century, contemporary admiration is only blear-eyedness. Gilding is gold. It is no harm if you be the first comer, so long as you are a *parvenu*. The common herd is an old Narcissus, that adores itself and applauds the vulgar. . . . Let a lawyer transfigure himself into a Member of Parliament; let a false Corneille write Tiridates; let an eunuch succeed in possessing a harem; let a military Prudhomme accidentally win the decisive battle of an epoch; let an apothecary invent cardboard soles for the army of the Sambre et Meuse, and gain an enormous fortune—and men will call this genius. They confound with the constellations the stars which ducks' feet make in the soft mud of the pond."

This passage is smart and antithetical, but it necessarily leads to an odious comparison: had Victor Hugo succeeded in his struggle against Louis Napoleon, would he have considered himself amenable to the law he has thus laid down?

The second section of "Les Misérables" is of a very sombre hue, for it is devoted to a galley-slave who passes through the episcopal town. After all, he is a mere lay figure, a peg on which Victor Hugo hangs his theory that bad men are made so by the want of charity among their fellow-men. This convict, one Jean Valjean, was sentenced to five years of the galleys, for breaking a window and stealing a loaf to support his starving family: thrice he managed to escape from the Bagne, but each time was recaptured, and thus his punishment was gradually augmented to nineteen years. "All for stealing a loaf," says our author, and argues against the monstrous injustice. We allow, that five years of the galleys was a severe punishment for such an offence, and impossible now-a-days; but surely the convict was alone responsible for the other fourteen years: he knew the penalty, and chose to brave it. But it is unnecessary to dwell on the fallacies of Victor Hugo's theory, for they crop out on nearly every page.

This Valjean, then, proceeded straight to the principal inn of the town and asked for food: but an officious gendarme denounced his character to the landlord, and he was ignominiously expelled. He went thence to the pot-house, where the same scene occurred: and lastly asked

shelter of a peasant. But the news had spread through the town that a galley-slave was loose in the streets: and he was again driven away from the door with threats. In this way, Victor Hugo wishes to show that society grants the convict no chance for repentance, and forces him into a life of crime. The argument is one we heard from the mouths of ticket-of-leave men in this country when they were assembled by Lord Caernarvon; and though there is a good deal of justice in it, no satisfactory alteration has yet been devised. After all, though, self-preservation is the first law of nature, and we can hardly blame society for standing on its defence against a class to which the name of "dangerous" has been pre-eminently given. At length, however, a kind soul recommends Valjean to apply to the Bishop, who offers him a hearty welcome, makes him sit down at the same table with him, and finally gives him a bed. Our author then enters into a profound analysis of the convict's character; tries to show that destiny to some extent has made him what he is; and then controverts his own theory, by proving that the leopard cannot change its spots. After a long struggle, Valjean, who has seen the plate put away, steals it—and bolts. He is seized by the gendarmes, and brought back: he declares that the Bishop gave him the plate; and the latter, to bear out the convict's statement, hands him the two silver candlesticks which he had forgotten to take with him! The convict is liberated, and the Bishop says to him, on leave-taking: "My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul: I withdraw it from black thoughts and the Spirit of Perdition, and give it to GOD!" Still, it appears as if the lesson had but little effect on the convict, for, on his way, he robs a little Savoyard of a two-franc piece; but the author has the grace to make him utterly penitent, after recognizing the horror of this last act.

The third section of "Les Misérables" need not detain us long, for it is utterly unsuited for English readers: it turns on the illicit loves of four students and four grisettes. The opening chapter, "The Year 1817," is a strange *pot-pourri* of reading and recollections, in which Victor Hugo strives to render the Restoration ridiculous; while the succeeding chapters are a ghastly bederoll of indecency and blasphemy, evidently meant to impart a local colour, and show that the restoration of religion met with opposition in the hearts of youth. We follow the students and the grisettes through their Sunday amusements, and accompany them to a Boulevard café, when the four students give them an amusing surprise, which they had long promised them. In other words, they start for the provinces, leaving the four girls they had ruined to fight the battle of life as they could. Three of them fade out of the story at once; but the fourth, Fantine, who bestows the title on these two volumes, tries to get work to support her infant, but failing, resolves to leave Paris for her native town. Let us make room for her portrait, as drawn by Victor Hugo in his most glowing colours:—

“For an observer who might have studied her closely, the thing most distinct through all this intoxication of youth, the season and her love, was an invincible expression of restraint and modesty. She remained slightly astonished; and this chaste astonishment is the shade that separates Psyche from Venus. Fantine had the long delicate fingers of the Vestal who stirs up the ashes of the sacred fire with a golden bodkin. Though she had refused nothing to her lover, her face, in repose, was supremely virginal: a sort of serious and almost austere dignity invaded it at certain hours, and nothing was so singular and affecting as to see the gaiety so suddenly extinguished, and contemplation, without any transition, succeed cheerfulness. This sudden gravity, at times severely marked, resembled the disdain of a goddess. Her forehead, nose, and chin, offered that equilibrium of profile which is very distinct from the equilibrium of proportion whence the harmony of the face results. In the characteristic space that separates the base of the nose from the upper lip, she had that imperceptible and charming line, the mysterious symbol of chastity, which caused Barbarossa to become enamoured of a Diana found among the ruins of Iconium. Love is a fault: Be it so! Fantine was innocence floating on the surface of the fault.”

Fantine, on leaving Paris, passed through Montfermeil, where she was struck by the sight of two children playing in the street. She spoke with their mother, the wife of the pot-house keeper, and resolved to leave her own child, little Cosette, at nurse with her. She parted with nearly all she possessed, and set out with a breaking heart to seek work in her native town by which to support the infant.

In the fourth book, Jean Valjean, the convict, turns up again, in the native town of Fantine. He is a thoroughly altered man; has started a factory, which brings him large profits, and has become so respectable that he is elected Mayor; and his fame spreads far and wide. Of course, he is the soul of charity, but has unaccountably omitted to restore the plate and candlesticks to the good Bishop, who died in blindness and poverty. It must be added, that M. le Maire put on deep mourning for him; and, moreover, made it a practice to give money to all the little Savoyards who passed through the town. The only enemy the Mayor had in the town was Javert, the Inspector of Police, who saw in him a strange likeness to a convict he had once had under his charge. As the character of this policeman is the best drawn in the book, we may be permitted to quote it:—

“Javert was born in prison, and was the son of a fortune-teller, whose husband was at the galleys. When he grew up he thought himself beyond the pale of society, and despaired about ever re-entering it. He noticed that society inexorably keeps aloof two classes of men—those who attack it, and those who defend it: he had only a choice between these two classes; and at the same time possessed a feeling of strictness, regularity, and probity, mingled with an inexpressible hatred of that race of Bohemians to which he belonged. He entered the Police, and was successful. At the age of forty he was an Inspector. . . . This man was a composite of two very simple and relatively good feelings, but which he almost

rendered bad by exaggerating them—respect for authority and hatred of rebellion: and in his sight robbery, murder—in fact, all crimes—were only forms of rebellion. He enveloped in a sort of blind and profound faith every one who served the State, from the Prime Minister down to a game-keeper. He felt contempt, aversion, and disgust for everyone who had once crossed the legal threshold of crime. He was absolute, and admitted no exceptions. On one side, he said—“The functionary cannot be mistaken—the magistrate is never in the wrong;”—on the other hand he said—“Those people are irremediably lost—no good can come of them.” He fully shared the opinion of those extreme minds that attribute to human laws the power to create demons, and place a Styx at the foot of society. He was stoical, stern, and austere—a gloomy dreamer, humble and yet haughty, as all fanatics are. His glance was a gimblet, for it was cold and piercing. All his life was contained in the two words—watching, and being on his guard. He had introduced the straight line into that which is the most tortuous in the world. He was conscious of his usefulness—had a religious regard for his duties; and was a spy, like another man is a priest. Woe to anyone who came under his clutches. He would have arrested his own father if attempting to escape from the galleys, and denounced his mother if she had broke her ban; and he would have done it with that sort of internal satisfaction which virtue produces. With all this, his was a life of privation, isolation, self-denial, chastity, without the slightest amusement. He was implacable in duty—the duty of the policeman comprehended as the Spartans comprehended Sparta—a pitiless watcher—a man of ferocious honesty—a marble spy—a Brutus contained in a Vidocq.”

With this man it was the convict Mayor's misfortune to come in collision on a point of authority. Fantine had succeeded in obtaining work in his factory, and was happy, for she was enabled to support her child. But some good-natured friend discovered the existence of that child, and, without the Mayor's knowledge, the poor girl was discharged. Victor Hugo describes her life with a sort of gloating minuteness that reminds one of the dissecting-room. The nurse presses her for money, or will turn her child into the streets: to procure that money, Fantine sells her back hair (an old expedient of novelists by the way), and then her front teeth, to a travelling Dr. Dulcamara. But these are only expedients, and the inevitable takes place. With hatred in her heart for M. le Maire, whom she regards as the cause of all her woes, she sells herself. We have no heart to follow her on her downward course: enough to state, that she falls into the hands of the terrible Javert. At this point the Mayor, who has seen the provocation she has received, insists on her liberation: although she grossly insults him, in her belief that he is her worst enemy, he wipes his face with a smile and has her transported to his private hospital. Javert, furious at her liberation, denounces the Maire to the authorities in Paris as a dismissed convict, and so brings on the crisis.

A fortnight later, Javert waits on the Maire to tell him what he has done, and to ask for his dismissal, as he has been deceived. The real

Jean Valjean has been arrested, and is about to be tried at Arras: the Mayor, with despair in his heart, magnanimously forgives the Inspector, and resolves to sacrifice himself. After destroying all the memorials of his crime, which he had kept as an ever-present remorse, except the branch candlesticks, Jean Valjean starts for Arras, to give himself up. The description of his night-drive, though very powerfully told, is but padding: indeed, the whole two volumes may be charged with the same fault, and the story proper bears the same proportion to the episodes as Falstaff's bread to the intolerable quantity of sack. In his account of the trial of the supposed Jean Valjean, our author, however, employs his most mordant colours, and makes a tremendous attack on the French system of justice, which certainly is shameful. But the most characteristic passage is the prisoner's statement, when asked what he has to say in his defence:—

“I have this to say. That I was a blacksmith at Paris, in M. Baloup's forge. It is a hard trade. You always work in the open air, in courts, or in sheds, with good masters; but never in closed shops, because space is wanted. Look you. In winter you are so cold that you beat your arms to warm yourself; but the masters don't like it—they say it takes up too much time. Handling iron when there is ice between the paving-stones, is hard. It soon uses a man up, and you are old while young in that trade. At fifty a man is finished. I was fifty-three, and very bad. And then the workmen are so unkind. When a man is no longer young, they only call him old brute, old fumbler! I only earned thirty sous a day, for the masters took advantage of my age to pay me as little as they could. With that, I had a daughter who was a washerwoman in the river. She earned a little, and so we managed to get on. She was hard-worked too. All day in a barge up to her waist, in the rain and snow, with the wind cutting her face. When it freezes it is all the same; you must wash; for there are people who have not overmuch linen, and want it home. If she did not wash, she would lose her customers. The planks are badly joined, and drops of water fall on you everywhere. Her petticoats were soaked top and bottom, and that penetrates. She also used to work at the washing-house of the Enfants rouges, where the water is introduced by pipes: you wash at the tap before you, and rinse in a bason behind you. As it is shut up, you do not feel so cold; but there is a steam which is terrible, and destroys the sight. She would come home at seven in the evening, and go to bed very soon, she was so tired. She is dead. Her husband used to beat her. We were not very happy, either of us. She was a good girl, who never went to a dance, and was very quiet. I remember one Mardi-gras on which she went to bed at eight o'clock. That is all. I am telling the truth. You have only to ask. Oh yes, ask, what a stupid fellow I am! Paris is a gulf. Who is there that knows Father Champmathieu? and yet I tell you M. Baloup, go to him. After all, I do not know what you want of me.”

This simple defence was of no avail; and poor Father Champmathieu would have been condemned, owing to the strong proof of his identity, had not M. le Maire risen in Court and denounced himself as the real Jean

Valjean. It was incredible : people supposed he must be mad ; but in the face of such a statement the prisoner was acquitted ; and so strong was the Mayor's good character, that he was allowed to leave the Court unimpeded, after saying he could be found if he were wanted. He returned to his town, and to Fantine's bedside ; for he felt a strong interest in her, and wished to restore her daughter to her arms, which the doctors declared to be the only way of saving her life. But he had reckoned without Javert. When the Judge at Arras recovered from his stupor, he sent off orders to have the Mayor arrested at once, and these orders in due course reached Javert. His feelings M. Hugo thus describes :—

“ Javert was at this moment in Heaven. Without being able clearly to account for it, but still with a confused intuition of his necessity and his success, he, Javert, personified Justice, Light, and Truth in their celestial function of crushing Evil. He had, behind him and around him, authority, reason, justice, the legal conscience, the public vengeance, all the stars : he protected order ; he caused the thunder of the law to roll ; he avenged society ; he lent assistance to the absolute : he had a halo round his head : there was in his victory a trace of defiance and combat : upright, haughty, and dazzling, he displayed the superhuman bestiality of a ferocious archangel. The formidable shadow of the deed he was accomplishing pointed out to his clenched fist the vague flashing of the social sword ; happy and indignant, he held beneath his heel, crime, vice, rebellion, perdition ; he was radiant ; he exterminated : he smiled, and there was an incontestible grandeur in this monstrous St. Michael. Javert, though frightful, had nothing ignoble about him. Probity, sincerity, candour, conviction, the idea of duty, are things which, by deceiving themselves, may become hideous ; but which, even in their hideousness, remain grand. Their majesty, as a quality of the human conscience, still exists in the horror : they are virtues which have one vice, Error. The pitiless honest joy of a fanatic retains, amid its atrocity, a sort of mournfully venerable radiance. Without suspecting it, Javert, in his formidable happiness, was deserving of pity, like every ignorant man who triumphs. Nothing could be so poignant and terrible as his face, which displayed what might be called all the evil of goodness.”

This avenger of outraged law startled Fantine from her dream of happiness. He roughly seized Jean Valjean, and laughed at his entreaty for three days' liberty in which to fetch Fantine's child. The Inspector stamped his foot and said, “ It is a wretched country where galley-slaves are Magistrates, and fallen girls are nursed like Countesses. Well, all this is going to be altered, and it's high time.” The shock killed Fantine, while Jean Valjean followed the Inspector to prison : but during the night he broke out (which was an easy matter for him), returned home, fetched his candlesticks, put on an old blouse, and disappeared. Fantine was buried in the common grave. And so the story ends, for the present ; although it is plain that the following volumes, shortly to appear, will tell us more about the convict and about Fantine's daughter.

Such is a necessarily compressed analysis of a most remarkable story.

Unequal though it is, and overloaded with theories that will find no acceptance in this practical country, we cannot gainsay its extraordinary powers. But, as Miss Brontë said so cleverly of Balzac's books, it is not pleasant reading, for it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. From an artistic point of view, the story is a decided failure. Javert is the only living character in the two volumes: all the rest are too evidently creations of the author, instead of flesh-and-blood beings. As we close the second volume, we feel that M. Victor Hugo has attempted an impossible task; for he cannot hope to correct the faults of society by drawing the lives of a convict and a woman of the town from their most hideous aspect. At the same time, his cause is lost beforehand in this country. M. Hugo must have learned, through his long residence under the protection of British laws, that among us allusions to sacred things are sedulously avoided by writers of fiction; but, as if in defiance, he is more than ordinarily offensive through his wholly unnecessary blasphemy. Strange to say, his mind is so peculiarly constituted, that he evidently believes he is doing the cause of religion good service by his plain-speaking; and doubtless considers himself a practical Christian. Hence, we recommend our readers to have nought to do with this book, for no good thing can be learned from it, while we feel assured that its teaching would have the most pernicious effect on the minds of young people; for the paradoxes it contains are of that showy, startling nature, that they may readily be accepted as truisms under the prestige of a great writer's name. The appearance of such a book is a literary event which we could not pass over in silence; but although we have reviewed it, we are bound to condemn it, and express our regret that M. Hugo should have wasted his undoubted talents on so odious a subject. The "Mysteries of Paris" were terrible enough, but diluted "Mysteries" like these we have under notice, which possess all the vice without the added interest of incident, are intolerable. The writer who fosters such a taste ranks no higher than the workmen who invent the loathsome chocolate condiments that disgust every honest-minded Englishman who pays a visit to the Palais Royal.

A POOR BROTHER OF SAINT CROSS.

I WAS little more than sixteen years old when the murder—the unsparing extermination of the Mars and Williams families, of Ratcliffe Highway, London—sent a thrill of horror through the nation; from which my own boy-mind received so deep an impression, that, though the effacing hand of more than half a century has since done its work upon me in regard of other occurrences, the Mars and Williams tragedies, with the surrounding circumstances, are fresh and vivid in my memory as ever. It will be seen, that an influence unshared by the public greatly helped to burn that impression into my brain.

The feature of the ferocious deed which more especially terrorized timid, nervous people, was, that no conceivably-adequate motive could be assigned for the assassination of those men, women, children, babes—for the wholesale destruction of two families who, though near neighbours, were unconnected by any tie of blood, friendship, or even of a common acquaintance. Quite inoffensive people, they could not have incurred the personal vengeance to be appeased only by such a horrible massacre; whilst, as to plunder, but a few shillings—if a few shillings—were carried off. What before unheard-of demon-spirit, hot from hell, had been loosed upon the earth? The excitement and alarm were, as I have said, intense in their exaggeration—ludicrous, absurd it may be; but it was long before a cool, reasonable appreciation of the horrible events took place of that excitement and alarm.

The topic had, however, almost ceased to be discussed, when it was revived at our fireside under strange conditions. Our family consisted only of my father, mother, myself, and a woman-servant. Our dwelling, completely isolated, was situate about half-way between the city of Winchester and the village of Otterbourne, distant from Winchester about four miles, on the Southampton road. My father was a lay-vicar of the Cathedral, a good musician, had a lucrative teaching practice, and was possessed of eight houses—tenements would be the more suitable expression—yielding in all about a hundred pounds yearly. Those rents, which were punctually paid, he himself collected, being a singularly methodical man in business matters, exactly on the day fortnight after they fell due—that is to say, on the 8th of July and the 8th of January. On these occasions my father dined at the “Hare and Hounds,” Otterbourne; and it was often not till the small hours of the morning chimed that he found his way home—occasionally fresh, no doubt, but never in any degree intoxicated. He was of a genial disposition, and sang so agreeably, that he could not be so churlish as to leave tenants and other friends whom he was delighting, at what they would have deemed an unreasonably early hour. This practice of collecting his rents, and walking home alone at the dead of night with about fifty pounds in

cash about him, was of course well-known in the locality, and often warningly remonstrated against—the road in many places being a lonely one. But he was a man of fearless temper; and nearly twenty years of impunity had banished apprehension, if any he had ever felt.

The Hospital of Saint Cross, where to this day a manchet of white bread and a cup of ale can be demanded by every wayfarer, was as nearly as possible midway between our abode and Winchester city. The Poor Brethren dwelling there, uniformed with loose blue overcoats and cocked hats, were familiar objects—passing, as they frequently did, our door. One of them—a new comer—known as Richard Cheyne, happened to render my mother an essential service. She was driving alone in a chaise on the Southampton road, when the horse first shied, then bolted, dashing off at a fearful pace. My mother, panic-stricken, could only scream for help; and she would probably have been either killed outright, or received serious injury, but for the opportune appearance of Cheyne—who, a resolute, powerful man, succeeded, at considerable risk to himself, in stopping the terrified animal, and delivering my mother from a great danger.

So great a service of course secured him a welcome to our house at all times—a privilege or right of which he was not slow to avail himself. Richard Cheyne might be about fifty years old—certainly not older; a hale, vigorous, instructed man, with a vehement flow of words if in the least degree excited—always at such times monopolizing the conversation, or nearly so, and pouring forth a torrent of declamative comment upon affairs in general, mainly sarcastic, vituperative, mixed up with a profusion of anecdote, the whole strung together, I have heard my father more than once remark, in a loose, dislocated fashion, but always commanding the close attention of his hearers. His physiognomy was remarkable. Such a face, from its mobile, varying expression, would be, I should imagine, the despair of portrait-painters. There was, however, about it one never-changing and by no means agreeable peculiarity. No one could ever *fix* for a moment his restless, fiery eyes. They were invariably turned away from the individual addressed, and directed toward a window, wall, or vacancy.

My father, I quickly discovered, whilst grateful for the service he had rendered, felt a growing antipathy toward the man—shrank with almost a shudder from only the slightest bodily contact with him. I do not believe they once shook hands after the first meeting. It was equally clear to me that Cheyne felt and resented my father's coldness and reserve—to use mild terms—though he never hinted in words that he did so. My mother remonstrated; but the reply of her husband always was, that he felt in Cheyne's presence as if confronted by an embodied, undefinable, but not the less real, peril—that there were dark depths in his mind unfathomable by human eyes, and concealing strange monsters, which at times rose shadowily to the surface, and as instantly disappeared again;

—in short, that to travel along the journey of life but casually with the Poor Brother, Richard Cheyne, required wary walking.

Boy as I was, this feeling of my father's was perfectly intelligible to me, needing no non-natural interpretation. Cheyne was possessed by a mastering passion for relating horrible stories. A morbid mania for dwelling, dilating, upon greatly-revolting crimes—extraordinary murders especially—had obtained such irresistible ascendancy over him, that, upon however different a topic his voluble headlong discourse first started, it was always sure to diverge into some thrilling story of atrocious, *triumphant* crime—foul murders, the secrets of which had died with the successful perpetrators. I have now no doubt whatever, that the mass of those blood-curdling narratives were inventions—the creations, or, might I say, *fumes*, of an imagination heated to a very unusual degree by the fascination in which the terrible blood-blots that stain and richly illumine the histories of all nations exercises over most minds, rendering Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors the most attractive part of her Exhibition, for admission to which a double fee is demanded, and readily paid.

How the man gloated over, analyzed, dissected, placed in every possible light, the murder of the Mars and Williams families! Full six months had passed since that occurrence. It was, I have remarked, becoming stale to most people. Not to him; he never wearied of it. It was his daily bread. Many of the melodramatic incidents with which he tinsel'd the terrible tale were, I am quite sure, if not absolutely false, most grossly exaggerated for effect, he being wonderfully vain of his genius for word-painting. Still, he having been in London at the time, and, from his predilection for such unwholesome excitement, zealously engaged in the self-assumed character of amateur policeman in hunting up and sifting the revolting details, his claim to superior information upon the subject could not be disputed—at least, not openly.

How graphically, with what nervous emotion, the Poor Brother of St. Cross dwelt upon, gloated over, those details—described where, in what position, the bodies were found! A father doubled up behind his shop-counter!—a servant-girl that had gone to fetch oysters for supper fallen across the threshold of the parlour she was entering!—a mother killed whilst dozing, it might be, in an arm-chair!—daughters when partly undressed for bed!—children, mere babes, whilst their eyes were closed in sleep! And the lodger who, awakened by a noise below on the night of the *second* massacre, stole softly, in his shirt, with loaded pistols in his hands, down stairs; saw a man bending over the dead body of a woman, and apparently rifling the pockets; and how that armed craven stole up back again as softly as he had descended, tied the sheets of his bed together, and by that means gained the street in safety!

This, and much more which I forbear to repeat, Richard Cheyne poured forth with exultant, frothing fury—if I may so express myself—one evening when there were present only my father, a Mr. Woolgar, and

myself. He seemed like one possessed, demented, carried out of himself by the spirit of a fiend.

My father listened in silence, and with watchful astonishment as it were. Mr. Woolgar, at a momentary pause in Cheyne's boiling, turbid, torrent of description, said—

“Don't you then believe, Mr. Cheyne, that the fellow apprehended upon suspicion, and who destroyed himself in jail, was the assassin, or at least the principal murderer?”

“He, miserable coward, the principal murderer!” shouted Cheyne, as if Mr. Woolgar's words had been oil cast upon the flame of demeriac triumphal passion! “No! Never, Sir! He who planned—he who mainly consummated that act of hate, that act of vengeance, upon the human race, was—*must* have been—a *criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse!*”

The words had no sooner left the man's lips, than his face, the suddenly variable expression of which I have before noticed, changed to a deathly pallid hue; beads of perspiration burst out upon his forehead; his eyes were cast down; his whole frame trembled in, it seemed, a paroxysm of terror, as a man would look and tremble, I should fancy, who, having taken a wild drunken leap in the dark, finds that he has landed himself upon the crumbling edge of an abyss.

“A criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse!” said my father slowly, and with the air of one upon whom a startling light had fallen. “A criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse! That is a singular guess, *if it be a guess*, to be so confidently put forth.”

Cheyne, as my father spoke, raised his eyes and looked the speaker keenly in the face—the very first time I had seen him do so. It was necessary to understand the significance of that slow, solemn, interpretation of his own words. He did understand its significance, and my father must have felt that he did.

The head of the Poor Brother was again bowed down; the eyes shaded by his out-spread palms. There was a silence of some minutes' duration, broken by the placid tones of Mr. Woolgar—

“A very extraordinary guess, or surmise, Mr. Cheyne—an absurd one, if I may say so without offence. Criminal lunatics, I have read, have always a method in their madness—seek to accomplish some long-meditated atrocity, displaying very often much cunning in carrying out that preconceived object: or, their flawed minds have been attracted toward some prominent celebrated personage—a Prince, General, or other person—who occupies an unusually large place in the world's eye; by which a notion has been engendered in their brain which connects them with that great personage, and that they will achieve some kind of desirable notoriety by destroying him. But how could it have occurred to a criminal lunatic to compass the destruction of two humble families, with

whom, from all that has transpired, he could not have had the slightest acquaintance? Your proposition, or guess, Mr. Cheyne, though, I cannot doubt, sincerely entertained, has not a leg to stand upon: to me it is absolutely absurd."

"I do not agree with you," said my father, in his coldest, sternest tones: "I do not agree with you, Woolgar, in this instance. You may be right in a general sense—I dare say you are. It is a subject to which I have given no attention. There are exceptions to all rules. I believe with Mr. Cheyne, that he who planned, he who mainly consummated, the murder of those two unfortunate families, *was* a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse."

Again my father's and the Poor Brother's eyes met. Had a shred of doubt remained in the mind of Cheyne that my father had seized his terrible secret, that look—though, being so young, it did not at the time strike me so forcibly as upon after recollection—must have dissipated that shred of doubt. Still, my father's suspicions, aroused by his own maniacal imprudence, would avail little or nothing; he must have argued; and if, when called up to the session of cooler thoughts the next morning, he espied danger in those injurious suspicions, some mode of silencing them might be found! Meanwhile, not to throw away a chance, Richard Cheyne—commencing, in, for him, a cool, deliberate style, and continuing so to speak till constitutional infirmity of uncontrollable passion confirmed the self-betrayal of his true character to the watchful observance of the lay-vicar of Winchester Cathedral—favoured his auditors with a narrative, in very nearly the following words:—

"I disagree with Mr. Woolgar's theory of the determinate action of insanity. No man, however well studied in the phenomena of cerebral disorders, can predicate what course of action under any circumstances a lunatic may take. There is a profound truth, ludicrously conveyed, in Hamlet's speech, that 'he is only mad nor-nor-west, and when the wind is southerly he knows a hawk from a heron——'"

"And yet, Mr. Cheyne," interrupted my imprudent father—not knowing, or unmindful, that his words were goads striking deep into the flesh of a ferocious human tiger—"and yet, Mr. Cheyne, you but two or three minutes since pronounced dogmatically, assuredly, that those dreadful murders with the details of which you are so familiar, and to which your mind, as if haunted by them, reverts, must have been perpetrated by a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse. That positive assertion, unless based upon facts within your own exclusive knowledge—for certainly the general public entertain no such suspicion or notion—is, as it seems to me, very much at variance with your theory."

Mr. Richard Cheyne, disdainful or avoiding a direct reply, continued his narrative:—

"Hamlet's remark hints, I say, an unquestionable truth, that cerebral

disease, except it be a decay or disorganization of the texture of the brain, is a hallucination—a delusion—a passion confined, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases of one thousand, to one particular hallucination, illusion, passion. Now, it happened to me, about four months previous to my nomination as a Poor Brother of Saint Cross by the Earl of Guildford, that I found myself at a mean public-house, at an out-of-the-way village, not far from Dudley, in Staffordshire. My means were slender, and I was therefore obliged to content myself with the mean lodging and coarse fare which such slender means could command. In the same house was another lodger—poor as I, or poorer; and he, a climax of calamity, was hunted by the blood-hounds of the law. He kept very close; but I had at last met with him in the yard of the public, and recognized William Parsons immediately, having been present when he was tried at Chelmsford, Essex, for wilful murder. He had killed and robbed a farmer who insulted him a few hours before the avenger met him in a solitary part of the road from Chelmsford to Brentwood.”

“I remember the case very well,” said Mr. Woolgar.

“So do I,” added my father. “William Parsons, a blood-thirsty ruffian, if there ever was one, was acquitted by the jury, on the ground of insanity—ordered to be confined during His Majesty’s pleasure, and, when you met him, was a criminal lunatic escaped from Bedlam, after murdering one of the keepers. Is it him you suspect of having plotted and perpetrated the destruction of the Mars and Williams families?”

“I do not permit myself to suspect without reasonable grounds of suspicion,” replied Cheyne, recovering his sarcastic tone. “To do so is to stamp one’s self a coward or a bully—likely enough both. I have no right to suspect William Parsons of those particular crimes; I am only about to explain how it came to be strongly borne in upon my mind, that such seemingly motiveless murders, carried out with consummate cunning and success, may be fairly presumed to be the work of a criminal lunatic —”

“Escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse,” interjected my father—

“Escaped from Bedlam, or some other madhouse. There is certainly not much logic in the deduction arrived at, when, fresh as it were from listening to William Parsons’ confessions—confidences would be the fitter term—I came to the conclusion that only such a man could have conceived and carried out, influenced only by an overpowering mania for murder, those else unaccountable atrocities.”

“William Parsons made you his confidant?” said Mr. Woolgar. “I am not much surprised at that. He did not imagine, I dare say, that you would actively assist in the hunt after him. And from all I have heard, there seems to be an overruling necessity compelling great criminals—those especially who have broken into the sacred temple of human life—to perpetually revert to, and babble of, the crimes ever present to their

affrighted consciences. William Parsons drowned himself, did he not?" added Mr. Woolgar.

"About a month after I left him at the obscure village in Staffordshire he was found drowned in the Mersey."

"I have seen it so reported," said my father; "but such reports are easily inserted in newspapers. They serve to slacken pursuit."

"The story of his life, confided to me by William Parsons," continued Cheyne with constrained calmness, "was a terrible one. His name was not Parsons—at least, that was not the name of his reputed father, a wealthy squire of Lancashire, and which he, the supposedly legitimate son and heir, bore unquestioned till he had passed his twentieth year. The father died. The validity of his marriage with the young man's mother was disputed by the next of kin. In the end, William Parsons—as, for sufficient reasons, he called himself in after years—was legally branded bastard, and cast forth a penniless vagabond into the mocking world—he who had been reared in luxury—taught to regard himself as the undoubted heir to estates yielding a clear yearly rental of twelve thousand pounds. The fall from that splendid height to such a depth of darkness and despair flawed his intellect. The disease took the form of a tiger-thirst for vengeance—a thirst for blood. Eagerly, untiringly, did he, with lolling tongue, dog those who had despoiled him, in search of an opportunity for slaking that hellish thirst. For years—long, weary years—in vain. At last occasion called, and he was ready. The father, and son, who reveled in his rightful heritage, all at once conceived a caprice for the sea. A yacht, the *Zephyr*, fitted with all luxurious appliances, was built for them, and on a fine summer afternoon they set sail with a favouring breeze for the Mediterranean—Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm. Had they known that the *Avenger*, habited and working as a common seaman, was on board the *Zephyr*, the joyous insolence of merriment indulged in by the silken fools would have been checked. More than once William Parsons imagined he was recognized. A vain fear!

"One night, a solitary sailor, when the *Zephyr* was becalmed in the Mediterranean, slid down quietly into a boat used sometimes by the *gentlemen* for fishing in calm weather, and then towing astern. In the boat, as they would probably resume their fishing should the weather continue favourable, was placed an abundant supply of daintiest provisions, wine, &c. The night was dark. The solitary sailor cast off unobserved—quietly shipped the boat's mast, loosed the sail, the faint air blowing sufficed to waft the light skiff away from the slumbering ship, and in some ten minutes a sufficient distance had been gained. The sailor then furled his sail, and lay rocking on the gently-breathing sea, impatient for the dread catastrophe which he believed—with such patient skill had he laid the train—would be inevitable. The *Zephyr*—(though the war with the revolted States of America was concluded—that with revolutionary France not commenced)—carried four pieces of brass ordnance; and the

magazine was sufficient to blow the yacht into chips—the men on board to heaven or hell—according to the premises.

“The sailor had not very long to wait. He had won the game. The slight, tortuous, serpent train of fire, as it runs sparkling on its deadly mission, meets with no check from material obstacles or human watchfulness, on board a vessel in which discipline is of the laxest kind. The licking tongue of fire reaches the magazine; a pyramid of flame, accompanied by the roar as of a thousand thunders, leaps up into the dark night. Presently afterwards, the heavy fragments of the Zephyr fall with sullen splash into the water, and all is over! The usurping father and son and William Parsons have at last finally settled accounts; the great estates in Lancashire have slipped from their grasp, as irretrievably as they did from that of the Bastard. Ha! ha! That, now, if you like, was a triumph—though no money was obtained by it—the remembrance of which would heat the icy blood of infirm age to flame.”

“Do you mean to seriously state that the misbegotten villain really committed the fiendish act you describe? It is impossible! Parsons must have been abusing your ears with the recital of a devilish fiction.”

“The Zephyr, at all events, has never since been heard of. I have no doubt Parsons told me the simple truth. He was mad, you know—his particular craze being the lawfulness of slaying your enemies whenever the opportunity occurs. A right royal doctrine, you cannot but admit. Besides, a jury decided that Parsons was not an accountable being. In the case of the farmer, he did not, they in substance declared, know what he was about—had no distinct conception that he was killing the fool who insulted him. By parity of reasoning, it must be held that he did not know that a cleverly-contrived train of gunpowder, if it reached the magazine, would make splinters of the yacht—beatify or damn the souls of all on board. Dangerous men, no doubt, are madmen—and to be locked up for life; but innocent, oh! perfectly innocent, in intention. They know not what they do. Ha! ha! It is a sound, wholesome doctrine. Good night, gentlemen. I must be off, or the gate of Holy Cross will be closed before I reach it.”

“Cheyne,” gravely remarked Mr. Woolgar, as he also rose to leave; “Cheyne talks as if he himself was as mad as Parsons.”

“I have no doubt, friend Woolgar, that Cheyne *is* every whit as mad as Parsons. I will speak with you further on the subject,” added my father, “in a day or two. The matter is a serious one, and must be looked to.”

“Mention not a word to your mother, James,” said my father, “of what we have heard to-night; it would only distress her to no purpose. My own opinion is fixed. Cheyne is a madman, and a murderer. As I said to Woolgar, the matter is a very serious one; and *must—shall—be* sifted. Meanwhile, keep guarded silence.”

The next day but one was the 8th of July. My father, as usual, betook himself to Otterbourne; and I, as was the custom, waited up for his return. One—two—three, struck. He had never been so late before; and as it was quite light, I, without disturbing my mother, set off towards Otterbourne to make inquiry. I had not far to go. In a ditch not more than two hundred yards away, I found his body—stark, cold! He had been stabbed with some sharp instrument from behind. Robbery had been added to murder. His money and watch were gone. The zealous investigation immediately set on foot elicited no reliable particle of evidence, or so much as suggested a suspicion of who the assassin or assassins might be. No one exhibited more anxiety to discover a clue to the perpetrator of the dreadful deed than Richard Cheyne. I was not deceived by that show of zeal; and consulted with Mr. Woolgar as to whether we might not hazard obtaining a warrant to search the Poor Brother's apartments in the Hospital. He strongly dissuaded me from attempting such a step. I, however, persisted; communicated my suspicions, and the grounds of them, to the Mayor of Winchester; and a search-warrant issued. Nothing was found to criminate the Poor Brother; and the only result of the search proceeding was, that I had earned for myself the enmity of a man whose enmity was death. He did not openly *manifest* any disfavour. On the contrary, his manner towards me had never been so friendly, so apparently cordial—which friendliness and cordiality but the more convinced me I was a marked victim.

The months rolled on. We were again in the dark days and nights of January. My mother, yielding to my importunities, had sold the tenements in Otterbourne. The money was in our house, and we were to leave for Appleby, Westmoreland, where we had several relatives, in a few days.

My mother—who was much indisposed, had gone to Winchester to consult a Dr. Lyford, accompanied by the woman-servant, and would sleep there. Anticipating that I should soon be beyond the immediate reach, at all events, of Richard Cheyne—I was in much better spirits than usual. Again and again, whilst vainly attempting to fix my attention upon a book, I passed over, in review, for the thousandth time, the circumstances attending the murder of my father—thought over again the suspicions attaching to the Poor Brother, Richard Cheyne; wondered if the popular notion that “murder will out” would prove true; wondered, also, how it was no communication had reached us from Lavender, the Bow Street Runner, who had inserted a paragraph in the principal newspapers offering a reward to whoever would give information that might lead to the discovery of the escaped criminal lunatic, William Parsons. I had answered the advertisement, describing Richard Cheyne, and hinting my own belief that he was the man wanted. No answer had been returned; and I concluded that my pen-portrait of the Poor Brother had convinced Mr. Lavender that Richard Cheyne was *not* the man wanted.

It was getting somewhat late for country-folk, and I was thinking of locking up and going to bed, when the door-latch lifted and in glided Richard Cheyne!—all the demon in his nature roused in action, and flaring with flame from the bottomless pit in his wild madman-eyes.

He closed, and locked, the outer door, before my checked pulse could beat again; then, with a devilish shout of triumph, advanced towards me—a bright, thin poniard (the instrument, I should think, with which he had slain my father), glittering in his hand. “I have thee now, young viper! thee and thy gold! Follow thy accursed father!” I avoided the stroke by leaping backwards—seized a chair, successfully warded off his furious poniard-strokes, and endeavoured to gain the unlocked side-door of the room: once out, my legs would save me. I kept shouting the while, “Murder! murder! Help! help!” Furious—mad—Cheyne flung down the dagger, with his hands seized the chair, and was wrenching it from me, when, just as all hope had left me, and I felt the full bitterness of death, the side-door was flung back, and in rushed two men—Lavender and a brother officer—both recognized with a shriek of terror by Cheyne. They also recognized him. “All right,” almost shouted Lavender, “this is our man! No nonsense, Parsons!”

The felon-lunatic offered no further resistance; he was effectually secured and re-lodged in Bedlam, where he died about three years afterwards. It is not, certainly, quite clear that he was one of the murderers of the Mars and Williams families, but the probabilities favour the assumption that he was: and my own conviction upon the point fire would not burn out of me.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

ON the day on which we date this number of our Magazine, all London—and on that day “all London” may be accepted as a very fair realization of that figurative pair, “all the World and his Wife,”—all London, swollen to twice its native size by contributions to its population from every quarter of the globe—will be let loose to enjoy a great National Holiday; and the May Day will be kept by a solemn festival, celebrating, not, as of old, the beauties and blessings of Nature donning her summer garb, but the pride and glory of man manifested in the work of his hands—in the monuments of Art in which he has sought to equal or surpass her—in the products of Industry in which the secrets he has wrested from her have been used to change her own features, and conjure up new creations. Amidst the inspiring strains of four great sound-poets ringing forth triumphal harmonies in the names of the four great civilized peoples of the earth—Auber for France, Meyerbeer for Germany, Verdi for Italy, Bennett for England—glorified by the noble thoughts and lofty language of the laureate bard of England, consecrated by the prayers of the venerable Primate of the English Church, and invested with all pomp and stateliness—short alas! of the presence of our Queen—befitting a great national ceremony, the International Exhibition of 1862 will be declared open. So notable an event inaugurating the month, ought, we have felt, to have its reflection in the current pages of the *ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE*; but as the progress of science has not yet furnished us with a telescope to see into the middle of next week, the solemnities of the inauguration, with all its parade and pageantry, its brilliant throng within the building, and its denser but far livelier and more amusing multitude without, must be left a blank—a blank, however, which it is gratifying to know, will soon be filled up by the skilful word-limners of the daily press with tints of becoming brightness and brilliancy, if not with the strictest accuracy of outline. For who can resist the beguiling suggestions of the imagination wrought on by such exciting scenes? If we cannot place by anticipation the dazzling picture of the opening ceremonial before our readers, yet are we so far able to lift up the veil of the future as to take them—supposing the pageant ended, and the last shrill clarion-note finally exhausted, after knocking about among the painted rafters of the roof—on such a rapid tour of survey over the wonders and curiosities of that vast and inconceivably various collection of objects, as must necessarily be all that the bewildered season ticket-holder will be able to accomplish after the stately scene of which he has been the privileged spectator. Even the compressive powers of Mr. Sidney Whiting, the compiler of the *Shilling Catalogue*—who puts a van-load of artillery into two lines, exhibitor and all—could not within the compass of a single paper convey a more complete impression of so measureless a mass of things than a hasty glimpse after this fashion can afford.

In following the plan proposed in order to convey a general idea of the contents of the International Exhibition, by placing the reader in the position of a season-ticket holder who has just witnessed the ceremony of inauguration, and is about to take a stroll over Court, Gallery, and Annexé, under a guide, *qui sait son affaire*, it is to be deemed a fortunate circumstance that we are absolved from noticing the exterior of Captain Fowke's edifice. The hue and cry of public opinion has sufficiently denounced its criminal atrocities. Bricks and mortar had never yet so much to answer for, nor since glass was discovered has it ever been pressed into such ill-service to humanity, as in those dropsical domes. All who behold this monstrous birth of tumid pretension and vapid incapacity, must echo, with or without the maledictory expletive, the verdict of the little boy in the apocryphal Frenchman's letter to the *Times*. The simple and forcible expression of the mythical urchin has, in fact, gone forth as the sentence of that common voice of humanity from which there is no appeal.

Leaving the outer walls, then, to the outer condemnation they deserve, we will suppose that the reader, seated in the Southern Gallery bordering on the Nave, has been listening to the orchestra and choruses under the Eastern Dome, and struggling to gain glimpses of the procession on its way from the Throne under the West Dome to the seats of honour under the East, and *vice versa*—"up the middle and down again;" that the music is now hushed, and Prime Ministers, grandees, and other dignitaries are dispersed; that the agitation of his efforts to see as much for his money as possible has subsided; and that he desires to soothe his inevitable disappointment by a quiet survey of the rest of his bargain—the great and multifarious spectacle which he can now enter on, and gaze at, and walk through, till his eyes grow dim and his knees ache, every day and all day for the next six months, Sundays excepted. We step forward, seeing that he is a little puzzled where to begin, and offer our arm and the light of our superior knowledge to guide his steps through the maze. Descending the flight of stairs to our right, we arrive on the platform, or Dais, beneath the Eastern Dome; and standing before the Orchestra, which recedes and rises up to the very centre of the oriel window over the portal at that end of the Nave, admire awhile the beautiful Ceramic Fountain of Minton, with its graceful border of rose-and-green trellis, its Roman vases, and its central group of herons so vigorously executed. We then turn towards the Nave; and, after vainly endeavouring to realize the magnificent vista promised of the entire sweep of this main avenue, but which the multitude of towering trophies utterly obstructs, fall to criticising the Dome above our heads and the Ceiling of the Nave. We remark, that the centre of the first resembles, with its rays of gewgaw colour and gilding, a huge Japanese umbrella; that the blue band round its base, with a yellow inscription, looks very raw; but that the decorations in the angular spaces formed by the arches at the intersection of the transepts and nave are simple, carefully designed, and successfully toned down. Th

tall pillars springing up to the base of the dome, painted in imitation of dark-red marble, are light and effective, and the small arcades below are graceful, though too gaudily decorated. Looking down the Nave, we decide that a soberer ceiling would have been more in harmony with the solid-looking bronze pillars on which it rests; but that if the principals must perforce be tricked out in motley, they should have had more light thrown on them to show their pretty suits than is afforded by the side lighting, which leaves them in a region of uncongenial gloom. As we cannot have a general view down the Nave, we determine to take it in detail, and pass in review the long line of trophies which fill, if they do not in all cases adorn it. Ere starting, we pause to make an observation, which is, that the place we are now standing on appears as yet to present the only tolerable amount of clear space in the building, and that consequently Minton's Fountain will, like Osler's Crystal Fountain, be the general trysting-place of visitors, and the centre of a permanent crush. While making this reflection, it has struck us that it would be better, ere launching on the central stream of the Nave, which may float us into regions from which we may never return—it would be as well to take a glimpse of the trophies to our left in the southern limb of the Eastern Transept. Accordingly, we descend the flight of steps leading thither, and find ourselves in front of the fine screen manufactured for Hereford Cathedral by Mr. Skidmore of Coventry, under the direction of Mr. Scott, the learned Gothicist. This, with the "corona" suspended above it, form two of the most elaborate pieces of decorative metal-work mingled with glass and mosaic in the Exhibition, and to ecclesiologists a rare morsel. Beyond it to the right is a peal of bells in cast-steel by Rieb's process. They are hung in a lofty and massive frame varnished to imitate oak, and surmounted with ornamental metal-work in the mediæval style. Beyond, there is another peal of bells, cast by Mr. Warner of Cripplegate—not towering high like the first, but arranged in a low framework on the same level, and fitted with a novel apparatus for chiming the whole peal, which may be manipulated with the greatest ease, so that a person quite unacquainted with the campanistic art may ring the changes correctly, or play whole tunes. The bells may be rung also in the usual manner. The tenor-bell of this peal, which sounds the note E, is four feet in diameter, and weighs eighteen-hundred-weight. In the centre left of these two peals stands Mr. Bessemer's splendid trophy of cast-steel work, mounted on a dais surrounded by a low screen of polished and carved mahogany, and occupied in the centre by a temple or pavilion supported by pillars of the same material. Steps at each corner lead into the central space; and the visitor may walk round the passage within and inspect the display of articles in cast-steel, ranging from slender wire no thicker than a pin to cannon and shafts for machinery of two or three tons weight. Mr. Bessemer shows some rails not liable to snap in the severest frost. To the left again stands a trophy of hardware by the London manufacturers, and a turret-clock by

Dent, supported on an elegant iron frame, displaying the works. At the end of this transept stand the Coalbrook Dale trophies, consisting of a pair of bronze gates ornamented with a beautiful design of scroll-work, admirably finished, each wing being cast in one piece. The gate-posts are ornamented with a trellis of bay-leaves, in the interstices of which is visible a dark-blue ground. Fronting the gates, on an elevated pedestal, is a statue, in bronze, of Cromwell, by John Bell, and below it are two figures by the same sculptor, of Peace and War, reclining on either side of a monument in red marble, after the manner of the Medici tomb by Michael Angelo. Two ornamental spiral staircases stand one on each side, and complete this trophy. Returning to the Eastern Dais, on the right side, we look into the recesses appropriated to Hart of London, and to Hardman of Birmingham, filled with beautiful objects of art and of art-manufacture, in the mediæval style, which the recent study of ecclesiology has brought so prominently forward, creating an almost entirely new branch of industry since 1851. Glancing at the enamelled slate-work, imitating the most beautiful specimens of marble, by Magnus, of Pimlico, the terra-cotta ornaments of Blanchard, an elaborately-sculptured Gothic doorway in Yorkshire stone, by Poole and Son, a lordly mantel-piece by Hartley, of Sicilian marble, and sculptured chimney-piece by John Thomas, representing Oberon and Titania, we mount the Platform under the dome again, and commence our pilgrimage down the Nave, first taking care to admire the splendid candelabras, twenty-four feet high, manufactured by Osler and designed by Owen Jones, which stand on the pedestals at each side of the middle compartment of the stairs we now descend—(it is for the sins of Captain Fowke that we are punished with so much tread-wheel exercise)—encountering immediately before us a pretty little temple, also designed by Owen Jones, in which are displayed a collection of glass gems, imitating well-known precious stones, such as the Koh-i-noor, &c. On each side are the rich and costly furniture trophies of Jackson and Graham and Crace; and on a line with these stand respectively a sculptured drinking fountain in coloured stone by Bentley, and Berrington's trophy of leather and dressed skins, surmounted by a stuffed deer, and adorned with the heads and horns of various animals whose spoils enrich the case below, and opposite another drinking fountain and a trophy of woollen goods by T. Salt. In the central space between these stands the grey granite obelisk of the Cheesewring Company, and a bronze equestrian statue of Lady Godiva; immediately behind which is the exquisitely-finished and complete model of the Warrior, sent by the Thames Iron Company. This strikes the warlike note; and we come upon the immense trophy of small-arms, composed of pistols, revolvers, and rifles innumerable, set up by the Birmingham gunmakers, and flanked on each side by anything but small-arms—namely, an Armstrong and a Whitworth gun: the latter, mounted on its carriage of polished oak, excites our admiration at the care and minuteness with which every detail is finished—the internal surface of the rifled bore being polished like a

steel mirror. Leaving these dread impliments of destruction with a hope that England may never have cause to use them, save in the smashing of iron plates at Shoeburyness, we turn to the harmless fur trophies of Messrs. Poland and Co. on the one hand, and Messrs. Nicholay on the other—both containing a selection of the most rare and valuable peltry: the latter exhibits a stuffed Royal Bengal tiger in combat with a boa-constrictor. Before us now stands the great organ of Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull, twenty-five feet high, decorated in colours after the mediæval style—anything but a lovely object, save to the student, perhaps, of ecclesiastical frippery in the good old days ere the Bible was translated.

Turning our eyes from these tawdry, toy-like ornaments, which bring the mighty king of musical instruments down to the level of the Scotchman's definition of "a box o' whistles," we refresh our taste by studying the graceful design and perfect workmanship of the Norwich gates by Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard, which stand close beside. The lower compartment of these gates, which are entirely wrought by the hammer, is composed of a thickly-leaved vine-trellis with bunches of grapes, admirably executed; and the upper portion is a wider scroll-work formed of flowering branches of the blackthorn. Within the compartments of the gate-pillars is a thickly-interwoven mass of leaves and flowers composed of the oak, the convolvulus, the briar-rose, the periwinkle, &c. The crown of the gates is even more richly and elaborately adorned with leaves and flowers, in which the forms of nature are followed with a fidelity and a gusto which render these gates unrivalled in the Exhibition. Parting lingeringly from these, we proceed onward, passing two prosaic trophies—one, articles of food; the other, of animal and vegetable substances—and survey the huge lighthouse of Mr. Chance of Birmingham, with its immense glittering dioptric lenses, intended to bend and shoot the rays of warning light miles away on the mariner's path. On either side are trophies of philosophical instruments of every description and degree of excellence, from the expensive binocular stereoscopic microscope to the student's instrument costing but a few pounds. In the centre space before us are two large telescopes supported on blocks of cement; and here, to the right, the red mast of a light-ship, with a ball for a day-signal, and arrangement of lamp below for the night. This is the unsightliest object in the Nave, and doubly repulsive, from the association it calls up of a tossing passage across the Channel. There is, however, some talk of removing it; and for this once we trust our indications may be at fault. The beautiful trophies of porcelain by Messrs. Kerr and Binns, and by Copeland, now stand on either side of us. Before the former we must pause, to gaze with pride at the triumph of modern English Ceramic art, in the magnificent dessert service manufactured for the Queen at the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works. It has taken two or three years to produce; and distances alike the finest productions of Sèvres, Dresden, or Vienna. We are now in the region of all that is

costly and regal in manufacturing art—gold, silver, and precious stones scintillate on all sides, as in a palace of the Arabian Nights. Messrs. Elkington, Hunt and Roskell, Emanuel, and Garrard, have here set up their trophies, containing their rarest and most dazzling treasures, in which the cunning of the artist vies with the intrinsic value of his material. The trophy of Messrs. Elkington takes the form of a sort of temple, and is adorned with bronze electrotype statues of life size, spanning across the history of England, and showing us on one side Roger, Earl of Norfolk, and Stephen Langton, and on the other Wellington and Blucher. Here, too, we shall find several of the most valuable contributions by which Her Majesty has deigned to manifest her interest in the Exhibition. Among these shines, peerless, our old friend, the Koh-i-noor, with a new face, or rather several new faces, given him by the more experienced diamond-cutters, by whom he has been taken in hand since the Great Exhibition, and who, by doubling the brilliancy of this mountain of light, have piled Pelion upon Ossa. From the treasures of our Queen are also lent a necklace in gold and enamel, adorned with three immense rubies from the Treasury, Lahore, and a silver table fountain by Garrard, representing an Arabian palace, around the base of which is a group of horses, portraits of cherished members of the Royal stud.

We have now reached the central point of the Nave, and the limit of the British domain. Before us stretches the line of foreign trophies, terminating in the fountain under the Western Dome. To these our gift of foresight extends but partially. While we are writing, nearly all this space is as yet unoccupied, save by workmen preparing what is to be; and, as far as actual vision goes, "function is smothered in surmise, and nothing is but what is not." Here, however, will be found examples of the barbaric splendour of Russia, in tall pillars, and vases, and candelabras of solid jasper, bloodstone, malachite, porphyry, and marble—of the manufacturing achievements of Sweden in a huge anchor—and of the artistic taste and fanciful handicraft of France in the lofty iron screen which marks the entrance to the French Court, beset with multitudinous adornments, statues of bronze and silver, rich hangings, and the emblazoned arms of Napoleon III. But as yet we will not set foot on foreign ground, but pass it coast wise, waiting till the sun of May has cleared the mist which for the present hangs over that strange shore. Here, as we stand midway in the Nave, let us glance down the Central Avenue on either side of us. Following it to the left it would lead us to the main portal in the Cromwell Road, to the right we should find ourselves before the *loggia* entrance to the Horticultural Gardens—the only redeeming architectural feature in the whole building. It is gracefully designed, but seen from the inside, its dimensions are too small for the vast length of wall of which it is the centre. First let us take the avenue to the right. Here, we find, is the chief place for the display of the works of sculpture, British and foreign, in which the Exhibition is so rich. Besides the

fine statue of Her Majesty, executed by Mr. Durham for the Great Exhibition Memorial, at the request of the late Prince Consort, one of the chief attractions here is the Temple designed by Mr. Owen Jones, as an example of the polychromatic architecture of Ancient Greece, and remarkable not only as a faithful reproduction of antique structural art, but as bearing on the moot question, whether or no the statues of the ancient Greek sculptors were coloured. Three of the tinted statues of Gibson, who holds the affirmative side of the debate, and a fourth uncoloured, by his pupil, Miss Hosmar, occupy four sides of this temple, and most convincingly prove the advocates for colour to be right for the effect of the white statue of the pupil amidst the tinted details of the architecture is so harsh, that it becomes palpable the susceptible taste of the Greeks could never have tolerated it, whereas the coloured figures of the master are blended into a harmonious whole with the surrounding parts of the edifice. The three works of Gibson employed in this important illustration, are Cupid, Pandora, and Venus—the latter, which occupies the prominent place immediately at the entrance of the temple, is the celebrated work over which the sculptor lovingly lingered in Rome for ten years enamoured like another Pygmalion of his own creation. The subject of Miss Hosmar's statue is Zenobia. Resisting the temptation to enter the Roman Court which, with that of Italy generally, borders this avenue, and strews along it many a treasure of that divine art of which Rome has been so long the chief school and fostering protectress; we return on our steps, and, ascending to the South-eastern Gallery above us, take a bird's-eye view of the vast area below, within which the greatest and most important part of the products of British industry are displayed. To trust ourselves within the mazes of that labyrinth, every step of which lures us with new attractions, would be to give up all idea of completing the general survey of the Exhibition on which we are now engaged. Here immediately below us, is a true Tom Tiddler's ground, where silver and gold, had we the requisite licence, might be picked up in bewildering abundance, worked too in an endless variety of shapes, from the massive and elaborate testimonial to the delicate chased ornament to clasp a lady's wrist. A novel feature in the Goldsmith's Court is that for the first time the working jewellers of Birmingham contribute to it. Hedging round this El Dorado are the Pottery Courts, where the produce of the potter's art is represented in all its gradations of rank from the purely utilitarian, in Mr. Doulton's show of brown earthenware pipes, jars, filters, &c., to the refined and brilliant productions of Newton and Copeland, which triumphantly enter the region of fine art, and display themselves amidst the sculpture of the central avenue. Beyond the ceramic domain is the cognate country of the glass manufacturers, where Defries has a tall trophy of cut crystal shivering with prismatic hues, and beyond these again is the wide territory devoted to hardware, and of which special allotments are occupied by Birmingham, Sheffield, Wolverhampton,

and Walsall. Hardware does not promise much to gratify the eye of the merely æsthetical beholder, yet are there within this department many beautiful objects, among which may be mentioned ornamental grates and chimney-pieces, of which there is a splendid display, and especially those in which metal ornaments, produced by the electrocasting process of Taylor, are combined with polished marble. Under this head come also the Falkirk gates from the works of Mr. Kinnaird, as admirably designed as they are cast with perfection. The effective coloured decoration of these beautiful gates is by Mr. Owen Jones. Advancing a little further along the gallery towards the east, the eye plunges down upon the two Courts, the contents of which are just now of the most engrossing interest—for the one relates to the building of ships, and the other to the arts of war and defence. These are two of the most perfectly organized and complete departments in the Exhibition, as, indeed, they ought to be, considering the amount of attention which they will infallibly attract from natives no less than foreigners. Among the notable things in the Nautical Class here shown is a series of models from the Admiralty, illustrating ship-building, from the days of the Great Harry, Anno Domini, 1514, to these present times of invulnerable iron sides. A beautiful set of small brass models, illustrating Nathaniel Thompson's boat building machinery, which in a few hours converts the shapeless log into a graceful and buoyant skiff, may be studied here; as also may Captain Coles's system of cupola defences, which promise to be the fashionable wear for ships for the next year at least. There is, in fact, no end to the models of every known contrivance for floating on or under the water, crowded in this court, as well as all that human ingenuity has devised to combat the perils of the ocean—life boats, light-houses, danger beacons, and that new feature in nautical meteorology, the barometrical indicator, by which the state of the barometer is distinctly made visible to seamen in the offing at a distance of two or three miles. A marked object in the adjoining department of military science is the tall trophy hung with portions of the Armstrong gun in various stages of the manufacture of that formidable weapon, and near it another case from Woolwich exhibiting the modes of filling various descriptions of shells, and fitting them with fuses. To the collection of artillery, and of all appliances therewith connected, ammunition waggons, &c., are added several models of forts illustrating the national defences. Beyond this warlike region we find, gracefully counterbalancing its uncomfortable suggestions, the space devoted to the civil engineer, the architect, and the builder. Here we find a pretty model of Hungerford suspension bridge, scarcely to be recognised in the new position it is destined to occupy, spanning the Avon at Clifton. Near it stands a splendid model of a portion of Vignoles' Railway, from Tudela to Bilboa, across the Cantabrian Pyrenees, and another, thirty eight feet in length, of Sir John M'Neill's viaduct and lattice bridge over the Boyne, on the Belfast and Dublin line. Mr.

Bazalgette's two bridges carrying the roadway and main drainage sewers over the river Lea at Old Ford and over the Bow and Barking railway are among these interesting illustrations of the skill and boldness of our engineers. We are now on the confines of the manufacturers of steel and cutlery, in which every description of edge tool is represented, and the supremacy of England in this branch of industry is maintained at the point of a thousand bright blades. Near it, the lock and iron safe makers, a colony from the hardware region, have a settlement, and Chubb, Hobbs the American—an almost forgotten lion of the Great Exhibition—and others, again defy each other, the lock-picking fraternity and the devouring element jointly and severally. Skins, furs, feathers, and hair, and all forms of work in leather, including saddlery—share the remainder of the space on which we have been looking down. We now stride hastily down the Gallery at right angles with our previous direction, glancing as swiftly at the textile fabrics with which this part of the British side of the Exhibition is filled, as though they were all for sale, and our wives were on our arms. Let us merely note that here the looms and frames of Glasgow, Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Paisley, Norwich, Dublin, Belfast, Manchester, Macclesfield, London, Nottingham, Witney, and Rochdale, are abundantly and magnificently represented. Our time being short, we will avoid altogether the collection of clothing which, commencing with boots and shoes, and working its way upward to the hat, is situated in this region also; and turning again, so as to complete three sides of the square, find ourselves in the Stained Glass Gallery, which runs round the central staircase, leading directly from the Cromwell-road entrance to the Fine Arts Galleries. Blackmore, O'Connor, and Ballantyne representing England, Ireland and Scotland, strive here for supremacy in the rich and transparent tints, the graceful and harmonizing designs of their church and hall windows. Leaving this checkered shade, we enter the vestibule adorned with sculpture, which stands between the British and the Foreign Galleries. Here again we can only look, but not examine. Walking a few paces down the British Gallery to the left, and noting the abundant illustrations it affords of our native school of art, from Ramsay, a predecessor of Hogarth, to the latest pre-Raphaelite coxcomb—passing through Gainsborough, Sir Joshua, Opie, Moreland, Wilson, Fuseli, Stothard, Northcote, Wilkie, Turner, Leslie, Etty, Maclise, Landseer, we promise ourselves a day to feast and learn. A glimpse shows us what an expanse of wall-space is occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilkie, Turner, and Etty, and we go away well pleased at the enjoyment in store for us. Before us is the Gallery of Foreign Schools, which also must be left unattempted; at hand are the stairs leading to the Central Tower, where photography is placed out of the reach of all who have not stout thews and good lungs, in which it shares its lofty quarters with educational apparatus, and all the newest inventions for teaching the young idea how to shoot. Here

again we must resist the solicitations of curiosity, and ascending the wide flight of stairs adorned with bassi relievi, find ourselves once more at the central Cromwell-street entrance; and, treading the avenue already visited, pass Owen Jones's temple again, and Benson's clock, which tells us how little time is left for all we have yet to see, and bend our steps across the Nave to that part of the British exhibition which lies on its north side.

Almost the whole of this area, which is smaller than the corresponding one already inspected from above, on the south side is devoted to furniture, upholstery, paper-hangings, papier maché, and every description of interior decoration. To reach these appliances of modern luxury, we must pass the little platform island under the North Gallery, appropriated to the musical instrument makers, where Broadwood's most costly and rich-toned pianos, and Chappell's Alexandre harmoniums, and of the same kind are enshrined, like a happy family, in a tasteful decoration by Owen Jones. We may here trace the development of the German harpsichord from the embryo spinet, *tempore* Charles I., in its case of oak, to the splendid mahogany or walnut-wood pianoforte of the present day, with all its scientific improvements and additions. Passing the mere display of chairs and tables in the northern area, however novel in form, rich in decoration and material, or graceful in design, as comparatively trivial, we will make our way at once to the Mediæval Court, which has been organised and arranged under the superintendence of the Ecclesiastical Society, and is filled with works of a really artistic value, chiefly relating to the decoration and adornment of churches. It is difficult in this court, without a very perfect acquaintance with ecclesiology, to call things by their right names, as it is without a very simple reverence for the subject matter of that science to appreciate much of its contents. Among the things likely to please everybody, however, may be pointed out the mantel piece designed by W. Burgess for Captain Cook's mansion at Trevertyn, Cornwall, adorned with a bas relief representing St. Neot ploughing, according to the legend, with harnessed deer, a font in alabaster and Irish green marble by Norton, and two organs by Davison and Gray, in carved oak inlaid with various woods, and the panels of which are painted with subjects from Sacred Writ. The latter are designed and executed by Prichard and Ledden. The carved fronts of Stalls for Chichester Cathedral by Forsythe are also remarkable, and the same artist exhibits two statues of Peter and Paul which were banished from Nantwich Cathedral. As much of what shall have been inspected here will have been of the Dryasdust character, coming after the exercise we have already taken, restoratives, both solid and liquid, may be supposed to suggest themselves at this point, and the establishment of M. Veillard, the French contractor for the refreshments, being at hand, a snack from his French *cuisine* and a bottle of his Maçon, or the pleasant light White Wine, Pouillé, he has introduced for the

first time in England, will agreeably suspend the toil of this inspection. The refreshment rooms are situated in the arcades overlooking the Horticultural Society, and are divided into first, second, and third class. The first is situated in the upper storey, where, at the rate of five shillings a head, a dinner of quite a *recherché* character can be obtained.

Being restored and refreshed, let us ascend to the Northern Gallery, adjoining the Nave, where we shall find a motley collection of articles, placed under the superintendence of Mr. J. Leighton, F.S.A., popularly known as "Luke Limner." The classes placed under the well-informed ken of this gentleman embrace clocks and watches, paper, stationery, printing, book-binding, and art designs for manufactures. The latter section will detain us awhile, for it illustrates a history germane to the very spirit and object of the Exhibition, namely, that of British art as applied to manufactures from 1762 to 1862, and includes the designs for the old Wedgewood porcelain, and a multitude of beautiful and interesting drawings by Flaxman, Stothard, Pugin, Owen Jones, Digby Wyatt, and others. All that chromo-lithography can do in its wondrously close approach to the work of the water-colourist we shall see here, and though the genuine artist may turn away in disgust at this manufactured art, the layman will be pleased that so much of what true art aims at should be placed within the reach of moderate purses. After inspecting the specimens of nature-printing by Messrs. Bradbury, the process for engraving direct from drawings in a few minutes, invented by Mr. Wallis, and the magnificent specimens of book-binding, in which England stands pre-eminent and many of the designs for which are by Mr. Leighton, we shun the Indian Court, which is immediately at hand, as impossible to include in our plan, and merely look down at the rough and ready appearance of the British Colonists below in the Southern limb of the Eastern Transept, noticing that they come out very strong in timber and wood of all sorts, their Courts presenting a whole forest of upright spars, and two trophies entirely of ligneous specimens. The gold pyramid, representing the amount of gold hitherto supplied by the Australian Gold fields, and also the obelisk of coal, claim a glance, though certainly not of admiration. Once more descending, we hasten through the Colonial Courts, noticing as we pass the interesting collection of stuffed birds and animals from Nova Scotia, led off by a fine Moose deer, and enter the Eastern Annexé, devoted mainly to mining, quarrying, and metallurgy, chemical processes, drugs, food, wine, railway plant, animal and vegetable substances, and agriculture and garden machines and implements. It is, in fact, an *omnium gatherum* of the most miscellaneous description, being, to some extent, an asylum for objects destitute of a locality elsewhere. It embraces two spaces open to the air, one containing specimens of stone and slate, in the shape of obelisks, fountains, or large slabs; the other conservatories. The chief points of interest in this Annexé are some very large and beautiful specimens of crystals of alum, copperas, nitre and carbonate,

and bicarbonate of soda; the immense "double throw" crank, of wrought iron, manufactured at the Mersey Steel and Iron Works, which weighs 25 tons, and is the largest piece of wrought iron ever produced; the beautiful model of the Sunderland Docks, projected by the celebrated George Hudson, the railway king; and a railway carriage, built by J. Wright and Sons, of Birmingham, for the Suez and Cairo line, decidedly the most charming vehicle of the class ever produced, and exactly fit to bear away a bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon tour, being painted of the purest white, with delicate gilt decorations and ornamented within, on the same white ground, with wreaths of daintily-painted flowers, all executed by hand. The workmanship throughout is of the most perfect and finished kind, and when we are told that this is an ordinary first-class carriage in the country for which it is destined, our idea of the luxury of the upper ranks in Egypt marvellously expands. Returning through an array of thrashing machines, farm locomotives, corn mills, and, sighing over the melancholy change, as far as poetry and painting are concerned, which has come over rustic and pastoral life, when the exclamation of the poet—*O dura illia messorum!*—would apply to the iron entrails of a reaping-machine, we enter the Horticultural Gardens, which, being holders of five-guinea tickets, we cross uninterrupted by the police, and passing the two French fountains and the model of the equestrian statue of Charles Albert at Turin by Marochetti, enter the Annexé on the opposite side, appropriated to machinery in motion, and where the noise, the heat, the restless and universal motion, and the smell of steam and grease, produces a combination of sensations from which some little time is needed to recover. Messrs. Morrish and Sanders, the English caterers of refreshment are at hand, however, and a bottle of soda-water and sherry will restore our composure, and prepare us for the undertaking before us.

Immediately on entering, we find ourselves among the marine engines; and the first observation they call forth is, that not one of them are paddle engines; thus enforcing the complete revolution which has been effected in naval engineering by the introduction of the screw—a revolution which has taken place entirely within the interval since 1851. The most powerful of these engines exhibited is that by Messrs. Maudslay and Field, of 600 horse power, and occupying a space of about 24 feet in length. They display a new arrangement of the several parts of the machine, the cylinders being placed close to the shaft, the piston and connecting rods beyond, and working back upon it. There is thus a better adjustment of the weight of the engine, the centre of gravity coinciding almost completely with the axis of the shaft. Messrs. Humphrey and Tennant show a marine engine of their ordinary construction for the vessels of Government, the present one being intended for the North Star, now building at Northfleet. Mr. Scott Russell shows a screw engine with three cylinders disposed round the shaft at angles, and Messrs. Penn have sent a fine specimen of their trunk engines. Rennie, Laird, Tod and M'Gregor,

and several other well-known makers, contribute to this remarkable assemblage of marine engines, in which every variety and disposition of parts is exhibited, and the sight of all these powerful machines in motion impresses the mind with almost a sublime idea of the power and resources of man. Immediately around us are disposed a great number of small working models, to which motion is likewise conveyed, and the multitudinous forms and various action of all these instructive toys impart extraordinary liveliness and a milder element of admiration to the scene. Proceeding up towards the further end of the Annexé, whose light arcades are tinted with a lilac shade, and impacting it to the light which descends through the roof, give a still more vaporous look to the steam-clouds floating in the air, we pass the locomotives, among which are some of the finest engines ever manufactured. One of great size and power, constructed at Sir William Armstrong's works in Newcastle, is intended for the Indian railways, and is of the class called mixed engines, being serviceable both for goods and carriages.

The London and North-Western Company show here two of the engines in ordinary use on their lines. One, called the *Lady of the Lake*, is employed on the northern division of the line, and brings up the Holyhead express train, commonly known as the "*Wild Irishman*," from its headlong speed, which is never interrupted, as the engines are fitted with an apparatus for supplying themselves with water without stopping. All these locomotives move to and fro on rails, and in conjunction with them is shown a "*traverser*," a recent invention, by which engines may be shifted with the utmost ease from one set of rails to another. In this vicinity our attention will be attracted by a mysterious display of pipes, arranged in parallel order, and tapering off in length like some huge musical instrument. To some extent it is so in fact, as they are specimens, of various size, of an apparatus which has lately come into use on our railways, and which possesses considerable vocal abilities, its performance being heard throughout the journey, though causing perhaps more astonishment than delight. It is called an "*injector*," and its true function is not to bewilder passengers with strange sounds, but to keep up a constant and equable supply of water to the boiler, which is effected by a jet of steam derived from the boiler, and so employed as to force the water back, as it were, against its own pressure. Advancing a few steps further, and passing the mules and spinning-jennies performing their marvellous and complicated evolutions, in the centre space, to our right, we come upon a massive structure of beams, wheels, cranks, pistons, and cylinders, occupying so vast a space, and rearing its iron limbs so high that, even were it motionless, it would inspire awe, but moving with that ponderous deliberation and steadiness which suggests unlimited power, a creeping sensation is felt. Yet is this huge monster only the docile minister of the simplest of our domestic comforts, and all this show of colossal power is but to fill the sugar-bason on our tea-table. The toil imposed on the Caliban

before us when employed in his true home—the “vext Bermoothes”—under the command of some sugar-planting Prospero, is to express the saccharine juice of the sugar cane, by forcing it through a set of enormous iron rollers, and his work is done so quick and deftly, that two tons of the cloying viscous liquid are produced per hour, while the sugar canes leave the machine minus seventy-five per cent. of their substance, and so completely squeezed dry that they will burn like peat, and in fact under the name of *megass*, form the only fuel ever used on a well managed sugar estate. It is calculated that a gallon of this liquid juice produces a pound of sugar, and thus eighty pounds of virtual sugar are produced by a minute’s work of this enormous engine, the largest ever yet constructed, as it is the most ponderous piece of machinery in the Annexé. Its manufacturers are Messrs. Mittlees and Tait of Glasgow, who state that the entire weight of the machine is 143 tons. The fly-wheel of the steam-engine is twenty feet in diameter, and its weight fourteen tons. In close proximity is shown another part of the process of sugar making in the vacuum pan apparatus of Messrs. Forrester and Co. of Liverpool, for boiling and refining the saccharine juice. The ebullition being produced under a vacuum takes place at a much lower temperature. Three enormous copper spheres are all that is externally visible of the apparatus, but these we are enabled to walk round and examine at leisure, an iron gallery being constructed enclosing them in all sides. Above this gallery, which is prettily decorated and affords a most striking view of the restless and bewilderingly multifarious contents of the Annexé, is placed a peal of Russian bells destined to give the signal for clearing this part of the Exhibition when the hour for closing has arrived. From this point of view we command the great water contrivances of Messrs. Easton and Amos, and of Messrs. Gwynne and Co. The former consists of a large tank, within which is placed another, and by an application of the centrifugal pump of Mr. Appold the water is raised from one into the other, pouring over in a constant stream the bulk of which shows the pumping capacity of the apparatus. This pump is for draining low lands, swamps, &c., where the water has not to be raised any great height. Messrs. Gwynne’s pump raises water on the other hand into a tank twenty-feet in height, from which a cascade, ten feet broad, and six inches thick, falls below, and thus visibly exhibits the powers of the apparatus. The noise produced by the roar of such a cascade would be too considerable an addition to the already overpowering hubbub of this Annexé, and so the water is made to alight on a frame of wire work which divides it and breaks its fall. Decending from this height we approach the foreign section of the machinery in motion, but our sense of wonder being exhausted by the achievements of our own country we shall find there little to attract us. A Belgian paper mill contrasts poorly with that of Messrs. Bryan, Donkin, and Co., which we have left behind us, and neither the French marine engine, nor the long lumbering Australian locomotives

appear to approach the British samples of the same description of machines. A Swiss paddle engine, however, we remark for its neat and compact form, and because it is the only paddle engine in the Exhibition, this form of propeller being better adapted to the smooth water of the Swiss lakes. Krupp's steel gun, from Prussia, wins a passing nod of approval, as a praiseworthy sample of wrought-iron manufacture, its weight being nine and a half tons, and the metal of fine quality. Switzerland makes an excellent show of machinery, and exhibits a Jacquard loom on an improved principle, weaving ribbon with shuttles of eight different colours, and also an electro-magnetic machine, and while—*parlez du loup*—we are speaking, Mr. Holmes's electric light from the other end of the Annexé, darts out its vivid rays, and makes all dark with excessive light. Dazzled with its blinding effect, bewildered with the heat, noise, and incessant activity of the many-limbed creatures around us, we are glad to make our way down the row of weaving machinery in a backward course until we can gain the open air, and substitute the animation of the crowd living without for that of the inanimate but no less bustling multitude within.

We leave the building exhausted, without having seen either the Fine Art or the Foreign Courts yet.

As far as any powers of reflection are left us, and we are able to disentangle our powers of judgment and comparison from the intricate mass of impressions into which they have been involved, the upshot of our galloping review of the International Exhibition is, that though immeasurably inferior as a spectacle to that grand, brilliant, impressive, ever memorable palace of wonders which rose, as by enchantment, from the sward of Hyde Park, a decade and a year since, it is more complete and comprehensive as a whole and as an effective representation of the world's progress in art, science, and industry within the last ten years, and decidedly the greatest Exhibition that has ever yet been seen.

THE DISINHERITED:

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAP. I.

AN EXCHANGE OF SHOTS.

THE country extending between the Sierra de San Saba and the Rio Puerco, or dirty river, is one of the most mournful and melancholy regions imaginable.

This accursed savannah, on which bleach unrecognized skeletons, which the wind and sun strive to convert into dust, is an immense desert, broadcast with grey rocks, beneath which snakes and wild beasts have, from time immemorial, formed their lurking-place, and which only produces black shrubs and stunted larches that rise from distance to distance above the desert.

White or Indian travellers rarely and most unwillingly venture to cross this frightful solitude, and at the risk of lengthening their journey they prefer making a detour and following the border, where they are certain of finding shade and water—those delights of tropical countries and indispensable necessities for a long trip on the western prairies.

Toward the second half of June—which the Navajoe Indians call the “strawberry moon” in their harmonious language—and in the Year of Grace 1843, a horseman suddenly emerged from a thick clump of oaks, sumachs, and mahogany trees, entered the savannah at a gallop, and, instead of following the usual travellers’ track which was distinctly traced on the edge of the sand, he began without any hesitation crossing the desert in a straight line.

This resolution was a mark of great folly, or a proof of extraordinary daring on the part of a solitary man, however brave he might be; or else some imperious reasons compelled him to lay aside all prudence in order to reach his journey’s end more speedily.

However, whatever the motives that might determine the traveller, he continued his journey rapidly, and buried himself deeper and deeper in the desert, without seeming to notice the gloomy and desolate aspect the landscape around him constantly assumed.

As this person is destined to play an important part in our story, we will draw his portrait in a few words. He was a man of from twenty-five to thirty years of age—belonging to the pure Mexican race, of average height, and possessed of elegant manners; while his every gesture, graceful though it was, revealed a far from ordinary strength. His face, with its regular features and bright hue, evidenced frankness, bravery, and kindness; his black eyes, haughty and well open, had a straight and penetrating glance; his well-cut mouth, adorned with dazzling white teeth, was half concealed beneath a long brown moustache; his chin, of too

marked an outline perhaps, denoted a great firmness of character;—in short, his whole appearance aroused interest and attracted sympathy.

As for his dress, it was the Mexican costume in all its picturesque richness. His broad-brimmed Vicuna skin hat, decorated with a double gold and silver *golilla*, was carelessly set on his right ear, and allowed curls of luxurious black hair to fall in disorder on his shoulders. He wore a jacket of green velvet, magnificently embroidered with gold, under which could be seen a worked linen shirt. An Indian handkerchief was fastened round his neck by a diamond ring. His *calzoneras*, also of green velvet, held round his hips by a red silk gold-fringed *fa-ja*, were embroidered and slashed like the jacket, while two rows of pearl-set gold buttons ran along the opening that extends from the boot to the knee. His *vaquera* boots, embroidered with pretty designs in red thread, were fastened to his legs by silk-and-gold garters, from one of which emerged the admirably-carved hilt of a long knife. His *zarape*, of Indian fabric and showy colours, was folded on the back of his horse, an animal full of fire, with fine legs, small head, and flashing eye. It was a true prairie mustang; and its master had decorated it with the coquettish elegance peculiar to Mexican horsemen.

In addition to the knife we referred to, and which the horseman wore in his right boot, he had also a long American rifle laid across his saddle-bow, two six-shot revolvers in his girdle, a *machete*, or species of straight sabre, which was passed, unsheathed, through an iron ring on his left side; and, lastly, a *reata* of plaited leather, rolled up and fastened to the saddle.

Thus armed, the man we have just described was able—on the admission that his determined appearance was not deceitful—to make head against several adversaries at once, without any serious disadvantage. This was a consideration not at all to be despised in a country where a traveller ever runs the risk of encountering an enemy, whether man or beast, and, at times, both together.

While galloping, the horseman carelessly smoked a husk cigarette, only taking an absent and disdainful glance at the coveys of birds that rose on his approach, or the herds of deer and packs of foxes which fled in terror on hearing the horse's gallop.

The savannah, however, was already beginning to assume a more gloomy tinge; the sun, now level with the ground, only appeared on the horizon as a red unheated ball, and night was soon about to cover the earth with its dense gloom. The horseman drew up the bridle of his steed to check its speed, though not entirely stopping it, and, casting an investigating glance around him, seemed to be seeking a suitable spot for his night halt.

After a few seconds of this search, the traveller's determination was formed. He turned slightly to the left, and proceeded to a half-dried-up stream that ran along a short distance off, and on whose banks grew a few

prickly shrubs and a clump of some dozen larches, forming a precarious shelter against the curiosity of those mysterious denizens of the desert that prowl about in search of prey during the darkness.

On drawing nearer, the traveller perceived to his delight that this spot, perfectly hidden from prying glances, by the conformation of the ground and a few blocks of stone scattered here and there among the trees and shrubs, offered him an almost certain shelter.

The journey had been tiring ; and both man and horse felt themselves worn with fatigue. Both, before proceeding further, imperiously required a few hours' rest.

The horseman, as an experienced traveller, first attended to his steed, which he unsaddled and led to drink at the stream ; then, after hobbling the animal for fear it might stray and become the prey of wild beasts, he stretched his zarape on the ground, threw a few handfuls of Indian corn upon it, and when he was assured that his horse, in spite of its fatigue, was eating its provender willingly, he thought about himself.

Mexicans, when travelling, carry behind their saddle two canvas bags, called *alforjas*, intended to convey food, which it is impossible to procure in the desert ; and these, with two jars filled with drinking water, form the sole baggage with which they cover enormous distances, and endure privations and fatigue, the mere enumeration of which would terrify Europeans, who are accustomed to enjoy all the conveniences supplied by an advanced stage of civilization.

The horseman opened his *alforjas*, sat down on the ground with his back against a rock, and, while careful that his weapons were within reach, for fear of being attacked unawares, he began supping philosophically on a piece of *tasajo*, some maize tortillas, and goat's cheese as hard as a flint, the whole being washed down with the pure water of the stream.

This repast, which was more than frugal, was soon terminated. The horseman, after cleaning his teeth with an elegant gold toothpick, rolled a *pajillo*, smoked it with that conscientious beatitude peculiar to the Hispano-Americans, and then wrapped himself in his zarape, shut his eyes, and fell asleep.

Several hours passed ; and it is probable that the traveller's sleep would have been prolonged for some time, had not two shots, fired a short distance from him, suddenly aroused him from his lethargy. The general rule on the prairie is, that when you hear a shot, it is rare for it not to have been preceded by the whistle of a bullet past your ear—in other words, there are ninety-nine reasons in a hundred that the lonely man has been unconsciously converted into the target of an assassin.

The traveller, thus unpleasantly aroused, seized his weapons, concealed himself behind a rock, and waited. Then, as after the expiration of a moment the attack was not renewed, he rose softly, and carefully looked around him.

Not a sound disturbed the majestic solitude of the desert. But this sudden tranquillity after the two shots, instead of reassuring the traveller, only augmented his anxiety, by revealing to him the approach of a certain danger, though it was impossible for him to divine the cause or the magnitude.

The night was clear, and, so to speak, transparent; the sky, of a deep blue, was studded with a profusion of sparkling stars, and the moon shed a white and melancholy light, that allowed the country to be surveyed for a long distance.

At all hazards he saddled his horse; then, after concealing it in a rocky cavity, he lay down, placed his ear to the ground, and listened. Then he fancied he could hear a long distance off a sound, at first almost imperceptible, but which rapidly approached; and he soon recognized in it the wild galloping of several horses.

It was a hunt, or a pursuit. But who would dream of hunting in the middle of the night? The Indians would not venture it, while white and half-bred trappers only rarely visited these deserted regions, which they abandoned to the savages and border-ruffians; utter villains, who, expelled from the towns and pueblos, have no other shelter than the desert.

Were the galloping horsemen pirates of the prairie then?

The situation was becoming painful to the traveller, when, all at once, the noise ceased and all became silent.

The traveller rose from the ground.

Suddenly, the shrieks of a woman or girl burst forth on the night, with an expression of terror and agony impossible to depict.

The stranger, leaving his horse in the shelter he had selected for it, dashed forward in the direction whence the cry came, leaping from rock to rock and clearing shrubs, at the risk of hurting himself, with the feverish speed of the brave man who believes himself suddenly called by Providence to save a fellow-being in danger.

Still, prudence did not desert him in his hazardous enterprise; and, before risking himself on the plain, he stopped behind a fringe of larch trees, in order to try and find out what was going on, and act in accordance.

This is what he saw:—Two men, whom from their appearance he at once recognized as belonging to the worst species of prairie-runners, were madly pursuing a young girl. But, thanks to her juvenile agility—an agility doubtless doubled by the profound terror the bandits inspired her with—this maiden bounded like a startled fawn across the prairie, leaping ravines, clearing every obstacle, and gaining at each moment a greater advance on her pursuers, who were impeded by their vaquera boots and heavy rifles.

A few minutes later, and the maiden reached the belt of trees behind which the traveller had concealed himself. The latter was about to rush

to her assistance, when suddenly one of the bandits raised his rifle and pulled the trigger.

The girl fell, and the horseman seemed to change his mind—for, instead of advancing, he drew himself back and stood motionless, with his finger on the trigger, and ready to fire.

The pirates rapidly approached, talking together in that medley of English, French, Spanish, and Indian which is employed throughout the Far West.

“Hum!” said a hoarse and panting voice; “what a gazelle! At one moment I really thought she would escape us.”

“Yes, yes,” the other answered, shaking his head and tapping the barrel of his rifle with his right hand; “but I always felt certain of bringing her down when I thought proper.”

“Yes, and you did not miss her, *carai!* although it was a long shot, and your hand must have trembled after such a chase.”

“Habit, compadre! habit!” the bandit answered, with a modest smile.

While talking thus, the two bandits had reached the spot where the body of the girl lay. One of them knelt down, doubtless to assure himself of the death of their victim; while the other, the one who had fired, looked on carelessly, leaning on his rifle.

The traveller then drew himself up, raised his piece, and fired. The bandit, struck in the centre of the breast, sank down like a sack, and did not stir. He was dead.

His companion had started and laid his hand on his *machete*; but not leaving him time to employ it, the traveller rushed on him, and, with a powerful blow of the butt-end on his head, sent him to join his comrade on the ground, where he rolled, half killed.

The traveller, taking the bandit's *reata*, then firmly bound his hands and feet; and, easy in mind on this point, he eagerly approached the maiden. The poor girl gave no sign of life, but, for all that, was not dead; her wound, indeed, was slight, as the pirate's bullet had merely grazed her arm. Terror alone had produced her fainting fit.

The stranger carefully bandaged the wound, slightly moistened her lips and temples, and, after a comparatively short period, had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes again.

“Oh!” she murmured, in a voice soft and melodious as a bird's song, “those men—those demons! Oh, Heaven! protect me!”

“Reassure yourself, *Senorita*,” the traveller answered; “you have nothing further to fear from those villains.”

The maiden started at the sound of this strange voice: she fixed her eyes on the stranger without giving him any answer, and made an instinctive movement to rise. She doubtless took the man who had spoken to her for one of her pursuers. The latter smiled mournfully, and pointed to the two bandits lying on the ground.

"Look, Senorita," he said to her; "you have only a friend here."

At this sight, an expression of unbounded gratitude illumined the wounded girl's face, and a sickly smile appeared on her lips; but almost immediately her features grew saddened again. She sprang up, and raising herself on the tips of her small feet, she stretched out her right arm toward a point on the horizon, and exclaimed in a voice broken by terror—

"There, there! Look!"

The stranger turned to the indicated direction. A party of horsemen were coming up at full speed, preceded about a rifle-shot distance by another horseman, evidently better mounted than they, and whom they appeared to be pursuing. The stranger then remembered the furious galloping he had heard a few moments previously.

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, clasping her hands in entreaty, "save him, Senor! Save him!"

"I will try, Senorita," he replied gently; "all that a man can do I swear to do."

"Thank you," she said, offering him her pretty little hand; "you are a noble-hearted man, and Heaven will aid you."

"You must not remain here exposed to the insults of these men, who are evidently the comrades of those from whom you have just escaped."

"That is true," she said; "but what can I do? Where shall I seek shelter?"

"Follow me behind these trees; we have not a moment to lose."

"Come," she said resolutely. "But you will save him! Will you not?"

"At least, I will try. I have only my life to offer the person in whom you take an interest; and believe me, Senorita, I shall not hesitate to make the sacrifice."

The maiden looked down with a blush, and silently followed her guide. They soon reached the thicket in which the stranger had established his quarters for the night.

"Whatever happens," he said, while reloading his rifle, "remain here, Senorita. You are in safety in this hollow rock, where no one will dream of seeking you. For my part, I am going to help your friend."

"Go," she said, as she knelt down on the ground; "while you are fighting I will pray for you—and Heaven will grant my prayer."

"Yes," the stranger answered mournfully, "God listens gladly to the voice of angels, so let us hope for the best."

He leaped on his horse; and after giving a parting glance at the maiden, who was praying fervently, he dashed at full speed in the direction of the new comers. There were seven in number—bandits with stern faces and dangerous aspect, who dashed up brandishing their weapons and uttering horrible yells.

The pursued horseman, on seeing a man emerge so unexpectedly from the thicket, and come towards him at full speed, rifle in hand, naturally

supposed that assistance was arriving for his foes, and dashed on one side to avoid a man whom he assumed, with some show of reason, to be an adversary the more. But the bandits were not mistaken when they saw the stranger not only let their prey escape, but stop in front of them and cock his rifle.

Two shots were fired at the same moment, one by a bandit, the other by the stranger, with the difference, however, that the bandit's shot, being fired haphazard, was harmless; while the stranger's, being deliberately aimed, struck exactly in the mass of his serried foes.

A few seconds later one of them let go his bridle, beat the air with his arms, fell back on his horse, and at length on the ground, tearing with his huge spurs the sides of his steed, which reared, kicked, and started off like an arrow.

A war so frankly declared could not have a sudden termination: four shots succeeding each other with extreme rapidity on either side were a sufficient proof of this. But the stranger's position was growing critical: his rifle was discharged, and he had only his revolvers left.

The revolver, by the way, is a weapon more convenient than useful in a fight, for, if you wish to hit your man, you must fire at him almost point blank, otherwise the bullets have a tendency to stray. This is a sufficient explanation why, in spite of the immoderate use the North Americans make of this weapon, the number of murders among them is proportionately limited.

The stranger was, therefore, somewhat embarrassed, and was preparing in his emergency for a hand-to-hand fight, when help he had been far from calculating on suddenly reached him.

The pursued horseman, on hearing the firing, and yet finding that no bullets whizzed past him, understood that something unusual was taking place, and that some strange incident must have occurred in his favour. Hence he turned back, and saw one of his enemies fall. Recognizing his mistake, he made up his mind at once: though only armed with a *machete*, he wheeled his horse round and bravely drew up alongside his defender.

Then the two men, without exchanging a word, resolutely dashed at the bandits. The contest was short—the success un hoped for. Moreover, the sides were nearly equal, for of the seven pirates only four were now alive.

The attack was so sudden, that the pirates had not time to reload. Two were killed with revolver-shots. The third fell with his head severed by a *machete* blow from the horseman, who was burning to take an exemplary vengeance; while the fourth, finding himself alone, leaped his horse over the corpses of his comrades, and fled at full speed without attempting to continue longer a combat which could not but be fatal to him.

The two men consequently remained masters of the battle-field.

CHAP. II.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

WHEN the last bandit had disappeared in the darkness, the horseman turned to his generous defender, in order to thank him ; but the latter was no longer by his side, and he saw him galloping some distance off on the plain.

The horseman knew not to what he should attribute this sudden departure—for the stranger was following a direction diametrically opposite to that on which the pirate had fled)—till he saw him return, leading another horse by the bridle.

The stranger had thought of the young lady he had so miraculously saved ; and on seeing the horses of the killed bandits galloping about, he resolved at once to capture the best of them, in order to enable her to continue her journey more comfortably ; and when the animal was lassoed, he returned slowly towards the man to whom he had rendered so great a service.

“ Senor,” the horseman said, as soon as they met again, “ all is not over yet ; I have a further service to ask of you.”

“ Speak, Caballero,” the stranger replied, starting at the sound of the voice, which he fancied he recognized. “ Speak, I am listening to you.”

“ A woman, an unhappy girl, my sister in a word, is lost in this horrible desert. Some of the scoundrels started in pursuit of her, and I know not what may have happened to her. I am in mortal agony, and must rejoin her at all risks ; hence do not leave the good action you have so well begun unfinished ; help me to find my sister’s track,—join with me in seeking her.”

“ It is useless,” the stranger answered coldly.

“ What, useless !” the horseman exclaimed with horror ; “ has any misfortune happened to her ? Ah ! I remember now ; I fancied, while I was flying, that I heard several shots. Oh, Heaven, Heaven !” he added, writhing his hands in despair, “ my poor sister, my poor Marianita !”

“ Reassure yourself, Caballero,” the stranger continued in the same cold deliberate accent ; “ your sister is in safety, temporarily at least, and has nothing to fear. Heaven permitted that I should cross her path.”

“ Are you stating truth ?” he exclaimed joyfully. “ Oh, bless you, Senor, for the happy news ! Where is she ? Let me see her ! Let me press her to my heart ! Alas ! how shall I ever acquit my debt to you ?”

“ You owe me nothing,” the stranger answered in a rough voice ; “ it was chance, or GOD if you prefer it, that did everything, and I was only the instrument. My conduct would have been the same to any other person ; so keep your gratitude—which I do not ask of you. Who knows,” he added ironically, “ whether you may not some day repent of having contracted any obligations toward me ?”

The horseman felt internally pained at the way in which his advances were received by a man who scarce five minutes previously had saved his life. Not knowing to what he should attribute this sudden change of temper, he pretended not to notice anything offensive the words might contain, and said, with exquisite politeness—

“The spot is badly chosen for a lengthened conversation, Caballero. We are still, if not strangers, at least unknown to each other. I trust that ere long all coldness and misunderstanding will cease between us, and make room for perfect confidence.”

The other smiled bitterly.

“Come,” he said, “your sister is near here, and must be impatient to see you.”

The horseman followed him without replying; but asking himself mentally who this singular man could be, who risked his life to defend him, and yet appeared anxious to treat him as an enemy.

All the sounds of the combat had reached the maiden's ear: she had heard them while kneeling on the ground, half dead with terror, and searching her troubled memory in vain for a prayer to address to Heaven.

Then the firing had ceased: a mournful silence again spread over the desert—a silence more terrifying a thousand-fold than the terrible sounds of the fight, and she remained crouching in a corner and suffering from nameless agony, alone, far from all human help, not daring to retain a single hope, and fearing at each moment to see a frightful death awaiting her.

The poor girl could not have said how long she remained thus crushed beneath the weight of her terror. A person must really have suffered, to know of how many centuries a minute is composed when life or death is awaited.

Suddenly she started: her strong nerves relaxed, a fugitive flush tinged her cheek, she fancied she had heard a few words uttered in a low voice not far from her. Were her enemies again pursuing her? or was her saviour returning to her side?

She remained anxious and motionless, not daring to make a movement or utter a cry to ask for help; for a movement might reveal her presence, a cry hopelessly ruin her.

But, ere long, the bushes were parted by a powerful hand: and two horsemen appeared at the base of the rock. The maiden stretched out her hands to them with an exclamation of delight; and, too weak to support this last emotion, she fainted.

She had recognized in the men, who arrived side by side, her brother, and the stranger to whom she owed her life.

When she regained her senses, she was lying on furs in front of a large fire. The two men were sitting on her right and left; while in the rock-cave, three horses were eating their provender of alfalfa.

Somewhat in the shadow, a few paces from her, the maiden perceived a mass, whose form it was impossible for her to distinguish at the first

glance, but which a more attentive examination enabled her to recognize as a bound man lying on the ground.

The maiden was anxious to speak and thank her liberator; but the shock she had received was so rude, the emotion so powerful, that it was impossible for her to utter a word—so weak did she feel. She could only give him a glance full of all the gratitude she felt, and then fell back into a species of feverish exhaustion and morbid apathy, which almost completely deprived her of the power of thinking and feeling, and which rendered her involuntarily ignorant of all that was going on around her.

“It is well,” said the stranger, as he carefully closed a gold-mounted flask and concealed it in his bosom. “Now, Caballero, there is nothing more to fear for the Senorita; the draught I have administered to her, by procuring her a calm and healthy sleep, will restore her strength sufficiently for her to be able to continue her journey at sunrise, should it be necessary.”

“Caballero,” the stranger answered, “you are really performing the part of Providence towards me and my sister. I know not, in truth, how to express to you the lively gratitude I feel for a procedure which is the more generous as I am a perfect stranger to you.”

“Do you think so?” he answered sarcastically.

“The more I examine your face, the more convinced I am that I have met you to-night for the first time.”

“You would not venture to affirm it?”

“Yes, I would. Your features are too remarkable for me not to remember them if I had seen you before; but I repeat, if you fancy you know me, you are mistaken, and an accidental resemblance to some other person is the cause of your error.”

There was a momentary silence, and then the stranger spoke again, with a politeness too affected for the irony it concealed not to be seen—

“Be it so, Caballero,” he answered with a bow; “perhaps I am mistaken. Be good enough, therefore, if you have no objection, to tell me who you are, and by what fortuitous concurrence of circumstances I have been enabled to render you what you are kind enough to call a great service?”

“And it is an immense one, in truth, Caballero,” the stranger interrupted, with warmth.

“I will not discuss that subject any longer with you, Caballero; I am awaiting your pleasure.”

“Senor, I will not abuse your patience for long. My name is Don Ruiz de Moguer, and I reside with my father at a hacienda in the vicinity of Arispe. For reasons too lengthy to explain to you, and which would but slightly interest you, the presence of my sister (who has been at school for some years at the Convent of the Conception at El Rosario) became indispensable at the hacienda. By my father’s orders I set out for El Rosario a few months ago, in order to bring my sister back to her family. I was anxious to rejoin my father; and hence, in spite of the

observations made to me by persons acquainted with the dangers attending so long a journey through a desert country, I resolved to take no escort but start for home, merely accompanied by two peons, on whose courage and fidelity I could rely.

“My sister, who had been separated from her family for several years, was as eager as myself to quit the convent; and hence we soon set out. For the first few days all went well; our journey was performed under the most favourable auspices, and my sister and I laughed at the anxiety and apprehensions of our friends, for we had begun to believe ourselves safe from any dangerous encounter.

“But yesterday, at sunset, just as we were preparing our camp for the night, we were suddenly attacked by a party of bandits, who seemed to emerge from the ground in front of us, so unforeseen was their apparition. Our poor brave peons were killed while defending us; and my sister’s horse, struck by a bullet in the head, threw her. But the brave girl, far from surrendering to the bandits, who rushed forward to seize her, began flying across the savannah. Then I tried to lead the aggressors off the scent, and induce them to pursue me. You know the rest, Caballero; and had it not been for your providential interference, it would have been all over with us.”

There was a silence which Don Ruiz was the first to break.

“Caballero,” he said, “now that you know who I am, tell me the name of my saviour?”

“What good is that?” the stranger answered sadly. “We have come together for a moment by chance, and shall separate to-morrow never to meet again. Gratitude is a heavy burden. Not knowing who I am, you will soon have forgotten me. Believe me, Senor Don Ruiz, it is better that it should be so. Who knows if you may not regret some day knowing me?”

“It is the second time you have said that, Caballero. Your words breathe a bitterness that pains me. You must have suffered very grievously for your thoughts to be so sad and your heart so disenchanted, at an age when the future ordinarily appears so full of promise.”

The stranger raised his head, and bent on his questioner a glance that seemed trying to read to the bottom of his soul: the latter continued, however, with some degree of vivacity—

“Oh! do not mistake the meaning I attach to my words, Caballero. I have no intention to take your confidence by surprise, or encroach on your secrets. Every man’s life belongs to himself—his actions concern himself alone; and I recognize no claim to a confidence which I neither expect nor desire. The only thing I ask of you is to tell me your name, that my sister and myself may retain it in our hearts.”

“Why insist, on so frivolous a matter?”

“I will answer—What reason have you to be so obstinate in remaining unknown?”

"Then you insist on my telling you my name?"

"Oh, Caballero, I have no right to insist; I only ask it."

"Very good," said the stranger, "you shall know my name; but I warn you that it will teach you nothing."

"Pardon me, Caballero," Don Ruiz remarked, with a touch of exquisite delicacy, "this name, repeated by me to my father, will tell him every hour in the day that it is to the man who bears it that he owes the life of his children, and a whole family will bless you."

In spite of himself, the stranger felt affected. By an instinctive movement he offered his hand to the young man, which the latter pressed affectionately. But, as if suddenly reproaching himself for yielding to his feelings, this strange man sharply drew back his hand, and reassuming the expression of sternness, which had for a moment departed from him, said, with a roughness in his voice that astonished and saddened the young Mexican,

"You shall be satisfied."

We have said that Dona Marianita, in looking round her, fancied she saw the body of a man stretched on the ground a few paces from the fire. The maiden was not mistaken; it was really a man she saw, carefully gagged and bound. It was, in a word, one of the two bandits who had pursued her so long, and the one whom the stranger had almost killed with a blow of his rifle-butt.

After recommending Don Ruiz to be patient by a wave of his hand, the stranger rose, walked straight up to the bandit, threw him on his shoulders, and laid him at the feet of the young Mexican, perhaps rather roughly—for the pirate, in spite of the thorough Indian stoicism he affected, could not suppress a stifled yell of pain.

"Who is this man, and what do you purpose doing with him?" Don Ruiz asked, with some anxiety.

"This scoundrel," the stranger answered harshly, "was one of the band that attacked you; we are going to try him."

"Try him?" the young gentleman objected; "we?"

"Of course," the stranger said, as he removed the bandit's gag, and unfastened the rope that bound his limbs. "Do you fancy that we are going to trouble ourselves with the scoundrel till we find a prison in which to place him? without counting the fact that, if we were so simple as to do so, the odds are about fifty to one that he would escape from us during the journey, and slip through our fingers like an opossum, to attack us a few hours later at the head of a fresh band of pirates of his own breed. No, no; that would be madness. When the snake is dead, the venom is dead too; it is better to try him."

"But by what right can we constitute ourselves the judges of this man?"

"By what right?" the stranger exclaimed, in amazement. "The Border law, which says, 'Eye for eye; Tooth for tooth.' Lynch law

authorizes us to try this bandit, and when the sentence is pronounced, to execute it ourselves."

Don Ruiz reflected for a moment, during which the stranger looked at him aside with the most serious attention.

"That is possible," the young man at length answered; "perhaps you are right in speaking thus. This man is guilty—he is evidently a miserable assassin covered with blood; and, had my sister and myself fallen into his hands, he would not have hesitated to stab us, or blow out our brains."

"Well?" the stranger remarked.

"Well," the young man continued, with generous animation in his voice; "this certainly does not authorize us in taking justice into our own hands; besides, my sister is saved."

"Then, it is your opinion ——"

"That, as we cannot hand this man over to the police, we are bound to set him at liberty, after taking all proper precautions that he cannot injure us."

"You have, doubtless, carefully reflected on the consequences of the deed you advise?"

"My conscience orders me to act as I am doing."

"Your will be done!" and, addressing the bandit, who throughout the conversation had remained gloomy and silent, though his eyes constantly wandered from one to the other of the speakers, he said to him, "Get up!"

The pirate rose.

"Look at me," the stranger continued; "do you recognize me?"

"No," the bandit said.

The stranger seized a lighted brand, and held it up near his face.

"Look at me more carefully, Kidd," he said, in a sharp imperious voice.

The scoundrel, who had bent forward, drew himself back with a start of fear.

"Stronghand!" he exclaimed, in a voice choked by dread.

"Ah!" the horseman said, with a sardonic smile; "I see that you recognize me now."

"Yes," the bandit muttered. "What are your orders?"

"I have none. You heard all we have been saying, I suppose?"

"All."

"What do you think of it?"

The pirate did not answer.

"Speak, and be frank! I insist."

"Hum!" he said, with a side glance.

"Will you speak? I tell you I insist."

"Well!" he answered, in a rather humbling voice, but yet with a tinge of irony, easy to notice; "I think that when you hold your enemy, you ought to kill him."

"That is really your opinion?"

"Yes."

"What do you say to that?" the stranger asked, turning to Don Ruiz.

"I say," he replied simply, "that as this man is not my enemy, I cannot and ought not to take any vengeance on him."

"Hence?"

"Hence, justice alone has the right to make him account for his conduct. As for me, I decline."

"And that is truly the expression of your thoughts?"

"On my honour, Caballero. During the fight I should not have felt the slightest hesitation in killing him—for in that case I was defending the life he tried to take; but now that he is a prisoner, and unarmed, I have no longer aught to do with him."

In spite of the mask of indifference the stranger wore on his face, he could not completely hide the joy he experienced at hearing these noble sentiments so simply expressed.

There was a moment's silence, during which the three men seemed questioning each other's faces. At length Stronghand spoke again, and addressed the bandit, who remained motionless, and apparently indifferent to what was being said—

"Go! you are free!" he said, as he cut the last bonds that held him. "But remember, Kidd, that if it has pleased this Caballero to forget your offences, I have not pardoned them. You know me, so do your best to keep out of my way, or you will not escape, so easily as this day, the just punishment you have deserved. Be gone!"

"All right, Stronghand, I will remember," the bandit said, with a covert threat.

And at once gliding into the bushes, he disappeared, without taking further leave of the persons who had given him his life.

CHAP. III.

THE BIVOUC.

FOR some moments the bandit's hurried footsteps were audible, and then all became silent once again.

"You wished it," Stronghand then said, looking at Don Ruiz from under his bent brows. "Now, be certain that you have at least one implacable enemy on the prairie; for you are not so simple, I assume, as to believe in the gratitude of such a man?"

"I pity him, if he hates me for the good I have done him in return for the harm he wished to do me, but honour ordered me to let him escape."

"Yours will be a short life, Senor, if you are obstinate in carrying out such philanthropic precepts in our unhappy country."

"My ancestors had a motto to which they never proved false."

“And pray what may that motto be, Caballero?”

“‘Everything for honour, no matter what may happen,’” the young man said, simply.

“Yes,” Stronghand answered, with a harsh laugh; “the maxim is noble, and Heaven grant it prove of service to you; but,” he continued, after looking round him, “the darkness is beginning to grow less thick, the night is on the wane, and within an hour the sun will be up. You know my name, which, as I told you beforehand, has not helped you much.”

“You are mistaken, Caballero,” Don Ruiz interrupted him, eagerly; “for I have frequently heard the name mentioned, of which you fancied me ignorant.”

Stronghand bent a piercing glance on the young man.

“Ah!” he said, with a slight tremor in his voice; “and doubtless, each time you heard that name uttered, it was accompanied by far from flattering epithets, which gave you but a poor opinion of the man who bears it.”

“Here again you are mistaken, Senor; it has been uttered in my presence as the name of a brave man, with a powerful heart and vast intellect, whom unknown and secret sorrow has urged to lead a strange life, to fly the society of his fellow-men, and to wander constantly about the deserts; but who, under all circumstances, even spite of the examples that daily surrounded him, managed to keep his honour intact and retain a spotless reputation, which even the bandits, with whom the incidents of an adventurous life too often bring him into contact, are forced to admire. That, Senor, is what this name, which you supposed I was ignorant of, recalls to my mind, and the way in which I have ever heard the man who bears it spoken of.”

Stronghand smiled bitterly.

“Can the world really be less wicked and unjust than I supposed it?” he muttered, in self colloquy.

“Do not doubt it,” the young man said eagerly. “God, who has allowed the good and the bad to dwell side by side on this earth, has yet willed that the amount of good should exceed that of bad, so that, sooner or later, each should be requited according to his works and merits.”

“Such words,” he answered ironically, “would be more appropriate in the mouth of a priest or missionary, whose hair has been blanched, and back bowed by the weight of the incessant struggles of his apostolic mission, than in that of a young man who has scarce reached the dawn of life, whom no tempest has yet assailed, and who has only tasted the honey of life. But no matter; your intention is good, and I thank you. But we have far more serious matters to attend to than losing our time in philosophical discussions which would not convince either of us.”

“I was wrong, Caballero, I allow,” Don Ruiz answered; “it does not become me, who am as yet but a child, to make such remarks to you; so, pray pardon me.”

"I have nothing to pardon you, Senor," Stronghand replied with a smile; "on the contrary, I thank you. Now let us attend to the most pressing affair—that is to say, what you purpose doing to get out of your present situation."

"I confess to you that I am greatly alarmed," Don Ruiz replied, with a slight tinge of sadness, as he looked at the girl, who was still sleeping. "What has happened to me, the terrible danger I have incurred, and from which I only escaped, thanks to your generous help——"

"Not a word more on that subject," Stronghand interrupted him quickly. "You will disoblige me by pressing it further."

The young man bowed.

"Were I alone," he said, "I should not hesitate to continue my journey. A brave man, and I believe myself one, nearly always succeeds in escaping the perils that threaten him, if he confront them: but I have my sister with me—my sister, whose energy the terrible scene of this night has broken, and who, in the event of a second attack from the pirates of the prairies, would become an easy prey to the villains—the more so because, too weak to save her, I could only die with her."

Stronghand turned away, murmuring to himself compassionately.

"That is true, poor child;" then he said to Don Ruiz, "still, you must make up your mind."

"Unfortunately I have no choice; there is only one thing to be done: whatever may happen, I shall continue my journey at sunrise, if my sister be in a condition to follow me."

"That need not trouble you. When she awakes, her strength will be sufficiently recovered for her to keep on horseback without excessive fatigue; but from here to Arispe the road is very long."

"I know it; and it is that which frightens me for my poor sister."

"Listen to me. Perhaps there is a way for you to get out of the scrape, and avoid up to a certain point the dangers that threaten you. Two days' journey from here there is a military post, placed like an advanced sentry to watch the frontier, and prevent the incursions of the Indios bravos, and other bandits of every description and colour, who infest these regions. The main point for you is to reach this post, when it will be easy for you to obtain from the Commandant an escort to protect you from any insult for the rest of your journey."

"Yes; but, as you remark, I must reach the post."

"Well?"

"I do not know this country: one of the two peons who accompanied me acted as guide; and now he is dead it is utterly impossible for me to find my way. I am in the position of a sailor, lost without a compass on an unknown sea."

Stronghand looked at him with surprise, mingled with compassion.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "how improvident is youth! What! imprudent boy! you dared to risk yourself in the desert, and entrust to a peon your

sister's precious life?" But, recollecting himself immediately, he continued, "Pardon me; reproaches are ill-suited at this moment; the great thing is to get you out of the danger in which you are."

He let his head fall on his hands, and plunged into serious reflections, while Don Ruiz looked at him with mingled apprehension and hope. The young man did not deceive himself as to his position: the reproaches which Stronghand spared him he had already made himself, cursing his improvident temerity; for things had reached such a point, that if the man to whom he already owed his life refused to afford him his omnipotent protection, he and his sister was irremediably lost.

Stronghand, after a few minutes, which seemed to the young man to last an age, rose, seized his rifle, went up to his horse, saddled it, mounted, and said to Don Ruiz, who followed all his movements with anxious curiosity—

"Wait for me, however long my absence may be, do not stir from here till I return."

Then, without waiting for the young man's answer, he bent lightly over his horse's neck and started at a gallop. Don Ruiz watched the black outline, as it disappeared in the gloom; he listened to the horse's foot-falls so long as he could hear them, and then turned back and seated himself pensively at the fire, and looked with tearful eyes at his sleeping sister.

"Poor Marianita!" he murmured, with a heart-rending outburst of pity.

He bowed his head on his chest, and with pale and gloomy face awaited the return of Stronghand—a return which, in his heart, he doubted, although, with the obstinacy of desperate men, who try to deceive themselves by making excuses whose falsehood they know, he sought to prove its certainty.

We will take advantage of this delay in one narrative to trace rapidly the portraits of Don Ruiz de Moguer and his sister Marianita. We will begin with the young lady, through politeness.

Dona Mariana—or rather, Marianita, as she was generally called at the convent and by her family—was a charming girl scarce sixteen, graceful in her movements, and with black lustrous eyes. Her hair had the blueish tinge of the raven's wing; her skin, the warm and gilded hues of the sun of her country; her glance, half veiled by her long brown eyelashes, was ardent; her straight nose, with its pink flexible nostrils, was delicious; her laughing mouth, with its bright red lips, gave her face an expression of simple ignorant candour. Her movements, soft and indolent, had that indescribable languor and serpentine undulation alone possessed in so eminent degree by the women of Lima and Mexico, those daughters of the sun in whose veins flows the molten lava of their volcanoes, instead of blood. In a word, she was a Spanish girl from head to foot—but Andalusian before all. Hers was an ardent, wild, jealous, passionate, and excessively superstitious nature. But this lovely splendid statue still

wanted the divine spark. Dona Mariana did not know herself; her heart had not yet spoken; she was as yet but a delicious child, whom the fiery breath of love would convert into an adorable woman.

Physically, Don Ruiz was, as a man, the same his sister was as a woman. He was a thorough gentleman, and scarce four years older than Dona Mariana. He was tall and well-built; but his elegant and aristocratic form denoted great personal strength. His regular features—too regular perhaps for a man—bore an unmistakable stamp of distinction; his black eye had a frank and confident look; his mouth, which was rather large, but adorned with splendid teeth and fringed by a fine brown moustache coquettishly turned up, still retained the joyous, careless smile of youth; his face displayed loyalty, gentleness, and bravery carried to temerity;—in a word, all his features offered the most perfect type of the true-blooded gentleman.

Brother and sister, who, with the exception of a few almost imperceptible variations, had the most perfect physical likeness, also resembled each other morally. Both were equally ignorant of things of the world. With their pure and innocent hearts they loved each other with the holiest of all loves, fraternal affection, and only lived through and for each other.

Hence, Dona Mariana had felt a great delight and great impatience to quit the convent, when Don Ruiz, in obedience to his father's commands, came to fetch her from the Rosario. This impatience obliged Don Ruiz not to consent to wait for an escort on his homeward journey, for fear of vexing his sister. It was an imprudence that caused the misfortunes we have already described, and for which, now they had arrived, Don Ruiz reproached himself bitterly. He cursed the weakness that had made him yield to the whims of a girl, and accused himself of being, through his weakness, the sole cause of the frightful dangers from which she had only escaped by a miracle, and of those no less terrible, which, doubtless, still threatened her on the hundred-and-odd leagues they had still to go before reaching the hacienda del Toro, where dwelt her father, Don Hernando de Moguer.

Still the hours, which never stop, continued to follow each other slowly. The sun had risen; and, through its presence on the horizon, immediately dissipated the darkness and heated the ground, which was chilled by the abundant and icy dew of morning.

Dona Marianita, aroused by the singing of the thousands of birds concealed beneath the foliage, opened her eyes with a smile. The calm sleep she had enjoyed for several hours restored not only her strength, which was exhausted by the struggles of the previous evening, but also her courage and gaiety. The girl's first glance was for her brother, who, anxious and uneasy, was attentively watching her slumbers, and impatiently awaiting the moment for her to awake.

"Oh, Ruiz," she said, in her melodious voice, and offering her hand and cheek simultaneously to the young man, "what a glorious sleep I have had."

"Really, sister," he exclaimed, kissing her gladly, "you have slept well."

"That is to say," she continued with a smile, "that at the convent I never passed so delicious a night, accompanied by such charming dreams; but it is true there were two of you to watch over my slumbers—two kind and devoted hearts, in whom I could trust with perfect confidence."

"Yes, sister; there were two of us."

"What?" she asked, with a surprise mingled with anxiety. "You were—What do you mean, Ruiz?"

"What I say; nothing else, dear sister."

"But I do not see the caballero to whom we have incurred so great an obligation. Where is he?"

"I cannot tell you, little sister. About two hours ago he mounted his horse and left me, telling me not to stir from here till his return."

"Oh, in that case I am quite easy. His absence alarmed me; but now that I know he will return——"

"Do you believe so?" he interrupted.

"Why should I doubt it?" she continued, with some animation in her voice; "did he not promise to return?"

"Certainly."

"Well! a caballero never breaks his pledged word. He said he would come, and he will come."

"Heaven grant it!" Don Ruiz muttered.

And he shook his head sadly, and gave a profound sigh. The maiden felt herself involuntarily assailed by anxiety. This persistency undoubtedly terrified her.

"Come, Ruiz," she said, turning very pale, "explain yourself. What has happened between this caballero and yourself?"

"Nothing beyond what you know, sister. Still, in spite of the man's promise, I know not why, but I fear. He is a strange incomprehensible being—at one moment kind, at another cruel—changing his character, and almost his face, momentarily. He frightens and repels, and yet attracts and interests, me. I am afraid he will abandon us, and fear that he will return. A secret foreboding seems to warn me that this man will have a great influence over your future and mine. Perhaps it is for our misfortune that we have met him."

"I do not understand you, Ruiz. What means this confusion in your ideas? Why this stern and strange judgment of a man whom you do not know, and who has only done you kindness?"

At the moment when Don Ruiz was preparing to answer, the gallop of a horse became audible in the distance.

"Silence, brother!" she exclaimed, with an emotion she could not repress; "silence, here he comes!"

The young man looked at his sister in amazement.

"How do you know it?" he asked her.

"I have recognized him," she stammered, with a deep blush. "Stay Look!"

In fact, at this moment the shrubs parted, and Stronghand appeared in the open space. Don Ruiz, though surprised at the singular remark which had escaped his sister, had not the time to ask her for an explanation. Without dismounting, Stronghand, after bowing courteously to the young lady, said, hurriedly—

"To horse!—to horse! Make haste! Time presses!"

Don Ruiz at once saddled his own horse and his sister's, and a few minutes later the two young people were riding by the hunter's side.

"Let us start!" the latter continued. "*Cuerpo de Cristo*, Caballero, I warned you that you were doing an imprudent action in liberating that villain. If we do not take care, we shall have him at our heels within an hour."

These words sufficed to give the fugitives wings, and they started at full gallop after the bold wood-ranger. An hour elapsed ere a word was exchanged between the three persons; bent over the necks of their steeds they devoured the space—looking back anxiously from time to time, and only thinking how to escape the unknown dangers by which they felt themselves surrounded. About eight o'clock in the morning, Stronghand checked his horse, and made his companions a sign to follow his example.

"Now," he said, "we have nothing more to fear. When we have crossed that wood, which stretches out in front of us like a curtain of verdure, we shall see the Fort of San Miguel, whose walls will offer us a certain shelter against the attacks of all the bandits of the desert, were there ten thousand of them."

"Last night I fancy that you spoke to me of a more distant post," Don Ruiz said.

"Yes; for I fancied San Miguel abandoned, if not in ruins. Before I gave you what might prove a fallacious hope, I wished to assure myself of the truth of the case."

"Do you believe that the Commandant will consent to receive us?" the young lady asked.

"Certainly, Senorita, for a thousand reasons. In the first place, the frontier posts are only established for the purpose of watching over the safety of travellers; and then, again, San Miguel is commanded by one of your relations—or, at any rate, an intimate friend of your family."

The young people looked at each other in surprise.

"Do you know this Commandant's name?" Don Ruiz asked.

"I was told it: he is Don Marcos de Niza."

"Oh!" Dona Mariana exclaimed joyfully; "I should think we do know him: Don Marcos is a cousin of ours."

"In that case, all is for the best," the hunter answered coldly. "Let us continue our journey; for there is a cloud of dust behind us that forebodes us no good, if it reaches us before we have entered the post."

The young people, without answering, resumed their gallop, crossed the wood, and entered the little fort.

“Look!” Stronghand said to Don Ruiz and his sister, the moment the gate closed upon them. They turned back. A numerous band of horsemen issued from the wood at this moment, and galloped up at full speed, uttering ferocious yells.

“This is the second time you have saved our lives, Caballero,” Dona Mariana said to the partizan, with a look of gratitude.

“Why count them, *Senorita*?” he replied, with a sadness mingled with bitterness. “Do I do so?”

The maiden gave him a look of undefinable meaning, turned her head away with a blush, and silently followed her brother.

The Spaniards, whatever may be the opinion the Utopians of the old world express about their mode of civilization, and the way in which they treated the Indians of America, understood very well how to enhance the prosperity of the countries they had been endowed with by the strong arms of those heroic adventurers who were called Cortez, Pizarro, Bilboa, Alvarado, &c., and whose descendants, if any by chance exist, are now in the most frightful wretchedness, although their ancestors gave a whole world and incalculable riches to their ungrateful country.

When the Spanish rule was established in America, the first care of the conquerors—after driving back the Indians who refused to accept their iron yoke into frightful deserts, where they hoped war would put an end to them—was to secure their frontiers, and prevent those indomitable hordes impelled by hunger and despair from entering the newly-conquered country and plundering the towns and haciendas. For this purpose they established along the desert line a cordon of presidios and military posts, which were all connected together, and could, in case of need, assist each other, not so much through their proximity—for they were a great distance apart, and scattered over a great space—but by means of numerous patrols of lanceros who constantly proceeded from one post to the other.

At present, since the declaration of independence, owing to the neglect of the governments which have succeeded each other in this unhappy country, most of the presidios and forts no longer exist. Some have been burned by the Indians, who became invaders in their turn, and are gradually regaining the territory the Europeans took from them; while others have been abandoned, or so badly kept up that they are for the most part in ruins. Still, here and there you find a few, which exceptional circumstances have compelled the inhabitants to repair and defend.

As these forts were built in all the colonies on the same plan, in describing the post of San Miguel, which still exists, and which we have visited, the reader will easily form an idea of the simple and yet effective defence adopted by the Europeans to protect them from the surprises of their implacable and crafty foes.

The post of San Miguel is composed of four square pavilions, con-

nected together by covered ways, the inner walls of which surround a courtyard planted with lemon trees, peach trees, and algarobes. On this court open the rooms intended for travellers, the barracks, &c. The outer walls have only one issue, and are provided with loop-holes, which can only be reached by mounting a platform eight feet high and three wide. All the masonry is constructed of *adobes*, or large blocks of earth stamped and baked in the sun.

Twenty feet beyond this wall is another, formed of cactuses, planted very closely together and having their branches intertwined. This vegetable wall, if we may be allowed the use of the expression, is naturally very thick, and protected by formidable prickles, which renders it impenetrable for the half-clad and generally badly-armed Indians. The only entrance to it is a heavy gate, supported by posts securely bedded in the ground. The soldiers, standing at the loop-holes of the second wall, fire in perfect shelter, and command the space above the cactuses.

On the approach of Indians, when the Mexican Moon is at hand—that is to say, the invariable season of their invasions—the sparse dwellers on the border seek refuge inside San Miguel, and there in complete safety wait till their enemies are weary of a siege which can have no result for them, or till they are put to flight by soldiers sent from a town frequently fifty leagues off.

Don Marcos de Niza was a man of about forty, short and plump, but withal active and quick. His regular features displayed a simplicity of character, marked with intelligence and decision. He was one of those educated honest professional officers, of whom the Mexican army unfortunately counts too few in its ranks. Hence, as he thoroughly attended to his duties, and had never tried to secure promotion by intrigue and party manœuvres, he had remained a captain for ten years past, without hope of promotion, in spite of his qualifications (which were recognized and appreciated by all) and his irreproachable conduct. The post he occupied at this moment as Commandant of the Block-house of San Miguel, proved the value the Governor of the province set upon him; for the frontier posts, constantly exposed to the attacks of the Redskins, can only be given to sure men, who have long been accustomed to Indian warfare.

THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1862.

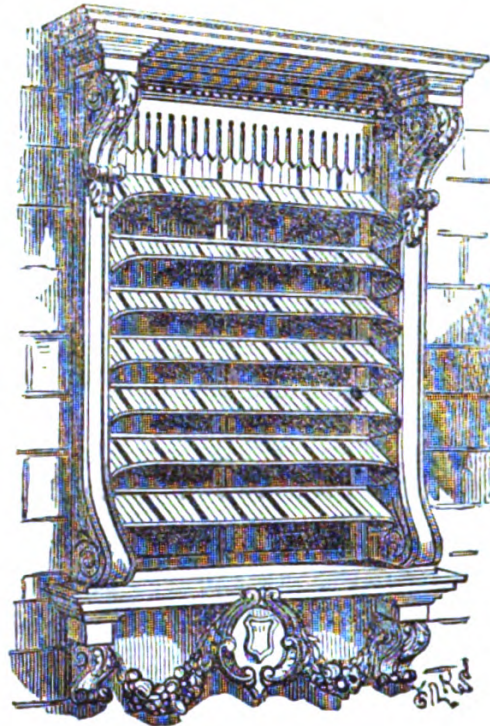
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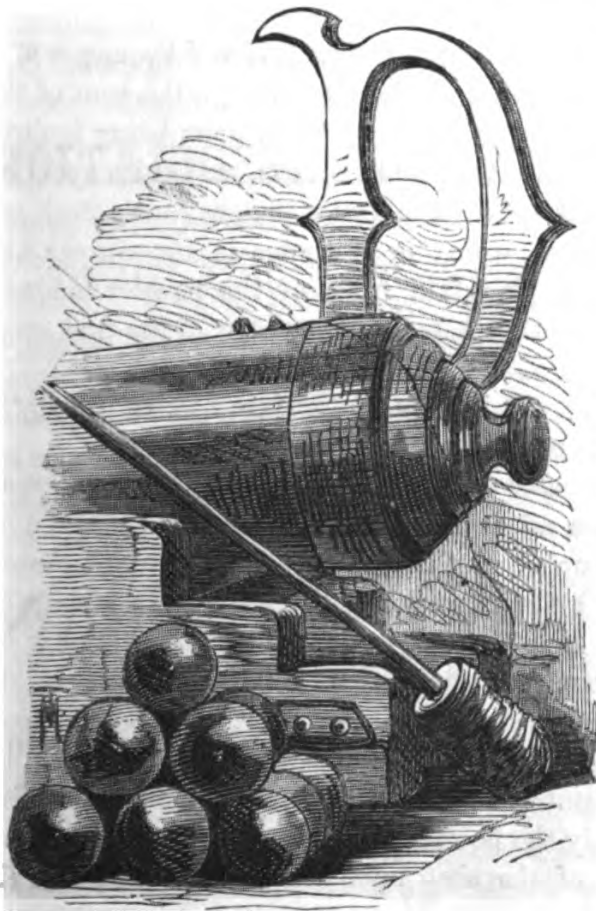
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SHOT AND SHIELDS.



URING the last twenty years a very rapid advance has taken place in a knowledge of the physical sciences, whilst art and invention have made vast strides during double that period. The art of war alone remained almost in a stationary condition, and, in this age of advancement, to remain stationary is, by comparison, to retrograde.

The long European peace was undoubtedly the cause of this imperfect development in the art of war, and hence, as England during the last ten years has had a succession of trials of arms, the science of war has necessarily progressed, and is now more on an equality with other arts than it was in 1850; for at

that date our weapons and modes of defence were almost identical with those used in the Peninsula, and which were also similar to those employed two hundred years past.

The introduction into the service of rifled ordnance has induced the majority of the public to believe that some entirely new facts have been lately discovered in connection with "projectiles." Such a conclusion, however, is erroneous; for the same principles which influenced the stone flung from the sling of David, or the arrows discharged by our archers at Agincourt, also affect the flight of round shot, shells, and elongated cannon shot.

The general construction and principle of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns is now so generally known (one of the former being exhibited in the present Exhibition) that we shall confine ourselves in the first portion of this article to an explanation of those principles and laws which affect the flight, and, hence, the range and penetration of the various projectiles now in use.

We will suppose that we have before us a common smooth bore cannon, which can be loaded at the muzzle. Into the extremity of the bore of this, a charge of gunpowder is rammed, which charge occupies a space of, we will say 10 cubic inches. In the front of this charge of powder a solid iron shot is placed, weighing, we will suppose 40 pounds. We then have a cannon "loaded."

The 10 cubic inches of gunpowder are then "fired" by means of a tube containing powder, which acts on the charge through the vent of the piece. The 10 cubic inches of solid gunpowder are, upon being ignited, converted into about 3,000 times their bulk of gas, and this expansion takes place with an almost irresistible force, hence the gas forces itself out where there is the least resistance, which is of course in the direction of the bore of the gun. The shot placed in front of the powder is forced out in front of this gas, and we thus have a cannon shot in the first stage of its career.

Before we follow the shot during its motion, we will return to the gunpowder and speak of some of its peculiarities.

We have stated that each cubic inch of powder becomes upon explosion about 3,000 cubic inches of gas, but this change is not effected instantly. Some time is occupied in the ignition of the whole charge, which explodes successively although very rapidly; thus in a charge of 10 pounds some interval of time elapses, during which the charge is exploding. The shot, therefore, may have moved entirely clear of the muzzle of the gun before the whole of the gunpowder has become converted into gas. Besides which some of the powder is usually blown out of the gun and falls in front without igniting; we should therefore imagine that the more quickly the powder is converted into gas, the more rapid would be the passage of the shot upon leaving the muzzle of the gun. Thus, if one cubic inch of powder were converted into 3,000 cubic inches of gas in one second of time, a shot meeting no resistance in the bore of the gun would leave the muzzle at the rate of nearly 3,000 feet per second, whilst if the same amount of gas were generated in only two

seconds, the shot would leave the muzzle at merely half the previously named speed.

The rate at which a shot travels when it leaves the muzzle of a gun is termed its "*initial velocity*;" whilst the weight of the shot in pounds, multiplied by its velocity, is termed the "*momentum*." Hence a 40-pound shot, travelling at the rate of 1,000 feet per second, would be said to have a "*momentum*" of 40,000 pounds.

We have then a shot projected from the muzzle of a gun at a certain speed: this travelling shot immediately meets with two opponents to its progress; the first is the air that we breathe, which has a great objection to rapidly moving bodies and does its best to stop them; for the air opposes the motion of a shot, just as water prevents us from using a stick as freely as in the air, and the more rapidly the shot moves the more opposition does the air offer. If, therefore, a round shot had an *initial velocity* of 2,000 feet per second, the air would so rapidly reduce this speed that at 1,000 yards from the muzzle the shot would have little more than half that velocity.

There is, however, a sort of competition between the air and the travelling shot which may be explained simply as follows.

The larger the surface of the shot which has to force its way through the air, the greater will be the resistance; but, in opposition to this, the heavier the shot the greater will be its power to force itself onwards. If, then, a shot be increased in diameter, its weight increases much more rapidly in proportion than the area upon which the air can act; therefore the larger the shot, of a certain density, the longer will it maintain a high velocity. Bearing this fact in mind, we can at once advance to the consideration of the best form of shot to obtain a long range; if we can throw an elongated projectile which exposes only a small area to the resistance of the air, and yet weighs very much more than a round shot of equal diameter, we at once enable the shot to get the better of the air in its short but eventful career, and this form is one of the causes of the long range obtained by the Armstrong, Whitworth, and other similar arms.

As an illustration of the preceding, we will suppose that we had three guns exactly similar in all respects, each loaded with 10 pounds of powder, but in No. 1 we had a hollow shot or shell, which would of course be light; in No. 2 a solid round shot, and in No. 3 an elongated solid shot. Upon firing these three guns at the same instant, the shell would reach the distance of 500 yards from the guns long before the solid shot, which would again have outsped the elongated projectile. At about 1,500 yards the race would be much closer, and at 2,000 yards the elongated shot would most probably be either first, or gaining rapidly upon the round shot, whilst the shell would have fallen to the ground. Each of these three shot would have had the same momentum on leaving the muzzle, whilst, as they were of different weights, their initial velocity must of course have varied.

The other opponent to the movement of a shot, is the well known force called "gravity."

If we stood upon a coast battery, and some feet above the sea, a shot dropped by us would fall into the water at the end of some portion of time, say a second; so also a common shot fired perfectly horizontally would fall the same number of feet in the same time. If the shot, therefore, were fired from the same height above the sea, and travelled 2,000 feet during one second, it would strike the water at that distance from the fort; but, if it moved at only 1,000 feet per second, then the shot would fall into the water at 1,000 feet from the muzzle. The increase of rate at which the shot falls is very rapid; for, if we wished to strike a mark at sea, distant one mile, we should have to point the gun at a spot, about 400 feet above it—the shot would fall that distance during its flight. Thus actual velocity in a shot is the second great necessity.

The advantages in the two before-named particulars are divided between the elongated shot and rifled cannon, and the round shot and smooth bore. The first possesses the small area for resistance and the heavy projectile, the latter the high initial velocity. The first may be described as the heavy shot, propelled with the small charge of powder, and the latter as the light shot, fired with heavy charges. At starting, therefore, the light shot and heavy charge have a great advantage over the elongated projectile; but before each had travelled very far, the initial velocity of the former would have so much decreased that it would have been passed by its slower rival, the rate of which would have remained nearly uniform.

These are elementary principles connected with the flight of projectiles which have been long known to all who have investigated the subject; the great difficulty formerly experienced being to construct a gun strong enough to withstand the force of the discharge when an elongated projectile was used; for a heavy inert force being in front of the powder would necessarily oblige the gun intended to throw long shot to withstand a heavier strain than if a round shot were used. The coil principle, however, has solved this problem.

We thus have two descriptions of missiles, one of which travels a short distance with great speed, which it soon loses, the other ranges to great distances with a moderate speed. That this question of speed, or velocity as it is properly termed, is a very important one will be seen when we examine the question connected with shields; but one more inquiry, and we will commence that subject.

Are we compelled to fire elongated shot with small charges of powder, and hence with low initial velocities? is an important question.

When we consider the principle of a rifled gun, and find that the shot has, by a mechanical arrangement, to be forced round in its passage out of the gun, we at once see that an addition of speed in the shot must cause a vast increase to the strain on the gun; and, as the recoil of the

gun and carriage would be considerably augmented if we increased the initial velocity, we cannot but consider that a very narrow margin remains for higher velocities with elongated projectiles.

Having thus briefly referred to the principles connected with the rival projectiles, we will next consider their effects upon the shields lately brought in opposition to them.

During the last few years ideas connected with iron plating or shields have taken a tangible form, and a valuable series of experiments have been undertaken for the purpose of testing the power which iron plates possessed to resist the various projectiles brought against them.

Not only as a protection against cannon, but also against bullets, iron plates, or shields of other descriptions, have been at various times either suggested or employed. Mantelets made of stout rope were used by the Russians during the Crimean war to protect their embrasures against Enfield bullets, and it was suggested some years ago that field artillery might be in a measure defended against rifles if iron shields, supported on wheels, were driven forward before the guns, and placed in such positions as to afford a shelter to the gunners when in action.

No sooner was the practicability of coating ships in armour proved to the satisfaction of the Government, than a committee of experienced officers was formed, who were directed to carry on experiments for the purpose of testing the relative powers of guns and iron plates.

It was very soon proved that the problem to be solved was simply a relative one between iron or steel in motion, and the same substances at rest, and to test the various effects resulting from increase of weight and velocity in the moving body.

Artillerists had long been aware that the greatest effects produced on strong timber targets, or upon the sides of a ship, had been effected by a large heavy shot propelled with a slow velocity; that is, to a shot capable of being propelled through the air at a rate of 1,600 feet per second, a velocity of only 800 or 900 was given. The result was that instead of the ball cutting a clean hole through a ship's side, which effect occurred with a high velocity, the planks and beams comprising the vessel's side were (by the same shot with a low velocity) broken, splintered, and displaced, and in many instances totally carried away.

One of the first questions to decide, therefore, was whether the same results would occur to iron plates; for, if such should be the case, then we were provided with the exact description of weapon for producing the greatest destructive effects; for one of the peculiarities of the Armstrong gun, and in fact all rifled guns that throw an elongated projectile, is that the shot travels with a low velocity, maintained, however, nearly uniformly to considerable ranges.

Experiments are, by some people, considered most powerful as arguments for or against any theories or suppositions, but so difficult is it to invariably obtain in an experiment the exact conditions which are certain

to occur in practice, that, there is a sort of intuitive scepticism, in the minds of the majority of people, when they are informed that certain conclusions have been arrived at in consequence of experiments carried on even under the superintendence of the most able men. Hence the few hours combat between the Merrimac, the Monitor, and their opponents produced more discussion and conviction, and were considered far more important, than all the experiments carried on at Shoeburyness during the last three years, although no single fact occurred during the engagements in which those vessels were employed, which had not long since been well known to those officials and professionals who had been most interested in the trials of shot *versus* shields, and whose constant supervision must have given them some considerable insight into the real merits of the case.

Some of the earliest trials upon iron shields tended to show that the shot had by far the best of the encounter.

Wrought-iron plates, of one inch and a quarter and one inch and a half in thickness, were fired at with an Armstrong 6-pounder, and in almost every instance were either penetrated or broken; the range, however, was short, being only 100 yards, and the projectile used being a solid shot.

Two and a half-inch wrought iron plates were also either fractured or penetrated by an Armstrong 25-pounder solid shot at the same range.

Three inch wrought iron plates stood no better chance against a 40-pounder Armstrong solid shot, which cracked and broke these solid shields as a stone will smash plate glass.

The plates attached to a vessel's sides are fastened by bolts, which appear to be the weak points in the plates; for it is from the holes formed by the bolts, that the cracks in the plates most commonly commence, hence endeavours have been made to do away with the bolts and to substitute some other method for fastening.

The combination of iron and timber composing the target representing the side of the Warrior, and hence termed the "Warrior Target," withstood the attacks of the Armstrong guns as well as those of the 68-pounder; but it was evident to every practical man that if a 24-pounder Armstrong gun could smash a three or two inch iron plate, then it would merely require a 240-pounder, with a corresponding increase of velocity, to smash a five, six, or even a seven-inch iron plate. If, therefore, a 24-inch plate could be by any possibility attached to the side of a ship, then a 2,400-pounder shot would as undoubtedly break or penetrate the side of such a vessel.

The point to be first considered, therefore, was what must be the limits (if any) to the size of the gun to be employed against iron-clad vessels, and as machinery could be made use of for the purpose of moving the gun and training it on its target, also for raising the shot and pressing it down the bore (if the gun should be a muzzle-loader) it was evident that we might employ guns of a very large size and yet obtain efficiency

in fact, weapons of enormous dimensions must be used in order to produce any damage upon a well-clad iron-cased ship.

When then nervous gentlemen or superficial reasoners, having read the accounts of the naval engagements in America, seize their pens and announce to some million readers of the daily papers, that little now remains for England to do, save to make arrangements for ransoming her dockyards and arsenals; there is a pleasure in being behind the scenes, and in knowing, that had the famed Merrimac or Monitor ventured within three or four hundred yards of Southsea Castle, they could have been penetrated shot after shot by our 68-pounders, and could have been sunk in five minutes by the 150-pound round shot from Armstrong's 300-pounder.

It had been ascertained very early in the experiments that to produce effects upon the thick iron plates, a shot must be used which would travel with great speed; hence the most efficient service gun was the 68-pounder, which invariably produced more damage on the shields than the 110-pounder Armstrong. When, then, Sir William Armstrong produced a very large gun, which was constructed on the coil principle, and which, therefore, would withstand the effects of a heavy charge of powder, it was evident that a high velocity could be given to a large shot, and that at short ranges the results would be highly satisfactory.

Actual experiments soon showed that, long as the Warrior target had defied the missiles of the gunner, it was at last fated to succumb, for the first shot fired from this gun, weighing 156 pounds, passed through the iron plates, which it broke into fragments, and buried itself in the teak behind, which it ripped and tore considerably. The following shots also penetrated the iron shields, and when 50 pounds of powder were used, the shots passed through the plates and the greater portion of the backing even more easily than before.

The announcement of these experiments produced, as might be expected, the greatest surprise and interest. Gunners once more held up their heads, and iron-sides occupied a secondary position. Timid and desponding men began to believe it possible that Portsmouth might not be entirely lost just yet, but merely in extreme peril; and enthusiasts believed the question of the advantage or disadvantage of iron-cased ships was at once disposed of; whilst more practical men saw that it was advisable to at once carry out those suggestions which had been proved necessary from the experiments above recorded.

We will now briefly take a summary of the results likely to occur from the changes in the means of offence and defence connected with ships and guns.

One of the most disastrous missiles against wooden ships was the shell, which burst either on striking the ship, or upon passing between the decks. The damage done by these flying magazines was enormous, a score or more men having been either killed or disabled between decks, in conse-

quence of the bursting of a shell. The iron plates on most ships will effectually keep out shells, and thus a most destructive agent is prevented from taking part in naval engagements.

A heavy gun, such as that lately employed at Shoeburyness, can throw a shot which will penetrate the sides of any iron-cased ship, but the distance at which it will perform this feat is another question, and is one which remains to be proved. The experiment at Shoeburyness merely showed what could be done at 200 yards, and this is very close quarters. It is very probable that at 1,000 yards the heavy shot of 156 lbs. would have lost so much of its velocity, that instead of striking the ship's side with a speed of 1,500 or 1,600 feet per second, it would not be moving through the air at a greater rate than 900 or 1,000, and under these conditions we might expect the imperfect bolts to be started, but should scarcely hope to see the plates themselves either penetrated or broken. The cause of the great loss of velocity in the round shot will be understood, if the reader will bear in mind the remarks in connection with elongated and spherical projectiles. Hence we find that although vulnerable at close quarters, yet it is more than probable that at 1,000 yards such a ship as the *Warrior* would most probably be shot-proof, even if assailed by weapons as powerful as the last production of Sir W. Armstrong.

The relative powers of ships and coast batteries have varied but little by the introduction of ships in armour. A fort being a permanent building, standing on a foundation, can be protected by iron plates of any thickness, and can be armed with any number of the heaviest guns. A ship, however, cannot carry iron plates beyond a certain thickness nor guns beyond a certain weight. The fort, therefore, can be practically invulnerable, and armed with the heaviest weapons, whilst the ship must to some extent be liable to injury. The gunners in the fort also would know their range to a nicety, and would have a steady platform from which to fire, whilst those in the ship would not know their range accurately; and owing to the motion of the vessel, could not have a completely steady platform. The advantage, therefore, would undoubtedly be on the side of the fort.

As far as experimental facts have at present guided us, it seems that were two iron-cased ships to fire at one another at a greater distance than 300 or 400 yards it would merely be a waste of ammunition, as neither vessel would receive any damage, whilst if a wooden ship, or one unprotected by iron plates, were to attempt to engage a vessel in armour, it would be as reckless as for a page of old, in silken doublet, to have entered the lists against a knight in complete steel.

From the opinions expressed in the papers it seemed that the greater part of the public were under the impression that the engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, showed that ships in armour were entirely invulnerable—such never was nor never will be the case. No ship can

float with such iron shields on her as are really proof against the guns which can now be constructed. There is however something more yet to be accomplished, and it is this something which is now occupying the attention of practical men.

Iron shields can be penetrated only by a projectile which has a very great velocity, and it is found that the round shot lose this velocity very quickly; the problem, therefore, is to construct a gun which will throw a shot with a high velocity, and of such a form that it will maintain this for a long time.

It is known that air will rush into a vacuum at the rate of about 1,300 feet per second, and it seems that when a shot starts at a greater speed than this its rate is soon reduced. How, then, can we secure a great velocity in our shots up to 1,000 or 2,000 yards? It is known that an elongated shot maintains its velocity much better than a ball, and therefore if an elongated projectile could be fired with a very high *initial* velocity, that is with a high velocity at the instant of leaving the muzzle of the gun, it would maintain this much longer than would a ball of similar weight, but there are several difficulties in connection with giving this high initial velocity.

In the first place all elongated projectiles must be fired from rifled guns, or they will not pass through the air, with one end always first, but would turn over and over, and hence would have only a short range. When a shot passes out of the bore of a rifled gun it has of course to turn round in its passage, and this turning produces a great strain on the gun, and the higher the velocity with which the shot travels, the greater will be the strain; hence to fire an elongated projectile with a very high velocity out of a rifled gun, would require a gun of extraordinary strength. By reducing the rate of rotation in the shot some portion of the strain produced by an increase of velocity would be done away with, but there would still remain a very dangerous balance.

The recoil of the gun would also be very great; and thus for a comparatively small elongated projectile, we should require a gun strong enough to project a very large spherical shot, which might probably be for all general purposes a better weapon. The gun has yet to be constructed which will possess those qualifications most useful against armour ships, which are undoubtedly the following.

It must not be of such a size that it is unwieldy, yet it must be capable of throwing a heavy projectile. Its power to withstand a very heavy charge of powder must be almost unlimited. And it is a question whether it would not be an advantage if the gun were capable of throwing either an elongated or a spherical projectile, for the one might try the strength of iron plates at long ranges, whilst the other would penetrate them at short distances.

The shot itself, if of cast-iron, is found to fracture in almost every instance when it strikes a thick iron plate; wrought-iron shot are there-

fore advisable, as their power to penetrate iron plates is much greater; in fact, the excess of hardness and cohesion possessed by one body over another, is intimately connected with power of penetration. A steel bolt, for example, would be much more likely to penetrate an oak door than would a wax candle, and a wrought-iron shot for the same reason would be more efficient than one of cast-iron against iron or steel plates.

If the wrought-iron shields be inclined at a considerable angle, it is found that the shot which strike them will glance off, but then the effect is principally produced upon the bolts that hold the plates to the timbers. To construct a ship so that only very inclined plates should be exposed to the fire of guns, would entail a very low vessel, one which could not be very seaworthy, or which dared not open its ports to fire its guns except in very smooth water.

The results then of actual experiments, as well as of theoretical conclusions, tend to show that in future naval engagements, vessels to damage each other must engage at very close quarters; and whereas, formerly, the skill of the captain was displayed in manœuvring his ship, and in obtaining the weather-gage of his opponent, it will now be proved by his being able to maintain such a distance as to ensure his own ironsides from being damaged, whilst those of his enemy can be penetrated. Quite as much skill will be required as in former naval wars, but it must now be of a different description, not in the filling and backing, shifting sails or tacking, but in selecting distances, and in the accuracy and time of fire.

Between forts and iron-cased ships, matters will be scarcely altered, if we but strike off a cipher from the distance in yards at which the two formerly exchanged shots. For 2,000 yards read 200 and the armour ship will still be in as much peril from a land battery as a wooden one would be at the first named distance.

This reduction of range is, however, an important item, for, in consequence, iron-cased ships could run the gauntlet of our coast batteries more quickly, and could approach more nearly than formerly our arsenals or depôts of machinery. But, as a kind of set off against this, all that was so destructible, such as wooden vessels in dockyards, sails, masts, stores, &c., would be exchanged for iron and steel, which could not readily be damaged by the fire of shells.

To protect our coasts, however, a large and powerful armour fleet is absolutely necessary, and should take the place of enormous and expensive works placed so far inland, though near the coast, that they could not, by any possibility, produce the slightest damage on an enemy's armour ship, on account of the length of range, and would merely serve to check an enemy, supposing that one could be found foolish enough to spend his time in conducting operations in front of them.

That there is a necessity for iron-clad ships seems to be well known to the authorities, for we find that the following vessels of this class are either completed or in a very advanced state—viz., the *Caledonia*, 50 guns, at

Woolwich; Achilles and Royal Oak, each 50 guns, at Chatham; the Ocean, 50 guns, at Devonport; the Prince Consort, 50 guns, at Pembroke, and the Royal Alfred at Portsmouth. The greater number of these vessels average about 4,000 tons. In addition to these we have the Agincourt at Birkenhead, the Minotaur at Blackwall, and the Northumberland at Millwall, each of 50 guns. The Valiant and Hector, each of 32 guns, are also in progress. Besides these, several vessels on the stocks can be readily converted into iron-plated vessels, and thus by the spring of next year we may fairly expect to see at least a dozen armour ships ready for service, in addition to those already built and ready for sea. The assertion that other nations have obtained the start of us in this matter appears to be scarcely carried out by facts. Such a vessel as the Warrior could dispose of a whole fleet of Monitors and Merrimacs, which, although formidable in the smooth waters near the coasts, and against wooden ships, would be but feeble antagonists on the Atlantic, and when opposed to such an enemy as the Warrior.

Whilst, however, we are thus reconstructing our Navy, who is able to foretell that, e'er it is completed, another great change may not be necessary? Twenty years ago a suggestion to dress our ships in armour would undoubtedly have been rejected as absurd and impracticable. Twenty years hence some new idea may be carried out which, if promulgated at the present day, might seem ridiculous in the extreme.

We formerly dressed our fighting men in armour, but this practice was found useless when offensive weapons were improved. A ship must waste some very large amount of its offensive power when its buoyancy is, in a great measure, employed to defend its sides. The iron used to form its armour might be converted into some ten or fifteen mighty cannon, against which the iron sides of a vessel could offer no resistance, and whose weight would be such that no iron-plated vessel could carry them. She, like the present soldier, would perhaps get the better of an armour-clad opponent, for, although she might be more vulnerable, her means of offence would be much greater.

To be ready to take the lead, however, if the novelty should emanate from one among us, or to follow quickly should another nation be the originator, will enable us not only to keep pace with our rivals, but very shortly to outstrip them, for with England's resources she can afford a far larger outlay than any other nation; and war, and engines of war, depend mainly, like everyday household matters, upon the vulgar initials £ s. d.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

A ROMANCE.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAP. XV.

SHOWS HOW MR. TREMLETT RE-ASSUMED HIS SWAY, AND HOW
GRACE LEE SPOILT HER BONNET-STRINGS.

THE Vigil of the Feast of St. Partridge—commonly known as the 31st of August—was a busy day with Stephen Frankland. We know how fond he was of field-sports, and what pleasant memories he preserved of those old days when the prowess of his eager youth was the delight of his father's shooting parties, and the glory of Bill Grant. Many a bright afternoon did he spend in the harvest fields, sucking away at his big cheroots, and watching the sacred coveys as they basked in the newly-cut stubbles, innocent, as yet, of dog and gun; or followed them with excited gaze, as they skimmed over the hedge-rows when disturbed by the gleaners. He looked forward to "the first" with almost childish impatience. It was so long since he had come face to face with an honest English partridge—and wouldn't he make up, now, for lost time! Sir George had given up shooting for some years. Frank did not care about it; and his friends were not expected till the third. "So," thought Stevie, "I shall have three days quietly to myself. I won't spoil their fun, though. I'll just shoot over the outlying farms, and get as much game as will keep the larder full; and when they are ready to begin, will show them what's what."

With one exception, the expected guests were all strangers to Stephen, and when we recollect that your thorough sportsman is always close and selfish in matters of sport, it will be seen that this concession of the good-hearted fellow was no slight one. Of course he never spoke of it. To do what was right and kind came so natural to him, that he never thought of mentioning the subject. Before he went to India, whilst his father was yet a sportsman, all the shooting arrangements had been confided to him, and now he took them up again as a matter of course.

So he sent for Mr. Maggs—who had succeeded Bill Grant as head-keeper—unpacked, and gave out his guns to be cleaned and put in order; sent for his licence; ordered powder and shot; saw that his flasks and other gear were in good condition; went down to the kennels and made friends with the dogs; looked out his shooting clothes; was very particular over the oiling of his boots; fixed the when and where for the morning; talked of birds, and dogs, and guns, incessantly; and fussed about his shooting-tackle as gentlemen will talk and fuss on the eve of Saint Grouse and Saint Partridge. Finally, he had all his things laid on a table in the old hall, where the family pictures and oak carvings (which

old Tremlett wanted to have painted white, and gilt) were; and constantly sauntered up to fidget with them, making the day seem as though it had a hundred and twenty-four hours, with his impatience, and wondering if it would ever come to an end.

Mr. Tremlett was more usefully employed. He had left home at an early hour to attend the County Sessions; had sat at the right hand of the Chairman all day, looking so fearfully wise, that the Judge was compelled at last to ask his opinion upon a very important point—namely, as to whether one month's imprisonment, with hard labour, was a sufficient punishment for a miserable urchin of eight years old, who had pleaded guilty to stealing four turnips, value three-farthings. He wisely suggested the addition of a whipping, which was added, to his intense satisfaction and the despair of the blubbering culprit. He returned to "The Towers" swelling with importance, and was crossing the hall, with all his honours thick upon him, when Stephen, engaged in the trivial pursuits already mentioned, bawled out—

"I say, Frankie! are you coming out with me to-morrow?"

"Where?"

"Well, we shall begin at Tittlestead, go over Marsh's Farm and Burrige's, and then try Shenstone Hill. Maggs says there are a lot of birds there, and if we don't drive them down into the meadows, we shall never see them again; because there are such a lot of poaching blackguards about Chapel Furnace."

"Then you are going shooting?"

"What on earth else should I be going to do on the 'first of September?'"

"I think you might have consulted me before you made such arrangements;" replied his brother, stopping short in his triumphant entry.

"Consulted you? you dear old muff!" said Stevie, slapping him on the back. "What do you know about shooting?"

"Dear Francis" tried hard to look dignified; but only succeeded in assuming an expression of stupid surprise, mixed with vexation.

"I must confess," he said, after a pause, "that I have paid little attention to a sport which I consider cruel, and—and—a waste of time. You might, however, have asked my—my per—— that is, it would have been more decorous if you had not acted so entirely without—without—and it was a great impertinence of Maggs!" he added, with a burst.

"What was?"

Taking upon himself to do this without orders."

"My dear boy, he took nothing upon himself. He just told me where the outlying birds were to be found, and I gave him his orders accordingly," Stephen answered, clicking the locks of his double-barrel, as innocent of what was passing in his brother's mind as the child unborn.

"Does my father know you are going?"

"I believe so."

“And Lady Tremlett?”

“Yes. She has promised to drive me to Tittlestead in the pony carriage.”

“You seem to have settled everything to your satisfaction?” observed the dear fellow, with one of his patent sneers.

“Perfectly!” replied the unconscious Stevie. “Will you come?”

“Certainly not!” And the great man turned on his heel and left the hall, with his head in the air.

“All right!” said Stevie, shouldering his gun, and bringing down an imaginary brace of partridges, right and left. “Only look sharp and dress, or you’ll be late for dinner.”

He *was* late for dinner. So also were Sir George and Lady Tremlett, and they all came down together, looking very grave. Any one but Stephen would have perceived that there was something wrong, only he was so full of his prospective engagement, and so utterly unconscious of the high treason he had committed, that he paid no attention to their constrained manner, and rattled on just as usual—chaffing Frank and playing with his mother in his usual cheery way.

When prayers were over, he lighted his mother’s bed-room candle (as he always did), and, putting it into her hand, kissed her, and said—

“Good night, mamma, dear! I shall go to bye-bye early, too! for I shall have a long day’s work to-morrow.”

Generally speaking, she used merely to lift up her cheek to his salute on these occasions: now she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his affectionately, with a strange look of pity—which he did not notice—in her beautiful eyes. Poor weak thing! she loved him as far as her shallow nature could love anybody. It was too much trouble, however, to try and save him from what had been agreed upon up-stairs, whilst dinner was waiting.

Stephen lit his own candle and followed; but was unable to resist having another last fidget with his dear guns and tackle. Thus engaged, he was joined by his father.

“And so you are going to shoot to-morrow?”

“Of course.”

“Well, I hope you’ll have a fine day. Is this your gun?”

“Yes.”

“Why, it’s your old one!”

“And a better never was made. Do you remember giving it to me?”

“That I do. But you really ought to have a breech loader. Every one has a breech loader now. Do let me give you a breech loader.”

“By all means, if you like,” said Stevie; “but this will last me for some time to come.”

“Oh, but you must have a breech loader. I should not like you to go out with Lord Rossthorne and Francis’s friends without a breech loader.”

“All right.”

“And I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” continued the Baronet, fidgeting nervously with a shot pouch, “I’ll telegraph to Purday to send one down, and you’ll get it before the third.”

“How kind you are! I never say nay to a good thing.”

“Then you’ll put off going out till the third?”

“Why?” answered Stevie, raising his eyebrows.

“You can’t go out without a proper gun.”

“Bless your heart! I’ll back myself and my old gun against any one of them and their new-fashioned things. I’ll bet you a pound now that I send home ten brace before two hours.”

“Then you are determined to go?” asked the poor Baronet, sadly.

“Why not?”

“But to speak plainly; I—that is, Francis—I mean we all, want to give these people who are coming as good sport as possible, and if you disturb the birds—”

“Do you suppose I have not thought of that?” interrupted his son; “I am going to break along the outskirts in order that they *should* have as good sport as possible.”

“But Francis—”

“Oh! he knows nothing about it. Never mind what he says.”

“My dear boy,” said Sir George, laying his hand upon Stevie’s shoulder, gazing sorrowfully in his face, “I am obliged to mind what he says.” Stephen put down his gun and was serious in a moment.

“Frank has been saying something to you about me?”

“He has indeed.”

“Tell me what it was.”

“Stevie, you know my position here?”

“Go on, Sir.”

“I am not my own master; I never was since my marriage; and when your brother came of age the little authority I had on the estate passed away to him. If your mother were to die to-morrow it would be his, and I should be dependent upon him, as I now am upon her. It is painful—bitter in the extreme—for me to speak thus, but it must be said. My poor boy—my poor Stevie, thanks to my own sad follies, we are but lodgers and dependents under the roof beneath which our forefathers have been men and masters.”

Stephen thought of the old elm tree, and the truth began to dawn upon him.

“Don’t grieve over what has passed,” he said, in a low, saddened tone; “I think I know what you would say, and will save you the pain of saying it. All that about the breech loader was a kind pretext to put me off my intended sport to-morrow?”

“It was indeed.”

“Because my brother and my mother”—the last words came with a gulp—“refuse me permission to shoot over their land.”

“Only till the third—only till Thursday, dear Stevie—only till Thursday, when—”

“When their *friends* come. I understand. It would have been more manly if he had told me so himself.”

“Oh, pray Stevie do not think that I took any part in it. I did my very best. I was very angry. I urged—I entreated; but he was determined, and said he would write, and—”

“You wished to break his unkindness to me. It was like you. God bless you, father; *you*, I think, are still unchanged to me.”

The poor Baronet fairly broke down at this, and sobbed like a child on Stevie’s shoulder.

“You cannot think,” he said at last, “what bitter letters he can write. He never speaks his mind, he always writes it, and there is a blow in every measured word.”

“I would not have thought it of him; but let it be as he wishes;” and Stephen slowly took his gun to pieces, and began re-packing it in its case.

“Oh! don’t do that,” said Sir George, “don’t do that. You shall not lose your sport. Coleman will give you a day—two—a dozen,—with pleasure, I know. I will send over the first thing in the morning, and ask him. You shall shoot, after all.”

“My dear father,” replied Stevie, with one of his sad, sweet smiles, “do you suppose it is the loss of the sport which has upset me! Tell me that the first time I fire that gun I shall blow off my right arm and never see a day’s sport again, but that what you have told me to-night is untrue, and I will thank you heartily.”

“It is his way,” pleaded Sir George. “I do not think he means altogether unkindly, but he has a domineering way about him. He thinks that you—that you, being the heir to the title, you—you—”

“Please go on. I should like to hear all, now that you have begun.”

“It is a miserable task for me, but I think you are right. I think it only just that you should know all he said of you up-stairs. He wished it to be communicated, and hang me if I spare him. Stevie, although he is my own flesh and blood, I say it, he is a heartless prig and a cur. As for his mother —”

“Stop, stop! Pray let us keep her name out of this. Frank may have her consent, but I do not think her heart goes with it.”

“Stevie, it ought to go with it or against it. It is her miserable weakness that makes all this misery. If she had treated me with respect—I don’t say a word about affection—Francis would never have thought of behaving towards me as he does.”

“It is not for me to hear complaints against my—against Frank’s mother,” Stevie replied, in a low broken voice. “God help us!—this is indeed an awakening. I pictured you as being so happy and united. I longed so to be amongst you again, to share your happiness. At this

moment I cannot realize its being all lost. Frank cannot *mean* what he does. He is thoughtless and conceited, and may have bad advisers. He cannot have a deliberate intention to wound either of us—why should he?”

“I would help you to think so, my boy,” said the Baronet, “if I had the slightest hope that any good would come of such a delusion; but it would only lay you open to new wounds—new pain. Stevie, though he is my son, he has not one drop of the Frankland blood in his veins. He inherits his grandfather’s obstinate, cruel, *vulgar* pride. He hates me because I am poor. He hates you, because you have won the love and respect he never could gain. Why did he absent himself from your reception here? Why destroy that old tree? Why has he done a score of paltry spiteful things of which you are yet ignorant? Why! Because he is bitterly jealous of you—that is why! Your popularity is an incessant reproach to him. In getting up all these cheerful gatherings that have made the neighbourhood so pleasant, he deems that you have encroached upon his prerogative to make everybody stupid and unsociable like himself. He is burning to avenge himself for it; and he will—mark me, he will! I know him as he is. Oh! it is a comfort to be able to speak my mind about him,” said the Baronet, angrily. “He is not worth quarreling with, Stevie. He has the power to annoy you, which he is cur enough to use relentlessly, if you submit to remain subject to it.”

“What would you advise me to do?”

“Stevie! that was the proudest day of my life on which I welcomed you home. I had a foolish hope that your honest, hearty presence—my own dear wife’s own child!—would have dispelled this misery,” sobbed the poor victim of “settlements”—“but I am hopeless now. The happiest moments in my life are those which I have spent in your society; but this I say, and say deliberately—leave us. Make a home elsewhere, for here you will find only disappointment, injury, and wrong.”

“And you?”

“Oh, never mind about me,” replied Sir George, trying to force a smile, “I am accustomed to it. I have got thick-skinned. I can stand his cursed airs and nonsense; but I cannot and will not stand seeing them played off on you.”

“And there is one thing I will not stand, father,” said Stephen, with flashing eyes, “I will not stand seeing you made light of by my younger brother. I have no idea of beating a cowardly retreat before what I know to be unnatural and base. I shall have it out with Master Frank, were he fifty times master of Tremlett Towers. So, God bless you, my dear father, for all your kindness to me, and good night.”

But he did not have it out with Master Frank after all. He retired to bed full of great resolves—to speak his mind roundly to that great potentate, and to leave his mother’s roof within the hour if his remonstrances were unheeded—but he did what every wise man ought to do

with great resolves. He slept upon them; and they had altogether changed before the morning.

He met his brother next morning, before breakfast, pacing up and down a gravel walk on the lawn—in search, perhaps, of an appetite—and “dear Francis” would have avoided him. Stephen, however, was not to be avoided when he had a duty to perform.

“Frank,” he said, “you and I have misunderstood each other on some important subjects—how and why, it is useless now to inquire. I had forgotten that many changes must have happened here during my absence of ten years; and you, I think, have not remembered that I might so forget. You know how greatly I was indulged before I left; and if I have offended you by taking too much upon myself lately, I sincerely ask your pardon, &c. &c.”

He paused, expecting that his concessions would be met half-way. He reckoned without his host. His brother was secretly chuckling at his supposed victory, and stood with his head in the air, exulting over Stevie at his banquet of humble pie.

“I was wrong in giving those orders about the shooting,” continued Stevie, “without consulting my father.”

“Your father,” replied Francis loftily, “has nothing whatever to do with the estate.”

“Pardon me,” said Stevie, sternly; “whatever else may be his position here, he is your father, and as such, in the sight of God and man, Francis Tremlett, his wishes *in every respect* should be consulted, and treated with respect I hope. I shall always so treat them; and this *I know*, that I shall regard any member of my family who fails to do so with the contempt that he deserves.”

This idea was quite a novelty with “dear Francis,” and its exponent left him utterly nonplused by it.

And why did not Stevie follow up his advantage. Why did he not quit Tremlett Towers as his father had recommended? Because “sleeping upon it,” or rather, spending a sleepless night thinking about it all, he came to the prudent conclusion that a scene with “dear Francis” would not make his father’s life more comfortable; and as for himself, he had but a few months to spend in England, and determined to use them as a peace-maker. Besides—and here we come to a very interesting point—there was some one in the neighbourhood whom he did not like to lose sight of. Unknown to himself, he was getting fond of Grace Lee—quiet, earnest Grace Lee, who had stood aloof from him during the brief days of his happy return, but whose sympathy had welled forth from her lustrous eyes when the first breath of unkindness had chilled him. No! he could not quite make up his mind to leave Grace. This was the “besides,” and I think he is not the first man whose resolutions have been changed by such a cause.

He spent a good deal of time at Ruxton Court, to the astonishment

of good Mr. Coleman, who wondered that so keen a sportsman should care to renounce his favourite sport to wander about with a parcel of girls. Stevie was certainly very attentive to that "parcel," especially when Grace Lee was bound up in it.

They were all botanizers and geologists in a small way; and who so ready to crack the big stones and carry home the bag of, or seek uncomfortable spoil, than gallant Stephen Frankland? And when the Coleman feminines were busy with their *hortus siccus*, their microscope, their cabinet, and what not, in the evening, who so ready to talk with Grace? Grace knew a little more than her companions about such things, and did not care for their A B C work. Perhaps she cared for something else. Who knows?

And what passed during these pleasant *tête-à-têtes*? I never knew, and for the life of me I cannot guess. Dear ladies! do not some of you know how hearts are lost and won? Will you be good enough, gentle Sir, to state the process under which you managed that little affair with Arabella, who had refused so many good offers? You decline! Well then, there is no help for it. If others less experienced than yourselves desire to make a precedent out of the converse of Stephen and Grace, they must be disappointed. It was all strictly confidential; and, as I have stated in an early part of this family history, I am not going to draw upon my imagination when real persons are doing real things. I have not more space at my disposal than is requisite to tell what I actually know, and what has been commended from trustworthy sources. So if judicious readers must be taught how to lead captivity captive, let them send thirteen postage-stamps to the gentleman who advertises in the papers his ability to confide the many secrets, and they will get a good deal more out of him for that small remuneration than ever they will from me at any price.

One fact, however, I will state, and you may draw whatever conclusions you please from it—

Captain Stephen Frankland, V.C., took to caressing Doggie!

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," says the proverb, and good Mrs. Coleman furnished no exception to the rule. Having completely made up her mind that Stephen was to be led captive by her daughter Laura, she would see nothing in his walks, his talks, his whispers with Grace, which she considered incompatible with a consummation so devoutly to be wished. Young people are shy and diffident she thought, and like to have a confidante. Had not she been made a confidante scores of times? Had not Edwin made her the depositary of his anxious fears about that beastly Captain Prettyman? And had not Angelina poured forth her sorrows into that sympathizing bosom? Had she not told the swain to "Speak out, and never mind the Captain," and assured the damsel that her adorer had gone off in a tiff? Were not her consolatory words confirmed by the humble and penitential letter which arrived from the love-torn victim by the next post? In short, had she

not brought a dozen couples behind a bride-cake by tactics similar to those which Grace was employing now? Grace was a good girl. A nice, affectionate girl, in the eyes of her guardian's wife, for so acting. "And really," thought that lady, "I must see what can be done for her; only, of course, she cannot expect to enter a county family—poor child—with her antecedents."

Mr. Coleman saw more clearly; and one day, when Stevie was lunching at Ruxton Court, the conversation turning upon misalliances, in consequence of an acquaintance having married very much below his own station, Mrs. Coleman remarked—

"Well; if they are happy, poor things, what can it matter?"

"Supposing them to be happy," replied her husband, "is begging the whole question. I don't see much prospect of happiness in this sort of marriage; for if the husband and wife manage to get on well together, it is ten to one their families will set them by the ears sooner or later. No, no; I'm not particular about much love or much money—they'd *come* in time, if the pair are worth their salt; but disparity of rank is the very—What is the matter with you, Bobby?"

"I wath waiting to hear your exthclamation of thurprithe," said that incorrigible.

"You're a bad boy," exclaimed his mother, shaking her head at him.

"No, mar, I ain't! And I tell you what, when I mawy I thant mawy a great big wife like pa wants people to. I thal mawy a little wife, and then I can make her do what I pleathe."

"Just listen to the brat!" exclaimed his delighted mother. "He thinks disparity of rank means difference of size! Well, I think that up to a certain point the one has no more to do with happiness than the other; don't you, Stevie?"

"Stevie," interposed Mr. Coleman, addressing his remark not to his wife or to that person, but to Grace Lee, "is a regular old-fashioned Frankland; and I'll be bound that he would not dream of asking any girl to become his wife whò could not show half-a-dozen quarterings."

Stevie laughed. "Who am I," he replied, "that I should be so particular?"

"A member—the prospective head—of a family that can show a longer, and, taking it altogether, a purer pedigree than half the House of Peers can boast of—that's all!" said Mr. Coleman. "You are proud of your family tree, and you know it. The old Franklands took their wives out of families like their own, and they were happy. Some of them looked higher, and a few lower, but no good came of it, or ever will."

"Well I'm sure, Coleman!" observed his wife, pausing in helping the great pie, "you're going on at a fine rate. Stevie's family is a very good and a very old one, but I hope there are many others equal to it in which good *has* come of making high matches. I like a family to *rise*, as I told my poor sister Janet when Lord Ballysquander proposed for her.

Not that there was much of a rise in her marriage; for my father was a Spencer on the mother's side, and my own dear mother was the granddaughter of an earl. All your family, too, are highly respectable, though they were lawyers to begin with."

"Who said they were not, my love?"

"And although poor Janet died in her first confinement—(dear! dear! how scandalously they mismanaged her!) and James—I mean Lord Ballysquander—has been twice a widower since, he always calls me his dear sister—always! So I'm sure you must not go trying to set people against our—our family."

"I'm sure I never thought of doing such a thing. I merely say that people should not marry out of their station."

"But Lord Ballysquander——"

"Bother Lord Ballysquander!"

"That's right! abuse my relations because you have not a—— because you are jealous of the good blood your children have got in their veins."

"Not at all."

"You are! You know you are! We must introduce you, Stevie," she continued, addressing her guest, "to Lord Ballysquander: you will like him *so* much. He is so con—so kind."

"Particularly when he wants anything," growled paterfamilias.

"I am ashamed of you, Coleman, talking like that! Poor dear man! he is the most open-hearted being alive; and I'm sure you behaved shabbily about that mortgage."

"My love!" said Mr. Coleman—"business!"

"Bah!" ejaculated his wife; but the subject was dropped, and she went on helping the pie, to Bobby's great relief.

Stephen Frankland had forgotten all about this subject before the cloth was removed; but there was one present into whose heart it had sunk deeply.

"Let him be proud!" burst—(*apropos* of nothing—in what I am afraid I must call a vixenish tone) from the lips of Grace Lee, accompanied by what was undoubtedly an impatient gesture—a stamp of the foot, I think—as she tied her bonnet-strings before the glass that afternoon. "Let him be proud! I can be proud too. It is cruel! cruel! cruel!! to despise a poor girl because she is left alone in the world, and does not know—never knew—ah! but I can despise too, and I *will*." Here then came a lug at the poor strings, which did not improve their appearance.

Afterwards they all went out for a walk, accompanied by Doggie; and really it seemed at first as though that morose and repulsive quadruped must have recently bitten his fair mistress, so altered was her manner to everyone. It was only when, upon their return, they visited the old colliery, and Stephen told how it had been drowned the year after he was born, and spoke so humbly, but withal so contentedly, of that calamity,

making him a poor man when otherwise he would have been a rich one—that Grace looked down at her tumbled bonnet-strings, and the sweet smile which was born that day when Stevie missed the old memorial elm mantled upon her soft, fresh cheek.

Bonnie Grace Lee! Henceforward, if you please, “our Grace,” for our Stevie—my Stevie—my dear, true old friend, is getting dear to her; and if there be any truth in the language of eyes, she is getting very dear to him.

CHAP. XVI.

A DISCOVERY.

THE very day on which Stephen Frankland did *not* leave Tremlett Towers, and Grace Lee spoilt her bonnet-strings, was to have been rendered one of fasting and humiliation to many inoffensive inhabitants of Durmstone and the neighbourhood, by reason of its being fixed for one of Mr. Tremlett’s solemn dinner-parties; but by a daring innovation of his brother’s, executed some days before the affair of the old elm tree, the Coleman girls, and one or two intimate friends of Stevie, were invited in the evening.

“Going to give a dinner!” this rebel had exclaimed, in his hearty off-hand way. “All right! Get the mammie to ask a few girls, and we’ll have a hop afterwards.”

This was said in the presence of Lady Tremlett, who became so charmed with the idea, that “dear Francis” did not think it prudent to oppose it. There were some thousands a-year at My Lady’s disposition, to do what she pleased with by will.

So the little hop came off, and, for the first time since she had come to Derbyshire, Grace Lee was seen to dance. She danced with Stephen once; and then with Lord de Cartarett twice; and then with Percy Neville; and then declared that she hated dancing, and would no more of it. She would play for them the rest of the evening: and she did so—Stephen sometimes sitting by her side, and talking to her the while; for it so happened there were more bachelors than girls, and he liked his friends to have partners. Between the dances, and at supper, Grace and our Stevie had a good deal of conversation upon a variety of subjects—more solid than the usual talk of ball-rooms; for Stephen had long since found out that beneath her proud and strange manner was a soft and kindly heart, and a vein of sterling common-sense that was well worth working. “Ah,” he had thought more than once, “if I might confide poor Brandron’s affairs to her and ask her advice, I might get some hints worth having.”

Later on in the evening somebody introduced the subject of the oak carvings in the old hall, and several of the guests went away there to

examine them afresh. Grace had never seen them at all, she said, or been in the ancient part of the house.

"Haven't you, really?" said Stephen; "then pray come with me, and I will show you all sorts of queer things."

He was as good as his word. Old armour, old pictures, old banners, quaint old furniture, were just the things in which Grace delighted.

"O what dear old things!" she exclaimed in her own voice and manner (she had somebody else's voice and manner which she used to Stevie until recently), "what dear old things! Haven't you got a ghost story to match?"

"To be sure! And, as it's very short, I'll tell it to you now."

No better time and place could there be for such a tale. The harvest moon sent a flood of light through the wide, unshuttered casements, making those parts of the old hall into which the light did not penetrate dark and gloomy with an unnatural darkness and gloom. The mouldering banners waved to and fro solemnly in the vaulted roof, like pendulums of some huge and goblin timepiece that was marking, at every beat, the flight of centuries. Armed warriors and dames of ancient race frowned from dark oaken-framed pictures on the walls, and here and there a rusty suit of mail seemed as though it were endowed with unearthly life, and was moving in the fitful and uncertain light, as Frankland moved here and there the solitary lamp which lit up the silent darkness, bringing into life strange and uncouth shadows.

So engrossed was Grace in the recital, that she did not notice the departure, one by one, of the other guests, and that she and Stephen were left alone in the old hall.

"Wonderful!" she said, when he had concluded, "and, of course, perfectly true. It would never do to doubt a ghost story in a place like this. But who is that dreadful-looking old fellow up there?" pointing to one of the pictures. "Is that the ghost?"

"That! Oh, you must not call him a dreadful old fellow. That's my famous ancestor, Roger Frankland. He is not the ghost, though he has made many in his day. He was a famous navigator, and did some things upon the Spanish main which will not bear moralizing upon; but he fought with Drake and Frobisher against the Armada, and afterwards went down to the bottom of the sea in his ship, with his glorious flag flying, sooner than strike it to three Dutch men-of-war. That young looking man to the right, in the drab coat, was the friend and schoolfellow of Hampden, and next to him is Clarence Frankland, Knight Banneret, who died on the field of Agincourt."

"You are proud of your ancestors."

"Proud? I should think so! Are not you of yours?"

The instant that the words had passed his lips he knew that he had made an unlucky speech. Grace flushed crimson, and then turned deadly pale. Stephen tried to change the subject, but she returned to it.

“And yet you admit that one, at least, of them was a thief.”

“A thief!”

“Exactly. Is not taking other folks’s property by force, *thieving*, when done on the Spanish main, quite as much so as if the scene were in Regent Street?”

“Well,” said Stevie smiling, “as I said before, we must not mention about old Roger. They thought differently of those things in his day. But I am tiring you?”

“No. I like these remembrances of bygone days. I like to hear of your forefathers; and, do you know, I much prefer the old part of this house, in which they lived and died, to the new part, for all its splendour.”

“So do I.”

“And the old name is far better than the new one.”

“Ah, yes,” replied Stephen sadly; “the old name will soon fade out and be forgotten.”

“It is almost entirely forgotten now, I am told,” said Grace.

“That’s not complimentary to me.”

“Why so?”

“Because I bear it. I am, and always shall be, a Frankland.”

“Oh, I was not speaking of the name of the family, but the name of the house.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, you know, it was not always called Tremlett Towers.”

“Always! I never heard it spoken of by any other.”

“Perhaps it was before you were born,” said Grace, in a musing tone.

“What was?”

“That the name of the house was changed.”

“You must be mistaken. Its name never was changed. Who told you it was?”

“A poor creature down in the village, whom I visit now and then. She never calls it Tremlett Towers.”

“What then, in the name of fortune?”

“She is a very old woman, and calls it by its old name.”

“And tha was——?”

“MANGERION CHASE!”

The lamp fell from Stephen’s hand; and he reeled, and fell, as though he had been shot through the brain.

The piercing shriek forced from Grace Lee by the strange consequences of her lightly-uttered words brought Sir George Tremlett and his guests hurrying to the spot. The lamp was broken and extinguished in its fall, and a cloud having just obscured the moon, the old hall was left in utter darkness. The Baronet ran as fast as anyone along the passage which led to it, but when he came to the door and looked into the black silence beyond, he hung back and called loudly for lights, surrounded by a group

of wondering men and panic-stricken ladies, who knew not where to go or what to think.

Lord de Cartarett and Percy Neville rushed back into the drawing-room, and seizing each a pair of branches, forced their way through the bewildered crowd, and sprang forward into the centre of the Hall, calling out—"Who is here? What has happened. Speak, for God's sake, whoever you are!" and waving about the lights so that their feeble rays might fall into the shadow-shrouded recesses and gloomy corners of the ancient place:

It so happened that they began their search on the wrong side, and it was some minutes before they came round to where old Roger Frankland, the Buccaneer, frowned from the mouldering canvas, and there—on the floor below—they found the insensible body of Stephen Frankland, and close beside him Grace Lee, speechless with terror, and clinging for support to a huge oaken chest against which he had fallen, as evidenced by a deep cut upon the forehead, from which he was bleeding profusely.

"Good God!" exclaimed Lord de Cartarett, "he is killed. Who has done this?"

Grace Lee's lips moved, and she made a gesture with her hand, which recalled those who had started away to search for his supposed assailant, but she could not speak. Nevertheless, she was the first to kneel down by his side, to feel his wrist and place her hand upon his heart, and, whilst eagerly counting its faint throbbings, pressed her little handkerchief firmly upon the red gash which marked his brow.

It did not mend matters for a score of people to press round, clamorously demanding of each other and of Grace what had happened?—Who had done it?—What was the matter? She could not reply. She had but one thought. She waved them back; and, casting a half-scared, half-appealing look at Lord de Cartarett—who had shown more head than anyone hitherto—but anxious, loving eyes, on Stephen's pallid face, redoubled her endeavours to staunch his wound. It was only when Dr. Cutler had declared that he was only stunned, and was coming to, and the warm motherly arms of Mrs. Coleman had closed around poor trembling Grace, that she did what a young lady of well-regulated mind ought—I believe—to have done long ago—fainted dead away. But as the whole affair did not occupy more than ten minutes, although the events of as many hours seemed to be crowded into them, we may, possibly, be allowed to offer some excuse for her conduct upon the ground that she behaved like a sensible human creature only for a very short space, and then, seeing the error of her way, immediately began to conduct herself like a young lady.

They carried Stephen into the drawing-room, and laid him upon one of the sofas, where Dr. Cutler and his son Jack, the traitor—whom, ignorant of his treason against Francisco, the King, and consequent banishment from the royal favour, Stevie had invited to the party—accepted a bottle of Eau de Cologne and a vinaigrette, out of about

thirty-seven similar appliances which Lady Tremlett and her anxious guests provided, and having loosened his neck-tie and collar, set themselves to bringing him round with all the proper formalities.

Another detachment, commanded by Mrs. Coleman, bore Grace towards Lady Tremlett's boudoir; but she came to consciousness on the way, and having begged to be put down, sat herself on the stairs and cried bitterly for some five minutes: she then sprang up, ran away, and could not be found for half an hour, when she was discovered sitting all alone in the dark in an old lumber-room there was at the top of the house.

"My own darling Gracie, are you better?" was Laura's affectionate inquiry as they helped her into the carriage.

"Oh, don't speak to me."

"Why so cross, dear?"

"Cross! Who wouldn't be cross at having made such a fool of one's self. What will he think?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, this precious hero of yours, of course! This clumsy idiot, who cannot show his stupid old pictures without dropping the lamp, and tumbling over furniture on his thick head. Bah! I've no patience with him!"

"I am sure he did not *mean* to frighten you, dear," said Mrs. Coleman.

"Then why did he take me into that villanous old musty hall? I was very happy where I was in the drawing-room. Why could not he leave me alone? Awkward imbecile! A captain in the army and not able to hold a lamp! He took too much champagne at supper—that was it. Brute! I'll never speak to him again—never, never! But, oh, dear Mrs. Coleman, what *will* people say? What *will* people say?" And her poor little throbbing head sunk again on the kind matronly bosom, and her indignation was drowned in a flood of tears.

What did he (meaning the "clumsy idiot" aforesaid) think? Why, until he awoke the next morning he had no distinct idea of what had happened to him. He then found his head very heavy and painful; and his forehead very stiff with a trellis-work of diachylum plaster. On the thoughts which were troubling poor Grace he dwelt but little, his mind being engrossed with other and graver considerations as soon as he had collected it sufficiently to think at all. Only when he rose and tried to dress, there fell from his clothes, which had been thrown all in a heap upon a chair at his bed-side, one of those pretty scraps of cambric and lace which ladies call a handkerchief, upon which—though soaked through and through with blood—he could decipher the letters, G. L. He could guess whose it was, but little imagined what hand had pressed it to his wound. He smiled that sad sweet smile that we know of; and I should not wonder if it were pressed elsewhere before he locked it up in the secret drawer of his dressing-case.

And what did other people say? They said a good many things that did not accord well with their prayers that night. All sorts of ingenious and charitable conjectures as to the cause of Stevie's accident were indulged in, the most harmless of which, perhaps, was that most in favour with the fair sex of Grace's own age, namely, that Captain Frankland had proposed to her, and that she had been told some dreadful secret about herself. Brothers, cousins, and other intimates of Stevie's standing in the world dissented from this view. Stevie was not the sort of man to faint away at anything a girl could tell him. No, no; it was quite clear what it was. He had tried to snatch a kiss when they were alone together in the old hall, and the strong-minded damsel had knocked him down with the lamp.

Paterfamilias and *madame sa femme* could not, for the most part, be got to express themselves otherwise than by Burleighean shakes of the head, wise raising of eyebrows, and pursing up of lips. Such things were not to be talked about before the young people, and what passed between those elders within the dread sanctuaries of their bed-curtains is not for me to divulge.

Into good Mrs. Coleman's thoughts we have been accustomed to pry, and therefore may continue the objectionable practice, upon the prevailing principle of continuing doing what is wrong because you have begun to do it. This matron's thoughts naturally took a matrimonial direction.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed within herself, as she left poor Grace's room after having seen her disposed of comfortably for the night: "Ugh! it's been her, then, all this time! And the goose has gone and refused him. Who would be pestered with girls and their foibles and fancies? Here's one without a father or mother, or any relation in the world to take care of her, who flings over a young fellow like Stevie, just as though husbands were to be picked off the hedges like blackberries. Ugh! I've no patience with her."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Coleman was very tender and considerate over Grace, and would not allow any one to talk about the affair in the old hall, as she saw that its mention annoyed her. Nor did she recur to it herself except once, when, after having returned from a visit to "The Towers," she drew Grace aside and said—

"You'll be glad to learn, dear, that Stevie is quite well again."

"Indeed! How lucky it was that he fell on his head."

"How so?"

"You see, dearest," Grace replied with one of her odd looks, "if he had fallen on anything else he might have hurt himself."

The affair, like most others, had its comical side. Can you imagine the appearance of Mr. Jones, the portly butler, bringing up the rear of the frightened domestics, carrying a huge blunderbuss, gingerly; and looking as if he did not know which to be most frightened at—the robbers who were supposed to be sacking "The Towers," or the unfamiliar instrument

of destruction with which he might be called upon to face them? Try and picture also nine yards and a quarter of footmen cut up into lengths averaging some six feet two in length, done up in plush and powder, and exhibiting respectively the extremes of stupidity, stolidity, and fear upon their countenances. Lastly, realize the coachman—a dumpy and rotund body with a red face and a wig, who had evidently been seeing if anything were left in the decanters as he took them from the dining-room, and who, armed with the kitchen poker, rolled into the middle of the black coats and crinolines, heroically requesting that they would stand aside, and let him (Jehu) get at them (the supposed robbers), for the purpose of warming them. “Let me get at ’em,” roared the little man, struggling violently, with one leg through a tarlatan skirt, a lace scarf caught in the stiff curls of his coachman’s wig, the round end of his poker jobbed painfully against the third button of a pale young gentleman’s waistcoat, and the point, still hot and smoking from the fire, gyrating under Mrs. Coleman’s nose; “Let me get at ’em, and *I’ll* warm ’em!” Picture all this, I say, in the midst of a scene which at first was really one of terror, and you will see there was plenty to laugh about when it was known that a broken head and a fainting fit were its worst consequences. The worst consequences I mean, of course, that were known to those who had not heard the apparently simple words—“THE OLD NAME OF TREMLETT TOWERS WAS MANGERTON CHASE,” and were ignorant of the disclosure they made.

And how did Mr. Tremlett behave? The reader has discovered that I have taken a dislike to this young gentleman. Most true I have; because I *know him*. Nevertheless, I am not going to do him an injustice. I think the shock of seeing his brother stretched motionless on the ground, with the long crimson lines stealing slowly down his pallid face, struck off a large piece of the husk which vanity and sycophantic worship of small minds had hardened round his heart, and let out some of the emotions which the “dear little delicate Frank” of other days might have felt in a like case. Of course he had not sanctioned the dancing with his presence. If it were not for the fear of offending his mother he would have very soon put a stop to that. It was easy enough to change Lady Tremlett’s first impressions when they related to the interests of others, but the idea of a pleasure to herself, once roused, was permanent.

So the dance went on, and Mr. Tremlett took unto himself some half a dozen of his slaves, and led them to an upper room where he kept his books and scientific instruments, and from the window of which he had not been able to get a sufficiently extensive view without cutting down poor Stevie’s memorial tree, and then proceeded to lecture them upon philosophy and the sucking of eggs—to the despair of some of the victims, who being young fellows, would have given one of their eyes to be amongst the dancers.

In the midst of a dreary palaver about order, forces, or some such subject, which might have been interesting if the assembled sages under-

stood what they were talking about, Grace's wild scream rang through the house, and they all rushed pell-mell to see what had happened; and the cause having been ascertained, Francis behaved, as I have said, with much feeling and tenderness to his wounded brother. Just one idea crossed his mind which was not a meritorious one. "Will he die?" thought dear Francis; "and if he does will—will?—but no matter"—and the thought, whatever it was, passed away almost as soon as it was entertained.

The shock of his discovery was a heavy one enough for poor Stevie as it fell. But I do not think that the worst of bad news is its first delivery, however suddenly that delivery may be. At first there is always a chance—a faint one if you like, but still a chance—that you have misunderstood the messenger of evil. That he may be mistaken. That, after all, it may not be quite as bad as it seems. That it may be confuted, combated, neutralized—anything!

Wait till the morning!

Wait till the excitement of the wounding has passed away, and nothing remains but the dull aching of the wound. Wait till you have slept upon the calamity, and it comes back gradually and surely—fully and hopelessly, upon your mind. Wait till the waking for the worst—when you know that the days which are to come will be overshadowed by it—when it looms more huge, and black, and crushing, upon the horizon of your life. Wake, I say, in the morning, to find that happiness is never to be known again, save in your dreams; and then bad news is bad indeed.

The bad news which Stephen had heard became worse and worse the more he thought upon it. He had made no inquiries about Mangerton Chase in his own county, because he felt sure it was not there. It was not only in his own county, but in the possession of his own father, at the time when the papers containing the secret were hid! The thought of their hiding-place raised a gleam of hope, which flickered for some moments in his mind. Grace must have been misled. There was no such room as Brandron had described in Tremlett Towers—in the old part or in the new. Every chamber was familiar to him, except the closed room at the end of the west wing; but then, that was not over an armoury. There was no armoury; so how could there be a chamber over it? Armour was in the old hall certainly, but then the roof of the hall was the roof of the house. There was no space whatever between.

This hope was bearing his storm-tossed mind into calmer waters, when it suffered sudden shipwreck by remembrances which flocked upon him. He had deemed them of no consequence when they happened; but they assumed a grave import in the light of the discovery that Tremlett Towers had been called Mangerton Chase. His father's unexplained visit to Westborough, his conflicting statements respecting its cause, his desire to have it concealed from his wife, his anxiety to avoid all mention of Brandron, his anger at the mere suggestion of opening that closed chamber, the mysterious hint he had thrown out about there being certain things

connected with the Frankland family into which Stephen was not to inquire—had been treated by our hero as so many ciphers representing the negative qualities which, to his sorrow, he knew his parent to possess. But when the great discovery was placed as an unit before them, they represented an awful sum of misery, suspicion, and horror.

“Can it be possible?” moaned poor Stevie, “that my father is a—is——? No—ten thousand times, No! God forgive me for judging him. He is weak, and has been erring enough—may have been compromised by villains and made their scape-goat, but a murderer—the murderer of the man who saved my life! Oh, no! No, no! It is impossible.” And his strong loving heart gave way; and he wept like a child.

As soon as he had recovered himself a little he began to think how he should test the truth of Grace’s information; and, after consideration, resolved to go and see Bill Grant, the ex head-keeper, and see what he could tell him. In as unconcerned a tone as he could assume he asked if it were true that the old house had been called Mangerton Chase, and the keeper, after some demur, confessed that this was so.

“But don’t you let the Squire know that I told you,” he said, “or he *will* be cross. We used always to call it ‘The Chase’ you see, and many never knew the other name.”

Then Stephen pretended to take a great interest in the old house, and made Grant describe it. He had not proceeded five minutes before he mentioned the armoury.

“Where was that?” asked Stephen quickly.

“Why, they turned it into a laundry, they did—moved all the coats of arms, and such like, into the hall, and——”

“There is a room above it.”

“Ah, yes, Sir, there is,” replied the old keeper solemnly.

“Have you ever been in it?”

“Only once, when I was a lad and knew nothing about it. I would not go in there again,—no! not for fifty thousand pound.”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s haunted.”

“Haunted! By whom, or what, in the name of wonder?”

“I don’t think I ought to tell you, Master Stevie; I don’t indeed. It’s a family matter, and—and——”

“Therefore one I ought to be acquainted with. Go on, Grant. I *will* know—if not from you, from some one else.”

“Well; but I don’t half like telling you.”

“I’m quite determined to know.”

“In that room, Sir,” said the keeper in a low voice, “all the heads of your family die. Old John Frankland died there, and his father before him, and his grandfather. And there—mark me, Master Stevie—some day your father will die.”

“And I, too, then?”

"I pray God, Master Stevie," said the faithful servant, "that the time may be far off; but when Death, which comes upon us all, comes upon you, he will find you in that room."

Stephen could not help being impressed with the solemn tone in which the paralytic spoke, and the feeling of conviction which marked his words.

"Tell me what you remember of the appearance of the chamber?" he said, after a long and painful pause.

"Well, when I saw it—I mind it well——"

"One moment: was it shut up then?"

"No; your father was the first to shut it up. In old days I've heard tell that the Franklands used to go there to die in their old age—and they mostly lived long lives—and that they passed away there without pain or struggle. There's a tale of Sir Oswald Frankland——"

"I know; he fought in the wars of the Roses."

"Maybe, maybe. Leastwise, he got wounded to death, and made his people carry him up there in his armour, and he died standing upright with his sword in his hand. But that's only a tale."

"I've heard of it before, but never heard that it took place in any particular room."

"Well, the Squire he didn't like these tales and things; so he had the door bricked up; and quite right too."

"But you saw it when it was open?"

"Ay."

"Then tell me what it was like?"

"It's just shaped like My Lady's room at the other end of the wing."

"And the walls?"

"Well, when I saw them, they was hung with that sort of worsted work, like——"

"You mean tapestry."

"Ay, tapestry. And it was furnished with dark carved oak furniture."

"Of what description?"

"There was a great cabinet."

"Anything else remarkable?"

"Yes; a looking-glass that makes you seem smaller than you are."

"A mirror."

"That's it. Well, then there was two suits of armour, and a stag's head. It was the last seen hereabouts, and Colonel Gilbert Frankland, your grandfather's brother, shot it; but when he went up to the beast to cut its throat, it gave him a tear in the thigh with its antlers. It was nothing of a wound, but the poison of the horn killed him."

Stephen paid no attention to the concluding sentence. He had heard enough—too much! There was no doubt now. The deserted chamber in Tremlett Towers was the very one described by Brandron on his death-bed; and there, within reach of his hand, lay hid the papers which contained The Secret.

CHAP. XVII.

MANGERTON CHASE.

THE reader will probably have shared the curiosity of the portress of the convent at Hull, and not only wonder why three visitors should intrude upon the hitherto undisturbed privacy of Sister Mary, in so short a period as one week, but will want to know who they were. The portress was right. There was evidently "something up."

The first visitor was Jim Riley—very much changed, however, as to his outer man from when we last beheld him. The fur cap, the nasty velveteen shooting-jacket, the fustian smalls and hobnail boots, had disappeared, and were replaced by a suit of black, in which he looked highly respectable, but wofully uncomfortable. I can understand why he should purchase black clothes. He was in mourning for his mother. But why he should have broken out in a satin waistcoat and a tail coat is one of those mysteries which I have striven in vain to penetrate. My deep but baffled researches convince me that his mother's recent death had little or nothing to do with his choice of those vestments. Black is out and out the worst wearing colour we have. The newest black cloth looks shabby in day time after the least provocation; and yet, go into the streets on Sunday and you will find that all the people who can apparently afford only one suit a year choose it black. The Honourable Reginald Fitz-Shultz, of the Guards, has a suit for every day in the month. When he is tired of them they go to his valet; and yet I'll be bound that not one of them is black. Evening dress I put out of the question. Giles Scroggins, the journeyman carpenter, has one. When at last it has ceased to be his Sunday best it has to be utilised as working apparel; and yet I'll lay my head against that of one of his tenpenny nails it's *black*—the dingiest, the most rotten colour he can get for money!

Would the Honourable Reginald Fitz-Shultz think of wearing a tail coat in the day time? The hideous solecism apart, he could not wear a more uncomfortable, useless garment. Still Giles cleaves to it with a desperate affection. He will have his black tail-coat—and very nice indeed he looks—with its useless pockets full of the missus's little things, and the child's etceteras banging to and fro against his legs, or standing out at any angle but that of beauty, as he takes them to tea with a friend.

And a black satin waistcoat! Has your bricklayer never come for orders in what was once a black satin waistcoat? Do not suppose for an instant that it is the cast-off garment of some other better-to-do person. Visit him at his lodgings in Little Union Street, or elsewhere, next Sunday, and you will find him in his shirt-sleeves smoking his pipe in the window, clad in the successor of that rusty and frayed piece of unserviceable apparel, which, at its best, looks greasy about the seams, and utterly impracticable and worthless after its kind. He has a succession crop of black tail-coats and black satin waistcoats, and his son will have them

after him. There is no hope of change! His wife and his daughter follow the last new fashion set by my Lady Clara Vere de Vere. They have their crinolines, their fancy pockets, their pointed belts, their pork-pie hats, their Balmoral boots, their linsey petticoats, their flyaway, their spoon-shaped, their Mary Stuart bonnets, their seal skin (imitation) mantles, their dull gold (imitation) solitaires and bracelets, their velvet (cotton) head dresses, their sleeves, their skirts, their flounces—all made in cheap imitation of My Lady; but no power will get Giles to imitate My Lord. Of the two I think I like Giles the best. I have an impulse towards my handkerchief when I see cheap, dirty finery. There is Miss Woolley now, with her hair waxed, and smeared, and twisted into a wonderful network, which endures, innocent of brush, from Sunday to Saturday, and who spends as much money upon tawdry finery as would keep all the family in clean neat prints for a twelvemonth. In her own neighbourhood she is considered "quite the lady." I have my suspicions respecting the internal economy of the fair Flora's toilette. It is all very well outside, but——Giles's black satin waistcoat has the merit of disclosing a clean shirt. His tail-coat, objectionable as it is, has been well brushed. There is an odour of yellow soap about the honest fellow, which is reassuring if not fragrant. Yes, I prefer Scroggins as it is, and should like him all the more if he took to wearing good serviceable tweeds and doeskins, made up into comfortable and useful jackets and waistcoats upon the patterns of the Honourable Fitz-Shultz, which would be cheaper in the end, and far more satisfactory throughout, than his unsuitable black satin "vest" and tail-coat.

Here the reader, who has, perhaps, skipped this digression, must be informed that it has not been indulged in without a cause. Have I not said that if I am "wanted" I should dine at Simpson's and take lodgings in Regent Street upon the reasoning before stated? And do you think that I would go about in a fur cap and velveteen shooting jacket, or a curly brimmed hat, and coach-and-four studs in my shirt, or a light blue frock coat with a flower in my buttonhole, or Hessian boots, a High Church uniform, or a suit of war paint, to attract everybody's attention? No! I should do as Jim Riley did. Adopt the commonest costume I could think of, and rub elbows with Inspector Lager in the street without a shade of fear.

How the quondam knife-grinder obtained funds for this metamorphosis need not at present appear. Perhaps he had obtained remunerative employment through the instrumentality of his grandmother at Sheffield—perhaps he had not.

The second visitor to Sister Mary was a rough-looking sailor-man, who, previous to Jim Riley's advent, had made a tender impression upon one of the kitchenmaids at the convent. He formally announced his intention of "keeping company" with her, and his offer was accepted. Her "Sundays out" were spent with him. They had oyster suppers in the

evening, and he never came empty-handed to the *rendezvous*. Ribbons of the most resplendent hue found their way to the caps and dresses of Patty Marsh, in which she timidly scuffled out of the convent's back door to gladden the eyes of her nautical admirer. They had their photographs taken at the sailor-man's expense. Patty's disclosed a libel upon a pretty buxom lass, and the sailor-man's—bar a great black beard—might have passed for a portrait of Mr. Sampson Lagger.

This sailor-man was most curious about all that took place in the convent; and when he heard that a Mr. Brooks had called to see Sister Mary, desired and obtained as correct a description of his person as Patty could give. This obtained, their converse was not so long that evening as usual, the sailor-man having, as he said, sundry important matters connected with his ship to attend to. The next morning Mr. Sampson Lagger in person had an interview with Sister Mary, and the sailor-man having been informed the following Sunday that another gentleman had visited that lady in the meantime, Mr. Sampson Lagger again presented himself at the convent door. Patty had nothing to do with opening it.

"The answer is," said the portress, when the detective had been announced up stairs, "that you are to send up your business."

"And what am I to send it up in, my dear?" asked Mr. Lagger.

"My dear" was an old woman of sixty-two.

"You are to tell it to me, and I'll mention it," she replied.

"Well, you've got an uncommon fine head, you have," said the visitor, looking at her with his own on one side and one eye shut; "but I don't think it will hold my business. You can't put a quart of beer in a pint pot, can you now?"

The portress expressed herself as knowing nothing about pints and pots, and Mr. Lagger continued—

"Just you tell the lady I must see her. I won't trouble her long, but I *must* see her."

The reply was that, she had seen him once already—that she had nothing further to tell him, and therefore positively declined to give him another interview.

"Very good," said Mr. Lagger; "now I know what to do. I don't want to run rusty with ladies, but must is must. You take this 'ere card to the Principal, and you say just this: 'Mr. Lagger, a detective officer from London, is below, and he wants to see Sister Mary alone for ten minutes; Sister Mary won't see him, and all he wishes to know is this—is he to telegraph to the gentleman who lives on the first floor with the green cloth curtains in Jermyn Street, London, Middlesex, or is he not?—*that's* what he wants to know!'"

The reply this time was, that he was to please to walk up stairs; Sister Mary would come in a few minutes.

What passed between them is best told by its results.

"Not know where Master Jim's got to! Well; perhaps she don't. Not

know why Captain Frankland wants to find out where Mangerton Chase is! Well; perhaps she don't agin. But what brings the Captain to her, and what's Mangerton Chase to him? That's the question just now for you, my man (addressing himself as usual). That's about what *you* have got to find out. The Captain knows a precious deal more than he'd tell at the inquest. He's got private information of his own—that's what *he's* got! He's on the track, that's sartain. Hang me if I don't follow him where he goes, and see what he does. I'll keep my eyes on him. Maybe we'd come up to the clue together. If we does, there'll be a fair race for it, Sampson Lager; and if you're the man I takes you for, somebody else will have to be second at the finish."

So he took himself off back again from whence he came, and poor Patty never set eyes on her sailor-man again. Arrived in the metropolis, he had an interview with a person in authority at Scotland Yard, and, having paid a flying visit to Little Union Street, took the train the same night for Durmstone.

A wonderful man for making acquaintances was Mr. Sampson Lager. Jones, the Jupiter Tonans of the below-stairs Parnassus of Tremlett Towers, was not the sort of person to be easily picked up by a stranger. His air was dignified, his words were few, he stood stiffly to his dignity, and resented the slightest approach to familiarity. Nevertheless, Mr. Lager picked him up, and was high in his favour before a week was out. Vanity was the soft spot in Mr. Jones's character, and into this the detective struck his hook and led him about like a sheep. Vanity was the tap of Mr. Jones's breast, and into this the detective fitted his pump and pumped it dry.

Their intimacy began at a pigeon-shooting match which was held in the neighbourhood. A dispute arose, and some one having appealed to Mr. Lager, he replied angrily—

"Don't you appeal to me. You appeal to some one as knows more than me; and I see a gentleman here as knows more than me, and more than you and all the rest of the company put together. He's a gentleman of judgment and discrimination—that's what he is. *I've* heard of him, and bless me if I should like to be a pigeon when *he's* shooting a match."

Having attracted general attention by his loud voice and gestures, the company requested to be informed who this paragon could be, and fifteen small farmers began to look sheepish in anticipation of their being introduced as the Admirable Crichton in question.

"Who is he?" retorted Mr. Lager. "Why, I am surprised at you! Who has lived and spent all his life amongst gentlemen as know about these sort of things? Who is here that is in the confidence of half the squires in the county? Who has come down to this 'ere little game a purpose to give a sanction to the pro—ceedings? I'm a stranger hereabouts—I am; but I'm not such a born fool as not to know an upright and talented referee when I see one."

The upshot was that he indicated Mr. Jones as the subject of his eulogy, and won that person's heart, inside and out. Such good friends did they become, that Mr. Lagger was invited to "The Towers," was shown all over the house in the temporary absence of the family, and regaled afterwards in the butler's sanctum with some rare port and cigars, to which the guests of "dear Francis" and My Lady were not often treated. Then Mr. Jones proceeded to pump his visitor as to what business brought him to Durmstone; and Mr. Lagger would wink, place his finger on the side of his nose most significantly, and throw out mysterious hints about new railways—bill before Parliament—landowners—rival company—secret information—confidential service—and the like. Upon which Mr. Jones would wink *his* eye, lay *his* finger on the side of his nose, most significantly of nothing, and make belief that he understood all about it, and was not the man to divulge the important secrets which had been confided to him. Many an evening did the detective pass in the butler's sanctum and the wider circle of the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Cooper declared she had never met a more agreeable gentleman; and Mr. Markleby, who was "gentleman" to "dear Francis," was hurled into the depths of despair by the flirtation which was instituted between this welcome guest and Mrs. Patten, My Lady's lady's-maid.

Nor was Mr. Lagger the only visitor in those regions. The servants' hall of Tremlett Towers was filled with strange liveries; the more extensive apartments devoted to upper servants were full of strange Ladies' ladies and Gentlemen's gentlemen. The expected guests had arrived, and the partridges and hares were having a bad time of it. Not such a bad time as they might have had if our Stevie had been in the field. Nothing, however, would induce him to join the party. It was a small sort of revenge to take, and was, I think, unworthy of him. Your very sensitive people often make geese of themselves in this way, and think that they are punishing others when they are only vexing themselves.

He had made an inward vow that he would never draw trigger again upon his mother's land, and even if that harrowing disclosure had not been made and absorbed every other thought than the wretched fears and fancies it engendered, he would have kept his word. As it was, he had a good excuse for keeping aloof from the new comers—none of whom, with one exception, he knew or cared for. His head, he said, was still very painful, and his face was so stuck about with plasters that it was not fit to be seen.

So he kept his room, sitting within a few yards of where the secret was hidden, fretting his heart out, not daring to make a bold stroke and know the worst at once. Have you ever received a letter which you hope may contain news of some great pleasure or advantage, or fear may bring home to you some great loss or grief; and have you always had the courage at once to break the seal? Have you ever had a question trembling on your lips which you would give the world to have answered,

but dared not ask? Do you know what it is to have received a wound which you have not nerve enough to look at? If you do, you can tell why Stephen Frankland procrastinated and shuddered at the thought that sooner or later he must raise the veil which covered severe humiliation and grief.

The only one amongst the guests whom he could see came up more than once and sat with him, chatting about old times and his Indian experiences. This was Percy Coryton's uncle, the Earl of Rossthorne, a very old friend of Sir George Tremlett's. "Dearest Francis" was glad enough to welcome his father's friends when they were earls!

Lord Rossthorne was a nobleman of what is called the "old school,"—courteous with women, quiet with men, dignified and cold with all. He was not in the habit of ordering people about in a brutal tone, by way of impressing you with his dignity and power—after the manner of some youthful heads of noble houses; nor was he given to patronising. The servant who attended him for orders, and the acquaintance who answered his finesse with the knave of hearts at the whist-table, were listened to with the same placid smile, and received their reply in the same soft measured voice. He was more than sixty years of age, tall, and more erect and hearty than many a dandy of twenty-two. So striking was his appearance, with his bright eagle-like eye, snow white hair, and quick firm tread, that no one could pass him in the street without remarking what a fine handsome man he was. Old you could hardly call him, for every movement of his body, every expression of his countenance, evinced firmness, strength, and—to a keen observer—an indomitable will. There are whispers about that in his youth he had sown a goodly crop of wild oats, and those cereals were of luxuriant growth in the year 1819. Even then, however, I do not think that he brought harlots to brush skirts with his sisters at the Opera, or lent his hunters to notorious courtesans and patronised them at the meet, or chatted with them openly in the public promenade. Shocking things these to think of, no doubt; but as good society does not cut rich young noblemen for *doing* them, it can scarcely be angry with a poor young author for suggesting that they are done.

Sir George Tremlett became acquainted with Lord Rossthorne during his memorable visit to young Harcourt in the days when George the Fourth became king. Young Harcourt was now a needy man, living as he could at foreign watering-places; and, notwithstanding the influence which he had inherited—there was little else to come—from his popular father, and to which, as we know, Stevie was indebted for his commission, he might have starved in his old age, but for the assistance which the noble companion of his better days generously and delicately afforded. Many such acts are recorded in favour of the cold and proud Lord Rossthorne. He had been a widower for upwards of forty years, and had neither kith nor kin—with the sole exception of Percy Coryton, his sister's son, and heir to his title and estates.

The next in rank of the visitors was the Honourable and Reverend Theophilus Corbyle, one of Mr. Tremlett's "set" at Oxford, and his bride, a lady of imposing stature and extreme High Church views, who lost no opportunity, "as a clergyman's wife," of putting everybody and everything to rights, after having picked everybody and everything to pieces as a preliminary.

Then there were Professor Spraggle and his lady—also from Oxford. Three youthful county magistrates, a cousin of the Honourable and Reverend Mrs. Corbyle, and one Colonel Vincent Champneys—of whom anon—who with Lord Rossthorne formed the shooting party.

Colonel Vincent Champneys was a new acquaintance of Francis Tremlett, and a distant connection of the Archdeacon of the diocese, who had introduced him at "The Towers." It was not altogether clear from whom this gentleman had received his commission as Colonel. He never was in the regular army, militia, or volunteers, but had seen much service in many irregulars all over the world. He had served in Spain, had been a General in the army of Nicaragua, had worn the white uniform of Austria, commanded Turkish troops in the Crimean war and was fresh from Garibaldi's glorious campaign, when he arrived at Tremlett Towers. In appearance he was a bronzed veteran on the wrong side of fifty-six. In manner he was loud, active, and rather assuming. He could converse fluently in half-a-dozen languages, knew something of everything, was the best billiard player in the house, and the only antagonist worthy of playing, after Lord Rossthorne, at whist. He soon became upon excellent terms with most of the party, including the Honourable and Reverend Mrs. Corbyle, who, "as a clergyman's wife," made his roving life the subject of sundry sermons, to which he listened devoutly. The Honourable and Reverend Mrs. Corbyle was a sort of "dear Francis" in petticoats, and greatly infringed upon that potentate's prerogatives. Lady Tremlett was delighted with the Colonel. So droll, so entertaining so good-humoured, was the Colonel.

"Hope you had a better night's rest, Professor," said Sir George to Mr. Spraggle upon the second morning of his visit.

"I cannot conscientiously say that I had, Sir George," was the reply; "Mrs. Spraggle's ears are very quick—remarkably quick! She asseverates that she heard that noise again distinctly; and when Mrs. Spraggle hears a noise in bed, *I never* have a good night's rest," said the little Professor, with the air of a man who had solved a problem which entitled him to the gratitude of mankind.

"It must have been the wind," observed Sir George.

"Wind, my dear Sir George, or atmospheric air in a state of agitation, is an impalpable body, incapable, of itself, to produce any sound; and I am not aware of any body acting upon which the noises described by Mrs. Spraggle could be produced."

“What were they like?”

“Here she is to answer for herself. My love, our worthy host requests to know what description you can give of the sounds which have disturbed your—ahem! *our* rest, for the last two nights.”

“Oh, my dear Sir George,” replied that lady, who was celebrated for her nerves, “they were dreadful; like somebody sharpening a chisel on the hearthstone.”

“Well, well, my dear Madam, we will change your room. You shall not be disturbed again. I think I know what it was. There is a large tree which grows close to the house, near your window, and its branches rubbing against the wall might perhaps produce the sounds which annoyed you. We will put you in the other wing.”

“It was *not* the branches of a tree rubbing against the wall, Spraggle,” this lady declared when they were alone; “it was somebody scraping something gritty with something hard and sharp. I cannot be mistaken, my nervous organization is so very acute. What business have people to be sharpening chisels all night long in a gentleman’s house. It’s disgraceful!”

“And so we shan’t see any more of you, Mr. Lagger?” said Jones, the butler, to *his* guest that evening, as he held open the back door for his departure.

“No,” replied Mr. Lagger, seriously; “all that’s bright must fade, and I must get back to London town. I’ve bin among a many pleasant people in my time,” he continued, addressing the yard pump, “but never among any who come up to this little lot here: they’re regular out-and-out fizzers—that’s what *they* are.”

Presently, sober Mrs. Cooper and pert Mrs. Patten, and one or two other of the Ladies’ ladies, came out to shake hands with their pleasant visitor under the summer stars, and wish him good-bye and a pleasant journey on the morrow. And so he left, to the great regret of all the fair sex and the satisfaction of Mr. Markleby. He really was a jolly fellow, and a gallant one in his rough way, was Sampson Lagger, being just a servants’ hall edition of the popular Colonel Vincent Champneys.

The nearest way to Durmstone was to cross the lawn and pass through a wicket in the iron fence which separated it from the park, into a foot-path which led direct to the church. Mr. Lagger paused at this wicket, and indulged in one of his usual soliloquies, addressed indifferently to himself and the moon.

“You’ve been down here,” he mused, “pretty nigh a fortnight, and what have you done beside standing on your head in that there servants’ hall? Why, you ain’t done much. How could you? You came down here—very properly—to watch the Captain, to go where he went, see who he saw, and find out what his little game was; because you thought that *his* little game was *your* little game. You stays here pretty nigh a fort-

night, and you comes to the conclusion that he ain't got no little game at all! It was a rum start, too, his going all the way to that old woman at Hull to find out what his own father's house used to be called before he was born. It was rum, too, that the Bart. should get that there letter and be off to London in such a hurry the day before the murder; but then——Holloa! what's that?"

Well might the detective exclaim "What's that?" Straight in front of him, not fifty yards off, an upper window was opened, and a man bearing a lantern and a knotted rope passed out, and seizing hold of a water-pipe which ran down the wall close at hand, swung himself on to the parapet above. Then he passed on to the end of the wing, and having hooked something which was at one end of his rope to the coping stones, lowered himself through the branches of the old poplar on to the roof of the oriel window. This gained, he jerked his rope free, and fastening it again as before, descended by it till he remained half standing on the window-sill, half swinging by the rope. With the hand that was at liberty he next broke and removed one of the small diamond-shaped panes of glass, and opened the window from within. In another moment he had sprung into the chamber.

"Blazes!" exclaimed Mr. Lagger, who had dodged behind a bed of lauristinus when first he saw the light. "Blazes! here's a pretty go! That chap ain't up to no good, and it's your dooty, Inspector Lagger, to see what he's up to—that's about what *your* dooty is."

BABY GRACE.

I.

Baby Grace
 With a rose on her face,
 Came as a guest to our dwelling-place ;
 Like a tiny flower with the soft dew pearled,
 Thin timorous leaves o'er a wee heart furled,
 And honey-sweets in the heart upcurled,
 She came, and we
 (Being young) could see
 No light but her face in the whole wide world.

II.

She was so tender and soft and small
 That we hardly thought her a baby at all !
 We thought her some timorous beautiful thing,
 Made to smile as the birds to sing ;
 Made to open her big blue eyes
 On mother's lap and look wondrous wise—
 Made to lie on mother's breast
 And be kissed and fondled and rocked to rest ;
 Made to prattle and made to please—
 Made to hinder and made to tease ;
 To hold us down with a little hand
 From unsanctified
 Folly and pride,
 And, holding us, teach us to understand
 The cares she made us forget or nearly
 When she babbled the music we loved so dearly ;
 Made to cry and crow and sprawl,
 To be always helpless and always small,
 Never to grow to be big and tall !
 And thus, you know,
 She puzzled us so,
 That we hardly thought her a baby at all !

III.

She had such old-fashion'd and funny ways,
 That we watched her pranks for days and days.
 Now and then when we laid her down,
 Dressed in her little frilled cap and gown,
 She would lie on her back in a mock repose,
 Watching the flies
 With her big blue eyes.
 And thinking them fairies, perhaps—who knows ?
 Early at eve she would prattle and smile,
 Fidgeting fretfully all the while,

And leap in her mother's arms for a kiss,
 And toss and tumble that way and this,
 And slowly quietly fall and rise,
 With her thumb in her mouth and the dust in her eyes,
 And flutter off in a doze, and then
 Flutter up with a cry again,
 In the midst of our fireside talk, until
 The little spirit would have its will,
 And all would be beautiful, hushed and still.
 Then it was prettiest far of all
 To watch her asleep in her cradle small,
 With one red hand crumpled under her head
 And a red hand clench'd outside of the bed,
 And her small lips parted in pearly dew
 Like a flower that opes to let odour through !
 And Wife and I were so foolish and young,
 So free as yet of the world's rough weather,
 That we sat and watched her and held our tongue,
 By the side of the bed, for hours together ;
 She and I were so young, so young,
 (I was older than she by a single spring),
 And we wondered so much at the strange little thing,
 So chubby, so rosy, so soft, so small,
 Whom we hardly thought a baby at all,
 And we felt so full of our joyful store
 That the heart grew faint and the eyes ran o'er,
 That the little baby, our only pride,
 By the mist of our tears was magnified,
 And became a sunbeam to shine at the door,
 And be a beacon to rich and poor !

Besides, you know,

We loved her so,

That we loved each other so much the more !

IV.

I wonder what her thoughts were about ?
 Something as sweet as herself, no doubt !
 Perhaps of the beautiful strange white globe
 That peeped out warm from her mother's robe,
 And to which she would creep so close, and blink
 Both eyes in a funny content, and drink ?
 Perchance of the palace with curtains of snow,
 The magical palace which rocked to and fro,
 Sending baby to sleep whether sleepy or no ?
 Perchance of the great rough man who bare
 Such love for his little one precious and fair,
 That he tossed her about like a grizzly bear ?

Perchance of the wonderful candlelight
 Which we held the wide
 And wondering-eyed
 Darling up to behold of a night ?
 Perchance of the golden shower that would fall
 From mother's face when baby would call,
 When mother would be for a moment missed,
 And tickle her dimples before they were kissed ?
 But what matter what her thoughts were about,
 When her thoughts were sweet as herself, no doubt ;
 For perhaps she was beautiful, being so small,
 Because she was thinking of nothing at all !

v.

What a prize
 In mother's eyes
 Was Baby when first she heard its cries,
 When the undefiled
 Little stranger smiled
 On a bosom white with maternity mild !
 What a pleasure,
 Without any measure,
 Ran through her veins as she hugg'd her treasure !
 Mother awoke from her vision of tears,
 With a pleading cry for help in her ears,
 And looked about her in tranced surprise,
 Till the pale face flushed at the small thing's cries ;
 And small and crimped, and puffy and red,
 With tiny limbs and an elfin head,
 Baby was laid in mother's bed ;
 And closing her eyes and creeping close,
 Tickling the tiny fingers and toes,
 And scarcely knowing whatever to do
 For the joy that was warming her through and through
 She kissed the mouth like the bud of a rose.
 Then they led me into the breathless place,
 And I kissed the mother and baby too,
 And I knew by the light on the mother's face,
 By the tremulous hope that her looks confest,
 That loving it better she loved me best—
 As with blind proud kisses
 And innocent blisses,
 She blushed and hid her face on my breast !

VI.

I was little more
 Than a boy before,

But that moment made me a man indeed
 I was strong, I was loved,
 And my manhood was proved
 By the mother's love and the little one's need !

VII.

How strangely the little ones feel their way
 From the silver edge of the soundless sea
 Of eternity,
 Into the light of the common day !
 Lying so helpless and small and dumb
 On the mother's bosom, while slender gleams
 Of the mystical light out of which they come
 Brighten their souls at the fountain like dreams,
 And lead them onward and up, no doubt,
 In the face of the clouds that enwrap them about,
 And in spite of the blind
 Dark clay, to find
 The kindred light of humanity out.
 So that when the light of a mother's love
 Falls first on their eyelids and eyes and hair,
 It seems like the light they have left above,
 And, with pleading pleasure and querulous care,
 They brighten—and warm to the world unaware !

VIII.

Gleam by gleam,
 From their dream
 They wake, and wonder how strange things seem !
 They wake in the warmth of a mother's kiss,
 They wonder at that thing and wonder at this,
 They bother their poor little brains to know
 What this is, what that is, which puzzles them so,
 And the more that they wonder the wiser they grow.
 The music brought from the soundless sea
 Of eternity,
 Grows fainter and fainter, like distant swells
 Of a long wave dripping through pearly shells,
 And they lose the music in gaining the sense
 Of the beautiful love which brought it thence !

IX.

With something of fear,
 We wondered to hear
 (For Baby Grace was so dear, so dear !)
 The music I speak of, an alien strain
 Like a foreign speech, on her lips remain
 When Baby Grace had been born a year.

She clung round our necks as a seared bird clings,
 But she never grew wiser in wordly things,
 And, do as we might, we could barely teach
 Her lips to prattle our human speech ;
 And her face in its tenderness wore a shade,
 Which seemed like a shadow the angels had made
 To keep out the world with its want and sin,

And conceal the bright

Spiritual light

Consuming the roots of the life within.
 Then Wife and I in a dull amaze
 Looked at each other with homeless gaze ;
 And we felt that the beautiful music we heard
 In the fluttering wings of our tiny bird,
 Was a melody from the soundless sea

Of eternity,

Calling her back in an angel's name
 To the wondrous silence from which she came.
 Still so helpless and still so small
 It seemed she would never grow big and tall.
 (Just a mere baby perhaps, like the rest,
 Yet more than a baby when cherished the best)
 She would lie for hours without prattle or moan,
 She would lie for hours alone, alone,
 With her open mouth and her great blue eyes,
 Looking so wise,
 And deaf, quite deaf, to our sighs and tears !
 And we knew of a sudden that vagrant gleams
 From Heaven were coaxing her back in dreams,
 And we knew that the music was in her ears.

X.

Then Baby Grace

With her pale sweet face

Went away from our dwelling-place ;
 Like a tiny flower with the cold dew pearled,
 Thin faded leaves o'er a wee heart furled,
 And honey-sweets in the heart upcurled,

She went, and we

(Being young) could see

No light at all in the whole wide world.

XI.

Baby Grace was so dear, so dear,
 So palpable to us, so helpless and small,
 And she clung unto us so near, so near,
 That we never thought we could lose her at all.

We were so foolish and young, that we
 Deemed her a little one meant to be
 The ornament of a mother's knee—
 Made to cling to a mother's dress,
 And never grow bigger and never grow less ;
 Made to cling in a yearning holy
 To the roots of the heart and keep them lowly :
 So dear, so dear, that when Baby died,
 And left a blank at the ingleside,
 We hid our faces from God and cried,
 And could not be patient however we tried !

XII.

Then Baby was wrapp'd in a little white dress,
 And a little white cap was placed on her head,
 And she looked so sweet in her holiness,
 That we could not believe she was really dead,
 But fancied her deep
 In a baby-sleep,
 Ready, just ready, to go to bed !
 But they took her away with her sweet wee face,
 And a lamp went out in our dwelling-place,
 And we sat in the darkness, father and mother,
 Lorn and bereaven,
 Weeping and clinging to one another,—
 Because our baby had gone to Heaven.

XIII.

Wife and I were so young, so young,
 That closer and closer in tears we clung ;
 So careless quite of the world's cold scorn,
 That we took the clothes that baby had worn,
 And laid them by in a secret place,
 To mind us ever of Baby Grace ;
 And now and then, when our hearts grow sore,
 And hard in a world of follies and crimes,
 We look at the clothes our little one wore,
 And they make us humbler a hundred times !
 And 'tis something at least in a world so drear,
 To know that an angel has once been here !
 Though the light has gone from the snowy brow,
 It is sweet to keep a token or two
 Of our dear little Baby with eyes of blue—
For we feel so weary without her now !

R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

EDWARD FORBES, THE NATURALIST.*

THOUGH of Scottish ancestry, the Isle of Man was the birthplace of Professor Edward Forbes. Proud of his Manx origin, he cherished throughout life an ardent and patriotic attachment to the triangular Isle. So very early did he receive his vocation as a Naturalist that he could not recall the time when his love for the objects of Nature was awakened. Ere his tenth year, he had amassed a considerable collection of "minerals, fossils, shells, dried sea weeds, hedge flowers, and dead butterflies;" and, by the time he was sixteen, he had not only acquired an extensive knowledge, from a varied reading of systematic treatises, on Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, and Zoology, but had evinced, to a rare degree in one so young, the faculty of scientific classification.

His partiality for flowers and for worms, and such creeping things, cannot be traced to parental instruction, or to the promptings of some Manx Nestor, who taught his ideas to shoot in the direction of natural history. The passion which possessed him for Nature was as much self prompted as it was unsympathised with. Such devotedness to weed gathering and fly catching, to lizards, dogs, and cats—such persevering assiduity in overturning the stones by the wayside in search of the creatures beneath, appeared only to the domestics of his father's household as certain symptoms of approaching insanity. His worthy grandmother, puzzled not less by his odd ways, gravely declared that "the whole Isle of Man could not save the boy from being a fool." There was, however, a method in the madness of Edward Forbes. Almost with the awakening of his reflective powers, he gave signal proof of a high capacity for generalisation, and evinced a perception of the wide bearings and higher relationships of natural science. But, though born a Naturalist, he was also a poet, and had besides quite an artistic facility in the use of the pencil. His muse, at once homely and sublime, wings her flight from an "Ode on an Apple Dumpling" to "Sesostris, a Tragedy;" and his sketches and caricatures, grotesque and elf-like, are as numerous as the leaves in Vallambrosa. What is to be made of the clever and precious lad? The instincts and desires of the youth point to Natural History; but a Naturalist has no recognised place among what are called the professions; and, in spite of his secret leanings, as a dutiful son, Edward Forbes must needs fall into one or other of the conventional ruts, and harness himself to labour, irksome or otherwise, for a livelihood. The anxious wish of his mother is to see him a clergyman. "What sort of a clergyman should I be?" urges the youth; "to swear that I was moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon me that office which I chiefly took for the

* *Memoir of Edward Forbes, F.R.S.*; late Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. By GEORGE WILSON, M.D., and ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Macmillan and Co., 1861.

sake of leisure. No! I'll never take money for what I don't intend to devote myself to."

Specially on the strength of an oil painting of the "Virgin and Child," deemed in the Isle of Man a prodigy of merit, Forbes hopes to be admitted into the Royal Academy as a student; and, with the parental approval, he takes his departure to London to begin his career as an artist.

This first start in life proved a false one—the prized picture failed to procure for him admission to the Academy; and, after a time of irresolute and futile study under the well known Mr. Sass, he returned to his home in the Isle of Man. It is next settled, and with hopes of better success, that Forbes should become a disciple of Æsculapius. Edinburgh is famed for its medical school, and thither he bends his steps to enroll himself as a student of the University. For five years, with the professed object of qualifying as a medical man, he regularly attended the classes; and yet, when the time arrived for obtaining a physician's degree, he failed to present himself for examination. The truth is that while he gave attendance at the lectures, he was only a nominal student of Medicine. He could not overcome his intense disrelish to the practical duties of the profession. Far from being idle, he had really, during these five years, assiduously devoted himself to Natural History and to the cognate sciences; his attainments in which were undoubtedly high, indeed, greatly exceeding the average of those who successfully pass for the coveted degree. Triumphant over all other claims, that inborn love for the study of Nature, which so early possessed him, asserted its supremacy and led to the entire abandonment of Medicine and to that step, to which all along it had urgently pointed—his formal adoption of Natural History as the sole aim and pursuit of his life.

In 1836, having previously lost his mother by death, and seemingly with his father's consent, we have Forbes a professed Naturalist. With characteristic ardour he threw himself into the prosecution of his chosen studies. He had previously visited Norway, France, Germany, and Switzerland on botanizing excursions, adding thereby largely to his collection of rare plants, and never failing to mark the changes of vegetation in his ascent of mountains. The summer of 1834 had been chiefly spent in dredging the Irish sea, and in exploring the botany, zoology, and geology of the Isle of Man; in the same year he became a member of the British Association. During the winter of 1836 we find him in Paris, in attendance on the lectures of *Savants* so eminent as De Blainville and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, and in unremitting study in the Natural History library and in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes. With the return of spring, in a trip through the south of France, he greatly increased his botanical acquisitions—delighted alike with the new scenery and the strange Flora he encountered. Speaking of Vaucluse, he says, "Plants unknown to me abound; euphorbias of many forms—many a novel species which had never gladdened my sight before, and the genus of which was to me but a guess.

But there was not one daisy there." From Toulon the tour was prolonged to Algiers, where, so far as his time would allow, he visited places of interest and acquainted himself with the features and natural history of that part of the African coast. Of the forty-five species of land and fresh water molluscs collected by Forbes in this visit to Africa, seven were new to science and were first described by him. His first scientific publication appeared in 1838, in the shape of a little work on the Manx Mollusca, embodying his early researches in his native isle; it was dedicated to Professor Jameson, "by his sincere admirer and attached pupil, Edward Forbes." A busy summer spent on the Continent furnished him with the materials of a paper, read before the British Association, "On the Distribution of Terrestrial Pulmonifera in Europe." He had now gained for himself a recognised place among men of science. In their ranks his standing was high. From his genial humour and loveable disposition, not less than from his scientific ardour, his influence was felt in binding together in kindly and social companionship his fellow labourers in the great field of Nature. At the meeting of the British Association held at Birmingham in 1839, he inaugurated the Red Lion Club—so called from the circumstance of the first meeting having assembled at a tavern with the sign of a red lion. At the gatherings of the "Red Lions," as each recurring meeting of the Association drew them together, Forbes was the animating and presiding genius. It was a testimony to his promise and position as a Naturalist that he was specially entrusted by the Association with the preparation of a report on the Pulmoniferous Mollusca of the British Isles. As his native Manx was the starting point of his researches among the Mollusca, so was it the first field of his labours among the Radiata. A paper on the Manx Star Fishes, read before the Wernerian Society, was the natural precursor of his well-known "History of British Star Fishes." The year 1839 found Forbes engaged in a series of lectures at Edinburgh on the Animals of the British Seas; his plan was to establish a character as a lecturer with the view of making good his claim to a Professorship. The encouragement his lectures received was but slender. The popular taste for Natural History studies was not then created; still he held himself manfully to his post, notwithstanding the depressing influence of a meagre auditory and prospects far from cheering. Following the dictates of his genius he had abandoned all other pursuits for Natural History; it was but befitting that Natural History should, in turn, find for him the means of livelihood. His father's liberality had hitherto supplied his necessities, but that source of income was only temporary; nor was Forbes desirous to continue a moment longer than was necessary a pensioner on the parental bounty. With no chair in prospect and with sufficient discouragements, we find him, in a letter written so early as 1839, thus clearly indicating the special department of Natural Science to which he devoted himself, and in which he afterwards achieved his laurels:—"I find one science, that of Nature,

enough now, and study it with a view to *the development of the laws of species, of the laws of their distribution, and of the connection between the physical and mental development of creatures.*"

With the dredge, an instrument new to Science, and with a success equal to his zeal, Forbes had already swept the British coasts in search of new species. It was mainly to his endeavours that the Dredging Committee of the British Association owed its existence. The occasion he celebrated by the composition of a characteristic song, designed to be sung at a meeting of the "Red Lions"—

"Hurrah for the dredge with its iron edge—"

While engaged in varied labours at Edinburgh, a new field suddenly opened up. He accepted the appointment of Naturalist to H.M.S. "Beacon," about to sail on a surveying expedition to the Grecian Seas. We have no space to follow him throughout his cruising among the Isles of Greece, to detail his deep sea dredgings and their rich results, or to describe his excursions inland, and the spoils reaped among the terrestrial Fauna and Flora of these consecrated regions. "My own chief object," he says, "is to ascertain the exact relations of animals and plants to each other in these islands, so as hereafter to have a good basis for the illustration of certain points in geology and philosophical zoology." While the main bulk of his observations were, of course, made among the invertebrata, the department to which he had specially assigned himself, he lost no opportunity of examining the geology of the islands, and of studying the customs and habits of the natives. Dredge, hammer, pencil, each was in turn in requisition. The dredge was, however, his chief and favourite instrument of research. By a persevering and thorough exploration of the coasts and bed of the Ægean Sea he established the doctrine that different zones of depth were characterised by distinct groups of animals, and that the greater the vertical range of a species, the wider its geographical distribution; and also the law of marine distribution of life, "that parallels in latitude are equivalent to regions in depth, correspondent to that law in terrestrial distribution, which holds that parallels in latitude are representative of regions of elevation." A tour through a portion of Asia Minor, in which, as a main object, he sought to determine the geographical distribution of its plants, furnished him with the materials for his two interesting volumes entitled, "Travels in Lycia." Prostrated for a time by an attack of fever, so severe as to leave in his constitution the seeds of fatal disease, he yet rallied, and in apparent health, after an absence of eighteen months of energetic and unceasing research, returned to England. He brought back a vast mass of varied materials, he had acquired many new facts, with enlarged views and an enriched experience. At the meeting of the British Association in 1843, held at Cork, Forbes communicated some of the conclusions at which he had arrived from his researches in the isles and seas of Greece.

Scarcely had he returned from the East when he was informed of his

appointment as Professor of Botany in King's College, London. A reverse sustained by his father in business deprived him of the support which had hitherto been liberally furnished, and made the attainment of any position to which income was attached a matter of moment. Through the exertions of scientific friends there was also, soon afterwards, procured for him the Curatorship of the Geological Society; but both offices did not together yield much over £200 a-year. As Curator the greater portion of his time was spent in ungenial task work. Imprisoned for most part of the day at Somerset House, the servant of the geologists, his time and services were at every one's call. We cannot wonder, from the increasing pressure of such work, making more and more hopeless the prospect of the completion of his Natural History labours, that his spirits became depressed, and his health visibly suffered.

In November, 1844, he was appointed Palæontologist to the Geological Survey. This appointment added considerably to his income, and its duties were more to his taste. During a portion of the year his attendance was required in the field operations; otherwise his work was to examine, describe, and classify the organic remains collected by the Staff of Geologists. In the interpretation of the geological records of former life and change he brought to bear his large knowledge of the existing world, and read the past of the globe in the light of the characters it now presents. These labours, though congenial, were yet not his proper employment as a Naturalist. After long years of waiting, the time, however, at length arrived when the dream of his youth and the desire of his manhood were about to be realised. The chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh is vacant. A period of painful suspense is followed by the gratifying result of his election. This took place in May, 1854. Never was an appointment more merited or more befitting. Congratulations were cordially exchanged on the accession of Forbes to the northern University. Expectation was raised. More than any other man it was believed he would give *eclat* to the already celebrated Edinburgh School of Natural Science. Nor did his inaugural address and his brief course of summer lectures tend to belie the bright hopes of the future. Already had he stirred the enthusiasm of the students—his class-room was crowded—his popularity great. All seemed bright with promise. But alas! when the Winter Session commenced in November, the trembling hand and weakened frame of the teacher gave sure signs of the rapid advance of some insidious malady. The worst fears were but too soon realised. A few days more and the great Naturalist had breathed his last. His purposes unachieved—his writings fragmentary, though of rare merit, and rich in suggestive ideas—cut off in his prime of intellect—mourned by all classes with no simulated sorrow, it was with every token of public honour and respect, and amid the tears of many, that all that remained of the genial and accomplished Edward Forbes was carried to the silent grave.

MODERN FRENCH SOCIETY.

THE extraordinary progress which France has made, both politically and commercially, under the second Empire, has naturally led to important modifications in society. Whether this change be for the better or worse, is an open question: social economists may deplore the wide spread of extravagance, and opponents of the existing Government declare that France is slowly descending to the condition of the First Empire; but, for the present at any rate, fact contradicts theory. Louis Napoleon is powerful both at home and abroad; and though we were startled a few months ago by hearing of a Governmental deficit, France has something tangible to show in return, in the shape of an iron navy and a magnificently-appointed army. England, with a budget which everybody allows she cannot endure much longer, and with her navy once again in a state of transition, has at least no right to cast the first stone at France, or upbraid her with extravagant outlay.

There is no doubt, however, of one fact: when Louis Napoleon, apparently wishful to imitate Augustus, whose boast it was that he found Rome of brick and left it of stone, began that wondrous transformation of his capital, which is now the admiration of the world, he aroused a taste for expenditure, which has gradually increased and offered matter for many diatribes. And yet, from an English point of view, it is not so very terrible. Dumas *fils*, who selected this subject among the many he lashed on the stage, only allows his "prodigal papa" some two thousand pounds a year to be prodigal withal—a sum which would go but a very little way in our country, for a gentleman whose tastes inclined to Cremorne and the Argyll. If, again, we consult the writings of those who attack the prevailing mania for time-bargains, we find that the "odious example" is never credited with more than four thousand a year. We may, therefore, fairly come to the conclusion that the extravagance complained of in Paris will not be found so much among individuals as in a general tendency to display, which, after all, is not peculiar to France.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the perusal of a curious volume * which has just appeared in France. The author, Francis Wey, is well known as responsible for some peculiar works about England; and we believe was the first propounder of the fact, that at our dinner tables the water-bottles were filled with gin, for the special behoof of our great ladies. Be that as it may, he has acted wisely in telling his countrymen some home-truths under the disguise of a travelling Englishman. The idea is as old as the "Citizen of the World," but is generally effective. From his pages, then, we propose to cull a few illustrative passages, and thus throw a borrowed light on certain French institutions.

* *Dick Moon en France*. "Journal d'un Anglais de Paris." Par FRANCIS WEY. Paris: Hachette et Co.

In judging modern French society one great fact must not be let out of sight, that both in Paris and the provinces the majority of fortunes are posterior to the first Revolution: the old legal, financial, and commercial families died out and left no mark. Without referring to the suppression of offices, and the confiscations decreed by the Republican Government, one fact, as M. Wey tells us, characterises better than any other the arbitrary despotism of ideas in that day.

“A decree of the Convention suddenly reduced the price of merchandize 50 per cent., and compelled the dealers in addition to dispose of their goods for assignats, already depreciated to one-half their value. A refusal to sell led to the scaffold, and this was the law known as the *maximum*. It had results upon which history has not sufficiently dwelt. At that period everybody got rid of the assignats, which fell daily in value: money was rare and almost proscribed, and hence people flocked to the shops, in order to exchange their fictitious paper for some tangible value. The decree consequently forced the trader to sell for thirty francs what had cost him sixty; and the money he received was not worth thirty *sous*. This legal plunder drained all the stores, and turned their owners on the streets. In vain did these poor people try to get rid of their assignats in the same way, by buying oil and soap for instance, when their own shops were gutted: the warehouses were empty, and the assignats worthless.”

It was not till the end of the Consulate that regular commerce could be re-organised—for the manufacturers shared the same fate as their clients. Ruin and want were universal; and it required the protecting vigour of the Empire, which was called despotic, in order to cure the evils produced by a tyrannical brigandage, which was called Liberty. As M. Wey most truthfully observes, “Whenever the French think themselves free, they plunge into perils from which they can only be drawn by a Dictatorship.” Moreover, the antagonism of classes produced by the first Revolution exists up to the present day. While the “High finance” and the middle classes were restoring their fortunes, the emigrés could only look forward to an indemnity, which was paid them, it is true, but was not sufficiently large to enable them to compete in luxury with the families which had sprung into a position through industry. During the reign of Louis Phillipe a certain amalgamation took place between the two classes. Not alone did the nobility intermarry with civilians, but their younger sons did not consider it derogatory to indulge in mercantile speculations. It was reserved, however, for the second Empire to discover a species of speculation in which all classes could join, in the shape of enormous commercial undertakings, which were merely a convenient cloak for gambling,

During the whole period of transition the tone of French society has degenerated; while in the higher circles the aristocratic ignorance of the Great Monarchy is maintained rigorously—that subtle essence known as the “*Esprit Français*,” and of which we possess such charming examples in the letters of Madame de Sevigné, has lost its perfume. According to our satirist, the only way by which a visitor can make himself appreciated

by Parisian ladies, is by adoring children and talking medicine—which seems to be another version of the woman's mission of the last century, "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

"In order to be an accomplished gentleman, it is not sufficient to have studied the art of pleasing in Hippocrates, you must have also learnt the art of loving by means of idolising children. Formerly, the education of girls was very limited, boys were brought up in the shade, kept modest and remote from the luxury of the world. Now-a-days, maternity is displayed with an hyperbolical lyrism. The cares it entails and the principles it brings to light constitute a thorough pedantry. Women only talk of their children mercilessly, ostentatiously, and to everybody. The house is subordinated to their lessons, or the system of which they are the object; places, receptions, relations, duties of society—all are sacrificed to them. It is not rare to hear a lady of six-and-thirty say to a friend, 'I shall not see you all the winter, for you receive on Thursdays, and that is the day for the lesson in history, English, or even anatomy.' I have known young ladies taught anatomy; how they will talk medicine!"

Formerly, our author continues his Jeremiad, care was taken not to arouse coquetry at too early an age. The mother's cast off dresses, the father's worn out coats were razéed for the children; but now they have their fashionable *modistes* and tailors, and nothing is too rich or elegant for them. The consequence is that by the time boys and girls are fifteen years of age, the world has no secrets for them. All the passions of the heart, all the interests of domestic life are so concentrated on the children in Paris, that the loss of one, even if brothers and sisters remain, has grown into an everlasting sorrow for the family. Fathers, mothers, husbands, before all, are as nothing compared with a child of the age of seven years, or even seven months. After a misfortune of this nature, a mother ignores consolation, pleasure, or duties. She yields to a torpidity which soon serves as an excuse for torpidity of mind. While adhering most strictly to the usages of society, when mourning for a father or mother, a lady who has the misfortune to lose an infant, will dress in the deepest black for years. The consequences of this permanent grief lie on the surface: the surviving children feel the want of maternal tenderness, while the husband, who no longer has a wife, is exposed to dangerous temptations. This is certainly a very striking change in French society; we do not ever remember reading before, that Parisian dames sinned through an excess of love for their progeny. On the contrary, they have generally been reproached with putting their children out to nurse, for the sake of preserving their own graceful outlines.

According to our author, the mania for spending more than one's income in Paris, has led to much domestic discomfort. Although the apartments are furnished most lavishly in the rococo style, and fabulous sums are expended on real or pseudo antiquities, the rooms themselves are mean and paltry. At the present day an ex-minister of state, a

gentleman, or a celebrated barrister finds no shame in living on a fifth floor. The traditional garret of the student and the grisette, dear to poets, has become a fiction; and suites of rooms will be found under the very tiles. In the new quarters of the city, the ground floor is occupied by shops and offices, and the most illustrious persons will live over them. In some of these houses, too, the porter exercises a Draconian severity, and in many instances lodgers are prohibited from possessing cats, flowers, birds, dogs, and even children. It is evident that Paris is still far from possessing English "comfort," a word which, through want of an equivalent, they have been compelled to import into their Dictionary.

Another type of the French Empire is that *demi-monde* of which we have heard so much. As M. Wey justly remarks, vice is ostensible enough in London: we have our Cremorne and dancing rooms as Paris has its Jardin Mabille and Chateau des Fleurs; but permanent *liaisons* in which a young man of family wears the chains of a porter's or a cobbler's daughter, are pre-eminently characteristic of the French capital. There, young noblemen degrade themselves publicly on behalf of ignorant, mercenary women, who coldly ruin them, and who grow the more renowned the more heartless they prove themselves. At the present day the *demi monde*, to the shame of the French, is an acknowledged society; young girls and mothers of families are able to find in it excuses or models; in one word, lost women have their romances, their theatres, their apologists, and their admirers. These creatures give their routs, and the guests are not allowed to put their feet on the chairs—before a certain hour. Writes M. Wey—

"Not knowing exactly what to say to one of them, at whose house I was introduced, I complimented her on her furniture and household. "Ah," she replied, "but I can tell you it costs a lot. Though I may look after the accounts, they come to four hundred francs a month—then there's the washerwoman, the groom, the coachman, the keep of my horses—and the forty *sous* I allow my mother."

Everybody knows, if not the Lady with the Camellias, then the Traviata, and our author tells us, for the first time, who that celebrity was. In her spring time she was a shoebinder, until she was led astray by some students, who christened her "the lark," because she was always singing. In a few months she devoured all the romances of the Quartier Latin, and so great was the stupidity of her fellow-dames, that this education gave her a marked superiority over them, and the legend converted into Camellias the shoes she formerly bound.

Another peculiarity with the French of the Second Empire is their marked predilection for titles and bits of ribbon. In Alphonse Karr's last volume, "En fumant," we read that one of the most devoted of deputies implored Louis Philippe on his knees to give his son some title, as a splendid marriage depended on it. The king obstinately refused, but as the deputy was going away broken-hearted, the wily monarch said, "My

good fellow, I cannot give your son a title, but what the deuce prevent^s him taking one?" This has spread to such an extent under the Empire, that a law was passed to make the nobility, true and false, prove their title. Referring to this law, Karr very bitterly gives a string of excuses for the apocryphal counts, &c., when compelled to lay aside their titles. One of them will serve as a specimen. "By Jove, I am in great embarrassment. I can only supply my proofs by establishing the fact that one of my ancestors had his head cut off for robbing the mail, while he would have been hanged had he been a *roturier*; so I would sooner resign my title." On the subject of orders, M. Wey remarks:—

"The Spaniards and Italians, chivalrous and gallant nations, share the French predilection for external signs. In England no one appears in the street or at private parties with decorations or uniforms. They are reserved or official ceremonies or receptions. "It is illogical," an officer said to me, with some show of reason. "At Windsor, or at a St. James' levee, everybody knows who you are, and the ribbon of the Bath gives you no distinction; while in the streets, at hotels, railway stations, in short wherever you are unknown, a bit of ribbon might secure you greater respect." His idea was just, when referring to France, where the lower classes are disposed to insolence, and the numerous small fry of officials are arrogant; but in London no one requires to be protected by the prestige of rank, and we find neither the obsequious grace of French amiability, nor the rude or impertinent familiarity of French haughtiness. The relations between English citizens, commanded by necessity or duty, are cold and peaceful; people do not trouble themselves about their neighbours, and confine themselves to the interchange of indispensable remarks, without compliments or insults."

Some holders of the Cross of the Legion refrain from wearing it, through political motives. Anglicized through a posthumous attachment to a Parliamentary Government, they despise, under an Imperial regime, an order instituted by the first Consul, and which they received from the House of Bourbon. That is their way of humiliating the present Government. But as, after all, a Frenchman likes to make a show, they are vexed at being compelled to behave in a way which confounds them with the crowd, and they are only the more opposed to a Government which reduces their displeasure to such a disagreeable manifestation. With the Legitimists the question is more simple, for they obtain an Austrian or Catholic decoration. A landowner who had obtained from the Pope the black ribbon of St. Sepulchre, was once asked by his bailiff why his Cross of the Legion was in mourning. After all, though, says M. Wey—

"The Parisians, whether Viscounts or Marquises, do not the less ride in hackney coaches; they lodge without any scruples of etiquette between two shops; they will occupy a first floor over their grocer or their apothecary; they will offer their guests a dinner sent in from an eating-house, and served by waiters; they will accept without scruple the invitation of a tarnished Cæsus, if his fare be succulent; in short, they are only infatuated for visible distinctions which give them a personal value. Their

love of equality boldly fraternises with the higher classes, and with the lower as well, but in the latter case they establish their rank by a noble condescension which they call *être bon Prince*. The duke of recent promotion was a true type of his country, who said to an old comrade who called him highness, 'In private life simply call me Monseigneur.'

One of the best anecdotes on the subject is fathered, whether rightly or wrongly, on Alexander the great Dumas. When he brought out one of his early tragedies, his patron, the Duc d'Orleans, was so pleased with it that he resolved to give the author a gold snuff box, with his portrait set in diamonds. Seeing Dumas at Chantilly races the duke sent an aide-de-camp to inform him of his intention. After congratulating the poet warmly, the officer asked him where he should leave the box for him, "Well," said the Bohemian, "since you are so obliging, would you mind pawning it as you go along, and leave the money for me at my lodgings?"

We will now turn our attention to another author, who is able to tell us a good deal about Parisian society. The Baron de Mortemar Boisse has produced a species of French "Hints to Etiquette,"* very far superior to anything in this country. In fact it is a book which ought to be read with kid gloves. According to this writer the "world" of Paris generally is subdivided into a number of minor worlds. Thus we have :

"The court world, in which strict etiquette, self-esteem, and ambition, absorb all the other faculties, and in which husbands pay very dearly for the toilette and success of their wives.

"The diplomatic world, elegant, amiable, well-bred, and discreet.

"The sporting world, one of those serious institutions imported from across Channel.

"The scientific world, which grows pale over books, and perishes from want.

"The agricultural world, which would like to supply us, if it could, with the bread we want.

"The horticultural world, which strives to give a tulip a hyacinth scent, and the hyacinth a violet odor.

"The world of the Stock Exchange, where people grow rich by employing the money of others.

"The whist world, inhabited by persons who are of no service in the ball-room.

"The theatrical world, which no one enters unless he has orders from Manager.

"The shooting world, in which people kill what they can—sometimes a friend or themselves.

"The dancing world, which is daily diminishing, and will soon be expressed by bows.

"The military world, in which glory may be certainly acquired, but money rarely.

"The world of the fencing-room, where people learn the use of the sword, to defend themselves from insult, and sometimes to provoke it."

* "*La Vie Elegante a Paris*," par le BARON DE MORTEMAR BOISSE. Paris : L. Hachette et Co.

But the world of worlds, according to our Baron, is the "elegant and witty world of good society," which traditionally exists in the Faubourg St. Germain, as well as in portions of the Chaussée d'Antin, remote from the Rue Breda. On the other hand, M. Wey is especially severe on this world, which he qualifies with the title of the "Seven Sleepers." It is only in such a circle that a lady could keep under a glass case, the pen with which Mons. Dupanloup wrote Louis Napoleon down a Pontius Pilate, and the ancient aristocracy of France may fairly be compared with the Jacobites of the reign of William III., who, in their impotence to produce a revolution, fell back into a contemptible lethargy, in which they slowly, but surely expired. At the present day, these Osmanlis of the West possess but little influence, and confine themselves to malicious jests upon the Imperial Government, and a display of impertinence toward the Parvenus. They have a special test of noble breeding in the manner in which persons pronounce the names of noble families which belong to the olden times, thus:—

"It is annoying not to know, when you come into contact with the society of olden times, that the name of the Duc d'Escars is pronounced *d'Escars*, and written, at the present day, *des Cars*; that Fenelon is pronounced *Fenlon*; Coigny, *Cogny*; Talleyrand, *Talrand*; Duras, *d'Uzes*, *Dura*, *d'Uze*; Saint Priest, *Saint Pri*; Castries, *Castres*; de Croy, *de Croui*; Crâon, *Cran*; Sully, *Suilly*, shewing the *l*; Coetlogon, *Cotlogon*; Bearn, *Bear*; Soyecourt, *Socourt*; Chastellux, *Chatelu*; Bezzenval, *Bezval*, &c."

While admiring the great changes which Louis Napoleon has made in his capital, we must not omit to look at the reverse of the medal, and in that case, we shall probably find that the Parisians have lost in comfort what they have gained in splendour. We may fairly assume that everything is double its former price in Paris. The worst off are people with an income of from fifteen to eighteen hundred pounds a-year. They were rich before the Revolution which has taken place in French manners, and did not forget to overshadow with their wealth a number of small people, who lived from hand to mouth, by employing their talent. At the present time, however, they have just sufficient to live in retirement, and keep the wolf from the door. The extravagant balls and dinners of which we read in fashionable papers, are not given by the French, but by the Russians, Brazilians, and Americans, who have rendered Paris, during the Empire, a cosmopolitan capital. As Mané, the clever correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, writes:

"The influence of this concourse of foreigners within our walls extends over everything that constitutes Parisian life. They are the persons who adore the idols of our demi-monde, and for them such lovely complexions are prepared with pearl powder, and skins so beautifully veined with blue lines, the work of the pencil. It is for them that nails and lips are reddened, and the eyelids blackened. They have upset a celebrated dictum, 'all for the people and by the people;' and the motto of these syrens is 'all for the

foreigners and by the foreigners.' They ought to be seen on a Spring Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne. What elegance! What flounces! What precious ornaments and appointments, and what carriages! That well-known team of four horses is the tribute of Hungary: certain lace I could mention was furnished by Russia. Wallachia supplied the bracelets, and England the diamond ear-rings. The household of a well-established Aspasia is a sort of geographical map which refutes all the notions taught by Maltebrun; seated in an easy-chair, you are in Poland, and if you cross to the adjoining couch, you are in Portugal."

M. Wey, who is to a certain extent a *laudator temporis acti*, declares that the downfall of the French nation is vanity. Pride has demoralized everything, even to the very language; clerks have become employés; cashiers, accountants; wine merchants, ænophilic societies; customers, clients; perruquiers, hair dressers; hair dressers, capillary artistes; tradesmen, merchants; manufacturers, industrials; cobblers, bootmakers; apothecaries, chemists, who have laboratories; grammarians, philologists; shops, magazines or *salóns*; colonial produce has taken the place of grocery; second-hand wares are called curiosities; while a dealer in second-hand furniture writes up "artistic objects" over his shop, which he calls a cabinet. We do not think, however, that this is a fault of the country so much as of the age we live in. Equally absurd metamorphoses may be noticed during a stroll through Regent Street. Still, it appears that this vanity has existed for a long time in Paris, as will be seen from the following anecdote, still quoting from M. Wey—

"When I was a young man (says a centagenarian speaker), in 1786, we used to wear powdered perukes with queues, which dirtied the backs of our coats, especially when they were shaken by the movement of the carriage; an inconvenience which the real ladies and gentlemen avoided by being carried to a ball in a sedan chair. Those persons who were not supposed to be rich and arrived with a clean coat, were suspected of having come on foot; hence, whenever they were reduced to this necessity, they carefully made the barber powder the back of their coats before leaving their house, so as to make people believe that they had come in a carriage."

We fully go along with M. Wey when he complains of the deterioration of eatables and beverages in Paris. Although the Baron de Mortemar Boisse gives the most elaborate instructions as to how the dinner should be served up, the arrangement of dishes, and other matters in which G. H. M., the umquhile correspondent of the *Times* on matters culinary would revel, this is essentially a case to which the "first catch your hare" is applicable. We can say from experience that, at the present day, a better and cheaper dinner can be obtained in London than in Paris, by those who know where to seek. Of course, we leave such establishments as the Café Anglais, which is unapproachable, out of the question; but the pleasant dinners of our youth in the Palais Royale are no longer to be met with. But, on this most important subject, we will let M. Wey speak for himself:—

“At Paris the profusion of adulterated articles, and the pompous disguisements of everything that is worth nothing, have perverted the sense of taste. The cuisine of the restaurateurs is at once nauseous and strong; the art of roasting is a mystery to them, and the worst of all known dishes is their roast game. Private persons, as a rule, feed poorly; because their housekeepers, by simplifying the art of cookery through motives of economy, have untaught the majority of cooks. We must remark that, in many houses where the husband gives the wife an allowance for housekeeping, she effects a saving on behalf of her dress. But the worst cooking will be found at official tables, with but few exceptions; there you find badly disguised dishes, sauces without character, which only smell of salt and grease; and preparations of isinglass, which are a derisive parody on succulent jellies. As a general rule the Parisians have no idea of what is good, and it is a pleasure to dupe them. You may serve them with impunity the same wine under six different labels; and they devour everything that is renowned or is supposed to have come a long distance. They have approved Amiens *patés*, which are greasy and heavy, and Chartres *patés*, which have no flavour, because they are made of partridges—a dry short meat. They also accept *foie gras*, which would disgrace the next porkshop, and compare it with that which comes from Strasbourg and Perigueux. The Parisian pastry-cooks, who know not how to season meats or lighten them with broth, produce indigestible and insipid *patés*. Nearly all the bad truffles are consumed in Paris. Turtle soup is made of calves' heads and pullet's combs of ox-tongues. In Paris, if you are invited to a grand dinner for thirty days running you will find the same courses everywhere, apparently very brilliant, but you leave the table hungry. If you were allowed to eat, you would be taken ill. In eastern France you may eat too much, and no harm is done; but you would grow to an enormous size if you did not take to flight. A man who, in Paris, ventured to offer his friends a dinner which, despising etiquette, sharpened the appetite, must be either very modest or excessively daring. In former times, so I have heard, even at grand dinner parties, guests loudly applauded dishes and sang their praise; now-a-days, people are not expected to know what they are eating, and it is customary never to speak about it. I can quite believe it.”

We had marked several more passages for extract, but such heterodoxy on the part of a Frenchman has fairly unnerved us. Still, we think, that we have carried out the intention with which we commenced this paper—of showing our readers that all that glitters is not gold, even in the fairy-like capital of Imperial France. The personal result of our inquiry into the present social condition of our allies is, that we are prepared to endure a ninepenny income-tax without repining, and thank the gods that we have no “Prefect of the Thames” to double it, through a desire to convert London into a city of palaces at the cost of the nation.

DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

"At last," I said, joyfully, as I descended the steps of a West-end mansion and entered my brougham; "at last my day's work is finished, and I may hope at least for a few hour's repose. Home," I said to the coachman, and, throwing myself back in the seat, gave way to my thoughts. I had acquired, during a practice extending over nearly thirty years, a habit of passing in review, at the close of my day's labours, all the patients whom I had seen and prescribed for. To this habit I attribute, in a great measure, the successful treatment of many of my most difficult cases; for frequently, while thus re-considering the case, away from the sick room, the nervous worrying of the patient, and the well-meant but injudicious comments of friends, an entirely new diagnosis would present itself, and ultimately prove the correct one. My visiting list that day was a heavy one, and I had re-considered the symptoms and determined on the treatment of half my patients before I arrived at my own house in Cavendish Square. Alas! my dreams of repose were futile, for, as soon as I entered, the servant handed me two notes. One was from a Mrs. Mansfield, the wife of a rich city merchant, with a mansion in Eaton Square, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR DOCTOR —,

"Pray come round at once; Clara has had another of those distressing nervous attacks; if anything worse than the previous ones. Use all your skill, for at the present juncture it is most awkward.

"Yours very truly,

"EMMA MANSFIELD."

"Awkward, indeed!" I muttered, not over pleased. "And is that the term used by a mother in speaking of a daughter's health? O, Mammon, thou art in truth omnipotent! Here is this mercenary old woman speaking of her daughter's bad health as 'awkward,' and why?—Because the said daughter has attracted the favourable regards of a man old enough to be her father—a lump of gout and servile imbecility. What matter! Is he not a baronet? Sir Richard Burley of Burley Hall, Berks, with fifteen thousand a-year; a park, a town house and family jewels, of course; and of course, also, poor little Clara Mansfield's 'nervous attacks,' (as her mamma designates violent hysterics, followed by deadly syncope), are very 'awkward,' *when* the baronet is expected to make an offer every day." Telling the coachman to wait, I entered the house, and while waiting for a glass of sherry and a biscuit (dinner was out of the question), I opened the other note—it ran thus:—

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"Please give me a look round at once. That confounded RUSSIAN BULLET in my body gives me a good deal of pain to-day. Besides, I wish to see you particularly on another subject, which almost drives me mad.

"Yours very sincerely,

"GEORGE SELBY."

“Confound the fellow,” I muttered; “been out to a bachelor’s party I suppose—had too much punch, and as a consequence the ‘Russian bullet’ as he calls it, in his body, sets up a mild inflammation by way of a reminder of its presence. I’ve a great mind not to go; these young fellows seem to think we doctors have nothing to do but get them round when their own folly has caused a relapse. Something else he wants to see me about, too, that ‘almost drives him mad’—lost his money at cards last night; or heard this morning that the horse he backed for the Derby is scratched perhaps. It is some such folly I’ll be bound. I’ve a great mind not to go!”

Nevertheless, however great my mind *not* to go might have been, in less than five minutes I was being whirled down to Selby’s chambers in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. Now in spite of my ill-humour (and who would not be a little annoyed at having their hopes of dinner and repose so rudely dashed aside after a hard day’s work) I felt considerably uneasy at young Selby’s brief note. First, in a purely professional point of view, I did not like the return of the pain from the bullet; secondly, in a more human friendly point of view, I was concerned to know what had occurred to make my young friend write in such strong terms. He was not usually demonstrative; but now he wrote of something which “almost drove him mad.”

I may as well take this opportunity of saying a few words in explanation.

George Selby had been a patient of mine for some nine months, and, under Providence, owed his life to my unremitting care. He was a Lieutenant in the —th Foot, and first on the list for his company. On the glorious but bloody day of Inkerman, he was stricken down while leading his company on (the Captain had previously fallen). He was carried desperately wounded from the corpse-strewn plain; alive, but leaving his left arm behind him, and carrying off in lieu of it a brace of bullets in his body. One was successfully extracted, and, in due course, the wound healed.

The stump of his left arm, too, progressed favourably, and, but for the empty sleeve, was as sound as before. But the second bullet puzzled the whole staff of surgeons, army and civilian. They knew it was in, but not all their skill could get it out. In vain they probed; in vain they speculated as to its whereabouts. Wherever it was it seemed determined to remain; so after putting the poor wounded soldier to the torture several times in each day during a weary month, they gave it up in despair—allowed the wound in the chest to heal, and sent the incorrigible Russian projectile home in the invalided body of poor George Selby. One surgeon, loth to give up the search, boldly proposed to the patient that he should submit to a “little operation.” When interrogated by the wounded Lieutenant as to its nature, this practitioner coolly informed him that the “little operation” merely consisted in cutting down through the dorsal

muscles, &c., to the supposed site of the ball, instead of attempting to find it by the wound——

“ But suppose it’s not where you expect to find it ?” asked the patient.

“ Then, my dear Sir,” replied the imperturbable son of the knife, “ *we shall have had our trouble for nothing.*”

“ And the operation ?”

“ O ! it’s not very dangerous, and if we don’t find the ball we’ll strap you up, and the wound will heal in no time. A clean operation wound is a very different thing from these crushing, tearing bullets.”

“ Pretty cool that, Doctor, wasn’t it ?” said Selby, laughing, when he related the anecdote to me ; “ after I’d been suffering the torments of the damned under their hands for a month, to want to cut down through my back on the chance of finding the bullet somewhere.”

However, to return. When first young Selby placed himself under my hands he was in the last stage of emaciation and weakness from hectic fever. The pain from the ball was still constant and distressing ; and it was at once evident to me that, unless something decided were done at once, there would be a vacancy in her Majesty’s —th Foot in less than a month.

All my professional brethren whom he had consulted had strictly enjoined a lowering diet, with total abstinence from stimulants, and anything which could in the least degree tend to irritate and inflame the seat of mischief. Now, although I could not condemn this mode of treatment under the circumstances, yet I saw plainly that a change was the only chance of saving the patient’s life. Fearful of inflammation, which was always threatening, sometimes imminent, they had adopted the most stringent antiphlogistic measures, and had thereby weakened the system and lowered the vital powers to that degree, that to lower them further would be to lower the patient out of existence. Such being the state of affairs, I ordered him to the sea-side, told him to take nourishing food and a pint of port wine daily, until the inflammation and pain very decidedly appeared. Then I gave him directions how to subdue it, principally by local means, for I foresaw clearly that the system would bear no more tampering with. He followed my advice with much wonder and some little misgiving. However, the case turned out exactly as I had expected ; the wine and good living *did* bring on a return of the inflammatory symptoms. These, however, were subdued by local applications, leeching, stopping the wine and lowering the diet again for a day or so, while the general health was so much improved as to enable him successfully to resist and tide over the danger. After the first fortnight he had no return of the pain, or any of the bad symptoms, and I congratulated myself on having effected a perfect cure. Selby returned to town, and, seeing much of him, I got to like him amazingly. His large, frank nature, had in it something so fresh ; his gratitude to myself was, though unostentatious, so genuine that I, old, hard man of the world, as a long London practice had

made me, felt deeply interested in the young Lieutenant. His fortitude and good temper, even when his frame was at the weakest, and his sufferings were at the highest point, were such, as in a long experience, I had seldom seen equalled—never exceeded. He came to see me frequently and made of me a confidant in all his troubles, mental as well as physical. Thus it happened that I knew all about himself and his prospects. The latter were tolerable, for although he had in *presenti* only about a hundred and thirty pounds a year above his pay, he had in *futuro* a certainty of a moderate estate of something like fifteen hundred a year after the death of an old uncle of sixty.

Arriving in Clarges Street I was shown into his apartments, where I found him impatiently pacing up and down the room. His face was flushed, while I could at once see by the sudden quick twitch that ever and anon came over his features, that his old enemy, the "Russian," as he called the bullet, was making itself felt.

"Why, George, my boy," I said, "what's the matter? You look hot and feverish. Let me feel your pulse?" I took his hand. "Ninety-five as I live," I cried, "and with a twang like a harp string! Why what on earth have you been doing with yourself? You were perfectly well when I saw you yesterday."

"Doing with myself," he replied, "upon my word, Doctor, I hardly know. It's not the bullet that troubles me, though Heaven knows that's bad enough."

Here his features again twitched convulsively, and he turned deadly pale as the pain shot through him. True to himself, however, he never uttered a word on the subject, and when it had somewhat passed off continued—

"Sit down, Doctor, and I'll tell you all about it."

He filled himself a glass of wine, and was about to commence when I stopped him.

"You are drinking wine I see! How much have you taken to-day?" I asked.

"That's the second bottle since four o'clock," he said coolly, pointing to a decanter in which there was about a teaspoonful left.

"Well, upon my word, this is very nice conduct! Here you send for me, and I find you in a burning fever, with all the old bad symptoms returning, and you drink wine before my face, and coolly tell me you've finished two bottles in less than three hours. Why, sir, you're mad! I'll have you locked up in an asylum on my own responsibility. Here have I made a wonderful, almost miraculous cure; and no sooner does my patient get quite round than he must show his gratitude by drinking himself into a fever! It's too bad: I wash my hands of the case, and if you have a desire to oblige me, place yourself again under the care of your old medical advisers, and die in their hands."

"Come, Doctor," he said, "don't be ill-tempered. I care little for the

bodily pain; but if you knew what I suffer in mind you would make some allowance for me."

"Well, well," I said, looking at my watch, "make haste and say what you have to say as I have another patient to visit, and have not yet dined."

"Yes, I know," he said bitterly, "you are going to see Clara Mansfield; her mother has sent for you;" then, seeing my look of surprise, he added, "you wonder how I knew it—quite a *clairvoyant* you think me, do you not? But it is easily explained, for I was there when the young lady was attacked, and it was in my arms she fell when she fainted."

My astonishment was great at this, for although I knew George Selby to be acquainted with the Mansfields, having myself introduced him, I was not aware that he was on such terms of intimacy as to be an afternoon visitor.

If I was surprised at this fact I was infinitely more so as he went on speaking. He spoke rapidly and passionately, and several times ere he concluded rose and walked impatiently up and down the room.

It was now some months since I had introduced him to the Mansfield family. Mrs. Mansfield, whose whole heart was set on forcing her way into good society, had asked me as a particular favour to introduce to her as many gentlemen of good position and family as possible. Mr. Mansfield had but lately retired from business, and migrated from his house at Clapham to the Eaton Square mansion; consequently their circle of West-end acquaintance was extremely limited; nor could Mrs. Mansfield, with all her worldly wisdom and manœuvring, backed by the money bags of her husband, succeed in increasing it as she could have wished. A great dinner party was determined on; but although the viands and cookery might be of the best, and the wines of the costliest vintages, the dinner would be given in vain if there were no one to eat it.

It was under these circumstances that I introduced my friend Lieutenant Selby. In answer to their enquiries, I was enabled to inform them that he was well born, well connected, with good prospects, and moving in good circles. With this they were fully satisfied, and George Selby, with his interesting pale face and empty sleeve, was made quite a lion of. With the two young ladies he became an especial favourite; and I soon fancied that Clara the younger was far from indifferent to his merits, mental and personal, which were not small, spite of his one arm. As for the young fellow himself, I never could quite make him out. He would talk, laugh, and flirt to their heart's content; with the full approval, be it observed, of the worthy mamma, who doubtless at that time considered him a decidedly eligible *parti*—at all events too good an acquaintance to be discouraged. It seemed to me, however, that notwithstanding the undisguised preference of my pretty Clara for him, that he divided his

attentions pretty equally between the two sisters; I was therefore the more surprised when he informed me this day, that although he had never declared his love, he and the young lady perfectly understood each other after less than a month's acquaintance. Soon, however, the Mansfields, by dint of pushing and elbowing their way, managed to get the thin end of the wedge into society;—one introduction led to another: occasionally the merchant could boast of a live Lord at his mahogany, and more than one Baronet's card might have been found in the card-plate.

In proportion as Mrs. Mansfield increased and extended her acquaintance, her self-esteem rose, and she began to regard George Selby as scarcely up to their standard. It was at this juncture that a little misunderstanding arose between himself and Clara—jealousy on her part, and pride on his—for he was proud as Lucifer, and would laugh at them to their faces about their wealth and his own poverty. From what he himself told me, and from what happened afterwards, I know that Clara Mansfield really loved him—alas, for herself! deeply—permanently. I had known Clara from a child, and could therefore vouch for her affectionate, amiable disposition, but I also knew that she was passionate, and at times hasty. Although George Selby was at no time formally her suitor, accepted or otherwise, her woman's heart told her that he loved her, and it required no conjuror to discover the state of her feelings towards him, for she was impulsive and candid, almost to an extreme. This being the case, she assumed the privileges and power she should have possessed had they been formally engaged. Sooth to say, George bore this very well, for the yoke was a very light one, and the whip, when wielded by the charming Clara, was rather a delicate compliment than a chastisement or restraint. One unlucky day, however, Clara gave his pride a blow from which it never recovered. The very excess of her love for him made her almost morbidly jealous; and on this occasion she thought he had been paying too great attention to some other fair damsel. Selby kept his temper admirably, rather pleased than otherwise at this evidence of the deep love she bore him. Not so Clara. Provoked beyond endurance by the playful manner in which he parried her reproaches, she proceeded a step farther; and though in her heart she knew he was as true as steel, even questioned his motives in paying his attentions to her. Not noticing, or not heeding the growing paleness of his face, and the gathering cloud on his brow, she went on wounding his proud spirit more deeply every moment, till at last the bitter, unpardonable words were said—yes—she, Clara Mansfield, who knew he was the soul of honour, asserted that he cared not one bit for herself, but that it was her fortune that attracted him. She said the words, and knew at the time that they were false as he was true. She spoke them deliberately, and her heart smote her instantly for her injustice. She stamped her little foot as she finished, and waited impatiently for an answer, hoping that he would be in a passion, and indignantly disclaim any such motives. Then she would say she was

sorry, and would make it up again, and they would be better friends than ever.

Thus thought poor Clara. Alas! for human forethought—*L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose*—Lieutenant George Selby, of Her Majesty's —th Foot did nothing of the sort. He was silent for a long time, remaining standing before her with downcast eyes and pale face. She began to be frightened. At last he raised his head, and bowing coldly, said quietly, "Miss Clara Mansfield, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning."

Then he turned and left the room, and Clara was alone with her misery.

Selby saw her no more, for he carefully avoided the house, until this day when meeting Mr. Mansfield, who had none of his wife's high notions, he had been dragged in almost against his will. He declared he would not have gone had not the old gentleman said the young ladies were out. This proved, however, not to be case; for Clara was at home, and in spite of all he could do to prevent it, they were left alone together in the room. There was an embarrassing silence, then she burst into tears, and throwing herself at his feet, begged forgiveness for her words.

"What could I do?" he said to me. "I could only tell her I had nothing to forgive, and try to console her."

"Of course you could not do otherwise. But now, my boy, it seems to me that the quarrel is made up. What is it that annoys you? Can you be so ungenerous as to bear malice still?"

"Wait a minute," he continued bitterly; "you have not heard all. It appears that this very morning—urged on, influenced, and, I fancy, intimidated by that heartless old mother of hers—she has actually accepted Sir Richard Burley!"

"She told me," he continued after a pause, "that she had written to me twice, and looked and longed in vain for an answer. The old story I suppose—scheming mother in the interest of rich suitor intercepts letters to poor one. All this she told me, and more. She said she hated, loathed this man whom she had accepted, and that she loved me. Then Mrs. Mansfield came into the room and a scene ensued. She reproached Clara with falsehood, ingratitude, indelicacy, and I know not what; me she accused of being dishonourable, abusing the rights of hospitality, and finally concluded by expressing her belief that it was her daughter's fortune which I sought. At this last accusation Clara fired up and defended me against her mother, until unable any longer to endure the torrent of reproaches hurled at her, she fell fainting in my arms. Then all was hurry-scurry and confusion, and while she was yet insensible the accepted lover drove up in his carriage. I heard the servant despatched for you, and as soon as my poor girl began to show signs of returning life I left the house. I met Sir Richard on the stairs, and if ever I felt inclined

to pitch a man over the bannisters it was then. And now, Doctor, you know all. I shall of course never return to the house again, and poor little Clara will be Lady Burley of Burley Park, &c."

"Come, come," I said, "*Nil Desperandum!* Let us hope for the best. I will see what can be done; meanwhile you take this composing draught and go to bed. I will come to you early to-morrow."

He sent out the prescription for the draught, but declared he would not, could not, lie down, so I left him pacing impatiently up and down the room and drove to Eaton Square.

I was shown into the drawing-room, and was quickly joined by Mrs. Mansfield.

"So very unfortunate for poor dear Clara," she said, sailing up to me and taking my hand in her vulgarly-artificial manner; "so peculiarly unfortunate, Doctor, at present. I suppose you know that she is engaged to be married to Sir Richard Burley. Such an excellent match! Dear Clara has the highest regard and respect for him, and he, dear man, is most impatient for the ceremony to come off. Indeed papa and I have just been talking it over with Sir Richard, who is still with Mr. Mansfield, and who talks of a fortnight, but we both thought that nothing less than a month would be proper and decorous. Do you not agree with me, Doctor?"

"Madam," I said, gravely, "my time is valuable; I was not aware that you sent for me to discuss the details of your daughter's marriage. I gathered from your note that she was ill, and hurried here, as from what I know of her constitution, I greatly mistrust and fear these fainting fits."

I could scarcely keep my temper during the next five minutes, in which Mrs. Mansfield insisted in treating me with the whole history of the arrangements—the liberal settlements promised by Sir Richard, the family jewels, and all the other primary points in the eyes of the sons and daughters of Mammon.

"Will you allow me to see my patient, Mrs. Mansfield?" I said at last, resolutely, "or I must wish you good evening!"

"O, certainly! certainly! Doctor," she said, with some asperity, for she could not fail to notice the air of displeasure with which I listened to her worldly cackling.

I was shown into a small room up stairs, which the sisters called their own. I found my poor little pet Clara with her face buried in the pillows of the sofa, and sobbing as if her heart would break. I had little difficulty in eliciting every thing from her. I had attended her from her childhood upwards, and had been her confidant and adviser in many a girlish sorrow. Now she was only too glad in being able to tell some one her misery and repentance.

"And do you really mean to marry this Sir Richard Burley?" I asked, when she had concluded.

“How can I help it, Doctor? He asked me before mamma this morning, and mamma looked at me so, and then I was angry because—because—I had written twice to some one and had no answer—and then mamma half answered for me, and she took my hand and put it in his, saying, ‘God bless you, Clara, and may you be happy.’ What could I do? what can I do? See! what he has sent me,” she added, starting up and taking a morocco case from the table, she drew forth an emerald bracelet which must have cost some hundreds. “See!” she said, holding it up to me, “is it not pretty? but I hate it, I hate him, and I hate myself,”—and flinging the glistening jewellery aside, she again buried her head in the sofa-cushions and wept.

“What shall I do, Doctor?” she said distractedly, after some little time, which I employed in feeling her pulse and writing a prescription; “pray advise me, or I shall go mad.”

“The only advice I can offer you, my dear Clara, is to wait. They cannot force you to marry this man against your will.”

“But they will,” she continued; “I cannot help it—mamma never leaves me in peace, but is continually dinning into my ears how proud and grateful I ought to be to Sir Richard. I know they will make me marry him, if I remain here. Oh! why does not George come and take me away, if he really loves me?”

I started at these words. Surely, I thought to myself, an elopement, though objectionable as a rule, would be better than this hideous sacrifice.

But the reader may ask was not Clara bound in honour to marry Sir Richard Burley, having accepted him? No! emphatically no. Is it right or just because a girl has in a moment of weakness been untrue to herself, that she should take a false oath to the same effect at the altar of God, and dedicate her whole life to the lie. Assuredly not—at least so said my humble judgment. Full of the thoughts with which Clara’s last words had filled me, I took my leave of her, telling her to keep her heart up, and promising to interest myself in her favour, and call again on the ensuing day.

It was now so long past my dinner hour that I resolved to forego the meal altogether, and to take a chop with my tea. I ordered the coachman to put me down in Clarges-street, and then sent him on home. I found George Selby much as I left him, stormy, cynical, and savage with himself and the world.

It was in vain I tried to console him, and hinted that if he took the race in his own hands the game was his own.

“What, be accused by these vulgar cits of running away with their daughter for her ten thousand pounds!” exclaimed George, indignantly. “No, a hundred times no! If the Baronet likes to soil his hands with their money bags he may; but, as an officer and a gentleman, I wash my hands of the whole business.”

“What even poor Clara?” I asked.

George was silent; and when I went on to describe the poor child's (she was barely eighteen) grief and despair, tears stood in his eyes and he stopped me, saying:—

“There, don't say any more, Doctor. I'd rather go through the last hour at Inkerman, with ten thousand Russian rifles and a dozen batteries sending their whistling messengers of death into our thin line than hear you talk of that poor girl. By Jove, I thought I was a man, but you will make a child of me if you go on like this.”

I could do no more, so I left him and returned home to solitude and my books.

The next day I saw my fair patient, Clara Mansfield. She was still in the same low despondent state, and seemed incapable of making any exertion. Her wealthy old lover had been showering in presents, which, while she loathed, she had not sufficient energy to refuse. It really seemed as if, in legal phraseology, she would let judgment go by “default.” Although she had had no more fainting fits, she informed me she had several times been very near one. From various symptoms, I was almost inclined to fear disease of the heart, but my utmost skill could not detect anything wrong by auscultation. That it was not altogether fancy and worry of mind I felt convinced. Sometimes in conversation her face would suddenly flush and then instantaneously assume a deadly pallor, and this almost without her knowledge, for she would declare at these times that she felt no particular inconvenience. She seemed to resign herself helplessly and entirely to her mother's guidance, and appeared to be floating down the stream to her fate, whatever it might be, without a struggle.

“It is useless, Doctor,” she would say, sadly, while her soft blue eyes filled with tears; “it is my destiny, I suppose, to be Lady Burley. *He* could save me and *he* only; but I insulted him, and he is too proud to forgive.”

And so she seemed to resign herself to her fate.

The quiet way in which she accepted what she considered an inevitable evil, was the more incomprehensible to me from what I knew of her disposition and character. She was wont to be, if anything, rather too headstrong and passionate; now no lamb could be led more quietly to the slaughter than was Clara Mansfield to her marriage with the Baronet.

During the following week I saw her day by day. Still the same gentle melancholy; still the same uncomplaining submission. I observed that on first entering the room she looked up anxiously, almost hopefully, in my face. I well knew what that look meant. It said, as plainly as words could speak, “Have you no news from *him*? Will he not save me from my fate?” Alas! I had not seen him. He had disappeared without leaving even a note behind him.

It wanted but a fortnight to the appointed day for the marriage of Sir Richard Burley, Bart., of Burley Hall, &c. with Clara Mansfield, when my young friend, Selby, again appeared. He called on me in the evening about half-past eight o'clock. Haggard, pale, and thin, he seemed fast relapsing into the state from which I had rescued him. When I attempted to feel his pulse, he withdrew his hand almost rudely; neither would he answer any question about his health.

"Never mind my body, Doctor; pain I have plenty, Heaven knows, but it is not that that troubles me now." Then after a silence, during which he leant his head on his hands, concealing his face from my view, he said—

"Clara Mansfield will have ten thousand pounds in her own right, will she not?"

"I have reason to believe so," I said, surprised at the question.

"And if I married her without a settlement, it would be mine, would it not?"

"Assuredly," I said, in still greater astonishment. Could I have been mistaken? Was George Selby really mercenary? It certainly seemed like it.

"Do you think there is any chance of her being happy with this man?" he asked.

"I should be sorry to say there was no chance," I replied; "but I must confess I see very little. Setting aside his age and all other objections, I fear he is not calculated to make a kind or loving husband. They say he ill used his first wife dreadfully—even struck her; and he has far, very far from a good character."

"Then I'll do it," he exclaimed, starting to his feet; "she shan't be sacrificed to the old ruffian."

"Do what?"

"Carry her off to-morrow if she'll come. Do you think she will?"

Now, although I was quite certain that she would go to the end of the world with but the faintest encouragement from him, I could not quite say so.

"I think it's very likely," I replied; "really you must know her better than I do."

"Do you think she would put up with moderate means; soldier's fare, and that sort of thing for a year or two?"

"I am sure she would, gladly. But you have no necessity to inflict poverty on her; with your income, your pay, and the interest of her fortune you will have some seven hundred a year; surely you can exist on that without quite being obliged to live in a cottage."

"Her fortune! Don't speak of it. As soon as it comes into my possession (with her previous consent, of course) I mean to take it round to Eaton Square in a cab—all in gold—and fling the money bags into the

hall. Then they will see whether I married my darling Clara for her fortune. An original idea, isn't it, Doctor?" and he laughed with something of his old spirits.

"Original, certainly," I replied. "I can't very much see the prudence of it, however."

"And now I'm off to reconnoitre," he said, shaking my hand. "Bribing ladies maids, inventing disguises, and all the sort of thing you see in farces and comedies. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' Adieu, Doctor."

"The young scamp will win yet, I do believe," I muttered as he left me, "in spite of his poverty and one arm"—

L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose. I was picturing to myself the rage and chagrin of Mansfield *mère*, when she should discover the elopement of Clara with the one-armed Lieutenant, and chuckling to myself on the probability of the young people being made happy, when a double knock and a violent ring came to the door, and in stalked George Selby as pale and ghastly-looking as a corpse.

"Good Heavens! what is the matter with you? Has the pain come on again severely? Let me mix you a cordial." I was proceeding to do so when he motioned me to desist, and said—

"It's all over, Doctor. They're gone."

"Gone."

"Yes, gone on the Continent for a fortnight's trip, and won't be back till the day before the wedding. That hoary old scoundrel has gone with them. I've a great mind to follow them and put a bullet through his head," he said savagely.

I saw it all now. Mrs. Mansfield had set her heart on the match; and, fearing, false mother as she was, Clara's love for George, she had feared they might meet and be reconciled. In that case she knew full well, notwithstanding Clara's gentleness and docility, that no rock would be firmer. Clara seldom said no, but when she did she meant it.

And so they took the poor girl with the breaking heart to Paris, and only brought her back the night before the wedding. Determined to leave no stone unturned, I called on the evening of their return to town. I was unable to see Clara alone, but she gave me a look which I shall never forget. A look of earnest enquiry. A look which said plainly, "It is not yet too late; have you come from him?" Alas! he had again disappeared as before. Could I have found him that evening all might have been well. I could not, would not have allowed the poor girl thus to doom herself to misery. At the risk of my professional reputation, I myself would have enacted the part of the stage Abigail and been the medium of communication. But it was not to be so. Poor Clara saw no hope in my face. Her look of eager enquiry changed to one of reproach, and at last faded into such an expression of hopeless

despair that I could scarcely command my voice as I asked the few ordinary professional questions necessary.

My former suspicions received confirmation, and when I left I requested to speak to Mrs. Mansfield alone.

“Madam, I hear your daughter is to be married to-morrow. Allow me strongly to counsel, at least, the postponement of the ceremony.”

“Impossible, Doctor,” she said; “all the arrangements have been made, the deeds signed—everything is ready. Besides, dear Clara seems rather better to-day than usual.”

“I regret to say that I have to-day observed unfavourable symptoms. I fear—I am almost certain that there is organic disease. Not, I believe, incurable; or, even with ordinary care, dangerous; but still I should most strongly counsel a postponement—its excitement might be fatal. In this case there is especial danger, too. I have reason to believe that your daughter is exceedingly averse to the marriage—”

Mrs. Mansfield coloured with anger and shame. “Averse to the marriage! ridiculous!” she said. “I am sure our dear girl feels the highest respect and admiration for Sir Richard.”

Respect and admiration for that *bad* bloated old man! what a mockery!

“I have done my duty, Mrs. Mansfield; I have told you that to marry your daughter to-morrow is injudicious, and even dangerous. If you choose to act against my deliberate advice, I have no power to prevent your so acting. On your head be the consequences of your conduct.”

I could see that the worldly woman was somewhat staggered by these words. However, Mammon prevailed, and, as far as she was concerned, I felt certain that the marriage would take place as originally fixed.

The morning arrived—the morning of that day which was to make Clara Mansfield Lady Burley. Notwithstanding my loathing and hatred of the mockery about to be enacted, I resolved to attend, not from any consideration for the vain worldly mother, but to be at hand in case of the sudden illness of my meek patient. As I walked slowly down Regent Street, intending to turn into Hanover Square, a hand was laid on my shoulder—I turned, and beheld George Selby—but now worn and haggard. He was enveloped in a long military cloak, which, however, could not hide the emaciation of his frame. He looked even worse than when he first came to consult me.

“A relapse! no, Doctor—not a relapse. I apprehend a relapse means a return to a previous state. It is not so with me. I never felt as I feel now. Even the nature of the pain has changed.”

“You still feel pain, then, from the bullet?” I asked.

“The Russian bullet,” he replied, with a sickly smile; “I don’t

believe it's a single bullet at all; for the last week I have felt as if I had the contents of an ammunition waggon in my body. Seriously, Doctor, I don't think I shall ever get my company, for I am convinced I can't live through a fortnight of such pain as this."

I questioned him more particularly as to his feelings—the site and nature of the pain, &c. When he had answered all my questions, I was of much the same opinion as himself, for I felt almost certain that the ball had induced aneurism of the aorta—a hopelessly incurable disease. Should my fears be well founded, the aneurism might burst at any moment, and death would ensue almost instantly.

"Are you going to see the show, Doctor?" he asked still with the same ghastly attempt at pleasantry.

"What show?"

"Over there," he said, pointing with his finger; "over there, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Come along, I see you are going. They can't push me out of the church as they would out of their house in Eaton Square."

In vain I attempted to dissuade him. He would go, and we entered the church together.

When we arrived the ceremony was just about to commence.

My poor little Clara, decked out in all her costly wedding finery, and surrounded by groups of gay bridesmaids, was there. To my surprise she was composed and quiet—never speaking unless addressed, and even then the pale lips would only murmur a monosyllable or two. Once I observed the colour come rushing to her face: it was when she recognised my unhappy companion.

Their eyes met for one moment; then the colour faded slowly from her cheek, and with an expression of sorrowful resignation she raised them slowly to Heaven. Surely poor little Clara preached a more telling sermon to George Selby in that exquisite bit of dumb show than was ever thundered from a pulpit by any mortal preacher.

And now the service commenced. I took my place by the side of George Selby until its conclusion. Clara performed her part unfalteringly. Though she spoke in a low voice she pronounced the responses firmly. Before it was concluded, Selby pressed his hand to his side and asked my permission to go to Cavendish Square and rest in my study until I came. He felt faint from the pain he endured, he said, and could not see the play out; he would call a cab and leave at once. He did so, and I now fixed my whole attention on the bride. In order to observe her more closely I moved from my place to one nearer to the altar. Though I could discover but little trace of emotion, I saw with alarm that she became paler and paler. Even her lips assumed an ashen hue, dreadful to behold. Still she continued, unfalteringly, to play her part. Surely I thought this cannot last. Something must go when everything—nerves, feelings,

the whole system are strung up to such a pitch; she must either weep, scream, faint, or—my thoughts were interrupted by the bustle consequent on the conclusion of the ceremony. All hastened around to congratulate the young wife, and to salute her as Lady Burley. I, too, approached her, and alarmed by her continued deadly pallor, took her hand and endeavoured to find her pulse. Not the faintest sign of pulsation could I detect. I looked up in her face. Her large soft blue eyes met mine. I saw in them that which confirmed my worst fears. The pupils were dilated till the whole iris seemed occupied; the effect was beautiful, but to me it was a terrible symptom.

“Come with me into the vestry-room,” I whispered, hastily taking her arm; “you feel faint, I think?”

As we passed across the chancel the bright morning sun streamed full on her face, but though I could scarcely bear the glare, it seemed to have no effect on those soft blue eyes. As I looked in her face I observed that the pupils were still widely dilated; the same soft languishing expression might be seen in their blue depths,

“Run and call Mrs. Mansfield!” I said to one of the bridesmaids, who, alarmed by the deadly pallor of Clara, had accompanied us into the vestry;—“quick, she is fainting!”

I felt the increasing weight of her arm on mine, and caught her as she fell towards me. Producing a small case of powerful medicines which I always carried with me, I hastened to do all in my power to restore her from her swoon. In vain. I then endeavoured to bleed her, but no blood would flow. The large blue eyes still gazed calmly upwards to heaven, but saw not. The lips were parted as if she was about to speak, but neither sound nor breath came from them.

At this moment Mrs. Mansfield, with several other ladies hurried in.

“Good gracious!” exclaimed the affectionate mamma; “Clara has fainted; one of those dreadful ‘nervous attacks’ she is so liable to. Is she coming round Doctor? the carriage is at the door, and Sir Richard is impatient.”

She did not seem at all alarmed—these “nervous attacks” were so common.

I looked once more into the soft blue eyes before me. A slight, a very slight film had begun to gather over them.

“Is she coming round, Doctor?” asked Mrs. Mansfield, somewhat impatiently.

I rose from my knees, and dropped the cold hand I held.

“MADAM,” I said, slowly and distinctly, “YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEAD!”

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And what of my poor friend—the one-armed Lieutenant?

My fears were but too well founded. Anguish of mind—the constant irritation and pain caused by the Russian bullet had induced aneurism of the aorta. I knew that death might occur at any moment—any excitement or exertion might burst the sac—and all would be over; but I did not imagine for a moment that the catastrophe would be so terribly sudden—so dreadfully coincident with the death scene I had just witnessed.

I returned home immediately after I had ascertained that my unhappy patient was beyond human aid—beyond human joys and sorrows. When I entered my study a dreadful sight met my eyes. George Selby was seated in an easy chair facing the door. His head had fallen back, and his eyes, fixed and wide open, seemed to glare at me. A perfect torrent of blood had escaped from his mouth and completely saturated his dress and shirt-front. I knew at once that all was over—the aneurism had burst and death must have been instantaneous.

I was powerfully impressed by these two awfully sudden deaths. For ought I knew George Selby might have expired at the self same moment as Clara—certainly during the same half hour. I had been pretty well familiarised with death during my thirty years experience, but this was very terrible—both so young—both so loveable—both so unhappy—and now both dead—one from a “Russian bullet,” the other from a “broken heart.”

D R E A M S.

WILD wandering dreams! in dusky midnight stealing,
 Why wake ye thus the memories of the dead?
 Spirits departed to our gaze revealing;
 Forms that we loved ere life's warm breath had fled.
 Ye cannot bring them back, false dreams! then why
 Chase ye Sleep's angels from their guardian watch?
 Like doves fast fluttering from the hawk away,

With quick dispatch.

Wherefore this mockery?

Wild wandering dreams!

Wizards of night! were yon false phantom shade
 A form with life-blood mantling as of yore,
 A face whose lips, all trembling, half betrayed
 The secret that the eyes had told before:—
 Were the dear image summoned yesternight,
 (Summoned in mockery) by my side to-day,
 With beauty radiant as the stars of night,
 Or shimmering lights that on blue ocean play;—
 Present in mortal guise as long ago,
 I'd curse the spell that brought her to me so,

From starry spheres:—

To roam with weary step this vale of tears
 Suffering life's fitful fever through long years,
 Then withering go,

Dying again!

Wild midnight revellers! if ye needs must come
 On stars quick tripping,—flash the soul away
 Where dwell the blest around the Eternal throne:—
 Show us Heaven's raptures; paint Eternity;
 But hovering earthward wake no memories here
 Of loved ones blest!

Let angels tell us how old Time speeds on;
 How soon the scytheman comes, and we are gone
 To meet them there

And take our rest!

J. SCOFFERN.

CERAMIC WARE.

WHEN Archimedes ejaculated, "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the world," he merely clothed in words a thought that—aroused by many promptings and from a variety of causes—presents itself, occasionally, to every thinking mind.

We rarely analyze that thought into its elements; but when so analyzed, it is found to express the general proposition, that the condition of duality is necessary to the existence of force :— to the manifestation of power.

The Corsican Prometheus, lingering out his life on the Atlantic prison rock, bore curious testimony to his appreciation of the dual condition, as indispensable for the exercise of power. The circumstance is recorded by Barry O'Meara, and may be shortly stated as follows :—There had been a question of submarine boats, of navigable balloons. Conversation turned upon the latter. "It will never be possible to navigate air balloons," observed Napoleon to his doctor, "never. For that to be possible, two mediums would be wanted; and Nature furnishes but one—the air—to aëronauts. Ships are navigable," continued he, "by reason of the two mediums—air and water."

He paused and gazed upon the ocean, assuming one of those contemplative attitudes which painters have made familiar. Napoleon seemed to be mentally scanning some long array of thoughts associated with balloon navigation: thoughts that, like captives chained and following their leader, marched past the great captain's fancy.

"No," ejaculated the Emperor, starting at last from his reverie and addressing himself to O'Meara; "without two mediums there can be no power, no government."

Considering that we are to treat of Ceramic Ware anon; of China ware and Majolica; of old Sèvres ware; of bricks and tiles, and all and everything that has been fashioned, or may be fashioned in time to come, out of fictile clay; considering this to be our theme, then "Wherefore, O errant scribe, all these transcendental sublimities about the condition of dualism as inseparable from power?" is the question I fancy some courteous reader will ask of himself. See what comes of paying by the sheet! growls Zoilus. Pooh, pooh, Zoilus; my dear fellow! I, too, may twirl a roundabout: the style is not patented you know, or even registered.

I do not seek to conciliate any man: the very philosophy of dualism herein set forth prevents it. As a male creature—sensible of and sensitive to all the soft influences that radiate "in lines of force," as Faraday might say, from ladies' eyes—I beseech the loveable fair sex to bear with the roundabout vagaries of this rambling scribe for a season: I pray them to grant me the delightful conceit, that—out Briareusing Briareus—I had as many arms as there are agreeable ladies in the world; and an agreeable lady on each arm. I beseech them to put confidence in this errant scribe,

trusting him in all things; following wheresoever he may lead. That concession made, this errant roundabout scribe, on the faith of a true knight, promises to lead his trusting fair ones to far Cathay and Japan: thence back to Dresden, calling at Majorca *en route*, to see how the Majolica potters advance in their work. Then time and space imposing no restraint, we may just as well flash away to Babylon, while yet that city still is young. Samian potters, too, we will see at work, not omitting to get *cartes de visite* of the artists who decorated Samian vases. Yes, by-and-bye, patience and confidence extended, everything that is proper for us to see we will see, that can illustrate the progress of the beautiful Ceramic art, the creations of which the fair sex admire above all earthly objects, next to jewels and pretty bonnets.

Yes, trust this errant guide! he knows whither he will take you and whither he will not. Not to the Courts of Louis Quatorze and Quinze, for example—not to the Petit Trianon: for, notwithstanding the old Sèvres manufacture arrived at its zenith of perfection then, yet that period must be passed trippingly by. Quite well I know that a lady would no more continue to admire the lovely old Sèvres bequeathed to her mamma if she knew how much Rose du Barry and other *hetairæ* had to do with encouraging the manufacture and bringing the ware into vogue, than she would follow the fashion of a riding hat set by one of our pretty horse-breakers, or sit out La Traviata.

And now very seriously to the point.

Our thesis is Ceramic Ware—clay ware, that is to say—in all or any of its varieties. Of course we shall need some preliminary words about clay itself: clay in the abstract, so to speak. To imagine in one's own mind a tithe of the dignities, beauties, and utilities of clay is difficult enough: to convey the notion to any other mind is, perhaps, impossible. Clay!—it is such a vulgar, a common thing. We tread it under foot, and call it dirt! Contempt springs out of our very familiarity with it. The contemplative mind cannot attain to a knowledge of the poetry of clay whilst lingering here in the midst of it. Even the clear eye of Science herself fails to see the poetry of clay whilst gazing upon it nearly. As mountains of grandest form and of fairest outline, are but as ranges of unhewn rock, until we gaze upon them from afar, so even the man of science only attains to a knowledge of the grandeur and beauty of clay when feigning for himself some ideal position—some second world—whence, looking down, he may gaze abstractedly upon this. Before speeding to this second stand-point of observation, this other world, it will be well to take passing cognisance of the elements which compose our own.

Of course, human investigation cannot attain to the knowledge of the materials that lie hid towards the centre of the earth. The limits of human observation called into play by the sinking of mines and quarries are very soon reached. After that comes speculation. Nevertheless, our

globe has been weighed in the aggregate, so to speak; and with the result of demonstrating that, were it composed wholly of water, it would only weigh between one-fifth and one-sixth of what it does now. This is almost confirmatory of the opinion that the interior portions of the earth must be mainly composed of metals. Metals, taken all in all, are the heaviest bodies in nature; but some metals are extremely light, potassium and sodium, for example: so very light, that they swim in water. Aluminium, concerning which we shall have a good deal to state anon, is also a light metal. As for lithium, it, though unquestionably a metal, is the lightest of all known solid bodies; and, wonder of wonders!—hydrogen, the very lightest of known material things, an attenuated invisible gas, of which an imperial pint weighs not quite a grain and half, is actually considered by most chemists to be a metal.

In respect of the materials which constitute our planet's accessible crust, philosophers have acquired tolerably accurate information. That crust, together with all the beings, animal and vegetable, it bears—together with the atmosphere which surrounds it—is known to be composed of no more than sixty-five or sixty-six elements, in various states of mixture and combination; about fifty-three of them being metals.* The number seems inconsiderable. Even were these elements in equal portions distributed throughout our globe, it would seem a marvel that Nature's myriads upon myriads of manufactured results (not to speak irreverently), should be produced out of so few raw materials. But they are not equally distributed. It has so pleased the Almighty Architect that, out of three simple bodies, sixty-five or sixty-six chemical elements, at least four-fifths of the accessible crust of this globe, shall be composed. The three elements which have been appointed to this high dignity are oxygen, aluminium, and silicon. Let the names of these three chosen elements never be forgotten: we shall have a good deal to state about each of them in connexion with Ceramic Ware, by and bye.

Thus, having given heed to the elements of our own earth, closely, narrowly, let us now speed away to the imaginary world, whence looking down, we may value as we ought certain materials that are too common to be valued whilst among them. Gazing from this second stand-point of our own choice, let us imagine the metals, uncombined as the chemist can yet obtain them, and as perhaps they once might have been. Down yonder we see them glowing:—gold resplendent in its yellow beauty; copper and titanium red; iron, zinc, tin, bismuth, antimony, silver, platinum, and many others, white; aluminium, white, too:—let us not forget this.

Oxygen now, as we may fancy, comes upon the scene! Immediately this element begins its work of combination and change. With every metal, perhaps, save gold and platinum, oxygen would unite; and uniting, yield

* The *exact* number is not agreed upon by chemists.

bodies, termed by the chemist "oxides," but what we may popularly denominate "rusts." Still looking down, this world of ours glittering like a jewel a while ago, seems less resplendent now. All its metals, save gold and platinum, continue to rust: each rust or oxide having its own distinctive colour and character; but no longer metallic in appearance. All its erst brilliant iron oxidizing would change either to black oxide (a material something resembling the scales of a smith's forge), or red—common iron rust, in point of fact. Copper, glittering red just now, would gradually oxidize; changing to compounds of red and black:—which, combining again, would yield other colours, green being predominant. Potassium would change to rust of potassium, or, simply speaking, "potash;" sodium to soda, and aluminium (mark this well) to alumina.

Having tarried long enough in our second or ideal world, to acquire a just conception of the grandeur of the scene; having impressed the mind with an adequate respect for alumina, proportionate to the enormous amount of it just revealed, and the marvellous change effected upon it by oxygen; descend we now to earth once more, with the intent of scrutinizing as a chemist would scrutinize, the changes that have ensued. The chemical scrutiny over, let us classify our materials; as it behoves those who, waiting humbly and reverently upon Nature, implore her to reveal her mysteries. This chemical scrutiny over, the result will be made apparent that the metallic "rusts," as we have called them, but which the chemist terms "oxides," will admit of division into the three following classes:—

1. Those which are alkalis, as potash, soda, lithia.
2. Those which are earths, as lime, magnesia, alumina, &c.
3. Those which are neither alkalis nor earths:—in which list are comprehended the majority of metals.

Proceeding thus, our scheme of investigation begins to unfold itself clearly. We soon perceive that every metal admits of reference to one of three classes, viz.:—

1. Kaligenous (alkali-making).
2. Terrigenous (earth-making).
3. Calcigenous (calx-making).

The next important point to which attention should be directed is this, viz.:—The rusts or oxides of all metals comprised in the first and second classes, are always white; whereas calcigenous rusts or oxides are, in most instances, coloured. To impress this fact on the mind, let the point be remembered that potash and soda (both rusts or oxides of the first class) are white; that lime, magnesia, and alumina (exemplars of the second class) are also white; but as for metals of the third class, their oxides present us with a variety of colours, either of themselves or in their compounds: as is sufficiently testified by the tints displayed on the surface of China. Each one of these lovely colours is produced by oxides of the third, or calcigenous class of metals.

“Earthenware” is a household word. Each and every one of us knows that clay holds some immediate relation to crockery. But what is clay? That is a question I will now proceed to answer. Chemically, pure clay may be said to be nothing more than alumina combined with water:—in chemical language, “hydrate of alumina;” alumina being, as we must not forget, the rust or oxide of the not very rare metal *aluminium*. But absolutely chemically pure clay—that is to say pure alumina, in combination with water—does not occur in Nature. If we want it we must produce it:—separate it from one of the many compounds in which it exists. For present necessities, that compound shall be the crystallized material alumina

If, then, a portion of alum be dissolved in water, and hartshorn (ammonia) added to the solution, down goes alumina. By a filter it may readily be collected, and when washed it may be regarded as the type of all clays that are to be found existing in Nature. As already stated, however, Nature gives us no absolutely pure clay, in the sense of pure hydrate of alumina. Nature’s very purest clays always hold a portion of silica or the matter of flint. And what is silica—what are flints? Why silica is an oxide or combination of oxygen with something; that something, whether non-metallic or a metal, chemists are not yet agreed upon, among themselves. Those who choose to regard it as a metal, call that something “silicium,” whilst, on the other hand, those who believe the something to be non-metallic, denominate it “*silicon*.”

No matter. The courteous reader who, not being a chemist, may choose, nevertheless, to procure a specimen of silica, can take a piece of rock crystal, then making it white hot, throw it into cold water and powder the shattered fragments. The product of these operations may be regarded as pure silica. Silica has many wonderful properties. Flints are almost pure silica, and insects are occasionally found in the very middle of nodules of flint. How did they get there?

When the statement is made that not only can the matter of flints be dissolved and converted into a liquid, but can actually be attenuated into a light invisible gas, some portion of the wonder vanishes.

Pure alumina combined with water, (or, if we prefer to call it so, pure clay) is almost infusible: for which reason no sort of crockery could be manufactured out of it. The fusibility of alumina, however, is promoted by mixture with almost any mineral oxide, and also certain compounds, not being mineral oxides, of which borax is a familiar example. In this way silica or flint promotes the fusibility of alumina; and pure silica being absolutely white, the mixture presents the further advantage of yielding a fictile ware upon which colours may be deposited with facility. The very purest natural clays are all mixtures of alumina with silica, in varying proportions. Beds of such pure clay are, however, remarkably rare. Most frequently some calcigenous oxide is found present; as evidenced by colour. Whoever takes the trouble to pass mentally in review before the

mind such clays as he may remember to have seen, will not fail to be struck with the fact that by far the majority of them are tinged with a brownish or reddish hue—an iron-rust hue, in point of fact—and this circumstance may raise the suspicion—perfectly just—that the colouring matter is rust or “red oxide” of iron.

It is commonly known that, from time immemorial the Chinese and Japanese have manufactured a very exquisite sort of Ceramic Ware: a material exquisitely white and perfectly translucent, as if (which is the fact) partial fusion of the body of the material had been effected. Not the slightest tint of red, indicative of oxide of iron, is present in Oriental China ware. This is dependent on the happy chance that in China and Japan there were discovered, at very remote periods, beds of aluminous and siliceous materials wholly free from oxide of iron.

The inhabitants of India, to whose art-labours Europe owes so much, did not possess these pure white materials: or, at least, if they possessed them, never discovered and made them available. The Assyrians and Babylonians were similarly circumstanced; also the Egyptians, Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans. Observe, then, the inevitable result. Not possessing the raw white materials naturally, and chemical art not being sufficiently advanced for producing them artificially, Babylonians, Assyrians, Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks, Etruscans, Romans, all were limited in the progress of the Ceramic arts to the production of vessels more or less coloured; that colour playing upon the various changes of yellow, brown, red tints all dependent on the presence of iron oxide. These wonderful races of antiquity, the Assyrians and Babylonians, merit a few passing words of notice here. They, too, as I have said, had to content themselves, for the most part, with iron-stained fictile wares: but the fragments of a Babylonian brick now treasured in the Museum of Economic Geology, bears curious testimony to the fact that, by these people in those remote days of hoary antiquity, the secret had been discovered of varnishing brown or red fictile ware with a white glaze. In this manner there was produced a white surface, admitting of colour ornamentation. Slightly anticipating a future part of this narrative, it may be well to state that in this process of glazing coloured fictile surfaces, consists the secret of the ware now called “Majolica.” That the Babylonians should thus have turned the flank of a difficulty which they had not the power of meeting face to face, and conquering, is curious enough; still more curious is it, that the very glazes now existing upon the surface of the fragment of Babylonian brick is oxide or rust of tin—the very same material subsequently employed, after the lapse of many long years, by the Saracens and Italians for their Majolica; the very same material employed by Bernard Palissy in the reign of Henri III., for the surface glaze of the fictile material now known as Palissy ware. The secret of the use of oxide of tin was not communicated to Bernard Palissy. He discovered it, and that under many disadvantages. Ignorant of chemistry—he could not call in the power of analysis to his

aid. Poor—his numerous experiments were prosecuted under circumstances of severest deprivation. The husband of a lady, gifted with tremendous eloquence of a certain sort, but no preference for art, and no faith in the beneficence of Nature to those who question her humbly by experiment; a Huguenot into the bargain, at a time when adherence to that faith involved danger of torture and death—Palissy followed out his experiments under a host of difficulties. Despite of them he discovered the secret of the glaze, and, from the discovery resulted his own beautiful variety of Majolica. The discovery of the use of the oxide glaze by the Babylonians is one of those facts that, when contemplated, make us look with reverence on the technical knowledge of antiquity:—dispose us to think more humbly than we are sometimes wont, of the revelations of modern science.

At periods of the remotest historical antiquity, the Chinese manufactured porcelain in all respects as good as now; in many respects, better: but with the exception of the Japanese, who certainly equalled, perhaps excelled the Chinese, ancient potters, for want of a raw material, absolutely white, had to content themselves with coloured patterns: and not only coloured, but void of that character of semi-transparency so characteristic of porcelain, or real China ware.

Nevertheless, much of the ancient pottery is extremely beautiful. Samian and Etruscan vases are imitated by modern manufacturers, and that but imperfectly. In regard to colour ornamentation, the Ceramic artists of India, Egypt, Greece, and Etruria were hemmed in by narrow limits. Red, yellow, or brown upon black, or black upon red, yellow, or brown—mere outline figures in either case without tint gradation—this was all they could effect. Debarred the charm of colour, the Indian, Samian, and, in a minor degree, the Etrurian artists revelled in beauty of form. Nothing can be more exquisite than the shape of Samian vases and amphoræ, generally speaking. Though the appellation "*Etruscan vase*" is so commonly employed, yet the Etrurians did not bear the palm of excellence in the manufacture of vases, or other vessels of beautiful form and finish. Their specialties were funereal urns and coffins. In regard to the black pigment used for the ornamentation of ancient red, and yellow ware, there is much dispute:—in fact nothing certain is known in respect of it.

Debarred, as the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans were, from the manufacture of real porcelain (China ware), or indeed any variety of white pottery, they were in one sense more determined potters than the world has seen. Nor will this be marvelled at when we come to reflect upon their condition and necessities. Firstly, they loved good wine; and had no glass bottles to keep it in. The resource was vessels of earthenware. Then, the art of cooperage does not seem to have been well understood and followed. Of casks they had few, or none, and *pari ratione* tubs. Hence, the need of those had to be supplied by enormous jars, called by the Greeks "pithons," vessels identical with the Spanish wine ollas

of the present day; and of which some magnificent specimens were displayed in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Enormously large these Greek pithons, must have been, considering that the tub of Diogenes was really no tub at all; but a gigantic earthenware pot. The pithon house of Diogenes must have, at the least, been large enough for two, if not three. History testifies that the lovely Phryne frequently called upon the philosopher—and the probability is, I fancy, that she would hardly have done so without the escort of some discreet duenna. There is nothing peculiar in this platonic affection between a genius like Phryne and a philosopher like Diogenes. He was not married, I believe; but had he been, a *tête-à-tête* with a clever young lady, would have seemed in no wise inconsistent with the usages of ancient Greece. Socrates, though so great a philosopher, sometimes preferred the society of clever young Grecian ladies, to that of Xantippe his wife. In fact, the social relations of the ancient Greeks were peculiar, and would not be tolerated now-a-days. The marrying ladies were never accomplished:—mere housewives, no more. They remained at home to keep things in order, and make the pies and puddings. Poetry, music, painting—all such-like delightful accomplishments—were restricted to the unmarrying young ladies who did not live with their mammas. Under these circumstances it was not only a necessity, but, in some senses a virtue, and much to be commended, that married gentlemen, (especially if philosophers), should seek the society of such ladies as Phryne and Sappho. Had the Grecian married ladies been so fascinating as English married ladies, why of course, these Platonic *liaisons* would have been no less wholly unknown than they are now.

Necessity, mother of invention, perpetuated the manufacture of rough pottery by the Greeks and Romans, long after the art of making these exquisite vases, tinted red and black, had died out. At the very beginning of the Christian era that manufacture had declined: and in the third century the secret of the manufacture had been so utterly lost, that vessels of this material were called ancient—eagerly collected as now—and deposited in museums. To the conquests of Alexander, in the fourth century before Christ, must be ultimately attributed the decline of this beautiful art. Prior to these conquests, ornamental fictile vases had been highly cherished; held to be fitting prizes for victors in the national games; honoured associates of sepulchred great ones. When once the Macedonian legions had gazed upon the gold and silver vessels of luxurious Persia, they longed to have vessels of the same. Thenceforward the manufacture of fictile vessels fell from its once high estate. Made of inferior materials and ornamented by inferior artists, they soon ceased to attract connoisseurs, so tremblingly alive to beauty, as the ancient Greeks.

And now we enter upon a curious speculation. Did the ancient Greeks and Romans ever acquire specimens of ancient porcelain—of real China ware? Between North-Eastern Asia and Southern Europe the

means of communication must have been slight, indeed rare and difficult. Nevertheless some sort of knowledge of China there was in Europe. Traditions there were of the land of the Seres, whence came the highly-cherished Seriacum—in other words, silk. Unquestionably silk textures occasionally found their way from China to Greece and Rome; then why not specimens of porcelain? On this latter point, however, no certain testimony can be adduced. Various classical authors treat of a material called “murrha” or “myrrha,” out of which murrhine or myrrhine vases were made: but what was this material, and what were the myrrhine vases? The question is much disputed. Some authors would have us believe them to be nothing else than Oriental porcelain; but Dr. Thomson, in his history of chemistry, holds strenuously to the position that myrrhine or murrhine vases were made of fluor or Derbyshire spar. Some little time ago the opinion partially gained acceptance that the secret of porcelain manufacture was known to the ancient Egyptians, the evidence adduced being certain small porcelain vases, inscribed with Egyptian hieroglyphics, and discovered amidst the ruins of Thebes. At the present time, however, these same vases are believed—I may even say known—to be spurious:—known to have been deposited amidst Thebean ruins, on purpose to be dug up and sold as genuine to travellers. I am informed that a thriving business is, or at any rate was, driven in little Etruscan gods, here at home by certain of our Staffordshire potters. A gentleman (thus was the anecdote related to deponent) once upon a time came home from Italy with some queer little deities of fictile ware in his pocket. Displaying the small images to a Staffordshire artist on his return, the traveller expatiated on the Ceramic knowledge of the ancients. His reasoning had a flaw in it. “Bless you,” the English potter is reported to have said; “why, I made these gods myself—made them to order and for export!”

Arrived thus far in our chronicle of Ceramic Ware, it will be well to review the chemical technology of the case, previous to explaining what next happened in the progress of fictile manufacture. The proposition, be it remembered, is to obtain a white material. The simplest, the most obvious, and, it may be said, most legitimate way of solving the problem is by the use of pure white clay, as the Chinese and Japanese had done from time immemorial. The Babylonians, as already stated, had arrived at a sort of spurious result, by varnishing a red clay surface white, by means of fused oxide of tin. Whether the traditions of that art completely died out, or on the contrary, we have now no means of knowing. At any rate, the world received no further benefit from the tin glaze process until about the fourteenth century, when the Balearic Saracens began to manufacture a sort of pottery, of which this white tin glaze upon a coloured ground was the specialty. The manufacture was chiefly prosecuted in Majorca: whence the distinctive term “Majolica” given to this sort of fictile ware, and which it has ever since retained.

No sooner had Majolica ware sprung into being for this the second time, than the Spanish Saracens began to lavish upon it their utmost powers of ornamentation. Moreover, they applied it to purposes other than mere vessels of use or luxury. They made slabs and tiles of it; and with these adorned the interior of their buildings. The Alhambra was profusely ornamented with these Majolica slabs and tiles; and, because of the prevalent blue colour, the Spaniards call them "Azulecos."

Very soon after the discovery of Majolica, the Italian School of Painting rose into eminence; and painters of the highest Italian renown deigned to work upon the ornamentation of Majolica. In point of fact, this variety of fictile ware came so near the mark of satisfying people's aspirations for elegant pottery, that it held its own contemporaneously with the manufacture of a white material throughout.

Reference has already been made to Bernard Palissy. Prior to about 1560 the secret of the tin glaze had not been discovered in France, though Catherine de Medicis had established a Majolica factory, conducted by Italian artists. Palissy set himself the problem of effecting the discovery which he accomplished, at length, after years of assiduous experiment. The troublesome eloquence and objectionable irritability of Madame, his wife, has already been adverted to. Justice to that lady, however, compels the historian to remark that she received *some* provocation. Her husband was very poor, and his experiments were somewhat expensive. I have no doubt that Madame had to go without many a bonnet and, many a crinoline, (or the sixteenth century representatives of these feminine appurtenances, whatever they may have been), because of the narrow means of her lord and—no, not master. Nor is this all. On one occasion it is recorded that Palissy, not having the means to purchase fuel for his furnace, thrust into it chairs, tables, and other articles of wooden domestic furniture. These consumed, he forthwith began to pull up the wooden floor of his apartment and commit it to the flames. It is recorded that Madame happening to return just at the moment when her spouse was thus engaged, gave herself some unpleasant airs, and discoursed very frankly. Well! that the provocation was considerable we must own. The fact is, Madame was the wife of a man of genius; and not aware of that fact, she had not learned to put up with the vagaries of genius. Whether representative men have any business to marry?—may be a question permissible. Look about you, my fair friends: scan the domestic life of the married ladies of your acquaintance. Put the mediocre married men on one side, and the clever married men on the other. This done; tell me, now, in which class you will find the most comfortable husbands?

Had chemistry been a trifle more advanced than it was in the sixteenth century, Europe would not have had to wait so long and so unavailingly for a revelation of the secret of porcelain, similar in nature to the Chinese prototype. It would have sufficed to analyze a fragment of real China

ware, and the secret would have been revealed. That, however, was not in the future. Experimentalists continued to work on empirically. Pure clay—in other words, pure hydrate of alumina—will not make porcelain, as I have already stated. Not only must there be some flinty matter, or silica, present, but present in a certain due proportion. There should be also a minute amount of alkali (potash), a little of which is actually found in first-class raw porcelain material.

Pending the discovery of the secret of true porcelain in Europe, a device was adopted which, though it did not eventuate in producing China ware (hard or true porcelain, as chemists term it), originated a material nearly as beautiful in every respect, and even more beautiful in some. This material is soft, or false porcelain. Old Sèvres ware was of this kind; so was our Chelsea and Bowware: not to mention others.

The material employed in the manufacture of soft porcelain has varied at different times, and in different factories. Speaking generally, it may be described as white clay tempered with powdered glass; but occasionally numerous extraneous materials were added: for example, white arsenic and soap. The chemist will be at no loss to perceive that the result of such admixture is a somewhat fusible compound: a sort of incipient glass, so to speak. Soft porcelain, moreover, was not glazed with the same materials as real porcelain. All the old fictile productions of Sèvres were made of this material; and exquisitely beautiful some of the fictile productions of old Sèvres are. In some respects soft porcelain is more susceptible of colour ornamentation than hard. As an illustration, the fact may be mentioned that, until quite recently, turquoise colour could not be given to hard porcelain. I am informed, however, by Messrs. Rose and Daniell, whose English productions constitute such a magnificent display in the present Exhibition, that the difficulty of tinting real porcelain with turquoise has been lately surmounted.

At length, as time advanced, the secret of true porcelain manufacture was discovered in Germany: discovered, too, as the result of a curious accident. It so happened that Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, about the year 1708, came to the conclusion that if his pecuniary resources were more considerable it would be—all things regarded—desirable. Alas! what iniquities may not come about, if once the human conscience accepts the pernicious doctrine that the end may justify the means. Thus, about the ninth century, the Russians having determined to relinquish idolatry and become Christians, sent men at arms to Constantinople and kidnapped a bishop. Thus, too, Augustus II., having resolved to make himself rich in a hurry, kidnapped poor Böttger, the chemist. This latter wise man, as it seems, had acquired much fame as an alchemist. To him the secrets of Hermes, it was said, had been revealed, or were about to be revealed. He had transmuted, or was going to transmute, a considerable amount of base materials into gold. Now Böttger was the Elector's liege subject, who, therefore, thought it would be sound policy, if not strict justice, to lay

forcible hands upon the man of Hermes, and lock him up. The proceeding commends itself very ill to us Britons, who entertain such exaggerated notions about liberty of the subject, and Habeas corpus. Upon the whole, however, Böttger's captivity was gentlemanlike and courteous. The best of eating and drinking were at his command. A well appointed laboratory was placed at his disposal. All his expenses being defrayed, even to the farthing: his captivity was not so objectionable after all. Böttger does not seem to have pined under *duress*. He did not grow slovenly and mope in unkempt locks. Locks! he wore a wig, after the fashion of the time. On stated days a Figaro came to dress the wig, and make it otherwise respectable. Now it happened one day that the wig having been frizzed, powdered, and placed in position—as artillerists say of their guns—it happened one day, that the extraordinary weight of the wig prompted Böttger to demand of Figaro what it had been powdered with. Then followed a revelation to which the discovery of true porcelain in Saxony is due.

“Galloping from my house to your honour,” replied the man of powder and pomatum, “my horse struck his hoof into something, and stumbled. Alighting to discover the cause, I found a white material clogging his shoe. Digging—I found more of that white material. It seemed good for powder, and for powder I used it. Sorry the weight of it has incommoded your honour.”

Böttger pardoned the weight. The idea suddenly occurred to him, that though bad for wig powder it might be good for pottery. He procured some, and trying it, called it good. At Meissen, near Dresden, a manufactory was forthwith established. The celebrated Dresden China sprang into being. From that day to this, the Saxons have continued using up the stores of porcelain materials, revealed by the barber's horse.

Dresden manufactured hard or true porcelain from the first. This was not the case at Sèvres, as the reader will remember. There, soft porcelain continued to be made, up to the beginning of the present century. Then the process was abandoned; and true porcelain has been made there ever since.

At the present time, white Ceramic material is less difficult of access than formerly. Immense quantities of China clay are now made artificially; so to speak. The rock, Granite, is a mixture of three different minerals—viz., quartz, mica, and felspar. In all specimens of granite, these three materials can be perceived by the naked eye on examination: but in certain granites the commingling of these materials is far less intimate than in others. Near St. Austell, in Cornwall, the granite is remarkably coarse-grained: that is to say, the quartz, mica, and felspar which compose it occur respectively in large lumps. Looking now at the composition of felspar, chemistry reveals potash, lime, silica, and alumina as its constituents. Potash being soluble, is washed out by exposure to air and water: leaving a white compound of silica, alumina, a little lime, and

potash: the whole chemically combined with water:—a very pure clay, in point of fact. Much of our porcelain clay is obtained in this very manner.

And now a very natural question is the following. What sort of porcelain is that for which England has become so celebrated? What is the material out of which our Rose and Minton and Copeland fashion their most exquisite services? The proper designation is almost wanting. We English can make real porcelain if we like, and make it beautifully, in proof of which some cups and saucers as thin as an egg shell, made by Mr. Rose, may be appealed to. Be the fact known that “egg shell porcelain,” as it is called, from its thinness, was long regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of Chinese art—not to be manufactured in Europe. We English can make true, or hard porcelain if we please; but it is not our specialty. We have invented a white Ceramic material of our own; one the peculiar characteristic of which is the presence of bone earth. Objects of this material are more easily made than of hard porcelain body. Surfaces of it not only take colour better, but the tints wear longer. Hence it happens that nowhere can be found such exquisitely beautiful household pottery as here in England, of our own national manufacture. Germany and France produce magnificent Ceramic articles *de luxe*; but as regards the pottery of domestic life, we immeasurably surpass them. But for the historical interest which attaches to true porcelain, there seems no reason wherefore our own bone earth ware should not be substituted in all cases. The material is equally plastic; and lends itself, perhaps, better than hard porcelain to the necessities of colour ornamentation. These are points, however, which most who read this sketch either have had, or will have, opportunities of judging for themselves. If a dispassionate comparative survey of the Foreign and British Ceramic displays in the Great Exhibition creates any other impression than pride for British art, the writer will be surprised. The French have larger articles than British manufacturers, granted:—but our manufacturers could have made articles equally large, were there a demand for them. In the department of coloured ornamentation, our manufacturers have made immense strides since 1851. Some examples of half tints displayed on certain dinner and dessert services which grace the stand of Messrs. Rose and Daniell, are exquisite. Ceramic art, whether in England or abroad, has never produced their equal.

Two branches of the process of Ceramic manufacture have yet to be noticed in detail, viz., painting (or enamelling) and glazing. To make the nature of these branches more comprehensible, let us just review the processes a piece of China ware (say a dessert plate), has to undergo. First, the raw staple—clay, let us call it—has to be fashioned into shape. If the desired shape be such as can be developed by rotatory motion, the fashioning is accomplished by a wheel. Fancy a small round table on a pivot, which being caused to rotate by a band, the table turns with great velocity;—much faster, indeed, than a spirit has ever been known to turn

one. Upon such a revolving round table, the potter, having deposited his lump of clay, begins to model it with the fingers until the intended shape is given. As for handles and other little appurtenances, they are stuck on with a mixture of clay and water, technically called "slip." This being done the piece is set aside to dry. If the desired shape be such as is not within the competence of turning to produce, moulds have to be employed. So far as the writer's individual opinion goes, if moulding were altogether abolished and turning universally had recourse to, by so much more beautiful would be the resulting forms.

The piece made absolutely dry, is now subjected to furnace heat: the effect of which is to reduce the material to a condition of incipient fusion. Whereas the elements of the pottery material were—previous to burning—mechanically mixed, they become—after burning—chemically combined. The piece of crockery rings bell-like when struck: begetting the notion of increased strength, due to intimate union. Arrived at this stage the piece is called "biscuit, or biscuit ware;" the condition adapted for painting.

The admirer of painted pottery, not being a chemist, little knows the difficulties under which the painting has to be accomplished. The artist in oil or water colours, operating upon canvas or paper, sees his colours all before him. He lays on these colours as he wishes them to remain. Less favourable are the conditions under which an enamel or porcelain painter works. He has to paint away—so to speak—in the dark. Not one of the colours he lays on, is such as, after burning, it will be. His pigments, at the moment of laying on, are either no pigments at all, or their colours are very different to what they will be when the labours of his pencil are committed to the furnace. These being the conditions under which he prosecutes his art, the wonder is that the tints ultimately produced are so true to Nature. Even on canvas or paper, flesh painting is the most difficult of all. On Ceramic Ware the difficulties of flesh painting are, of course, much greater; nevertheless, the results leave but little to be desired if a competent artist have been employed. All the higher varieties of colour ornamentation on pottery are effected by the pencil; but the process of transfer is adopted when results of moderate excellence only are aimed at.

The piece being painted, has finally to be glazed. This is accomplished by dipping into the glaze material—whatever the latter may be—at least, usually. The result of dipping is as follows:—The surface of the piece is covered with a thin film of glaze material; which, on burning, distributes itself all over the piece, in a transparent glassy film. The piece is now finished.

In regard to the glaze, that employed for the finish of hard porcelain, is nothing else than finely-levigated felspar; but the glaze of soft porcelain, and English bone earthenware, always holds a portion of oxide of lead:—a material which fuses at a lower temperature than felspar alone.

In treating of the general process by which glazing is accomplished, the reader was given to understand dipping is not always had recourse

to. Thus, for example, the Lambeth stone-ware acquires its glaze in a very peculiar fashion. Whilst glowing hot in the furnace or kiln, a little salt is thrown in, and a glazed surface results. The effect is very curious. It depends on a certain re-action between one of the elements of common salt and silex :—a reaction that, involving as it does a rather abstruse chemical function, need not detain us.

The beautiful Parian ware, of which little statuettes are made, deserves a word of notice. Generally speaking, the material of Parian ware may be described as clay, the fusibility of which has been increased by mixture with borax, or other equivalent substance.

Borax *was* universally employed, but some of the Parian statuettes now made—those of Mr. Rose, for example—do not contain borax. Parian statuettes are very pretty as to material, but they are apt to be deformed. Not only do they shrink amazingly in the process of burning, but they sometimes drop. The result of this dropping is, that small Parian Venuses sometimes come out of the furnaces with crooked spines : like young ladies needing gymnastics and a backboard.

Thus has the history of Ceramic Ware been sketched from antiquity onwards. The honour and dignity of alumina, silica, and oxygen, have,—it is assumed—been vindicated. When Monsieur St. Clair Deville succeeded, a few years ago, in extracting aluminium, in all its metallic beauty, from alumina, its rust, he awakened popular wonder. The surprise has passed away. We turn aluminium into toys, buttons, and trinkets : ceasing any longer to look upon it with reverence. Clay we despise. Fragments of pottery we kick out of our path ; as awaking no thoughts of poetry. But if there be ladies in the moon, and if no clay be there, and if the lunar ladies—peering earthward through a sufficiently powerful telescope—can steal a glimpse of our beautiful crockery, they must deem us the happiest creatures in existence, to be gladdened with so much beauty.

J. S.

THE DISINHERITED :

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAP. IV.

THE POST OF SAN MIGUEL.

As the dangerous honour of commanding one of the border forts like San Miguel is not at all coveted by the brilliant officers accustomed to clatter their sabres on the stones of the Palace in Mexico, it is generally only given to brave soldiers who have no prospect of promotion left to them.

Informed by a cabo, or corporal, of the names of the guests who thus suddenly arrived, the Captain rose to meet them with open arms and a smile on his lips.

"Oh, oh," he exclaimed gleefully; "this is a charming surprise! Children, I am delighted to see you."

"Do not thank us, Don Marcos," Dona Mariana answered smilingly. "We are not paying you a visit, but have come to ask shelter and protection of you."

"You have them already. Rayo de Dios! are we not relations, and very close ones too?"

"Without doubt, cousin," Don Ruiz said; "hence, in our misfortune, it is a great happiness for us to come across you."

"Hilloh! you have something serious to tell me?" the Captain continued, his face growing gloomy,

"So serious," the young man said, with a bow to the partisan, who stood motionless by his side, "that, had it not been for the help of this caballero, in all probability we should be lying dead in the desert."

"Oh, oh; my poor children! Come, dismount and follow me; you must need rest and refreshment after such an alarm. Cabo Hernandez, take charge of the horses."

The corporal took the horses, which he led to the corral; and the young people followed the Captain, after having been kissed and hugged by him several times. Don Marcos pressed the hunter's hand, and made him a sign to follow them.

"There," he said, after introducing his guests into a room modestly furnished with a few butaccas; "sit down, children; and when you have rested, we will talk."

Refreshments had been prepared on a table. While the young people enjoyed them, the Captain quitted them, and went with the hunter into another room. So soon as they were alone, the two men became serious, and the joy that illumined the Captain's face was suddenly extinguished.

"Well," he asked Stronghand, after making him a sign to sit down; "what news?"

“Bad,” he answered distinctly.

“I expected it,” the officer muttered, with a sad toss of the head; “we must put on our harness again, and push out into the Savannah, in order to prove to these bandits that we are able to punish them.”

The hunter shook his head several times, but said nothing. The Captain looked at him attentively for some minutes.

“What is the matter, my friend?” he at length asked him, with growing anxiety; “I never saw you so sad and gloomy before.”

“The reason is,” he answered, “because circumstances have never been so serious.”

“Explain yourself, my friend; I confess to you that you are really beginning to alarm me. With the exception of a few insignificant marauders, the borders have never appeared to me more quiet.”

“It is a deceitful calm, Don Marcos, which contains the tempest in its bosom—and a terrible tempest, I assure you.”

“And yet our spies are all agreed in assuring us that the Indians are not at all thinking of an expedition.”

“It proves that your spies betray you, that’s all.”

“Possibly so; but still, I should like some proof or sign.”

“I ask for nothing better; I am enabled to give you the most positive information.”

“Very good; that is the way to speak. I am listening to you.”

“Before all, is your garrison strong?”

“I consider it large enough.”

“Perhaps so; how many men have you?”

“Sixty or seventy, about.”

“That is not enough.”

“What, not enough? the garrisons of block-houses are never more numerous.”

“In a time of peace, it may be so; but under present circumstances, I repeat to you that they are not enough, and you will soon agree with me on that score. You must send off a courier, without the loss of a moment, to ask for a reinforcement of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. Do not deceive yourself, Captain, you will be the first attacked, and the attack will be a rude one. I warn you.”

“Thanks for the hint. Still, my good friend, you will permit me not to follow it till you have proved to me that there are urgent reasons for doing so.”

“As you please, Captain; you are the commandant of the post, and your responsibility must urge you to prudence. I will therefore abstain from making any further observations on a subject which only concerns me very indirectly.”

“You are annoyed, and wrongly so, my friend; the responsibility to which you refer demands that I should not let myself be led by vague rumours to take measures I might have cause to regret. Give me the

explanation I expect of you ; and, probably, when I know the imminence of the danger that threatens me, I shall follow your advice."

"I wish for nothing more than to satisfy you ; so listen to me. What I have to tell you will not take long."

At this moment the room door opened, and Corporal Hernandez appeared. The Captain, annoyed at being thus inopportunately disturbed, turned sharply round and angrily addressed the man—

"Well, Corporal," he said, "what the fiend do you want now?"

"Excuse me, Captain," the poor fellow said, astounded at this rough greeting, "but the Lieutenant sent me."

"Well, what does the Lieutenant want? Speak! but be brief, if that is possible."

"Captain, the sentry has seen a large party of horsemen coming at full gallop towards the fort, and the Lieutenant ordered me to warn you."

"Eh," said the Captain, looking uneasily at the hunter, "were you in the right? and is this troop the vanguard of the enemy you threaten us with?"

"This troop," the hunter answered, with an equivocal smile, "has been following Don Ruiz and myself since the morning. I do not believe that these horsemen are Indians."

"What's the Lieutenant's opinion about these scamps?" the Captain asked the Corporal.

"They are too far off yet, and too hidden by the dust they raise, Captain, for it to be possible to recognize them," the non-commissioned officer replied with a bow.

"That is true. We had better, I believe, go and look for ourselves. Will you come?"

"I should think so," the hunter said, as he seized his rifle, which he had deposited in a corner of the room ; and they went out.

Don Ruiz and his sister were talking together, while doing ample justice to the refreshment placed at their disposal. On seeing the Captain, the young man rose and walked up to him.

"Cousin," he said to him, with a bow, "I hear that you are on the point of being attacked; and, as it is to some extent my cause you are going to defend, for the bandits who threaten you at this moment are allies of those with whom I had a fight last night, pray allow me to fire a shot by your side?"

"Viva Dios! Most heartily, my dear cousin," the Captain answered gaily, "although these scoundrels are not worth the trouble. Come along!"

"That's a fine fellow!" the Captain whispered in the hunter's ear.

The latter made no answer. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, and turned away.

"Oh," Dona Mariana exclaimed, "Ruiz, what are you going to do! Stay with me, I implore you, brother."

"Impossible, sister," the young man answered, as he kissed her; "what would our cousin think of me were I to skulk here when fighting was going on?"

"Fear nothing, Nina; I am answerable for your brother," the Captain said with a smile.

The girl sat down again sadly on the butacca from which she had risen, and the four men then left the room, and proceeded to the *patio*, or court. Here everybody was busy. The Lieutenant, an old experienced soldier, with a grey moustache and face furrowed by sabre-cuts, and whose whole life had been spent on the borders, had not lost his time. While, by his order, Corporal Hernandez warned the Captain, he had ordered the "fall-in" to be beaten, had placed the best shots at the loop-holes, and made all arrangements to avoid a surprise and give a warm reception to the enemy who advanced so daringly against the fort.

When the Captain set foot in the court, he stopped, embraced at a glance the wise and intelligent arrangements made by his Lieutenant, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his features.

"And now," he said to the hunter, "let us go and see who the enemy is with whom we have to deal."

"It is unnecessary; for I can tell you, Captain," the other replied, "they are the pirates."

"Pirates!" Don Marcos exclaimed in amazement. "What! those villains would dare——"

"Alone, certainly not," Stronghand quickly interrupted him; "but with the certainty of being supported by the Indians, of whom they are only the vanguard, they will not hesitate to do so. However, unless I am greatly mistaken, their attack will not be serious; and their object is probably to discover in what state of defence the post is. Receive them, then, in such a way as to leave them no doubt on this head, and prove to them that you are perfectly on your guard; and this demonstration will without doubt be sufficient to send them flying."

"You are right," said the Captain. "Viva Dios! they shall have their answer, I promise you."

He then gave the Corporal an order in a low voice; the latter bowed, and went off hurriedly. For some minutes a deep silence prevailed in the fort. The moments that precede a contest bring with them something solemn, which causes the bravest men to reflect, and prepare for the struggle, either by a powerful effort of the will, or by mentally addressing a last and fervent prayer to Heaven.

All at once, horrible yells were heard, mingled with the furious galloping of many horses; and then the enemy appeared, leaning over the necks of their steeds, and brandishing their weapons with an air of defiance. When they came within pistol-shot, the word to fire was given from the walls, and a general discharge burst forth like a clap of thunder.

The horsemen fell into confusion, and turned back precipitately and

in the greatest disorder, followed by the Mexican bullets, which, directed by strong arms and sure eyes, made great ravages in their ranks at every step. Still, they had not fled so fast but that they could be recognized for what they really were—that is, pirates of the prairies. Half naked for the most part, and without saddles, they brandished their rifles and long lances, and excited their horses by terrific yells.

Two or three individuals, probably chiefs, with their heads covered by a species of turban, were noticeable through their ragged uniforms, doubtless torn off murdered soldiers; their repulsive dirt and ferocious appearance inspired the deepest disgust. No doubt was possible: these wretches were certainly whites and half-breeds. What a difference between these sinister bandits and the Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes—those magnificent children of nature, so careful in the choice of their weapons—so noble in their demeanour.

After a rather long race, they stopped to hold counsel, out of range of the firearms. They were at this moment joined by a second band, whose leader began speaking and gesticulating with the utmost excitement, pointing to the fort each moment with his rifle. The two bands, united, might possibly amount to one hundred and fifty horsemen.

After a rather long discussion, the pirates started again, and stopped at the very foot of the walls. Captain Niza, wishing to inflict a severe chastisement on them, had given orders not to fire, but to let them do as they pleased. Hidden by the thick cactus hedge, the bandits had suddenly become invisible; but the Mexicans, confiding in the strength of their position and the solidity of the posts and gates, felt no fear.

Reassured by the silence of the garrison, some thirty pirates, among whom were several of their chiefs, escalated the great gate in turn, and rushed toward the second wall. Unluckily for the success of their plan, the wall was too lofty to be cleared in the same way; hence they scattered. Some sought stones and posts to beat in the second gate; while others tried, though in vain, to open the one they had so easily scaled.

The Mexicans could distinctly hear the pirates, in the second *enceinte*, explaining to their comrades the difficulty they experienced in penetrating into the fort, and they must force the gate, in order to allow a passage for those who remained outside. The latter then threw their *reatas*, which, caught upon the posts, were tightened by the combined efforts of the men and horses, and seemed on the point of pulling the gate off its hinges; but the posts held firmly, and were not even shaken by this supreme effort.

“What are you waiting for, Captain?” Don Ruiz whispered in the Commandant’s ear. “Why do you not kill these vermin?”

“There are not enough yet in the trap,” he answered, with a cunning look; “let them come.”

In fact, as if the bandits had wished to obey the old soldier, some twenty more clambered over the gate, so that there were fifty of the pirates between the cactus and the stone wall. Encouraged by their

numbers, which momentarily increased, they made a general assault. But, all at once, every loop-hole was lit up by a sinister flash, and the bullets began showering uninterruptedly on the wretches, who, through their own position, found it impossible to answer the plunging fire of the Mexicans. Recognizing the fault they had committed, and the trap they had so stupidly entered, the pirates became demoralized, fear seized upon them, and they only thought of flight.

Then they dashed at the outer gate, to clamber over it and reach the plain; and there the bullets dashed them down again—suffering from a desperation which was the greater, because they had no help to hope for from their friends outside, whom, at the first check, they had heard start off at full speed; and consequently they felt they were lost.

The Mexicans, pitiless in their vengeance, fired incessantly on the wretches, some of whom, by crawling on their hands and knees, succeeded in reaching the foot of the wall below the loop-holes—a position in which they could not be attacked, unless the Mexicans exposed themselves, and ran the risk of being killed or wounded. Of fifty bandits who had scaled the gate, fourteen still lived; the others were dead, and not one had succeeded in making his escape.

“Ha! ha!” said the Captain, rubbing his hands gleefully. “I fancy that the lesson will be useful, though it may have been a trifle rough.”

But, on the reiterated entreaties of Don Ruiz, the worthy commandant, who in his heart was not cruel, consented to ask the survivors if they were willing to surrender, a proposition which the pirates greeted with yells of rage and defiance. These fourteen men, though their rifles were discharged, were not enemies to despise, armed as they were with long and heavy *machetes*, and resolved to die. The Mexicans were acquainted with them, and knew that in a hand-to-hand fight they would prove tough customers.

Still there must be an end to it. At an order from the Captain the gate of the second wall was suddenly opened, and some twenty horsemen charged at full gallop the bandits, who, far from recoiling, awaited them with a firm foot. The *mélée* was terrible, but short. Three Mexicans were killed, and five others seriously wounded; but the pirates, after an obstinate resistance, fell never to rise again.

Only one of them—profiting by the disorder and the attention which the soldiers remaining at the loop-holes paid to the fight—succeeded by a miracle of resolution and strength in scaling the wall and flying. This pirate, the only one who escaped the massacre, was Kidd. On reaching the plain he stopped for a second, turned to the fort with a gesture of menace and defiance, and, leaping on a riderless horse, went off amid a shower of bullets, not one of which struck him.

CHAP. V.

THE STAY IN THE FOREST.

WHEN the fight was over, and order restored at the post, the Captain bade his Lieutenant have the bodies lying on the battle-field picked up and hung by the feet to the trees on the plain, so that they might become the prey of wild beasts, though not until they had been decapitated. The heads were to remain exposed on the walls of the forts, and act as an object of terror to the bandits, who, after this act of summary justice, would not venture to approach the neighbourhood of the post.

Then, when all these orders had been given, the Commandant returned to his residence, where Don Ruiz had already preceded him in order to reassure his sister as to the result of the fight. Don Marcos was radiant: he had gained a great advantage, at least he thought so, over the border ruffians; he had inflicted on them an exemplary punishment at the expense of an insignificant loss, and supposed that for a long time no one would venture to attack the post entrusted to him.

Unfortunately, the wood-ranger was not of the same opinion: each time the Captain smiled and rubbed his hands at the recollection of some episode in the fight, Stronghand shook his head sadly, and frowned anxiously. This was done so frequently, that at last the worthy Commandant was compelled to take notice of it.

"What's the matter with you now?" he asked him, with an air half vexed, half pleased. "You are, on my soul, the most extraordinary man I know. Nothing satisfies you; you are always in a bad temper. Hang it! I do not know how to treat you. Did we not give those scoundrels a remarkable thrashing, eh? Come, answer!"

"I allow it," the hunter replied laconically.

"Hum! It is lucky you allow so much. And yet, they fought bravely, I fancy?"

"Yes, and it is that which frightens me."

"I do not understand you."

"Was I not giving you important information when we were interrupted by the Cabo Hernandez?"

"That is to say, you were going to give it me."

"Yes; and with your permission, now that we have no fear of being interrupted for a while, I will impart the news to you."

"I ask nothing better; although I suppose that the defeat the pirates have experienced must deprive the news of much of its importance."

"The pirates play but a very small part in what I have to tell you."

"Speak, then! I know that you are too earnest a man to try and amuse yourself at my expense by inspiring me with ridiculous alarm."

"You shall judge for yourself the perils of the situation in which you may find yourself, at any moment, if you do not employ the greatest precaution and the most excessive prudence."

The two men seated themselves on butaccas, and the Commandant, who was more excited than he wished to show by this startling preamble, made the hunter a sign to commence his revelations.

"About two months ago," the latter began, "I was at the Presidio of San Estevan, whither certain personal matters had called me. This Presidio, which, as you know, is about two days' journey from here, is very important, and serves, to some extent, in connecting all the posts scattered along the Indian border."

The Captain gave a nod of assent.

"I am," the hunter continued, "on rather intimate terms with Don Gregorio Ochova, the Colonel commanding the Presidio, and during my last stay at San Estevan I had opportunities for seeing him rather frequently. You know the savageness of my character, and the species of instinctive repulsion with which anything resembling a town inspires me: hence, I need hardly say that no sooner was my business ended than I made preparations to depart, and, according to my custom, intended to leave the Presidio at a very early hour. I did not like to go away without saying good-bye to the Colonel and shaking hands with him; so I went to his house for the purpose of taking leave. I found him in a state of extreme agitation, walking up and down, and apparently affected by a violent passion or great anxiety. On seeing me, he uttered an exclamation of delight, and ran up to me, exclaiming—

"'Oh, Stronghand! where on earth have you been hiding? I have been seeking you everywhere for the last two hours, and have put a dozen soldiers on your heels, who could not possibly find you.'

"I looked at the Colonel in surprise.

"'You were seeking for me, Don Gregorio? I assure you that I was close to you, and very easy to find.'

"'It seems not. But here you are, that is the main point; and I care little where you were, or what you were doing. Do you think about making any lengthened stay at San Estevan?'

"'No, Colonel,' I answered at once, 'my affairs are settled; I intend to start at an early hour to-morrow, and I have just come to say good-bye, and thank you for the hospitality you have shown me during my stay at the Presidio.'

"'Good!' he said eagerly, 'that is all for the best; but,' he added, recollecting himself, and taking my hand in a kindly way, 'do not suppose that it is my desire to see you depart that makes me speak thus.'

"'I am convinced of the contrary,' I remarked, with a bow.

"He continued—

"'You can, Stronghand, do me a great service, if you will.'

"'I am at your command.'

"'This is the matter,' he said, at once entering on the business. 'For some days past, the most alarming reports have been spreading through the Presidio, though it is impossible to find out their origin.'

“ ‘And what may they be?’ I asked.

“ ‘It is said—(notice, I say it is said, and affirm nothing, as I know nothing positive)—it is said, then, that a general uprising against us is preparing—that the Indians, laying aside for a moment their private hatreds, and forgetting their clannish quarrels to think only of the hereditary hatred they entertain for us, are combining to attempt a general attack on the posts, which they purpose to destroy, in order to devastate our borders more freely. Their object is said to be, not only the destruction of the posts, but also the invasion of several States, such as Sonora and Cinaloa, in which they intend to establish themselves permanently after expelling us.’

“ ‘The reports are serious,’ I remarked, ‘but nothing has as yet happened to confirm their truth.’

“ ‘That is true; but you know that there is always a certain amount of truth in every vague rumour, and it is that truth I should like to know.’

“ ‘Is no nation mentioned by name among those which are to take up arms?’

“ ‘Yes; more particularly the Papayos—that is to say, the grand League of the Apaches, Axuas, Gilenos, Comanches, Mayos, and Opatas. But the more serious thing is, always according to the report, that the white and half-bred marauders on the border are leagued with them, and mean to help them in their expedition against us.’

“ ‘That is really serious,’ I answered; ‘but, pardon me for questioning you, Colonel; what do you purpose doing to make head against the imminent danger that threatens you?’

“ ‘That is exactly why I want you, my friend; and you would do me a real service by assisting me in this affair.’

“ ‘I am ready to do anything that depends on myself to oblige you.’

“ ‘I was certain of that answer, my friend. This is the matter then. You understand that I cannot remain thus surrounded by vague rumours and terrors that have no apparent cause, but still carry trouble into families and cause perturbation in trade. During the last few weeks, especially, various serious events have given a certain consistency to these rumours—travellers have been murdered, and several valuable waggon-trains plundered, almost at the gates of the Presidio. It is time for this state of things to cease, and for us to know definitively the truth or falsehood of the rumours; for this purpose I require a brave, devoted man, thoroughly acquainted with Indian manners and customs, who would consent——’

“ I interrupted him quickly.

“ ‘I understand what you want, Colonel; seek no further, for I am the man you stand in need of. To-morrow at sunrise I will start: and, within two months, I pledge myself to give you the most explicit information, and tell you what you may have to fear, and what truth there is in all that is being said around you.’

"The Colonel thanked me warmly, and the next morning I set out on my tour of investigation, as we had arranged."

"Well," the Captain exclaimed, who had followed this long story with ever increasing interest; "and what information have you picked up?"

"This information," the hunter answered, "is of a nature far more serious than even public report had said. The situation is most critical, and not a moment must be lost in preparing for defence. I was going to San Estevan, where Colonel Don Gregorio must be awaiting my return with the utmost impatience, when I thought of seeing whether the Post of San Miguel, which had so long been unoccupied, had received a garrison. That is how chance, my dear Captain, made us meet here when I thought I should see you at the Presidio."

The Captain shook his head thoughtfully. "A month ago," he said, "Don Gregorio ordered me to come here and hold my ground, though he did not inform me of the motives that compelled him so suddenly to place San Miguel in a state of defence."

"Well; now you know the reasons."

"Yes; and I thank you for having told me. But, between ourselves, are matters so serious as you lead me to suppose?"

"A hundred times more so. I have traversed the desert in all directions; I have been present at the meetings of the chiefs—in a word, I know the most private details of the expedition that is preparing."

"*Viva Dios!* I will not let myself be surprised—be at your ease about that; but you were right in advising me to ask for help, as my garrison is too weak to resist a well-arranged assault. This morning's attack has made me reflect; so I will immediately——"

"Do not take the trouble," the hunter interrupted him; "I will act as your express."

"What! are you going to leave us at once?"

"I must, my dear Captain; for I have to give Don Gregorio an account of the mission he confided to me. Reflect what mortal anxiety he must feel at not seeing me return."

"That is true. In spite of the lively pleasure I should feel in keeping you by me, I am compelled to let you go. When do you start?"

"This moment."

"Already?"

"My horse has rested; there are still five or six hours of daylight left, and I will take advantage of them."

He made a movement to leave the room.

"You have not said good-bye to Don Ruiz and his sister," the Captain observed.

The hunter stopped, his brows contracted, and he seemed to be reflecting.

"No," he said, ere long; "it would make me lose precious time. You will make my apologies to them, Captain. Moreover," he added, with

a bitter smile, "our acquaintance is not sufficiently long, I fancy, for Don Ruiz and his sister to attach any great importance to my movements, so for the last time, good-bye."

"I will not press you," the Captain answered; "do as you please. Still, it would have perhaps been more polite to take leave."

"Nonsense," he said, ironically; "am I not a savage? Why should I employ that refinement of politeness which is only customary among civilized people?"

The Captain contented himself with shrugging his shoulders as an answer, and they went out. Five minutes later the hunter was mounted.

"Do not fail to report to the Colonel," Don Marcos said, "what happened here to-day; and above all, ask him for assistance."

"All right, Captain; and do not you go to sleep."

"*Carai*—I shall feel no inclination. So now, good-bye, and good luck!"

"Good-bye, and many thanks."

They exchanged a last shake of the hand, the hunter galloped out into the plain, and the Captain returned to his house, muttering to himself,

"What a strange man! Is he good or bad? Who can say?"

When the supper hour arrived, the two young people, astonished at the hunter's absence, asked after him of the Captain. When the latter told them of his departure, they felt grieved and hurt at his having gone without bidding them farewell; and Dona Mariana especially was offended at such unaccountable behaviour on the part of a caballero; for which, in her desire to excuse him, she in vain sought a reason. Still they did not show their feelings, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

At the hour for retiring, Don Ruiz, more than ever eager to rejoin his father, reminded the Captain of the offer of service he had made him, and asked for an escort, in order to continue his journey on the morrow; but Don Marcos answered with a peremptory refusal, that not only would he give no escort, but he insisted on his relations remaining temporarily under his guard.

Don Ruiz naturally asked an explanation of his cousin; which he did not hesitate to give, by telling them of the conversation between himself and the hunter. Don Ruiz and his sister had been too near death to expose themselves again to the hazards of a long journey in the desert alone, and unable to offer any effectual defence against such persons as thought proper to attack them; still, the young man, annoyed at this new delay, asked the Captain at what period they might hope to regain their liberty.

"Oh! your seclusion will not be long," the latter replied with a smile; "so soon as I have received the reinforcements I expect from San Estevan—that is to say, in seven or eight days at the most—I will pick you out an escort, and you can be off."

Don Ruiz, forced to satisfy himself with this promise, thanked him warmly; and the young people made their arrangements to pass the week

in the least wearisome way possible. But life is very dull at a frontier post, especially when you are expecting a probable attack from the Indians, and when, consequently, all the gates are kept shut, when sentries are stationed all around, and the only amusement is to look out on the plain through the loop-holes.

The Captain, justly alarmed by the news the hunter had given him, had made the best arrangements his limited resources allowed to resist any attack from the Indians, if they appeared before the succour arrived from San Estevan. By his orders all the rancheros and small land-owners established within a radius of fifteen leagues had been warned of an approaching invasion, and received an invitation to take shelter within the post.

The majority, recognizing the gravity of this communication, hastened to pack up their furniture and most valuable articles; and, driving before them their horses and cattle, hurried from all sides at once to the fort, with a precipitation which proved the profound terror the Indians inspired them with. In this way, the interior of San Miguel was soon encumbered with young men and old men, women and children, and cattle—most of whom, unable to find lodgings in the houses, were forced to bivouac in the yards; which, however, was but a trifling inconvenience to them in a country where it hardly ever rains, and where the nights are not cold enough to render sleeping in the open air unpleasant.

The Captain organized this heterogeneous colony to the best of his ability. The women, children, and old men, were sheltered under tents or *jacals* made of branches, to protect them from the copious morning dew, while all the men capable of bearing arms were exercised, so as in case of attack to assist in the common defence.

But this enormous increase of population required an enormous stock of provisions; and hence the Captain sent out numerous patrols for the purpose of procuring the required corn and cattle. Don Ruiz took advantage of this to make excursions in the vicinity; while his sister, in the company of young girls of her own age, of whom several had entered the fort with their families, tried to forget, or rather cheat, the weariness of their seclusion.

The appearance of the post had completely changed; and, thanks to the Captain's intelligence, ten days after the hunter's departure San Miguel had become a really formidable fortress. Large trenches had been dug, and barricades erected; but, unfortunately, the garrison, though numerous enough to resist a sudden attack, was too weak to sustain a long siege.

One morning, at sunrise, the sentries signalized a thick cloud of dust advancing toward the post with the headlong speed of a whirlwind. The alarm was immediately given; the walls were lined with soldiers; and preparations were made to resist these men, who, though invisible, were supposed to be enemies.

Suddenly, on coming within gunshot, the horsemen halted, the dust dispersed, and the garrison perceived with delight that all these men wore the Mexican uniform. A quarter of an hour later, eighty lanceros, each carrying an infantry-man behind him, entered the fort, amid the deafening shouts of the garrison and the farmers, who had sought refuge behind the walls. It was the succour requested by the Captain, and sent off from San Estevan by Colonel Don Gregorio.

CHAP. VI.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

IN Spanish America, and especially in Peru and Mexico, all the Creoles of the pure white breed pretend to be descended in a straight line from the first Conquistadors. We have no need to discuss this claim, whose falsehood is visible to any man at all conversant with the sanguinary history of the numberless civil wars—a species of organized massacre—which followed the establishment of the Spaniards in these rich countries.

Still, there are in America some families, very few in number it is true, which can justly boast of this glorious origin. Most of these families live on the estates conceded to their ancestors—they only marry among themselves, and only interfere against the grain in the political events of the day. With their eyes turned to the past, which is so full of great memories for them, they have kept up the old traditions of the chivalrous loyalty of the time of Charles V., which are forgotten everywhere else. They maintain the national honour unsullied, and those patriarchal virtues of the old time which they alone still practise with a proud and simple majesty.

The Creoles, half-breeds, and Indians, in spite of the hatred they affect for their old masters, and the principles of so-called republican equality which they profess with such absurd emphasis in the presence of strangers, feel for these families a respect bordering on veneration; for they seem to understand inwardly the superiority of these powerful natures, which no political convulsion has been able to level or even bind, over their own vicious decrepid natures, which have grown old without ever having been young.

A few leagues from Arispe, the old capital of the Intendancy of Sonora, but now greatly fallen, and only a second-class city, there stands like an eagle's nest, on the summit of an abrupt rock, a magnificent showy mansion, whose strong and haughty walls are crowned with *Almenas*, which at the time of the Spanish conquest were only permitted to families of the old and pure nobility, and they alone had the right to have battlements on their houses.

This fortress-palace—which dates from the first days of the conquest,

and whose antiquity is written on its walls, which have seen so many bullets flatten, so many arrows break against them, but which time, that grand destroyer of the most solid things, is gradually crumbling away by a continuous effort, under the triple influences of the air, the sun, and rain—has never changed masters since the day of its construction, and the chiefs of the same family, on dying, have ever left it to their descendants.

This family is one of those to which we just now referred, whose origin dates back to the first conquerors, and whose name is Tobar de Moguer—(Moguer was added at a later date, doubtless in memory of the Spanish town whence the chief of the family came).

In 1541, Don Antonio de Mendoça, Viceroy of New Spain, organized the expedition to Cibola, a mysterious country, visited a few years previously by Alvaro Nunez, Cabeça of Vaca, and about which the most marvellous and extraordinary reports were spread, all the better suited to inflame the avarice and unextinguishable thirst for gold by which the Spanish adventurers were devoured.

The expedition, consisting of 300 Spaniards and 800 Indian allies, started from Compostella, the capital of New Galicia, on April 17, 1541, under the orders of Don Francisco Vasquez Coronado. The officers nominated by the Viceroy were all gentlemen of distinction; among them as standard bearer was Don Pedro de Tobar, whose father, Don Fernando de Tobar, had been Majordomo-Major in the reign of Jane the Mad, mother of the Emperor Charles V.

We will only say a few words about this expedition, the preparations for which were immense; and which would have doubtless furnished better results, and proved to the advantage of all, had the chief thought less of the immense fortune he left behind in New Spain, and more of the immense responsibility weighing upon him.

After innumerable fatigues, the expedition reached Cibola, which, instead of being the rich and magnificent city they expected to see, was only a wretched insignificant village, built on a rock, and which the Spaniards seized after an hour's fighting. Still, the Indians defended themselves bravely, and several Spaniards were wounded. The General himself, hurled down by a stone, would have been infallibly killed, had it not been for the devotion of Don Pedro de Tobar and another officer, who threw themselves before him, and gave their chief time to rise and withdraw from the fight.

The Spaniards, half discouraged by the extraordinary fatigue they were forced to endure, and the continual deceptions that awaited them at every step, but still urged on by that spirit of adventure which never deserted them, resolved after the capture of Cibola to push further on and try their fortunes once again. Thus they reached, with extreme difficulty, the last country visited by the Cabeça de Vaca, to which he had given the name of the Land of Hearts (*tierra de los Corazones*)—not, as

might be supposed, because the inhabitants had seemed so gentle and amiable, but solely because, at the period of his passing, the only food they offered him had been stags' hearts.

On reaching this place the Spaniards halted. Don Tristan d'Arellano, who had taken the command of the army in place of Don Francisco Coronado, who was ailing from the wound received at Cibola, seeing the rich and fertile appearance of this country, resolved to found a town, which he called San Hieronimo de los Corazones. This town was, however, almost immediately abandoned by the Spaniards, who carried the various elements further, and started a new town, to which they gave the name of Senora, afterwards corrupted into Sonora, which eventually became the name of the province.

During this long expedition Don Pedro de Tobar distinguished himself on several occasions. At the head of seventeen horsemen, four foot soldiers, and a Franciscan monk of the name of Fray Juan de Padella, who in his youth had been a soldier, Don Pedro de Tobar discovered the province of Tutaliaco, which contained several towns, the houses being of several storeys. All these towns, or rather, villages, were carried by storm by Don Pedro, and the province was subjugated in a few days.

When, twenty years after, the Viceroy, wishing to recompense Don Pedro's services, offered him estates, the latter, who held Sonora in pleasant recollection, asked that land should be granted him in this province, which reminded him of the prowess of his youth, and to which he was attached by the very fatigues he had undergone and the dangers he had incurred. During the twenty years that had elapsed since Coronado's expedition, Don Pedro had married the daughter of Don Rodrigo Maldonado, brother-in-law of the Duke of Infantado, and one of his old comrades in arms. As Don Rodrigo had settled in Sonora, Don Pedro, in order to be near him, took up his abode on the site of Cibola, which had long been destroyed and abandoned, and built on the crest of the rock the magnificent Hacienda del Toro, which, as we have said, remained for centuries in the family, with the immense estates dependent on it.

Like all first-class haciendas in Mexico, El Toro was rather a town than a simple habitation, according to the idea formed in Europe of private estates. It comprised all the old territory of Cibola. On all sides its lofty walls, built on the extremity of the rock, hung over the abyss. It contained princely apartments for the owners, a chapel, workshops of every description, store-houses, barracks, quarters for the pious, and carals for the horses and cattle, with an immense *huerta*, planted with the finest trees and the most fragrant flowers. In a word, it was, and probably still is, one of those gigantic abodes which appear built for Titans, and of which the finest feudal châteaux in the Old World offer but an imperfect idea.

The fact is, that at the time when the conquerors built these vast residences, inhabitants were sparse in these countries, as is indeed the case

now. The owners having their elbows at liberty, could take what land they liked, and hence each ultimately became, without creating any surprise, possessors of a territory equal in size to one of our counties.

It was in 1811, twenty-nine years before the period when our story begins, at the dawn of that glorious Mexican revolution the first cry of which had been raised on the night of September 16, 1810, by Hidalgo—at that time a simple parish priest in the wretched town of Dolores, and whose success, sixteen months later, was so compromised by the disastrous battle of Calderon, in which countless bands of fanatic Indians were broken by the discipline of the old Spanish troops—that the most sensible men regarded it as an unimportant insurrection—a fatal error which caused the ruin of the Spanish domination.

But, on November 25, 1811, the day on which we begin this narrative, the insurgents had not yet been conquered at Calderon; on the contrary their first steps had been marked by successes; from all sides Indians came to range themselves beneath their banner, and their army, badly disciplined it is true, but full of enthusiasm, amounted to 80,000 men. Already master of several important towns, Hidalgo assembled all his forces with the evident design of dealing a great blow, and generalising the insurrection, which had hitherto been confined to two provinces.

About two in the afternoon, that is to say, the time when in these climes the heat is most oppressive, a horseman, mounted on a magnificent mustang, was following at a gallop the banks of a small stream, half dried up by the torrid heat of the southern sun, and by whose side a few sickly cottonwood trees were withering.

The dust, reduced to impalpable atoms, formed a dense cloud round the horseman, who, plunged into sad and gloomy thought, with pale forehead and brows contracted till they touched, continued his journey without noticing the desolate aspect of the country he was traversing, and the depressing calm that prevailed around him. In fact, an utter silence brooded over this desert: the birds had hidden themselves gasping under the foliage, and no other sound could be heard save the shrill harsh cry of the grasshoppers, which occupied in countless myriads the calcined grass that bordered the road, or rather, the track, the traveller was following.

This rider appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his features were handsome, his glance proud, and the expression of his face haughty, although marked with kindness and courtesy. He was tall and well built; his gestures, which were pleasing, though not stiff, indicated a man who, through his position in the world, was accustomed to a certain deference, and to win the respect of those who surrounded him. His dress had nothing remarkable about it: it was that usually worn by wealthy Spaniards when travelling; still, a short sword in a silver sheath and with a curiously-carved hilt, the only weapon he openly carried, showed him to

be a gentleman; besides, his complexion, clearer than that of the Creoles, left no doubt as to his Spanish origin.

This horseman, who had left Arispe at sunrise, had been travelling, up to the moment we join him, without stopping or appearing to notice the stifling heat that made the perspiration run down his cheek—so deep was he in thought. On reaching a spot where the track he was following turned sharply to the left, his horse suddenly stopped. The rider, thus aroused from his reverie, raised his head and looked before him, with grief, almost despair, in his glance.

He was at the foot of the rock on the summit of which stands the Hacienda del Toro in all its gloomy majesty. For some minutes he gazed, with an expression of regret and sorrow, at these frowning buildings, which doubtless recalled happy memories. He shook his head several times, a sigh escaped from his over-burdened chest, and, seeming to form a supreme resolution, he said, in a choking voice, "I will go;" and letting his horse feel the spur, he began slowly scaling the narrow path that led to the summit of the rock and the hacienda gate. A violent contest seemed to be going on in his mind: his flexible face changed each moment, and reflected the various feelings that agitated him; several times his clenched hand drew up the bridle, as if he wished to check his horse and turn back. But each time his will was the more powerful; he constantly overcame the instinctive repugnance that seemed to govern him, and he continued his ascent, with his eyes constantly looking ahead, as if he expected to see some one whose presence he feared come round an angle of the track. But he did not see a soul the whole way.

When he reached the hacienda gate, it was open, and the drawbridge lowered; but though he was evidently expected, there was no one to bid him welcome.

"It must be so," he murmured sadly. "I return to my paternal roof, not as a master, but as a stranger, as a fugitive—an accursed man, perhaps."

He crossed the drawbridge, the planks of which re-echoed his horse's footfall, and entered the first court-yard. Here, too, there was no one to greet him. He dismounted; but, instead of throwing the bridle on his horse's neck, he held it in his hand and fastened it to a ring in the wall, saying, in a low, concentrated voice,—

"Wait for me, my poor Bravo; you, too, are regarded as an accursed one: be patient; we shall doubtless soon set out again."

The noble animal, as if understanding its master's words and sharing in his grief, turned its delicate intelligent head toward him, and gave a soft and plaintive whine. The young man, after giving a parting glance at his steed, crossed the first yard with a firm and resolute step, and entered a second one considerably larger. At the end of this court two men were standing motionless on the first step of a magnificent marble

staircase, apparently leading to the apartments of the master of the hacienda.

On seeing these two men, the young horseman drew himself up; his face assumed a gloomy and ironical expression, and he walked rapidly toward them. They still remained motionless and stiff, with their eyes fixed on him. When he was but a few paces from them, they uncovered by an automatic movement, and bowed ceremoniously.

"The Marquis is waiting for you, Senor Conde," one of them said.

"Very good," the strange visitor answered; "one of you can announce my arrival to his lordship, my father, while the other will guide me to the apartment where I am expected."

The two men bowed a second time, and with heads still uncovered, preceded the young man, who followed with a firm and measured tread. On reaching the top of the steps, one of the servants hurried forward, while the second, slightly checking his speed, continued to guide the horseman. When the footsteps of the first man died out in the immense corridors, the face of the second one suddenly lost its indifferent expression, and he turned suddenly round, his eyes full of tears.

"Oh, my young master!" he said, in a voice broken by emotion, "what a misfortune! Oh, Heavens! what a misfortune!"

"What?" the young man asked anxiously; "has anything happened to the Marquis? Or is my lady mother ill?"

The old servant shook his head sadly. "No," he answered; "Heaven be blessed! both are in good health: but why did you leave the paternal mansion, your lordship? Alas! now the misfortune is irremediable."

A cloud of dissatisfaction flitted across the young man's forehead.

"What has happened so terrible during my absence, Perote?"

"Does not your excellency know?" the servant asked in amazement.

"How should I know, my friend?" he answered mildly. "Have you forgotten that I have been absent from the hacienda for two years?"

"That is true, excellency;—forgive me, I had forgotten it. Alas! since the misfortune has burst upon us, my poor head has been so bad."

"Recover yourself, my good fellow," the young man said kindly; "I know how much you love me. You have not forgotten," he added with a bitter sorrow, "that your wife, poor Juana, nourished me with her milk. I know nothing; am even ignorant why my father ordered me so suddenly to come hither. The servant who handed me the letter was doubtless unable to tell anything, and, indeed, I should not have liked to question him."

"Alas! excellency," the old servant continued, "I am myself ignorant why you have been summoned to the hacienda; but Hernando, he may know."

"Ah!" said the young man with a nervous start, "my brother is here then?"

"Did you not know it?"

“Have I not already told you that I am utterly ignorant of everything connected with this house?”

“Yes, yes, excellency. Don Hernando is here, and has been here a long time. Heaven guard me from saying anything against my master’s son; but perhaps it would have been better had he remained at Guadalajara, for all has greatly changed since his arrival. Take care, Sir, for Don Hernando does not love you.”

“What do I care for my brother’s hatred?” the young man answered haughtily. “Am I not the elder son?”

“Yes, yes,” the old servant repeated sadly, “you are the elder son and yet your brother commands here as master. Since his arrival, it seems as if everything belonged to him already.”

The young man let his head sink on his chest, and remained for some minutes crushed; but he soon drew himself up, with flashing eye, and gently laid his hand on the old servant’s shoulder.

“Perote,” he said to him affectionately, “what is the motto of my family?”

“What do you mean, excellency?” the man-servant asked, startled at the singular question his master asked him.

“You do not remember it,” the young man continued, with a smile, as he pointed to an escutcheon over a door. “Well; look, what do you read there?”

“What does your excellency want?”

“Read,—read, I tell you.”

“You know that motto better than I do, as it was given to one of your ancestors by King Don Fernand of Castile himself.”

“Yes, Perote, I know it,” he replied in a firm voice; “and since you will not read it, I will repeat it to you. The motto is: ‘Everything for honour, no matter what may happen.’ That motto dictates my conduct to me; and be assured, Perote, that I will not fail in what it orders me.”

“Oh, your excellency, once again take care. I am only a poor servant of your family, but I saw you born, and I tremble as to what may happen in the coming interview.”

“Do not be anxious, my old friend,” he answered, with an expression of haughty pride, full of nobleness. “Whatever may happen, I will remember not only what I owe to the memory of my ancestors, but also what I owe to myself; and, without going beyond the limits of that obedience and respect those who gave me birth have a right to, I shall be able to defend myself against the accusations which will doubtless be brought against me.”

“Heaven grant, Sir, that you may succeed in dissipating the unjust suspicions so long gathering in the minds of your noble parents, and carefully kept up by the man who, during your life-time, dares to look with an eye of covetousness on your rich inheritance.”

“What do I care for this inheritance?” the young man exclaimed

passionately. "I would gladly abandon it entirely to my brother, if he would cease to rob me of a more precious property, which I esteem a hundred times higher—the love of my father and my mother."

Old Perote only answered with a sigh.

"But," the young man continued, "let us not delay any longer. His lordship must be informed of my arrival; and the slight eagerness I seem to display in proceeding to him and obeying his orders will probably be interpreted to my injury by the man who has for so many years conspired my ruin."

Yes, you are right; we have delayed too long as it is; come, follow me."

"Where are you taking me?" the young man remarked. "My father's apartments are not situated in this part of the hacienda."

"I am not leading your excellency to them," he answered sorrowfully.

"Where to, then?" he asked, stopping in surprise.

"To the Red Room," the old servant remarked in a low voice.

"Oh!" the young man muttered; "then my condemnation is about to be pronounced."

Perote only answered by a sigh; and his young master, after a moment's hesitation, made him a sign to go on; and he silently followed him, with a slow step that had something almost solemn in it.

CHAP. VII.

THE FAMILY TRIBUNAL.

THE Hacienda del Toro, like many feudal mansions, contained one room which remained constantly closed, and was only opened on solemn occasions. The head of the family was conveyed there to die, and remained on a bed of state till the day of his funeral: and the wife was confined there. There, too, marriage contracts were signed. In a word, all the great acts of life were performed in this room, which inspired the inhabitants of the hacienda with a respect greatly resembling terror; for on the few occasions on which the Marquises de Tobar found themselves compelled to punish any member of their family, it served as the tribunal where the culprit was tried and sentence pronounced.

This room, situated at the end of the eastern wing of the hacienda, was a large hall of oblong shape, paved with alternate large black and white slabs, and lighted by four lofty windows, which only allowed a gloomy and doubtful light to penetrate.

Tapestry, dating from the fourteenth century, and representing with all the simplicity of the age the different episodes of the mournful battle of Xeres—which delivered Spain to the Moors, and in which Don Rodrigo, the last Gothic king, was killed—covered the walls, and imprinted an indescribable character of sepulchral majesty on this cold and mournful

hall, which was probably called the "Red Room" from the prevalence of that colour in the tapestry work.

The young Count de Tobar had never entered this room since the day of his birth; and, however far back his thoughts reverted in childhood, he never remembered to have seen it open. Hence, in spite of all his courage, and the firmness with which he had thought it wise to arm himself for this decisive interview with his father, he could not restrain a slight start of fear on learning that his parents were prepared to receive him there.

The folding doors were open, and on reaching the threshold the young man took in the room at a single glance. At one end, on a *daïs* covered with a *petate*, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tobar were seated, gloomy and silent, beneath a canopy of black velvet with gold fringe and tassels. Candles, lit in tall many-branched candelabra, in order to overcome the habitual gloom of the room, threw their flickering light on the aged couple, and imparted to their faces an expression of sternness and harshness that probably did not belong to them.

At the foot of the *daïs*, and almost touching it, stood a young man of three to four and-twenty, with handsome and distinguished features, whose elegant attire contrasted with the simple dress of the aged couple: this gentleman was Don Hernando de Tobar, younger son of the Marquis. A footman, the same who had preceded the Count in order to announce his arrival to his master, took a step forward on perceiving the young man.

"El Senor Conde, Don Rodolfo de Tobar y Moguer," he said, in a loud and marked voice.

"Show in the Count," the Marquis said, in a voice which, though broken, was still powerful.

The man-servant discreetly retired, and the door closed upon him. The Count walked up to the foot of the *daïs*: on reaching it, he bowed a second time, then drew himself up, and respectfully waited till it pleased his father to address him.

So profound a silence prevailed for some minutes in the room, that the hearts of the four persons might have been heard beating in their bosoms. Don Hernando took cunning side-glances at his brother, whom the aged couple examined with a mixture of sadness and severity.

The young Count, as we said, was standing motionless in front of the *daïs*. His posture was full of nobility, without being in any way provocative: with his right foot in front, his hand on his sword-guard, and the other holding his hat, whose long feather swept the ground, and his head slightly thrown back, he looked straight before him, without any display of arrogance or disdain. He waited, with a brow rather pale, it is true, owing to the internal emotion he felt; but the expression of his features, far from being that of a culprit, was, on the contrary, that of a man convinced of his innocence, and who expects to see his conduct approved rather than blamed.

“ You have arrived then, Senor Conde,” the Marquis at length said sharply.

The young man bowed, but did not answer.

“ You did not display any great eagerness in obeying my invitation.”

“ My lord, I only received very late last night the letter you did me the honour to send me,” the Count answered gently. “ This morning before sunrise I mounted my horse, and rode twenty leagues without stopping, so anxious was I to obey you.”

“ Yes,” the Marquis said ironically, “ I know that ; for you are a most obedient son—in words if not otherwise.”

“ Excuse me, my lord,” he replied, respectfully, “ but I do not understand to what you deign to allude at this moment.”

The old gentleman bit his lips angrily. “ It is because we probably no longer speak the same language, Senor Conde,” he said dryly ; “ but I will try to make myself better understood.”

There was a silence, during which the Marquis seemed to be reflecting.

“ You are the elder son of the family, Sir,” he presently continued, “ and, as such, responsible for its honour, which your ancestors handed down to you unsullied. You are aware of this, I presume ?”

“ I am, my lord.”

“ Since your birth your sainted mother and myself have striven to place before you only examples of loyalty ; during your childhood we took pleasure in training you in all the chivalrous virtues which for a long succession of centuries have been the dearest appanage of the race of worthies from whom you are descended. We continuously kept before your eyes the noble motto of our family, of which it is so justly proud. How is it, then, Sir, that, suddenly forgetting what you owe to our care and the lessons you received from us, you suddenly, without your mother’s permission or mine, abandoned without any plausible motive the paternal roof, and that, deaf to the remonstrances and tearful entreaties of your mother, and rebellious against my orders, you have so completely separated your life from ours, that, with the exception of the name you continue to bear, you have become a perfect stranger ?”

“ My lord !” the young man stammered.

“ It is not an accusation I bring against you, Don Rodolfo,” the Marquis continued, quickly ; “ but I expect a frank and honourable explanation of your conduct. But, take care, the explanation must be clear and unreserved.”

“ My lord,” the Count answered, throwing up his head proudly, “ my heart reproaches me with nothing : my conduct has been ever worthy of the name I have the honour to bear. My object, in obeying your orders so eagerly, has not been to justify myself, as I am not guilty of any fault, but to assure you of my respect and obedience.”

An incredulous smile played round Don Hernando’s mouth, and the Marquis continued with the same tone of frigid sternness—

"I expected another answer from you, Sir. I hoped to find you eagerly seize the opportunity my kindness offered you to justify yourself in my sight."

"My lord," the young man replied respectfully, but firmly, "in order that the justification you demand may be possible, I must know the charges brought against me."

"I will not press this subject for the present, Sir; but since, as you say, you profess such great respect for my orders, I wish to give you an immediate opportunity to prove your obedience to me."

"Oh, speak, father!" the Count exclaimed warmly; "whatever you may ask of me——"

"Do not be over-hasty in pledging yourself, Sir," the Marquis coldly interrupted him, "before you know what I am about to ask of you."

"I shall be so happy to prove to you how far from my heart are the intentions attributed to me."

"Be it so, Sir. I thank you for those excellent feelings; hence I will not delay in telling you what you must do to reinstate yourself in my good graces."

"Speak,—speak, my lord!"

The old man, cold and impassive, still regarded his son with the same stern look. The Marchioness, restrained by her husband's presence, fixed on the young man eyes filled with tears, without daring, poor mother, to interfere on his behalf. Don Hernando smiled cunningly aside. As for Don Rodolfo, his father's last words had filled him with fear; and in spite of the pleasure he affected, he trembled inwardly, for he instinctively suspected a snare beneath this pretended kindness.

"My son," the Marquis continued, with a slight tinge of sadness in his voice, "your mother and I am growing old. Years count double at our age, and each step brings us nearer the tomb, which will soon open for us."

"Oh, father!" Don Rodolfo exclaimed.

"Do not interrupt me, my son," the Marquis continued, with a commanding gesture. "You are our first-born, the hope of our name and race: you are four-and-twenty years of age; you are handsome, well built, instructed by us in all the duties of a gentleman: in short, you are an accomplished cavalier, of whom we have just reason to be proud."

The Marquis paused for a little while. Don Rodolfo felt himself growing more and more pale. His eyes turned wildly to his mother, who sorrowfully bowed her head, in order that his anxious glance might not meet hers. He was beginning to understand what sacrifice his father was about to demand of his filial obedience, and he trembled with terror and despair. The old man continued, in a firm and more marked voice—

"Your mother and I, my son, may be called away soon to appear before the Lord; but as I do not wish to repose in the tomb without having the satisfaction of knowing that our name will not die with us,

but be continued in our grandchildren—this desire, which I have several times made known to you, my son, the moment has now arrived to realize; and by marrying, you can secure the tranquillity of the few days still left us to spend on this earth.”

“Father——”

“Oh, re-assure yourself, Count,” the old gentleman continued, pretending to misunderstand his son’s meaning. “I do not intend to force on you one of those marriages in which a couple, united against their wish, only too soon hate one another through the instinctive aversion they feel. No; the wife I intend for you has been chosen by your mother and myself with the greatest care. She is young, lovely, rich, and of a nobility almost equal to ours;—in a word, she combines all the qualities necessary not only to render you happy, but also to revive the brilliancy of our House and impart a fresh lustre to it.”

“Father!” Don Rodolfo stammered again.

“My son!” the Marquis continued, with a proud intonation in his voice, as if the name he was about to utter must remove all scruples; “my son, be happy, for you are about to marry Dona Aurelia del Torre Azul, cousin in the fifth degree of the Marquis del Valle.”

“Oh, my son!” the Marchioness added, entreatingly; “this alliance, which your father so dearly desires, will soothe my last days.”

The young man was of livid pallor. He tottered, his eyes wandered hesitatingly around, and his hand, powerfully pressed to his heart, seemed trying to stifle its beating.

“You know my will, Sir,” the Marquis continued, not appearing to perceive his unhappy son’s condition. “I hope that you will soon conform to it: and now, as you must be fatigued after a long ride in the great heat of the day, withdraw to your apartments. To-morrow, when you have rested, we will consult as to the means of introducing you to your future wife as soon as possible.”

After uttering these words, in the same cold and peremptory tone he employed during the whole interview, the Marquis prepared to rise.

By an effort over himself the young Count succeeded in repressing the storm that was raging in his heart. Affecting a tranquillity he was far from feeling, he took a step forward, and bowed respectfully to the Marquis.

“Pardon me, my lord,” he said, in a voice which emotion involuntarily caused to tremble, “but may I say a few words now?”

The old gentleman frowned.

“Did I not say to-morrow, Sir?” he answered, dryly.

“Yes, my lord,” the young man answered sadly; “but, alas! if you do not consent to listen to me to-day, to-morrow may be too late.”

“Ah!” said the Marquis, biting his lips with a passion that was beginning to break out, “and for what reason, Sir?”

“Because, father,” the young man said firmly, “to-morrow I shall have left this house never to re-enter it.”

The Marquis gave him a thundering look from under his grey eye-lashes.

"Ah, ah!" he exclaimed; "then I was not deceived; what I have been told is really true."

"What have you been told?"

"Do you wish to know?" the old gentleman exclaimed furiously. "After all, you are right; it is time that this pitiable farce should end."

"Sir,—Sir!" the Marchioness said, with deep grief, "remember that he is your son—your first-born!"

"Silence, madam!" the old man said harshly; "this rebellious son has played with us long enough; the hour of punishment has pealed, and, by Heaven! it shall be terrible and exemplary."

"In GOD'S name, Sir," the Marchioness continued, "do not be inexorable to your child. Let me speak to him; perhaps you are too harsh with him, although you love him. I am his mother; I will convince him, and induce him to carry out your wishes: a mother can find words in her heart to soften her son, and make him understand that he ought not to reject his father's orders."

The old man seemed to hesitate for a moment, but immediately recovered.

"Why should I consent to what you ask, madam?" he replied, with a roughness mingled with pity; "do you not know that the sole quality, or rather, the sole vice, of his race which this rebellious son has retained is obstinacy? You will get nothing from him."

"Oh, permit me to say, Sir," the old lady continued, in a suppliant voice, "he is my son as well as yours. In the name of that love and that unswerving obedience you have ever found in me, I beseech you to let me make a final attempt to break his resistance, and lead him penitent to your feet."

"And then, my lord," Don Hernando; who had hitherto remained an apparent stranger to all that was taking place, remarked in a mocking voice, "perhaps we are mistaken; do not condemn my brother without hearing him; he is too good a gentleman, and of too old a family, to have committed the faults of which he is accused."

"That is well, Hernando; I am delighted thus to hear you undertake your brother's defence," said the old lady, smiling through her tears, and deceived by his words.

"Certainly, mother; I love my brother too dearly," the young man said, ironically, "to let him be thus accused without proof. That Rodolfo has seduced the daughter of the principal Cacique of the Opatas and made her his mistress is evident, and known to all the world as true, but it is of very little consequence. But what I will never believe until it is proved to me, is, that he has married this creature, any more than I will put faith in the calumnies that represent him not only as one of the intimate friends of the Curate Hidalgo, but also as one of his most active and influ-

ential partisans in this province. No; a thousand times No! A gentleman of the name and blood of Tobar knows too well what honour demands to commit such infamy! Acting so would be utter apostasy, and complete forgetfulness of all that a noble Castilian owes to himself, his ancestors, and that honour of which he is only the holder. Come, Rodolfo; come, my brother, raise your head: confound the calumniators; give a solemn denial to those who have dared to sully your reputation! One word from you, but one that proves your perfect innocence, and the storm unjustly aroused against you will be dispersed; my father will open his arms to you, and all will be forgotten."

During this speech, whose deep perfidy the Count recognized, he was suffering from extreme emotion. At the first words his brother uttered, he started as if he felt the sting of a viper; but, gradually his anger had made way for contempt in his heart; and it was with a smile of crushing disdain that he listened to the emphatic and mocking conclusion.

"Well, my son," the Marquis said, "you see, everybody defends you here, while I alone accuse you! What will you answer to prove your innocence to me?"

"Nothing, father;" the young man said coolly.

"Nothing?" the old gentleman repeated, angrily.

"No, father!" he continued; "because, if I attempted to justify myself, you would not listen to me; and that, supposing you consented to listen to me, you would not comprehend me. Oh! do not mistake my meaning," he said, on seeing the Marquis about to speak, "you would not understand me, father, not through want of intellect, but through pride. Proud of your name and the privileges it gives, you are accustomed to judge men and things from a peculiar point of view, and understand honour in your own fashion."

"Are there two sorts of honour, then?" the Marquis exclaimed involuntarily.

"No, father," Don Rodolfo answered, calmly, "there is only one; but there are two ways of comprehending it: and my brother, who a moment back told you without incurring your disapproval that a gentleman had the right to abuse the love of a maiden and make her his mistress, but that the honour of his name would forbid him marrying her, seems to me to have studied the point thoroughly, and is better able than I to discuss it. As you said yourself, father, we must come to an end. Well, be it so. I will not attempt to continue an impossible struggle with you. When I received orders to come to you, I knew I was condemned beforehand, and yet I obediently attended your summons; it was because my resolution was irrevocably formed. What am I reproached with? Having married the daughter of an Indian Cacique? It is true; I avow openly that I have done so: her birth is perhaps as good as mine, but most certainly her heart is greater. What is the next charge—that I am a friend of the Curate Hidalgo, and one of his firmest adherents? That is also true; and

I am happy and proud of this friendship : I glory in these aspirations for liberty, with which you reproach me as a crime. Descendants of the first conquerors of Mexico, this land, discovered and subjugated by our fathers, has become our country : for the last three centuries we have not been Spaniards, but Mexicans. The hour has at length arrived for us to shake off the yoke of this self-called country, which has so long been battenning on our blood and tears, and enriching itself with our gold. In speaking thus to you, my venerated father, my heart is broken, for Heaven is my witness that I have a profound respect and love for you. I know that I am invoking on my head all the weight of your anger, and that anger will be terrible ! but, in my sorrow, one sublime hope is left to me. Faithful to the motto of our ancestors, I have done everything for honour : my conscience is calm ; and some day—soon, perhaps—you will forgive me, for you will see that I have not failed in fealty.”

“Never !” the Marquis shouted, in a voice the more terrible, because the constraint he had been forced to place on himself, in order to hear his son’s speech to the end, had been so great. “Begone ! I no longer know you ! You are no longer my son ! Begone !—villain ! I give you my——”

“Oh !” the Marchioness shrieked, as she threw herself into his arms ; “do not curse him, Sir ! Do not add that punishment to the one you have inflicted on him. The unhappy boy is already sufficiently punished. No one has the right to curse him ; a father less than any other—for in that case it is GOD who avenges.”

The Marquis stood for a moment silent and gloomy, then stretched out his arms to his son, and shook his head sadly.

“Begone !” he said in a hollow voice. “May God watch over you—for henceforth you have no family. Farewell !”

The young man, pale and trembling, bent beneath the weight of this sentence ; then rose and tottered out of the room without saying a word.

“My son !—my son !” the Marchioness exclaimed, in a heart-rending voice.

The implacable old man quickly stopped her at the moment when, half-mad with grief, she was rushing from the daïs, and pointed to Don Hernando, who was bowing hypocritically to her.

“You have only one son, madam,” he said, in a harsh voice, “and that son is here.”

The Marchioness uttered a cry of despair, and, crushed with grief, fell senseless at her husband’s feet ; who, also overcome in this fearful struggle of pride of race against paternal love, sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands, while a mighty sob escaped from his bosom.

Don Hernando had rushed after his brother, not for the purpose of consoling or bringing him back, but solely not to let the joy be seen which covered his face at this mournful scene, all the fearful incidents in which he had been so long preparing with feline patience.

THE TEMPTING ANGEL.

'TWAS night : the moon was beaming
 Along the azure sea,
 Where spectral forms were gleaming
 In ceaseless revelry.

When on a cliff a mortal stood,
 A man of care was he,
 Who peered upon the rolling flood
 With eye of mystery.

He spake not but he heaved a sigh
 And gazed along the main,
 Then turned toward the starry sky,
 And sighed and gazed again.

When from the deep ascending,
 Amidst a wreath of flame,
 Her upward course attending,
 A tempting spirit came.

Her face was pale though very fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shone,
 Yet seemed there something in her air
 Unlike a holy one.

A dagger in her hand she bore,
 Its hilt a costly gem ;
 And on her head this spirit wore
 A sparkling diadem,

The mortal soon the spirit saw,
 His breast for fear he smote,
 Then turned he from the rock to go,
 When thus the phantom spoke :—

“ Mortal, this dagger take ! Nay, grow not pale,
 To every child of sorrow thus I fly.
 Haste : fear not—doubt not—lift the shadowy veil
 That hangs between thy clouded eye and immortality.

’Tis time to die !

“ Fear not, fear not Eternity to try.
 Strike—boldly strike ! and leave this home of clay ;
 When, then like me, a spirit shalt thou fly
 Midst stars, and suns, and orbs of light, to take thy heavenward way.
 Come, Mortal, come !

UNDER THE SEA AND THROUGH THE EARTH.

To one uninitiated in the practical working of the science of Electricity, the *modus operandi* of transmitting electrical signals or telegrams from one spot to another, through no matter what distance of sea or land intervening, is an object of wonder, and, until thoroughly studied and comprehended, appears somewhat akin to the fabulous; nor is this feeling of the marvellous at all diminished even when the exploits of this wonderful agent are fully understood.

The writer was invited some time ago to the instrument-room at the central station of the Submarine Telegraph Company, to witness an experiment of sending a telegram over the longest distance of land, and through the greatest extent of sea that was then possible,—this was to the Island of Corfu, a distance of more than 1,500 miles.

A continuous wire was joined up from London to that island, but as the wire would be necessarily suspended from hundreds of poles, extending over such a great distance, and where perhaps at every connection a small amount of electric fluid would escape; and as, moreover, the wire never fully discharges itself, for a portion of electricity always lags on the way and eventually returns home again: the charge would not last out to reach its destination without some additional assistance on the road. It therefore becomes necessary in such operations to refresh and invigorate the lightning, as in the old slow time a man would water his horses on the road, or as the Brighton "Age" would, in its then wonderful journies, "change horses in half a minute."

To provide this assistance, instruments called *relays* were placed at distant intervals along the line, the object of which was to receive the nearly exhausted current of electricity, revive it instantaneously with additional strength, and send it on to the next relay, and so on till it arrived at its destination.

In order fully to realize this wonderful achievement, we will trace the progress of a message along the route from London to Corfu.

The transmitting instrument in connection with the battery generating the electricity is set in motion. A flash of electricity is liberated, and wings its way along an insulated wire, under the busy streets of London, and under the now quiet turnpike roads to Dover, then under the surging waves through the submarine cable, peacefully lying at the bottom of the Channel, to Calais, where it mounts up to land again, traverses the intermediate country to Paris, picks up a relay of electricity charged from a local battery in waiting to revive its now languishing strength; and, re-invigorated, pursues its silent and instantaneous flight through cities and towns without stopping, but every now and then receiving assistance and new life, till it arrives at Turin; thence on to Genoa, from whence with increased power it dashes through the submarine cable, 100 miles in length, to Corsica, rushes over this island in the quickness of a thought,

descends again into the sea, across the Straits of Bonifacio to Sardinia, up on land again, through villages, and over the Gallura Mountains, where the deadly malaria fever lurks, that killed so many men in its construction, to the easternmost point of this island; then again taking a header through another submarine cable lying at the bottom of the deepest part of the Mediterranean to Malta, over its rocky ridges to the other side, from whence it finally flashes through another submarine cable under the sea to its destination, Corfu; doing the whole distance of 1,500 miles in *two seconds and a-half*, and passing over, in its transit, some of the highest mountains in Europe, as well as five times descending more than a mile's depth into the ocean.

The estimated speed at which electricity travels is at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second.

But the coming back of this mysterious agent is still more wonderful than its guided transit along the wire; for there it has an operator, philosopher, guide, and friend to direct its course; but now it returns home again, not along a conductor supplied by man's ingenuity, but alone through the earth. "This world is all before it where to choose," for, after it has reached its destination and recorded its symbolic mission, it is transmitted down a wire, sunk in the earth for that purpose, to find its mysterious way back to the spot from whence it started, and passes up another wire similarly placed in the ground, again into the presence and power of the operator; for, until it has arrived at home, the electric circuit is not completed and no signal is given.

Wave after wave of electricity was transmitted, until the whole message of some twenty words had been communicated to the island of Corfu; the transit of the whole occupying six minutes; then a brief interval, and click, click, the serpentine length of paper unwinds itself, containing the reply, which came back in even less time than the message sent.

Fortunate was it for the science of telegraphy that this experiment was made just at that time, for it was fated not to be repeated over the same route again.

The cable between Sardinia and Malta, 300 miles in length, broke soon after, either from the chafing upon a ridge of coral, or, not improbably from the action of a submarine volcano. From the same cause the Corfu soon followed the example of fragility, and, owing to the great depths of the Mediterranean, both cables have defied all efforts to repair them. They have now been abandoned, the Company deeming it expedient to change the route, and the communication is now kept up with Malta and Corfu by cables from Sicily.

Another wonderful instance of the marvellous facility of transmitting thoughts by the aid of the lightning has just been recorded. At a telegraph *soirée* given by Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., at his residence in Hyde Park, on the 26th March last, the Earl of Shaftesbury sent on a message to St. Petersburg, inquiring after the health of the Emperor of Russia, and in

four minutes he received word from the banks of the Neva, a distance of 2000 miles, that he was in good health.

It was then proposed that the correspondence should proceed along a line making a tour of the whole of the Continent of Europe, and return through France to the starting-point in London.

St. Petersburg gave the signal that they had connected the wire from London, which passed through Berlin on to Moscow. Moscow immediately did the same to Kiev, in Southern Russia. From here it extended through the vast tract of territory intervening to Temeswar, an important fortified town in Southern Hungary, near the frontier of Turkey; thence through Trieste, Venice, to Verona. From Verona it was telegraphed that the projected circuit of correspondence could not be completed, in consequence of an accident to the lines westward, between there and Turin.

But the telegraph lines as above described, extending from London to Verona, completed an unbroken circuit of upwards of *five thousand miles*, through which messages passed as instantaneously as though the distance was only a few miles: relays of electricity being placed along the line at various intervals ready to be picked up as before mentioned.

This achievement is unparalleled in the annals of the science of telegraphy.

The wires of the Submarine Telegraph Company were extended for this occasion to Mr. Gurney's drawing-room, thereby placing an instantaneous communication to all the capitals of Europe at the disposal of the guests.

The great but short-lived success of the Atlantic cable, although disheartening for the time, is cheering to the projectors of a new line, from the certain and established fact that the causes of the last failure can be entirely guarded against for the future, and a final success predicted as a certainty.

In fact, so many improvements have been made both in the manufacture and mode of working submarine cables, that distance and speed of transmission appear to have now no limit, for to such perfection has the paying out machinery been brought, that perfect success is only a question of fine weather.

Since the Atlantic cable was laid, several long deep-sea telegraph lines have been safely submerged, and worked with great success in the Mediterranean.

The danger attending these operations required much more engineering skill and attention than the paying out of a line would along the almost level plateau existing between Ireland and Newfoundland: because the bottom of the Mediterranean presents the same geographical formation as the Alps. At one time the cable is resting on the top of a submarine mountain, while at another it makes an almost perpendicular descent of more than a mile's depth to reach the bottom of the ocean; yet in spite of this difficulty, no less than 2,340 miles of telegraphic cable has been

successfully laid and worked during the last two years—viz., between France and Algiers, Toulon and Corsica, Corfu and Otranto, Malta and Alexandria.

This fact at once indisputably establishes the entire practicability of laying and successfully working a telegraph cable between Great Britain and America.

The working of submarine cables has also undergone a complete change; instead of a large quantity of electricity being transmitted at one time to overcome the resistance of the wire, the wave now communicated is as small and as weak as possible, so as not to wear out the cable unnecessarily. The practice of the science has also demonstrated that positive currents of electricity, or those generated from the copper pole of the battery, are better adapted to the working of submarine cables than the use of the negative currents, or those from the zinc pole of the battery, or both alternately, which, it has been observed, will soon find out the weak and defective places, and destroy the cables at those particular parts.

It was this that, in a measure, accelerated the fatal pause in the Atlantic cable, as every current sent along it literally only made matters worse by increasing the injuries which the cable had received previous to its submersion.

One of the modes of discovering the whereabouts of an injury to a submarine cable is extremely simple; viz. by sending a current of electricity along the wire, and then by observing, upon an instrument called a galvanometer, the amount of electricity which returns, as in every case when a current is sent along a wire, the full discharge of that quantity does not take place at the other end, but small particles of electric fluid linger along the wire, and return to the instrument which sent it. Therefore, if the injury is near at hand, the return current will be comparatively small, because the greater part will have escaped into the sea; but if the injury be several miles away, the return current will be increased, as more of the electricity will have lingered along the wire in its transit over a greater distance, and only a small quantity will have arrived at the fault, and passed away, and by a mathematical calculation based upon these results, the distance of the fault is determined.

The cable is then dragged for about the spot indicated until it is found, then hauled on board, repaired, spliced, and dropped into the sea again. This is an operation requiring great care, experience, and judgment. At a recent repairing operation in the case of the Belgian cable, which was broken by a ship's anchor a short time since, it was found that, although the large iron wires of the outer covering were broken, as well as the internal copper conductor, yet so tenacious was the gutta percha, that it resisted the enormous strain, allowing itself to be literally drawn out from the size of a piece of macaroni to a shred of vermicelli, thus adding another fact to those already established of its indestructibility under water, and its superiority over all other insulating materials for submarine cables.

After a cable has been submerged some time it becomes encrusted frequently to the size of a man's body, with thousands of muscles, zoöphytes, marine algæ, and infusoriæ. In the case of the cable laid along the Norwegian coast by the enterprising fishermen of that country, for the purpose of enabling them to telegraph from point to point the arrival of the herring shoals, the manager reports that a portion of it, being required to be taken up temporarily, was found to be encrusted to nearly the thickness of a man's body, with beautiful coral formations and other forms of carbonate of lime, and the lime-producing animals had made a nucleus of the external iron for the purpose of mooring themselves to the bottom and carrying on their work. Thus protected, were it not for ship's anchors, it may remain undisturbed to the end of time, as in no instance has gutta percha been found to decay under water, which appears rather to improve than deteriorate its insulating properties.

The very first cable ever laid, which was from Dover to Calais in 1851, is as good and as perfect as on the day it was finished.

Of the five proposed telegraph routes to America, viz.—from Ireland to Newfoundland; France to the Island of St. Pierre, and thence to Newfoundland; Spain to Madeira, the Azores, and the Brazils; the Faro Islands, Iceland, and Greenland to Newfoundland; and lastly, the Russian overland route to unite the south of China with America—the first decidedly has the precedence over the others for various and obvious reasons, one of the number being that it would be under British control, both ends landing on English territory, and also that it has been *un fait accompli*.

That from France to St. Pierre has the next best chance of being carried out, as it is said the Emperor Napoleon is most anxious to have it done, and has offered a guarantee of 7 per cent. upon the capital, conditionally upon the cable continuing in working order.

Then comes the Spanish scheme, which, from the great distance to be traversed, will require such a large amount of capital that the traffic must be very great to make it pay, even if the enormous capital required were ever subscribed. The Queen of Spain has, however, granted the projectors a guarantee, and has intimated her wish to become the first shareholder.

Next is the northern route *viâ* Iceland and Labrador, of which so much has been put forward lately by the parties interested, but which is the least likely of any of the routes to be successfully carried out, as the temperature and magnetic influences may prove an insurmountable obstacle to the successful working of electrical instruments in those desolate regions, so frequently agitated by snow-storms and volcanoes, independently of the danger to the cables from the grounding of icebergs.

Lastly, there remains the proposed route through Russia and Asia, which at present appears thoroughly impracticable, not only from the great extent of land to be traversed, but also from the depredations of turbulent tribes inhabiting those uncivilized regions.

The telegraph instrument now universally adopted is an improved

arrangement of that invented by Professor Morse, and which records its telegrams in ciphers of long and short dashes upon a continuous slip of paper.

The old system of the vibrating needle instruments patented by Professor Wheatstone and Mr. Cooke is now very little used, as the constant watching of the vibration of the needles produces an injurious effect upon the eye of the operator. After laborious service, and especially after service at night, the retina is frequently so affected that for a considerable time all small objects appear double and shrouded in a haze.

Another system invented by Sir Charles Bright has been successfully adopted by the British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company, viz. that of telegraphing by sound produced on two small bells, the *employés* deciphering the signals by listening with their ears instead of watching with their eyes.

It is reported that the Post-office authorities have proposed to the Government to buy up all the telegraph lines in England, and that the whole system should be transferred to them, and every post-office in town and country should become a telegraph office—a uniform rate and postal system being adopted. A similar plan was suggested to the Government of the late Sir Robert Peel in 1845, by Mr. J. W. Brett, who has done so much for telegraphy in introducing and establishing the invention of the submarine telegraph, and although hundreds of patents have been taken out for different kinds of cables, the original spiral form of twisted wires for the outer covering originally adopted by Mr. Brett still keeps its ground.

T. A. MASEY.

FOR THE YOUNG OF THE HOUSEHOLD.
IN COZY NOOK.

THE ORANGE PEEL.

BY ANGELICA VON LAGERSTRÖM.

CHAP. I.

GOD BLESS YOU!

LAZARO lost his father and mother when nine years old, and there was in the wide, wide world no one to take care of him. But the boy's mind was a pious and an energetic one, and he had a strong wish to take care of himself, and to be of some use to others. So, after father and mother were buried, he went resolutely and knocked at several doors, asking for work. But when the people looked at the young boy, who had "*no work to do*," they said, "God bless you! you are too young for work;" and so they shut their doors in his very face. Now most other boys, in a similar position, would have thought this cruel, not so Lazaro. He liked to hear "God bless you!" and thanked the people in his very heart for saying it. "As so many good people gave me their blessing," thought he, "I will cheer up, and I will try to go to some other place, where it is more likely for young fellows, like myself, to find work." He fastened a little bag over his shoulders, put his last crumbs of bread in it, and started for a long journey. Having heard it said that Naples was a fine place and that plenty of work was to be had, the courageous boy started for that city, never thinking whether he was able or not, to walk for several days and to find his way. "God is everywhere," thought he! "what harm can befall me?"

The first day of his journey was almost a pleasant one; he satisfied his hunger with his crumbs of bread, and drank heartily from a clear running stream, and when it was night, he sought and found a shelter on the soft grass under a gigantic tree. Neither man nor beast did him any harm.

On the second day, alas! his bread was all consumed, and towards evening Lazaro felt very hungry. The road was hot and dusty, and far and wide no wanderer to be seen. A feeling of loneliness and sadness crept over him, tears started in his eyes, but suddenly recollecting his invisible travelling companion, he said imploringly, "Oh my God! I am hungry, give me something to eat."

"Thank you! thank you!" added he, almost in the same breath, for at the very moment he saw a great many chestnuts marking the path, where half an hour before a man had driven some mules, laden with large sacks of chestnuts. One of the sacks being torn, the chestnuts had dropped out one by one. Lazaro picked them up and filled his little sack with them.

What a nice supper they made with some eggs, which Lazaro found in a bird's nest, and which he took without any scruple. He felt sure they were put there on purpose for him.

The third day was still hotter, and Lazaro had walked for hours, without finding any brook or river to quench his burning thirst. His lips were dry and almost black, and his feet were swollen and sore. In vain he tried to go further, to reach the houses he saw at some distance before him. He sat

down on the road's side, leaning his poor head against a trunk of a tree ; he felt giddy and fainted away. His last thought was—" I am *not* alone, God will help me !"

And he helped indeed. A young girl came singing along, carrying home a large jug of fresh milk, and seeing Lazaro she went up to him. She knelt down by his side and kindly supporting his head with one arm, she brought the jug close to his lips and entreated him to drink. She had to repeat her request several times before Lazaro heard her. At last he opened his large black eyes, looked vacantly around, but suddenly fixing them on the rosy face of the girl and the refreshing milk, he drank to his heart's content of the draught which *the Angel* offered to him. For what could it be but an Angel, sent by the Invisible to whom he had appealed at the moment he had fainted away ?

CHAP. II.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

ON and on he walked again, and though he had gone through rough places, through fatigue and exhaustion, he had never been discouraged, not even when the last day before reaching Naples, a hard-hearted woman had turned him out of her house, where he had asked and found refuge the preceding night. His pale face and gentle expression had awakened the sympathy of a servant ; she had given him shelter from the drenching rain, but scarcely had the mistress of the house found out this guest, who had not even as much as a farthing to pay her with, when she, without more ado, or without giving him a morsel of anything for his breakfast, bade him to be gone. Hungry and sorrowful he sat down on a stone in front of the inhospitable inn.

He had not been there for many minutes, when an elegant carriage drove up with a pair of well-fed horses. Out of the carriage stepped a very young gentleman and a fine girl of about Lazaro's age. They did not enter the inn, but ordered some oranges and cakes to be brought out of doors, where they sat down while the horses were taken care of by their servants.

It seemed that the young gentleman looking out for some amusement, thought our Lazaro might furnish him with it, and to begin with, he threw his orange peel into the boy's face.

Lazaro did not betray any anger, but stooping down quietly, he picked up the peel and put it into his bag.

" Dirty fellow !" cried the young gentleman, and again and again pelted him, notwithstanding his sister's repeated—

" For shame, Luigi, how can you do so ?" spoken with the sweetest voice our little hero ever heard.

Lazaro put all the orange peel into his bag, and being at last asked by his elegant molester, why he did so ? he answered : " Mother used to say everything may come to use some day."

Master Luigi thought these simple words most absurd, and upbraiding poor Lazaro with epithets like " stupid beggar," &c., against which his sister in vain remonstrated, he at last said to her :

" Do not be silly, Annunziata, the fellow will soon tell you himself that I judge him right well ;" and holding out a small piece of money, he called Lazaro and said :

“Come hither, and own yourself that you are a dirty, beggarly boy, and this shall be yours.”

Lazaro's face grew crimson, and, with a gentle but firm voice, he answered—

“I shall never say so, because it is not true.”

“Idiot!” cried the fine young gentleman, and murmuring something about “settling the bill,” he entered the house leaving his sister with Lazaro.

The two children looked at each other. Annunziata with a sweet, gentle expression, as if to ask forgiveness; Lazaro with the same seriousness with which he was wont to look up to the pictures of Saints, on the road, before which he had said his prayers often.

“What is your name?” asked the young girl.

“Lazaro,” answered the boy.

“Lazaro, do forgive my brother's rudeness, his heart is not so bad; only — will you forgive him?”

“*I will!*” was the brief, but firm answer.

“And (here Annunziata came nearer) take this from me,” giving him a silver coin of the value of half-a-crown. She was going to say something more, when Luigi re-appeared, ordering the horses to be put to, scolding the servants, and quarrelling with the landlord.

Annunziata stepped into the carriage, Luigi took the reins, and as the wheels rolled on, she was nodding to Lazaro, whilst her brother menaced him with the whip.

CHAP. III.

A BARGAIN.

ANNUNZIATA'S gift proved a talisman for the rest of our young friend's journey. It is true, it was with much regret he parted with it, for he would have liked very much to have it as a remembrance of the fairest and kindest being he had ever seen. But, alas! the most pressing necessities did not allow of such a luxury.

When he arrived at Naples it was night—a lovely, warm Italian night. He went up the steps of a fine cathedral, and leaning his back against a pillar of the portico, the substitute for the friendly trees which had so often supported him during his pilgrimage, he looked up at the dark blue sky, and the golden stars, and thought of his father and mother, of his old home, never to be known again, of Annunziata, and so fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, it was still very early, and he walked up and down, watching the opening of the shops and private houses. The first shop which was opened, and before which he stood, was that of a distiller. The master, after having put every thing in its proper place, dusted the counter and windows, and then looked leisurely into the streets, hoping, perhaps, to see some customer approaching. He saw none, but he noticed Lazaro.

“Do you want anything? Can I help you?” asked the good-natured man.

Lazaro lifted his cap, and opening his bag, in which he still had the orange peel, he said:

“I was thinking whether you could make use of this?” showing the orange peel. “Don’t you make oil of it?”

The distiller laughed, and answered: “Certainly; give me ten thousand times this quantity, and I could make some use of it. Did you really mean to offer me *this* for sale?”

Poor Lazaro replied, “He did;” and he repeated his mother’s saying, “that everything may come to use some day.”

The boy looked so innocent and was so handsome that Signor Miazzo commenced a little chat with him. He asked him where he came from, and where he intended to go; and was not a little astonished to find that Lazaro was a traveller looking out for work, where people would employ such boys as he.

After a little private talk with his wife who, however, did not look half as kind as Signor Miazzo, Lazaro was asked whether he would like to learn the trade of a distiller; and whether he would be a good boy and do the errands of the house.

To all questions he most gladly said, “Yes, Sir!” and ten minutes later he threw off his bag, washed his hands and face, and partook of a good breakfast which Signor Miazzo himself had prepared for him.

Happy, happy Lazaro! He felt as if he could go through fire and water to please his kind master, who, however, never asked for such a proof of his protege’s attachment.

CHAP. IV.

ROSARIES.

FOUR years were happily and industriously spent under the almost paternal care of Signor Miazzo, when, to Lazaro’s unspeakable grief, death suddenly bereaved him of his beloved master. The proverb says, “Misfortune seldom come alone;” and Lazaro had to experience the truth of the saying; for almost immediately after his master’s death the widow began to ill-treat him. She had never liked him, but rather looked upon him as an intruder, and grudged him every kindness bestowed upon him by her husband. Now she gave words to those feelings she had not dared to express during the lifetime of Signor Miazzo. She called him bad names; and roused by Lazaro’s silent forbearance, she at last went so far as to tell him the sooner he left her the better. Then filling his little old bag, which he had kept in remembrance of past times, with little, green oranges, she scornfully said, “Here, take this, and begone! You only brought us some orange peels when you came, I give you oranges in return.”

What could Lazaro do but go? His heart sank in his breast when the door shut behind him; the door which, four years ago, had been so hospitably opened to him.

Lazaro had some time before made the acquaintance of a neighbour of Signor Miazzo, a turner by trade. To him he went and told him what had happened to him.

The old man listened quietly, and then said, “You have sometimes asked me to teach you a little of my art, and I noticed you to be a clever and handy boy; stop with me, and I will give you easy work to do, which will pay for your maintenance.”

Lazaro gladly accepted the offer.

The old turner was a sharp-witted man, and knew that our young friend was quite able to gain more than his maintenance. This *more* he did not think wrong to put into his own pocket, as a reward for what he chose to call his benevolence.

One day, after Lazaro had been some months with the turner, the bag with the little green oranges fell into his hands. He looked at them, and thinking of his favourite saying, "that every thing may come to some use," he wondered to what use this hard fruit might come, when suddenly he himself found an answer to the question.

He chose the smallest, and all of equal size, polished them nicely; by means of his wheel, bored a little hole in each, and put them, after a certain fashion, on a string.

In this way he made several rows of beads, and called them *Rosaries* (chaplets of beads), and on the next Saint's day he offered his Rosaries for sale, at the church door.

He sold them all, and went home with a handful of silver coins, and besides half-a-dozen of "*Orders for the new green Rosaries.*"

Signora Miazzo little thought, when putting the unripe fruit into Lazaro's bag, what good fortune it would bring to the boy, whom she disliked so much. He was soon obliged to change his little bag for a larger one, for large were the supplies of green oranges Lazaro bought, and turned into rosaries. They were even sent to foreign countries. No wonder that Lazaro in a short time made a small fortune. After having well paid the turner for his apprenticeship, he established for himself, working industriously, a little like Jack-of-all-trades.

CHAP. V.

A BEGGAR EATING ORANGE PEEL.

LAZARO was nineteen years old, when he was told one day, by a great fruit merchant, that the Court at St. Petersburg, was going to give many grand fêtes in the course of the year, and Russia being no country for fine fruit, they wanted several shiploads of oranges from Italy.

"As I am not able to go myself," said the merchant, "I want some trustworthy person for this transaction; and having known you for years as such, and besides, one who knows something about oranges, I was thinking whether you would like to do the business for me. I will give you a handsome dividend."

Lazaro thanked the merchant for thinking of him, and acceded most gladly to his propositions. To see a little more of the world, to increase his knowledge and his fortune too—all that pleased him very much—and in less than a fortnight he was on his way to St. Petersburg, along with a cargo of oranges and other southern fruits.

As it is not our intention to follow our young friend's life as a fruit-merchant; it will suffice to say, that he was most fortunate in this transaction, as well as in every thing he undertook, and being indefatigable in his worldly pursuits, he was almost a rich man before he had finished his twenty-fourth year. By this time he had returned to Naples, after an absence of some years. He had now seen so much of foreign lands, that he quite longed to settle in his own beautiful country.

One evening while walking through the streets of Naples, feeling himself almost a stranger amongst his countrymen, he noticed a man of most wretched appearance, picking up and eating some orange peel from what was not much better than a dunghill. Lazaro turned away with disgust and was about to proceed farther, but comparing his own happiness with such wretchedness, he took some coin out of his purse and gave it to the beggar (for such the man appeared to be), when he greedily seized the gift without scarcely thanking the giver. Lazaro thought he knew that face, but could not in the least remember when and where he had ever seen it.

"I think I must have seen you before," said he. "Are you from this country?"

"Yes, Sir, from Italy, though not exactly from Naples. But I have not always been what you see me now. I was once a wealthy man." And hereupon he began to tell Lazaro the tale of a most miserable life. In spite of all the trouble the man took to prove himself merely a rather wild young fellow, and to lay all the blame on his relations, who, to believe him, were the cause of his deplorable condition, Lazaro saw clearly that there stood before him a young man, who by gambling, drinking, and a dissipated life, had not only brought himself from a wealthy position to this wretched one, but had likewise drawn down to all but ruin, an old mother and a sister, whom he accused of selfishness, because they tried to keep up their own respectability.

CHAP. VI.

A DISCOVERY.

LAZARO shuddered with disgust at the sight of such misery, and wishing to be of some use to the man's family, he inquired where they lived?

"Ah! in a nice house, to be sure," was the man's answer. "They are very well off and keep up appearances. Mother gets up at six o'clock and begins brushing and washing and cleaning, and Annunziata stitches away from sunrise to sunset. She gains quite enough with her needle, but as for thinking of me, of her brother—not a bit! It is all selfishness and conceit."

Annunziata! Could it be she! She whom he had never forgotten, whose memory he had kept as sacred as that of a saint. And could *this man* be Luigi! that proud youth, who had thrown his orange peel into Lazaro's face? If so, he owed to him almost his present success, for had it not been for the orange peel he never would have known Signor Miazzo, his kind benefactor.

All these thoughts crossed his mind while watching the man who still continued groping with a stick in the dunghill before which he stood.

Lazaro tried to compose himself and asked,

"Is not your name Luigi?"

"Yes, Sir. How do you know my name? I do not know you!"

"Can you lead me to your mother?"

"Well, I think I can, provided you will pay me for the trouble. But, mind, you go to a queen and a princess, who do not allow me to introduce friends of mine, so you had better not name me. Say you want some plain work done. *Annunziata* is famous for it. What heaps of money she makes by it. But all for herself. Nothing for her poor brother."

When they had arrived before a very small but respectable looking house, Luigi stopped and said, "Here we are, and now for my reward! Do not be stingy, you have to do with a gentleman!"

Lazaro scarcely knew what he was doing as he emptied his purse into Luigi's dirty hand, so much confused was he at the idea of entering the house of his beloved one. Sancta Annunziata had he often called her in his mind, true Italian boy as he was.

Luigi gazing at the money shouted aloud, and straightway proceeded to one of those horrible dens, where he passed his days and nights drinking and gambling.

CHAP. VII.

INNUMERABLE COLLARS AND POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

LAZARO entered and saw a venerable matron whose hair had become white with grief before her time; and he saw also Annunziata!

She was no longer a fair and rosy child, but a gentle and beautiful maiden with large melancholy eyes and marble white complexion. Still he thought he would have known her amongst thousands, had he seen nothing but her sweet smile and her dimpled cheeks.

He ordered some plain work; for this advice of Luigi's proved to be of service to him, and he had even so much self control as not to say anything more at his first visit. He wanted to regain his composure, and he waited to hear more of her and her family.

He succeeded in gaining all the information which told the tale of a small family ruined by the excesses of a wicked son. It would have given much satisfaction to Lazaro's heart to improve, at least, Annunziata's and her mother's position, which, in spite of Luigi's saying, was very far from being a comfortable one. But the mother was a proud Roman lady, and refused any other help but that of being employed by him. Even after a scene of recognition between Lazaro and Annunziata, who well remembered the poor boy so badly treated by Luigi, but scarcely could identify him in the elegant young man before her. *Even then*, he would not have dared to offer the stately matron any pecuniary assistance; so he ordered innumerable collars and pocket handkerchiefs, trusting that some day he might make use of them all.

Meanwhile he earnestly meditated whether there was no help for Luigi. There was indeed none; he had fallen too deeply ever to be reclaimed; therefore, when he at last fell a victim to some disease brought on by his intemperance, his death could only be a happy relief to his family.

And to this family belonged Lazaro; for long before Annunziata's nimble fingers had finished half of all the collars ordered by our young friend, and which she intended to have uncommonly well done, she was Lazaro's happy wife; and never was there a more united and congenial couple.

The old matron who had suffered so much through her prodigal son, almost regained her youthful strength and cheerfulness under the blessed roof of her honest and generous son-in-law—who respected and loved in her his own mother, whom he had lost so early, but to whose memory he paid an unceasing tribute.

THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

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[CIRCULAR.]

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VISION AND ITS INSTRUMENTS.

PART I.

VISION AS A FUNCTION.

BY DR. SCOFFERN.



THE human organism is mostly too recondite in its nature, for the operation of it to be readily understood; or the parallelism (when such exists) between it and the grosser mechanism of human hands, to be put in evidence. In what manner the brain ministers to the sensorial faculty is a mystery still unexplained; nay, it perhaps cannot be logically demonstrated that the brain ministers in any way to the sensorial faculty. Passing on to the more material organs of animated structure, the mystery that surrounds most of them is hardly less complete. Take the liver for example: the appointed destiny of that viscus is obvious; its function being to eliminate bile from the blood. So much we know; but here, at this point, is our finality. By what obstruse chemistry the liver does its appointed work is a secret that physiology has not revealed. The heart is more plain-spoken in its operations. In it we see the mechanism of a force-pump illustrated, and, so to speak (reversing the order of things by a pardonable liberty of illustration) copied. But he who would see the fulness of mechanical design, illustrated by the animal organism, should scrutinize the eye. Here, accepting the visual organs of man, and other mammals as the highest type of animated optical development, may be found revealed, and anticipated, all the optician resources. Herein may be found anticipated many

ripe fruits of optical research ; herein may be seen the application of laws that such men as Newton and Descartes pondered on for many years before the revelation was vouchsafed. Herein may be found points of cunning handicraft, which Man in his feebler instruments—the telescope and microscope—has hitherto been unable to copy or apply.

Light, that glorious emanation, by virtue of which, things are made visible, comes streaming towards the eyes with the enormous velocity of 192,000 miles in a second of time. There can be no question as to the truth of the estimate. The result is arrived at by two wholly, distinct, and independent trains of evidence. Certain observations relative in the eclipse of Jupiter's first or nearest satellite—and to be fully adverted to presently—confirm it ; as also do other observations relative to what is called the "aberration of light." The precise line of evidence in either case can be made readily comprehensible ; and first, in regard to the teaching of the Jovian moon's eclipse. Accept then the following popular illustration : we shall learn the application of it by and bye. The Circus at Astley's is just 42 feet across. Let the reader fancy himself to be situated in the middle front box ; an equestrian rides round the ring, leaping through a hoop in his career. Once let us imagine he leaps through the hoop when *nearest* to the middle front ; once again when *farthest* from it. With these data before us, let the postulate be begged, and granted, that light, by which all things are made visible, travels *not* with the velocity of 192,000 miles in a second, as already indicated ; but with the laggart pace of only 42 feet (the width of Astley's Circus), in the same time. This being so, then will it follow, that when the hoop is jumped through farthest away from the front box spectator, the time of its visual announcement to him will be exactly one second too late, and this, for the reason that light—according to our assumption—occupies just one second in travelling across 42 feet of space.

This gross illustration impressed on the mind, we will effect a transference of ideas. For Astley's equestrian ring, let it be competent for us to substitute the orbit of our planet, the diameter of which is just 192 millions of miles. At one time, then it follows we must be just 190 millions of miles nearer to Jupiter than at another time ; and, supposing one of the Jovian satellites to become eclipsed, the visual announcement of such eclipse to earth's astronomers looking on, will be just 16 minutes and 26 seconds earlier, if occurring when we are nearest to Jupiter, than it would had we been at the farthest possible distance (within the limit of our orbit) away from Jupiter. This of course is based upon the assumption that light travels 192,000 miles in a second.

In respect of light aberration, and the method by which the velocity of light has been deduced from it, the following simple illustration may answer our purpose. If some heavy body—a stone, for example—be dropped from the mast-head of a steam-ship at rest, it will fall at the foot of the mast, provided disturbing causes be absent. But were it possible

to drop the heavy body from the mast-head of a steamer at rest, and then suddenly impart motion to the steamer, by means of paddle or screw, then evidently the heavy body would fall, not exactly at the mast foot, but some short distance behind the latter.

To apply our illustration, be the fact remembered that all things visible—heavenly bodies amongst others—are rendered visible by light which falls—drops, figuratively so to speak—into our eyes. But whilst the light is falling our earth, ourselves, our eyes, are passing, translated on. Hence it follows we do not see distant heavenly bodies—fixed stars, for instance—by virtue of the light now emanating from them, but by virtue of the light that emanated from them some time ago; that time proportionate to distance. But between then and now, we have been translated on in space; the angular relative position of the earth and any fixed star, taken at random for sake of illustration, has altered, and inasmuch as the visual relation between two objects varies according to the angle of vision, we never see the fixed stars in their true places, because of the time which light takes to travel. Now, the angular difference between the point in space to which a fixed star should be referred, and to which it seems referable, is the measure of the aberration of light, and this aberration being a function of velocity, we again by this train of reasoning deduce that light travels with the amazing velocity of 192,000 miles in a second of time.

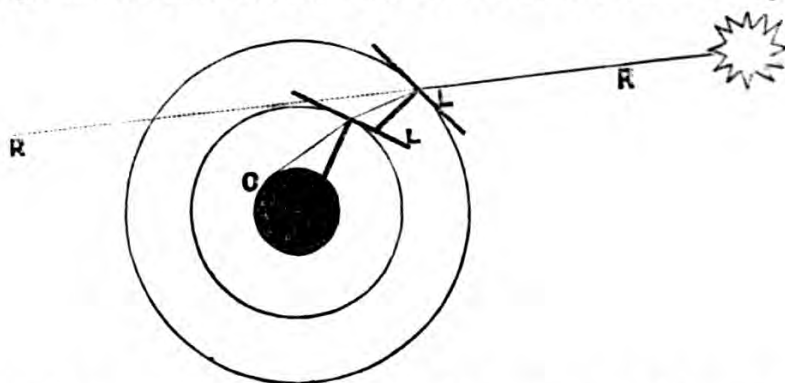
To have established the fact that light takes time to travel, was not merely useful in an astronomical sense, but morally or metaphysically also. It imparts confidence to the human mind, by proving that the subtle agent, though intangible, belongs to the category of material essences.

Though the velocity of the travelling of light may be considered as absolutely determined within small limits of error; yet concerning the nature of it nothing with certainty is known. Experiment, analogy, argument *à priori*, and *posteriori*, all tend, however, to create the absolute belief that light, strictly analogous to sound, is nothing else than a succession of waves, propagated in a certain attenuated something which physicists, for want of a better name, agree to call “ether.” To assume the existence of an agent in order to explain a phenomenon, is not indeed quite Baconian; but in truth philosophers are not driven to this strait. Certain heavenly bodies are known to experience retardations, the only plausible explanation of which is based on the presence, in space, of some retarding medium. Here is evidence plausible, if not irrefragable, of the assumed universal ether.

Granting now the assumptions (all but universally conceded) that light is nothing else than a succession of expanding waves; that each different colour of light corresponds to its own particular size of wave—the very natural question to arise is this. “What is a ray of light?” How can the idea of rectilinear force be reconciled with the undulatory theory? On this point there is no real difficulty. It is easy to assume conditions under which a succession of waves shall act, after the fashion that light is known to act, namely, in straight lines; but the steps of evidence

involve mathematical considerations unsuited to the present occasion. Leaving the explanation unattempted, as we may, all optical science begins with recognition of the well-known fact that light does act in straight lines, provided always that the transmitting medium remains unchanged. With every change in the density of the transmitting medium comes bending or refraction, and thus bending or refraction is invariable, following certain well-known laws, which will have to be understood before the philosophy of eye-construction, in the higher orders of animals at least, can be comprehended.

Our planet is surrounded by an atmosphere which grows rarer and rarer proportionate to elevation. The reason is obvious. Every layer of

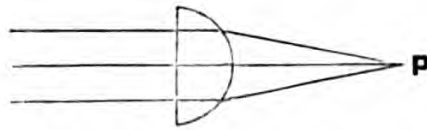


air is, so to speak, pressed upon by the aggregate of superincumbent layers. Of course, the very word layer is a figure of speech. Really, there can be no such condition as that of layers; the blending being complete. Still, for practical purposes, it is well to assume the existence of layers. This answers every necessary purpose of illustration as will presently become manifest. A ray of light, so to call the rectilinear luminous agency R , is bent by virtue of transmission through these atmospheric layers from the course $R R$ it would have taken, had there been no atmosphere downward to the point O . This effect supplies conditions for illustrating the law of refraction or bending.

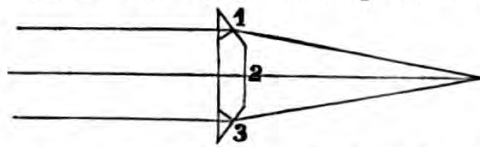
The point of impact, for the surface of each ideal layer, may be contemplated as being an infinitesimally small plane. Enlarging that plane for the sake of visual illustration, let us fancy one edge of either plane to be represented by a corresponding line l ; if perpendicular to this plane, we draw an imaginary line, then the law of refraction at once becomes revealed. Light, passing from a rarer to a denser medium, becomes refracted towards the perpendicular, and *vice versâ*.

This law understood, the prime philosophy of lenses at once becomes comprehensible. A lens as we all know is a transparent body, having at least one curved surface; that curve being either concave or convex. For the sake of illustration, let us now take one of the simplest lenses or plano-convex, it will have a shape represented by the accompanying diagram. The general effect of such a lens on three rays of light streaming from the point P will be as repre-

sented. But wherefore so? What is the reason of it? If we only contemplate the law of refraction, just enunciated, the reason will stand disclosed.



Although the convex surface of a plano-convex lens is really a curve, yet we may logically enough assume that curve to be made up of an infinity of small planes; and adopting a grosser similitude still (one logical enough nevertheless), we may assume these planes reduced to the minimum; which is obviously three. Under the above assumption our plano-convex lens will have assumed the following aspect.

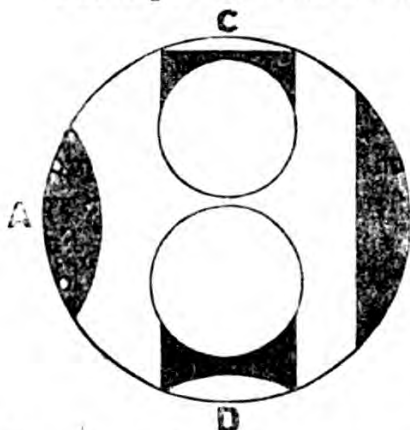


To the curves 1 and 3, perpendiculars have been drawn, and inasmuch as the material of the lens is denser than air, rays of light impinging should bend each towards a perpendicular to the surface of the transmitting material. Inspection of the diagram proves this to have been the case; herein then do we find our explanation. Whatever may be the form or variety of lens operated upon, the same law will be found to hold good.

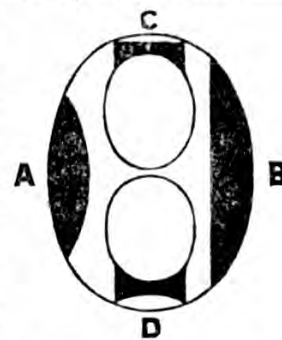
For the present it will be well for to assume what really is *not* the case—that all light is of one simple or primitive colour, blue, yellow, or red, at the student's option. Such an assumption is necessary for the reason that the transmission of light, through lenses, involves two distinct kinds of aberration, namely, spherical and chromatic. So long as we prosecute our inquiries under the assumption that only primitive lights exist, we eliminate the functions of chromatic aberration, and may restrict our observations to spherical aberration. Hence, the propriety of this way of treating the subject.

Lenses usually have reference to the sphere, as in the diagram below.

The respective lenses A and B are readily seen to be cut out (so to speak)



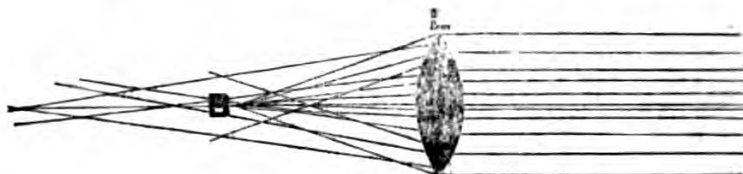
of a sphere; whereas C, D are recognised as concave forms, made lenticular by the cutting out of a portion of planes from them. A lens need not necessarily, however, have reference to a sphere. The primitive



form instead of spherical may be oval, the oval possessing any degree of ellipticity. Then the A, B, C, D of this figure are lenses

equally with A, B, C, D of the last. If lenses have reference to a sphere they are said to be spherical lenses, and involve the function now to be discussed, called "spherical aberration."

To render what is meant by spherical aberration manifest, let the following diagram be considered. It represents a bundle of parallel rays impinging on the lens L, and mostly concentrated to one point or focus, as it is technically called B. *Mostly*, but not entirely; some wander



beyond B, scattered or aberrated; and inasmuch as this sort of scattering is purely attributable to the spherical origin of the lens, very appropriately it is denominated "spherical aberration."

Now it will be at once perceived that the amount of this aberration increases enormously as the edges of the lens are approached. If we were to cut off such of the light as falls upon the lens, towards its edge—which can rapidly be done by a perforated diaphragm, thus: spherical aberration would be avoided almost wholly, even though a spherical lens were used. Pausing now, to see how closely Nature has followed the deductions of philosophers—or rather how closely opticians have followed the indications of Nature, the reader, by looking into the first human eye that comes convenient for observation, may see such a perforated diaphragm, as we described, in the iris, the perforation through which is called the "pupil." If afterwards he takes a telescope and views the eyeglass, he will see exactly such an iris and pupil, with this difference, *i. e.*, that whereas the pupil of the eye enlarges and contracts, according to circumstances, by virtue of a beautiful mechanism, the optician—less clever than Nature—can command no such exquisite resource. The optician's iris—he calls it a stop—has an aperture or pupil fixed and unvarying in size; he cannot open or close it.

The philosopher-mathematician, Descartes, directed his attention to the means of obviating this spherical aberration. He calculated the proper curvature of ovals, out of which lenses of different sizes should have reference, so that they might no longer produce spherical aberration. From their originator, these ovals have been called "Cartesian ovals," but opticians have never turned them to account; and for this reason (unknown to Descartes), that though the resource would be perfectly efficient on light of any one simple colour, they would cease to be efficient on rays of confounded light. By Newton the difficulty of making lenses wholly achromatic—wholly competent, that is to say, to yield images true to their natural colour—was deemed insurmountable. Still the eye is an achro-

matic instrument, as we all know; and telescopes and microscopes are now made achromatic. It will be well to consider the means by which this has been accomplished, in order that we may the better appreciate, by and by, the resources Nature has brought to bear in perfecting the human eye.

Though a lens of one simple material—no matter what the particular curve of that lens may be—ever produces chromatic refraction; yet subsequently to Newton's time the important discovery was made, that by using a lens compounded of a sufficient number of different materials, chromatic aberration might be wholly obviated. This result is dependent on the circumstance that different transparent materials have each a different refractive power for different coloured lights.

These preliminary optical facts having been considered, we are now in a position to understand the visual economy as presented to us in different animals.

In certain of the lower orders of the animal creation, the utmost scrutiny of anatomical research has failed to reveal even the most rudimentary eyes. In regard to such animals, the question has been much debated whether they have any perception of light at all; nor can that question even at the present time be looked upon as definitively settled. It is a well known physiological fact, that general organs can, under certain circumstances, and in certain forms of life, perform what are commonly regarded as special functions. Thus, several of the lower animals have no lungs—no special breathing organs of any kind. Breathe they do, nevertheless, and that by means of the skin. Even in the very highest class of animals, Mammalia, the skin is much concerned in the respiratory functions. Many curious demonstrations of this can be adduced. Thus, for example, the immediate cause of death in cases of extensive scalds and burns, is congestion of the lungs; inasmuch as the burned or scalded skin can do no breathing duty at all, the breathing work of the lungs becomes over-taxed. Proving unable to accomplish the extra duty, the lungs suffer, and often so severely that death is the issue. In one of the ceremonial processions at Rome, attendant on the installation of a new Pope, a child, having the whole surface of his body gilt, was paraded. All the functions of the skin were thereby impeded, breathing among the rest; the consequence being death to the child.

With this analogy before us, the idea entertained by some physiologists, that certain of the lower animals, wholly void of eyes, may, nevertheless, be sensitive to luminous influences, will not appear so unreasonable. Having thus far discussed the general principles of vision, it next remains for us to consider the different variety of eyes. This, however, would occupy more space than we can at present devote to the subject. It must be discussed in another paper.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

A ROMANCE.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAP. XVIII.

'A RAT!—A RAT!

WHEN Professor Spraggle retired to rest the second night after his arrival at Tremlett Towers, he found his better half sitting up in bed—her fair person describing the most correct of right angles—with sternness upon her features and a watch in her hand. Every one of the numerous curl-papers which decorated her classic brow, appeared as though it had screwed itself up extra tight for the occasion, and each particular frill of the severely-starched garment which her position displayed, seemed to stand on end with terror, as the learned man stole mildly into the apartment. He was a mighty Don in his University; an object of awe to quaking Undergraduates in “the Schools;” a very lion as he paced “the High” in full Professorial costume; but the gentlest of ewe lambs in the presence of his wife, especially when that authority had assumed her diadem of curl-papers, and sat in awful state, enthroned between the bed-curtains. There was then no hope for him until the morning. He knew that she was shaking her head at him as he entered, for he heard the curl-papers rustling together. They seemed to be ringing a muffled peal in memory of his hope for a night’s rest, which had then departed.

“Spraggle,” said the lady, in a severe tone; “it is a quarter to one o’clock.”

“Is it really, my love? I did not think it could be so late.”

“*Think!*” retorted the injured fair one. “What business have you to think? You know that you are allowed twenty minutes when I retire, and I told you that it was twelve o’clock as I left the room. You’ve been drinking soda-water, Spraggle, with those young men.”

The Professor eagerly repudiated any participation in so wild an orgie.

“I assure you, my dear,” he said, “that you are mistaken. I have touched nothing since you left. The fact is, that I got into a very interesting conversation with Mr. Tremlett, respecting Pre-Adamite literature, and ——”

“Pre-Adamite fiddle-stick’s end!” interrupted his lady. “What do you know about Adam more than you hear in church, or Mr. Tremlett either?”

“But you must know, my dear, that a very learned Russian ——”

“Don’t talk to me, Sir, about your Russians, or your Prussians either,” exclaimed Mrs. Spraggle. “If they teach you to keep your lawful wife awake all night, destroying her health in this way, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. I’ve no patience with people who pretend to know more than their betters. Pre-Adamite literature indeed! Why

you will be wanting to persuade me next that Abel kept a circulating library, and that Noah had a printing-press in the Ark."

The Professor assumed a dignified air, and replied, "I would have you to know, Madam, that——"

"Spraggle! *Spraggle!!* If you go on talking in this incessant manner—if you do not get into bed without one other word, you will put my poor nerves into such a state, that I shall not get a wink of sleep all night."

This was enough. In three minutes the Professor had assumed an horizontal position parallel to his better half, and at the furthest possible distance from her pillow. He had just resigned himself to descending slumbers, when his spouse sprang up into her former angular position, with the agility of a "Jack-in-the-box."

"Spraggle!"

"My love?"

"This is not such a good room as the one we had last night."

"No, my dear," replied the Professor. "Perhaps not; but then, you know, it's very quiet."

"I am not so sure of that. I heard a noise just before you came in,"

"It was somebody going to bed."

"Do you believe it was a tree scraping against the wall, that made the noise last night?"

"Of course it was, my dear. Did not Sir George say so?"

"Then why did he not have the tree cut down?" demanded the lady.

"Cut down, my love?"

"Yes; cut down! Don't repeat my words, Mr. Spraggle, like that."

"Because, my life, he thought it would be best to change us into another room," pleaded her husband, mildly.

"I will not be changed about into different rooms every night, Mr. Spraggle, for you or anybody. My father was a Bishop, and I'm not going to be made nothing of. It's just like your mean-spirited ways to want it."

"My dear," expostulated the poor Professor, "did I *say* I wanted it?"

"I don't care whether you do, or whether you don't," replied his wife, making a hurricane of her curl-papers. "All I say is this—if people are allowed to go about the house, sharpening chisels to-night, I shall pack up my things and leave to-morrow. I will not endure it. There!" and the curl-papers rang out another peal, as the offended lady flopped back again upon her couch.

Half an-hour afterwards, when the Professor was in his first sleep, dreaming of a lecture he was about to give upon his return to Oxford, respecting the use of the Digamma, Mrs. Spraggle again became suddenly rectangular.

"Spraggle!"

"Oh dear! oh dear! What is it my love?"

"There's a noise."

Spraggle groaned.

"Don't presume to groan at me like that, Mr. Spraggle, for I'll not endure it!" exclaimed his better half. "I say, I believe there is a noise."

"Then you are not quite certain, my love?" said the Professor, greatly relieved by the doubt expressed.

"No!" she replied, after a pause. "I can say, conscientiously, that I am *not* quite certain. You may go to sleep again, Spraggle; and if I hear anything I will be sure to wake you."

"Thank you, my dear," said her husband, and again he lapsed into Dreamland, but only to be violently torn once more from its charms. He was dreaming that his great treatise, in fourteen volumes, on the Greek particles, had been given to a discerning public, and that he had been elected Dean of Christ Church by acclamation, but that some one insisted upon pulling his academical gown off his shoulders, just as he was going to be installed. He awoke, and found that it was his wife who was shaking him.

"Whatever may be your conduct towards me, Spraggle," said the lady, as soon as she had thoroughly aroused him, "I shall always be fair and candid towards you. I am not obstinate, like some people I could mention, and do not mind acknowledging myself to be in error. I find that I was mistaken when I woke you and said that there was a noise."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear," said the Professor.

"Of course you are!" retorted his spouse; "of course you are glad to find something which you can throw in my teeth hereafter. I dare say I shall never hear the end of the admission which my truthful nature compels me to make; but I am not going to tell a lie for you, Spraggle, or any one else!"

"Of course not, my love. I——"

"*Will* you let me speak! I was saying, when you interrupted me, that I am determined to tell the truth come what may; and the truth is, that I have not been able to hear *any* noise. I have listened attentively for the last three quarters of an hour, and I can conscientiously affirm that the house is quite quiet. Therefore pray let me go to sleep, Mr. Spraggle, if you do not wish to have me quite ill from want of rest."

So the Professor slept the sleep of the blessed at last.

Nevertheless, the house was *not* quite quiet all that night; though the fact of there being a slight break in the silence cannot be taken to disparage Mrs. Spraggle's highly sensitive acoustic powers, when we consider the distance which separated her from the scene of the disturbance. One of Mr. Tremlett's university friends—a stout young gentleman with white eyelashes and pink hands, who had asserted his ability to sleep anywhere—had been transferred into the chamber originally occupied by the Professor and his wife; and some chaff was indulged in at the expense of the

learned man, when Colonel Vincent and one or two of the least serious of the visitors assembled the next morning in the breakfast-room.

"Well, Mr. Roundleby," said the Colonel, when the stout young gentleman made his appearance; "did the ghost come and sharpen chisels in your room last night?"

"Well, not exactly."

"What do you mean by 'Not exactly.' How did you sleep?"

"Pretty well."

"Is that all? We all thought, from your own account, that you were a lineal descendant of the Seven Sleepers, and that nothing would disturb you."

"Oh, I sleep very soundly as a general rule," replied Roundleby; "only you see when a man *expects* to hear anything, he gets fidgety, and that keeps him awake."

"Did you hear anything, then?" asked his intimate friend, Mr. Octavius Flounder, a profound metaphysician of twenty, and one of dear Francis's most ardent admirers.

"Well, I think—I may say I am sure—quite sure I did."

"What was it?" asked the Colonel, quickly.

"Just such a noise as Mrs. Spraggle described—a grating, scraping sound, as though somebody were at work with a chisel."

"But did you not hear how Sir George accounted for it?" asked Mr. Flounder. "The boughs of the tree that grows outside, by the window, scrape against the wall when swayed by the wind."

"When swayed by the wind, perhaps, they do," said Roundleby "but there was no wind last night—not a breath."

"It was certainly very sultry," mused the metaphysician: "but are you quite sure, my dear Augustus, that you were not misled by fancy? The human mind, in reflecting impressions conveyed by what we vulgarly call our 'senses,' frequently——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted his friend, who apparently was prepared for what was coming. "I dare say it was all fancy—that an ideal something was, by an effort of the imagination, supposed to be rubbed against an ideal something else, and that the result was a purely ideal noise. Nevertheless, it was such a noise as no one could help hearing."

"From whence did it proceed?"

"From the end of the passage."

"Where all that old tapestry hangs?"

"Exactly."

"Why did you not get up and see what was making it?"

"Oh, it was no business of mine."

"I should think anything that kept me awake all night a business of mine," replied the metaphysician.

"What! if it were only an idea? But your usually logical mind has taken a jump, my dear Flounder. The noise—whatever it was—did *not*

keep me awake all night. It lasted at the utmost for about half an hour, and was not continuous. It may have began again, though, after I had fallen asleep."

"I think I can explain the mystery," observed Colonel Vincent, who had been listening to the foregoing conversation. "The sound you describe is very like that which would be made by a rat gnawing through the oak wainscoting."

"But, my dear Colonel," replied Roundleby, "a rat would not take two nights to eat his way through a board, and he would hardly masticate that hard old wood for amusement."

"For amusement, No—from necessity, taught by instinct, Yes," said the Colonel. "Are you not aware that the incisor teeth of the rat grow so fast that it is *obliged* to gnaw to keep them down. Take my word for it now, that you were disturbed by a rat, and don't notice the noise when you hear it again. You can do no good by getting up and driving it away. The rascal will come back to his work when all is silent again, and I dare say—ah, here comes Sir George, he will tell us. Are you troubled with rats here, Sir George?"

"Rats!" exclaimed the Baronet, as he came fussing, as usual, into the room; "I should think so. We have got some of the most ancient families of rats in the country. They breed amongst the hollow floors of the old house, and I am sorry to say that they have overrun the whole building."

"You should have a grand *battue* some day. We had one at Keystone Castle last month, and it was capital fun," said the Colonel.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir George; "a capital thought! So we will—so we will—we'll have a grand *battue*, and you shall manage it—will you?"

"By all means. You have only to order the keepers to bring their ferrets, and a few sharp terriers; and I dare say—" the Colonel continued, turning to Roundleby, "that we shall polish off your enemy amongst the rest."

"Enemy! enemy!—what enemy?" inquired Sir George, looking from one to the other.

"Colonel Vincent thinks that it is a rat which makes that noise in the passage close to my room," replied Roundleby. "By all means begin your *battue* there."

"There!" exclaimed the Baronet: "No, No, No; that would never do. There are no rats about that passage."

"Not behind the tapestry under the skirting boards?" replied the Colonel. "I should have thought *that* the very best place to look for them."

"But pray don't; you are quite mistaken," said Sir George, becoming suddenly flushed and excited. "I—I must ask you, really as a favour, not to—not to move the tapestry. It—it—is very old, and—and—fragile,

and I will—I say I value it highly, and—and there is a great deal of dust accumulated behind—don't you see. So pray do not touch it. Now, will you promise me—will you gentlemen promise me—not to touch this very old, and ha—ha—ha—very dusty tapestry? Because you see,” continued their host without waiting for a reply; “it would be no use doing so—only make a mess—as all the rats are in the new part of the house—every one.”

“Well,” said Colonel Vincent; “we can begin the slaughter there.”

“I think,” replied the Baronet, after a pause, “that it would be hardly worth while; we have trapped so many lately that there are not more than one or two of the creatures about. Now, if you were to go to the granary in the farm-yard, you would find excellent sport.”

“Sport!” exclaimed Colonel Vincent; “my dear Sir George, you do not suppose I consider ratting ‘sport?’ I only suggested it as a means of abating a nuisance, for I certainly understood you to say that your house, and especially the older part of it, was infested with those vermin; but, of course, you know best, and I may be mistaken.”

“Oh, quite so—quite so—quite so. Ah! here are the ladies,” and the Baronet hearing the distant rustle of silk, fussed away into the hall, received his fair guests, and passed back with them into the breakfast-room.

“And so we really were successful in finding you a comfortable room, my dear Mrs. Spraggle? I am so glad! You were not disturbed again?”

“No, Sir George, I am happy to say that I was not,” replied the lady. “It was very good of you to prevent the recurrence of that odious noise.”

“And yet,” replied the Baronet, “here is a gentleman who fancies that he heard it.”

“Who is he?” demanded Mrs. Spraggle, severely. “Show him to me. Let him step forward.”

Roundleby was indicated as the pretender, and confronted—looking very sheepish—with the indignant lady.

“Mr. Spraggle,” she said to her husband, who had just entered the room, “be so good as to inform this gentleman whether I did, or whether I did not, make a communication to you last night, with regard to the house being, or not being, perfectly quiet?”

“You certainly made several observations on the subject, my love,” replied the Professor.

“And what was the opinion, Mr. Spraggle, that, after careful consideration, I arrived at?”

“That the house was quiet—quite quiet, my dear.”

“I believe that, after having expressed myself to that effect, I went to sleep.”

“You did, my love.”

“We have been married, if I am not incorrect, Mr. Spraggle, for eleven years?”

“We have, my dear,” replied the Professor, with a sigh.

“From observation of my nervous system during that time, do you think it possible that I could have slumbered, had there been a noise in the house?”

“Certainly not, my love!” replied the Professor, emphatically.

“Then I think that the gentleman had better not make himself ridiculous by repeating a statement which cannot have any foundation in fact,” observed the lady, gazing sternly at the wall, about two yards over Roundleby’s head. “I never was so insulted in my life,” she observed, afterwards; “a mere Bachelor of Arts to tell *me* that he heard noises whilst I was asleep! Let him take care what he is about, or either he or I will have to leave the house!”

It was on this same morning that Stephen Frankland made his first appearance in public, since his accident; and was introduced to his brother’s guests, to all of whom—as I have already said—he considered himself to be a stranger. When, however, he was presented to Colonel Vincent, a bright flush suffused his pale face, and instead of frankly shaking his hand, as he had done with Roundleby and the others, the grave young soldier assumed his gravest manner, and passed this new acquaintance with a distant bow. The gay Colonel was rather taken aback by this sudden change in the demeanour of the eldest son of the house, but he was too much a man of the world to show his vexation; he only bit his lip and said nothing. Nor was Stephen’s apparent rudeness noticed by the other visitors, for Lady Tremlett entered the room at the moment, and engrossed the general attention.

She had been greatly affected, as we know, by Stephen’s misfortune when it happened; but had forgotten all about it by luncheon-time the next day. She had even gone so far as to declare to Lord Rossthorne that it was very unkind indeed of “dear Stevie” to stay up in his room, and not help to entertain the company. If he was well enough, she complained, to go out and visit a dreadful old gamekeeper, surely he was not too much hurt to make himself agreeable to the charming people who were all so fond of “dear Francis.” The idea of visiting him, and seeing for herself how he actually was, never had occurred to her. She had sent her maid to enquire, and the answer was that he had gone out. It was subsequently reported that he had been seen by one of the stable boys, coming out of Grant’s cottage. Hence My Lady’s complaint. But when he kissed her in his old affectionate manner, and she saw what a change those few days had made in him, she forgot all her grievances. She flung her arms round his neck; she parted aside the crisp brown locks which hid the wound upon his forehead, with her pretty jewelled fingers; she kissed the strip of black plaister which covered the scar, and cried over it, before all the guests. “Oh, how pale he was! Oh, how haggard he looked! Oh, what a strange expression he had in his eyes! She was sure he was very ill! He had broken something dreadful in his brain:

William must ride over, directly, to Derby, for Dr. Cutler. William must telegraph immediately to London for Dr. Locock, and that other clever doctor that the newspapers praised so much—what was his name?" Somebody tells her his name. "Oh, it was Holloway, Professor Holloway." How wicked it was of her—Lady Tremlett—not to have sent for the doctors before. The dear fellow! Did anybody know what to do for him? She was sure he had dislocated his brain! Ought he to be bled, or take a Seidlitz powder, or be trepanned, or what? She was confident that he would die if they did not do something immediately!" Thus she ran on.

This was just the sort of thing that would have worried Stevie, beyond measure, at any other time; but now he was not sorry to use the bodily suffering under which he was presumed to labour, as a veil to hide the effects of that mental agony which, in truth, had blanched his cheeks, and ploughed furrows on his brow. He assured Lady Tremlett, in as playful a tone as he could assume, that he was getting quite well again, and that there was not the least cause for her anxiety; but did not object to Dr. Cutler being sent for. He had no heart for society, and gladly seized the excuse which would be accorded to him, as an invalid, of remaining in his own room, when, and as long as he pleased.

And there, at the foot of the breakfast table, very possibly in the same chair in which he had sat only a few weeks before, with that ugly scrawl burning in his pocket—laughing, chattering, making silly old jokes, paying absurd compliments right and left, as though he had not a care, or a regret to cast a shadow on his life—sat Sir George Tremlett. When, the meal being concluded, he laid his hand upon his elder son's shoulder, and with real earnestness, begged him to take medical advice, an involuntary shudder ran through Stevie's veins, and he could not help shrinking from the touch. In a moment it had passed away, and beckoning his father into one of the bay windows, he said—

"I want to have just a word or two with you, Sir, if you have time."

"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly. What is it?"

"Where did you pick up this Colonel Vincent?"

"He was introduced to me by the Archdeacon; he is a connexion of his wife."

"Do you happen to know what he is?"

"Oh, he has been in the army—all over the world. Been everywhere. A very superior man, I assure you."

"Humph!" said Stevie. "Now, pray don't let this go further, for I may be mistaken, I think I have heard of him in India."

"Oh yes, he has been in India."

"When?"

"Ah, that I cannot say; but you can ask him."

"Scarcely; for if he be the man I take him to be, he was expelled the club at Simla for cheating at cards."

“Impossible!”

“I do not say *positively* that he is the same. The man I mean, who never was in our army or the Queen’s; but who held some command in the service of one of the Ameers of Scinde, and who rendered himself infamous from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, by his conduct to his wife, was pointed out to me once at Barrackpore, and if that *soi disant* Colonel Vincent is not your Colonel Vincent, then all I can say is, that your friend labours under a most unfortunate similarity of name and appearance with about the greatest blackguard that ever trod the earth.”

“Really, really, my dear Stevie,” exclaimed the Baronet, “you are going too far. The idea! It is really too bad of you to make such charges! A friend of ours—a gentleman who visits all over the country; a relation of the Archdeacon’s; an officer ——”

“Pardon me!” interrupted Stevie. “There you beg the question. I say he is *not* an officer. Ask him, casually, in what regiment he has served, and show me his name in the Army List—you have a whole collection of them, I know, somewhere—and I withdraw all I have said, and ask your pardon for having cast wrongful aspersions on your guest. Only be careful, for if I *should* happen to be right, you have no minor villain to deal with.”

Lord Rossthorne did not come down to breakfast this morning. The night before, he paid Stevie a visit in his room, and sat some time with him, chatting over old times, and in the course of conversation, had then complained that he felt his old enemy—the rheumatism—creeping over him.

“He’s tracing out his works, my boy,” said the courteous old nobleman. “I got my feet wet in those splendid turnip fields of yours, out shooting to-day, and he has proclaimed war in consequence. I must try if I cannot raise the siege by a *coup de main*, or, at any rate, make terms of truce; so if you do not see me to-morrow morning, make my excuses to Lady Tremlett, and tell her that, if we old fellows will be boys, we must take the consequences.”

The shooting party, therefore, was deprived of its best shot.

As its various members are waiting for the dog-cart, which was to take them on their way, Colonel Vincent drew Roundleby aside, and observed—

“This eldest son seems a morose sort of individual. How did he get that blow on the head which he makes such a fuss about?”

“Tremlett tells me that he tripped up over some girl’s dress, at a party they had some nights before we came, and tumbled against something.”

“Was he screwed, then?”

“I dare say he was,” replied Roundleby. “These Indian officers are awful rips—some of them.”

“Is he in the Indian army?” asked the Colonel, quickly.

"So I am told."

"Of what Presidency?"

"I don't know; but here comes his brother, he will know. Oh, Mr. Tremlett, tell us what Presidency does Captain Frankland belong to?"

"Bengal."

"May I ask in what regiment?" enquired Colonel Vincent.

"The ——th Light Cavalry—but look! look! Colonel. You have dropped your cigar amongst the powder flasks."

"I—no—have I? Well, it does not matter, it is out," said Vincent, in rather a confused tone and manner.

"I beg your pardon," replied our methodical Francis; "I can see it smoking. Why, the end is quite red hot."

"So it is! Very strange! I thought it was out." And Colonel Vincent placed it again between his lips, and having blown out a dense cloud of smoke, took up his gun, and sauntered away towards the shrubbery.

CHAP. XIX.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

THE Italian style of architecture so admirably adapted by Messrs Rubble and Square, to enlarge the ancient Elizabethan mansion, once known as Mangerton Chase, had been followed in the erection of Ruxton Court. Mrs. Coleman had her weaknesses, and one of them was to follow the lead of "The great house."

Her own particular room was situated in a sort of gazebo, from which an extensive view of the surrounding country, and especially of the drive which led up to her hall-door, could be obtained. There—having duly performed her onerous domestic duties—she sat on the watch, like the warders of old, not for the purpose of warning her stronghold into a state of defence, upon the approach of any enemy that might appear in array before it, with the view of taking it by storm and carrying off its treasures; but that she might be able to have a graceful reception prepared for the foe, and exhibit those treasures to him in their most attractive form, with a view to their being carried off as speedily as possible. By all which I mean to say, that the good lady took care that her "gals" should never be taken at a disadvantage by a possible suitor. On the contrary, that they should be discovered, on all occasions, attired in the most charming toilettes, and engaged in the most elegant pursuits. About a quarter of a mile from the house was an iron gate through which every visitor had to pass, and which, swinging to and fro till it finally closed, made a loud clicking noise that served as a preliminary signal. This heard, the "gals" would be ordered into the drawing room, and when the coming man was announced, he would find Laura at the piano, in the paroxysms of some well-studied fantasia; and the beautiful

Emily seated by the window, giving the finishing touches to wonderful water-colour paintings, kept expressly for the purpose; whilst the mother would feign astonishment at the arrival, and heartily welcoming the guest, would apologise for the girls being found at their work.

In the days when Stevie was supposed to have a *tendresse* for Miss Coleman, he was once welcomed in this fashion; but the scheme received its death blow, as far as he was concerned, by revelations made by her truthful but indiscreet brother Bobby; who, having rushed into the drawing-room at the moment when Mrs. Coleman was explaining that Laura had just been trying over some new music, exclaimed—

“Oh, Ma, what a crammer! Why, she learnt it last winter!”

It was no use trying to frown the urchin into silence, or to tell him he was mistaken. This made matters worse.

“I tell you she *did*, Ma. She began in the middle just as Captain Stevie passed the window. Didn't you, Laura? You always do. And Emmy—now, Captain Stevie, I'll tell you what Emmy does. Whenever Mr. Coryton comes, she fetches out that old thing”—indicating the work of art, aforesaid—“and makes believe to paint. I say she *does* now! don't make faces at me, Emmy—Ma says it's vulgar to make faces, and so you're vulgar—there!” And this *enfant terrible* stuck his hands in his pockets and his tongue in his cheek, and considered that he had evinced a power of perception for which he ought to be rewarded. Doubtless he *was* when the visitor had taken his leave.

The shooting party having set off from “The Towers,” Stevie wended his way towards Ruxton Court. *CLICK, click*, went the iron gate, and in an instant Mrs. Coleman and her eldest daughter were at the window.

“It's only Stevie,” said the former, resuming her work; “how slowly he walks!”

“I'll go and tell Grace,” said Laura, springing towards the door.

“Stop—you'll do no such thing—sit down! What business have you to meddle with Grace, I should like to know?”

“Why Mamma, dear, I thought——”

“I wish to goodness, Laura,” interrupted her mother, taking off her spectacles and looking her eldest born in the face, “that you would not think. You always think wrong—remain where you are!”

Mrs. Coleman was perfectly aware that to warn Grace of Stephen's approach was the surest way to make her dash up into her own room, and remain there until he was gone. She knew also that this intractable damsel was busily engaged in the conservatory, through which Stevie had to pass on his way to the drawing-room, and therefore resumed her occupation with much composure.

Stephen found the person he had come to see superintending the re-potting of some choice plants. One of those very comfortable, but remorselessly ugly sun-bonnets, which look like a coal scuttle in a flounced dress, almost hid her face. Her pretty fingers were thrust into a pair of

shabby old gardening gloves, and her gown, which was tucked up in some mysterious manner, disclosed the most perfect little pair of hob-nailed boots that were ever seen. In one hand she wielded a garden trowel, deftly, and in the other sat a big yellow frog, which shared, with Doggie, such affection as she had to expend upon the animal kingdom.

Great was Stevie's surprise when, in her confusion at his unlooked-for appearance close by her side, she gave him her hand, frog and all, to shake.

Froggie hopped off into some ferns, and the under-gardener was hurrying away also when Grace stopped him.

"Do not go, Joseph; I have not done with you yet."

"Beg your pardon, Miss, but it's dinner time," and the man stood irresolute.

Grace made no reply, but turned upon her heel and marched quickly towards the drawing-room, into which she would have passed only Stephen intercepted her.

"May I have two or three minutes conversation with you, Miss Lee, before you go in?" he said in a low voice.

"Well, what is it? What have you got to say?"

"I have got to tender you my sincere apologies for what occurred on Tuesday night."

"Oh, pray do not give yourself the trouble," replied Grace, brusquely.

"It was nothing to me. You were the only sufferer, I think."

"Physically speaking, I was," resumed Stephen; "but still you must have—that is—I mean it was very awkward, and—I was much to blame for placing you in such a situation. You were—you are, I can see, annoyed?"

"It certainly is not pleasant to have people making wicked—talking absurdly about one," replied Grace, flushing up angrily at the recollection of some little spiteful speeches she had overheard on that eventful night.

"Do I understand you to hint, Miss Lee," inquired Stephen gravely, "that any one has dared to—to——?"

"You understand me to hint nothing. I never hint. I hate hints," Grace rejoined, playing a tattoo upon the encaustic tiles with one little hob-nailed boot. "And I dislike talking about disagreeable things. Pray drop the subject. I was as much to blame as you. What business had I to go gaping at a lot of grimy old pictures of people whom I don't care a straw about? It served me right; but really I think that you might have contented yourself with making me look ridiculous before all those people, without coming here to remind me of my stupidity when I had forgotten all about it."

"Oh, Miss Lee," replied Stevie, deeply hurt by the levity and harshness of her tone; "if you only knew the horror of that revelation—if you would believe me when I say that I would give the best days of my life that it should not have been made—above all things, that you should not have made it, you would not—you could not speak thus."

“Revelation?”

“I can call it by no other word.”

“Perhaps you misunderstood me,” said Grace, in a softer tone than she had spoken heretofore. “I merely mentioned that the ancient name of your father’s house was Mangerton Chase.”

“And that fact,” replied Stephen, bitterly, “is—but I cannot explain. That is what I feel must place me in such a contemptible position before you; but pray give me credit, Miss Lee, for not behaving like an idiot, or—or—worse, in the presence of a lady; and believe me when I say that a far stronger and better man than I can ever pretend to be, would have been, I am sure, struck down as I was struck down by the thought which flashed out of those—to you—simple words.”

“Are you in earnest?” asked Grace, turning her kind and honest eyes full in his face.

She found her answer there.

“How wretchedly ill you look,” she added, half to herself: “has your wound been very painful?”

Stephen smiled sadly; but, remembering the part he had to play, replied—

“Well, rather. You see my poor brains had been half addled by the sun-stroke I had in India, and this last shake has not improved matters.”

“You must remain quiet, and not think about anything that is disagreeable; you will soon be yourself again then,” prescribed Dr. Grace.

“Not *think!*” Stephen replied. “Ah, if our minds were only like our arms, or that we could use them or not at our pleasure! Or, better still, like our eyes, so that we could shut them upon that which we do not wish them to dwell upon! Not think! That would be a happy state of being.”

“Captain Frankland.” replied Grace, in her quietest manner; “you are talking very wildly. You are, as you admit, not fully recovered from a serious attack, and are exciting yourself very unwisely. You are saying things which you will wish unsaid some day; so please let us change the subject and go into the house.”

“You are right,” said Stephen, with a deep sigh, as he followed her towards the door; “but you do not know what it is to have a secret grief gnawing at your heart.”

Grace had plucked a flower in passing, and as Stevie spoke thus she paused and began slowly tearing it to pieces; a deep melancholy flowing over her face the while. He stood by her side watching the bright leaves as they fluttered all bruised and mangled to the ground, and the slow abstracted motions of the dear hands that destroyed them. Do you not know that sort of dreamy pre-occupation which sometimes steals over one when alone with a person dreamily pre-occupied? Mr. Coleman passed along the garden walk that ran along the outside of the conservatory, within five yards of where Stephen and Grace were standing, and he

stopped a few moments looking at them, and trying to attract their attention. He was on the point of making a stride over the flower-plot to tap at the window, for they stood with their backs towards him, but he changed his mind and went on. He had entered the house, and was in his wife's room, up in the tower, before Grace replied.

"You are mistaken," she said in a very low tremulous voice, and turning her head aside to conceal the tears which had been gathering in her eyes, and which at last fell on the little heap of floral ruin that lay at her feet: "you are mistaken there, *I do*."

"Then," replied Stephen, in a tone which was an echo of her own, "you know, perhaps, what it is to yearn for some one with whom to share that grief—whom to seek for advice and comfort. I cannot tell why," he continued, after a little, seeing that she made no reply, and as though thinking aloud; "but in all my troubles, none of my old friends suggest themselves to me as advisers. I am always wondering what *you* would think, what *you* would do, what *you* would advise."

An indescribable expression, in which surprise, pleasure, and a little fear were strangely blended, stole over the face of his companion as our Stevie made this confession. She looked up timidly, and finding that his gaze was averted, the puzzled look melted away and gave place—must it be told—to one of sympathy and tenderness? which deepened as it lingered on his honest, handsome, haggard face.

Ah! if some of us could only recognise the splendid chances which the whirligig of time brings round for us now and again—sometimes never to re-appear, what a blessing it would be! If Stevie had but looked round at that moment, how different might his life have been for many a day!

The stupid fellow knew that he never felt so peaceful and happy as when by her side; that the air around her seemed full of a delicious, languor-creating perfume; that the slightest touch of her dress thrilled through him to the quick; that every movement of her lustrous eyes, in those moments of enchantment, seemed as though it drew his heart nearer and nearer to her own, leaving him so faint and powerless, that if he had had the surest knowledge that the touch of her lips was death, and they were bending towards him, he would have yielded to that sweet poison and drained it to the dregs. In a word, he knew that he loved her as he had never loved before; but the idea that she felt any tenderness towards *him*; that that sinking and trembling of her voice meant anything in particular; that at the moment when, fascinated by the sweet presence, he stood spell-bound, gazing at the scattered leaves which had been swept along by the train of her dress, she was watching him and loving him with all the strength of her pure strong heart—pouring over him a flood of tenderness from her dear, gentle eyes—never occurred to him for a moment.

It was perhaps as well that it did not; for had he looked up, and

caught her with this expression on her face, and profited by the mute avowal—it is just a toss up whether she would have frankly held out her hand, and said “Stevie, I do believe you love me, and I know that I love you;” or, whether she would have flown in a rage with herself for betraying herself—have vented it in refusing him—have told a big fib declaring that she had no sentiment toward him but that of friendship, &c. and then have ran away and fretted her poor little heart out in secret for all time to come.

Stephen was the first to break the silence.

“Do you remember,” he asked, “that day when we came back from church, through Collyer’s farm, when I found that my old tree was gone?”

Grace bowed her head.

“You seemed to understand me then—to know what a foolish, soft-hearted fellow I am; and it is because you spoke so kindly, that I have learned to look upon you really as a friend, notwithstanding the comparative shortness of our acquaintance.”

Grace turned round upon him sharply and demanded—

“What has that—what has Mr. Tremlett been doing now?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” replied Grace, resuming her former careless tone; “idle curiosity, I suppose. You referred to an occasion upon which he had annoyed you, and, with the bad logic peculiar—as some of you say—to my sex, I jumped to the conclusion that he had been annoying you again. But pray, if we are to stand here talking at all, let us find something more pleasant to talk about. I must admit that I was vexed at what happened the other night, it did look so very awkward, and as I thought, so clumsy. You don’t seem inclined to tell me what it was that could affect you so deeply; and, though I am so stupidly curious, I don’t mean to ask. I will take your word that—that there *was* cause, and so let it end.”

“I’ve made an idiot of myself again,” muttered Stevie, as he followed her into the drawing-room. “I’ve told her nothing, and yet said too much. What a whining, dreamy fool she must think me? Why on earth could not I have said just what I had made up my mind to say and no more?”

For our Stevie had rehearsed, as he came along, the part which he intended to play on this occasion, and had concocted an elaborate speech, in which he was to express his sorrow at having annoyed Miss Lee by his conduct in the old hall, without giving any hint as to its cause; only, somehow or other, it all went clean out of his head the moment he began to address her. I fancy that he is not the first, and will not be the last person that memory will play those tricks upon.

“I’d give worlds,” mused Grace, “to know what he has got on his mind. Poor fellow! he seems dreadfully perplexed and worried by it. It’s that precious brother. Oh if I were a man!” and she set her teeth

and gave a little spiteful stamp. This took place in her own room, whither she had retired to wash her hands for luncheon, and having done so she unlocked a little box that stood upon her dressing-table, and took out some letters in which the m's and n's and w's were all alike, very sharp and angular, and the y's and g's had very long tails, and in which there was a "dearest," or a "darling," or a "sweet," in every fourth line. "That goose of a Maud Treherne, what does she mean by writing so much about him?" she said to herself. "Yes, here it is—'always talking of his brother'—'loves him dearly'—'longs to get home'—'cannot speak of anything else'—'must be very good.' Ah Maud, dear, he is good, and he said all this before he knew what a worthless pack he had left; and saw how his home had changed. Oh God!" she exclaimed, flinging up her arms, the bitter tears starting in her eyes, "it is bad enough to have no home, to know no mother, father, brother—not even to have their memory. But to have known them—to have loved them—to fancy that they still loved one, and to return and find all changed, hardened, estranged! Oh, it is cruel—cruel! Bah! if he had a spark of courage he'd pull the place down about their ears! I've no patience with such tame-spirited nonsense. I half believe that ninny of a Maud is in love with him. She ought to be ashamed of herself, writing thus about any man, and I'll tell her so—that I will!" and Grace made a dash at the letter, and having torn it, angrily, to shreds, bathed her eyes and went down to luncheon.

"I say, Gracey," demanded Master Bobby, confidentially sliding up to her, and giving her a dig with his elbow, "has Ma been rowing you?"

"No, you silly boy."

"Then what have you been crying for?"

"I have not been crying, Sir."

"Yes, you have. Here, Captain Stevie!—Grace says ——"

"Hush! Hold your tongue! Oh, Bobby, do be quiet," she whispered, seizing him by the arm, "and I'll give you anything; I'll give you sixpence."

The bribe was paid, and the terrible child was pacified for a time.

Shortly afterwards Stephen took his departure. Mr. Coleman accompanied him towards the garden gate, and then, instead of wishing him good-bye, laid his hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and said—

"I have seen very little of you, my boy, during these years of your life, in which character is formed for good or ill; but if the promise of your youth has not been belied, you should be an honest and an honourable man, Stephen Frankland."

"You have something particular to say to me, Sir," he said, after having cast a look of surprise in the old lawyer's face, and finding that it was very grave. "Pray go on."

"I passed the conservatory just now, when you and Grace were talking there."

Stevie felt the tell-tale blood rush into his face, and thought it best to say nothing. He nodded assent.

"Stevie, they call me a dry old stick; and so, perhaps, I am; but I love that girl as though she were my own child. She's not the common sort of girl, who fancies any man who will pay her a little attention, and can take up with one after another, like—well, like a town flirt. If anyone she respected were to trifle with little Grace it would make her very unhappy for a long time, Stevie. Little Grace must not be made unhappy."

"Certainly not, Sir; certainly."

"Therefore, my dear boy—to be plain with you—though we all are very fond of you, I think you had better not come here so often."

"Good Heavens, Mr. Coleman! Why?"—exclaimed Stephen, aghast.

"Because I've noticed that you seek her a good deal; and she—well! no matter about her; you cannot marry her, and you *shall* not break her heart. That's why!" replied the lawyer, with a gulp.

"Be plainer still with me," said Stevie, turning his honest gaze full upon his old friend, "and tell me why I *cannot* marry her; I can see many reasons why she would not marry *me*. I am not a rich man, never shall be, but—"

"Oh, it's not that."

"What is it, then?"

"My boy, she has no friends—no family."

"So I have been told."

"Worse than that—she is an unacknowledged child. Do you understand me? My good old friend, Spencer Fane—now dead—knew, I believe, who her father—if not her mother—was; but I know nothing of her except that she is—spare me repeating the hard name which the law gives my good gentle little ward—and the Franklands' pride ——"

"To the devil with the Franklands' pride!" cried Stevie, bristling into a rage, and bringing his fist down upon the gate with a bang which nearly smashed it off its hinges; "I beg your pardon, Mr. Coleman," he added, the next moment, wrapping his handkerchief about his bleeding knuckles, "but really it is hardly time now to talk about the family pride. I now understand what you were driving at the other day at luncheon."

"Then I need not repeat to you what I said on that occasion."

"No, Sir, you need not," replied Stevie. "Grenville Frankland, my great great something or other—married a woman of low birth, low tastes, low associations, for her beauty—and he was unhappy. My father married for money and ——; well, the less said on that head, perhaps, the better. When I seek a wife I shall take warning from this. I shall not be allured by mere good looks, and I shall certainly not sell myself for a fortune. But when I hear from the lips of the girl I love the glorious news that she loves *me*, I shall be quite content in knowing that she had

one ancestor who was named Adam, and another on the mother's side who was called Eve; and if her more immediate kindred have forsaken her, and left her, poor darling! all alone in this bad world, I'll take her still closer to my heart, and make a present of my scorn to those who have disowned her—praying God that he may keep them out of our path, though they may be the highest and proudest in the land. And so, thanking you very much, Mr. Coleman, for your warning and good advice, I will take myself and my family pride back to — to Mangerton Chase." So saying, Stevie wrung his old friend's hand and strode away, quickly, down the path.

"He's a noble fellow," said Mr. Coleman, as he watched his retreating figure. "I wish, though, that he had said something more to the point. Poor Grace—poor little girl! How the deuce, though, did he get hold of that name? Who has been talking to him about Mangerton Chase?"

"I'll do it this very night," muttered Stevie, as he hastened along; "I'll put an end to this miserable uncertainty, once and for all; and to-morrow—ah! to-morrow!"

On his way home he called at Grant's cottage and borrowed a dark lantern and a piece of stout but slender rope of the ex-head-keeper, both of which he concealed upon his person, and arrived at Tremlett Towers just in time to dress for dinner.

CHAP. XX.

THE SECRET.

WHEN some people make up their minds to do a thing, that thing may be considered as good as done. We are wont to declare very glibly that to the brave and resolute most things are easy; but who is brave?—who is resolute? I have heard of an officer who stood waist-deep in the Alma on that glorious day when the river ran red with the blood of heroes, and every yard of its surface was ploughed with round shot, or spattered with musket balls, and there rallied his men as coolly as though he was upon parade; but who afterwards confessed that all the time he was in mortal fear—of what?—of horse leeches, with which that stream is said to abound! Was he brave? I know of one who, to carry out a vain boast, essayed to cross the Great St. Bernard alone—at night, and in a snow-storm. Was he irresolute? I am very much of the opinion of Mr. Scrooge, who attributed the seat of valour to a less honoured organ than the heart. When the ghost of the late Mr. Marley complained of his partner's incredulity, he declared boldly that he was by no means satisfied that the phantom was what he pretended to be—"You may be a bit of undigested potatoe, for aught I know"—pleaded this philosopher! And truly how many ghosts there are which can be laid by a blue pill? How many mens' courage and resolution depend upon the state of their

stomachs! How many mens' courage and resolution depend upon the state of that more delicate organ still—their mind! There be bits of moral potatoe which lay there undigested, and play the deuce with us. You have begun, some of you, perhaps, to think that Stephen Frankland is but a wishy-washy sort of fellow, after all—a man with no strength of character. Be good enough to consider what he has gone through since his return to England, and that the very qualities which made him brave and strong have been grievously wounded of late. Will you back a man with a rickety, broken leg to win a foot race? I think not. Is it unreasonable, then, for me to ask you, not to expect a man with an almost broken heart to act promptly—decisively—in the matter which is actually breaking it? Mind you, I am not saying that the fears and suspicions to which he was the prey *should* have had this effect. I warned you—if you remember?—at a very early period of this history that he is not a hero; and you must kindly take him as he is, for good or for bad.

If it had not been for his love for Grace Lee, it is very probable that he never would have solved the mystery of that darkened chamber, where Brandron's secret lay hid; but would have gone on worrying his life out, and concluding for the worst, and then trying to argue away his conclusions. As a man of honour, however, he determined that he would not attempt to win her love, until he was convinced of his father's innocence, and had done his duty to his dead friend. Strange as it may appear, he felt lighter and happier than for many a long day, when he made up his mind, at last, for action; and, as I have said, when some people make up their mind to do a thing, that thing may be considered as good as done. Stephen Frankland was one of these people.

His resolution was taken while Mr. Coleman spoke to him of Grace, as narrated in the last chapter, and that same night, as soon as the house was still, he climbed from the window of his room (which, as we know, was situated next to the deserted chamber), mounted on to the roof of the house, and, with the rope which he had borrowed from Grant, let himself down to the top of the oriel window, and from thence to the sill of its casement, immediately below. He then beat back the lead work of one of the small diamond-shaped panes of glass, inserted his hand, forced back the fastenings on the inside, and sprang lightly into the room.

It was much larger than he had supposed, running completely through that wing of the house, and having another window at the further end, which was hidden, and almost blocked up by a part of the new house. There was a damp, sickly smell in the place, which, together with the exertions he had made in entering, made him feel a little faint at first, but this soon passed away. He turned the light of his lantern all round the walls, and found the apartment exactly as Brandron had described it. There was the old oak cabinet; there the mirror; there the armour—all rusty and covered with cobwebs; there the stag's head and antlers; there the black wainscoting, behind which, *somewhere*, the papers were to be

discovered. Moreover, in a recess, he saw a huge state bed, also of dark carved oak, the hangings of which, once of rich brocade, crumbled into dust in his hand as he attempted to draw them aside.

He lost no time in consideration, but advanced at once towards the panelling and sounded it.

It was all hard and immovable!

A gleam of joy passed over him—but no superficial search would content him now. His memory naturally reverted to the little chamber at Westborough, and he called to mind that the dying man, fancying himself in the scene of his thoughts, had pointed to the spot where the papers were hid. He had pointed a few yards to the right of where the sun streamed through the window, and Stephen reflected that the mid-day rays would shine, not upon the window by which he had entered, but the other. He placed himself, as nearly as he could calculate, in the exact relative position where Brandron lay, and found that the spot indicated would be in the recess behind the massive bed. Perhaps it had not stood there then? He thrust against it with all his force, and with great exertion moved it a few feet from the wall, and as he did so one of the squares of the panelling fell out!

In an instant, he was down on his knees beside the opening, had thrust his right arm into the cavity, and the first thing it encountered was a parcel covered with dust, which, upon being seized, gave forth a crackling sound, as though full of papers.

Oh! how his heart beat!

He rose, and having taken the packet to the foot of the bed, settled his lantern on a ledge of the oaken cabinet, and began to examine it.

The outer covering had evidently been a woman's silk apron, and in one part was eaten away, probably by the rats, so that the contents protruded. Stephen was too excited to open it at its fastenings, so he tore it still further at this part, and drew forth what it contained.

"Now!" he exclaimed, almost triumphantly, "at last I have it! Letters—a sealed packet—a Bible, and—ah!" he added, half aloud, as, upon opening the book, a long narrow strip of paper, on which were printed and written characters arranged in columns, fell from between the leaves, "what is this?"

"Why, a marriage certificate. That's about what *it* is," said a voice behind him, and the next moment it was snatched from his hand.

The next moment! But before it had well passed he had seized the intruder by the throat, had flung him back upon the bed, and with his knee upon his chest, held him there half-choked, and wholly powerless.

"Loose your hold, Sir—loose—loose your hold," he gasped, "or I'll alarm the house."

"Hush—h," said Stephen, in a fierce whisper, as with flashing eyes he bent over his assailant. "If you dare to utter but one cry, it shall be your last."

“My God, Sir; you don’t mean murder?”

“I mean anything sooner than that you should retain that paper. What brings you here? Who are you? Stay, you need not answer; I remember you now. You are the detective I saw at Westborough.”

“Right, Captain; but——.”

“Not a word. Give up that paper!”

“No,” replied Lager, resolutely; “not if I can help it. Stop, loose your hold; damn it all, loose your hold! I’m not resisting you now, am I? There that’s better,” he added, as Stephen, surprised at his coolness, relaxed slightly the grip he had upon his throat. “Listen; I’ll only speak in a whisper, and I’ll give you my word that if you’ll take no advantage of me, I’ll lie here, quite quiet, and take no advantage of you. Now, then; you’re right, I am the detective as has charge of the Westborough murder. These here papers that you’ve just found have got something to do with Mr. Brandron. A cat with half an eye could see *that*. But it’s my dooty to take ’em. You don’t want any one to know as you have found ’em here, or you would not have got into the room as you did. *That* ain’t difficult to understand. You’re a strong man, Captain Frankland, and you have got the upper hand of me just now; but I aint no chicken neither, and when we *do* begin our scrimmidge, I expect that it wont end without some one being the wiser. That wouldn’t suit you, Captain!”

“You infernal blackguard,” hissed Stephen through his set teeth; “I ——”

“Now, don’t you call names. That aint no sort of good.—And just you remember that your po-sition in this business aint altogether a nice one to come out in public.—Why wouldn’t you tell the Coroner all what Mr. Brandron said? Where was you the night before his body was found?—What did you want making all those enquiries about Mary Alston at Hull?—And if these papers *do* re-late to the murder, why should you refuse to give them up to the law, if you’re an honest man?”

“Good Heavens!” said Stephen, turning deadly pale; “you do not suppose that I——. You do not accuse me of his murder?”

“I accuse no one just now, but I mean to do before I’ve done, and so I tell you,” replied the detective, boldly.

“Mr. Brandron confided to me certain affairs which you have no right to suppose are connected with his murder,” said Stephen. “These papers relate to them. Give up what you have taken, and promise me solemnly to say nothing of this night’s work, or ——.”

“Or what?” the detective demanded coolly.

“By Heavens, man, don’t try to play with me to-night,” hissed Stephen through his clenched teeth. “It would be safer to play with a tiger that had tasted blood. I am quite desperate!”

“People as have clear consciences don’t get desperate,” replied Lager. “You keep yourself quiet and listen to me and reason. You don’t know

what these papers contain, no more than I do. Suppose they don't re-late to the murder, what harm will there be in my looking at them if I give you my word of honour——”

“The honour of a spy! a thief-taker!”

“Aye, Sir, all that, but something more. You seal up them papers—I take *your* word about keeping of 'em safe as I did with the others—and you go to Scotland-yard to Sir Richard Mayne, and ask him what he knows of the spy and thief-taker named Sampson Lager, and whether he'd take his word? Ask him whether to his knowledge S. L. has been trusted—in the way of his business—with family secrets of a highly pe-culiar character; and if he has ever know'd him to betray them. Go to ——; but if I were to tell you who had trusted me, I should half betray the trust. Go to Sir Richard, I say, and if he don't tell you that you may believe my word, why do what you like with the papers, I won't interfere. No, Captain; thief-taker I am, spy I *must* be for the purpose—and it aint a bad un after all—but I'm an honest man for all that, and not the only one in the trade.”

“Go on,” said Stephen, somewhat mollified by this appeal, “with what you've got to say.”

“Very good. Suppose we find that these papers re-late to this particular business of yours, *and* the murder as well, what then? Why you attend to your department and I'll attend to mine. Adding this, that I wont ask you to help me, and I'll give you as much assistance as you like to ask. Now.”

“And what if I refuse?”

“Then, as I said before, there'll be a scrimmidge. The house will be alarmed. They will break open the door ——.”

“The door is walled up.” The moment these words passed Stephen's lips he would have given worlds to have recalled them.”

“What for?” asked Lager quickly.

“No matter. Go on.”

“Well, then, they'll come in through the window. When I saw—quite by accident—what you was doing, I tried to climb up by the tree, and couldn't; so I just went round to the yard and got a ladder, that I found in a shed, to see what was up. It's by the window now, and if I get my throat free—which I mean my best to do—I shall holler for them as hears me to come in that way. Now, Captain, you just think a bit. I've got one arm free; I've got my staff in my pocket handy; and I tell you fairly I shall use it if I can. If I gets the better of you it's all found out; if you gets the better of me, even though you was to kill me in the act, it will be all found out just exactly the same. Be sensible. Let me look over these here documents, now, and say as you'll meet me somewhere to-morrow, to con-sider them more careful, and I go and hold my tongue. But if you *wont* be sensible nohow, why give the word, and damn me, but you'll find me a tough customer, strong as you are.”

“Get up,” said Stephen, entirely releasing his hold. “I see there is no help for it. I *must* trust you.”

“Captain Frankland,” replied the detective, rising; “they’ve told me as you was a brave man, and now I know it. Any fool can fight, but it wants a good plucked one to give in as you do. I declare most solemnly that I’ll keep good faith to you, and I know you are too much the gentleman to try and deceive me. So now to business.”

Then together they read those letters, broke open that sealed packet, and made out the contents—as far as they went—of that marriage certificate; and what they discovered will be told in its proper time and place. The task was not a long one; but morning began to break before the detective took his leave and descended, as he had mounted, removing the ladder after him. All their conversation, from the very first, had been conducted in the lowest audible whisper; and even the struggle which preceded it had been so short, and, owing to Lager having been thrown back upon the bed so quiet, that not even sharp-eared Mrs. Spraggle could have heard any sound from the next room. But there was no inhabited room next to that portion of the deserted chamber where the papers were found and the affray took place.

Stephen had already mounted on a seat which ran round the oriel window, and was in the act of quitting the chamber as he had entered it, when he was startled by hearing a low grating noise emanating from near the door. He paused and listened.

It was like that which would be made by scraping a brick with some iron instrument.

He advanced on tip-toe to the door and listened more attentively. There could be no doubt about what was going on. Somebody was attempting to break into the room from the outside!

GERMAN GAMBLING HOUSES.

NOT long ago the leading journal took occasion of the proposed withdrawal of the gambling licence at Wiesbaden, to read us a homily on the wisdom of such a step. Since then, the closing of the gambling rooms at Baden Baden has been passed by a resolution of the Chambers at Carlsruhe; and there is reason to anticipate that, within a few years, Hombourg will be the only Pandemonium left in Germany. Under these circumstances I may be, perhaps, permitted to give a short account of a tour that I made, during the past summer, to the more notable of the watering places to which the vice still adheres. How my visit came about was this: I had got from Paris to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on my way to Berlin, and dined at the excellent five o'clock table-d'hôte of the Hotel de Russie. In my immediate vicinity were seated several members of the various embassies; and the entire conversation turned on a certain Signor Garcia, a Spaniard, who had just returned to Hombourg, where he was winning fabulous sums. In the last season he won a million-and-a-half of francs, and it seemed as if luck were about to favour him once again. The most varying remarks were made about his manner of play. An important political question could not have been discussed more seriously than Signor Garcia's system; the sums he had hitherto won; and the probability whether he played with judgment or with sheer luck. The gentlemen at last entered into mathematical calculations as to the best mode of winning. The dinner was over; the coffee was handed round; and when I retired I left the diplomatists still engaged in the solution of this highly interesting problem.

At the theatre it was just the same. When I went into the saloon, people were talking about Hombourg, Wiesbaden, and M. Garcia. I sought shelter in the street. Opposite the theatre is a coffee-house, where I ordered an ice, and took up the *Intelligenz Blatt* of the Free City of Frankfort. The first local news on which my eye fell related to Hombourg and Garcia. The next paper to me was the French *Figaro*. The leading article was a letter of M. de Villemessant, about the German hells, Garcia, and other gamblers. All the Frankfort papers were also filled with announcements of balls, concerts, festivals at the gambling saloons, and the advantages which this bank or that afforded. The system of seduction was so thoroughly organised that I resolved to examine it at the fountain head. It was not the first time that I had visited these places, but I had only passed a few days at each of them. As I had nothing to do during my holiday, I resolved to visit these gambling places, and make a regular examination of them, so that I might drink to the dregs the cup of enjoyment they offered me.

I went first to Hombourg, a place which of itself, that is to say, as a country residence, does not offer the slightest attraction. It consists of one long street; each house is either a hostelry or an hôtel garni; not

one—I am speaking literally—was inhabited by its proprietor alone. Behind the “Curhaus” a few new houses have been built, forming the commencement of a handsome street. Towards the end of the main street are several side lanes inhabited by artisans and small tradesmen; these lead to the Landgrave’s Palace, whose monotonous garden, rarely visited by strangers, is the sole promenade in the neighbourhood; all the rest are at such a distance that they require a lengthened excursion. The whole social life of Hombourg is, therefore, concentrated on the Curhaus and this is built and decorated with a splendour which would have ruined a dozen Landgraves of Hesse, had they tried to erect it at their own expense.

I may pass over the large and small salons, the reading-room, restauration and café, and come straight to the observations I made at the most important spot. There were two trente et quarante and two roulette tables at work; and all so full, that the players found difficulty in getting up to them, not to mention spectators. All round stood liveried footmen, who measured every arrival with a searching glance: they must have seen at once that I had no sovereigns to lose; for they took hardly any notice of me, while they hurried to receive hat and stick from other gentlemen who came in with me. A number of ladies, whose exterior was more striking than beautiful, were walking about. I had seen many of them in Paris, at public balls and gardens, where they played a much more subordinate rôle than the one they held here: at Hombourg, however, they were most elegantly dressed, and several of them were escorted by young gentlemen, who, of course, played high. One of the latter I had met at Paris, and so I asked him to point out M. Garcia to me. “The great man has not yet come,” he replied, “but he will arrive in half an hour, and you can easily recognize him, as he sits opposite the *tailleur*, and always plays the highest stake of 12,000 francs. In the meanwhile, I will invite your attention to another interesting player, who has just arrived with his escort.” I looked in the indicated direction, and I saw a group most peculiar in its way. In front came a young man of about eight-and-twenty, with a very youthful, almost innocent-looking, girl; they held each other by the hand, and soared along like a young married couple rambling about their own garden; immediately behind them came two men, whose faces displayed an unmistakeable family-likeness to that of the girl; while the party was completed by a little fellow, with a marked Oriental countenance, and a tall light-haired man, who might have been taken for an Englishman. The leader of the lady was a Vicomte de L——, who wished to try an infallible system with the last-named man, a baron, whose name has slipped me. Both were Belgians; both belonged to the richest and first families of the country; but, owing to their mode of life, they had been laid under a species of ban, and were only allowed to receive a portion of their revenue. The girl was the daughter of a barber, in a small provincial town; the two men,

close behind her, were her father and brother ; while the little Oriental acted as secretary to the gentlemen.

Of the whole party, the light-haired man alone had a respectable appearance. The Vicomte not only looked seedy and wretched ; but his entire exterior led to the supposition that he belonged to any rather than the higher classes. His dress was in such a neglected condition, that a common artizan would be ashamed to appear with his sweetheart in public in such a state ; and any respectable girl would have been ashamed to accept his escort. His shirt front was dirty, the cuffs were ragged, and almost black ; and his hands and nails seemed not to have come in contact with a brush for several days. As for his lady companion, she seemed exactly suited to him ; her hands were quite as innocent of soap as the Vicomte's ; her hair could hardly be called combed ; and in one sleeve of her still new silk cloak I noticed a rather large hole, evidently burned ; and to which I call the reader's attention, because I shall have to refer to it again. The father of this unhappy young creature, whose youth and beauty would have deserved a better fate, had one of the most marked rogue's faces I ever saw ; and, though I took some trouble to convince myself that I was prejudiced, and that the man would appear quite different elsewhere, I could not remove the unpleasant feeling his look and conduct produced on me. His son remained quite passive, and seemed the only one who at all felt the humiliation of his sister.

The two gentlemen and the lady went to the gambling table and began by staking a sum which would have kept a respectable family for a twelve-month. They were remarkably favoured by Fortune, and in a short time won some fifteen hundred pounds. I was informed that they had been playing with the same good luck for several days ; and I must also ask the reader to bear this fact in mind, as I shall introduce him to the party again. As the lion of the day, M. Garcia, had not appeared, I walked up to one of the roulette tables, where smaller stakes were hazarded. Nearly every gambler had a coloured paper lying before him, or an infallible system, in accordance with which he played. One had a small machine, representing a miniature barrel-organ, the handle of which he turned, thrust a pin several times into the tables of figures inside it, and whispered to his companion what he should back. During the five days I was at Hombourg, I saw several of the infallible gentry lose their last farthing. Others only staked on the numbers, and, owing to the mass of gamblers, some of whom backed the same number, disputes pretty frequently occurred as to the ownership, which were carried on in language that would not be tolerated in a pot-house. At Hombourg, the elegant, however, which announces its splendour and comfort in all the papers, such occurrences are ignored. If the quarrellers have any money left, the croupiers look on for awhile, then repeat their parrot cry of "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu,*" and general attention is at once riveted on the rolling ball.

I was on the point of trying my luck, when suddenly there was excite-

ment in the room, and many persons rushed to a trente et quarante table. I heard on all sides the words, "*Voici Garcia !*" and I hurried to have a good look at the great man. I had expected to find something interesting in the appearance of the lucky gambler, for wild passions generally impart a peculiar character to the face ; but M. Garcia was exactly like the other gamblers. He was dressed like a *parvenu* ; he wore an embroidered shirt, and wherever diamonds could be carried he had them—on his fingers, his watch-chain, and as studs—I even noticed a small diamond cross on his coat, which I at first supposed to be an order, but afterwards discovered to be merely ornamental. He was followed by as large a suite as the Belgian gamblers had been, and regularly staked 12,000 francs. He retained his calmness so long as he was gaining, but when towards the end he lost his winnings, he became very violent, and coarse ; he jumped up, pushed back his chair furiously among the spectators, and ran off. At the table I picked up a French gentleman, who had for many years been a Consul in South America, and had enjoyed life so thoroughly that gambling alone offered him any excitement. He spent a portion of the year at watering-places, mainly at Baden, bringing a certain sum of money with him, which he was sure to lose at the green table, and amusing himself in this way. From him I learned much useful information about Hombourg. The founders of the Cursaal were the Brothers Blanc, one of whom is still living. Before they started in Germany they had gained considerable notoriety in Paris, Nice, Monaco, and other spots where gamblers congregated. They hit on the notion of starting a gambling house in the vicinity of Frankfort, and found capitalists ready to back them. The old Landgrave of Hesse was delighted at the thought that his Residency, hitherto an insignificant village, would be converted into a fashionable watering-place, and that he would not have to spend a farthing on it, but, on the contrary, put a nice annual sum into his pocket ; he therefore gave his consent, and about twenty years ago Hombourg began to flourish in a manner that obscured all the other German watering-places, with the exception of Baden.

The Brothers Blanc were the only gambling house keepers of the day, who understood the art of setting all the snares to attract customers. They had studied at Frascati's, and here proposed changes, which did all honour to their inventive faculty, and produced a great success. They first introduced the half *refait*, which concession drew all the "players upon a system" to Hombourg. They were the very first to give concerts, the performers at which were paid, instead of appearing at their own risk ; and I need hardly say, that the class of ladies, whom loungers and men of fashion affect, met with a most hearty reception. Hombourg's great progress, however, dates from 1848. The German Parliament decreed the suppression of gambling houses, and the one at Hombourg was closed in the presence of troops. The shareholders considered themselves ruined ; but the talented Blanc turned the affair to his own profit. He foresaw that

the decrees of the German Congress, would have no permanent effect, and uttered the memorable words, "My Bank will last longer than your Parliament." Hence he bought up nearly all the shares at a low price, and his words came true. When the great speeches were forgotten, the Bank was quietly opened again, and succeeded better than had been anticipated. Some high-born Members of the Parliament were the most eager visitors of the gambling-table. When 1849 produced the well known catastrophes; when the Parliament was dissolved, and the Revolution of Baden rendered the gambling places of that state inaccessible to visitors, Hombourg opened its hospitable halls again, and was more brilliant than ever.

Since the opening of the railways, which encircle Frankfort like a spider's web, the organization of the Hombourg gambling houses has been brought to the highest perfection. As the Press has become a power in later times, at least in social matters, special attention has been paid it by M. Blanc. It is notorious that the Editors of the chief Frankfort papers are all on excellent terms with the Bank: and the *Independence Belge* has a permanent advertisement, occupying a third of a page, in which the very many advantages of Hombourg are enumerated. Even the virtuous *Augsburger Allgemeine* does not condemn the annual sums paid to it by M. Blanc for advertisements. My readers will remember what use he also makes of the English press in the same way. Since Wiesbaden has started up in rivalry, M. Blanc has each winter engaged a French theatrical company, the lady members of which possess a special power of attraction over the young Frankfort Bankers. At Hombourg, as at Baden, the Bank Directors sedulously engage a number of pretty French *lorettes*, partly to draw rich young men to play, partly to play themselves when business is flat. At the same time the press is abused in every possible way, and the form the administration employs is so clever, that puffs are smuggled into the most respectable Continental papers in the shape of travelling sketches, or of *Feuilleton Nouvelettes*. A few years ago a number of French writers were engaged by the Wiesbaden Directors, and paid most handsomely for their contributions to the Parisian Journals.

After all that modern civilization afforded had been employed, in order to give Hombourg the greatest possible lustre, the genius of M. Blanc recently drew religion within reach of his speculation. He has built an Anglican Church, or, at any rate, supplied the greater portion of the funds for that purpose. In this he follows the example of M. Benazet of Baden, to whom I shall refer presently. The numerous English who settle in German watering-places, where they can make a show at a cheap rate, will thus be able to perform their religious rites in all comfort. It is strange, though, that these good people do not reflect who it was that built the Church for them. And the clergyman! Will he not remember at the very moment when he is praying, "Lead us not into temptation," that the servants of the man who founded the Church are crying "*Messieurs, faites*

votre jeu?" Perhaps, though, he acts on the same principle as the Revd. Rowland Hill, when he considered it unfair that the fiend should have all the best tunes.

Hombourg, be it borne in mind, is the only place where gambling goes on all the year round. It is true that in the blessed Electorate of Hesse there is a den called Wildungen, where pigeons are also plucked in winter; but it is very insignificant, and hence Hombourg is the sole gathering-place of those gentry who spend their life in the atmosphere of a gambling-room. The influence of this on the neighbouring towns is most injurious. The gambling mania was recently so deeply rooted among clerks, and so much embezzlement took place, that the Frankfort merchants resolved to engage no clerk who played. The Gymnastic Societies have also passed a resolution to expel any member known to gamble. The newspapers told us last year that M. Garcia had again won a million of francs; but, on the other hand, in the one month of January, three persons ended their lives by visits to the gambling table. The reader will spare me any comment on this. Many persons hope that when the State reverts to Darmstadt the Bank will be abolished; but the proprietors of that institution do not seem to have any such apprehension, for they have recently began to re-build the theatre. M. Blanc may perhaps say to himself, "My Bank will last longer than Hesse Hombourg," and who knows whether he is not right? He has survived and gone through much. His brother is dead; his first partner died in a madhouse, under terrible writhings of conscience; his former director has left him and taken an engagement at Wiesbaden; and M. Blanc has recently laid before the French Government a plan to abolish the national debt of the new Gallic Empire. He may be speculating on becoming Director-General of the re-established French gambling-houses.

From Hombourg I proceeded to Nauheim, a place which is still growing, and where the inhabitants have not yet learned to regard visitors as so many lemons that must be squeezed as long as a drop of juice remains. Although the Curhaus is only a temporary building, the gambling is so thoroughly organized as to deserve inspection. This watering-place was founded in 1853. The Elector, whose father was formerly one of the best customers of the Hombourg Bank, appears anxious to recover the money lost there; for he allows gambling houses to be opened at all suitable spots in the Electorate. The chief promoters of the Nauheim undertaking are Frenchmen, and, to judge from the original contract, they must have thought they had a gold mine; for they not only bound themselves to erect a Curhaus and Restauration, but also a large palace for the Elector, which will apparently be finished in the same year as the Elector restores the Constitution of 1831, of his own spontaneity. I was assured that at the time when the project was first broached at Cassel, many voices were raised against it. Even Hassenpflug thought it improper to endow a country just free from foreign occupation

with a gambling house instead of reduced taxation. But the sovereign will on one side, and the sovereign gold of the speculators on the other, removed all difficulties, and even Hassenpflug himself was induced to inspect the new Institution in the autumn of 1854. Business has hitherto been anything but brilliant, as Hombourg and Wiesbaden absorb too much; but the administration has recently signed a contract with an architect, and does not seem inclined to give up competition. The inhabitants of Nauheim declare that the great pond in the village was expressly made to facilitate suicide, and save any scandal or gunpowder smoke.

I had promised my French friend, at Hombourg, to meet him on an appointed day at Frankfort, that we might proceed together to Wiesbaden and Baden. Before we started, however, we made an excursion to Wilhelmsbad, which is not a watering-place, but one palatial building, surrounded by a park, the ground floor of which has been converted into gambling rooms. It was on a Sunday that I visited this place, and I can still recal the shudder which the sight of the poor wretches gambling there produced on me. They were mostly petty tradesmen, clerks, and workmen from neighbouring towns; for the Elector of Hesse does not prohibit his subjects from playing, and, indeed, several of his officers in uniform were at the roulette table. A poor portfolio-maker, from Offenbach, had lost all his week's wages: and it was so heartrending to hear his own and his respectably-dressed sweetheart's lamentations, that even my companion, blasé Frenchman though he was, could not hide his emotion, and made many bitter remarks about some of the institutions of "honest Germany." I will quote one of them as a sample:—"We Frenchmen are a corrupted nation, and think differently, and less scrupulously, on many points than the Germans; but we may be sure of one fact: if the omnipotent Emperor of the French—the despot as he is called, re-established gambling houses in Paris, and a scene like the one we have just witnessed took place, the workmen would demolish the den on the same evening, and the Government would be unable to do anything."

The same evening we went to Wiesbaden. Everybody knows, of course, that it is one of the prettiest places in Germany, and the efficacy of its waters is conceded even by medical sceptics. Hence I will confine my remarks to the Curhaus, which, as well as the one at Ems, is the property of the state. Up to 1857, both these houses were in the hands of an anonymous society, and were open from May 1 to October 31. In that year, however, some Frankfort gentlemen started a new company, and got hold of Wiesbaden, by agreeing to pay triple rent; in return for which, they are allowed to keep the rooms open from April 2 to the end of December. The establishment has been remodelled on the pattern of Hombourg; the half refait and one zero at roulette have been introduced, concerts are given, and the proceeds have been most magnificently laid out: in a word, the Wiesbaden Curhaus is, externally, as handsome as any in Germany.

The company, whom I had opportunity to observe during my ten days' stay at Wiesbaden, were, especially as regards the ladies, worse than at Hombourg: it is, in fact, inexplicable how such a confluence of persons—the very scum of society—is tolerated in a city of 15,000 inhabitants, which is the seat of the Government, and where many families, bearing historic names, reside. It is true, as I convinced myself, that there are plenty of *demi monde* at Baden; but they, at least, are concealed in the crowd, are obliged to behave decently, and disappear when the rooms are closed for the season. But the Wiesbaden Cursaal is domiciliated by this class of creatures for nine months in the year; they sit at the gambling table, on sofas, and in the dining-rooms; they form groups, or are under the protection of elder "ladies;" they very often address lucky players; and respectable women are compelled to shun an evening walk in the grounds behind the Cursaal. Of course, there are many among them, whose demeanour is more guarded, who have large sums at their disposal, and hence despise the lower tricks of the trade; they associate with rich and great gentlemen, and only come to the rooms by day, and generally in their own carriage. I saw here the notorious Adèle Courtois,* who, two years ago, and long after her youthful beauty had departed, so entangled an ambassador, that he did not hesitate to drive her in his own carriage along the Champs Elysées; and would have married her in the end, had not a Monsieur Courtois, legitimate husband of the lady, suddenly turned up. Here, too, I saw the young Vicomte, with the pretty girl who had the hole in her mantilla-sleeve: he only played a few times, for he was ruined, and left Wiesbaden, the girl remaining behind—probably to join the ranks of the *Reines de la honte*, as the French so pointedly call them.

Among the most prominent persons I noticed during my stay at Wiesbaden, I may mention the great Garcia who played with his old luck and vulgarity, and the son of a foreign king. His father was formerly an annual visitor to Wiesbaden, and so notorious a protector of the nymphs of the Cursaal, that his own subjects loudly objurgated his conduct, and many respectable ladies of his country present avoided being noticed by him and drawn into his circle. His son and heir walks exactly in the paternal footsteps, and may be seen supping any evening in the worst mixed society. Among his companions was an ex-female friend of his father. She calls herself Vicomtesse de —, but I fancy that her title will not bear inspection. I must not omit to mention that the Duke of Nassau gives the whole rent of the institutions at Wiesbaden and Ems to institutions in the two towns, and hence derives no direct profit from them. This is a proof that the Duke, like the Baden government, must be guided by the conviction that the gambling houses conduce to the welfare of the towns; perhaps of the state. I will discuss this point

* This person's name has been so common, especially in French newspapers, that I commit no indiscretion in mentioning it here.

presently, and ask the reader to accompany me to Baden Baden for the nonce.

When you come from Wiesbaden or Hombourg and enter the "Maison de Conversation" at Baden, you can hardly believe for the first moment that you are in a gambling house, for the interior offers a striking contrast with what you have hitherto been accustomed to see. The spacious locale, the numerous rooms in which there is no play, justify the name of the building; and, then, there are only one roulette and one rouge et noir table at work. You see no liveried or impudent-looking footmen, who accost every new comer, and appear to be reckoning up his pecuniary means, but respectable black-coated attendants, who move about quietly and decently, and treat every stranger with marked politeness. And then the company! all elegantly dressed people, dancers, dancing-masters, curious travellers, fops, old and young witches—in a word all that the heart can desire. What taste in the toilette! What grace in the movements! What decency in the behaviour! and at the gambling-table, what nobility in losing money! You hear no quarrelling. You see no professional gamblers. You only hear aristocratic names mentioned, and their bearers are real Viscounts, Counts, and Princes. The ladies of the *demi monde* are the choicest specimens of their kind: a number of private carriages drive up to the Curhaus, from which descend potentates, nearly all of whom have private palaces at Baden. The Strangers' list displays celebrities of every description; from the diplomatic sphere, from the Russian and French Senate; from the Prussian House of Lords and the Austrian Imperial Council; from the French and German artistic and literary world—poets, musicians, painters, journalists, actors and actresses, promenade in front of the Conversation House; and we might fairly assume that the proprietor of this splendid establishment only kept it up to receive the *beau monde* in his house, and had merely put up gambling tables to satisfy the wishes of those great gentlemen who wish to enjoy this pleasure too.

And who could doubt but that M. Benazet, the Director, the Knight of the Legion of Honor, regards gambling merely as a secondary affair? Incredulous reader, you need only take a glance at any French paper during the summer season. There you will read that Benazet is le "Roi de Bade"—the Regent is but Grand Duke—you can read the description of the fêtes, the great concerts, the balls, the theatrical performances, all of which Benazet pays for out of his own pocket. Yes, he even has operas and vaudevilles written exclusively for his theatre. And how splendid are the rooms which he has built, merely for balls and spectacles; very few monarchs have finer, and none have them more tasteful. But that is not all: Benazet has founded an hospital; made a large race-course with stands, at which races take place annually, that have already achieved an European celebrity: he keeps up packs of dogs and hunters: he has also erected a church, and gives large sums every year to the charitable estab-

ishments at Baden. Benazet is the sole farmer of tables, who has consistently refused to grant the fictitious concessions offered at Hombourg, Wiesbaden, and Nauheim. In Baden there is no half refait, and roulette is played with two zeros. Who would deny, after this, that Baden is a charming pleasure-spot, where people gamble when the whim besets them? Well, I will. I assert, and mean to prove, that Baden is the most dangerous of all gambling houses; although, at the same time, I readily concede that, in respectability, it stands so far above the others, that no comparison can be made.

I must first explain this apparent contradiction, because I shall then obtain some basis for my further conclusions. M. Benazet is the sole farmer of the Baden Bank: nobody, except one of his nearest relatives, has a share in the undertaking. Hence he is not responsible to any shareholders, like the directors of Hombourg, Wiesbaden, and Nauheim. As sole Director M. Benazet can act as he pleases, more arbitrarily than the Grand Duke of Baden in his land; and so far the French journalists may be right, when they christen him "le Roi de Bade." As an educated Frenchman, he has understood that the modern elegant world will put up with anything, if it be offered with a proper varnish of decorum—and no one better understands the preparation of this varnish than M. Benazet, save, perhaps, a still higher gentleman in France. While the other farmers bring gambling into the foreground, and regard the other amusements as accessories, he follows the exactly opposite system, and his calculation is the correct one. Many persons, occupying a certain position in society, are ashamed to be seen so often at a gambling table in Hombourg or Wiesbaden, or will not remain at places where the whole of the Cursaal is devoted to gambling. As the Baden Bank, moreover, offers no advantages, systematic players keep aloof, and professional gamblers do not come, so that the society at the tables is indubitably more respectable. You see no repulsive faces; no combinations of two or three players with piles of gold before them, who with their calculations constitute the most unpleasant of neighbours. The great gentlemen can amuse themselves with far greater comfort at the table, and noble Frenchmen and Russians collect here of preference; and of course, the bankers and rich persons, whose great object it is to display themselves in fashionable society, annually flock to Baden. I must also mention that the maximum, or highest stake allowed at Baden is 6000 francs, 2,500 less than at Wiesbaden, and 6,500 less than at Hombourg. We see, therefore, that everything is arranged at Baden on a more substantial basis, and it is in this external respectability that the great danger exists. The more vice shows itself in its natural form, the less can it attract—not because morality generally revolts against it, but because our sense of the beautiful is insulted, and the fancy can no longer be worked upon. On the other hand, it can reckon on success when gracefully veiled. This is not the place to discuss such a topic; but, applied to gambling-houses, it leads

to this conclusion. Hombourg and Wiesbaden bear such a repulsive character, that they possess hardly any danger for well-educated men, and no wild passions are unbridled there. A respectable family will not let the sons stay in such a place; the daughters are never seen at the Cursaal, save in the reading-rooms and at balls. But at Baden, youthful Marquises and Counts and Barons, young bankers, and the sons of gentry, may be seen comfortably seated at the table; for their parents play there often enough, while behind the sister sits as observer, and the French journals even tell us how one or the other millionaire will give his daughter a five hundred franc note, in order to afford her the "innocent plaisir" of gambling. In this way the young people grow accustomed to play; the passion is gradually developed in them, and they become inveterate gamblers. At Hombourg and Wiesbaden you only see at the present day those players who know exactly what they are about, and who are there solely for the sake of play. If any unhappy wretch strays into the rooms, falls a victim and ends his life in desperation, people at least know about it, and the German papers mention the fact. But at Baden all goes on with incredible calmness; many people play because they happen to be there; most of the losers hold their tongues about their losses, and nothing is said about the victims who perish there. The larger German papers are more remote from the scene of action; Baden is regarded by them as semi-Gallicized; the local papers are reluctant to prove their own disgrace, and very good care is taken that the French papers shall remain silent. And yet Baden is not much behind the other places in catastrophes; many a young married couple have come here to spend their honeymoon, and departed leaving the bride's dower on the table. Many an official—many a young man has shot himself; but hitherto the German papers have merely whispered the act, and it is only very recently that the *Augsburger Allgemeine* has begun to write more seriously than usual about it.

If, then, the Baden *Maison de Conversation* is treated more indulgently by society and the press, than the "Curhauser" of other places, the reason is to be found in the talent of M. Benazet and in his connections, which extend far higher than those of the other Directors. The latter only come in contact with the great gentlemen, who visit their establishment when they are in want of money, but M. Benazet has contrived to place himself on a social footing with them. The Russians have a Casino, whose members are elected by ballot, and this Casino is in the Bath-house; they give balls, and M. Benazet most readily allows them the use of his splendid rooms. Although the nobility now receive their guests at their own house; though, in former times the Princess of Prussia (the present Queen) had foreigners introduced to her in a separate room of the Conversation House—they accept M. Benazet's personal invitation to his theatre, at which he, so to speak, does the honours, and they vote him letters of thanks and honour him with presents. The Ball Committee is composed of members of the highest aristocracy of all countries, who treat him as their equal. The

English alone are more reserved, and would sooner associate with horse-dealers in their own country than with the most brilliant Bank-holder on the Continent. The French are delighted with his hunts, his mounted piqueurs, and the elegance of his rooms; even the authorities of the town undertake nothing without asking his advice, and several of them regard and treat him as a benefactor of humanity, on account of the money he gives to the charitable institutions. Now, I ask, is not Benazet a great man?—and is he not justified in looking down on the few stupid moralists? The other Directors, who are so far inferior to him in education and polish, do the same—then why should not he, who can boast of being the most affable and generous of them all?

The time has now arrived to drag away the deceptive veil which persons interested, especially the Governments of the States which tolerate gambling Banks, try to spread over these pretty institutions. But first I must find space for a few remarks about the organization of the Banks generally; so that I may dispel some involuntary errors, as well as the voluntary ones, purposely propagated by the Bank Directors and their allies. The three great gambling establishments to which I have chiefly referred, are nearly all established on the same basis. The one at Baden has less expenses of management, as it is only open for six months; but, those expenses are very greatly augmented; for the spectacles and vaudevilles, which are represented by the first members of the Parisian theatres, cost so much that Benazet's outlay is probably as large as Blanc's.

Each Bank has two inspectors for the *trente et quarante* tables, whose pay varies between 6 and 10,000 francs for the season, and two for the *roulette* table, who are paid less. The croupiers receive from 800 down to 300 francs per month. As four are always engaged at each table simultaneously, and have to relieve others—since the gambling lasts uninterruptedly for twelve or thirteen hours, the number of these accomplices may be estimated at about thirty. The companies also support their own bands, true military bands from Mainz or Rastadt; are obliged to keep a large establishment of servants, and light the large rooms most brilliantly with oil lamps—gas is not employed, for the Bank might be robbed by its sudden extinction, either accidental or purposely arranged. When we reckon up their expenses, and at the same time calculate what the advertisements and posters must cost, we may assume that the statement of the Bank employés, that the daily expenses amount to ninety pounds, is rather too low than too high; hence Hombourg must win £30,000, Wiesbaden and Ems about £12,000, before the shares produce a farthing of profit. The two latter establishments, upon the new organization in 1857, it is acknowledged by their own report, won £47,250; hence, including the expenses, they must have netted, in nine months, at least £60,000; and when we compare the dividends which they and Hombourg annually pay to the shareholders, each share brings in an average income of twenty-four per cent.—one year less, the next more.

Many an innocent reader may perhaps feel surprised at the enormous profit, and will not understand how it is made, as all the players cannot lose; and he will be more surprised still when I tell him that it is not the great, rich gamblers who produce this profit, but only the smaller. I, too, considered this almost incredible, until my French *cicerone* first drew my attention to the fact, and I considered his statements exaggerated until close observation convinced me of their entire truth. The great players, with the rarest exceptions, confine themselves to *rouge et noir*; and though one of them may step aside for a while to the roulette table, he only remains there a short time, and backs the numbers for amusement. At *trente et quarante* there are but few chances, and it often happens that the colours turn up so evenly that, unless a *refait* occur—in which case one half of all the stakes is lost—the bank does not receive more on one side than it pays out on the other. It will happen, too, that a bold player employs a lucky moment and wins a considerable sum. But it must be borne in mind that only great players, who risk heavy sums, are so daring; if such an one has lost considerably, he knows that only a special change of fortune can bring him back his losses. The small player grows timid so soon as he has lost, and when his lucky moment arrives, he does not take advantage of it. The sight of the money piled up before him confuses him; he constantly withdraws a part; and when his good fortune is at an end, he has scarce recovered half his losses, while the great player by his side remains a winner. The small players, too, generally play at *roulette*, where a small stake on a number brings in an incomparably higher gain.

All persons acquainted with gambling declare that the *rouge et noir* table usually covers the expenses of the establishment; but that the *roulette* tables, where the small gamblers and those who come to try their luck on a Sunday excursion generally play, produce the net profit. So much is certain, that at *rouge et noir* several persons have won large sums; it is true that it was only borrowed money, as they lost it again sooner or later; but at *roulette* it is a very rare fact for a man to win at all, and cases of winning like Garcia's are absolutely impossible at that game. It is therefore undeniable that small players are the real supporters of the Bank.

As I said in the opening of my article, the Government of Baden has formed the laudable resolution of abolishing the Bank. However highly this resolve may be praised, I must remark that its execution will only profit Hombourg. The proper thing would be for the Federal Council to pay greater attention to the affair than it has hitherto done. A great deal may be said about contracts which must not be broken; but German diplomats have never been scrupulous on that point. At any rate, steps might be taken by which the spread of the corruption could be checked. So long as the Elector of Hesse continues his present demoralising system, it will be useless abolishing the gambling-houses at Wiesbaden and Baden; for while a single table is suffered to exist in Germany, players will be attracted to it, like moths to a burning candle.

HOW MR. WENTWORTH SMITH SPENT HIS HOLIDAY.

MR. WENTWORTH SMITH was a country surgeon; an obscure, unnoticeable unit enough among the twenty millions of England; but among his own five or six thousand fellow townsmen, a man of no small mark and renown.

Possessed of a practice which brought him in a clear six hundred a year, with a bird in the bush, singing all day long to the tune of indefinitely great expectations from a rich old uncle and godfather, after whom he had at the font received the name of Wentworth; possessing, moreover good looks, good manners, and good temper, Mr. Smith was no inconsiderable personage in the eyes of the worthy townfolk of B——. Mr. Smith was, besides, hardly thirty years old, and lastly, though not least in the eyes of his female admirers, he was unmarried. His elder sister, Miss Betsy Smith, who had few of the attractions of her brother, except his good temper, had kept his house for him ever since he came to reside at B——.

It was now August, the time when Mr. Smith was thinking to take his annual holiday. The health of the town was singularly flourishing; not a case of fever, nor any contagious disorder. None of his lady patients were likely to require his services, and as for Mrs. Peters' chronic spasms, and Miss Touchwood's unintermittent palpitations, why Mr. Wood, Mr. Smith's assistant, could pay the daily visit, and order the red mixture in the one case, and the white in the other, quite as well as his principal.

So Mr. Wentworth Smith was going; but whither? He had thought of a trip to Paris, a run down the Rhine; or even a skip across the Alps. He had never been on the Continent, and everybody went there. But then why should he do what everybody else did? Was there not something rather undignified in such a proceeding? He had resolved not to be absent more than three weeks, and what pleasure could there be in *doing* the Continent in three weeks; in frantically rushing from one place to another, fast as the power of steam could take him, with Murray, clothed in the immortal red, for his companion, the laughing-stock of shabby foreigners? Mr. Wentworth Smith saw no pleasure in all this, so he determined to spend his holiday in his native isle. In Scotland perchance, or at the English lakes? No, no, no, Mr. Smith would none of these; his mind was made up, he was going to Scarborough. Had not Agnes Fenton, the very last time he had met her, asked him where he should spend his holiday this year, and when he had broached his ultramontane views (not then abandoned), had she not declared people said the Bay of Scarborough was every bit as fine as the Bay of Naples?

Mr. Fenton, this young lady's father, was the Vicar of B——, and she, the eldest of his ten children, was a very charming girl, by the bye, and with her mamma, brothers, and sisters, was now staying at Scar-

borough. Possibly the wish to see Agnes Fenton might have even more force with Mr. Smith than the wish to see Scarborough Bay; the latter he had never seen before it is true, while he had seen the young lady grow up from childhood under his eyes, had seen her any day for the last eight years, and might see her again without going farther than the Parsonage, if he waited a month, or six weeks at the furthest. But a month or six weeks stretched themselves into a century in his imagination. He was, in fact, in love. He had only discovered his woful plight since the fair object had been removed from his sight. She was so young, he had thought he regarded her only as a child. A sweet engaging child. Now, however, that he had found out it was a different feeling, no wonder that Scarborough Bay allured him. No wonder that he seemed to see the blue waves dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, nodding their crested heads at him, beckoning him on; that he seemed to hear a soft Syren's voice, singing, "Come unto these yellow sands," for ever in his ear. And this was no delusive strain, like those fables of old; as he thought over the past he felt convinced that Agnes, Agnes the true and tender-hearted maiden, really liked him, and that her parents would not be unwilling to favour his suit. Agnes was one of ten, and the living of B—— was anything but a fat one.

"Betsy," said Mr. Wentworth Smith, to his sister, "I'm going to Scarboro' the day after to-morrow, will you come with me?"

"To Scarborough. Are not the Fentons there?"

"Yes." A short answer, but enough for Miss Betsy's sagacity.

"Then you are sure to see a good deal of them, and won't be dull without me," she said; "and I had rather stay at home to tell you how everything goes on in your absence."

So Mr. Wentworth Smith travelled alone. I do not intend to describe the geographical position of the town of B—— on the map of England; I may say, however, that although Mr. Smith left it by an early train in the morning, he could not reach Scarborough before the evening. He was rather disposed to find the journey tedious, and not sorry when, having got over about half the distance, a gentleman entered the carriage, who seemed conversationally inclined.

The new comer's appearance was chiefly distinguished by an air of fashion in his dress, and a remarkably fine growth of coal black hair; he had too, an amazingly rapid utterance, and gave the idea of being pre-eminently wide awake, of seeing further into a milestone than most men, and having, indeed, more than the ordinary use of all the five senses. The conversation was opened by Mr. Smith's act of eliminating his railway ticket from his waistcoat pocket, in answer to the demand of an official.

"I perceive we are bound for the same part," remarked the stranger. "Delightful place, Scarborough. Queen of watering places. Not another in England, or indeed, in Europe, I may say, to compare with it."

"I hope to be able to agree with you, sir, so far as my limited experience goes," returned our hero. "This is my first visit to Scarborough."

The stranger raised his black eye-brows in surprise.

"You don't say so. Been at Llandudno, sir, may I ask?"

"Never."

"Ah, well, now that's a place about which a great fuss has been made lately, without either rhyme or reason, as far as I can see. The Great Ormes Head, I'm told, is a fine bold promontory. Granted. But a man soon gets tired of staring open-mouthed all day long at a promontory, be it ever so fine. And at Llandudno there *is* nothing else to stare at. When I was there, they made a grand boast about the salubrity of the place. There had not been a funeral in eight successive months. Nothing so wonderful in that; for eight months in the year nobody lives there, *ergo*, as a matter of course, nobody dies. Know Tenby?"

Mr. Smith again answered in the negative.

"Ah, well—poor place compared with Scarborough that too, but a degree better than Llandudno. From Llandudno to Tenby I should consider parallel with an escape from the fire to the frying-pan. Been to Barmouth?"

Mr. Smith smiled, saying as he shook his head, "If each of us spoke the thought now uppermost in his mind, I fancy yours would be the wonder where I *have* been; and mine the wonder where you have *not* been. In truth, I have but little time for travelling; the medical profession is a hard taskmaster, and allows but a short and seldom holiday."

"While I," resumed the stranger, with some apparent self-complacency, "may say I enjoy a perpetual one. As you correctly surmise, I have travelled much—may truly call myself a citizen of the world. Allow me to introduce myself to you by name," and producing a visiting card, he handed it to Mr. Smith.

The latter gentleman bowed, took the card, glanced at it, and read "Mr. John Walker." He was a trifle disappointed; the mountain had laboured and brought forth a mouse. Mr. John Walker! True his own name of Smith was common, deplorably plebeian, but the *Wentworth* was a redeeming point. Whereas this Mr. Walker appeared to have no other leg to stand upon. Mr. Smith recollected, however, that it behoved him to make some acknowledgment of the proffered civility.

"I am happy, sir, to make your acquaintance," he said. "My name is Wentworth Smith, at your service."

"*Wentworth* Smith!" exclaimed Mr. Walker. "Any relation to Lord Wentworth, of Dalby, may I ask?"

"None whatever, that I am aware of," was the answer.

"Excuse my apparent impertinence, but Lord Wentworth is a particular friend of mine," apologised Mr. Walker.

The particular friend of a lord! Mr. John Walker was rising in the social scale.

We will pass over the remainder of the conversation which took place between the two gentlemen, and behold them landed at the end of their journey. They separated at the station; Mr. Walker having announced that he was arriving on a visit to friends, Mr. Smith turning to find his welcome at an inn. He knew the Fentons when at Scarbro,' were in the habit of lodging on the Esplanade, so with the longing with which a lover ever seeks to be near his mistress, he ordered the transportation of himself and luggage to the well-known fashionable hotel of that locality. Arrived there, his first demand was for the Gazette containing the list of visitors. Here was the heading he sought, "Esplanade." The names are in alphabetical order. A, B, C, D, E, were letters totally ignored by Mr. Wentworth Smith. True as the needle to the pole, his eye pointed to F.—Faber, Fanshawe, Fabell, Fawcett." Yes, here it was. "Fenton, Mrs., and family, B—— Vicarage, ——shire, No. 26." How far was that distant from him? He rushed to the door to note the number of the house adjoining the hotel. Only twelve houses intervened between it and that which enshrined his soul's idol. He felt as if with a breath he could have blown down the flimsy walls of lath and plaster which separated them; to his heated imagination it seemed a quicker, readier way, than walking those few short steps from the hotel to No. 26, ringing the bell, and so gaining admission to the beloved one. But no, he had not yet declared his love; he stood actually on no nearer footing than that of an acquaintance—at most a friend—the observances of society must not be disregarded. It was too late to call that evening—he must wait till to-morrow. So he resolved to make the best of the painful necessity. He engaged his rooms, called for some refreshment, enjoyed the goods the gods provided, and then before turning in for the night, took a stroll outside.

It was a lovely summer's evening, the time of dusky twilight, and as he passed beneath the windows of No. 26, he glanced upward. Those on the first floor opened on a balcony, and were thrown up almost to the ceiling; but no fluttering dress of clear muslin, such as Agnes wore, was visible; no little white hand like hers strayed from behind the curtains. Perhaps, too, that was not the Fentons' room after all; there were probably other lodgers besides in the house. But, as he turned to go away, the notes of a piano in the room made themselves heard. Mr. Smith had not at all a musical ear, and so he was perhaps rather rash in persuading himself it was Agnes' hand that touched the keys to the tune of "Ever of thee." "Ever of Thee I'm fondly Dreaming"—was there no meaning in the words; was there not rather a spirit breathing in them, a spirit animated by the memory of him, of him, the lucky Mr. Wentworth Smith? "*Facile credimus quod volumus*," says the old proverb, and so our hero went to bed that night thoroughly happy in this belief.

Of course he dreamt of Agnes. Of course his first waking thoughts were of Agnes too. Soon, however, they received another turn—a decidedly unpleasant turn. Before going down stairs he put his hand in his

coat pocket, and found his pocket-book missing—his pocket-book which contained—no Potosian mine of wealth indeed, but all the little sum he had assigned for the expenses of his summer holiday. How had it vanished? Had some thief entered the apartment and rifled his pocket during the night, when his senses were steeped in Elysian slumber? The proprietor of the hotel would doubtless reject with indignation the possibility of such an occurrence having transpired in an establishment whose every dependent was of tried and trustworthy honesty. Had he himself carelessly dropped the book during yesterday's journey? He must find the cab which drove him from the railway-station in the evening, and make his loss telegraphed to the various places where he had changed his train on the line of rail by which he had travelled. But Mr. Wentworth Smith was not generally careless, and was loth to believe he owed his loss to this fault in himself. Could he have had his pocket picked? He tried in vain to recal his fellow-travellers to mind; no other physiognomy would present itself but that of Lord Wentworth's intimate friend, who was of course above suspicion.

No more pleasant thoughts of Agnes; if he did think of her it was with a presentiment that the day having had a bad beginning, everything was about to go wrong with him. His breakfast went down the wrong way. The coffee was cold, the bread stale, the ham fried to a cinder, the eggs boiled to stones. When he went out the same malevolent fate pursued him. The sunshine gave place to rain, the wind blew in his face, the sea changed its blue benignant aspect for a dark and threatening one.

He went to the railway station, and from thence to the police-office, but could hear nothing of his lost pocket-book. A great many of the swell mob were about, he was told for his comfort, and the detectives had their eye upon some of them. "Did this gentleman know the numbers of the notes contained in the missing book?" "No." "That was unfortunate; however, if he would leave his name and address——" Mr. Smith complied, and then returned to his hotel. There was nothing further to be done, so he wrote to his bankers for a new supply of money, trying to cheer himself with the reflection that the loss, if a loss it should prove, would not be ruin to him.

Meanwhile, time had worn apace, and it was not too early now for a morning call. He would go to see Agnes. It still rained, so he would be almost sure to find her at home. His spirits began to revive within him.

"Mrs. and Miss Fenton at home?" he asked in a confident tone of the maid-servant, who answered his ring at the door of No. 26.

"I believe so, sir; I'll go and see," was the answer.

"Here, take my card," said Mr. Smith, assured that so soon as this was seen, the word would be open sesame. A few moments he waited in the hall.

"The ladies are engaged," said the maid returning.

Engaged—to him! impossible! "Did you give my card?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, sir," was the unanswerable reply.

What could it mean? He must know something further.

"Take my compliments to Mrs. Fenton," he said, "and ask her when it will be most convenient to her that I should call again."

The girl somewhat unwillingly departed on her errand, and speedily returned.

"Mrs. Fenton begs you will not take the trouble to call again," was the yet more incredible message this time. Again he asked himself, what could it mean? He must, however, pursue the miserable enquiry further from its source, the maid servant being about to shut the door in his face. Rushing away wildly, for the third time he mentally ejaculated, what could it mean? Could he forget Agnes' sweet smile the last time he beheld her; that time when she had assured him the bay of Scarborough was every bit as fine as the bay of Naples, only two or three short weeks ago. Had not Mrs. Fenton's manner always been cordiality itself towards him? And only the day before yesterday, when he had called at the Vicarage to tell Mr. Fenton of his intended journey, and to ask whether he could be the bearer of anything for him to Scarborough, had not the eye of Paterfamilias beamed with satisfaction, as though he divined the object of his journey, and bade him God speed? Had he (the Rev. Mr. Fenton) not furthermore said he had nothing to send, as he was hoping the next week to get his duty supplied for a Sunday or two, so as to be able to run down himself to Scarborough, where he was delighted to find he should have the unexpected pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith? Was not Mr. Fenton's parting shake of the hand almost paternal? And now to meet with this repulse! "Engaged—and he need not take the trouble to call again." They need not fear he would do so. He would shake the very dust of the ungrateful place from off his feet, and begone that self same day. No, he would not do that either. Agnes might think he could not bear to remain in consequence of her heartless behaviour. He would dine at the *table d'hôte* that day, and lose no time in commencing a desperate flirtation with the first pretty girl who would let him. He would be constantly by her side on the promenade at the Spa, and devoted in his attentions, under Agnes's very eyes. *Wie gesagt, so gewagt*. Fortune seated Mr. Wentworth Smith at dinner that same day next a remarkably pretty girl, to whom his attentions appeared to be anything but disagreeable.

Miss Charlotte Bold, so the young lady was named, was under the *chaperonage* of her mamma; but the mamma happening to be under the young lady's finger and thumb, dared say never a word, whatever the latter might say or do. By the time dinner was ended, she declared she felt as though she had known Mr. Smith a year.

"Then I hope you'll allow me to have the pleasure of escorting you to the Spa this evening," said the gentleman.

"The rain—," began Mrs. Bold.

"The rain," interrupted her daughter, "has been over ages. You always are a century behind hand in everything, mamma. The sun will be out again in no time; or if it is too late for that, the moon will, which will do quite as well, won't it, Mr. Smith?"

That gentleman immediately became enraptured in praise of moonlight. Sun and stars might for him be for ever extinguished in the vault of heaven, only let the silver moon be there.

"Oh, don't be sentimental," exclaimed Miss Bold. "I shan't walk on the Spa with you if that is the style of thing with which you are going to entertain me. I must have something rather more lively."

Mr. Smith here protested he was quite of Miss Bold's opinion. Sentiment was all humbug.

"But about going down to the Spa to-night?" here began Mrs. Bold again in her slow nervous manner, "I really don't know."

"Lor, mamma, that was settled half an hour ago. Of course I mean to go, but if you're afraid of rain, or damp, or anything else, *you* can stay at home. Mr. Smith will take care of me."

"Charlotte, my dear, I wish you would not talk so fast. I never said I was afraid of anything, and of course I shall not let you go without me."

Mrs. Bold generally "let" her daughter do pretty much as she liked, this point however was not disputed. During the course of the evening both ladies went down to the Spa attended by Mr. Smith.

"Mamma," said Charlotte, after they had taken two or three turns, "would you not like to sit down?"

And Mamma, whether she liked it or not, did sit down, and the young lady had the gentleman all to herself. Now, Mr. Smith talked and laughed, and seemed to have every sense absorbed by the fascinating Charlotte, but in reality his eye was ever and anon wandering to and fro, hoping to discern the figure of Agnes Fenton among the crowd. For some time he looked in vain, but at length—no, yes—surely that is she, coming this way, leaning on the arm of a tall gentleman, neither mother, brothers, nor sisters near her. Agnes alone with this unknown gentleman. Oh, frailty, thy name is woman! This then was the secret of the morning's engagement, of his being bidden not to take the trouble to call again. A new suitor preferred before him! The sight was gall and wormwood to him; he was resolved however to make no sign. As Agnes and her companion passed, he appeared quite unconscious, turning at the moment to make some sportive remark to Charlotte.

"Did you think that girl pretty?" asked the latter.

"What girl?" demanded Mr. Smith, obtusely.

"Why, the one that passed us just now with that gawky-looking, overgrown boy. She stared so hard at you, and seemed almost as if she was going to speak. Now, to oblige me, look the next time she passes, and tell me whether you think her pretty."

"When I look at you, how can I think any one else pretty, Miss Bold?"

"Well, you are not obliged to call her pretty, but only to look. Say she is a fright if you like. Now then obey me, sir."

And as Agnes passed a second time, Mr. Smith did look, and said he did not admire her at all, which was a tremendous fib, as in his heart of hearts he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. The colour rose in her cheek, and her beautiful eyes sought the ground, after resting for a moment on Mr. Smith and his companion.

"You don't know her then?" said Charlotte.

"No," returned Mr. Smith briefly, telling a second fib on the heels of the first. "What did you say of the gentleman with her?" he asked further.

"Oh, you need not be jealous of him," said Charlotte laughing; "I said he looked like a great, awkward, overgrown boy. I wonder she is not ashamed to parade such a lover."

"Lover, how do you know he is her lover?" Mr. Smith was about to ask, but he checked himself. Did he not know it but too well? And it was this "awkward, overgrown boy," as Charlotte called him, who was preferred to him!

Miss Fenton and her companion disappeared from the Spa long before the other party with whom we have to do. All through the deepening twilight, until the band had played the last galop, and struck up the notes of "God save the Queen," did Charlotte, laughing, talking, flirting, continue her untiring march by the side of Mr. Wentworth Smith. Then, and not till then, did she approach her much enduring mother, almost frozen to death by having sat so long in the chill evening air, and tell her she might as well get up now as they were going home.

And now the record of one day was very much like another. Mr. Wentworth Smith was always either walking, riding, driving, or boating with Miss Charlotte Bold. Bets were frequent among the amused lookers-on whether it would or would not end in an offer. And then there were more bets as to whether the offer, if made, would be accepted. True the young lady gave decided encouragement; but then she was a notorious flirt and coquette, and might stoop to conquer for mere pride of conquest.

Meanwhile what of the Fentons? Mr. Smith and Miss Bold encountered them frequently, but except that the former strove to put additional *empressément* into his manner towards his fair companion at the moment of these rencontres, they passed without a sign. One early day, indeed, two juvenile Fentons abandoned the wells of water they were digging in the sand, at the sight of Mr. Smith, and rushed towards him with outstretched hands and joyful exclamations; but failing to meet the welcome they had been used to, they speedily resumed their spades, and from that day forward appeared to acquiesce in the estranged manners and customs of their elders. The country lover was constant at Agnes' side,

and Mrs. Fenton's comportment towards him was, to the eye of a looker on, quite maternal.

Nothing had in the meantime been heard of the lost pocket-book, until one morning when Mr. Smith had been rather more than a week at Scarborough, he was informed that the landlord of one of the other hotels had called at the C * * * *, and desired to be allowed to speak to him. Our hero at once gave the word of permission, and Mr. — was ushered into his presence.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for the intrusion," began the latter; "but having heard of your recent loss, I came to know whether this is your property," saying which, he produced a pocket-book, which Mr. Wentworth Smith immediately identified as his own.

"Yes, it is mine," he said.

"Then, sir," resumed the landlord, "I very much fear you will never again set eyes on the notes it contained at the time you lost it. I, sir, am a fellow sufferer. This morning the individual who must have robbed you, decamped from my hotel without paying a farthing of the bill he contracted, during more than a week's residence. The account was no trifle either; he ordered everything of the best. And now the villain has decamped—decamped, sir, leaving nothing behind him but this empty pocket-book of yours, and ——— a black wig! He seemed to have an uncommonly fine head of hair to be sure, and it turns out as big an impostor as himself."

Mr. Smith immediately recalled to mind the raven locks of Mr. John Walker, Lord Wentworth's particular friend, and abused himself for his own gullibility. He had frequently met the gentleman on the promenade at the Spa, and had exchanged passing civilities with him, which had doubtless sufficed to set Mr. Walker's mind at rest from the fear of his (Mr. Smith's) suspicion. What verdant ground, to be sure, Mr. Walker had lighted on.

"Have you then taken no measures for capturing the thief? Have you no knowledge of the time when he left your house?" Mr. Smith demanded of the landlord.

"I have made every inquiry," the latter replied; "and one of our waiters deposes to having seen a grey headed gentleman, dressed like a clergyman, go out of our house, whom no one recollected having seen go in. Who wears a black wig may wear a white one, or whatever colour best suits his fancy, while any tailor can make a clerical suit to order. I have my suspicions of that same clerical-looking party, which I have communicated to the police. They are on the look out at the railway station, and if they succeed in catching their man, you, sir, may depend upon being immediately informed."

Mr. Smith having thanked the landlord for his civility, the latter took his leave.

The sense of having been duped and robbed by a common swindler,

may be generally supposed to be depressing and humiliating to a man's vanity; but strange to say, Mr. Smith felt inexplicably elated and in better spirits than he had been ever since the day following his arrival at Scarborough. He could not account for it to himself, any more than for what other equally inexplicable reason he, about an hour afterwards, actually shirked an already half-formed engagement to ride with the fair Charlotte, in favour of a solitary walk.

Again, he could not say what prompted him to take the high road to B——; it had no beauty to recommend it; it was dull, dry, and dusty, yet something impelled him so forcibly in that direction, that he would have found it almost as impossible to deviate from it, as the earth to choose her another path than that marked out for her round the sun by the unchangeable law of Nature. As he walked, Mr. Smith's thoughts were busy with the puzzle: was he under mesmeric influence? Nonsense; he shook off the idle superstition, and walked on quicker than before, as if, like the great sea-serpent, he was bent on a determined purpose, only he did not know what it was.

He had walked thus rather more than a mile, when he observed a lady on horseback approaching at full gallop; soon he perceived the rider had lost all command of the animal, and was in imminent danger of being thrown. He rushed forward, hoping by seizing the bridle to check its wild career; but before he was near enough to effect his purpose, the horse, either frightened at the sight of him, or some other object in the road, suddenly reared and dashed the lady from the saddle. What were Mr. Smith's emotions, when in the insensible form he endeavoured to raise from the ground, he recognised Agnes Fenton? His heart rushed to his mouth, and in that moment he first knew how fervently and fondly he had loved her. *Had* loved—no, it was in no dead past, but in the living present. Her coldness, her determination not to know him, her kindness to another, if they had wrought any alteration in him, had but increased his passion. He loved—loved Agnes Fenton, and hated Charlotte Bold and every other woman. But almost before these convictions, quick as lightning, had forced themselves through his brain, as he tenderly gazed at the insensible form he now held in his arms, another horse and rider approached.

“My sister, oh my sister!” cried a voice, “tell me, she is not hurt?” And Mr. Smith looking up, recognised his hated rival, the gentleman he had seen with Agnes on the Spa. And he called her *sister*. How could this be? Without pausing however to solve this question, sensible only of a great crushing load taken from his heart, he said,

“No, only stunned; I do not think she is hurt at all.”

“Thank God! and you too, Mr. Smith,” ejaculated the brother. “We must be friends again henceforth for ever, after this.”

“You have nothing to thank me for, but friends, indeed, I hope from my heart, we may be.”

“Then while I watch by my sister, will you ride my horse to procure the nearest conveyance you can meet with, to carry her home to our lodgings.”

Mr. Smith was reluctant to relinquish his fair burden; before he did so, he would make sure it was indeed into the hands of a brother.

“Most gladly, (oh false superlative!) and directly,” he said. “But, one moment, tell me first—you called this lady your sister; you called me too by my name, how is it, then, that I do not know yours?”

“What should my sister’s brother’s name be but Fenton? And who should I be but Tom of that name—*alias* Tom Thumb?”

“My dear Tom, is it possible?” and Mr. Smith seized young Fenton’s hand, and shook it cordially. “I go now,” he added; but Agnes, whose consciousness had in the mean time been gradually returning, at these words attempted to rise, protesting she was not at all frightened, and should be able to ride her runaway steed home almost directly. This, however, neither gentleman would hear of, and Mr. Smith departed on his errand. Whilst he was absent, thoughts, happy thoughts for the most part, crowded on his mind. What a strange chance had renewed his intercourse with the Fentons! Could it be so renewed only to be again interrupted as strangely as before? He thought not, if he had read aright the expression of Agnes’ eyes as they woke to consciousness; if his ears had heard aright her brother’s declaration that they must henceforth be friends for ever. Then his thoughts turned to the brother. What a metamorphosis was here! Well he remembered the little midshipman, who not quite four years ago had departed on his first voyage, but who could have supposed this young Goliath to be the same?

Just one year younger than Agnes, Tom had been so remarkably small for his age, that his name had always been Tom Thumb in the family. Though he had returned to spend a brief furlough with his friends twice before this, since first he entered her Majesty’s Royal Navy, it happened that Mr. Smith had never seen him on these occasions. The first time Tom had spent his holiday at Scarborough, and the second, when he had been at home at the Parsonage, Mr. Smith had chanced to be away the whole time, visiting a near relation of his own, supposed to be dying. He had heard indeed both times that Tom was grown, but for a growth like this his mind had been quite unprepared. It was “pro-di-gious,” as Dominie Sampson would have said.

When Mr. Wentworth Smith returned in the carriage he had been sent for, he found Agnes and her brother advancing slowly on foot to meet him. The former looked a little paler than usual perhaps, otherwise she seemed to have quite recovered from the shock she had received.

“You will drive home with us?” said Tom to him. Mr. Smith looked at Agnes. She evidently did not wish to forbid him, so he said “Certainly;” and all three were soon seated.

“And now you must explain why you have never been to see us

before, and have given us the dead cut on every occasion?" demanded Tom as they drove along.

"I did come, as you know, the very morning after my arrival, and was refused admission—was told I need come no more. What could I do then?"

"Impossible!" said Agnes. "There must be some mistake. We never knew you had called."

"Nay, it is my turn now to say impossible. I sent in my card, and the servant who took it, brought me back the message from Mrs. Fenton herself."

"From mamma, who has been every day regretting the estrangement, and at a loss how to account for it! She would have stopped you to ask what it meant, only, whenever we met, you always had a young lady with you." This was said half reproachfully, and made Mr. Smith look abashed, and wish Charlotte had been at Jericho. "Indeed," Agnes went on, "I feel certain mamma has never treated anybody in such a manner, since we have been at Scarborough, except a certain Mr. John Walker."

"Mr. John Walker!" repeated Mr. Smith. The truth flashed across him in a moment. He recollected how he had been honoured with that gentleman's card, and suspected he must by mistake have sent this into the Fentons instead of his own. Before taking upon himself the blame of the whole misunderstanding, he would, however, ask Agnes a question.

"And who was Mr. John Walker?" he said.

"That," she replied laughing, "I am quite unable to tell you, never having seen anything of the gentleman beyond his visiting card. But mamma had, many years ago, a disagreeable acquaintance of that name, and thinking it possible he might have reappeared upon the scene, she acted as rudely as you have related. But to *you* she could never——"

Mr. Wentworth Smith here broke in with his confession, not omitting the episode of the stolen pocket-book, and the unpaid bill.

"This," he continued, "is hardly likely to be your mamma's acquaintance of bye-gone years. I should think this Mr. John Walker probably has an alias for every day in the year."

"And visiting-cards to match," suggested Tom, "does not that seem rather an unnecessary part of the business?"

"Very much so, indeed; only introduced I think for my sole annoyance and discomfiture."

"I am very sorry," said Agnes.

"Thank you—it was hard to bear at the time, but one can afford to laugh at a misfortune that is past."

All's well that ends well, and Mr. Wentworth Smith's holiday, though it had a dark and cloudy beginning, ended under a serene and sunny sky. He did not indeed recover his lost bank notes, nor hear anything further of Mr. John Walker; but that loss sat on him light as a feather now, overbalanced by and forgotten in a great gain—a gain, as he thought, beyond all price and power of estimation in money. When he returned home to B——, it was as the betrothed husband of Agnes Fenton.

SHAKSPEARE, A SEAMAN.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEA-LORE.

THE incidents of Shakspeare's life, authentically related and established beyond all cavil, are meagre indeed. Little more is known than the date of his birth and of his death; and the fact that, for a number of years, he was a play-actor, author, and manager. When a young fellow, he went to London; but whether to avoid punishment for deer-stealing, or to seek his fortune, is of little consequence. His subsequent life is then a dead blank until he re-appears as an actor and author. *Where* was he in the interval? We reply that his dramas afford internal evidence that he spent *at least a portion of the interval at sea*. This assumption will explain how he gained his nautical knowledge and sea-lore; which is so extraordinary that we cannot believe he could have acquired it in any but a practical way. No poet of any age or nation ever so practically understood and expounded the true Poetry of the Sea as Shakspeare. Perhaps the Portuguese poet, Camöens, author of that magnificent sea-epic, the *Lusiad*, ranks next to him. Read Shakspeare carefully through; weigh with critical nicety all his nautical descriptions, phrases, allusions, and allegories; bear in mind the age in which he lived; and the irresistible conclusion to which you will be driven is that he *must* have served on shipboard. We fix no precise date; we do not speculate at all as to the duration of his sea-career; but that he actually had been afloat seems to us indisputable. A single year of a sailor's life would be quite long enough for such a myriad-minded marvellous genius to obtain that keen insight into sea-life, and that accurate and comprehensive familiarity with the marvels of Ocean which his plays profusely evince. For our own part, we love to picture Shakspeare, in the pride of his young manhood, climbing the "high and giddy" mast, and rocked to sleep like his own "wet sea-boy in an hour so rude" by the boisterous chopping waves of the narrow seas, or the long heavy swells and rolling billows of the wide Atlantic. May he not have personally visited the "still vexed Bermoothes," and *there* have conceived the germinal idea of his preternatural *Tempest*? And may he not have been one of England's Hearts of Oak who, with the providential aid of headwinds and gales, and storms, defeated and destroyed the Spanish Armada? He was born in 1564, and the Armada sailed in 1588, so that he would then be little more than twenty-four years of age; and it is at this very period that no reliable evidence exists as to his whereabouts or occupation. The names and rates of Queen Elizabeth's ships have been preserved, and we presume that many curious particulars regarding them, and, probably, lists of the names of their crews, yet exist in our Naval State Records. We should like to overhaul the latter, for who knows whether we should not find one William Shakspeare rated as captain of the fore-castle of the *Mer-Honneur*, or the *Ark-Royal*, or the *White Bear*, or some other first-rater of the period?

Take up your Shakspeare and read the opening scene of the *Tempest*. A ship is off an unknown lee-shore, labouring heavily; a storm is raging; lightning is flashing; thunder is bellowing; waves are madly roaring; "mens' hearts are failing them for fear;" confusion and terror are holding a carnival on board. We appeal to all intelligent readers—and especially to seamen—to answer whether they think it probable that Shakspeare could have intuitively penned that scene if he had spent his life *entirely* ashore? The thing is incredible. We know that Shakspeare was so marvellously gifted that he could conceive and accurately depict characters and scenes of nearly every age and kind; but even *his* transcendent imagination had its bounds; and it is rather too much to expect us to credit that he could have written the first scene of the *Tempest* unless he had previously had *some* practical acquaintance with the Sea, and ships, and seamen. Every epithet in the scene is exactly proper, and in admirable keeping; every sea phrase is correct; every order of the boatswain is seamanlike, and precisely adapted to the end in view. There is nothing lubberly about the whole affair; nothing to which a seaman of the nineteenth century would object in a professional point of view—that is, taking into consideration the build and rig of ships in Shakspeare's days. The boatswain did all that was in his power, as a seaman, to enable the ship to "claw off" shore. And what a grand old sea-dog is he! Neither Smollett, nor Marryatt, nor even Fenimore Cooper, ever drew a more graphic character. In the space of a single page we learn to know him as thoroughly as though he lived and moved in our presence. He is a matchless specimen of the old, old school of mariners—much akin to the ancient seaman so minutely painted by Chaucer. A thorough seaman is he; a fine, hardened, blustering, dogmatic, domineering old fellow, whose shaggy beard has been outspread in a hundred tempests; one not apt to spare either himself or his subordinates in the way of duty. He strongly reminds us of the quaint and truthful observation of old Purchas—"The mariner seems rough-hewn and rude, according to the ocean that breeds him; but he that can play with these dangers that would transform others into stones, and dares dwell within so few inches of death—that calls the most tempestuous elements his parents, &c., deserves to be held in esteem and honour." The same may be said of the boatswain of the *Tempest*. His hoarse voice outroars wind and sea; he *will* be heard and obeyed; he feels that the safety of the ship and all on board depends on the ready exercise of his skill and judgment; he knows his own value at this awful crisis; and as to the passengers—king, princes, nobles, courtiers, and underlings, all put together—he values them less than a rotten rope-yarn, for they are so much live lumber, and "Out of the way, I say!" and "What care these roarers for the name of king?" is ever his contemptuous cry unto them. And what sterling and characteristic replies does he make to Gonzalo! We love and venerate this tarry old mariner. Shakspeare drew him from the very life

Shakspeare's faculty of picturing a storm at sea in such a manner that we virtually fancy ourselves spectators, is not confined to the *Tempest*, but is displayed—though in a less prominent manner, and, as it were, incidentally—in several other plays. Very striking, for instance, is that sea-storm in the *Winter's Tale*—and, by the way, it has often been remarked with astonishment that Shakspeare, in this play, has actually described Bohemia, or a portion thereof, as “a desert country near the sea!” If he really wrote this in pure ignorance of the geographical position of Bohemia, we may smile at the blunder; but is it not possible that Shakspeare, who was well read and well-informed for his age, knew that Bohemia was inland, but was indifferent to the fact when it suited the exigencies of his plot to introduce a telling scene by the sea-shore? However this may be, the poor ignorant clown's agitated, disjointed story, conveys a more vivid idea of the terrors of a storm at sea, and the helpless agony of shipwrecked perishing mariners than many an elaborate description by the ablest modern writers.

Shakspeare was feelingly alive to the unceasing mortal anxieties, fears, and cares of merchants, shipowners, and the families and friends of seamen, consequent on the perpetual risk of shipwrecks and maritime disasters—a risk which, alas! seems only to have increased in these days of maritime progress, as “Lloyd's List” sadly testifies. What a picture is presented in the *Merchant of Venice* of the

“cares and the fears—
When the stormy winds do blow—”

of merchants and shipowners! In the whole range of literature it is unparalleled. In the third act it is rumoured that Antonio “hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; *the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried*, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.”

A word or two in reference to the above. The Goodwin Sands yet maintain their ancient reputation, and countless numbers of “tall ships” have been wrecked on them since Shakspeare's days. But dangerous as they are, they have borne a worse name than they deserve. They do not engulf and “swallow” ships in the voracious manner popularly imagined. There is reason to suppose that only the upper stratum of the sand is *quick*, or shifting; and that when ships suddenly disappear on the Goodwins they are not sucked bodily down, but are swirled and dashed to pieces by the surf and tides, and counter currents. Certain it is that, after the lapse of many years, fragments of wreck, huge beams, and even heavy bars of iron, and other metals, are sometimes cast up to the surface again and recovered, and this could hardly happen if they had sunk to any very great depth. Sometimes a ship, after striking on them, will disappear in a single tide, and at other periods wrecked vessels have been tossed about

for days and weeks, and have finally gone to pieces, and their fragments floated ashore. Above all, let us remark that, in the opinion of some, the good resulting from the existence of the Goodwins greatly preponderates over the evil. Were it not for these sands, the famous anchorage of the Downs would cease to be a secure roadstead; for the Goodwins are its natural breakwater. And as the average of wrecks on the Goodwins is only some dozen per annum, we are therefore justified in believing that the removal or disappearance of these sands would be a national calamity.

Shakspeare evinces a considerable acquaintance with the superstitions of seamen, examples of which occur in *Pericles*, *Macbeth*, &c. To this day, seamen have a very strong superstitious objection to sail with a dead body on board. Observe how thoroughly Shakspeare understood this feeling! A sailor says to Pericles—“Sir, *your queen must overboard*; the sea works high; the wind is loud, *and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.*” Pericles retorts—“That’s your superstition.” The sailor responds—“Pardon us, Sir; *with us at sea it still has been observed; and we are strong in earnest.* Therefore yield her, for she must overboard straight.”

Whilst reading Shakspeare with a special view to study his sea-lore, nothing has struck me more than the extraordinary number and variety of his allusions to the fact that his native land is sea-begirt and sea-defended. This one grand circumstance seems ever fondly present to his mental vision, and he persistently dwells upon it; not in one only, but many plays, he reiterates, in eloquent and enthusiastic language, the happy situation of Albion, engirt with tidal waters, her natural ramparts against invasion, and her sole medium of impregnability. So prominent is this idea; this image, feeling, and sentiment—in Shakspeare’s historical plays especially: so warmly, so fervently does he express his patriotic pride and thankfulness that his country is

“clipp’d in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales;”

that for this alone we ought to love him, and venerate his memory. Was there not something eminently prescient, something prophetic, in these four grand lines—

“Let us be back’d with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable;
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies!”

In *King John*, old John of Gaunt, “time-honoured Lancaster,” when on his death-couch, pronounces a magnificent eulogium on England, in which occur these striking lines—

“This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it as the office of a wall;
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune."

In *Cymbeline* he speaks of England as "Neptune's park." In this same wild, mysterious, and marvellous drama, sweet Imogene, speaking of Milford Haven, inquires—

"And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven?"

This is proof that Milford Haven was worthily renowned long centuries ago, and it yet maintains its fame. A thousand sail of the line might ride there in safety. Had Shakspeare ever anchored in this superb haven? Had he landed and roamed amongst the picturesque scenery of the adjoining country, which he describes in *Cymbeline*?

Nothing proves more strongly that Shakspeare had a genuine, deep-seated love of the sea and all that appertains thereunto, than the frequent allusions to it, even in those plays which, neither as regards their titles, plot, scenery, and character, have the slightest apparent connection with the ocean, ships, and seamen. We could give scores of instances. Here is a harsh, yet most striking and faithful sketch of just such a rugged storm-beaten rock as we have seen on the iron-bound coasts of Northumberland and Caithness—

"Let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock,
O'erhang and jutty this confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean."

The following is a contrast to the above—

*"The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's lips."*

This refers, apparently, to a flat, broad-lipped coast, like that of Norfolk, or of Lincoln, or of Essex, with a deep, far-stretching beach at neap-tides.

Shakspeare's general familiarity with the sea, sea-life, and nautical language, is not only evinced in formal passages and elaborate speeches, but betrays itself in many brief incidental remarks, and even in single lines and expressions. These are evidently off-hand utterances; springing freshly and naturally from the poet's memory of what he had seen and heard, and are not mere coinages of his imaginative brain. Shakspeare ever drew his inspiration direct from Nature, and all his descriptions of natural objects and phenomena are faithfully founded on his personal observations and experiences. Let us cluster a few specimens of the expressions to which we allude. In *Hamlet*, we meet with these powerful lines—

"Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier."

Every seaman must have witnessed the fearful contention of wind and sea, and however prosaic his soul may be, he could hardly help, on such occasions, fancying that they were veritably contending for the mastery. That is the fancy, or idea, above expressed. Again, in *King Lear*, occurs the graphic line, "Plead with the seas, and reason down the winds," and "mad as the vexed sea." A similar image of the lashed ocean is expressed in these vigorous lines (in *Taming of the Shrew*)—

"Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chaf'd with sweat?"

The whistling, howling, and shrieking of the wind in the rigging of a ship is alluded to in *King Henry VIII.* thus—

"Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes."

Ah! Shakspeare had heard the storm-wind play its rough music in the maze of a ship's rigging, many a time and oft! And he had seen and garnered in his memory every phase of ocean phenomena, in calm as well as in storm. Here is one amid a multitude of proofs—

"As with the tide, swelled up unto its height,
That makes a stand-still, running neither way."

He thus accurately describes high-water, or "flood," as seamen term it, when the tide, for a few minutes, ceases to flow, and has not yet begun to ebb. For a contrast to the above placid image, our eye glances to—

"though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up."

In *Twelfth Night* the saucy and witty Maria, addressing the disguised Viola, says—"Well, you hoist sail, Sir! Here lies your way;" and Viola, in a similar vein, racily retorts—"No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer." This expression is ship-shape. It is such a phrase as any seaman might use at the present day. A ship is said to be "*a-hull*" when her sails are furled and her helm lashed a-lee: therefore Viola, in choice sea-idiom, expresses her intention to remain where she is.

Shakspeare abounds in sea-imagery, applied to illustrate human passions, emotions, policy, and circumstances. It is noteworthy that Charles Dibdin, the king of naval lyrists, also was very partial to the same species of symbolism, or allegory, and practised it with great effect in many of his best sea songs. Did Shakspeare suggest this style to Dibdin? The most striking, eloquent, and perfect example of sea-symbolism, in all Shakspeare, is lion-hearted Queen Margaret's indignant yet pathetic appeal to the lords who support her meek, pious, resigned husband's cause, on the eve of the murderous battle of Tewkesbury. We particularly refer the reader to it.

It is strikingly characteristic of Shakspeare's genius that he has not

only depicted, with minute fidelity, the varying aspects of hoary Ocean in storm and in calm; far out a thousand leagues from land, "where plummet never sounded," and along the coasts, where shelving sandy beach or stern picturesque rocks say to the waves "thus far and no further"—not only has he bequeathed unto us marvellously faithful and vivid pictures of the upper, outward, and visible features and phenomena of the Ocean, but he has pierced downwards beneath its surface, and given us exquisite yet fearful glimpses of what lies at the bottom, in the hidden, uttermost depths. The unhappy Duke of Clarence, when confined in the Tower, relates a terrible dream he had in the watches of the night. What a vivid and appalling picture is conveyed by these magnificent lines!

"O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inherit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

We cannot help fancying that this superbly-written dream of Clarence suggested to Mrs. Hemans her fine poem of the "Treasures of the Deep." It is a singular fact that whenever Mrs. Hemans had occasion to allude to the sea, it was always in a tone of reproach, or melancholy remonstrance, or absolute horror. She seemed normally incapable of appreciating the beauty, the splendour, the might, the majesty, the sublimity of Ocean—she wrote of it in a tone of mingled terror, aversion, hatred, denunciation—she only recognised it as a ruthless, implacable, relentless, insatiable Destroyer!

We have sometimes marvelled why Shakspeare, who has given so many fine and spirited pictures of battles by land, never described a great sea-fight? We are by no means indisposed to believe that he himself might have served in one of Queen Bess's ships, and have smelt "villainous saltpetre" in action with the Dons; but even dismissing this theory as untenable, we are sure that he had access to many books—narratives published in his time by divers sea-captains of renown—which would have informed him of the mode and conduct of a battle at sea. The reason why he did not, therefore, describe a sea-fight, probably was because the rude stage machinery of his day was altogether inadequate for the purpose; and we must ever bear in mind that his plays were intended for the stage, not the closet; albeit the reverse is now their destiny.

A noble proof of Shakspeare's transcendent capability to have described

navies and their warlike evolutions in the grandest and most impressive style, is in *Henry V.*, where the Chorus says—

“Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier *
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle, ship boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sound confused ; behold the threading sail
Borne with the invincible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage [shore] and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing,
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur !”

A word about the line—“Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give.” At the present day the *whistle* is still used in men-o'-war for the purpose of summoning the crew. A silver whistle, suspended from the neck by a lanyard, is the modern boatswain's badge of office, and it is familiarly termed his *call*. But in Shakspeare's days, and long before, a great whistle (not of silver, but of virgin gold), was the honourable insignia of a naval commander, even of the highest rank. For example, the celebrated Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral of England in the reign of Bluff King Hal, died a glorious death whilst in the act of boarding an enemy's ship with “desperate bravery,” on the 25th April, 1513; and “when he saw the danger to which he was exposed, he took his chain of gold nobles which hung about his neck, and his great gold whistle, the ensign of his office, and threw them into the sea, to prevent the enemy from possessing the spoils of an English admiral.”

Has Shakspeare bequeathed us a sea-song? What think you of Ariel's song? If you object that it is not a *sailor's* sea-song—not such a “stave” as hardy tars would delight to sing on the fore-castle—we can introduce from the same drama a genuine mariner's song. Stephano, when wandering on the supposed uninhabited island, sings a certain jolly sea-song. Hearken to the shrewd and diverting knave, as he trolls away, bottle in hand, and monarch of all he surveys :—

“The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Moll, Meg, Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate :
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, ‘Go hang!’
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch . . .
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !”

* The Hampton here spoken of is Southampton. The original text of the

There is good stuff in that song: the writer must have smelt salt water; snuffed the sea-breeze with a hearty relish, and often had his jacket wetted with the spray. The oldest sea-song with which we are acquainted is "The Mariner's Song" in the comedy of "Common Conditions," printed in 1576; and the next oldest is "The Mariner's Glee," in "Deuteromelia," printed in 1609. As the *Tempest* was produced, or written, prior to the latter date, Stephano's ditty is possibly the second oldest sea-song extant.

We have now, as far as our space permitted, given evidences of Shakspeare's comprehensive and accurate nautical knowledge. We repeat, in sum, that he graphically and truthfully described the sea in all its varied aspects; ships of war, merchant barks, and royal pleasure barges; storms and shipwrecks; coast scenery; seamen from the life; sea superstitions; that he absolutely revelled in splendid sea-imagery; and that the greatest of poets was an ardent lover of the sea, and possessed such an intimate acquaintance with sea-life, as goes far to prove that he must have "followed the sea" at some period of his career, or that, at the very least, he had enjoyed personal opportunities to acquire his sea-lore.

The Lord Chancellor of England has recently claimed Shakspeare for a lawyer: have we not as good a right to set him down for an "A. B.?" Messmates and shipmates! let us clasp hands round the capstan, and take our solemn ship's oath, by the mainmast and by the rudder, and by the sheet anchor, that "Shakspeare was once a captain of the forecastle!"

folio of 1623, mentions Dover. This, as Mr. Knight observes, is clearly a mistake. On the 10th of August, 1415, the King embarked on board his ship, the "Trinity," between Portsmouth and Southampton.—[ED. ST. J. M.]

PARAGUAY.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards, in their progressive advance along the Eastern coast of South America, reached the mouth of the great river which bears the produce of the present Argentine Republics to the sea. Constantly urged by a craving for the precious metals, they fancied they had found their mythical El Dorado here, and gave the giant river the name of the Silver Stream, or Rio de la Plata. Juan Diaz di Soles, the discoverer of the country, was killed by the Indians, whom he treated with all the brutality of the Spanish Conquistadors: Gabota, the second Spaniard who sailed up the La Plata, also came into collision with the quarrelsome savages, and lost so many men, that he was compelled to retreat to Spain. The first man to reach the modern Paraguay was Pedro di Mendoza, who started from Seville in 1534, with fourteen vessels, 2,050 Spaniards and 150 Germans. He became the founder of Buenos Ayres and Assompcion, the present capitals of the Argentine Provinces and of Paraguay.

The Spanish Viceroy of the sixteenth century, only knew two ways of treating the Indians; the poor Redskins were either killed, or captured to be made serfs. After some seventy years had elapsed, they began to remember that certain Christian duties should be performed toward the primitive inhabitants of the country; and missionaries were sent for from Europe. It was the period when the Jesuits had attained their greatest renown; and it was only natural that Fathers, belonging to their order, should be selected. Two Jesuits reached Paraguay in 1609, and were speedily followed by two more. The two Missions, Loreto and San Ignacio Guaza, became the nucleus of a kingdom, whose government and fate belong to the most remarkable episodes of later history. This kingdom lasted for one hundred and fifty years; and realized not alone the ancient idea of theocracy, but, at the same time, the modern notion of a communistic association.

The Jesuit state of Paraguay was, *de facto*, independent, and perfectly closed against the outer world. Not the slightest influence was allowed to the Viceroy, or the landowners, whom the Indians had hitherto served. The Viceroy was not even allowed to enter the territory of the Missions, unless known to be a blind venerator of the Jesuits; or when it was thought advisable that a favourable report, as to the working of the Mission, should reach Madrid. The Missions certainly paid taxes, in the shape of parish rates, and a poll tax for each male Indian; but the state rarely received ready money from them, as each Mission obtained a certain annual amount from the Treasury, and the Jesuits always contrived to balance their debit and credit. As the Viceroy was only exceptionally admitted to the Missions, we can easily assume that the tax-gatherer and controller had even less access. In truth, every Spaniard was kept out; cleric and layman, official and officer, tradesman and artizan, "in order

that the innocence of the converts might not be affected." In order to keep up their system of isolation, the Jesuits fenced in their territory triply; round each village, pasture ground, and Mission, a deep moat was dug, with a wall behind, bristling with *chevaux de frise*. Substantial gates, held by a strong guard, were also erected at the places necessarily left open for communication between the Missions, and for trade purposes.

The Jesuits were the absolute rulers within this ring-fence. In each village there were two Padres, one for the clerical, the other for the secular government. The former hid himself, as far as he could, from profane eyes; shut up in his house, which was never entered by an Indian, he only emerged from his seclusion to read Mass. At such times he walked in solemn procession to church, attired in the most costly and splendid robes, and accompanied by numerous sacristans, musicians, and choristers. The Mission Church was an edifice imposing through its size—perhaps, to our taste, overladen with altars, carvings, statues, and gildings, but excellently calculated to blind the eyes of raw Indians, and impart something super-human to the Priest, who never appeared before them save in the highest ecclesiastical pomp. The Jesuit entrusted with secular matters was among the Indians every hour of the day. Supported by a species of Town Council, whose existence kept up the show of parochial self-government, he guided every movement and occupation of the Indians. Each Mission village was a Phalanstery on the Fourier system, under despotic authority. The Padre allotted certain employment to the Indians, both male and female; and what they produced did not belong to them, but to the community. Agricultural produce was stored up in large granaries; and what the village did not consume was placed in bags, and sold at towns on the river's bank, on account of the Priests. The return cargo of the boats—principally coloured calicoes and ornaments, was also placed in the storehouses, and gradually distributed among the most obedient and industrious Indians of both sexes. Their love for gaudy colours was thus perfectly satisfied, while their food was good and abundant.

The Jesuits did not keep more shepherds than was absolutely necessary; for a pastoral life promotes a feeling of independence, which the Jesuits did not at all desire to see spring up. The women washed and cooked, or spun and wove cotton; needle-work was taken from them and entrusted to the servants of the Church. Most of the men were employed in the fields; and what Fourier desired to introduce in his Phalanstery, was an established custom in the Missions. Each morning the labourers marched out to work to the merry strains of a band; a statue of a saint, fastened on a pole, represented the flag; and the first business was to build an arbour, in whose shadow the statue was placed. Work never lasted longer than half a day; and when it terminated they marched back to the village in the same order, when a dance generally formed the close of the day; and no Sunday passed without festivity and sport.

The Jesuit system, we allow, would never have produced among the

Indians any civilization deserving the name; but at the same time, it was impossible for a revolt to occur. The Redskins were timid, and the animal life in the Missions, with little work, and plenty of dancing, and sport, greatly pleased them. On the other hand, the Missions were a thorn in the flesh of the white colonists. Everybody grumbled, because the Jesuits exercised autocratic power, and kept aloof from the rest of society, as if it were impure. Hence, the Spanish bigotry had scarce begun to yield to the influences of the philosophic century, ere the motives for the system of isolation were critically investigated. The uneducated declared that rivers full of gold and silver were concealed behind the moats and palisades of the Missions; while, educated persons spread a report, that the Jesuits intended to throw up their allegiance to the Spanish Crown; so soon as they felt themselves powerful enough to do so. The latter accusation was not entirely unfounded; for the great majority of the Jesuit Missionaries were Italians, Germans, and English; and not the slightest influence was allowed to the few Spaniards living among them. They had their own army and artillery, and attached the greatest importance to the military training of their red protégés. The Court of Madrid believed the accusation, and the Missions were dissolved in 1767. The Jesuits endured the blow, and their pupils were scattered about the forests. At the close of the century there were only 45,000 inhabitants in the Mission villages; which, in 1767, had counted 144,000. At the present day, only one village, Candelaria, recalls the old Jesuit Government.

One hundred and fifty years after Charles the Third's decree, the ghost of a Communistic despotism again stalked through Paraguay. Gaspar Rodrigues Francia, the galvanizer of the corpse, had evidently taken a lesson from the Jesuits, although there could not be a more embittered foe of the Clergy than he proved himself. From the year 1814, when the origin of his Dictatorship may be dated, up to his death, in 1840; Paraguay was again a Phalanstery; not so logically carried out perhaps, as under the Jesuits, but established on a far more extended scale; for if formerly, only the Indians were expected to eat, drink, and be merry, by order, under Francia, all classes of the population were compelled to dance like puppets pulled by a string. Once again a blockade against foreigners was established; once again everybody had to undertake the tasks which were considered most suited for his limited intellect. There was this difference, however; under the Jesuits, men were worked to the sound of music; but Francia had another mode of spurring on the indolent—the penalty of death. In this manner he gained his object, and was proud of it; "Look at the result!" he once said to an European guest, whom he, contrary to his rule, let out again of the vast prison, called Paraguay, "compare Paraguay with the States of the Argentine Confederation. Paraguay produces sufficient, and my people live quietly and comfortably. What did it cost me? The death and imprisonment of a handful of restless fellows. And what have the Portenos, the Athe-

nians of Buenos Ayres founded? They have given the cry of liberty to all the winds of the Pampas; but everywhere they have created a desert, and scattered around the bones of a population, murdered through their foolish squabbles."

Paraguay, which has been twice closed, has now again opened its portals wide to foreign commerce. It is only a pity that the access to these portals is very difficult; that steppes, swamps, and impenetrable forests surround the country; and even the Parana, which offers the most convenient approach, can scarce be used, owing to its narrow course, which runs through shifting sand-banks. The present rulers have displayed the best will to enter into communication with the rest of the world, as is proved by their commercial treaties with France, Sardinia, Prussia, and the United States. Navigation is declared free on the Parana and the Paraguay, and the commerce of those States is placed on the same footing as the nation.

As to the future, which the present policy of the Government promises, we are not so sanguine about it as is the Belgian Colonel, Du Gratz, the author of the most recent work which has appeared about Paraguay.* We certainly allow that Paraguay—the disadvantages of its geographical position being left out of the question—possesses the natural conditions for prosperity. The climatic extremes are from $+4^{\circ}$ — $+30^{\circ}$ Reaumur; the average temperature is, in summer, 24° ; in winter, 14° . The sky is nearly always cloudless, and the nights more especially are remarkably clear. A southern wind brings rain, the north wind heat, and the sudden change between the two winds is one of the climatic disadvantages. Any duration of the north wind is extremely dangerous, for at such a time fevers set in; healthy persons are unnerved, the cattle hang their heads, plants rot away, and metals rust with extraordinary rapidity.

As if in punishment of the blind greed, with which the first Spaniards in Paraguay sought for the kingdom of the Silver King, and Trapalanda, the Eldorado, with its silver walls, golden roofs, and diamond windows, Nature has denied the country the noble metals. Iron and copper, fine marbles, and a few semi-precious stones exist. The vegetable world contains the treasures, however, which, if properly employed, would lead to power and wealth. Paraguay boasts of the jute, which has recently began to take so high a place in trade; and a cocoa fibre, considered equal to Manilla hemp. The sugar-cane flourishes excellently; and if the sugar be not better than it is, the fault lies with its wretched mode of preparation. Cotton grows nearly wild, and supplies a long fine thread; the Commercial Chamber of Antwerp has recently estimated its value at six pounds the fifty kilos. In the forests are various dyeing woods, which would favourably compete with any brought into the European markets. Paraguay tea, which is the largest article of export ($4\frac{1}{2}$ million lbs.

* "La Republique de Paraguay." Bruxelles: O. Muquardt.

annually), only finds admirers and consumers in South America. On the other hand, Paraguay tobacco would be highly esteemed in Europe : cigars are made of the best leaves, which, when they have been stored a certain length of time, are very slightly inferior to the best Havannah brands. They can be purchased at about thirty shillings a thousand, while the driest cigars from Cuba are not to be procured in bond under seven pounds the thousand.

For three years past the Paraguay Government has been engaged in a railway to run through the most densely populated part of the country, from Assompcion to Villania. Colonel du Gratz, however, is of opinion that a connection by rail with Buenos Ayres, would have been preferable to this inland railway. Even if a line were made to the confluences of the Parana with the La Plata river, the country would be opened up to European traffic ; and until that is effected, we cannot expect any brilliant future from Paraguay. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the attention of English capitalists may be directed to this little-known land, because the convulsions in North America hold out a promise of great prosperity for the Southern Republic. At a time when Lancaster is crying for cotton, no land, where its growth is possible, should be neglected ; and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce would act wisely by investigating the truth of Colonel du Gratz's statements, as to the value of the Paraguay staple. To those who take an interest in the subject, we can cordially recommend his volume, as containing much useful and practical information.

SIR BAALDWIN.
AN ALLEGORY OF LOVE AND LOSS.
BY WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

I.

THE sedgy shores of this enchanted lake
Are dark with shadows of the swans which make
 Their nests along its marge ;
And on the hither side, where small crisp waves
Creep with low music into hollow caves,—
 Waiting for that bright barge
Which bears the blest across to faëry land—
I, Baaldwin, in my weary watching, stand.

II.

I stand alone beneath Heaven's silent arch,
Shaded both night and day by clouds that march
 And countermarch above ;
A sombre suit of perfect mail I wear—
A gloomy plume that troubles the thin air
 To sighs whene'er I move ;
My sword is red and broken, and my shield
Bears a gold anchor on a sable field.

III.

This is a place where mortals find not speech.
Save the small wrinkled waves that crawl the beach,
 All is as still as death :
I hear my heart against my ribs of stone
Like a lorn prisoned lark make constant moan ;
 My slow and frozen breath
Thrills like an echo thro' the silent spot ;
My shadow seeks my feet and moveth not.

IV.

What do I wait for, watch for? Wherefore can
I stand here ghost-wise, like a frozen man
 Upon a frozen sea ?
Why do I watch the perilous waters fling
Weeds at my feet? Nor time nor tears can bring
 My Lady back to me—
My Lady Una from my strong caress
Vineyarded by her ghostly loveliness.

V.

Nought can redeem her. Wherefore I seek grace
To join her in her distant dwelling-place
 Of pastoral repose ;

And I would make this heart that aches and grieves
 As white and perfect as the lily's leaves
 And fragrant as a rose,—
 That with a stainless spirit I may take
 The faëry barge across the enchanted lake.

VI.

For, having worn her stainless badge in fight,
 Thrice conquering in her name, by main and might,
 I rode with vizor down,
 Meeting and slaying honorable foes,
 Wounded in flesh, giving and taking blows,
 To spread her just renown :
 Thus, warring a sweet war without reprieve,
 I, Baaldwin, wore her badge upon my sleeve.

VII.

The Lady of Shalott is very fair,
 Sunbeams are prisoned in her silken hair ;
 Fair is young Uniun ;
 And Guinevere in her rich queenly dress
 Changes the hues of her high loveliness
 Like doves' necks in the sun ;
 Dame Avoraine is stately, proud, and tall,
 But Una is the fairest of them all.

VIII.

Her eyes are deep and tremulous as a stream
 Disturbed with its own beauty, when a gleam
 Of light drops down like wind ;
 Her skin is like white poppies veined with red ;
 A wonder of bright locks enstars her head !
 And there she wears entwined
 A lily sweet that double beauty took
 For love of its own image in a brook.

IX.

Her voice like running waters is her own ;
 Her foot is arch'd like the white bridge of stone
 At Camelot, in Usk ;
 And clothed in silken samite, soft and small,
 She makes a glamour like a waterfall
 That shines along the dusk :
 She is the queen of sweetness none may share,
 Wherefore I, Baaldwin, held her the most fair.

X.

Arméd from head to heel, with spear in hand,
 I cried her praises through the wondering land,
 And few her praise refused ;
 Then, flushing with my victory complete,
 I hastened back and knelt me at her feet,
 Batter'd and maim'd and bruised ;
 And then I wooed her in a secret place,
 With light upon me from her shining face.

XI.

She bathed my bloody brow, with red wounds striped ;
 And with a kerchief white as snow she wiped
 The foam from off my mouth :
 She set my unhelmed head upon her knee,
 And wound white arms about me tenderly,
 And slaked the thirsty drouth
 That ebb'd in streams of fire through blood and brain,
 From a full cup of cool white porcelain.

XII.

Wherefore my soul again was strong. I caught
 The voiceless music of her form and thought ;
 I knelt upon my knee,
 Saying, "I love thee more than life or fame,—
 I love thee only less than my good name,
 Which is a part of thee ;
 And I adore thy beauty undefiled!"
 Whereat she looked into mine eyes and smiled.

XIII.

I wooed her night and day with virtuous deeds,
 And that humility which intercedes
 With ladies for true men ;
 I took her little lily-hand in mine,
 Drinking her breath, as soft as eglantine,
 And wooing well ; and then
 She toyed with my great beard and gave consent—
 Then down the flowery path of love we went.

XIV.

Twined closely, down the soft descent of love,
 We wandered on, with golden stars above,
 And many flowers below ;
 Until we came to this dark lake or sea,
 Which openeth upon eternity,
 And could no further go ;

For beyond life and death, and these dark skies,
 Avilion, the summer valley, lies.

XV.

Here on the beach we stood, and hand in hand
 Waited to pass across to faëry land,
 And all the land was dark ;
 Saying, " We yearn to see the happy vale,
 And hand-in-hand together we will sail
 In the enchanted bark !"
 Too late to turn. Our passage we must take
 Across the gleaming silence of the lake.

XVI.

She said, " The waters make such threatening moan,
 Neither can pass across their waste alone ;
 We cannot, cannot part ;
 We will together cross these waves of death :"
 But the dark waves grew darker, and the breath
 Died dark upon the heart ;
 And by each face a tremulous cloud was worn
 Small as the shadow of a lamb new-born.

XVII.

Then in the distant waves we could behold
 A radiance like the blowing autumn gold
 Of woodland forests dark ;
 And my sweet Lady trembled, growing white
 As foam of ocean on a summer night
 When the wild surges bark ;
 And falling very cold upon my breast,
 She said, " I am a-weary—let me rest !"

XVIII.

I laid her down upon a flowery bed,
 And put soft mosses underneath her head,
 And kissed her, and she slept ;
 And the air brightened round her, as the far
 Blue ether burns like silver round a star ;
 And round her slumber crept
 A murmur louder than the hissing spray,
 And the dim light grew clearer far away.

XIX.

Whereat the bark grew nearer still, and soon
 Shaped like the sickle of an early moon,
 The faëry barge drew near,
 And, tossing on the silver waves, the barge

Paused among sedges at the lake's blue marge—
 I looked in utter fear,
 And round my Lady crept a shadowy crowd,
 Fading and brightening like a moonlit cloud.

XX.

'They clustered with a vaporous light around
 My Lady dear, and raised her from the ground,
 And bare her to the bark ;
 Whereon I would have followed, but a hand
 Held me like iron to the hated land :
 Then all again was dark,
 And from the breathing darkness came a hum
 Of voices sweet, " Thy time has not yet come ! "

XXI.

And then I shrieked in utter agony ;
 While dying, as a glowworm, in the sea,
 I saw the light again ;
 And with a cry into the waves I sprung
 And sought to follow, but the waters clung
 About me like a chain ;
 And thrice I fought amid their rage and roar,
 And thrice they hurled me bleeding on the shore.

XXII.

In vain—in vain ! I might not follow where
 She sailed with those strange shapes of luminous air,
 In her most quiet sleep :
 I threw myself upon the oozy ground,
 And heard the long waves make a sobbing sound,
 And bitterly did weep ;
 Then springing up I cried with reeling brain,
 " Here will I wait till the barge comes again ! "

XXIII.

Long have I waited here, alone, alone,
 Hearing the hollow-chested waves make moan
 Upon the pebbly beach ;
 With eyes upon the pitiless stars above,
 Here have I waited in my homeless love,
 Pale, patient, deaf to speech,
 With the salt rheum upon me, pale and bent,
 And breathless as a marble monument.

XXIV.

This lonely watching would invite despair,
 Did I not oft catch glimpses of my fair
 Lady so sadly lost,

Making, with radiance round her like a star,
 A luminous pathway on the hills afar,
 Then fading like a ghost ;
 What time I shout aloud, and at the shout
 Pause, shuddering at the echoes round about.

XXV.

Twice has the barge returned. Once for a bent
 Old servitor who, down the soft descent
 That leads to this dim land,
 Had wandered from the towns that lie behind,
 And, groping in the cold, had fall'n stone-blind
 Upon the shifting sand ;
 Once for a little gold-hair'd child astray,
 Who, wandering hither, fell to sleep at play.

XXVI.

Twice has the mystic barge returned, and twice
 Have I been frozen to the earth in ice,
 Helpless to move or speak ;
 Thrice have I fought with the relentless roar
 Of waters, and been flung upon the shore
 Battered and maimed and weak.
 But now I wait with quiet heart and brain,
 Grown patient with unutterable pain.

XXVII.

And I *will* wait. To slay myself were sin ;
 And I, self-slaughtered, could not hope to win
 My solitary boon ;
 But if the barge should come again and leave
 Me still in lonely watch without reprieve,
 Under the silver moon,
 I will lie down upon my back and rest
 With mailéd hands crossed praying on my breast,

XXVIII.

And fall to slumber on a bed of weeds,
 A knight well worn in honourable deeds,
 Yet lost to life, and old ;
 And haply I may dream before I wake
 That I am floating o'er the pathless lake
 In that bright barge of gold :
 And, waking, I may see with sweet surprise
 Light shining on me from my Lady's eyes.

BOURBON PRETENDERS.

ON the 8th of June, in the year of our Lord 1795, according to that history which the world has generally supposed to be true, died Louis Charles de Bourbon, King of France and Navarre, aged ten years and two months. Who has not wept over the poor child's woes? Who has not seen him in some bright sal^on of Versailles, standing by his mother's side, and listening while she wakes music from her harpsichord? Who has not quivered to the bottom of his own heart, when brutal Simon strikes, and strikes again, the helpless scion of that long line of kings? Looking at the question purely in a sentimental point of view, it would be disappointing to discover that, although we may have laughed with a veritable Dauphin, our tears have fallen on the death-bed of a half-witted changeling. Has all the sympathy of our childhood, and of later days, been expended on an idiot who changed rather for the better than for the worse when he left his parents' roof and took up his abode under the immediate protection of the Republic? So say still the converts to more than one romantic story. But in their plurality lies their weakness. One pretender might have made some noise in the world; but there are, or were, at least eight. Whatever was the real name of the child who died in the Temple in 1795, there have been known eight other claimants to the title of Louis XVII. Some impostors-royal have been temporarily successful. The pseudo-Smerdis reigned at Susa. Perkin Warbeck won the hand of a princess. None of the pretended Dauphins, however, ever reached nearer the throne than the presence of the Judge. They all failed. But though they never dictated decrees from the Tuilleries, their careers are by no means uninteresting. They deserve a conspicuous place in the annals of imposture.

First in order comes Jean Marie Hervagault. Hervagault père was a tailor of Saint Lô. Scandal attributed to Madam Hervagault a *liaison* with the Duke of Valentinois. She became the mother of a beautiful boy, and as early as 1799 we hear of this boy being condemned to imprisonment a second time, for pretending to be the son of Louis XVI. His story was that he had been conveyed from the Temple in a laundress's cart, and that the child of Hervagault the tailor, daft and scrofulous, had been introduced in his stead. He was imprisoned several times during the Republic, but never persuaded to renounce his claims. The commissioners of Napoleon I. shut him up as mad in the Bicêtre, where he died in 1812. His manners were said to be distinguished by a dignity and grace inexplicable in the offspring of a country tailor. He made many converts to his cause; and rewarded rural gentlemen and ecclesiastics for the funds they supplied with a smile so kingly, that they considered they had full value for their coin.

Hervagault was succeeded by two claimants too insignificant to deserve remark. They were followed by one Mathurin Bruneau, a worthy whose earliest occupation was to supply sabots for a village named Vezins, in the

department of Maine-et-Loire. Monsieur Bruneau began his career of imposture by asserting himself to be the son of the Lord of the Manor of his native village. His pretensions won for him some ridiculous notoriety in his own neighbourhood; and when the derision of his companions made his home uncomfortable he was sheltered by a benevolent lady, by name the Vicomtesse de "Turpin." He wandered over many parts of France before he was sixteen years of age, and in 1803 was imprisoned in the House of Correction at Saint Denis, as a vagabond of unsound mind. In 1805 he went to sea, and whithersoever his wanderings may really have led him, he appeared ten years afterwards on the scene of his first adventures, with a wonderful tale of his achievements. He had married the daughter of a millionaire. His wife had presented him with an heir, and then left him a widower. He had won the friendship of the Princess Charlotte of the Brazils, who had given him two superb diamonds. He was possessed of £20,000 in gold and Bank of England notes. He showed an American passport, in which he was described as Charles de Navarre, citizen of the United States. The royal traveller appeared in an auberge at Saumur with bare feet, his princely legs encased in sail-cloth breeches, and a cotton night-cap on his head. There he learned that an old woman of the name of Philippeau had lost a son at sea. Without delay he threw himself into the arms of the bereaved mother, declared himself her son, and for some time lived on her bounty. But his trick was discovered. He was compelled to flee, and for awhile lived in obscurity. He appeared next at Vitriers. The conversation of a pastry-cook of Pont de Cé, once one of the cooks of Louis XVI., induced him to attempt the personation of the Dauphin. He was unable to read or write himself, but he secured the services of some more learned accomplice, and in a letter addressed to Louis XVIII., signed "Dauphin Bourbon," he claimed the throne of his ancestors. He was imprisoned in the Bicêtre in 1816; but misfortune swelled the ranks of his friends. Several of his fellow-prisoners, and others whose powers of helping him were less limited, declared themselves believers in his cause. One brought him money, another wrote his "mémoires," a third conducted his correspondence. He had chosen a time for his attempt when famine and commercial distress shook men's confidence in the restored monarchy. The king was not personally popular. But, however numerous his dupes, his claims were easily disposed of by the police. In February 1818, his head still crowned by a cotton night-cap, he was brought before a criminal tribunal at Rouen, and condemned to five years' imprisonment for his pretensions to the throne, and to two more for his impertinence to the bench during the trial. His effrontery was unshaken, even before his judges. But his impudent buffoonery was wanting in wit.

"What is your name?" said *M. le President*.

"Louis Charles, Duc de Provence."

"How old are you?"

“*Sacrédié!* I don’t know. Go to Versailles; you will find out at the Library there, or at the Tuilleries.” (The prisoner sat down.)

“Don’t sit down yet; I shall have to say a great deal to you.”

“So much the worse!”

“Where do you live?”

“*Ma foi!* nowhere! I am a rambler (*Voltigeur*).

Much of his ribaldry is too indelicate for translation. Bruneau died in his prison. He was but a clown. The next claimant for the style of Louis XVII. was a man of very different character.

We first hear of this new Dauphin in an Austrian dungeon. In 1818 a young man who called himself Louis Charles de Bourbon, and stated that he was travelling only to complete his education, was arrested near Mantua. Papers found on his person convicted him of assuming the title of Duke of Normandy, and of claiming to be the legitimate heir of Saint Louis. Prompt as a Yankee privateer, the police authorities imprisoned him at Milan, without subjecting him to the delay of any legal process. In his prison he met Silvio Pellico. The Italian patriot saw one day on the wall of his cell some verses written in French, and signed “Duc de Normandie.” He sang the words as he read them, and heard another voice repeat the strain. Finding conversation possible, he heard in time the whole story of his companion’s life. To him the “Duke of Normandy” related, with many very amusing details, his early life as Dauphin.* He was eloquent on the agonies of his sojourn in the Temple. But it is not till after the death of Marie Antoinette that the main interest of his story commences. At the time when the beautiful Queen was slain on the scaffold, the Prince of Condé had succeeded in purchasing the services of the wife of Simon by a heavy bribe. The Prince had sent to Paris, to save the Dauphin, two faithful friends—the Count of Frotté, and a Doctor Ojardias—Doctor, at least, was the title assumed by this latter, and in accordance with his supposed profession, he strenuously urged the importance of physical exercise for the delicate constitution of the Dauphin. To further this object he suggested the use of a large wooden horse. *Equo ne credite, Galli!* This steed was to be no common rocking-horse! He gained the consent of the authorities, and had a horse made big enough to contain within its compass the body of a child. The lid was concealed by the saddle cloth. As soon as the horse was completed, Madame Simon was apprised of the plan. Simon himself was sulky at the want of attention shown him by his employers, and, if he did not aid, at least did not hinder, his better half. The 19th of January, 1794, was fixed for the perilous enterprise. It was the day on which the authority of Simon was to come to an end. While the guards were boozing, as their custom was, with their chief, Madame

* Vide “Memoirs,” published in Paris in 1831; abridged edition, by Claravali del Corso. Paris: 1850.

Simon conducted the Dauphin to a room on the ground-floor. Ojardias appeared without delay with his horse. The hollow body of the animal contained a child of the prince's age, size, and general appearance; but dumb, scrofulous, and apparently soon to die. This child was dressed in such clothes as the little captive king usually wore, and was sleeping from the effects of a strong narcotic. To lift this child from his hiding place, seat him in the chair of the Dauphin, and acquaint the object of their solicitude with their plan and the part they wished him to play, was the work of a few seconds. Louis XVII. was wrapped up in some loose linen lying in the room in the confusion of Simon's departure, and carried by the Doctor and his accomplice to a cart which was waiting at the door to convey away the goods of the ex-gaoler, and which was already loaded with some of his household effects. The commissioners appointed to receive the Dauphin from Simon, certified that "The young Capet had been delivered into their hands in good health." These details were confirmed again and again by the wife of Simon, who lived till 1819. Safe for the time in the hands of his friends, the young king was hidden in another sham horse (!) ingeniously harnessed with several real ones, and attached to a waggon. Seizing the opportunity of a dark and rainy night his friends succeeded in removing him from Paris. There are contradictions in the portion of the story we have already given. The bundle of linen is the vehicle of the righteous robbery according to the version of Ojardias. The "Memoirs" of the Duke of Normandy himself state that he was carried from his keepers in the hollow of the horse in which the substitute had been concealed. The remainder of the story is, if possible, still more romantic. The Dauphin arrived without harm in Belgium, and was received by the Prince of Condé. The Prince of Condé committed the royal fugitive to the keeping of Kleber, of all people in the world! Kleber took him to Egypt, where he passed as the General's nephew, under the name of Monsieur Louis. While in Egypt M. Louis roused the dislike of Buonaparte, and was sent off to Dessaix. He served on the staff of Dessaix in Italy. After the battle of Marengo he returned to France, and confided his secret to Fouché and to Lucien Buonaparte. By Lucien he was introduced to Josephine, and the Empress recognised him by a scar under the right eye, the result of one of Simon's brutal assaults. He took part in the conspiracy of Moreau, and it was only from the perusal of the confiscated papers of Pichegru that Napoleon discovered that the young aide-de-camp of Dessaix, for whom he had felt an instinctive dislike, was the real heir to the crown of France. Fouché succeeded in removing his protégé from the kingdom unhurt, and, having arrived on the banks of the Amazon, the Duke of Normandy began a life of sylvan adventure so wild and romantic that Claravali prudently omits any mention of it in his book. The Dauphin outstripped Crusoe, and anticipated du Chaillu. Like his predecessor, Bruneau, he made friends at the court of the Brazils. In 1815, by the

kind offices of Fouché, he was enabled to return to France. He made himself known to the Prince of Condé, and to the Duchess Dowager of Orleans, and determined to claim his rights. He was anxious to be acknowledged by his sister, the Duchess of Angoulême, and the Prince of Condé managed to procure him an interview. Encountering the Princess in a shrubbery of Versailles, whither she had been led by the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Berri, for the express purpose of a meeting, he eloquently addressed her, and implored her to listen to the incontestable proofs he was ready to offer of the truth of his pretensions. She was at first startled and touched, but when he opened his arms to view and embrace his long lost sister, she cried "Begone, begone! You are the cause of many troubles! I will never embrace the traitor of our house!" She alluded to depositions against the Queen, which Simon had extracted from the innocent Dauphin. "My sister, my sister!" cried the hapless Prince, with many sobs, "And do you too repulse me! This is not the lesson you learned from our holy parents, who even now looks down on us from their haven of glory and happiness!" He tried to gain time to explain all to his sister, but she hurriedly fled. The Duke of Berri endeavoured to calm her excitement, but in vain. The Duke of Normandy was convinced that, after the ill-success of his meeting with his sister, he could not safely stay in France. He sent a formal protestation against the usurpation of his uncle to all the courts of Europe, and set out again upon his travels. After visiting England, Africa, Asia Minor, and Greece, he was arrested, as we have seen, in Italy, and imprisoned in the same dungeon with Silvio Pellico.

The discrimination of the victim of Austrian tyranny was not dazzled by this wondrous story. He describes the pretender as one who spoke with much native eloquence, and whose conversation sparkled with brilliant anecdote. There was something of a soldier's roughness in his language, but nothing inconsistent with the refinement of the best society. His gaolers believed in his claims; and one extracted a promise of the office of Groom of the Chambers, if ever the captive should regain the sceptre that was his own.

Silvio Pellico describes the Duke—whom he saw but once—as a man of forty, or five and forty years of age, of middle height, rather stout, and with the historic physiognomy of all the Bourbons. His opinions, for a son of Louis XVI., were rather loose. He was a disciple of Voltaire. After an imprisonment of more than seven years, the pretender was allowed to quit his Austrian dungeon. For a short time he assumed several unobtrusive civilian cryptonyms, but in 1828 he addressed a formal document to the Chamber of Peers, in which he renounced all claim to the throne, but implored a home in that beloved country from which thirty years of exile had not weaned his affection. The Chamber refused to admit his petition on the ground of some technical informality, and he was compelled to live, as before, on the bounty of his dupes. These were

numerous; for he played to perfection the part which he made the study of his life. He had collected a vast number of rare anecdotes of the early days of the family of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; and, by their recital, won the faith of many old servants of the king and queen. He showed with pride the scar which Simon had given him on the eye. He told how he had visited the wife of Simon on her death-bed, at the Hospital of Incurables, and how she had recognized him with tears and caresses. But the favourite proof he offered of his identity, was the misfortune of all who had been rash enough to befriend him. The ground he thus assumed is unassailable. He availed himself of the death of every person of note, small or great, whom he encountered in his varied career. Desault, the great surgeon, died suddenly, on the 4th of June 1795. He was poisoned, because after the removal of the true Dauphin, he refused to acknowledge the scrofulous changeling as the son of Louis XVI. Josephine knew the fatal secret, and in 1814 had tried to interest the Czar in favour of the Pretender; and Josephine died. Pichegru was found strangled in his prison, it is true; but he was not a suicide; he was destroyed because he too knew of the existence of the Dauphin in Paris. The Prince of Condé was found hanged on the fastening of a window; he was no more a suicide than Pichegru; it was enough that he was the patron of the Duke of Normandy.

The Revolution of 1830 was the occasion of the Duke's last effort. He protested against the usurpation of his rights, and again implored his sister to break her cruel silence, and confess him before the world. He now adopted the name of Baron de Richemont. But his latest endeavours brought him within the grasp of the law. In 1833 he was arrested and tried under the name of "Ethelbert Louis Hector Alfred, styling himself Baron de Richemont." The most amusing incident of the trial was that, while the court was sitting, a new claimant addressed a letter to the Judges, in which he declared the Baron de Richemont an impostor, and asserted himself to be the real Simon Pure. His claim was only to be recognised as "the Duke of Normandy." He did not wish to become Louis XVII. Before this fresh demand was disposed of, another man marched into court, showing a scar as his certificate, and averring that he, and none other, was the Dauphin. Some of the evidence went one way—some the other. The prisoner, abandoning his first determination to remain pertinaciously silent, told the tale of which we have given an epitome with such dignity and pathos, that the audience could not but be affected. At the conclusion of the address of his counsel he spoke as follows:—
"M. l'Avocat Général has stated that I cannot be the son of Louis XVI. Does he tell you who I am? I have charged him formally to speak. He is silent. You will appreciate that silence, sirs, as well as my own. I have not proclaimed my titles. This is neither the time nor the place to do so. Competent tribunals must decide on these points. You have been informed that enquiry has been made in every direction. But *M. l'Avocat Général*

has not told you the results of that enquiry. Nor indeed can he. His instructions do not allow him. A higher power is in the way. What, sirs! do you suppose that in a case like mine enquiries would not be made wherever I have sojourned—especially at Milan? No! sir, no! Do not believe them. They have written everywhere. Everywhere they have learned the same story; a story they dare not tell to you. If I am in the wrong, I have faith in my error. It is an error, unhappily for me! that I have suffered for nearly fifty years, and I shall carry it with me to my grave.” The accused was condemned to twelve years imprisonment; and as he left the dock he exclaimed, “He who cannot suffer, does not deserve the honour of persecution.”

The Baron de Richemont was placed in the prison of Sainte Pelagie, on the 4th of November, 1834, to be afterwards transferred to Clairvanx. But he succeeded in escaping from Sainte Pelagie. He and two other prisoners got possession of false keys, gave themselves out to be architects inspecting the establishment, and eluded their gaolers. Since this last adventure the Baron de Richemont failed in gaining the attention of an unsympathising public. He availed himself of the amnesty of 1840, to return to Paris. He endeavoured to win the notice of the National Assembly in 1848; but that august assembly did not even reply to his address. He proclaimed his acquiescence in the Republican Constitution; but even his support did not contribute to prolong its existence. Whether he likewise condescended to express approval of the Empire we do not know. He died in 1855 at Gleyze, near Villefranche-sur-Saône. The pretender who interrupted the trial of the Baron de Richemont was discovered to be a German Jew of the name of Charles William Naundorff. In 1810 he sold clocks at Berlin. In 1812 he carried on trade in Spandau, and married the daughter of a pipe-maker of Heidelberg. He was the clumsiest and the most rascally of all our heroes. He lived for some time in England, professed to have spiritual communications after the manner of Mr. Hume, and appeared in public more than once at the police offices, charged with cheating the landlords of hotels. He died in Holland in 1845.

We must cross the Atlantic to find the last and most extraordinary of the Dauphins. In a village rejoicing in the euphonious name of Cang-na-waga, once lived a simple backwoodsman of hybrid descent. He married a lady of the name of Konwatewentata, and nine children sported around his wigwam. Eight the fair Konwatewentata acknowledged as her own; but attesting her affidavit with all the solemnity of “her mark” in the purest Iroquois, she denied the maternity of the ninth. This ninth was called Eleazar. The reminiscences of the Rev. Eleazar Williams—for Mr. Williams was, or is, as well as the last of the Dauphins, a nonconformist Divine—are much as follows. Up to the age of thirteen years he had no memory at all. But at that happy epoch he split his head open on a stone, and let in a flood of light upon his brain. He

then had dim recollections of a stately lady in a long train in whose arms he played. Iroquois ladies never wear trains; *ergo*, he was not the son of Konwatewentata. Versailles is the only spot in the world where trains were ever worn; *ergo*, he was born at Versailles. He remembered also in the long night of his childhood a horrible figure, black and threatening. He was shown Simon's portrait. He shuddered as he recognized his tormentor. He learned the English language; and became a missionary during the war of Independence. The most singular episode of his life is his interview with the Prince de Joinville. According to his own narrative, the son of Louis Philippe sought anxiously to see him, treated him with marked respect, and in the end offered for his signature a document, renouncing all claim to the throne of France. In return for the cession of his rights to the House of Orleans, the Citizen-King undertook to secure him the restitution of all the private property of the Crown of France, and to maintain his rights as a Prince of the Blood Royal. Of course, nothing would have been more satisfactory to Louis Philippe than to find a true heir of the older branch of his family who would cede all claims to the Crown in his favour. If he could prove both the title and the abdication, he might hope for the support of the most faithful friends of the white flag. We are not aware if the discovery of the Rev. Eleazar Williams has deprived the Comte de Chambord of many adherents; supposing, that is, that that unfortunate exile has any to lose.

It is natural that the comparative obscurity of the life and death of the Dauphin should have caused these different pretenders to claim his titles. The field appeared open. The opportunity was too good to be lost.

It is an indisputable fact that the child who passed as "young Capet," whether he had any right to the name or not, was treated with disgraceful neglect. For days and nights together he was left alone. He lived for the last months of his sad life in the foulest filth and squalor. He was allowed but just sufficient food to stay the breaking of the cords that bound his broken spirit to a feeble frame. For eighteen months before his death he is said to have uttered scarcely a syllable. In all this there is nothing inconsistent with the story of the Duke of Normandy. He was abandoned and he escaped. The child whom Simon delivered to the Commissioners "in good health" was apathetic and dumb. The substitute provided by Ojardias was an idiot. But several of the attendants of the martyr of the Temple had known the Dauphin in days when he was the idol of a father and mother who were affectionate beyond the average of royal parents, and the object of the respectful attention of the most magnificent Court in Europe. He died in the arms of one Lasne, an old soldier of the Garde Française, who had seen him when he reviewed a corps of boys of his own age, organised for his instruction and amusement, in the gardens of the Tuilleries. The veteran tried and tried in vain to break the apathy of his charge. The story of his first success is

very touching. He narrated the scene he remembered in the Palace Garden, and woke a similar recollection in the heart of the captive. "Did you see me with my sword?" said the dying boy. The Prince was accessible only to respect. One day M. Bellenger, an artist who had known the Royal family in their happy days, gained access to the prisoner. He showed a portfolio of sketches, and said in a tone of which the child had long been unaccustomed, "Sir, if it were not disagreeable to you, I should much wish to add another sketch to my collection." "Of what?" "Of yourself, sir; if you would permit me." "It would please you?" and the Prince smiled assent as graciously as his Grandsires in the *ciel de bœuf*.

These anecdotes are well authenticated; and they are not anecdotes of the idiot son of a journeyman-tailor. The piteous catalogue of the captive's woes might be prolonged to great length, but we only repeat specimens of such as tend to prove the kingly character of the victim. We cannot conclude this article more fittingly than by describing the death of the Dauphin. It is not the death-bed of a *gamin*. It was worthy of the son of the martyr of the Place de la Concorde. The account is that of the late Mr. Croker. "When Lasne came on the morning of the 8th, as usual, he thought him better. The doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise; and their bulletin, despatched from the Temple at 11 A.M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bed-side, but remained silent for a long time for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first. At last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. 'Be consoled,' he replied; 'I shall not suffer long.' Overcome by these words, Gomin kneeled down by the bed-side. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed. * * * Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless and silent, said: 'I hope you are not in pain.' 'O, yes,' he replied, 'still in pain, but less—the music is so fine!' There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. 'Where do you hear the music?' 'Up there!' 'How long?' 'Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!' And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstasy. Gomin continued silent, and, after a few moments, the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, 'I hear my mother's voice among them!' and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once—twice—what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer. It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bed-side. The child lay for a while still and silent; at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted anything? He replied, 'Do you think my sister could hear the music? How she would like it!' He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.—said to Lasne: 'I have something to tell you.' Lasne took his hand and bent over him. There was no more to be heard—the child was dead."

ONE OF WELLINGTON'S SCOUTS.

MILITARY pedants persist in asserting, especially of late, that the issues of modern warfare solely, or at all events mainly, depend upon scientific strategical combinations, wherein the individual soldier counts but as a mathematical unit, occupying its appointed place and performing its appointed duty; to which duty, all well-drilled units being about equal, it follows that personal prowess, zeal, intelligence, however remarkable, avail little or nothing in influencing the general result.

Nothing, gentlemen Martinets, permit *me* to say, can be more unsound than this pompously-propounded dictum of yours. Victory, defeat, success, disaster, depend quite as much now as in bygone days upon individual daring, enterprise, and intelligence. Of this truth I am about to present two notable illustrations—one, a brief anecdote of the Great Duke himself; the other, a striking chapter in the romance of war, descriptive of the daring adventures of Captain Colquhoun Grant, one of Wellington's famous "Scouting Officers," but for whom it may be doubted if the Duke would have dared, to use Sir William Napier's vivid expression, "to have jumped upon Ciudad Rodrigo with both his feet;" or, that deed accomplished, have ventured to storm Badajoz, almost within hearing of Soult and Marmont's listening hosts.

The Wellington anecdote shows how he—not as a great Captain, by no movement or manœuvre taught by any soldier-sciolist from Cæsar to Jomini—saved an army from imminent defeat.

The affair fell out thus: During the fierce struggle (1813) in the Pyrenees, General Picton, in command of a large British and Spanish force, yielding before Marshal Soult and much superior numbers, fell back to Huerta. Wellington, who was with Hill's division some dozen miles away, was no sooner made aware of Picton's retreat, than he mounted his horse, and, accompanied only by Lord Fitzroy Somerset (the late Lord Raglan), rode swiftly towards Huerta: Hill's division was to follow with all possible speed. Arrived at the bridge of Sonneras, the Duke's eagle glance instantly detecting Picton's faulty dispositions, saw, that if time could not be gained, a terrible disaster would ensue. Dismounting, he wrote, on the parapet of the bridge, exact directions, changing the direction of Hill's approach, with which order Fitzroy Somerset galloped off at utmost speed. So far well. But time—time!—is the essential condition of success: and how to prevent Soult from attacking till that time is gained, the vital problem—which was solved, I repeat, by a device unmentioned in any book that treats of strategy or tactics.

The French and Anglo-Spanish armies, the reader will understand, were in immediate presence of each other; the French columns of attack were formed, and only awaiting the signal to advance *au pas de charge* in overwhelming numbers against Picton's loosely-formed army. Wellington, through his field-glass, could see Soult himself, amidst a brilliant staff, overlooking and controlling the movements of his troops, and knew

perfectly well that in the eyes of that formidable soldier there was glittering the fire of prophetic triumph. That prophetic aspiration, Duke of Dalmatia, will not be realized—and the reason why it will not, is, that a slight pale man, wearing a glazed cocked-hat, whom you and your brilliant staff do not notice, is galloping up in front of the 36th English regiment. The slight pale horseman waves the glazed cocked-hat; the waver is recognized by the 36th, and instantly bursts forth the stern triumphant cheer with which the British soldier hails Battle and proclaims Victory. Those exultant shouts are taken up, and reverberate along the whole extent of Picton's line. Wellington, first ordering an English regiment to the support of a Spanish corps already smartly engaged, says, musingly, as if addressing himself, but in the hearing of several officers—"Soult yonder is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force till he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and I shall beat him." Soult, naturally supposing those thundering cheers announced the arrival of large additional forces, did *not* attack till too late. The sixth division had joined; and the French Marshal, instead of an assured victory, met with a bloody repulse. Much virtue is in a fierce multitudinous Hurrah!—well timed. I myself, it is no humiliation to confess, was then a young drummer-boy in the 36th, and well I remember seeing Wellington riding up and waving his glazed cocked-hat. The shouts of the soldiers, confident of victory when he was with them, still ring in my ears; but Wellington's muttered soliloquy I did not hear—it rests upon the unimpeachable authority of General Sir William Napier, K.C.B.

Now to sketch the broader, more diversified, illustration of the proposition with which I have started, that, but for individual daring and intelligence, scientific strategy must to a great extent be powerless—paralyzed. I find this broader, more diversified illustration, in the really wonderful adventures of Captain Colquhoun Grant, Wellington's favourite "Scouting Officer," narrowed to the brief space in his daring career comprised in the four months which elapsed from the day when, instructed by his great chief, and accompanied by "a trusty Spanish peasant," he left the British camp to ascertain what Marmont was really about in the valley of the Tagus—till, having come out victoriously from those hair-breadth 'scapes—he was again watching Marmont upon the Tormes.

The trusty peasant, by the way, was one Gil León, a native of Galicia, who had settled, as he supposed, in Madrid, as a water-carrier. His wife, to whom he had been but a few weeks married, was shot—not purposely, it may be charitably presumed—by the French, when ruthlessly quelling the insurrection of that city against their hated rule. From that day, León, a man of peace till then, had but one thought—lived but for one object—vengeance upon the French; and quickly comprehending that the only hope of deliverance and triumph was in England's ranks of red, attached himself to the British army as spy and scout. Accident made

him acquainted with Captain Colquhoun Grant, with whom he henceforth lived and died.

The narrative is interleaved with the thrilling story of Wellington's winter campaign in 1812, when that greatest of soldiers sprang at and stormed Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, in almost the immediate presence of two French armies, each well-nigh equal to his own in number, commanded respectively by Marshals Soult and Marmont—neither of whom dreamt of the terrible blows about to be inflicted upon the prestige of France till the news that they had been successfully dealt reached them.

In order that the reader may justly appreciate Captain Colquhoun Grant's services, it will be necessary to sketch, in brief outline, the political and military situation.

Continental Europe lay at the feet of Imperial France. Hope of redemption from that iron bondage was only kept in doubtful life by rumours that England, no longer content with supremacy at sea, had closed with Napoleon in the Iberian peninsula; in which mortal struggle a "Sepoy General" was proving himself a match, and something more, for the redoubted French Marshals. But, at the same time, Britain, herself secure and confident from foreign purposes, was hearkening, with too regardful an ear, to faint-hearted, prating, parliamentary sophists, ever harping upon the suicidal folly of attempting to cope with Bonaparte upon land. The Ministers themselves, mere cloudy rhetoricians for the most part, showed symptoms of yielding to popular caprice; and the Marquis of Wellesley wrote to his brother, warning him, that unless some striking success were achieved by him, and speedily, the British army would be recalled from the Peninsula.

Wellington was not a man to be easily baulked of the great Future, the anticipative echoes of which already sounded in his ear; and he at once resolved to strike a great blow, availing himself of every moral as well as material means to obtain victory he could command. Should he fail in his marvellous enterprise, the sea was always open, and he could, then, but embark for England: but should he succeed, ah! his own fame would be world-wide—the pulse of continental Europe would again beat high and full, and the horizon flush and sparkle with the glory of England.

This was the giant enterprise; these the means of achieving it—these the formidable chances opposed to success.

His purpose was to storm the great fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz—both garrisoned by choice French troops—not by scientific engineering approaches, but swiftly and unexpectedly as the thunderbolt descends. In his calculated daring, he allotted but a few days to Rodrigo; but a few more—some considerable interval between—to Badajoz; forasmuch as his only chance was to snatch these fortresses from the custody as it were of two extremely formidable French armies, though nothing like "so incredibly hardy" as his own veterans. Those armies, com-

manded by Marmont and Soult, were cantoned, one in the valley of the Tagus, the other not far off in Andalusia. Should these commanders penetrate his design, the failure of the enterprise would be certain—the shipwreck of his own reputation inevitably complete. Yes, but they should *not* penetrate his design; he would seal their eyes up, close as oak, whilst he himself, by such agents as Captain Grant, would keep himself informed of their every movement.

Ay; and he continued to hoodwink, not only the French Marshals, but his own Generals, and “Our Own Correspondents”—special, ordinary, and occasional—compelling them unknowingly to further his success. Whilst girding up his loins for the tremendous leap, he gave out incidentally that he should attempt nothing till the spring. Any superior officer who applied for leave to visit England, upon “urgent private affairs,” was immediately granted it. Even Quarter-Master-General Murray departed homewards, and arriving in London, assured every one he spoke with that the British army neither could, nor would, attempt any offensive movement till May, at earliest. All this, duly reported in the English papers, was, of course, quickly known in Paris, and thence transmitted to the Imperial armies in Spain. “Our Own Correspondents,” moreover, as well as the French spies in Wellington’s camp, informed their respective employers that a seige-train, recently arrived out from England, had been re-shipped and sent off to Cadiz.

Quite true, Messieurs Gobe-Mouches; but what you did *not* know was, that these ships were met by night at sea by boats, and the siege-train transferred to those boats the Douro, the ships going on to Cadiz.

And now, above all, to ascertain if the French Marshals were effectually blinded. Marmont was most to be dreaded;—that is to say, he could more rapidly than Soult interfere in defence of Rodrigo and Badajoz. Captain Colquhoun Grant was sent for—the Great Captain’s scheme confided to him; and he, accompanied by Léon, and holding his life in his hand, undertook to inform Wellington of that commander’s every movement. He did so; and news of the fall of Rodrigo was the first intimation Marmont received of the English General’s audacious enterprise. Both French armies were immediately in motion. Too late! Rodrigo was garrisoned, and Wellington had retired to his former position. Certainly, nothing more would be attempted. “Our Own Correspondents” and the French spies were at one in that respect; and Marmont and Soult subsided into inactivity again.

Wellington would make sure of that; and he again commissioned Captain Grant to ascertain the truth, and keep him well-informed of all that passed in the enemy’s camp. Grant, accordingly, and still accompanied by Léon, passed the Tormes during a dark night, and sojourned amidst Marmont’s army during three days and nights. He then found himself in a very critical position. Léon was shown a general order issued to the troops, apprising them that the notorious Grant was amongst

them in disguise, and requiring them to spare no effort to effect his capture. It was time to look to themselves; and Grant, with Léon, rode off to a village on the Tormes, close to a ford, about six miles from Salamanca. In that village there was a French battalion; and around it, as well as beyond the river, were numerous cavalry vedettes. Léon, who was unsuspected, had nothing to fear; but Grant's fate hung upon a thread. His sufficiently-rested horse was brought out at the side of a house—the Captain mounted, concealed the while by the outspread cloaks of peasants. He ready, they stepped aside; and away dashed Grant at fiery speed, gained the ford, and escaped untouched by the storm of bullets sent after him.

Three days afterwards, it being essential to ascertain if Marmont really intended, as rumour gave out, to attempt storming Rodrigo, Grant, concealed in a wooded dell near Tammanas, watched the French army march out of that place. He then entered it, and satisfied himself that the movement was a feint, inasmuch as *the French had not taken their scaling ladders with them*—a fact made known to Wellington the same day.

On the morrow, whilst watching from amidst some dwarf oaks which road Marmont was taking, Grant and Léon were descried from an eminence immediately above them, and cavalry were instantly in pursuit. Léon first became aware of their approach, and screaming "The French—the French!" galloped off. He was overtaken and brutally slain! Grant was captured; but his life was spared by the order of Marmont, before whom he was immediately taken. The Marshal (who told him he was perfectly acquainted with all his devices, haunts, and disguises)—first exacting from him a special parole not to suffer himself to be rescued by the Partidas—despatched him to France, sending at the same time an order to the Governor of Bayonne to place him in irons directly he arrived there, and forward him on to Paris in close custody. He added, that but for the apology for an uniform which Grant wore, he would have shot him *sur le champ*. Happily, Captain Grant's main object was achieved before this misfortune occurred; and Wellington, tranquillized respecting Marmont, assailed and stormed Badajos,—to the utter amazement of the French Marshals, who savagely upbraided each other for the result. Soult was so confounded, that he declared Wellington must have intercepted some of Marmont's despatches, in which he read the weakness and vacillation of that commander.

The practice with respect to an officer taken prisoner by the French was to give him a passport for Verdun as soon as he reached Bayonne. This rule was, as I have stated, violated in the case of Captain Grant, who, by what means is not known, being made acquainted with Marmont's order to the Governor of Bayonne, managed to obtain possession of the letter, which consequently was not delivered. The usual passport was therefore given him; but he had no mind to go to Verdun, and inquired in the town if any French officer was going to

Paris. General Souham, a distinguished veteran, was, he was informed, about to immediately set off for the French metropolis. Captain Grant introduced himself to the General, was frankly received, and they agreed to journey together. Souham, who had often heard of Grant, rallied him good-humouredly upon his adventures, not imagining for a moment that he was himself at that very moment assisting him to a successful issue of one of the most daring of them all. At Paris, Captain Grant met with an English agent, who furnished him with money, and soon after procured him the passport of one Jonathan Buck, an American, who chanced to die the very day before he should have claimed it at the Prefecture. Captain Grant, personating Jonathan Buck, claimed, obtained it, and forthwith set off for the mouth of the Loire. There he engaged a passage in an American ship bound for Boston; but the departure of the vessel was delayed: and as the French police were becoming dangerously active in pursuit of the 'brigand Grant,' the said 'brigand' frankly confessed who he was to the American Skipper, and appealed to his generosity. The appeal was successful. The Captain advised him to seek the American Consul in the character of an ill-used, discontented seaman. He did so; and, as the usage is, deposited forty dollars as a pledge to prosecute the Captain as soon as he reached the States; thereupon obtaining from the Consul a certificate enabling him to pass from port to port in search of employment. The hunt, as I have said, being hot, Captain Grant at the first opportunity engaged a boatman to carry him out for ten napoleons to a small island which English ships of war were accustomed to frequent for water. The masts of several ships were already visible when the boatman, either from caprice, treachery, or the fear of being himself detained by the English as a prisoner, turned back and relanded Captain Grant. The fellow nevertheless claimed the reward of ten napoleons, threatening that, if not paid, he would denounce the Captain as an English fugitive. Grant gave him only one napoleon, threatening in his turn to accuse the rascal of having attempted to aid the escape of an English fugitive—and the Frenchman was cowed into silence. Captain Grant soon afterwards met with an *honest* fisherman, who agreed to take him off to an English ship of war, standing off and on the coast, a few leagues away, and succeeded in doing so. Captain Grant safely reached England, immediately re-embarked for Portugal, and, just about four months after his capture, was again in the midst of Marmont's camp on the Tormes, watching and reporting his movements to the English General. So highly were the talents and services of this extraordinary man esteemed by Wellington, that he had offered a reward of two thousand dollars to any guerilla chief that should be fortunate enough to rescue him. It is pleasant to be able to conclude this brief chapter in the Romance of War, by stating, that Colonel Colquhoun Grant survived the war in which he had rendered such signal services, and died full of honours in the country he had served so well.

GOVERNESSES.

I REMEMBER once hearing a young lady say, "It must be so *nice* to be a clergyman," and amongst all the ridiculous uses to which that word has been put, I think this struck me as the most eminently ridiculous! Possibly she thought of the popular preacher, with admiring eyes and eager ears all fastened on him, and hundreds of voices ready to exclaim, with the love-sick Eloise, that "Truths divine came mended from that tongue!" Little could she have seen of the self-denial, the self-abnegation, of the daily life of a minister devoted to God—the welfare of each individual of his people pressing on his mind and heart—the house-to-house visitation, with silent prayer between each dwelling that the words spoken by the next sick-bed might be so adapted as to suit the soul there struggling in its frail tenement—the watchfulness to seize every occasion for the temporal as well as spiritual good of all—the deep humility as the pulpit is ascended, and he feels that many souls are waiting there, and he is bearing to them a message which should be, not only acceptably, but faithfully delivered; feeling no single hour his own, but even, as good John Newton says, "When I am busy in my study and a knock comes at the door, I say to myself. 'Leave your books; God has other work for you just now,'"—and, even in the waking hours of the silent night, followed by the restless cry of his own heart, "Has the trumpet given forth an uncertain sound? Could I have done more? Could I have done better?"

Such was the life of the clergyman who, nineteen years ago, added to all his many labours by becoming Honorary Secretary to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution—the Rev. David Laing. The Institution had been commenced in the year 1841; but it seemed making so little progress, that the Committee discharged the temporary Secretary, placed the one hundred pounds they had received at a banker's, and the Society became dormant. Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., the Treasurer then and now, proposed to Mr. Laing to become Honorary Secretary; but he was overwhelmed with his own duty, and could not then undertake it. It was ever painful to him to forego any means of usefulness, and so soon as he thought he saw an opening for the work he yielded to Mr. Cabbell's repeated request; and, in March 1843, he undertook an office which he filled with unwearied devotion and ever-increasing interest till his death, in August, 1860. His ministerial experience made him take up the cause most zealously; for he spoke from his own recollections in saying, that "the clergyman attended the death-bed of the father, and saw the delicately nurtured girl at once and unhesitatingly go forth to work for her widowed mother or her little sisters—the clergyman saw the Sick Governess suffering from over-strained nerves, from anxiety, *from privation, that she might provide for others*—the clergyman saw the Worn-out Governess too, still longing and striving for employment age would no

longer allow her to obtain—and yet destitute of all those comforts which should accompany old age.”

The first public meeting was presided over by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cambridge—a most fit patron for the infant Society, as it was known that the lady educating the Princess Mary was invariably treated with the respect, the kindness, and confidence of a friend. It was curious to note how astonished everybody appeared to be that such an Institution had not been begun long before. I remember once hearing a person say how surprised our grandfathers would have been to see railroads and gas, and another answered, “Well, I cannot see how they got on without india-rubber bands!” The Governesses’ Benevolent Institution has been somewhat in this style—how did they “get on” without it? It has banded many hearts in one great and good cause—it has bound parents, and governesses, and pupils together in an entirely different manner; and so soon were its claims and its merits recognized, that the very first Report, narrating the events of nine months only, recorded the patronage of Queen Adelaide and the names of six hundred subscribers. Mr. Laing’s first care had been to apply to those who had before taken up the subject, and to seek their co-operation; and some, who now rejoice in the great prosperity it has attained, the usefulness it has achieved, the position it has assumed, can look back with interest on the little band of earnest workers meeting in his own house, which for one whole year was the only office, and his wife his only assistant. Truly, indeed, did the Report designate it as “the small end of the wedge.” It will always be a pleasant recollection, that the late Editor of this Magazine was among the first to bid the new Society “God speed,” and that the power she then possessed of writing for more than one public journal was used freely, fully, and earnestly, for this great step in our country’s civilization. This may seem a strong term; but of what importance does the Governess not become! Hers is indeed a holy mission, on which depends, in no inconsiderable degree, the conduct of the daughters of our land—of those who are to be wives and mothers, and who in each capacity will influence the character and destiny of our country in a manner and measure that we can hardly estimate, and cannot limit. It was this strong conviction which made the early promoters of the Institution feel that their object must have far higher and wider aims than one for benevolent purposes only. They must seek, not only to remedy existing evils, but to prevent their recurrence—not merely to aid the distressed, but to help the energetic and independent worker; to bring the subject before those who had not yet been awakened to its importance, and thus to give the Governess a better and more just position in society; and to induce habits of foresight and care in the younger, while they tended the necessities of the elder members of the profession. Such was Mr. Laing’s peculiar power of organization, that the whole framework of the Society was at once arranged; and while some portions of it started at

once into activity, the others were never lost sight of, but opportunities gradually found for the development of the whole scheme. This embraced—

1. Assistance to ladies in temporary distress.
2. Annuities for those past work.
3. A Provident Fund for self-provided Annuities, including also a Savings'-Bank.
4. A Home for the disengaged.
5. A system of Registration, free of all expense.
6. An Asylum for the aged.
7. A College, to give good and inexpensive education, and to grant Certificates to those properly qualified.

It may be well, perhaps, to mention at once, that the College is now entirely separate, self-supporting, and independent; nevertheless, it was a part of the original design. The vast number of ladies who become Governesses from some unlooked-for misfortune points out the propriety, I might almost say the necessity, that in this country *every* lady should be so educated as to be qualified to gain her own livelihood. One of the best and cleverest women I ever knew told me she had charged the lady educating her daughter "to fit her to be a Governess, for then," she added, "she will be equally fit to be a Duchess, as the case may be." Little did this wise mother then dream that she was providing for that which did actually happen, and that she had thus insured the independence and the ultimate comfort and happiness of her child! A house was taken, adjacent to the "Governesses' Home," for the purposes of this branch of the Society; a connection was formed with a body of gentlemen, all experienced in some department of instruction; Her Majesty permitted the use of the Royal name, and "Queen's College" opened its doors under the happiest auspices—not to train Governesses as a separate profession, but to raise the general tone of female education, and thus to secure the best foundation of national prosperity in the improved religious and moral tone of the people.

During the three years in which the College was united with the Society nearly two hundred ladies sought, and obtained, certificates of qualification in various branches of study. The desire was to *naturalize* the foreign custom of furnishing a lady with evidence of her fitness for her work, so that no parent need engage an incompetent teacher. The only tie which now subsists is, that the Society pay at a reduced rate for the education of sixteen pupils who would otherwise be wholly, or partly, dependent upon some Governess relative. Hannah More remarks, that "In all our diaries we record our sleepless nights and the days in which we suffered pain; but we say nothing of those in which health and strength have made our days pleasant and our nights peaceful." People are fond of saying, "Well, I knew a very bad Governess," and in the course of our experience we have known more than one—and faults and follies

will cling to them, as to all other human beings; but, taken as a class, and seeing how few are the faulty, how numerous the self-denying, the highly principled, the devoted labourers in the most important of all labours, we accord them our fullest esteem, respect, and sympathy.

One Mr. Paul Phipps has handed himself down to posterity by saying, in the House of Assembly in Jamaica, that "No wharfinger could be an honest man—he knew it; he had been a wharfinger all his life, and he could answer for it." They who have devoted much time during nineteen years to Governesses—who have known many personally, and have searched into the circumstances and antecedents, the "ins and outs," of the lives of many hundreds—have received scores of unsought confidences—have sympathized, remonstrated, counselled—may be supposed to know something of the profession; and it is a very interesting one.

Fifteen thousand ladies are constantly devoting to it all the best energies of their best years, and thinking themselves fortunate if they can make any provision for their later ones! To many, who have a natural love of teaching, and who have passed some years in it, it is probably as happy a life as any can be which of necessity parts them from all home ties. To the young Governess it must always, at first, be more or less a very great trial; it cannot be otherwise. Just at the age when girls make for themselves a Future full of bright anticipations—

"When the soul is athirst for tenderness
And hungereth for fond affection,"

she has to leave all she loves—all who love her—to turn her eyes from all her happy visions, and devote her young life to the routine of a school-room, with far less variety and companionship than the one from which she has probably not long emerged. We hear much of the isolation of governess-life; but that, I trust, has been much over-rated. She has frequently much pleasant intercourse with the parents, especially the mother, and invariably becomes fond of the children; but in the heart's dearest interests the isolation cannot but exist. To receive a letter which brings tidings of great anxiety, or bears upon it the shadow of a coming sorrow—to lay it down and turn to the lessons, the exercise, the meals, and give no sign, and wait till evening allows unrestrained thought, perhaps unrestrained grief—this is the Governess's hardest trial.

"Only the Lord can hear,
Only the Lord can see,
The struggle within how dark and drear,
Though quiet the outside be."

The first branch that came into operation of the Governesses' Institution was that for giving assistance to ladies in temporary distress. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," said the wisest of men; and accordingly, in only three months from the Society's organization, the Ladies' Committee began their labour of love, which has been carried on fortnightly ever since, beginning with £10 at each meeting, which, growing with the growth of

the Institution, now reaches £50—£1,300 a-year! The cases of distress are painfully numerous—the causes of distress painfully alike. Could they be classed, we might say—Over-exertion of body, or over-anxiety of mind—failing sight, or that nervous deafness which seems to be one of long teaching's inevitable results—mental depression—paralysis, and other sad and entirely incapacitating ailments,—these form the *chronic* cases, which need aid and have it, and yet where the word *temporary* is unhappily misapplied. But there are others with better hopes; and the ladies have often the pleasure to find, that a little help to replenish a wardrobe, or to bear the interval while seeking an engagement, or to give more nourishment in sickness, or a change of air after it, has carried a lady safely over her time of difficulty, and enabled her to work on in comfort. Few remain now of those who met for this purpose nineteen years ago! It can hardly be out of place here to recall the excellent and lamented Countess Canning as she entered the room with her rapid step and her bright glance of courteous greeting—her beautiful eyes soon suffused, though not dimmed, by her quick sympathy—her mind so ready in devising plans of help—her manner so sweet and charming in suggesting them, and her radiant smile of pleasure over the comfort given and the good done! Ah, as Charles Lamb says—“Some they have died; and some they have left us;” but the vacant places have been filled by other and earnest workers, and so may it be long after they too have reached the end of a path beautified by smoothing that of others!

The Provident Fund has had great success—we may say great influence, on the present race of Governesses. By taking all the trouble off their hands, and showing to them clearly that all their money was invested in their own names in Government Securities, it suggested to them the practicability of a future provision by yearly payments, and nearly twelve hundred have availed themselves of it. More than four hundred are now enjoying their self-earned Annuities, and the rest are progressing towards the same end. Many a lady who had saved enough to give her a tiny independence has lost it all in trying to make it larger by some unwise speculation, or in fruitless attempts to prop up the sinking credit of some near relative. Once in receipt of her Annuity, she is *safe*—safe from all speculative temptation—safe from all pleading and coaxing—safe from the softness of her own heart. That more than £180,000 should have been so accumulated would seem incredible, but for our homely knowledge that “sands form the mountain, seconds make the year.” There is a Savings' Bank, also, for the small savings to rest in and grow larger, instead of being spent because they are so small. “'Tis but” is a most dangerous thing, says Miss Edgeworth. “'Tis but a guinea—'tis but a few shillings! How many guineas in one year may be spent upon 'Tis but!” We may couple this wise remark with Poor Richard's—“Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves!” “Many a little makes a mickle,” and the last Report gives their amount as over £30,000.

But yet, there must be a vast number who *cannot* save—who embrace the profession, not simply as a livelihood, but that they may work for others, may give all they can earn to others—who shut their eyes to any Future for themselves, thinking only of the Present needs of those dear ones with whom all their Past is associated. And when they have supported a paralyzed father or a widowed invalid mother for many years, or educated younger sisters or orphan nieces for the same path of “self-renouncing love”—when they find that time is marking his insidious way, and their power of exertion is gradually lessening, and younger Governesses are preferred, it becomes a great duty, a great privilege, to do something for those who have done so much for others. Therefore, the Annuities for Governesses above fifty years of age so commended themselves to the public sympathy, that a hundred are now affording a small, but CERTAIN, income to as many ladies. Some have been founded by private munificence—some by bequest—most, of course, by the Society, the capital being invested in the Public Funds in the names of Trustees, and, thus, the Annuitants secured from any vicissitude that might occur to the Society itself.

The amount is very small—they began at £15; but all have been raised to £20 by Mrs. William Ashley’s exertions, and she has now invited contributions to increase the amount to £25, and fifteen have reached that sum. But, even for the first trifling pittance there were many anxious candidates seeking it as a great boon. We have known several cases where a lady would have felt it a great happiness to offer a home to her early friend, and whose husband would gladly have evidenced his appreciation of his wife by kindness to one who had trained her—who could give the room, and “the bit and the sup,” but could *not* undertake dress and other personal expenses. In such a case, the little Annuity comes in, and smooths the way to the happiest arrangement. The Governess becomes one of the family circle—the little ones are to her as her children’s children, and gather fondly round her to hear how wonderfully good mamma was at their age—the dear mamma who is so very, very good now! It is a pitiable fact that for these Annuities of £20 given half-yearly there should be a hundred and forty or fifty candidates—so many with long-deferred hope!—so many with none! The little book which accompanies each polling-paper, and details each case in the fewest possible words, is quite unique in its way. Its tiny pages record self-sacrifices quite heroic, lengthened endurance of pain and privation, and the most unselfish labours prolonged till they became impossible; and all these were the Governess’s portion, unaided, uncared for, UNKNOWN—till this Institution called upon the world to see, and hear, and help!

Amongst the other preventives to saving was the necessity of finding board and lodging during the intervals between engagements; and to remedy this a house was fitted up to accommodate twenty-five ladies during that time of anxious suspense. It was intended, not only to insure

the respectability of each lady's temporary home, and to save her from the ruinous expense of ordinary lodgings, but to exchange its sad solitariness for the cheerful society of fellow-travellers on the same road. The Home was opened in 1846, and some three thousand have tested and approved its title. Often and often have we seen at the door a face full of affectionate gladness; some young lady who had once sojourned there—had experienced the cheerfulness, the kindness, the sympathy, that all experience there—and now, passing through town with her pupils, had asked for a holiday to spend it at the Home. The ground-floor is devoted to the Registration, to give ladies seeking Governesses and ladies seeking engagements a mutual and entirely free opportunity of meeting with their respective requirements. I often think of an answer I had from a lady to whom I said, "Are you not a little behind the time in putting Teacher of Dancing on your plate? Every one else puts Professor." "That's just it," said she; "that is just the difference between us; they *profess* dancing—and I *teach* it." O that none would profess more than they can teach! O that parents would not expect more than any one ought to undertake! It is found that more than half the ladies who register their names find situations. This is a large proportion, as the books are open to all; to the too inexperienced—to the too little educated—to the too old. More than 14,000 have found engagements with no fee for registering—no percentage on their salaries! Averaging the saving, as we believe we might fairly do, at three pounds, surely some of this £42,000 has gone into the Savings' Bank!

We have before lamented the insufficient amount of each Annuity; and many of the subscribers joined heart and hand in carrying out the project of an Asylum for the aged, where some few at least could be made really comfortable—where the two great requirements of old age, warmth and kindness, should be abundantly supplied; and attention and respect, and tender care, smooth the last days of those whose best years had all been spent for others. Many will remember the "Fancy Fair" at Chelsea Hospital, where some of the fairest and noblest of the land held stalls, and reaped so large a harvest that the building (at Kentish Town) was immediately commenced. How it answers its intended purpose we wish all who read this would go and see! We verily believe no one has ever yet gone there without being inspired with a wish to do something to show the dear old ladies a kindness or give them a pleasure; and without feeling also that it had been a great and good work to build this pleasant Home—to raise a retreat for much-tried and care-worn hearts—a porch to those many mansions in which there is room for all.

THE DISINHERITED;

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAP. VIII.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

AFTER quitting the red room, Don Rodolfo, under the weight of the condemnation pronounced against him, with broken heart and burning head had rushed onwards, flying the paternal anger, and resolved to leave the Hacienda as quickly as possible, never to return to it. His horse was still in the first yard, where he had tied it up. The young man went up to it, seized the bridle, and placed his foot in the stirrup. At the same moment a hand was laid on his shoulder—Don Rodolfo turned as if seared with a hot iron. His brother was standing before him.

A feverish redness suffused his face; his hands closed, and his eyes flashed lightning; but, at once extinguishing the fire of his glance and affecting a forced calmness, he said, in a firm voice—

“What do you want, brother?”

“To press your hand before your departure, Rodolfo,” the young man said, with a whining voice.

Rodolfo looked at him for a moment with an expression of profound disdain, then unhooking the sword that hung at his side, he handed it to his brother.

“There, Hernando,” he said ironically, “it is only right, that, since you will henceforth bear the name and honour of our family, this sword should revert to you. You desired my inheritance, and success has crowned your efforts.”

“Brother,” the young man stammered.

“I am not reproaching you,” Don Rodolfo continued, haughtily. “Enjoy in peace those estates you have torn from me. May Heaven grant that the burden may not appear to you some day too heavy, and that the recollection of the deed you have done may not poison your last years. Henceforth we shall never meet again on this earth. Farewell!” And, letting the sword he had offered his brother fall on the ground, he leaped on his horse and went off at full speed, without even giving a parting glance at those walls which had seen his birth, and from which he was now eternally banished. Don Hernando stood for a moment with hanging head and pale face, crushed by the shame and consciousness of the bad action he had not feared to commit. Already, remorse was beginning to prey on him. At length, when the galloping of the horse had died away in the distance, he raised his eyes, wiped away the perspiration that inundated his face, and picked up the sword lying at his feet.

“Poor Rodolfo!” he muttered, stifling a sigh; “I am very guilty.”

And he slowly returned to the hacienda. Count Don Rodolfo de Moguer kept the word he had given his brother: he never reappeared. Nothing was ever heard of him, and his intimate friends never saw him again after his journey to the hacienda, nor knew what had become of him. The next year, a few Indians who escaped from the massacre at the bridge of Calderon, when Hidalgo was defeated by the Spanish General Callega, spread the report that Don Rodolfo, who during the whole action kept by Hidalgo's side, was killed in a desperate charge he made into the heart of the Spanish lines, in the hope of restoring the fortunes of the day; but this rumour was not confirmed. In spite of all the measures taken by the Marquis, the young man's body was not found among the dead, and his fate remained a mystery for the family.

In the meanwhile, Don Hernando, by his father's orders, had succeeded to his brother's title, and almost immediately married Dona Aurelia del Torre Azul, originally destined for Don Rodolfo. The Marquis and Marchioness lived some few years longer. They died a few days after one another, bearing with them a poisoned sting of remorse for having banished their first-born son from their presence.

But, inflexible up to his dying hour, the Marquis never once made a complaint, and died without mentioning his son's name. However, the Marquis's hopes were realized ere he descended to the grave, for he had the supreme consolation of seeing his family continued in his grandchildren.

At the funeral, a man was noticed in the crowd wrapped up in a wide cloak, and his features concealed by the broad brim of his hat being pulled over them. No one was able to say who this man was, although one old servant declared he had recognized Don Rodolfo. Was it really the banished son who had come for the last time to pay homage to his father and weep on his tomb? The arrival of the stranger was so unexpected, and his departure so sudden, that it was impossible to get at the truth of the statement.

Then, time passed away, important events succeeded each other, and Don Rodolfo, of whom nothing was heard, was considered dead by his family and friends, and then forgotten; and Don Hernando inherited without dispute the title and estates.

The Marquis de Moguer, in spite of the light under which we have shown him to our readers, was not a wicked man, as might be supposed; but as a younger son, with no other hope than the tonsure, devoured by ambition, and freely enjoying life, he internally rebelled against the harsh and unjust law which exiled him from the pleasures of the world and condemned him to the solitude of the cloister. Assuredly, had his brother frankly accepted his position as first-born, and consented to undertake its duties, Don Hernando would never have thought for a moment of defrauding him of his rights. But when he saw Don Rodolfo despise the old tradition of his race—forget what he owed to his honour

as a gentleman, so far as to marry an Indian girl and make common cause with the partisans of the Revolution, he eagerly seized the opportunity, chance so providentially offered him, to seize the power lost by his brother, and quietly put himself in his place. He thought, that, in acting thus, he was not committing a bad action, but almost asserting a right by substituting himself for a man who seemed to care very little for titles and fortune.

Don Hernando, while whitewashing himself in this way, only obeyed that law of justice and injustice which God has placed in the heart of man, and which impels him, when he does any dishonourable deed, to seek excuses in order to prove to himself that he was bound to act as he had done. Still, the Marquis did not dare confess to himself that the chance by which he profited he had helped by all his power, by envenoming by his speeches and continual insinuations his brother's actions, ruining him gradually in his father's mind, and preparing, long beforehand, the condemnation eventually uttered in the Red Room against the unfortunate Rodolfo.

And yet, strange contradiction of the human heart, Don Hernando dearly loved his brother; he pitied him—he would have liked to hold him back on the verge of the precipice down which he thrust him, as it were. Once master of the estates and head of the family, he would have liked to find his brother again, in order to share with him this badly-acquired fortune, and gain pardon for his usurpation.

Unfortunately, these reflections came too late—Don Rodolfo had disappeared without leaving a trace, and hence the Marquis was compelled to restrict himself to sterile regrets. At times, tortured by the ever-present memory of the last scene at the hacienda, he asked himself whether it would not have been better for him to have had a frank explanation with his brother, after which Don Rodolfo, whose simple tastes agreed but badly with the exigencies of a great name, would have amicably renounced in his favour the rights which his position as elder brother gave him.

But, now to continue our narrative, which we have too long interrupted.

At the beginning of 1822, on a day of madness which was to be expiated by years of disaster, the definitive separation took place between Spain and Mexico, and the era of *pronunciamentos* set in. After the ephemeral reign of the Emperor Iturbide, Mexico reverted to a Republic, or, more correctly, to a military Government. Under the pressure of an army of 20,000 soldiers, which had 24,000 officers, the Presidents succeeded each other with headlong speed, burying the nation deeper and deeper in the mire, in which it is now struggling, and which will eventually swallow it up.

By *pronunciamento* on *pronunciamento* Mexico had reached the period when this story begins; but her wealth had been swallowed up in the tornado—her commerce was annihilated, her cities were falling in ruins,

and New Spain had only retained of her old splendours fugitive recollections and piles of ruins. The Spaniards had suffered greatly during the War of Independence, as had their partisans, whose property had been burned and plundered by the revolutionists. The fatal decree of 1827, pronouncing the expulsion of the Spaniards, dealt the final and most terrible blow to their fortunes.

The Marquis de Moguer was one of the persons most affected by this measure, although, during the entire War of Independence and the different governments that succeeded each other, he had taken the greatest care not to mix himself up at all in politics, and remained neutral between all parties. This position, which it was difficult and almost impossible to maintain for any length of time, had compelled him to make concessions painful to his pride: unfortunately, his fortune consisted of land and mines, and if he left Mexico he would be a ruined man.

His friends advised him frankly to join the Mexican government, and give up his Spanish nationality. The Marquis, forced by circumstances, followed their advice; and, thanks to the credit some persons enjoyed with the President of the Republic, Don Hernando was not only not disturbed, but authorised to remain in the country, where he was naturalised as a Mexican.

But things had greatly changed with the Marquis. His immense fortune had vanished with the Spanish government. During the ten years of the War of Independence, his estates had lain fallow, and his mines, deserted by the workmen he formerly employed, had gradually become filled with water. They could not be put in working order again except by enormous and most expensive works. The situation was critical; especially for a man reared in luxury and accustomed to sow his money broadcast. He was now compelled to calculate every outlay with the utmost care, if he did not wish to see the hideous spectre of want rise implacable before him.

The pride of the Marquis was broken in this struggle against poverty; his love for his children restored his failing courage, and he bravely resolved to make head against the storm. Like the ruined gentlemen who tilled the soil, with their sword by their side, as a proof of their nobility, he openly became haciennero and miner, that is to say, he cultivated his estates on a large scale, and bred cattle and horses, while trying to pump out the water which had taken possession of his mines. Unfortunately, he was deficient in two important things for the proper execution of his plans: the necessary knowledge to assist the different operations he meditated; and, above all, money, without which nothing was possible. The Marquis was, therefore, compelled to engage a Major-domo, and borrow on mortgage. For the first few years all went well, or appeared to do so. The Major-domo, Don José Paredes, to whom we shall have occasion to refer more fully hereafter, was one of those men so valuable in haciendas, whose life is spent on horseback, whose attention nothing escapes, who

thoroughly understand the cultivation of the soil, and know what it ought to produce, almost to an arroba.

But if the estates of the Marquis were beginning to regain their value, under the skilful direction of the bailiff, it was not the same with the mines. Taking advantage of the convulsions in which Mexico was writhing, the independent Indians, no longer held in subjection by a fear of the powerful military organization of the Spaniards, had crossed the frontiers and regained a certain portion of their territory. They had permanently settled upon it, and would not allow white men to encroach on it. Most of the Marquis's mines being situated in the very country now occupied by the Indians, were consequently lost to him. The others, almost entirely inundated, in spite of the incessant labour bestowed on them, did not yet hold out any hopes of becoming productive again.

What Don Hernando gained on one side he lost on the other; and his position, in spite of his efforts, became worse and worse, and the abyss of debt gradually enlarged. The Marquis saw with terror the moment before him when it would be impossible for him to continue the struggle. Sad and aged by sorrow rather than years, the Marquis no longer dared to regard the future, which daily became more gloomy for him. He watched in mournful resignation the downfall of his house—the decay of his race; seeking in vain, like the man without a compass on the mighty ocean, from what point of the horizon the vessel that would save him from shipwreck would arrive.

But, alas! days succeeded days without bringing any other change in the position of the Marquis, save greater poverty, and more nearly impending ruin. In proportion as the misfortune came nearer, the Marquis had seen his relations and friends keep aloof from him; all abandoned him, with that selfish indifference which seems a fundamental law of every organized society, when the precept, "Each man for himself," is put in practice, with all the brutal force of the *væ victis*.

Hence Don Hernando resided alone, with his son, at the Hacienda del Toro; for he had lost his wife several years before, and his daughter was being educated in a convent, at the town of Rosario; with that noble pride, which so admirably becomes men of well-tempered minds, the Marquis had accepted, without a murmur, the ostracism passed upon him. Far from indulging in useless recriminations with men, the majority of whom had, in other days, received obligations from him, he had made his son a partner in his labours, and, aided by him, redoubled his efforts and his courage.

Some months before the period when our story begins, ill-fortune had seemed, not to grow weary of persecuting the Marquis, but desirous of granting him a truce—this is how a gleam of sunshine penetrated the gloomy atmosphere of the hacienda. One morning, a stranger, who appeared to have come a great distance, stopped at the gate, leading a mule loaded with two bales. This man, on reaching the first court-yard, threw the mule's bridle to a peon, with the simple remark—

"For Senor Don Hernando de Moguer—"

and, without awaiting an answer, he started down the rocky road at a gallop, and was lost in the windings of the path, ere the peon had recovered from the surprise caused by this strange visit. The Marquis, at once warned, had the mule unloaded, and the bales conveyed to his study. They each contained twenty-five thousand piastres in gold, or nearly eleven thousand pounds of our money: on a folded paper was written one word—Restitution.

It was in vain that the Marquis ordered the most minute researches; the strange messenger could not be found. Don Hernando was, therefore, compelled to keep this large sum, which arrived so opportunely to extricate him from a difficult position, for he had a considerable payment to make on the morrow. Still, it was only on the repeated assurances of Don Ruiz and the Major-domo, that the money was really his, that he consented to use it.

Cheered by this change of fortune, Don Hernando at length consented that Don Ruiz should go and fetch his sister, and bring her back to the hacienda, where her presence had been long desired; though there had been an obstacle, in the dangers of such a journey.

We will now resume our narrative, begging the reader to forgive this long digression, which was indispensable for the due comprehension of what is about to follow, and lead him to the Hacienda del Toro, a few hours before the arrival of Don Ruiz and his sister; that is to say, about three weeks since we left them at the post of San Miguel.

CHAP. IX.

A NEW CHARACTER.

ALTHOUGH, owing to its position on the shores of the Pacific, Sonora enjoys the blessings of the sea breeze, whose moisture at intervals, refreshes the heated atmosphere; still, for three hours in the afternoon, the earth incessantly heated by the torrid sunbeams, produces a crushing heat. At such times the country assumes a really desolate aspect beneath the cloudless sky, which seems an immense plate of red hot-iron. The birds suddenly cease their songs, and languidly hide themselves beneath the thick foliage of the trees, which bow their proud crests towards the ground. Men and domestic animals hasten to seek shelter in the houses, raising in their hurried progress a white, impalpable, and calcined dust, which enters mouth and nostrils. For some hours Sonora is converted into a vast desert from which every appearance of life and movement has disappeared.

Everybody is asleep, or at least reclining in the most shady rooms, with closed eyes, and with the body abandoned to that species of somnolency, which is neither sleeping nor waking; and which from that very fact is filled with such sweet and voluptuous reveries—inhaling at

deep draughts the artificial breeze, produced by artfully-contrived currents of air, and in a word indulging in, what is generally called in the torrid zones, a siesta.

These are hours full of enjoyment, of whose sweet and beneficent influence on body and mind we busy, active Englishmen are ignorant, but which people nearer the sun revel in. The Italians call this state the *dolce far niente*, and the Turks, that essentially sensual race, *keff*.

Like that city in the "Arabian Nights," the inhabitants of which the wicked enchanter suddenly changed into statues by waving his wand, life seemed suddenly arrested at the Hacienda del Toro, for the silence was so profound: peons, vaqueros, criados, everybody in fact were enjoying their siesta. It was about three in the afternoon; but that indistinct though significant buzz, which announces the awakening of the hour that precedes the resumption of labour was audible. Two gentlemen alone had not yielded to sleep, in spite of the crushing mid-day heat; but seated in an elegantly-furnished *cuarto*, they had spent the hours, usually devoted to slumber in conversation. The cause for this deviation from the ordinary custom must have been most serious. The Hispano-American and especially the Mexican, does not lightly sacrifice those hours of repose during which, according to a Spanish proverb, only dogs and Frenchmen are to be seen in the sun.

Of these two gentlemen, one, Don Hernando de Moguer, is already known to us. Years, while stooping his back, had furrowed some wrinkles on his forehead, and mingled many silver threads with his hair; but the expression of his face, with the exception of a tinge of melancholy, spread over his features by lengthened misfortunes, had remained nearly the same, that is to say, gentle and timid, although clever; slightly sarcastic and eminently crafty.

As for the person with whom Don Hernando was conversing at this moment, he deserves a detailed description, physically at least, for the reader will soon be enabled to appreciate his moral character. He was a short plump man, with a rubicund face and apoplectic look, though hardly forty years of age. Still his hair, which was almost white, his deeply wrinkled forehead, and his grey eyes buried beneath bushy whiskers, gave him a senile appearance, harmonising but little with the sharp gesticulation and youthful manner he affected. His long, thin, violet nose was bent like a parrot's beak over a wide mouth, filled with dazzling white teeth; and his prominent cheekbones, covered with blue veins, completed a strange countenance, the expression of which bore a striking likeness to that of an owl.

This species of nutcracker, with his prominent stomach and short ill-hung limbs, whose whole appearance was most disagreeable, had such a mobility of face as rendered it impossible to read his thoughts on his features, in the event of this fat man's carcass containing a thought. His cold blue eyes were ever pertinaciously fixed on the person addressing

him, and did not reveal the slightest emotion; in short, this man produced at the first contact that invariable antipathy which is felt on the approach of reptiles, and which, after nearer acquaintance, is converted into disgust and contempt.

He was a certain Don Rufino Contreras, one of the richest landowners in Sonora, and a year previously had been elected senator to the Mexican Congress for the province.

At the moment when we enter the *cuarto*, Don Hernando, with arms folded at his back and frowning brow, is walking up and down, while Don Rufino, seated on a *butacca*, with his body thrown back, is following his movements with a crafty smile on his lips, while striving to scratch off an invisible spot on his knee. For some minutes, the haciennero continued his walk, and then stopped before Don Rufino, who bent on him a mocking, inquiring glance.

"Then," he said, in a voice whose anxious expression he sought in vain to conceal, "you must positively have the entire sum within a week?"

"Yes," the fat man replied, still smiling.

"Why, if that is the case, did you not warn me sooner?"

"It was through delicacy, my dear Sir."

"What,—through delicacy?" Don Hernando repeated, with a start of surprise.

"You shall judge for yourself."

"I shall be glad to do so."

"I believe you do me the justice of allowing that I am your friend?"

"You have said you are, at least."

"I fancy I have proved it to you."

"No matter; but let us pass over that."

"Very well. Knowing that you were in a critical position at the moment, I tried to procure the sum by all possible means, as I did not wish to have recourse to you, except in the last extremity. You see, my dear Don Hernando, how delicate and truly friendly my calculations were. Unfortunately, at the present time it is very difficult to get money in, owing to the stagnation of trade, produced by the new conflict which threatens to break out between the President of the Republic and the Southern States. It was therefore literally impossible for me to obtain the smallest sum. In such a perplexing position, I leave you to judge what I was obliged to do. The money I must have; you have owed it for a long time, and I applied to you—what else could I do?"

"I do not know. Still, I think you might have sent a peon to warn me, before you left Sonora."

"No, my dear Sir, that is exactly what I should not do. I have not come direct to you: in pursuance of the line of conduct I laid down I hoped to collect the required sum on my road, and not be obliged to come all the way to your hacienda."

Don Hernando made no reply. He began his walk again after giving the speaker a glance which would have given him cause for thought, had he noticed it; but the latter gentleman had begun rubbing the invisible spot again with more obstinacy than before. In the meanwhile the sunbeams had become more and more oblique; the hacienda had woken up to its ordinary life; outside the shouts of the vaqueros pricking the oxen, or urging on the horses could be heard mingled with the lowing and neighing of the draught-cattle. Don Hernando walked up to a window the shutters of which he threw open, and a refreshing breeze entered the *cuarto*. Don Rufino gave a sigh of relief and sat up in his butacea.

"Ouf!" he said with an expression of comfort; "I was very tired; not through the long ride I was compelled to make this morning, so much as through the stifling heat."

Don Hernando started at this insinuation, as if he had been stung by a serpent: he had neglected all the laws of Mexican hospitality; for Don Rufino's visit had so disagreeably surprised him, and made him forget all else before the sudden obligation of satisfying the claims of a merciless creditor. But at Don Rufino's remarks he understood how unusual his conduct must have seemed to a weary traveller, hence, he rang a bell, and a peon at once came in.

"Refreshment," he said.

The peon bowed, and left the room.

"You will excuse me, Caballero," the haciennero continued frankly, "but your visit so surprised me that at the moment, I did not think of offering the refreshment which a tired traveller requires so much. Your room is prepared, rest yourself to-night, and to-morrow we will resume our conversation, and arrive at a solution I trust mutually satisfactory."

"I hope so, my dear Sir. Heaven is my witness that it is my greatest desire," Don Rufino answered, as he raised to his lips the glass of orangeade brought by the peon. "Unhappily I fear that, with the best will in the world, we cannot come to a settlement unless—"

"Unless," Don Hernando sharply interrupted. Don Rufino quietly sipped his orangeade, placed the glass on the table, and said, as he threw himself back on the *butacca*, and rolled a cigarette—

"Unless you pay me in full what you owe me, which, from what you have said, appears to me to be difficult, I confess."

"Ah!" Don Hernando remarked with an air of constraint, "what makes you suppose that?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, I suppose nothing: you told me just now that you were hardly pressed."

"Well, and what conclusion do you derive from that?" the haciennero asked impatiently.

"A very simple thing—that seventy thousand piastres form a rather round sum, and that however rich a man may be, he does not always have it in his hands, especially when he is pressed."

“I can make sacrifices.”

“Believe me, I shall be sincerely sorry,”

“But can you not wait a few days longer?”

“Impossible I repeat: let us understand our respective positions, in order to avoid any business misunderstanding which should always be prevented between honourable gentlemen, holding a certain position. I lent you that sum, and only stipulated for small interest I believe?”

“I allow it, Senor, and thank you for it.”

“It is not really worth the trouble; I was anxious to oblige you. I did so, and let us say no more about it; but remember that I made one condition which you accepted.”

“Yes,” Don Hernando said, with an impatient start, “and I was wrong,”

“Perhaps so; but that is not the question. This condition which you accepted was to the effect that you should repay me the sum I advanced upon demand.”

“Have I said the contrary?”

“Far from it; but now that I want the money, I ask you for it, and that is natural: I have in no way infringed the conditions. You ought to have expected what is happening to-day, and taken your precautions accordingly.”

“Hence, if I ask a month to collect the money you claim?”

“I should be heart broken, but should refuse; for I want the money, not in a month but in a week. I can quite put myself in your position, and comprehend how disagreeable the matter must be; but unluckily so it is.”

What most hurt Don Hernando was not the recal of the loan, painful as it was to him, so much as the way in which the demand was made; the shew of false good-nature employed by his creditor, and the insulting pity he displayed. Carried away involuntarily by the rage that filled his heart, he was about to give Don Rufino an answer which would have broken off all friendly relations between them for ever, when a great noise was heard in the hacienda, mingled with shouts of joy and the stamping of horses. Don Hernando eagerly leant out of the window, and at the expiration of a moment turned round to Don Rufino, who was sucking his cigarette with an air of beatitude.

“Here are my children, Caballero,” he said; “not a word of this affair before them, I entreat?”

“I know too well what I owe you, my dear Senor,” the other replied, as he prepared to rise. “With your permission, however, I will withdraw, in order to allow you entire liberty for your family joy.”

“No, no!” Don Hernando added, “I had better introduce you at once to my son and daughter.”

“As you please, my dear Sir. I shall be flattered to form the acquaintance of your charming family.”

The door opened, and Don José Paredes appeared. The Major-domo was a half-breed of about forty years of age, tall and powerfully built, with bow legs and round shoulders that denoted his capacity as a horseman ; in fact, the worthy man's life was spent in the saddle, galloping about the country. He took a side glance at Don Rufino, bowed to his master, and lowering his usual rough tone, said—

“ Senor amo, the nino and nina have arrived in good health, thanks to Our Lady of Carnero.”

“ Thanks, Don José,” Don Hernando replied ; “ let them come in. I shall be delighted to see them.”

The Major-domo gave a signal outside, and the two young people rushed into the room. With one bound they were in their father's arms, who for a moment pressed them to his heart ; but then he pushed them away, remarking that a stranger was present. The young couple bowed respectfully.

“ Senor Don Rufino,” the Marquis said, “ I present to you my son, Don Ruiz de Moguer, and my daughter, Dona Marianita : my children, this is Senor Don Rufino Contreras, one of my best friends.”

“ A title of which I am proud,” Don Rufino replied, with a bow, while giving the young lady a cold searching glance, which made her look down involuntarily and blush.

“ Are the apartments ready, Don José ?” Don Hernando continued.

“ Yes, Excellency,” the Major-domo said, who was contemplating the young people with a radiant face.

“ If Senor Don Rufino will permit it, you can go and lie down, my children,” the haciennero said. “ You must be tired.”

“ You will also allow me to rest, Don Hernando ?” the Senator then said. The haciennero bowed.

“ We will resume our conversation at a more favourable moment,” he continued, as he took a side-glance at Donna Marianita, who was just leaving the room with her brother. “ However, my dear Senor, do not feel too anxious about my visit ; for I believe I have discovered a way of arranging matters without inconveniencing you too much.”

And, bowing to his knees to the Marquis, who was astounded at this conduct, which he was so far from expecting, Don Rufino left the room, smiling with an air of protection.

CHAP. X.

DON JOSÉ PAREDES.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since the return of Don Ruiz and his sister to the hacienda, and Don Rufino had not said a word about the money which occasioned his visit. The haciennero, while employing all the means in his power to procure the necessary sum to pay his debt, had been careful not

to allude to the conversation he had held with his creditor on the first day; the more so because Don Rufino seemed to have forgotten the pressing want of money he had at first given as his excuse for not granting any delay.

At the hacienda everything had returned to its old condition. Don Ruiz went out on horseback in the morning with José Paredes, in order to watch the peons and vaqueros, leaving to his father and sister the care of doing the honours to Don Rufino. For the first two or three days Donna Marianita had been considerably embarrassed by their guest's obsequious smiles and passionate glances; but she soon made up her mind, and only laughed at the craving look and absurd postures of the stout gentleman. The latter, while perceiving the effect he produced on the young lady, appeared to take no heed of it, and conscientiously continued his manœuvres with the tenacity that formed the basis of his character. Probably in acting thus, and by openly paying his court to Donna Marianita, in the presence of her father and brother, Don Rufino was carrying out a pre-arranged plan, in order to gain an end which may be easily guessed.

It was evident to everybody that Don Rufino was seeking to obtain the hand of Donna Marianita. Don Hernando, in spite of the secret annoyance this pursuit caused him, for this man was the last he would have desired as his son-in-law, did not dare, however, let his vexation be seen, owing to his delicate position, and the sword of Damocles, which Don Rufino held in suspense over his head. He contented himself with watching him closely, while leaving him free to act, hoping everything from him, and striving to collect all his resources in order to pay him off as speedily as possible; and once, liberty was regained, to dismiss him. Unfortunately, money was difficult to obtain. Most of Don Hernando's debtors failed in meeting their engagements; and it was with great difficulty, he obtained at the end of a fortnight, one quarter the sum he owed Don Rufino, and this sum even could not be employed in liquidating the debt, for it was indispensable for the continuation of the works at the hacienda.

Since his arrival at the hacienda, Don Rufino had sent off messengers in several directions, and received letters. One morning he entered Don Hernando's study with an easy air, where the latter passed nearly the day, engaged in the most abstruse calculations. The haciennero raised his head with amazement on seeing the Senator; it was the first time the latter had come to seek him in this room. He suffered a heart-pang; but he succeeded in hiding his emotion, and good-humouredly invited his visitor to take a seat.

"My dear Senor," Don Rufino began, as he comfortably stretched himself out upon a *butacca*, "excuse me for pursuing you into your last entrenchments, but I want to talk seriously with you, and so I frankly knocked at this door."

"You have done well," Don Hernando answered, with ill-dissembled

agony: "you know that I am entirely at your disposal. How can I be of any service to you?"

"I will not trouble you long: I am not fond of lengthy conversations, and have merely come to terminate the affair which we began on the day when I arrived at the hacienda."

The haciennero felt a cold perspiration stand on his temples, at this brutally frank avowal.

"I had not forgotten you," he replied: "at this very moment I am making arrangements which, I trust, will enable me to discharge the debt in a few days."

"That is not the point," Don Rufino remarked, airily: "I do not want the money, and request you to hold it for me as long as you possibly can."

Don Hernando looked at him in amazement. "That surprises you," the Senator continued, "and yet the affair is very simple. I was anxious to prove to you that you had in me not a pressing creditor, but a truly devoted friend. When I saw that it would greatly embarrass you to repay me this trifle, and as you are a gentleman I am anxious to oblige, I turned to another quarter."

"Still," Don Hernando, who feared a snare, objected: "you said to me——"

"I believed it," Don Rufino interrupted him. "Fortunately it was not so, as I have recently acquired the proof: not only have I been able to meet my payment, but I have a considerable sum left in my hands which I do not know what to do with, and which I should feel much obliged by your taking; for I do not know a more honourable gentleman than yourself, and I wish to get rid of the money, which is useless to me at the moment."

Don Hernando, confounded by this overture, which he had been so far from expecting from a man who had at first been so harsh with him, was silent, for he knew not what to answer, or to what he should attribute this so sudden and extraordinary change.

"Good gracious!" continued Don Rufino, with a smile; "during the few days I have been with you, my dear Senor, I have been enabled to appreciate the intelligent way in which you manage your immense estate; and it is evident to me that you must realise enormous profits. Unfortunately for you, you are in the position of all men who undertake great things with limited resources. You are short of capital just at the moment when it is most necessary; but as this is a common case, you cannot complain. You have made sacrifices, and will have to make more before obtaining real results. The money you want I have, and I offer it to you. I trust you will not insult me by doubting my friendship, or my desire to be of service to you."

"Certainly, Caballero. Still," Don Hernando stammered, "I am already your debtor to a heavy amount."

“ Well, what matter? You will be my debtor for a larger amount, that is all.”

“ I understand all the delicacy and kindness of your conduct, but I fear——”

“ What? That I may demand repayment at an inconvenient moment?”

“ I will not conceal from you——”

“ You are wrong, Don Hernando. I wish to deal with you as a friend, and do you a real service. You owe me seventy thousand piastres, I believe?”

“ Alas, yes.”

“ Why that ‘ alas ? ’ ” the Senator asked with a smile. “ Seventy thousand piastres, and fifty thousand more I am going to hand you directly, in six bills payable at sight, drawn on Wilson and Co., Bankers, at Hermosillo, will form a round sum, for which you will give me your acceptance payable—come, what date will suit you best?”

Don Hernando hesitated. Evidently Don Rufino, in making him so strange a proposal, had an object; but that object he could not see. The Senator’s love for his daughter could not impel him to do such a generous act: this unexpected kindness evidently concealed a snare; but what was the snare? Don Rufino carefully followed the different feelings that were reflected on Don Hernando’s face.

“ You hesitate,” he said to him, “ and you are wrong. Let us talk candidly. You cannot possibly hope to realise any profit within eight months, so it will be impossible for you to pay me so large a sum before that period.” Then, opening his pocket-book and taking out the six bills, which he laid on the table, he continued: “ Here are the fifty thousand piastres; give me an acceptance for one hundred and twenty thousand, payable at twelvemonths’ date. You see that I give you all necessary latitude to turn yourself round. Well, supposing—which is not probable—that you are unable to pay me when the bill falls due; we will renew it, that is all. *Cuerpo de Cristo!* I am not a harsh creditor. Come, is the matter settled, or must I take the bills back?”

Money, under whatever shape it presents itself, has an irresistible attraction in the eyes of the speculator and embarrassed man. Don Hernando, in spite of all his efforts—in spite of all the numerous sacrifices he had made, felt himself rapidly going down the incline of ruin, on which it is impossible for a man to stop; but time might save him, Don Rufino, whatever his wishes might be, rendered him an immense service by giving him not only time, but also the money he required, and which he despaired of obtaining elsewhere. Any longer hesitation on his part would therefore have been unjustifiable; hence he took the bills, and gave his acceptance.

“ That’s settled,” Don Rufino said, as he folded the document and carefully placed it in his pocket-book. “ My dear Senor, you are really a singular man. There is more difficulty in getting you to accept money than there would be in getting another to pay it.”

"I really do not know how to thank you, Don Rufino, for the service you have rendered me, and which I am now free to confess has arrived very opportunely."

"Money is always opportune," the Senator replied, with a laugh; "but let us say no more about that. If you happen to have a safe man, send him off at once to cash these bills at Hermosillo, for money is too scarce to be allowed to lie idle."

"This very day my Major-domo, Don José Paredes, shall set out for the *ciudad*."

"Very good; now I have one request to make of you."

"Speak, speak! I shall be delighted to prove to you how grateful I am."

"This is the matter: now that I am, temporarily at least, no longer your creditor, I have no decent pretext for remaining at the hacienda."

"Well, what does that matter?"

"It matters a great deal to me. I should like to remain here a few days longer, in order to enjoy your agreeable society."

"Are you jesting, Don Rufino? The longer you remain at the hacienda the greater honour you will do us; we shall be delighted to keep you, not for a few days, but for all the time you may be pleased to grant us."

"Very good; that is what I desired. Now, I shall go away and leave you to your business."

When the Major-domo returned to the hacienda at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Don Hernando sent for him. Without taking the time to pull off his vaquera boots or unbuckle his heavy spurs, José Paredes hurried to his master.

"Have you a good horse?" the haciennero asked, so soon as the Major-domo entered the study.

"I have several, Excellency," he answered.

"I mean by a good horse, one capable of going a long distance."

"Certainly, mi amo; I have a mustang on which I could ride to Hermosillo and back without giving it any further rest than that of the camping hours."

"I want to send you to Hermosillo."

"Very good, Excellency; when must I start?"

"Why, as soon as possible after you have rested."

"Rested from what?"

"The ride you have taken this morning."

The Major-domo shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"I am never tired, Excellency; in half an hour I shall have lassoed my horse, saddled it, and mounted, unless you wish me to defer my journey."

"The hours for the siesta will soon be here, and the heat will be unsufferable."

"You are aware, Excellency, that we half-Indians are children of the sun; its heat does not affect us."

"You have an answer for everything, Don José."

"For you, Excellency, I feel myself capable of performing impossibilities."

"I know that you are devoted to my house."

"Is it not just, Excellency? For two centuries my family has eaten the bread of yours; and, if I acted otherwise than I am doing, I should be unworthy of those from whom I am descended."

"I thank you, my friend; you know the esteem and affection I have for you. I am about to intrust an important commission to you."

"Be assured that I shall perform it, Excellency."

"Very good. You will start at once for Hermosillo, where you will cash these bills for fifty thousand piastres, at the bank of Wilson & Co."

"Fifty thousand piastres!" the Major-domo repeated with surprise.

"It surprises you, my friend, to whom I have confided my most secret affairs, that I have so large a sum to receive. You ask yourself, doubtless, in what way I managed to obtain it."

"I ask nothing, Excellency; it does not concern me. I am here to carry out your orders, and not permit myself improper observations."

"This money has been lent me by a friend, whose kindness is inexhaustible."

"Heaven grant that you are not mistaken, Excellency; and that the man from whom you have this money, is really a friend."

"What do you mean, Don José? to what are you alluding?"

"I make no allusion, *mi amo*; I merely think that friends who lend fifty thousand piastres from hand to hand—pardon my frankness, Excellency—to a man whose affairs are in such a condition as yours, are very rare at present; and that, before forming a definite judgment about them, it would be wiser to wait and learn the cause of such singular generosity."

Don Hernando sighed. He shared his Major-domo's opinions, though he would not allow it. Following the tactics of all men who have not good reasons to allege, he suddenly turned the conversation.

"You can take three or four persons with you," he said.

"What to do, Excellency?"

"Why, to act as escort on your return."

The Major-domo began laughing.

"What use is an escort, Excellency? You want your money here? I will buy a mule at Hermosillo, and load the money on it, and it will take a very clever fellow to rob me, I assure you."

"Still, it would be, perhaps, better to have an escort."

"Permit me to remark, Excellency, that it would be the best way of setting robbers on my track."

"*Viva Dios!* I should be curious to know how you arrive at that conclusion?"

"You will easily understand me, *mi amo*. A single man is certain to pass unnoticed, especially when, as at this moment, the roads are infested with bandits of every description and every colour."

"Hum! what you are saying is not reassuring, Don José; do you know that?" Don Hernando remarked with a smile, for his Major-domo's reasoning amused him.

"On the contrary, the bandits to whom I am referring, Excellency, are clever, too clever, and it is that which ruins them; they will never imagine that a poor devil of a half-breed, leading a sorry mule, can be carrying fifty thousand piastres. Deceived by my appearance, they will let me pass, without even pretending to see; while if I take persons with me, it will arouse their suspicions, they will want to know why I am guarded, and I shall be plundered."

"You may really be right, Don José."

"I am certain I am, Excellency."

"Well, I will not argue any longer; do what you think proper."

"All right, Excellency; I will deliver the money to you, without the loss of a real, I promise you."

"May Heaven grant it: here are the bills, and now—you can start whenever you please."

"I shall be gone within an hour, Excellency," the Major-domo answered.

He took up the bills, hid them in his bosom, and after bowing to his master, left the study. José Paredes went straight to the corral, where, in a few minutes, he had lassoed a mustang with small head and flashing eye, which he began saddling, after he had carefully rubbed it down. Then, he inspected his weapons, laid in a stock of powder and ball, placed some provisions in his *alforjas*, and mounted. But, instead of leaving the hacienda, he proceeded to a separate building, and twice gently tapped a window before which he pulled up. The window opened, and Don Ruiz appeared.

"Ah! is that you, Paredes; going back to the plantations already?" he said, "well, wait a minute and I will be with you."

The Major-domo shook his head.

"Do not disturb yourself, Nino," he said, "I am not going to the plantations, but on a journey."

"A journey?" the young man asked, in surprise.

"Yes; but only for a few days. The Marquis has sent me, and I shall soon be back."

"Can you tell me the reason why you are going, and whither?"

"The master will tell you himself, Nino."

"Good! but I suppose you have some other motive for coming to wish me good bye?"

"Yes, Nino; I wished to give you a piece of advice before leaving the hacienda."

“Advice!”

“Yes; and of a serious nature. Nino, during my absence, watch carefully the man who is here!”

“Whom do you mean, Paredes?”

“The Senator, Don Rufino Contreras.”

“For what reason?”

“Watch him, Nino, watch him! And now, good bye for the present.”

And, without awaiting the question the young man was about to ask him, the Major-domo dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, and left the hacienda at a gallop.

CHAP. XI.

ON THE ROAD.

MEXICO, considering its size, is one of the least populated countries in the world. With but few exceptions, the old Spanish colonies, since they have proclaimed their independence and become free republics, having been constantly engaged in war with each other, or in overthrowing the government they themselves elected, have seen all the ties attaching families to the soil broken in turn. Foreigners, no longer finding the necessary safety for their speculations in countries incessantly troubled by revolutions, have gone away. Trade has been annihilated; commerce has fallen into a state of atrophy; and the population has frightfully decreased, with such rapidity that sensible men, who sought a remedy for this incurable evil, called emigration to the help of these states, which nothing can galvanize, and which only possess a factitious existence.

Unfortunately, the Hispano-American race is essentially haughty and jealous. Poor fellows, who let themselves be seduced by the brilliant promises made them, and who consented to cross the sea to settle in this country, found on their arrival, and especially in Mexico, an ill-disguised hatred and contempt, which was displayed in all classes of society by ill-will and aversion. Hence, being disgusted by their reception, and recognising the slight trust they could place in the promises of the men who had summoned them, they hastened to leave a country in which they had only found unjust prejudices and deplorable ill faith, and went to ask of the United States the protection refused them by those who had so pressingly summoned them.

Mexico, in spite of a certain varnish of civilization, the last reminiscence of the Spanish occupation, which may still be found in the large cities and their environs, is, therefore, in reality plunged into a state of barbarism relatively greater than it was fifty years ago. The Pacific states, especially, being less frequently visited by strangers, and left, as it were, to themselves, have retained a peculiar physiognomy, whose picturesque savageness and rough manners would cause the tourist's heart to beat with joy, if ever a tourist ventured into these countries; but which inspire an

involuntary fear, justified, however, by everything the traveller forced to visit this land on business witnesses.

In Europe and all civilised countries, the means of transport are numerous and convenient, but in Mexico only one is known—the horse. In the Central states and those which run along the Atlantic sea-board, some towns possess diligences, which change horses at the *tambos*, a species of inn, where the travellers stop to pass the night. But these *tambos* and *mesons*, which possess a great resemblance to the Sicilian hostelries and Spanish *ventas*, supply absolutely nothing to the guests they shelter, excepting a roof, reduced to its simplest expression; that is to say, the traveller is compelled to take his bed with him, in addition to provisions, if he does not wish to sleep wrapped up in his cloak.

In spite of the numberless disagreements which the uncomfortable mode of progressing from one place to another entails, the traveller derives one advantage from it—that of not being exposed, in a fickle atmosphere like that of Mexico where after burning days the nights are chilly, to the attacks of the climate. In the Pacific states, matters are no longer thus; the traveller who proceeds from one town to another is forced to do so on horseback, without any hope of finding for a distance of sixty or eighty leagues the smallest inn or even most wretched rancho where he can shelter himself from wind and rain at nightfall. At sunset he camps where he is in the open air, and begins his journey again on the morrow. Still, as Providence has been in its wisdom careful to give an equal amount of good and evil, the robbers, *salteadors*, and brigands of every description who infest all the roads in the interior, on which they reign as masters, plundering travellers in open day and assassinating them with the most perfect impunity, are rarely found in Sonora. In this country the roads in this respect enjoy a relatively complete security, except when the Indians have risen, or a fresh *pronunciamento* has let bands of revolted soldiers loose on the country. These fellows have no scruple about imitating professional robbers, and killing and plundering people, whose unlucky stars have exposed them to their tender mercies.

José Paredes, though he had in reality only fifty leagues to go, a distance which in most European countries is comfortably performed in a railway carriage in a few hours, was obliged, on account of the bad state of the roads, and the indispensable precautions he had to take, to remain at least four days on the road before reaching Hermosillo. This journey, which would have been very painful to any man accustomed to the ease and luxuries of life, was only a pleasure trip for the worthy Major-domo, a real Centaur, whose life was spent on horseback—who slept more frequently in the open air than under a roof; and whose powerful constitution rendered him insensible to the annoyances inseparable from a journey made under such conditions. The Mexicans have two expressions which admirably depict the class of men to whom the Major-domo belonged; they call them *Ginetes* and *Hombres de a Caballo*.

José Paredes, then, rode along jauntily on his horse, at one moment carelessly smoking a husk cigarette, at another humming a *jarabe* or a *seguedilla*, while keeping eye and ear on the watch, and his finger prudently laid on the trigger of his gun, which was placed across his saddle bow. His second day's ride was drawing to a close; he had left Arispe far behind him, which town he had passed through without stopping longer than he required to lay in fresh provisions and forage for his horse.

The sun was rapidly declining on the horizon; a rather powerful wind blew in gusts, raising clouds of dust, which blinded the horseman and formed a thick fog round him, in the midst of which he almost entirely disappeared. Although, as we have said, the day was drawing to a close, the heat was stifling, the sky had assumed a livid appearance; yellow clouds gradually collected in the horizon and were rapidly brought up by the wind. The birds whirled in the air, uttering shrill and discordant cries; sharp noises and shrill whistlings rose from among the rocks that on both sides flanked the narrow ravine the Major-domo was now following, and large drops of rain fell on the calcined soil which easily imbibed them. The horse pricked its ears, shook its head, and snorted in terror. All presaged one of those storms which it is only possible to witness in these regions—veritable cataclysms which rend and uproot the largest trees, force streams from their beds, and overthrow the soil, as if the earth were struggling wildly beneath the grasp of these horrible convulsions of Nature which completely change, within a few hours, the aspect of the country over which they have swept with the fury of the African simoom.

“Hum!” José Paredes muttered to himself, as he took an anxious glance along the road, “if I am not greatly mistaken, within an hour we shall have one of the most tremendous *cordonzos* that has been seen for some time. That will be most agreeable for me, and my position will not fail to be most amusing. Confound the temporal! why could it not have waited for another eight and forty hours.”

The Major-domo lost no time in vain lamentation. The situation in which he found himself was really critical: he knew that if the temporal surprised him on this ravine, he would have enormous difficulties to overcome in escaping its violence. He therefore resolved at all hazards to attempt the greatest efforts in getting out of the scrape. Minutes were precious; hesitation was impossible, and he must form a decision at once. José Paredes was a resolute man, long accustomed only to reckon on his courage, strength, and energy, to get him out of difficult situations; he, therefore, carefully wrapped himself in his zarapé, pulled his hat down over his forehead, and, bending over his horse's neck, dug his spurs, while crying, sharply, one word; “Santiago!” a cry employed in this country to excite horses. The noble animal, astonished that its master should deem it necessary to employ spurs to give it ardour, gave a snort of passion, and started at a headlong pace.

In the meanwhile the clouds had completely covered the blue sky; the

atmosphere was gradually growing darker; the sunbeams had lost their heat; the horse still dashed on, rendered furious by the incessant prick of the spurs, which the Major-domo dug into its panting flanks. At length Paredes uttered a cry of joy, for he had reached the end of the ravine, and before him extended a vast plain, bordered by tall mountains in the horizon. These mountains the Major-domo wanted to reach, for there alone had he chance of safety. Although his position had greatly improved after leaving the ravine, it was still extremely difficult, if the storm were to burst before he had succeeded in crossing the plains, which afforded him no shelter to brave the tornado. Hence, the traveller, after exploring the neighbourhood with a rapid glance, and assuring himself that he had no hope of escaping the tempest, and the barren sandy plain which was only traversed by a few streams, repeated his cry of "Santiago," and set out on his mad ride once more.

As always happens, and as anyone who has studied the admirable instinct of the horse can certify, the noble animal the Major-domo rode, seemed to have identified itself with its master. Through the effort of that magnetic current, whose power is no longer doubted, it appeared to understand that their common safety depended on its efforts; and it literally devoured the space, darting across the plain with the fantastic rapidity of the spectre steed of the German ballad.

All at once a vivid flash broke through the clouds followed by a tremendous thunder clap. The horse gave a start of terror, but quickly checked by its rider, started again through the torrents of rain, which were beginning to fall. Night had suddenly set in; the sun, veiled by the clouds, had become invisible, and it was in complete obscurity that the Major-domo was condemned to attempt the supreme efforts on which life or death depended. Still, Paredes was not discouraged, and his will seemed to grow fearless in the struggle; while sitting firmly in the saddle, like a granite statue, with contracted brows and eyes, looking a-head, as if constantly trying to pierce the gloom, and exciting his horse with spur and voice, his features were as calm and impassive as if he were merely in one of the thousand ordinary accidents of his adventurous life in the desert. In the meanwhile the tempest had changed into a fearful hurricane, and raged with extreme fury. The unchained winds whistled violently, dashing the rain, and upraising masses of mud, which flew along the ground.

An ill-omened swashing made the unhappy traveller who was surprised by the tornado understand that the streams were beginning to overflow and inundate the plain. By the vivid flashes which uninterruptedly followed each other, the Major-domo could see all around large grey pools of water, which constantly widened and enclosed him in an incessantly contracting circle; distant sounds borne by the breeze, heightened his apprehensions. An hour more, he felt, and the plains would only form one vast lake, in the midst of which he would infallibly perish. Warned by that instinct which never deceives them, the wild beasts had

left their lairs, and were flying madly, while uttering hoarse roars of terror. When a flash lit up the horizon, Paredes could see indistinct forms pass by his side which were no other than the dangerous denizens of the prairie. All was overthrown and confounded. The swash of the water was mingled with the artillery of the thunder and the howling of the wind. But the horse still galloped on straight ahead, sustained by the very terror which maddened it and spurred it on better than the sharpest knife could have done.

Suddenly the Major-domo uttered a cry of terror and anger, drew himself up, and pulled bridle with such strength that the horse stopped short on its trembling legs. He fancied he had heard the distant sound of a bell. When an inundation comes, the hacenderos have all their bells rung, in order to warn straggling travellers and tell them of a place of refuge. The Major-domo listened; in a few seconds a sound faint as a sigh reached the ear. The practised hunter was not mistaken; it was really the expiring sound of a bell that reached him, and the sound came from a direction diametrically opposite to the one he was following. In the darkness he had left his track; he was lost in the midst of an entirely submerged country without chance of help. In spite of his indomitable bravery the Major-domo felt an internal horror; an icy-perspiration stood on his forehead, and he shook all over. At this supreme moment the man had but one terrible thought that he would bear with him to the tomb the fortune entrusted to him by his master and on which the future of his children perhaps depended. Paredes felt burning tears start from his eyes, and a choking sob from his bosom. He cared little for life, he would gladly have sacrificed it for his master; but the thought of dying thus, and completing his master's ruin caused him indescribable grief. For some minutes this lion-hearted man; this bold wood-ranger, who had faced without blenching the most terrible dangers, felt weaker than a child. But this prostration only lasted a short time, and a reaction quickly took place; ashamed of the passing despondency to which he had yielded, the Major-domo became the firmer when all seemed to abandon him, and resolved to sustain the insensate struggle till he drew his last breath.

Rendered stronger by this energetic resolution, the Major-domo, whose arteries were beating as if about to burst, passed the back of his hand over his eyes, addressed to Heaven that mental prayer which the most intrepid men find in their hearts at the supreme moment when life or death only hangs by a thread; and, instead of going on, he waited for a flash, by which he could examine his position, and decide the new course he had to take. He had not to wait long: almost immediately a flash shot athwart the sky. Paredes uttered a cry of joy and surprise: he had seen, a few paces from him on his right, a rather tall hill, on the top of which he fancied he noticed a horseman, motionless, and upright as an equestrian statue.

With that coolness which powerful men alone possess in critical circumstances, the Major-domo, although he felt that the water was rapidly encircling him, and was almost up to his horse's girths, would not leave anything to chance. Fearing he had been deceived by one of those optical illusions, so frequent when the senses are over-excited, he resolved to wait for a second flash, and kept his eyes fixed on the spot where the hill must be, which he fancied he must have seen as in a dream. All at once, at the moment when the desired flash lit up the darkness, a voice, that overpowered the roar of the tempest, reached his ear :

“Courage! keep straight on,” he heard.

The Major-domo uttered a cry of delight, which resembled a yell; and, lifting his horse with his bridle and knees, he dashed toward the hill, pursued by the seething waters which were powerless to arrest him; and, after an ascent that lasted scarce ten minutes, he fell fainting in the arms of the man whose summons had saved him. From this moment he had nothing to fear: an inundation could not reach the top of the hill where he had found such a Providential refuge.

THE TÊMÉRAIRE.*

THE sun is sinking low,
 And the west is in a glow,
 Tow her in!
 And like banners fiery red
 Are the clouds around it spread;
 Tow her in!

The sea is in a blaze
 With the splendour of its rays,
 Tow her in!
 Scarce it yields beneath her prow
 As if loth to lose her now;
 Tow her in!

Like a Viking young and brave,
 Once she proudly leapt the wave,
 Tow her in!
 Rough and dauntless were her crew,
 Men to dare and men to do;
 Tow her in!

Once that bulk was moving slow
 With its broadside to the foe,
 Tow her in!
 And wreaths of sulph'rous breath
 Bore the messages of death;
 Tow her in!

Close her Admiral beside,
 She the gallant French defied,
 Tow her in!
 And when early dawn'd the day,
 With her double prize she lay;
 Tow her in!

Now her spars are whitening fast,
 And decay is in her mast,
 Tow her in!
 The ship-worm's tiny saw
 At her oaken ribs doth gnaw;
 Tow her in!

* These lines were suggested by Turner's well-known picture of the *Téméraire* towed ashore to be broken up.

THE TÊMÉRAIRE.

See ! a little craft can take
The grim monarch in its wake,
 Tow her in !
So the Chief with hoary head
By a child's hand may be led ;
 Tow her in !

The peaceful English shore
Seems to greet her as of yore,
 Tow her in !
She has nobly done her duty,
And her helplessness is beauty ;
 Tow her in !

Ocean ! bear her gently on
To the haven she has won,
 Tow her in !
Thou ne'er again wilt feel
The deep ploughing of her keel ;
 Tow her in !

Fare thee well, old Téméraire !
Thou a glorious name shalt bear,
 Tow her in !
When our deepest pulse is stirred
As our Nelson's name is heard ;
 Tow her in !

CAROLINE M. KING.

FOR THE YOUNG OF THE HOUSEHOLD.
IN COZY NOOK.

HOME PLEASURES.

BY MRS. H. M. GORDON SMYTHIES.

WE must now transport our dear young readers to a pretty little summer house, in a corner of an old-fashioned flower garden, situated in Fairlands Park, near Bridgewater, Somerset.

This summer house had a thatched conical roof, and was paved with inverted fir-apples. It would have been simply an arbour, but that it had a little inner room adjoining it, where there was a fire-place, and where the Young of the Household had the privilege of keeping a few very choice plants (in the cold weather), and of ordering the under-gardener's boy to light a fire.

In the centre of this arbour stood a table surrounded by rustic seats; and this spot was the "Cozy Nook" of the children I am about to describe.

The family, to which we are about to introduce our young readers, is that of a great London banker of the name of Marchmont.

His banking house (which he called his "shop") was in Lombard Street; but he had a town mansion in Cavendish Square, and this beautiful country seat, called Fairlands Park.

The Marchmont family at the time of which we write, consisted of three girls, of the ages of sixteen, fourteen, and eleven (all in the school-room, under the care of Miss Murray, the governess); two lads of twelve and fifteen at Eton, a boy-baby in arms, and a darling, diminutive, golden-haired, violet eyed girl of three, who was . . . wherever she chose to be—now in the nursery; now in the school room, now sporting like a ray of sunshine on the floor of Mrs. Marchmont's dressing-room, or on the rich, velvet-pile carpet of the state drawing-rooms; now (when Papa was at home), peeping in at the library door, and drawing him from algebra and logarithms to play at Bo-peep with him, and to let her "ride a cock-horse" on his foot. Sometimes even making her bold wilful way into the kitchen, to make a dough man under the old man-cook's delighted eye, standing on a chair by the old Frenchman's side, and sticking two currants in the face to do duty for eyes; or in the house-keeper's room, coaxing Mrs. Trimmer out of a bunch of raisins, or a handful of sweetmeats. Clementina, the little girl in question (who was always called Tiny), was the pet of the family! . . .

Miss Murray, generally rather strict and stately, could laugh and sport with Tiny (Tiny was, as we have said, free of the whole house, "from garret to basement," and even of "Cozy Nook.") The great delight of the Misses Marchmont, whose names were Ada, Juliet, and Lilian, was to spend the hours before their two o'clock dinner and after their morning studies in their favourite "Cozy Nook."

There our young friends might always be found, when the weather did not admit of those long country constitutional walks which Mrs. Marchmont wished them to take; and which Miss Murray enforced, but which she enlivened by her interesting and instructive conversation. But the great

treat of all, was to be allowed to make and take tea in "Cozy Nook;" a fire being lighted on such occasions in the inner room.

A formal invitation to Miss Murray was always required to ensure that lady's company; and (to her honour and that of her pupils be it spoken) so far from the presence of their governess being a barrier to their enjoyment, they were never so happy as when she shared in their recreations and amusements. One reason of this was, that although Miss Murray never, for a moment, forgot the dignity and responsibility of her position as the guardian and guide of young Christian ladies, she yet threw aside the governess when she entered "Cozy Nook," and nothing so delighted the three young girls as Miss Murray's telling a story. They were particularly interested by narratives, based on experiences, or adventures of her own.

At the time of which we write, Fairlands was in high beauty, and the young girls were in high spirits. It was the middle of July, and the strawberries in their own dear old sunny gardens furnished a daily feast.

It was a half-holiday—and for the thorough enjoyment of the day it was necessary, that tea and cake, strawberries and cream, should be served up in "Cozy Nook," and that Miss Murray should be invited to partake. Now our young friends Ada, Juliet, and Lilian, with many merits and good qualities, had some faults and foibles. They were very far from being in any respect perfect; but they were warm-hearted, affectionate, generous girls, sometimes a little prone to be idle, or careless, or vain, or proud, or impatient, but seldom saucy, obstinate, or disobedient—and mean, false, envious, or unkind, never—at least, not deliberately so, save, perhaps in the case of Juliet, who being a little given to boasting, and to priding herself on her father's wealth and the advantages of her position would often indulge, in order to increase her own importance, in prevarication, exaggeration, or misrepresentation, all in reality so many milder forms of falsehood—misnamed "white lies." But we know too well who is the father of all lies, and how very black he is, to believe that any of his children can be white.

Miss Murray always made it a rule to decline the customary invitation to tea in "Cozy Nook," unless all the lessons and studies of the day had been completed to her satisfaction.

There were very few faults in the exercises, English, French, German, or Italian; no blunders in reading, no blots in writing, no careless drawing, no false notes in playing or singing, no sums that *would* not come right, or problems on the globes that could not be worked, on a day when Miss Murray was to be invited to take tea in the summer-house.

On this occasion, all had done their very best; Ada had written the note of invitation in her best hand, on thick glazed gilt-edged note-paper, the envelope was neatly sealed, and the invitation had been graciously accepted. The tea was to be ready at six o'clock.

Ada, Juliet, and Lilian, had prepared everything, with the help of the school-room maid, and the under-gardener's boy (who took a great interest in these fêtes, because, at their close, he came in for a good slice of cake, a mug of tea, and a share of the strawberries).

The large round table in the centre of the arbour was covered with a snow-white damask cloth; a beautiful bouquet of flowers was flanked on one side by a dish of fragrant strawberries, and on the other by a delicious cake; a

bowl of cream, and one of sifted sugar, with a home-made brown loaf, and a pat of rich yellow butter, made up, with the tea, the substantial part of the entertainment.

The day was gloriously fine, sunny, and almost sultry, but cool and pleasant in the summer-house.

Miss Murray had changed her dress in honor of the occasion; she seldom wore anything but black, but she had put on her black silk, and brightened it up with a coral brooch and bracelets, and gathered up her long black hair in a scarlet net. She was a pale intellectual-looking woman of seven or eight-and-thirty, with fine dark eyes, good teeth, and a tall slender figure. The general expression of her countenance was grave, almost to sternness; but her smile was like sunshine, and her voice "low, an excellent thing in woman."

The young ladies were all in white, with fresh flowers in their hair, and all, in different styles, pretty.

Tiny in a blue *barège* frock, of which she was very proud, for it was quite new, and had a smart blue sash, came toddling along, led by her nurse, and lugging her doll (a one-eyed, broken-nosed, wigless "has been," almost as big as herself), to share in the feast. While the tea and the cake, and the strawberries and cream were going on, Tiny was all life and prattle; but when the intellectual part of the repast commenced, Tiny nestled her rosy face and golden head into Miss Murray's bosom, and with old one-eyed Dolly clasped tightly in her arms, was soon fast asleep. Nurse, who had foreseen this result, then came and carried her away.

Miss Murray's tales always had a moral and an object, generally in reference to some fault or foible she had noticed in one or other of her pupils.

On a preceding occasion, personal vanity and the love of dress had been the subject of Miss Murray's narrative.

That foible was more especially Ada's: she was very handsome, and she knew it; and thought too much about her beauty and its "outward adorning."

Juliet had her pride and vanity too; but it was not the pride and vanity of beauty and dress. She was, as we have said, a good deal given to boasting; and when the simple truth did not excite all the wonder, admiration, and envy she expected, she did not disdain to exaggerate, to colour, and to invent.

It is very seldom that falsehoods, great or small, cannot be traced either to vanity or cowardice. When, as was sometimes the case, any of the young village girls, or the daughters of the poorer gentry, were admitted to spend a day with the Misses Marchmont, Juliet was not satisfied with their feeling how much finer, and grander, and more stylish was everything at Fairlands than in their own homes; but was very fond of exaggerating her father's wealth and expenditure, the value of her mother's dresses, jewels, &c., and the cost of her own, drawing their attention to the difference between her position and that of her guests.

She was then not only a great talker, but a great boaster—a vain boaster, too; and she had actually quarrelled with one of her visitors, a daughter of the curate of the village, because the young Dorcas had too much spirit to say she wished she were a Miss Marchmont, and too much Christian feeling to be envious of Juliet's trinkets and fine clothes.

Miss Murray had silently noted down Juliet's foible (which she had already repeatedly tried to check in other ways) as the subject of her next story in "Cozy Nook."

After having made a few general remarks on the vulgarity and insolence of boasting, and of showing off any advantages one may possess, in the presence of those less fortunate, Miss Murray began thus:—

"I need not tell you in what part of England, nor in what hall, park, or villa, lived a young pupil of mine, of whom I was at one time very fond, although she had two of the most serious faults that a girl can have—namely, a want of that rigid adherence to truth which should form the basis of every Christian character; and a vain, foolish wish to be thought grander, richer, more admired, and more important than she really was. Many were the mortifications which this young girl, whom we will call Bertha de Beauvoir, brought upon herself by these pitiful, but, alas, too common faults; and, in the end, the result was more serious still, since they brought ruin and disgrace on her mother, to whom she was tenderly and devotedly attached.

"Mr. de Beauvoir was a man of very ancient family, and, as his name implies, of Norman extraction, but his father having squandered the family property, an uncle had adopted Mr. de Beauvoir; and as this uncle—his mother's brother—was a wine merchant, he was brought up in his counting-house, and in due time became a merchant too.

"At the time of which I speak, he was very affluent and lived in great style."

"Had he as many servants and horses as we have?" asked Juliet.

"More," laconically answered Miss Murray, not pleased at the question.

"And had he as large a house in town and as fine a place in the country?" persisted Juliet.

"His house in town was much larger and much grander, for it was in Belgrave Square; and his country house was a castle, in a park twice the size of this."

"And had Mrs. de Beauvoir as fine jewels and as handsome dresses as Mamma?"

"I believe they were finer. But if you interrupt me, Juliet, every minute with such foolish questions, I shall not go on," said Miss Murray.

"I wish you would be quiet, Juliet," said Ada. "How silly it is in you always to want to make out that no one has things so grand as ours. Why papa himself said he is only a banker, and that he knows dozens of men much richer than he is."

"But Mr. de Beauvoir was *only* a merchant," said Juliet. "I think a Banker much grander than a merchant."

"Both rank as traders," said Miss Murray; "and both are, if honest and liberal in their dealings, the pride and glory of those whom Napoleon the First called 'a nation of shopkeepers;' but in the table of precedence an old Scotch baronet with no income at all ranks before a merchant prince."

Miss Murray herself was of an old Scotch family, and granddaughter of the ninth baronet of that name.

"Please go on with the story, dear Miss Murray, and I will not interrupt you again?" said Juliet, rather crestfallen and abashed.

Miss Murray, kindly taking her hand, continued,—

“Bertha was an only child. She had great personal advantages, and remarkable abilities; she was very lively, talkative, and good-humoured, and sang and played, and danced wonderfully for her age, which, when first I knew her, was fourteen. I remember she had very fine hair, of which she was extremely proud—it was very long.”

“Was it as long—” began Juliet, but blushing, checked herself.

Miss Murray went on without noticing the interruption. “One day she had her cousins, two youths from Eton, to spend the day with her, and she had a few young ladies to make up a juvenile party. The boys were talking of a favorite sister who had just married, and whose hair one of them observed measured a full yard in length, adding, he had himself measured it with a three-foot rule.

“Upon this, Bertha, whose hair was turned up behind, and coiled round a gold comb, said ‘Oh, I don’t think much of that, my hair is a good deal more than a yard long.’

“‘How do you know *that*, Miss Consequence?’ said her cousin Tom; ‘has it ever been measured?’

“‘Yes,’ said Bertha, turning very red,—for it was untrue.

“‘Who by?’ asked Tom.

“‘My maid and the hair-dresser,’ faltered Bertha, redder than before, for that was another falsehood.

“‘Oh, well! seeing is believing,’ said Tom adroitly, and, very rudely twitching out Bertha’s gold comb. ‘Now Hal!’ he cried to his brother, ‘just hold her while I measure her back hair.’

“One of the young ladies, whom Bertha had offended by her boasts, very unkindly handed the rude boys a little yard measure out of Bertha’s work-box, on the table close by—it was a yard of narrow blue sarsnet ribbon, rolled up in a little carved ivory pagoda.

“Bertha fought and struggled and cried, but the boys conquered.

“Not one of the girls went to her rescue. She had so bragged and boasted, so exalted herself, and so humbled them, that I am afraid they were not sorry to see her humiliated.

“The result was, that Bertha was proved to be a vain, false boaster, for her hair only measured three quarters of a yard!

“I was away from De Beauvoir Castle when this incident occurred, or of course I should have interfered to prevent it; but when she told me of it, which she did with many tears and blushes, I hoped the rude lesson she had received might be of some use. Alas! an event which occurred soon after convinced me it had made no permanent impression.

“Bertha had never learnt to ride, but her father, who much wished that she should be a good horsewoman, had determined that she should take lessons at a celebrated riding school as soon as she was again in London; in the meantime, as her Mamma was very nervous and timid about horses, Bertha used to ride about the country on a donkey; and she had been, I believe, occasionally perched on the horse of a maiden aunt—an equestrian who followed the hounds—and led round the meadows, a groom holding the bridle. Under these circumstances one would think that none but a most inveterate boaster would pride herself upon her riding. However, one day Sir Philip and Lady Ascot, with their daughters, all good equestrians, called at De Beauvoir Castle.

"Mrs. de Beauvoir was ill; and Bertha, just come in from her donkey ride, had to receive them. I was engaged reading to her Mamma, and was obliged to let her go down to them alone; else I was always afraid she would make herself ridiculous by some silly boast if there was no one present to check her.

"And so it proved; for it seems that she apologised for having kept the party waiting by saying she had been out for a long ride, and was changing her dress when they arrived. Bertha took good care to conceal the nature of the animal she had been riding. She contrived to give herself out as the daring and accomplished rider she hoped one day to be!

"The Ascot family took her to their hearts at once. They almost lived in the saddle; and they were delighted to find in their pretty, lively young neighbour a person of kindred tastes, to accompany them in their rides, and looked upon her as one of themselves!

"The next day came a note inviting Bertha to spend the day at 'The Grove.' Mrs. de Beauvoir thought a great deal of the Ascots, and gladly consented. It never occurred to her for a moment that Bertha was looked upon as an equestrian, or would attempt to ride a horse.

"Bertha herself had not thought of such a result of her silly boasting.

"'I hope you have brought your hat and habit, and all et ceteras,' said Miss Ascot; 'you are to have my brother's mare—such a high-spirited and yet gentle creature, who seems to fly with you.'

"Bertha turned pale; as to hat and habit she had only a brown stuff petticoat and a garden hat.

"She said she had brought no riding gear with her, and she inwardly hoped that the matter would end there. Miss Ascot left her for a few minutes, and then returned announcing that her sister Clara was not going to ride; and that, as she was about the same size as Bertha, the latter might have her habit and hat.

"'How pale you look!' said Miss Ascot; 'a canter over the downs will do you all the good in world.'

"A deadly faintness stole over Bertha's heart. She felt as she had done once before when she had sat down in Mr. Cartwright's armchair to have a double tooth drawn.

"You said yours is a spirited, thorough-bred mare," said Miss Ascot; "so you are used to a free action, but I don't think yours can beat Wildfire. Poor old long-eared Brown Bess! She certainly could not beat Wildfire!"

"Bertha had not moral courage to own the truth, and to decline to ride Wildfire.

"She must, therefore, summon all her physical courage to her aid, and trust to that Providence, which she felt she could scarcely invoke in the cause of vanity, falsehood, and vain boasting! . . . How she was equipped she never knew; but Clara Ascot's practised maid dressed her, thinking her very helpless and awkward for so good a rider; and she found herself standing on the stone steps of the hall, a cold moisture in her palms, and an icy feel crawling up her back, her tongue dry and cleaving to the roof of her mouth, her heart in a wild flutter, and her knees knocking together, as Wildfire stood among the other saddle horses assembled before the door, held by a dapper groom, and remarkable for his small head, arched glossy neck,

perfect shape; impatient, curvetting, and wriggling of his entire body, and switching of his long tail.

“Bertha was ready to sink with shame and fear; she did not see how she was ever to get on the back of the restless thorough-bred creature; it seemed such a height compared to the low back of Brown Bess, who stood stock still for her to mount, while Wildfire was never quiet for a single moment.

“‘Oh,’ thought Bertha to herself, ‘if I escape with my life, never, never, never, as long as I live will I indulge in any idle boasts, or vain weak falsehoods; to what a wretched plight have they reduced me!’ . . . Miss Ascot, a bold, practised rider, was mounted in a moment. The groom held his hand for her foot, and in an instant she was in her saddle, the reins neatly gathered up in one firm hand, and with the other patting her pawing steed. Miss Helen Ascot mounted in the same style.

“Bertha still turning back, pretended to gather a rose, and adjusted it in her button-hole.

“Sir Philip, who had been detained writing a note, now came out. ‘Come, girls; are you ready to start,’ he cried; ‘we shall be late for dinner. Miss de Beauvoir, let me have the honour.’ Sir Philip was a very powerful man; he certainly thought Bertha very awkward, and singularly heavy for so slight a girl and so good a rider; but after two or three failures he did get her into the saddle; the bridle in one cold, nerveless hand, the little jewel-headed whip in the other. . . . ‘Give him his head, my lady,’ said the groom; ‘he won’t want the whip—he won’t stand it, ’taint loikely.’

“Bertha thanked the groom with a trepidation that did not escape his practised eye. She wanted to tell him that her habit was huddled up over the pummel; but as she turned to speak to him, she saw him exchanging a wink, a nod, and a broad grin with another groom, and thrusting his tongue in his cheek, as he pointed her out with his inverted thumb.

“Bertha, seeing this, felt doubly ashamed, and inwardly vowing that come what would she would not come off; but that this anguish of terror should be a lesson to her for life, with an inward prayer for deliverance from this great self-entailed peril, followed the rest of the party along the broad gravel carriage-road, and out at the park gates.

“For some time their road lay along a green shady lane, sloping upwards. There had recently been some heavy rains; and Bertha felt a little reassured, as she grew more accustomed to the unusual altitude of her seat, and the free action of her steed.

“But when the cavalcade reached the end of the lane, and came out upon the downs, Sir Philip, suddenly crying—‘Now, ladies, for a good gallop!’ touched his own thorough-bred mare with his whip, away started the noble creature, and away, too, fleet as the wind, sped the emulous steeds of Miss Ascot, Miss Helen, and alas, the day! of the terrified Bertha.

“The grooms who were reining in their own horses, whose emulation was excited by the fleetness of their companions, again exchanged a wink and a hoarse laugh. The wind bore it to Bertha’s ear, as carried shrieking along against her will, she vainly tried to pull in young Ascot’s blood mare, who, in spite of Miss Ascot’s assurance that Wildfire was gentle as a lamb, had often carried her, and indeed, had been originally her mare, seemed

to Bertha to be possessed by a fiend—a flying fiend, a winged demon. Bertha's hat, which she had not properly secured, fell off, and was carried away by the wind, and the veil, whisking past Wildfire's eyes, he took fright, and his terror adding to his speed, he soon distanced even Sir Philip himself, who was the best mounted of the party, and who was dismayed to see the supposed good rider in so awful a flight and a peril so imminent.

“Sir Philip halted, and beckoned to his groom, in whom he had great confidence to consult with him what was to be done. The groom knowing that to attempt to follow Wildfire was vain, and in any case could only increase Miss de Beauvoir's peril, scratched his head and said ‘What a thing it was, for a young lady as didn't know one end of a oss from the other, and could ride no more nor a sheep or a babby, to mount Wildfire.’ He proposed to cut across the downs and try to intercept Wildfire, before he approached the cliffs.

“Thither Sir Philip accompanied him, and there, at a corner, shaded by a few ragged fir-trees, they saw Bertha emerging from a green pond, into which, she had been thrown, and Wildfire pursuing his way riderless. At a peculiar whistle of the groom, Wildfire turned and came trotting up to him, and the groom himself, mounted him and led his own horse. Bertha was more frightened than hurt, and more ashamed than either.

“Sir Philip was obliged to send for the pony-chair to take her home. Many were the jokes at Bertha's expense and deep was her shame, and bitter her repentance, but I am sorry to say, that even this second severe lesson did not work a radical cure. However, it had some effect, at least for a time. But the dews are falling,” said Miss Murray, “and we must not stay out any longer.”

“Thank you, dear Miss Murray,” said Ada, “for a very interesting story.”

“A thousand thanks!” said Lillian, kissing Miss Murray's hand.

Juliet said nothing: but she was pale, thoughtful, and downcast, and very much subdued.

