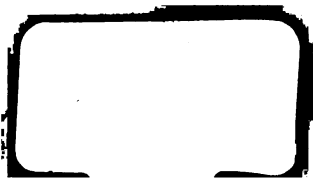


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"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

old series vol 36

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
ACADEMY, Royal, First Attempts to Found the Academy, Private View of the Royal	270	Dr. Guillotine and the Sanson Family	6	Health, Precepts to Preserve	224
Across Siberia	255	Dr. Hall on How to Live Long	226	Hemp, Japanese	96
Actors, Bad Times for Adam Kok's Rising	103	Dress in the Days of Louis the Fourteenth	251	Henry the Fourth of France	249
Adventurers	137	Duke of York and the Turf	158	Hill Forts, Ancient British	474
After the Derby	279	Dyspepsia	227	Hogarth, Letters of	270
Age of Ice, The	113	EARLY to Bed	225	Honiton Lace	183
Albert Hall	58	Early to Rise	225	Hop Gardens	180
Albert Memorial, The	56	Early Workers	591	Hops and Beer	156
Almanacs, Italian	150	Eat Slowly	227	Horse Racing, Royal Patrons	224
Amusements: A Paper Read by Mr. Henry Irving	133	Earth, Changes of Climate	113	How to Live Long	52
Animals, Prevention of Cruelty to	326	Earth, The, Geodesy	138	Hunting for Truffles	52
Are we Ready?	444	Eating and Drinking	227	Hygienic Precepts	224
Army in India, The	300	Ecu Lace	354	ICE AGE, The	113
Army, Militia, Volunteers, &c.	444	Edmund Kean	90	India, Railway Travelling in	219
Artists' Letters	270	Eggs on the Island of Sylt	399	India, Scenes at Railway Stations	219
Art-Critics	254	Eminent Pirates	127	India, The Army in	300
At the Royal Academy	254	English Diet in Cromwell's Time	125	Indian Muslin	25
Athos, A Visit to Mount	487	Epsom Carnival, The	275	India, Sir Salar Jung in	421
BAKED Pig. An Old Receipt	126	Eton College	229	Indian Tea	614
Ball at the Guildhall	346	Eton, Head-Masters	230	Irving (Mr.), on Amusements	133
Ball Rooms, Almack's, &c.	556	Eton Montem	233	Italian Almanacs	150
Barclay and Perkins, History of	183	Executioner, Sanson	6	Italian Lace	150
Bath "An Lait," The	253	Exhibition of Children's Needlework	300	Italian Way to become Beautiful	150
Bavarian Secret Society	521	FASHION. A Sermon	299	JAPANESE Life, The Poetical	341
Bed Room, Receptions in	253	Fashions in Louis the Fourteenth's Time	252	Side of	87
Beer	181	Female Pirates	132	Japanese Industries	87
Beginning of the World. New Zealand Beliefs	178	Fishmongers' Hall, Canning's Speech at	440	Johnson, Dr., and Mrs. Thrale	185
Blackbeard, the Pirate	127	Fish Farms	169	KAFFIR Revolt	280
Board Schools. Sewing Show	390	Fishponds, How to Construct	169	Kean (Mr.), the Tragedian	79
Bobbin Lace	295	Flag-talk	463	Keep your Mouth Shut	226
Book of the Play	41	Foreign Jack	538	Kid, the Pirate	127
Booth (Mr.), the Actor	77	Four Chapters on Lace	206	King of the Eggs	399
Breeding of Fish	162	Freshwater Fish, Value of	249, 295, 350	Kirmess Festival, The	448
Brussels Lace	295, 353	French Revolution. Executions	6	LACE, History of	206, 249, 294, 350
CAPTAIN KID, the Pirate	127	GAMBLING Tables at Monaco	319	Lace-making in England	352
Carp	162	Game of Brag. A Story	517	Lady in the White Shawl. A Story	10
Charles the Second at Newmarket	156	"Gentleman of the Name of Booth"	77	Laughing	227
Charles the Second, Dress in the Time of	295	Geodesy	136	Laundry, The Children's	591
Chichester	470	George the Fourth and the Turf	156	Legends of New Zealand	175
Children's Laundry	591	German Festival. The Kirmess	446	"Le Premier Pas"	556
Children's Sewing Show	390	German Secret Society	531	Letters and Letter-Writers	270
China, Northern Regions of	200	Glacial Period, The	113	Lloyd's	301
China, Overland Journey to	198	Goodwood	469	Lloyd's List	301
City Companies, History and Traditions of	511	Goodwood House	472	Live Long. Maxims	324
Closer than a Brother. A Story	84, 109	Going to the City Ball	346	London Board Schools	290
Coffee-Houses, The Old	201	Green Coffee Cup, The. A Story	493	Louis the Fourteenth. Dress of the Period	251
Cold and Warmth	228	Griffith's Double. A Serial Story, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey	19	Louis the Sixteenth, Execution of	9
Collisions at Sea	418	44, 67, 92, 116, 139, 163, 189, 211, 235, 269, 284, 308, 331, 355, 378, 403, 426, 451, 475, 500	19	MALT and Hops	180
Constable, the Artist, Letters of	270	Guildhall, The Ball at	346	Man-Eater. A Story	186
Cooking by the Sun's Heat	490	Guilde of London	511, 532	Maxims. How to Live Long	224
Cookery in Old Times	125	Guipure Lace	353	Mechlin Lace	297
Critics' Day at the Academy	255	Guillotine, History of the	6	Menaced Frontiers	562
Cromwell's Cookery-Book	125	HABESSE. Secret Society	533	Militia, The	444
Cruelty to Animals	328	Haydon, the Artist, Letters of	270	Millbank, Records of	304
DAWCENS. At Almack's	556	Headmasters of Eton	230	Monaco, Gambling at	319
Derby Scenes	275	Health Maxims	224	More Work for the Sun	490
Drama under Difficulties	102			My Predecessor. A Story	61
				My Zulu Chawles	280
				NEEDLEWORK by Children of the London Board Schools	390

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Newmarket Palace	166	Royalty, Some Troubles of	370	Tea Culture in Japan	614
New Zealand Book of Genesis	178	Ruffs, Fashion of Wearing.	299	Tea, Indian	614
New Zealand Legends and Proverbs	175	Rule of the Road	413	Theatre under the Puritans	103
Nizam's Dominions, The	421	Run to Mount Athos	487	Theatrical Papers: A Book of the Play	41
Odd Impresario	244	Sack Posset	196	"A Gentleman of the Name of Booth"	77
Old English Fare	126	Sailors, Foreign Jack	538	The Drams under Difficulties. An Odd Impresario	109
Old Murch's Treasure. A Story	373, 395	Salads in Cromwell's time	127	Thrale, Mrs.	136
Oratorical Oddities	459	Sanson Family	6	Threatened Guilds	511, 533
PARIS to Peking, through Siberia	199	School Board Sewing Show	390	Tiger Story. The Man-Eater	196
Patrons of the Turf	164	Scotch Collops	126	Tobacco, Japanese	89
Peasant Tribunal	521	Sea, The Rule of the Road	413	Trousseau, The Cost of a	253
Penalties of Princeshood	370	Secret Society, A	581	Truffles	53
Pig, Baked. An Old Receipt	126	Seeing Friends off in India	219	Turkish Army, The	364
Phoebe: Girl and Wife. A Serial Story, by Percy Fitzgerald, 1, 25, 49, 78, 97, 131, 145, 169, 193, 217, 241, 265, 289, 313, 337, 361, 385, 409, 433, 457, 481, 524, 549, 572, 596, 617	126	Selling a Wife	441	Twin Peaks, The. A Story	587, 610
Pillow Lace	296	Sermon on Fashion	299	UNFOLDING a Tail	32
Pirates, Tales of	127	Sermons in Sleep	498	Unseaworthy Ships	203
Play, A Book of the	41	Servian Soldiers	406	VALMONTIENNES Lace	297
Poetical Side of Japanese Life	841	Sewing and Knitting by Children	360	Volunteers, The	434
Popular Festival in Germany	448	Ships, Unseaworthy	203	WARREN and Old Age	229
Preaching in Sleep	499	Siberia, M. Maignan's Travels in	189	Washing at the Children's Laundry	591
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society	326	Stellian Folk-Lore	582	Wealth and Health	226
Prince Boltikoff. A Story	606	Signals by Flags	498	Westminster Abbey, Waxen Effigies in	350
Prince, The Penalties of a	370	Silk. The Japanese	67	What He Cost Her. A Serial Story, by the Author of "Lost Sir Masingberd," "At Her Mercy," "Halves," &c.	505, 539, 558, 577, 601
"Prince's" Skating Rink	13	Silver, Something about	870	Who's Lloyd	201
Proverbs of New Zealand	175	Sir Salar Jung	421	Window Gardening	545
Prison-Breaking	804	Skating and Rinking	13	ZULUS, The	230
Private Views at the Royal Academy	264	Sleeping in Indian Railway Carriages	222		
Puritans and the Drama	108	Smuggling by Dogs	296		
QUEEN Anne, Ladies' Head-dresses in the time of	351	Snow Flood	417		
RACES. Derby Scenes	275	Solar Cooking Stove	490		
Racing, Royal Patrons of	154	Soldiering in India	300		
Railway Travelling in India	219	Speeches, Some Curious	489		
Ratcliff-Highway, Foreign Jack in	539	Spelbad-super-Mare	319		
Ravallac	249	Spoken with at Sea	463		
Receipts for Cooking	126	Stitches in Time	390		
Records of Eton College	229	Stories:			
Remarkable Adventurers: Some Eminent Pirates	127	The Lady in the White Shawl	10		
Register of Shipping	203	A Ring in Opals	36		
Rice Crops of Japan	91	My Predecessor	61		
Ring in Opals. A Story	36	Closer than a Brother	84, 109		
Rising Early, The Maxim	225	Old Murch's Treasure	373, 395		
Rock's Hill	474	The King of the Eggs	299		
Royal Academy Private Views	254	My Zulu Chawles	290		
Royal Academy: Hogarth's Opinions respecting	270	Snow Flood, The	417		
Royal Patrons of the Turf	154	The Green Coffee Cup	493		
Royal Racers	154	Game of Brag	517		
Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	326	Man-Eater, The	186		
		Strangely Betrothed	566		
		The Twin Peaks	587, 610		
		Prince Boltikoff	606		
		Story of the Albert Memorial	56		
		Strange Preacher, A	498		
		Strangely Betrothed. A Story	566		
		St. Rock's Hill	474		
		Sun, More Work for the	490		
		Sylt Island. The King of the Eggs	399		
		TALLA, Men with	32		
		Taylor (Mr.), Theatrical Manager	244		
				POETRY.	
				COALS, The	586
				Comfort	132
				Daffodils	61
				Day in the East is Breaking	206
				Harbingers, The	94
				Heather	587
				His Hour	421
				Last, The	373
				Lilies	326
				Little Willie	360
				Out of my Hand	13
				Primroses	35
				Rest	300
				Satisfied	254
				School-room Lament, A	638
				Seven Nights' Watch	443
				Sir Suno and the Mermaid	205
				Two Faces	180
				Two Danish Ballads	205

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"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 381. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX. BREAKING-UP DAY AT HAND.

MEANWHILE, the school was approaching that wished-for period when "finishing" was suspended for the vacation; and the young ladies—save, of course, a few casuals with officious guardians, or whose parents lived about the Equator or the Antipodes—were to go home. Now began those processes, which were to convince the parents that their money and affectionate interest had been well invested. The drawing-master had gathered up all those laboured pencil-scratchings—the crooked trees, whose boughs and foliage were as solid and heavy as the houses beside them; the houses which were as crooked and crazy as the trees; and the smirched water-colour drawings, awful medley of tones and spots—and had taken them home with him. On the great day, all would lie on the table, fair, clean, and beautiful; the crooked portions made straight, the trees blooming with airy foliage, the houses relieved with bold bits of colour dashed in with a free touch; and all charmingly trimmed and mounted on the snowiest Bristol board. A miracle! At first the pupil might rub her eyes, and scarcely recognise her production; but time and praise would accustom her to accept it; the thing being richly framed and hung up, Mademoiselle, having given up the "accomplishment" altogether, gradually begins to confound her own touches with those of the master, and complacently accept praises for those early works.

"What a pity, Georgina, you did not

keep up your painting," was often the speech of an affectionate mamma, as her eye settled on the red cloak of the peasant in the foreground, which was entirely Mr. Stippler's work, splashed in desperately to save the whole.

So, too, with the music. Mr. Canova had a number of easy pieces in what might be called the "Ba-ba black-sheep" style, *The Maiden's Prayer*, *Trickling Drops*, &c., which he hammered painfully into the fingers of his pupils. Through these they contrived to pick their steps. But he devised more ambitious displays for the day of Exhibition, when the strangers were present, by, as it were, touching up the pieces with his own hands, just as the drawing-master did for his department. These were the compound performances of two pianofortes, or duets on a single one, in all of which Canova officiated, and took the burden on himself.

So with the elocution teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Siddons-Jones, and the French and other masters, and the Oxford B.A., who looked after the Latin and Greek, or the little scraps of those languages. All was with a view to "finishing." If a handsome display were but secured on that day, when so many distinguished people were assembled, the parents, as Miss Cooke knew, would be content.

Now, too, the examinations were on; and the few "hot-house" girls, who were to support the reputation of the establishment, were already marked out for prizes. Thus, the daughter of Mr. and Lady Juliana Mann—he was "in the diplomacy"—was of rather a pedantic turn; and it was surely natural that she should bear off the history premium. Mr. Mann had promised to attend, and it would really be interesting

that a father should see a child receive a premium from the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean Drinkwater. The young lady was encouraged to make exertion, and the B.A. clergyman who examined, though he did not literally "receive the ome" to that effect, made everything very smooth for the young postulant. So with French for Miss Mantower, Lady Mantower's niece; so with elocution, where the Sidons-Joneses declared that Miss Hutton, the member's daughter, showed almost oratorical genius, and that her recitation of Mr. Longfellow's "Excelsior" suggested Miss Faucit. Would not Mr. Hutton, the member, take the honour as a compliment to himself?

Such was the system of Miss Cooke's establishment, not directly open to a charge of partiality, an idea which Miss Cooke would have repelled with indignation; but the ground was certainly smoothed in that direction, and the policy of the home administration favoured selection rather than competition. But that this suspicion of favouritism might, once for all, be dispelled, it should be stated that nearly every pupil of consideration received a reward of some kind; and it was contrived that even the poor drudges, who were not recommended by wealth or connection, should go away distinguished in some comparatively humble department at all events. What, therefore, were by courtesy called the competitive examinations were now beginning, and the "B.A. Oxon," with Dean Drinkwater and the other professors, had actually arrived, and were already "setting papers" to the young ladies. Very soon the great class-room—formerly a ball-room, when the house had been a family seat—would be cleared for the great day.

The upholsterer's men came to lay down "the dais," where Dean Drinkwater was to sit surrounded by smiling parents and guardians, and where, too, a quantity of hired cane-bottomed chairs were to be arranged. Above all, the Cooke dove-cote was being fluttered by the news, now authentic, that Adelaide Cross had determined to claim the Dacier medal! In her case it was felt that no shifts or ingenious manipulation would avail. She was not to be trifled with. It was very annoying. Her abilities were too well known, and nothing in the shape of the convenient arrangement intended by the Misses Cooke could be attempted.

Phoebe—never studious, rather positively idle, and whose small cranium seemed of

too slender and delicate a material to bear the working of such machinery as exciting her memory, getting by heart, working sums, and the like—had, however, a department of an ornamental kind reserved for her—"Botany and Ladies' Gardening." This went no higher or no deeper than the names of fashionable flowers, such as were worn at balls, or found upon drawing-room tables—*anemones*, *camellias*, &c.; and the knowledge required was of a very simple and unscientific kind. Calix and pistils were all too rugged for Phoebe's brain, though she could gossip prettily about petals, which she had often met with in books of poetry.

CHAPTER X. AT THE GARDEN-GATE.

WITH all these exciting matters drawing on, and keeping Phoebe and her companions in a flutter, she had scarcely time to think of what had promised to be so exciting an adventure; and she was, indeed, rather piqued at its rather pusillanimous abandonment by the hero. Unsophisticated as she was, Phoebe's instinct told her that literal and strict obedience to young ladies' commands in such cases was not exactly required, even by the most rigid; and she owned to herself that the young Loch-invar was a dull fellow. However, she was delighted that she was relieved from the difficulty of encountering Adelaide with so awful a secret in her keeping, and she could now look her friend gaily in the face.

Adelaide never alluded to the subject, until one evening, when, in answer to a request of Phoebe's, about some trifling matter, "Won't you tell me?—it's not a secret?" she said abruptly:

"No! I have done with secrets for ever! That last one turned out beautifully!"

Phoebe grew nervous.

"You mean——"

"I don't think I ever told you. It ended there and then! On the very day that I was confiding it to you, it ended! Could you have believed it?"

Phoebe felt that some mysterious power—which was no other than the weakness of her nature—compelled her to be a little hypocritical. How could she now make confession? Alas! she had to put some little astonishment into her face.

"Never been heard of since!" she faltered.

"Why, has he? How would you be likely to know anything of him?"

"Oh, of course not," said Phoebe, rather

scared by the sharp look turned upon her.

"He has never made a sign!" Adelaide repeated. "I suppose he has discovered some one else. But it is a lesson for me never to be so stupid as to tell anything until it is a certainty. But I shall find it all out one day; I never forget a thing, or a person. One day I may have to give the parties concerned just a little chastisement, for what they have done to me—just enough to satisfy justice without verging on vindictiveness. Meanwhile, promise this: never allude to the matter again unless you wish to humiliate me, which I suppose you do not."

Now was a sort of opportunity, Phoebe felt; yet how could she tell her? She was really afraid.

"But——" she began.

"What! you won't promise?" said Adelaide, almost fiercely. "You wish to keep this advantage over me to match my superior cleverness, as you think?"

"Oh! I do—I promise, certainly!" said Phoebe, hurriedly; and did actually promise.

"There now! she won't let me," said Phoebe to herself desperately. "It is not my fault. However, there's an end of it, as she says. Poor fellow! What a pity! He was certainly charming! Yet I am sure there is some mistake."

As she thought this, she went to the play-ground, where was the usual crowd of girls clustered about the postman.

"One for you, Miss Dawson," said the latter, Miss E. Cooke, who on those occasions gave each recipient her full style, as being more official, and more in harmony with the direction on the letter. When the penknife had performed its functions, Phoebe saw the writing and recognised it. It was from the hero of the garden-gate. How mysterious were these coincidences! Bewildered, she flew away to a private room, to read it.

"DEAR MISS DAWSON,—What will you have thought of me? I had to return at once, being called away suddenly by the illness of my father. The agitation of this matter has prevented my attending to anything else; but I heard by accident that the school is about breaking up, and that you are all going away. So here I am, at the Red Lion once more. Do me one favour, and I promise it shall be the last time that I shall worry you. All our little plans—I mean, of course, your friend Adelaide's and mine—depend upon seeing you

once more. I know you are too unselfish to refuse; and, depending on this, I shall be at the garden-gate to-night—in any case. Come or not, I shall be there."

"How nice of him!"

Phoebe smiled as she read. She was really delighted.

"Oh, wasn't I unjust to him!" she said. "It was really too cruel. And his poor father! How nice of him!"

She was full of enthusiasm and interest, and felt also not a little pride, because her judgment had been a little superior, after all, to Adelaide's well-known sagacity. This enthusiasm prompted her to agree at once, or at least "to see," "or wait and see," which was nearly the same thing. But there was Adelaide; and that young lady's look, dangerous and full of warning, came back on her.

This was fresh playing with fire, or rather was about lighting up behind her a conflagration that would now fatally cut off all retreat. It was really very serious, and it made Phoebe grave. Suddenly she began to smile. Was it not only a question of a few days? The breaking up was at hand. It was in Adelaide's interest; she was working for her. Again the magnificent schemes darted, fully formed, into her head; it should all be settled, "clenched," as it were, that night. She would behave with a cold, stiff dignity, as though he had displeased her. She would, categorically—though the word itself was not known to her, she could apply its meaning well—bring him to the point. He should say yes or no, and the interview should accordingly there end or proceed. Then what a surprise, when she should rush for Adelaide, and tell her all, bring her to the gate, and be a witness to their solemn betrothal! She was already impatient for the moment to come. The day seemed very long, and dragged by. As was invariably the case, Phoebe's face, and her difficulty of maintaining gravity when any eyes met hers, betrayed that something was being plotted. However, everyone was accustomed to Phoebe's tricks, and suspected nothing serious.

In her room that night, when all had gone to bed, she might have been seen dressing for this meeting—putting on a certain picturesque red cloak and hood; a ribbon, to match, being displayed in her hair. These matters were not thought of on the first occasion; now, of course, it was for Adelaide's interest "to make a good impression;" and, at that moment, she began to work out a most puzzling problem

—one of the same nature has often distracted young ladies—viz., “what did he see in Adelaide?” No one could say she was pretty; even Phoebe, who was her best friend, could hardly go as far as that!

Now, well skilled in the method of escaping through the window, she readily found her way into the garden. She tripped down the long walk, having wrapped a black shawl about her, and came to the gate, where the dark figure could be made out waiting for her. Already the old nervousness of the situation had passed away; she was going to meet a friend whom she knew, and over whom she had influence.

“How good of you!” he exclaimed, through the gate, “though indeed I don’t deserve it. How charming you are! To think of your running such a risk to come and meet me.”

Phoebe was confused at this opening compliment.

“Oh, but indeed you have not behaved well,” she answered. “I thought you had deserted me altogether.”

It then suddenly occurred to her that it was as Adelaide’s agent she was there, and she was beginning to speak as though she were the principal.

“Now this will never do,” she said. “We have come to-night about business—about Adelaide’s business, and nothing else.”

“Oh, that of course,” he answered, less enthusiastically; “but you must first let me set myself right in your eyes.”

“Never mind that,” said she, in her most coquettish way, and not at all displeased. “We have to settle a great deal to-night, for there is really no time to be lost. You see, we are all going away in a few days, and Dean Drinkwater is coming.”

“And what is his business? Is he the beginning of the end? Is he to marry any of the young ladies?”

Phoebe laughed gaily at the joke—so it seemed to her—then, not unskillfully, turned his allusion to profit.

“No; I only wish we could ask him to do that for Adelaide. That is what I have set my heart on.”

He started, then laughed.

“Dear me! This is really going very fast. Do you know that marriage is a very serious step, not to be arranged at a garden-gate.”

“Serious step!” said Phoebe, scornfully; “not for people who really love each other.

Besides, let me tell you it is not so difficult as you would think.”

“Indeed! Do tell me what you think about marriage; I should so like to hear!”

“Nonsense,” said Phoebe, colouring. “Listen! you must come here and meet Adelaide. I shall keep watch, so that you can have a long, long talk together. We can settle everything then—the day, and all the particulars. I will write to my brother Tom, who is a first-rate fellow, who will do anything for me, and help in every way. He will be invaluable,” continued Phoebe, growing quite eloquent. “Oh!” she continued, suddenly checking herself, “I declare I forgot about Adelaide. I should tell you that she is dreadfully angry with you, and says she will never see you again.”

This news did not shock the visitor so much as Phoebe intended it should.

“Then how is she to come here to-morrow night?”

“Well, I mean I am sure she will. I will get her to come. Oh, you must, you must,” continued she, with great earnestness and gravity, “think of this seriously, and fulfil your promises. You don’t know how much depends on it. She has nowhere to go, no one but you to turn to. She is my friend, and I like her so much; so, for my sake, promise me that you will do what we want.”

It was a bright night, and just at this moment the moon came from behind the tall dark old trees of the garden. The light fell on Phoebe’s appealing face, from which the shawl had fallen back, and which pleaded more irresistibly than her words.

“For your sake?” said the gentleman. “That would indeed be a temptation.”

Suddenly, to Phoebe’s astonishment, the gate on which his hand rested began to open inwards. In another instant he was in the garden, and standing beside her. She gave a little cry, and turned to fly. He caught her hand. “No. Do stay! Forgive me,” he said. “I knew that you would leave when you came to hear what I had to say, so I ventured on this,” holding up a key. “You must wait and hear me.”

“Oh! indeed I cannot,” said Phoebe, alarmed. “Let me go, do. What can you want?”

“It is about her—about Adelaide. You think I wish to marry her—that I would give the world for her. Nothing of the kind. It is you—you alone!”

It was, as might be supposed, the first declaration of love ever made to her, and the feeling was as delicious as it was

novel. The youth was handsome. The truth was, Phoebe had before now owned to herself, that he was the most captivating being that she had ever even dreamed of. The garden, the trees, the gate, even the indistinct outline of the House of Correction at the back, seemed to dissolve away; and all the time she heard him eagerly, ardently pouring out the same celestial notes into her ear. But at his last words, when he was saying, "I cannot say more now; it seems fickle, but I do not care; we cannot help these things. I did love her; but since I saw you, and saw that you were not altogether indifferent, and seemed to encourage me——" at this Phoebe came back to prose.

"No, no, never!" she said. "I never did that—at least never intended it. You must not say nor think such a thing."

"But you did," he went on. "I saw it at the beginning. You would not have asked me to come here again if you did not like me a little. No. Adelaide is very grand, and noble, and resolute, and all that, and I did admire her; but now it is you, all you. You have driven her image out of my mind altogether."

But Phoebe, now recovered, was not a little shocked at this faithlessness, and at her own apparent disloyalty. In an instant she saw the dangers of the situation, and was really terrified. She now wished that she had never come on this foolish, dangerous errand. She felt she could no longer be equal to the situation, especially as she knew not what to say or do. In her hand she felt that there was a letter, though she knew not how it came there. Retreat, flight, was the only course. She turned to go, but, as she did so, gave a short cry. Two figures confronted her, a hand caught her arm, and snatched away the letter. The officers of justice were on her—officers Cooke and Corbett—and the delinquent was captured, red handed.

With a voice that trembled with alarm, Miss Emma Cooke turned to the intruder.

"Assistance has been sent for; the police are coming; so you had better begone—at once."

"I assure you, madam——" he began.

"The gardener will be here as soon as he has put on his clothes," and the intrepid lady, advancing, put her own key into the lock, and held the gate open for him to depart.

"I am going, madam," he said; "but you will let me say this much——"

"Not a word, until you have left the

garden. Miss Dawson, retire—go into the house at once."

"Indeed it is not his fault," said Phoebe, eagerly. "I must say that."

"Hush! Oh, stop; take her in at once," said the "exempt" to her follower; and Phoebe was seized incontinently, and hurried away. Under the spell of Miss Cooke's eye, the lover felt himself forced to retire, when the gate was closed with a vigorous clash, and the bolt smartly shot home.

"I assure you," he said again, in the most appealing and soothing tones he could assume, "she is not to blame, on my word and honour as a gentleman."

"You a gentleman!" repeated Miss Cooke, through the bars, with infinite scorn. "A pretty gentleman. But you shall hear more of this. We shall summons you! It's disgraceful! We shall summons you for trespassing on the grounds and—house-breaking. You have been suspected for some time. Your doings at the Red Lion have been watched."

He was still pleading in the softest and most dulcet tones—for he felt it was his only opportunity, and that poor Phoebe would after that night be helpless—when the dragon turned from him abruptly, and walked away to the house. To pursue the interview under such circumstances was, of course, impossible, and our hero retired.

Near the house Miss Cooke overtook Phoebe and her guard. Phoebe had in the meantime relieved her mind by addressing Corbett as "Spy!"

"You awful, awful girl!" said Miss Cooke as they entered. "You are not fit to sleep under this roof with the other girls. You should be put by yourself in an out-house. It contaminates me to talk to you."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Phoebe, contemptuously, almost with squared arms. She was ready to do battle with the world—with anyone.

In her room—there was no out-house prepared or suitable for such a class of criminal—she was inclined to laugh at the whole as "a lark" of the first magnitude. After all, a few words would explain it all. She had got through worse scrapes. In fact, she did not think of the peril. The sweet delicious music that she had never heard before, came back on her, filling her soul. So that charming being loved her! How strange! How wonderful! She forgot everything else, even Adelaide; and as she fell asleep it was still in her ears.

DR. GUILLOTIN AND THE SANSON FAMILY.

JOSEPH IGNACE GUILLOTIN lived to deplore his own ingenuity in inventing or suggesting a machine which, besides being effective for the immediate purpose intended, was the result of a really kind feeling. The stern irony of fate occasionally rewards inventors in this way. Born in 1738, Guillotin received a medical training; he became a physician of much repute, and was chosen professor in one of the French universities. In 1789, when France was beginning to feel the first throes of the Revolution, Guillotin was elected member of the National Assembly, and took his seat among the Liberals or Reformers. He proposed a resolution, declaratory that capital punishment ought to bear no relation to the rank of the culprit; that when a criminal is condemned to death, for any crime whatever, the mode of execution should be the same whether he were peer or peasant. Condensed into a few words, the resolution declared, "That crimes of the same kind are to be punished in the same way, whatever may be the rank of the criminal." Until then, nobles and privileged persons, when condemned to death, had the honour of being decapitated, either by the axe or the sword; whereas the common people were left to the tender mercies of a hempen rope. Dr. Guillotin at the same time proposed a second resolution. He wished to save the unhappy beings from the additional punishment arising from the uncertainty, nervousness, or clumsiness of the executioner, whether axe-man or swordsman. He cited historical incidents in which two, three, or even more cuts were given, by the axe or the sword, before the head of the miserable sufferer was finally severed from the body. He proposed to do away alike with the gibbet, the sword, and the axe, and to substitute a decapitating machine, in which a sharp, heavy knife should descend on the neck of the condemned. Feeling assured that bodily pain could hardly be felt during this brief operation, he was quite carried away by his subject, and said, enthusiastically, "I could cut off your head with my machine in the twinkling of an eye, without your suffering the smallest pain!"

Poor Dr. Guillotin had to bear the shafts of ridicule, always a terrible weapon to a Frenchman. Many of the members of the Assembly smiled at his ardent words; and

the Royalists out of doors made rare fun of him. One of their journals gave a song, "On the inimitable machine of Dr. Guillotin for chopping off heads, called after his name the Guillotine." This name, started in this bantering way, has clung to the machine from that day till now. The doctor protested against the designation, but in vain. He did not even invent the machine; he merely pointed out that the chopping action could easily be produced by a sharp, heavy blade descending from an upright frame. The Royalist journalists kept up the joke by producing a pot-pourri, in which Guillotin was represented as rising from his seat in the Assembly, and moving his resolution. The opening verse would be spoiled by translating; it ran thus:

Il propose
Peu de chose,
Qu'il expose
En peu de mots;
Mais l'emphase,
De sa phrase,
Obtient les bravos,
De cinq ou six sots.

Other doggerel stanzas followed, arranged to the tunes of "Paris est au Roi," "En Amour c'est au Village," "De la Baronne," "Que j'avions d'impatience" (in which Guillotin sings the merits of his machine in "bringing heads low," and ends with a "Tra-la-la"), and "À la façon de Barbare," in which a spectator declares that he had had his own head chopped off by the machine, so cleverly that he knew nothing about it!

The National Assembly, on receiving Dr. Guillotin's two propositions, at once adopted the first of them, by decreeing equality of punishment for all ranks of society; but left the mode of execution for further consideration. It was not till nearly two years afterwards, that, on the motion of MM. Lepelletier and Saint Fargeon, a decree was issued, declaring that the mode of capital punishment should be by decapitation. Even then the merits and demerits of the axe, the sword, and the falling-knife were left in abeyance. In March, 1792, the Assembly sought the advice of Dr. Antoine Louis, a celebrated surgeon, and secretary of the Paris College of Surgeons. He explained, scientifically, how far the various decapitating instruments acted like knives, and how far like scissors; and expressed himself decidedly in favour of a chopping-machine. He showed that the idea of such a machine was by no means a new one. An Italian

book by Achille Bocchi, dated 1555, gives an engraving of an Italian nobleman being beheaded; a heavy blade suspended by cords from a crossbar at the top of a frame, is represented as falling on the neck of the victim; the machine was called a *mannaja*, or *mannai*. In 1632, some such apparatus was employed in Languedoc, for decapitating Duc Henri de Montmorenci. It was also ascertained that Scotland in the North, and Persia in the East, had employed machines bearing a resemblance to this.

Among the strange scenes of the French revolutionary days, not the least strange was that of the National Assembly listening gravely to the details given on these matters. Dr. Louis conferred with Dr. Guillotin, and also with the famous executioner Sanson. Sanson specially urged that, if all executions henceforth were to be by beheading, a machine would be greatly needed; as he distrusted his own power of using the sword or the axe so frequently, and so accurately, as would be necessary. After hearing all the explanations and suggestions, the Assembly passed a decree for the use of a decapitating-machine, in substitution of the halter, the axe, the sword, and the various instruments of torture such as the rack. One Schmidt, a German musical instrument maker, residing at Paris, was taken into council; and he, Guillotin, Louis, and Sanson, settled among them the details of the machine. Nay, there was even a fifth adviser. The king, always fond of lock-making and amateur engineering, requested to have the designs shown to him; and he suggested an improvement which was practically adopted. A sum of five thousand five hundred francs was paid for the machine, constructed for the National Assembly by Guidon the carpenter. An attempt was made to give the name of *Louissette*, or *Louison*, to it, in honour of the learned doctor; but the name *Guillotine* had been current in the public mind for two or three years, and nothing could supplant it, although Dr. Guillotin certainly never sought to have his memory thus perpetrated. The apparatus was first tried in decapitating the dead bodies of three men, and some live animals, at the prison of the Bicêtre. Dr. Louis, after seeing the efficacy of the invention tested in this way, died just before the terrible days of the Revolution came on; and was therefore denied the pleasure, or spared the pain (whichever it

might be), of seeing the guillotine employed as the most dread of political instruments.

The first victim was an ordinary criminal, a highwayman named Nicholas Jacques Pelletier, who was guillotined on the 25th of April, 1792. The *Chronique de Paris*, in its next day's issue, stated that "The novelty of this mode of execution caused a considerable augmentation in the number of persons who usually witness such scenes. The machine is with good reason preferred to other modes of putting to death. One human being is not directly employed in decapitating another; and the promptness with which the operation takes place is more consistent with the spirit of the law, which is often severe but should never be cruel." The first political guillotining took place four months later; when Louis David Collinot d'Angremont was executed by torchlight, for the crime of having been among "the enemies of the people" on the 10th of August; the day on which "the people" broke into the Tuileries, expelled the royal family, and filled the palace and its surroundings with blood.

The National Assembly was succeeded by the National Convention, and by this Convention was founded the Revolutionary Tribunal, in April, 1793. Then, indeed, commenced the fearful period, always since recorded in history as the Reign of Terror, which lasted until July, 1794. How many unhappy persons were guillotined during these fifteen months is not accurately known; but in the final six weeks preceding the fall of Robespierre, more than eleven hundred heads rolled in the dust in Paris alone. At first, the guillotine was set up in the Place du Carrousel for political "suspects," and in the Place de Grève for ordinary criminals. The windows of the chamber in which the National Convention sat looked out into the Place du Carrousel; the deputies, though ready enough to denounce, were not willing that executions should go on daily under their very eyes; and the guillotine was removed to the Place de la Révolution, where it remained till times became quieter.

During these sanguinary scenes, the state of society in Paris was strange in many ways. Physicians and philosophers held learned discussions about decapitation, arguing pro and con as to whether the head feels any sensation of pain after being severed from the body. As the controversialists were alike unable and un-

willing to test the matter by experience on their own persons, they could not arrive at any decisive result. Whether M. Guillotin had the heart to join in these discussions, we do not know; he continued his practice as a physician, and was much respected. A popular notion prevails that he himself fell a victim to the machine which he had suggested—nay, that he was its first victim. Such was not the case; he was in prison as a “suspect” during the later days of the Terror; but the fall of Robespierre occurred just in the nick of time, and M. Guillotin survived to the days of the Consulate and the Empire. He wrote a portion of *Autobiography*, marked by the omission of all notice of his much-regretted suggestion of a beheading-machine.

The indifference to death, induced by an almost daily familiarity with descriptions and spectacles relating to it, showed itself in ways which we, in our quiet country and quiet times, can hardly regard as credible. During the Terror, the guillotining of several persons every day—sometimes many scores a day—became so much a matter of course as to be treated by the Parisians as an ordinary element in city business. In the prisons, to “play at guillotine” was a favourite amusement among the prisoners; and many jokes were manufactured about the “national razor.” Some of the shopkeepers went so far, as to display in their windows earrings shaped like little guillotines. Two years before the fall of Robespierre, when violence had begun but had not yet assumed its more fearful aspect, aristocratic or Royalist families kept a good deal within doors in their Parisian mansions; and sometimes amused themselves in a strangely morbid way. Dolls or puppets were provided, with features resembling those of the chief popular leaders. After dinner, during dessert, a small mahogany guillotine was introduced, and wheeled along the table from guest to guest; one by one the puppets were placed under the knife, and their heads chopped off. Inside the trunk or body of the puppet was a liquid, vinous and fragrant enough to be tasteful to the palate, but blood-red; this flowed out over the table; and the guests, including ladies, dipped their handkerchiefs into it, and applied it to their lips! In all probability this strange game was played but seldom, but Opposition journalists magnified it into a regular habit of “les aristocrats.”

Not the least remarkable chapter in the story of the guillotine is that which relates to the renowned family of the Sansons—renowned for the deeds of blood which several generations of them performed, and almost as much so for their quietness, mildness, kindness, and even religious feeling. The name was originally Sansoni, belonging to an Italian family, who migrated from Florence to Paris in the time of Mary de Medicis.

About a dozen years ago ALL THE YEAR ROUND gave some account of a book published in France, relating to the history of the Sanson family, and purporting to be written by one of the veritable guillotiners.* An English edition of that work has recently been published in a somewhat abbreviated form. We will give a few items from it, for the sake of such readers as may not have the former article at hand; but will add to them some particulars from other authorities.

Charles Sanson, born in 1655, at Abbeville, was a lieutenant in the French army. Some escapades brought him into trouble and then into disgrace; he married the daughter of the executioner of Rouen; then went to Paris, and became, in 1685, official executioner for the Supreme Court of Justice. Torture by rack and wheel was then in vogue; and he had fourteen years of this work, varying with the more usual exercise of the axe and the sword—the use of the latter being entrusted to a humbler functionary. He was succeeded in the office by his son Charles, who became known in the genealogy of the family as Charles Sanson the Second; he put many eminent men, including Count de Horn, out of existence during his headman's career from 1703 to 1726. His son, Charles Jean Baptiste, succeeded him in the office; the said Charles Jean Baptiste, it is true, was only seven years old; but the family contrived to secure the monopoly and the emoluments, which were very considerable. Other hands did the decapitating while the boy looked on, sanctioning the proceeding by his official presence. Arrived at man's estate he handled the sword and axe himself, and continued so to do until 1754. We now come to the first of the two great Sansons, par excellence—Charles Henri, who ranks in order as Sanson the Fourth. Born in 1740, he was sent to a good school

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, First Series, Vol. 8, p. 37, “Sanson the Headman.”

by his father (Charles Jean Baptiste), and made fair progress. Being the son of an executioner, albeit so distinguished a one as the royal hereditary headsman, the other boys in the school did not like to be on sociable terms with him; and so the schoolmaster insisted on his removal. The same thing occurred at a second school; and then the father caused the son's education to be finished at home, under the care of a poor French abbé, who had been kindly succoured by the family. At the age of thirty, Charles Henri succeeded his father as state executioner in 1770. He lived well, dressed elegantly, and was generally known as Monsieur de Paris. His first love was destined to become, not an executioner's wife, but the Comtesse Dubarry. Sanson had not much work to do for twenty years, so far as concerned political prisoners; seeing that Louis the Fifteenth was too frivolous and pleasure-loving, and Louis the Sixteenth too mild and inoffensive, to show much proneness to chop off men's heads. When, however, the events of the 10th of August and the 2nd of September, 1792, had given the Parisians the first taste of revolutionary blood, and when the guillotine had become officially adopted, the demands on the executioner became more frequent. Although neither the axe nor the sword was now used, the chief executioner had much responsibility resting on him, in seeing that the details of the guillotining were properly conducted without letting the victim escape, and, at the same time, without subjecting him to unnecessary suffering.

It was a sore trial to Sanson, when requested to decapitate the hapless Louis the Sixteenth. He may or may not have been smitten with the reforming tendencies of the time; but he could not forget that the Sansons had been state executioners for generation after generation, in some sense servants of successive kings of France. He did not wish to be instrumental in putting to death one who, the enthusiasts declared, was to be the last king that France would ever see. Other considerations, however, pressed upon him. He was clearly made to understand that he and his family would be placed in an awkward predicament if he refused; it was certain that some other executioner would easily be found, unaffected by such scruples; and he feared that the poor king would suffer more, instead of less, from brutal and inexperienced hands. He yielded a reluctant consent, and guillo-

tined the king on the 21st of January, 1793. Whether it was a junior executioner who held up the bleeding head to the jeers of a maddened crowd, or whether this was done by the ruffian Santerre, certain it is that the head was so held up. Sanson sickened at the sight, went home, fell into an illness, and died six months afterwards. A Revolutionary journal, the *Thermomètre Politique*, gave a long account of the execution, and made it appear that the king was both ridiculous and cowardly on the scaffold. Sanson, although in the fashion of the time he called himself "Citizen Sanson," could not brook this. He wrote to the journal, giving a simple account of what had taken place, and showed that the poor monarch had maintained as much firmness and dignity as could reasonably be expected at so terrible a moment.

Sanson the Fourth was, as we have said, a man rather moral and religious than otherwise; above the level, in these respects, of average Frenchmen in those days. After his death, his will was found to contain a request that a mass for the repose of the soul of the king should be said annually, on the 21st of January, in a neighbouring church. The authorities permitted this, only on condition that the monarch should be called simply Louis, or Louis Capet, without any regal or honorary addition to his name.

The next Sanson, Henri, who succeeded to the office of executioner in 1793, scrupulously observed the instructions of his father for the long period of forty-four years, till his death. This member of the Sanson family, the greatest in fame, had a larger amount of sanguinary work to do than all the other Sansons put together. It was he who guillotined Queen Marie Antoinette, the Princess Elizabeth, Charlotte Corday, Malherbe, General Custine, Barbaroux, Pétion, Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Égalité d'Orléans, Madame Roland, Bailly, General Brunet, the Comtesse Dubarry, Hébert, Ronsin, Anacharsis Clootz, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux, Legendre, Count Lavalette, Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and a host of other persons involved in the horrors of that sanguinary period. But this fearful work did not harden the heart of Sanson. He regarded himself as a professional servant of the state, bound to fulfil the duties of his profession, but not forbidden to be a humane and Christian man in other matters. He had received a

fairly good education from his father, and gave the same advantage to his own children, who lived with him in domestic harmony long after they had grown up to be men and women. It was his wont, every Saturday, to distribute bread to the poor of the district, at his house in the Rue Neuve St. Jean. His son, another of the race of Sanson, succeeded to the office on the death of Henri, in 1840. The office finally went out of the family in 1847.

A curious episode connected with the Sansons and the guillotine is given in Appert's *Dix Ans à la Cour du roi Louis Philippe*. The Earl of Durham, Mr. Ellice, Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Bowring, and other Englishmen, being at Paris in 1833, expressed a great desire to see the famous guillotine of which they had heard so much, and the almost equally famous executioner who had chopped off so many distinguished heads. Appert went by appointment to the residence of Sanson, where the family room was pleasantly furnished, and a young girl was playing the piano in an adjoining apartment. Appert was requested to occupy an arm-chair, on which three generations of executioners had sat; he did so, but afterwards confessed that he did not feel quite at ease there. On the following Saturday the Englishmen accompanied Appert to Sanson's. The Earl of Durham asked whether they could see a live sheep guillotined, to ascertain whether life appeared to vanish at the very instant of decapitation; but he was informed that such a proceeding would give offence at Paris. The guillotine was shown to the visitors, and its mechanism explained in detail. It had a framework about twelve feet square, painted of a beef-red colour; the stage or platform was six or seven feet from the ground. The descending blade or chopper was about thirty-two inches high, by fourteen wide, weighed a hundred and thirty pounds, and had a stroke or fall of nine feet; it was guided in its descent by grooves in two upright timbers. The block on which the neck of the victim was placed had various contrivances to ensure security, promptness, and the avoidance of needless suffering. Appert was amused at the eagerness with which the Englishmen wished to ascertain personally as much of the ordeal as possible—stopping short, of course, of the final catastrophe. In return for the courtesy shown, Appert invited Sanson to dinner; Vidoq, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, Fourier,

Victor Considerant, Broussais, and other notabilities were invited to meet him; and the executioner was quite the hero of the evening. He bore a good character among all who knew him.

THE LADY IN THE WHITE SHAWL.

"TO - MORROW, Louisa Lovebird, the dearest friend I have upon earth, is to come to stay; and we will have such expeditions together. She is very pretty; but you are not to admire her, mind. Her husband is in India."

"Admire her!" I said, reproachfully. "Could I?"

"And your photograph—you promised that for to-morrow. I declare this is the fourth valse I have given you to-night. But I suppose I must."

These were the words of an "only daughter," an article which seems to have a mysterious fascination for mankind. She was not exactly pretty, but "so nice" her better-favoured friends protested. The "only" was enough for me. Her name was Lucy Henwitcher, her father being the reverend of that name.

Forget the photograph, for which she had expressed a wish, and reserved a place in an album so stout and gorged that it could not be laced or buttoned-to! I had sat and sat again to Cameron Skewrer, for one of his choicest "Cabinet-Minister" size. That artist had taken infinite pains; but at first he could not satisfy himself, and on succeeding attempts did not satisfy me. I sat four times, each result being worse than the one before. The last, however, he declared, could not be better; and he went into such ecstasies over his own work that he persuaded me. Yet, on the ground of its being so unflattering, I thought it very doubtful if it could be like. However, he assured me that "it was my born self;" "that it would be known if it was set up at Charing-cross"—a contingency so improbable that it could never be adopted as a test.

The morning after the ball I went to receive a copy, which was to be placed on a gaily-caparisoned snow-white steed, which was to set it off—in other words, to be "mounted." The effect seemed to me unsatisfactory; and the operator, seeing the shadow on my face—my own face—humanely came to my relief, declaring that he would have it transferred to one of his "boudoir" mounts, which would give the effect desired, and send it up in an hour.

I had left my likeness on the table in the show-room, and had passed into the operating chamber, being curious about a nervous patient "posed" in front of the instrument, when I observed a well-dressed lady, in a snowy embroidered shawl, standing at the table, with my lately-done portrait in her hand. Her behaviour was certainly excited. She was a pale, elegant creature, tall and interesting to a degree, with an air of almost pensive romance in her face. She held the picture near, and then at a distance; laid it down, standing up on the table; drew a chair in close, and pored over it—now smiling, now clasping her hands like some devotee. Finally, she raised it slowly to her lips, and printed on it a long, slowly-given kiss, drawing away her lips, as it were, reluctantly. It may be imagined how singularly affected I was at this extraordinary proceeding. I did not, of course, rush out and acknowledge myself as the original; for I was so embarrassed by the situation that, when she rose, and, with my picture in her hand, advanced towards the operating-room, I instantly drew aside and passed out on to the stairs. There I listened.

"What is the price of this?" she said.

He explained that it was engaged—was waiting for a "boudoir" mount, &c.

"I do not care," she answered. "I must have it. It shall be mounted—in my boudoir. Here is half-a-sovereign—a sovereign, if you like——"

The operator looked bewildered.

"Well, as you are so bent on it, I will send up to the gent; he was here only a moment ago. I'm sure he'll be flattered; but he is very anxious about it, and said that he must have it in an hour."

"I can't give up this picture. Stay! Tell me his address, and I'll go to him myself."

At this announcement, as her dress was rustling near, I retreated, fearful of being discovered, and gained the street. There, screened from observation, I saw her come out, my picture in her hand; and she went her way, studying it in a sort of rapt fashion. What should I do? Hurry to my rooms, and wait for what the old romance writers would call "my fair incognita?" I did so; but she never came, though I waited for nearly an hour after the time fixed when I was due at Lucy Henwitcher's. I thought of calling at the operator's again; but I did not relish having him as a confidant; so, ruminating

as I walked, and very distraught at this singular adventure, I betook myself to the place of appointment. My poor mother always said that I had a sly way of my own; and I had read of the late Mr. Wilkes, who boasted of not being more than a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man. What an adventure!

The "only" child received me rather petulantly. Why had I kept her waiting? There was some better attraction, she presumed—some young lady, perhaps? Had I been with Miss Nipps, the rector's daughter, whom she knew I admired? I fear I looked a little foolish, and, perhaps, coloured.

"Where is the picture for my album?" she asked, abruptly.

I had to explain—rather confused—that it was not ready; that is, it would be ready soon. It was getting a boudoir mount on.

"I don't want boudoir mounts," she said. "I hate them! I'll paste it in without any card at all. Send up for it."

Much confused again at this situation, I faltered out that I would go myself; and hurried away, glad to be released. I knew that my Lucy was of a jealous turn, rendered sensitive by the fact of thinking that she was sought only for her money; and that she was thought to be only "so nice," and not to have personal charms.

My photographer smirked a good deal, but declared it was impossible to furnish another picture before evening. It should be sent up, indeed, about dinner-time, dismounted or unmounted; and with that I was forced to be content.

I approached Lucy's drawing-room with a certain trepidation. I heard voices, which relieved me, so went in with a certain gaiety and abandon. There was a white Indian shawl there—a tall figure. That face! that form! as they say in the melodramas. In short, it was my photographic female, as I might call her.

"My cousin, Louisa Lovebird," said Lucy, introducing us.

The Lovebird smiled, and put out her hand. "We almost seem to have met before," she said. "You are quite familiar to me, from description."

All this time I was staring at her, and, I fear, colouring profusely—a weakness of mine from boyhood upwards.

"Delighted, I'm sure," I began to stammer. She was so cool—hardened, perhaps—I was staring at her so intently, that she began to get confused.

"Why, what is all this?" said Lucy. "You have met Louisa before, then?"

"Oh, never! that is, I mean"—and I stopped.

"What do you mean, sir, by 'that is, you mean?'"

"I can say, I have never had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman before."

A skilful equivocation that made me bold. I thought, too, she gave me a glance of intelligence.

"No," I said, "we have never met." And here the stupid wish to qualify again interposed, and I added, "at least, I mean; so far as we know."

"What is come over you to-day?" said our hostess; "I think all this very odd."

"Oh, it's nothing, dear," said the Lovebird. "Let's talk of something else."

I saw in an instant that I must be cautious here, or I would peril all my chances. This was a bold, fanciful woman, of whom there were but too many about, to whom the ruin of others was but sport. After all, Lucy was the main, the "only" chance; so I was determined to be on my guard.

At this moment a female visitor was announced, who was dying to see how a particular flower was getting on, a present from herself. She was accordingly taken to the green-house. I seized the opportunity, and stooping over, said, hurriedly:

"You must take care, and not be indiscreet. I saw all that this morning. I must own it is flattering, but, unfortunately, it's out of the question."

She looked at me in haughty astonishment. "What can you mean?"

"I mean, you must be on your guard here. Your charming cousin is lynx-eyed, and would put the worst construction on what you do. She suspects something as it is, and is as jealous—"

"And she has ventured to insinuate that to you! But I know the reason, perfectly. She never forgave my being married before her. At school it was the same. Because I had good looks, and she had money, she has always had this feeling to me. I don't care what she thinks. I shall carry out my own fancies, regardless of her humours."

"But you will be cautious," I said, imploringly. "Here, you know—we might meet elsewhere—and—"

"Sir!"

Here Lucy entered, giving a start of suspicion as she saw us thus confidentially engaged. The visitor went away, and now

I noticed a change in the manner of the two friends. They became cutting and even pointed. The charming lady in the white shawl seemed to address herself to me with a curious emphasis. It was really embarrassing. Suddenly, while in this coquettish vein, pulling out her handkerchief, something dropped out of her pocket, at Lucy's feet. The latter picked it up.

"Dear me!" she cried. "A photograph! Now who is this, pray?"

The dénouement was coming. Nothing would clear me now.

I looked at the lady imploringly.

She was perfectly calm.

"Oh," she said, "that's a souvenir of darling Charley. You know he never would sit, or stand, for his likeness."

"Why, it has been done at Cameron Skewrer's, where yours was! How odd all this is." And she looked from one to the other, as though there were some mystery or conspiracy. The fair Lovebird was not in the least confused.

"Yes. I went in there this morning, and took this up by accident. It's not, of course, an exact likeness. But there is a curious 'blear' in the eyes, the man said, from some fault in the negative; but it gives his expression to the life."

Here was an elaborate piece of mendacity, all devised in a second, and without a moment's hesitation! I could do nothing but listen helplessly.

At this crisis entered the maid. "Please, sir, the Foddergraph Man is below, and has brought your picture."

"Let him come up," said Lucy, who, I could see, was in a fever of jealousy and pique. "He will tell us all about it."

"No, no," I said, "I will go down to him. A common fellow. Why should we have him up here?"

"Why, indeed," said the Lovebird. "I don't care to see him. He has given me all that I desired."

As cool as ever!

"Oh, I daresay!" said Lucy, sarcastically. "No doubt. My wishes, of course, count for nothing. But I prefer that he should come up."

"So be it," I murmured internally. "Now we shall have a scene."

Enter now the operator.

"I have brought the picture, and also one of our 'boudoir' mounts, in case the lady should like to— Oh, ma'am"—and he recognised his customer of the white shawl—"hope you see the likeness now?"

"What likeness?" said Lucy, quickly.

"Between that gent and his picture. There's just a bit of a blear about the eyes, where the neg. gev in."

"What!" said Lucy, "is this this gentleman's likeness?"

"Of course, miss; tried him four times. Uncommon hard to please him! The lady would have it."

It had all come out now.

"Thank you," said Lucy, with stern composure. "You may go away now."

An awful calm succeeded.

"So, you see, your deception is exposed," she said at last. "What! engaging in such practices? But your husband shall learn it all—every word of it."

"What! Do you presume to insinuate? But I know you of old. You have never forgiven me that mortification——"

"I do not wish to talk more about it. Papa would not wish me to associate with a person of your character."

The lady burst out laughing.

"Don't be ridiculous, child," she said, good-humouredly.

"Don't child me, if you please."

"Really," I said, interposing, "it is all clearly a mistake of some kind; not worth talking about."

"A very droll one," said the Lovebird, scarcely able to contain her laughter. "This picture is a failure, as a likeness of you. No one would ever know it. It's almost comic in its dissimilitude; but it reveals poor Charley's expression, who is certainly not a handsome man, in the most startling way."

"How clever! how ingenious! You ought to write stories—you tell them so well. I suppose you arranged all this together. As for you, sir," she said, turning to me, "never speak to me again."

I am sorry to say I never was allowed to do so. All that could be said or explained—and I even made the photographic artist swear an affidavit in proper form before authority—could not remove the impression. I lost the "only" daughter, and the lady in the white shawl went back to India, to tell the story over tiffins and under punkahs.

OUT OF MY HAND.

ONE by one, one by one,
In the kindred light of the April sun,
While primrose and snowdrop gem the ground,
And the birds are mating and building around;
While violets blossom their steps to greet,
With laughing voices and dancing feet,
With wakening fancy and budding hope,
Beyond my reach, and beyond my scope,
They pass, while in fear and doubt I stand,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Baby pleasure, and baby care,
Not one of them but was mine to share;
Not a tear; but I dried it with a kiss,
Not a smile, but I joined in its eager bliss;
Now, the young knight arms for the coming strife,
The sweet girl-fancies start to life,
They nestle, the maiden shyness beneath,
As the bright buds hide in their silken sheath,
By spring dews nourished, spring breezes fanned,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

I dare not trench on thy realm, my boy,
Nor rob thy sway of one virgin joy;
I dare not touch with my faltering fingers,
The blooms where the light of sunrise lingers;
Nor drag to the garish light of day,
What youth's proud reticence would delay;
I can but wait outside it all,
Where the cold winds sigh and the brown leaves fall;
Oh, the castles I built! oh, the joys I planned!
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Yet did I not hear them in peril and pain,
Did I not lavish, and watch, and refrain;
Quitting the pleasures of parting youth,
The glories of science, and art, and truth,
That the paths for those little feet might be
Fresh, and sunny, and safe, and free;
Scheme, and vision, and hope of mine,
They were but those golden heads to shrine;
Now, alone and tired, slow drops the sand,
Grain by grain, from my failing hand.

Father of all, Saviour of all,
Behold in Thy altar steps I fall;
Thou wilt not disdain that I come at last,
With my treasure spent, and my noon-day past;
Take Thou the guidance that I resign,
Take this hard embittered heart of mine,
Take the baffled ambition, ungranted prayer,
Baseless terror—refining care;
Guide each fairy bark to the heavenly strand,
Take my darlings, my darlings, to Thy hand.

SKATING AND RINKING.

THOSE estimable persons who cling to the practice of beginning at the beginning, and love to dive into the origin of things, are pleased to derive the modern ice skate from the ancient Scandinavian snow-shoe, composed of two long strips of wood, nearly resembling in form the "runners" of the American sleigh. Transferred from snow to polished ice, the runners have grown closer and closer together; by turns, bone has been substituted for wood, and iron for bone, until, at last, the widely-separated wooden runners have fused into a single skate iron, which, by-the-way, is made of steel. In support of this theory, various learned authorities are cited. Ancient Scandinavian poetry abounds in reference to skating: Olaus Magnus, the author of the famous chapter on Snakes in Iceland, refers both to bone and iron skates. Fitz Stephen described the Londoners of his day (temp. Henry the Second) as skating on "that great moor which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city," when

frozen over, and as using the leg-bones of certain beasts bound to their shoes; and, finally, Mr. Roach Smith exhibited to the London Society of Antiquaries, in 1841, a specimen of an ancient skate, "formed of the bone of some animal, made smooth on one side, with a hole at one extremity for a cord to fasten it to the shoe. At the other end a hole is also drilled horizontally to the depth of three inches, which might have received a plug with another cord to secure it more effectually." This relic was found in Moorfields, near Finsbury-circus, in the boggy soil peculiar to that district. Similar bone skates have been found in the fen country around Lincoln.

It is curious to note that skating is almost unknown in Russia among the people, and is of entirely foreign and recent introduction. Scandinavia proper is the home of the skate; and it is from the hardy Norseman that the natives of England, Germany, Holland, and America have inherited the passion for skimming over the surface of frozen ponds and rivers, with action more or less "swanlike." Neither the Hollanders, whom their own painters delight in representing as skating to market with baskets on their heads, nor the swift skaters of our own fen country, exhibit any peculiar grace in their movements. The effort of carrying a weight on the head communicates a stiffness to the attitude of the Dutchman; and the attempt to attain an extraordinary pace gives an ungainly "bustling" look to the fen skater, whose speed is undoubtedly prodigious. On the long running skates used in the fens, two miles have been covered in as little as seven minutes four and a half seconds—a speed which the swift-footed Achilles himself could never have compassed on dry ground. With a fair wind—an important condition—seventy miles have been covered in a day, without the feat exciting any great surprise. On the Witham, some years ago, the Lincolnshire Volunteers trained themselves for the feat, by which a Dutch army once repulsed a force of Frenchmen on the Scheldt; and, with rifle in hand, skated down the river to Boston in "fours," with the captain at their head. For centuries past skating as a mode of progression has thus been practised in Scandinavia, Holland, and England; but it is only within a comparatively recent period that it has been regarded as an elegant pastime. London and Edinburgh boast their skating-clubs, and proficient in every

elegant manoeuvre on "irons." Paris, in the Imperial days, looked forward with delight to a hard frost, as then the ornamental lakes in the Bois de Boulogne became the scene of brilliant evolutions, midnight illuminations, and masquerades on skates; but the uncertain weather of England and France has always made the difficulty of attaining proficiency very great. Winters might pass without affording a solitary opportunity of figuring on the ice, and the anxiety of skaters touching the thermometer, and their hatred of a south-west wind, have supplied plenty of material to caricaturists. In Canada, and the Northern States of the Union, no disappointment of this kind occurs, the difficulty concerning the cold being that there is rather too much than too little of it. The disadvantage of skating in a cutting wind was found so great, that efforts were made to preserve the pleasant exercise, while suppressing the disagreeable accompaniment of rough weather. Human ingenuity soon hit upon the "rink," an enclosed or covered space for skating. This word "rink" comes to us from Canada, it is true, but is really a Scottish word, originally used to designate the space swept clear for the national sport of curling. The idea of enclosing a space of ice soon expanded to the dimensions of roofing it over, and protecting it from the snow, lighting it up at night, and engaging a band of music to divert the skaters. From this stage a step was made to downright artificiality. The immense skating-rink at Montreal is a shallow artificial pond, only flooded when wanted, and covered over by a substantial edifice of brick, wood, and iron, splendidly illuminated at night, and amply supplied with music and creature comforts. As the ice becomes scratched with each day's work, the surface is slightly flooded at the conclusion of skating hours, the louvres of the building are opened, and, long before morning, perfectly smooth fresh ice invites the skater to a surface far superior to anything he can meet with out of doors. The rink is the only amusement which exists in Montreal—the dullest home of some hundred and forty thousand inhabitants it was ever the ill-fortune of the writer to abide in. When the rink closes in spring, there is absolutely nothing in the way of amusement in Montreal. There is a theatre, but it is never open. There are no negro melodists; not a single learned pig; not even an instructive lecture. Wherefore

Montreal, having nothing else but the St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge, and some waterworks to be proud of, boasts loudly of its rink. As a step in the history of skating, the Montreal rink is, of course, a great fact; but yet it depends on temperature—a condition incompatible with a thoroughly civilised institution. Long ago the skating world recognised the necessity, at least in this country and in France, of procuring ice without frost, in order that the skater might practice his figures in all weathers. More than thirty years since it was sought to achieve this object by making artificial ice—not ice frozen on purpose for skating—but ice formed of a combination of materials, into which alum entered as an important constituent. This was to be skated upon with ordinary ice skates, and it could be skated upon beyond all doubt. But there were drawbacks. Friction, which constantly interferes between theory and practice, demolished the artificial ice as a practicable medium for skating. So great was the friction, and so violent were the efforts necessary to overcome it, that ten minutes or a quarter of an hour's exercise on the new medium produced profuse perspiration in the unhappy skater, who, instead of gliding, was compelled to "drive" himself along. In the fourth volume of *Punch*, published in 1843, is an amusing account of a visit to the so-called Glaciarium, in Baker-street, where the artificial ice was surrounded by an elaborate *mise en scène* of Alpine or Arctic—it is not very clear which—character; but perhaps the balance of evidence is in favour of the Alps, as the lake was approached from a species of Swiss chalet. *Punch's* contributor, who signed himself "Tiddledy Winks," was very funny at the expense of the forlorn institution, in which he found himself alone, save for the presence of one of the "natives, who rushed from a gorge of brown paper and whitewash at the extremity of the lake, and performed several savage evolutions upon its surface." In the uncongenial atmosphere of Baker-street, the artificial ice lake soon melted away into the limbo of dead-and-gone speculations. It was a bold attempt to supply a want of the human race; but, like many other efforts of the same kind, was hardly in the right direction—or was, perhaps, a little before its time. While ingenuity in England was thus unprofitably expended on the production of a medium to skate upon, the Gallic mind had addressed itself

to the task of so modifying the skate, that it might adapt itself to the most unpromising surfaces. In 1819, the first patent for a roller-skate was taken out in France by a certain M. Petitbled, who claimed for his invention the ability to perform, in ordinary apartments, all that can be done on ice with ordinary skates. The claims of inventors are proverbial for their magnificent breadth; and the pretensions of M. Petitbled form no exception to the rule. It was impossible to do more with his skates than plain, straightforward work. The Petitbled skate consisted of a sole or foot-stock, made of wood, and fitted with ivory or wooden rollers—two, three, or four in number—arranged on a single line; and, if of uniform size, effectually preventing any curves being described by them. The next step—or slide—in roller-skating was made by a Mr. Tyers, a fruiterer, in Piccadilly, who, in 1823, patented a skate which was so far an improvement on the French invention, that it permitted the performance of curves. Only a single line of wheels was affixed to each "volito," or skate; but the wheels were of unequal size, the middle one being greater in diameter than those fore and aft of it. This gave a curved or boat-like shape to the line described by the lower line of the wheels, and enabled the skater, by bending forward or backward, to run upon two instead of four of them, and thus, and by travelling on a shorter bearing surface, to turn without difficulty. Thus the skater was never upon more than two wheels at once. The Tyers' skate looks very well on paper, but apparently was anything but a success. It would seem, indeed, that the invention of roller-skates was checked in England by the introduction of the artificial ice previously alluded to, and which, although a failure as a skating medium, was kept before the public for a number of years: first at Baker-street, and, afterwards, at that ghastly, but now extinct, place of entertainment—as mis-spelt as it was mismanaged—the Colosseum, on the verge of the Regent's Park. Meanwhile, the French were not idle. In 1828 a certain Garcin applied for a patent for a skate, which looks amazingly like a piracy of the Piccadilly fruiterer's invention, having three wheels in a line—the centre roller being bigger than the other two. There was a good deal of fuss about M. Garcin's patent, but it went the way of thousands more patents. Together with Petitbled

and Tyers, poor anxious Garcin disappeared from the public view; and roller-skates faded away and were forgotten altogether. In the time-honoured language proper to the occasion, when the hero of the drama—filling for the nonce the poor but dishonest position of a poacher—is about to hear the secret of his illustrious birth, “twenty years elapsed” before anything more was done; and it was at the bidding of the “heavenly maid” that roller-skating once again came to the fore. Meyerbeer wrote his famous opera *La Prophète*, in which occurs the well-known skating scene. It was all very well to write skating music, paint winter scenery, and make appropriate costumes; but how was the skating to be done? M. Legrange was found equal to the occasion. Whether he knew anything of previous efforts in the same direction, it is impossible to say; but, at any rate, he produced a “practicable” skate, running on iron wheels. It is shaped exactly like the “fen-skate,” with a point curling up in front, and runs on two wheels, placed in a line, at a considerable distance from each other. This was the male skate—the female being provided with four wheels, not in a line, be it observed, but in two couples, giving a broad bearing surface, to ease the trouble which women are said to experience from the weakness of their ankles. This invention was used at the first representation of *La Prophète* at the Paris Opera, on the 16th April, 1849, to the amazement and delight of the spectators. Everybody talked of the skating scene, the like whereof had never been seen on stage before. Perhaps the general joy was hardly shared by the ballet-master of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, as he foresaw a “heavy time” before him in drilling his troupe to the novel business. On the opera being put in preparation at the London house, a cargo of skates, of the new French pattern, was immediately imported, and immense interest was excited by the rehearsals of the new scene. It was said that several young ladies had skated into the orchestra, and that one had, with difficulty, been rescued from the big drum! Without doubt, the list of casualties was long, but a “case of collar-bone” was the most serious of them all. The skating-scene became as popular in London as it had been in Paris; and its effect was to give an impetus to roller-skating such as it had never received before. In

1857 skating-halls were opened both in the Strand and at the Floral Hall, Covent-garden; and to the latter place some members of the Skating Club were invited, among whom were Messrs. Westervell and Witham, whose excellent Treatise on Figure Skating is so favourably known. One of these gentlemen skated at both places. He went, “rather prejudiced against wheels on boards as a substitute for skates on ice, but was surprised to find how much might be done: the outside edges, forwards and backwards, and even the cross-rolls, and the figure three. The wheels or rollers were iron, and four in number, extending from the toe to the heel; the friction was enormous, owing to the extremely rough and rude manner in which the skates were got up. That the bad construction was principally the cause of the great friction, was evident from the fact that the skating done by a gentleman, with a pair of highly-finished skates of his own make, was performed with half the amount of fatigue.” Thus far, then, very slight improvement had been made on the invention of M. Petitbled, if the Legrange idea of a four-wheeled skate be excepted. It is true that, in 1852, Mr. Joseph Gidman patented another kind of roller-skate, with coupled wheels in the middle and single ones at each end; but no material advance was made until the Woodward skate came out in 1859. In this variety the runners were made of vulcanised india-rubber, and those in the middle were slightly larger than the end ones, thus giving—a la Tyers—a curve to the skate, and rendering it practicable to accomplish turns with considerable facility. The vulcanised india-rubber wheels were better in some respects than the iron ones, as they clung to the boards without any tendency to slip laterally; but they had their drawbacks nevertheless. Then came another application of india-rubber by Mr. Shaler, an ingenious American. Mr. Shaler’s improvement was known, advertised, and sold as “The Parlour Skate,” many of the advertisements being remarkable for ingenuity: as, for instance, “Jack Frost Floored.” Anon came another skate, with four pairs of coupled wheels, which could either be placed at some distance apart, to give a broad surface for the beginner, or could be reduced to the degree of narrowness required by the adept. Invention now followed invention, and parlour skates were followed by “Wheelbarrow” skates, until at last the mechanical genius of Mr.

James Leonard Plimpton, not without study and long experiment, hit upon the "rocking" skate, which has superseded all its rivals, and called into existence that army of infringers on whom Mr. Plimpton recently inflicted so tremendous a defeat in an English court of law.

Plimpton skates are now so generally in use that it may seem unnecessary to describe them. Nevertheless, a short explanation of the peculiar principle involved in their construction may not prove uninteresting. All the skates previously described required to be "forced" into curves, at the cost, in most cases, of considerable exertion; and it was to the solution of the curve difficulty that Mr. Plimpton addressed himself, with that acuteness and pertinacity which are only found in perfection in the American mind. The great feature of the Plimpton skate is, that it does not require forcing round a curve by sheer strength, but can be guided by the lateral rocking of the foot. In Mr. Plimpton's own words: "My invention consists in constructing a skate, so that the transverse rocking of the skater's foot will cause the rollers, or runners, to 'cramp' or change their horizontal position, so as to run the skate straight, or in curves, to the right or left, and, at the same time, the rollers or runners remain with their full bearing upon the floor or ice, to whatever degree they may be swung obliquely while turning curves; thus enabling the skater to steer or guide the skate as desired, and to incline his body from the centre of gravity while turning curves." Divested of technicalities, the Plimpton skate may be described as an ordinary wooden foot-stand, or stock, running upon two pairs of box-wood wheels, so hung that, when the skater presses on one side of his foot, the two wheels on that side "cramp," or come closer together; those on the other side spreading wider apart—conditions under which the skate must describe a curve—while the wheels set squarely on the surface, whether the skater be upright or canted. The immense superiority of these skates over everything invented up to the present time has induced wholesale piracy. All the resources of mechanical ingenuity have been taxed to produce the same effect as that patented by Mr. Plimpton, by means, really or apparently, differing from those employed by him. Ball and socket, screw and spring, have been employed on four

and three-wheeled skates, until some sixty English and forty-five foreign patents have been taken out by the unfortunate infringers of the Plimpton patent. This has been held to cover the disputed ground, and the infringers have had no choice but to make it up with Mr. Plimpton. Since the decision of the law-suit, and for some time before that important event, the enterprising American has been busily employed in cutting up England and the rest of the world into circles with half-mile radii, so that the several rinks may have proper breathing-room. His tables are covered with maps, inscribed with circles duly noted down in the Domesday Book of the new Conqueror. For there is this peculiarity about roller-skating—that it can only be pleasantly done on a properly-prepared surface, and with implements kept in proper order. There are grave objections to selling skates to private individuals, who are apt to go on wearing the boxwood runners "down to the bone," till some accident occurs from their carelessness. Hence, to skate properly, there must be a rink; and, as the law stands, the skates must be bought from Mr. Plimpton or his agent, with the concession of the sole right of using them within a certain area.

The rink being established, and covered with a flooring either of asphalt, wood, or concrete, there is no difficulty in persuading the public to come and skate. Of the three kinds of flooring just mentioned, asphalt would be the best, if it were not for its aggravating habit of getting soft and sticky in hot weather—in fact, just when it is wanted. When perfectly hard, as it is in cold weather, no surface can be more agreeable; but its weakness in summer has led to the very general adoption of concrete as a medium. It is possible, however, that both of these will, in time, be superseded by the wooden flooring invented by Mr. Plimpton, and constructed of narrow strips of wood, so sawn from the timber, and placed on the floor, that the grain of the wood in none of the strips is parallel to the surface of the floor; as it is well known that floors, with the grain of the wood laid flat, are not as durable as, and are more liable to splinter up and warp than those made of wood cut across the grain. Strengthened with appropriate backing, these wooden floors stand weather surprisingly well, keeping a good level surface in spite of rain or sunshine. To try one of them in

public, it is necessary to go to Mr. Vitham's rink, at the Crystal Palace, where, on the pink floor, skaters may be found throughout the day. Since Mr. Joe—the American skater—demonstrated what whatever can be done on ice, with ordinary skates, can be performed on a floor with "rollers," a new race of skaters has sprung up, who know not ice, and care for Jack Frost not a jot. Ice-skating involves many conditions: temperature, neighbourhood of convenient ponds, and also leisure to practise the seductive mysteries of inside and outside edge, the serpentine lines, the four eights, the double three, the cross-cut "Cupid's Bow," the figure, the "brackets," the "spectacles," the "Rocking-turn," the "Grape-vine" and the "Pennsylvanian Grape-vine," or "Anger whirl." Even in Chicago, where there is abundant frost in winter, persistent and fanatical "skatists" of artistic proclivities have shown a decided preference for rollers. For, in truth, the two arts of ice and roller skating, though akin to each other, are not mutually convertible. The best ice-skater finds himself, for a while, completely at sea on rollers. In the same case the ankle must be kept rigid—in the other flexible—to control the curve that it is wished to follow; and for the same reason the practised rinkist may soon get into trouble on genuine ice. The scene at the Crystal Palace rink, pleasant enough now, promises to become still more agreeable as the season advances, when the new summer rink, bordered with trees, is opened to the public. Perhaps the most agreeable time at the Crystal Palace rink is hardly when it is crowded with performers of all grades and shades of skill, whose custom it is to exhibit their paces of an afternoon; but rather in the morning, when new figures are being practised, not by an awkward squad, but by skilled performers. Then the famous "rocking turn," or "Dutch roll," may be seen in perfection; the graceful "Grape-vines" studied with advantage; and "double hamrocks" and "double roses" plucked with comparative ease.

Nearer home is the supremely aristocratic focus of the rinkist—"Prince's"—that stronghold of fashionable athletics, in the quiet recesses of Hans-place, Sloane-street. It would be difficult to say when "Prince's" is dull. Racquet, cricket, or roller-skating, is always going on at some time of the day. Within the magic circle, which may not be entered by any body who has not been "presented," there

is enough to see and to spare. A space, amply large for cricket, spreads like a great green wave before the long narrow strip of concrete flooring, which faces it like a sea wall. Up and down this long white surface glide the figures which make, or rather are, the living fashion of the day. Norman profiles—suggestive of damage from "awkward tumbles," pass swiftly to and fro; and elegant forms, clad in costumes so narrow, that the gazer wonders how the fair proprietors can move in them, describe with infinite grace all the curves laid down by professors of figure skating. Tall guardsmen, supple and strong of limb, shoot by at an amazing pace; while in quiet corners may be seen legislators, and eke ex-Lord Chancellors, taking a quiet turn on the inside or outside edge. The male form—at least, as it appears in modern dress—is hardly graceful, and at times one is inclined to regret the better outline of the ancient members of the skating club, who cut their "spread eagles" in tightly-buttoned "claw-hammer" coats and tight pantaloons; but no pen can do justice to the beauty of the fair skaters who wear special rink hats and rink costumes. The skin of every beast, and the plumes of every bird, are laid under contribution to furnish forth the wondrous raiment, which anon flits by, and anon gyrates in fanciful evolutions. As it grows dusk, the lights gleam forth under a handsome gothic roof, and the inside rink is alive with music and bright girlish figures gliding to and fro. Those girls are happy creatures, for they are still admitted as children; but in another two or three years' time their troubles will begin, when they must be elected members of Prince's Skating Club, "subject to presentation." In the early days at Prince's this spring, many young ladies of "presentable" age and appearance felt terribly injured that, after being duly elected, "subject to presentation," they were not admitted to "interim" practice, but were compelled to wait until supplied with the proper credentials by the court of St. James's; but the committee was inexorable.

It would be an odd confirmation of the doctrine that history, and especially the history of inventions, repeats itself, if roller-skating should obey the law which affects a vast majority of human contrivances, and drop into desuetude just as it attains perfection. People had only just learned how to make a perfect high-road, how to build light and elegant coaches,

and had only just taught their "tits" to "spank" along at something over ten miles an hour, when the locomotive was born and the "Highflyer," perforce, gave up the ghost. It was the same afloat. Naval architecture of the line-of-battle-ship and swift-sailing-frigate order attained its highest pitch of excellence as the first steamboat crossed the Atlantic; and the art of wooden shipbuilding generally was just beginning to be thoroughly understood, when iron stepped in and took the first place in the floating world. As long-bow and crossbow were getting to be effective weapons when gunpowder came in, so would it seem that, now that a perfect roller-skate is produced, and rinkomaniacs are made happy, real ice is about to vindicate its rights. In Chelsea there is already completed a portion of a real ice-rink, artfully frozen by means akin to those employed in making ice in hot climates. The reader is, of course, aware that ice may be produced by the evaporation of ether and ammonia, and by the expansion of compressed air. At Professor Gamgee's rink, at Chelsea, ether is used to chill a mixture of glycerine and water, which runs through a set of pipes laid down on a non-conducting floor, which is then flooded with water to the depth of two or three inches, and speedily frozen into a beautiful sheet of genuine ice, on which the skater may cut fancy figures at his will. At the end of the day, when the surface of the ice is cut up, the water is turned on, and a fresh surface frozen. There is no manner of doubt that this can be done all through the summer in England, and that the cool atmosphere above a great sheet of ice would be delicious in July, although it might possibly be less agreeable in December. It is simply a question of expense. If, as is said, an ice-rink, one hundred feet square, can be maintained at a cost in wages and fuel—to drive the pumping-machinery—of some two pounds per day, the roller "rinkualists" will run a shrewd risk of having to learn the "swan-like" art over again.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. OASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK THE THIRD. WIDOW AND MOTHER.
CHAPTER IV. A VISITOR.

Mrs. PEMBERTON completed her task, made up the document on which she had been engaged, with its inclosure, into a packet, which she addressed to Mr.

Dwarris, and then, having looked all round the room lingeringly, she left it, and sought her own apartment. Here she found the person who had inspected the keyhole of the study door, and objected to the token by which "no admittance" was indicated. We have met this person before; she is Mrs. Simcox, the nurse. Mrs. Simcox is not an ordinary person of her class, and Mrs. Pemberton clings to her with the double dependence which comes naturally under such circumstances. A nurse of the sick sees, as Mark Tapley said of a broker's man, "a deal of misery;" and is not quite unpardonable if she become philosophically accustomed to the spectacle of other people's troubles. Mrs. Simcox was as little sentimental as was to be desired in her state of life, but she had a kind heart and a sound judgment, and both were enlisted for Mrs. Pemberton.

"Mrs. Simcox," said Mary, "I have been writing to England, to the person I have told you about, Mr. Dwarris. I have told him all about business matters, and it is a great weight off my mind to have got it done; but it has tired me a good deal."

"No wonder, ma'am; you have been hours and hours writing in that room—I don't like to see you go into it—and you're worn out."

"Ah well, it's all done now," said Mary. "And now that my mind is relieved about that, I should like to talk over our arrangements. Has the young woman come yet?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Has Miss Pemberton seen her?"

"I think not. Miss Pemberton has been out all the afternoon, I believe."

Mary let the observation pass without remark.

"When I have rested a little, I will see the young woman. You are sure she will be satisfied to make a voyage with me?"

"It is her particular wish. She wants to get to England, and there's no way of doing it so ready and respectable as going with a lady."

"Has she friends there?"

"No, ma'am; nor here, either. Her story is a sad one, though there's thousands like it, more's the pity. But I told it to you before."

"Yes, I remember," said Mary, languidly. "I suppose, if she suits me and I suit her, as she has no people in particular that she wants to go to, she will remain with me in England?"

"No doubt of it. And I think she will suit you. She has done very well since I

first recommended her, and if she pleases you she will have one friend in England at all events."

"She will be so much richer than I, then, for I am going back to find no one who ever was anything to me in my old life."

"Surely, ma'am," said Mrs. Simcox, "you are putting a hard duty on yourself; for you are well liked here."

"It makes no difference to me where I am now," said Mary; "and it was Mr. Pemberton's decided wish. It will be better for Miss Pemberton in every way."

"You will let me know sometimes how you get on, ma'am, won't you?" asked Mrs. Simcox, cheerfully. "I shall want to hear of you very much."

"I wish you could come with me too. You have friends and relations in England. Why did you remain here after your husband died?"

"Because I had to work for my living, my dear, good lady. There's many a thing that looks strange may be explained in that way. And the people at home would not have wanted me as things were with me. For money was scarce with them all, on both sides, on my husband's as well as on mine. I daresay you will be surprised, ma'am, to hear that my husband was a gentleman."

"Not at all, Mrs. Simcox. Why should I be surprised?"

"Because I'm not a lady, and you might wonder at him for marrying me. He was a gentleman, though, born and bred, and educated for a doctor, in Dublin; and I was only a small tradesman's daughter. They think a deal in Ireland about such things, and when he made up his mind to marry me, he made it up to leave Ireland. I learned a great deal from him, while he was spared to me; and when he was taken, I could see no better way of providing for myself than turning sick nurse. The friends he had made helped me, and I got on. I shall never see Ireland again, nor trouble either his people or my own."

"Were his family unkind to you?"

"They were neither kind nor unkind. I never saw any of them except my husband's youngest brother, a wild young fellow he was, and he came to us one time when he got into a scrape at home. It was not long before we left Ireland, and I think he would have come with us readily enough then, but his family were putting him up for the army, and so he stayed; and he's a captain now, I believe, and the only one of

them that knows or wants to know anything about me. I let him know what I was doing out here, because he was a good-hearted boy enough, and he would have been uneasy to think I was altogether lost when his brother died; but I told him he needn't tell unless he was asked, and I daresay nobody ever asked him from that hour to this."

"What a frightful thing it is," said Mary, after a pause, "to think of the number of friendless people there are in the world."

"And how few think of it," said Mrs. Simcox. "People who have money for themselves seem to think money grows wild in the fields; and people who have friends to do everything for them, seem to think that friends perch on the branches like birds, for everybody in the world. There's nothing like having had to look for both, to make you see where help is needed."

"I think you have learned the lesson well," said Mary, gently, "and I am so glad you have given me a chance of helping you with this poor Bessy West. I feel quite rested now, and able to see her."

Bessy West was summoned. She was a handsome young woman, with a composed manner, and a reserved, rather sad expression of face.

Mrs. Pemberton received her kindly, asked her a few general questions, and dismissed her.

"She is very pretty and very nice," was Mary's commentary when Bessy West had left the room.

"Yes, she is all that, ma'am; and it is a thousand pities she should have got into such hands."

"If she proves to be only as good and lovable as she looks, perhaps we may be able to make up to her for a great deal."

"I should be hard to please if I did not like her," said Bessy West, in reply to a question from Mrs. Simcox, as they sat working in Mrs. Pemberton's room on the same evening; "for she is a kind, good woman. No one, who wasn't kind and good, would have taken me as she has done, knowing all about me. You told her everything?"

"Everything, except the name, as we agreed upon; and she thinks it quite right it should not be told. You will begin again, my dear, with her, and have a quiet, peaceful life of it; at least, it will be your own fault if you do not."

"Do you think she will live in the country, in England?"

"She says so; and, no doubt, she will for some time."

"Miss Pemberton will be no friend of mine."

"But you will have nothing to do with Miss Pemberton; and you may be quite sure nobody will be allowed to interfere with the precious child's own nurse. Besides, Miss Pemberton will get married in no time, in England, among her own people; and you may make a home for all your days, so far as I can see."

"But you'll give me the letters, all the same?"

"Oh yes; you shall have the letters."

Presently Mrs. Simcox went away, to look after Mary; and the new member of the household remained alone in her mistress's room, thinking over her new position, while she plied her needle with the mechanical quickness of old habit.

"And so it is all settled," she thought, "and I am getting away to a new life—but carrying a chain, too. And how am I to know if ever it is broken, and I have my real liberty again?"

An answer to this question was seemingly difficult to find. Bessy West had not found one when Mrs. Simcox returned, in a mood at once bustling and serious.

On the following morning John Pemberton's widow was the mother of a son, and had realised the very bitterest pang of loneliness which a woman's heart can feel, but, also, the first taste of the consolation which it has to reveal.

Ida Pemberton did not feel, or affect much interest in the little red, blinking, gaping creature who was presented to her as her brother. But she was attentive and kind to her step-mother, so that, to outward appearance, the breach between them was healed. Mrs. Pemberton, whose whole heart was set upon the child who had come to remove from her that most awful of the various sufferings of bereavement—the difficulty of believing that the lost love and happiness were ever real—and whose physical weakness made her languidly quiescent, rested in the assurance that she had done what she could, and surrendered herself to the inability to think further about the trouble between them.

Ida's change of conduct towards her step-mother arose merely from a kindly natural impulse. She believed, as firmly as ever, that she had been mistaken in her estimate of her father's wife—that she was no true

friend, but, indeed, a natural enemy, who had induced her husband to do an unjust act towards his daughter; and who had, besides, an ugly incident in her past life, which Mr. Dale knew, and his knowledge of which rendered him an object of dislike to Mary. She had not denied it, she had not attempted to explain it, when Ida told her almost as much, and vaunted Mr. Dale's delicacy in keeping the secret; and what could anyone think of that? Ida was too innocent to associate with such a belief any suspicion of a nature such as might have occurred to a woman, or a girl "of the world;" she did not interrogate her mind on the subject at all, she merely yielded to an influence gained over her through her girlish vanity, and to a prejudice cunningly implanted.

Mrs. Simcox was not slow to perceive that things were better than they had been, between Mrs. Pemberton and her step-daughter; and, not possessing the slightest clue to the truth, she concluded that Ida had merely felt herself neglected, and, perhaps, been a little jealous in anticipation of an event, of which, when it occurred, she was glad.

One day, as Ida was paying Dick a visit in his loose box, and administering to him his daily treat of bread and lump-sugar, a boy who was employed about the yard brought her a card, with a name written in pencil on it:

"Mr. Geoffrey Dale."

"Where did you get this?" she asked the boy. He explained that he had met a gentleman near the garden, who had given him the card.

"He knew you were at the stables, miss," said the boy, "and says could he see you for a few minutes?"

Much disturbed, Ida went out of the yard and took her way to the gardens.

Why did he come? Having done so, why did he give his visit this half-clandestine air? What was she to do? She knew quite well that Mrs. Pemberton would not have received him, and, angry though the knowledge made her, Ida's sense of honour told her she would have no right to invite him into the house; still less, said the same sense to her, to see and speak with him out of it. With all that, too, she could neither deny nor control the gladness with which the news of his coming had inspired her. How different everything seemed all in a minute! And so, full of these contradictory thoughts, she walked on quickly,

and speedily came in sight of Mr. Geoffrey Dale.

Ida Pemberton had probably never looked so pretty in her life as she looked when she put out her hand, shyly, yet with unmistakable, if embarrassed, welcome, and said she was "very glad, she had no idea"—and broke down in her sentence with an enchanting smile and blush.

"You must wonder that I have come here, where I have such good reason to know that I am not welcome." Such were Mr. Dale's first words, delivered in a serious, even slightly tragic accent. "But," he continued, "I could not make up my mind to leave the colony without an effort to see you." He looked around him with an air of regretful remembrance, and murmured something pathetic about the "heavy change" since he had last seen the place; which, from his manner of reference to it, might have been familiar to him from his boyhood. He was handsome, daring, and insinuating; the girl to whom he spoke was very young and inexperienced, and he had drawn her into a confidence that had been maintained, by the dangerous medium of pen and ink, for several months. Is it very wonderful, or quite reprehensible, that Ida's heart should beat quickly, and her brown eyes look up at him with a shy trouble in them? that she should find it was easier to be "great friends" with Mr. Dale at a distance than thus face to face, when she found herself unaccountably with nothing to say?

"I ventured to come," resumed Geoffrey Dale, "that I might learn from your own lips an assurance that you will not deprive me of your friendship—that we are not to be strangers—when you too go to England."

"I have not so many friends," said Ida, "that you should doubt."

The timid pleasure in her face and voice were naturally encouraging to the man who had gained so much influence over her during their brief association, and contrived so skilfully to strengthen it. Even the embarrassment from which she was suffering—for how was she to invite him to enter the house, or not to invite him?—looked like a delightful consciousness of his power over her.

"It is so long since I have heard from you," he said, "that I could not wait any longer for news of you. I felt I must brave everything, and see you."

His words had as much of question as of statement in them. They meant that

he wanted to be told exactly what there was to brave.

"I have not written lately," said Ida, and she walked on as she spoke, not in the direction of the house, "because there has been so much confusion and change here. Mrs. Pemberton has been ill. My little brother was born last week."

"Your little brother!" exclaimed Geoffrey Dale, with genuine astonishment. "I had no idea that such an event was expected."

"Oh yes; and, as soon as Mrs. Pemberton can undertake the voyage, we are going to England. I—I am afraid I cannot ask you to stay, because she has not left her room, and——"

"And because I should not be welcome to her under any circumstances. I knew that when I came here, and resorted to a kind of ruse for seeing you. Let me tell you the truth; I watched from the shelter of one of the trees in the avenue until I saw you come out of the verandah, and I guessed you were going to visit Dick. I never had any wish to see Mrs. Pemberton; but I resolved to come openly to your home to see you, just for once. I will not enter the house, but there can be no reason why we should not have a walk and talk together, such as the only person who had a right to dictate to you permitted in the dear old times."

He spoke gently and persuasively, and his eyes said more than his words. Ida remembered well Mary's positive assertion that her father had changed his opinion of Mr. Dale; but she set herself against the lesson of the remembrance.

"This happy event has made no change in the arrangements here, I conclude," he continued. "The sale of the place was completed, was it not?"

"Yes," said Ida, "that was all finished. Poor papa's will was made, and sent to England; but when he was dying, and they told him I was not to be his only child, he made another, and left everything to Mrs. Pemberton to do as she likes with it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dale, "that is very serious for you, and, I must say, a questionable proceeding on the part of the persons who induced him to do such a thing. It was tantamount to leaving you totally unprovided for; though, of course, he could not be expected to see that."

"But why?" said Ida, innocently. "Of course my little brother would have been the same as I was to my father if he had

lived, and he would have had his share and I mine. It will be just the same now, won't it?"

"Not exactly. You must not look at the real world with the candid, generous eyes of your heart; you must see it as it is. The fact is, your father's will has made you dependent on Mrs. Pemberton."

"How?" asked Ida, with a flash of indignant pride in the look which she turned on him. "It is all my father's—therefore mine and my brother's. I shall never owe anything to her."

"Unfortunately you must, and cannot help yourself. Your father has given her everything, and who is to say what she will do with it?"

"I think," said Ida, "she will do what she knew poor papa would have wished. I do not love her as I once did; I could not, you know, since you told me she did not deserve the love and confidence which my father gave her; but I don't think she means to be unjust or unkind to me. Very little has been said between us, but I believe, if the baby were to die, she would carry out what was in my father's first will; and if he lives, he and I will be equal."

"And that will was sent to England?"

"Yes; to papa's brother-in-law, Mr. Dwarris, of whom I told you. Is it not horrid to talk or think of such things," said Ida, shaking her head and smiling an uncertain smile; "it makes me feel years and years older, only to have to remember that there are such things as money, and rights, and interest. I never knew anything about them in my father's time. I never knew anything, except that I was happy, and that Dick had all he wanted."

"Yes," assented Mr. Dale, musingly, "those were happy days, and careless times indeed. But they are over, and there is no use in blinding oneself to truths. One of these truths is, that it is not wise to offend her."

"What!" said Ida, indignantly, "do you suppose I would be so mean——"

"Not mean, only reasonable," said Mr. Dale. "You have been most unfairly treated, and if what I have said to you, of my knowledge of certain facts concerning Mrs. Pemberton required proof—I know it does not, I know you trust me, and hold me to be your friend——"

"Indeed, indeed I do."

"If it did—why, here is the proof. Mrs. Pemberton, who no doubt stands very high in Dr. Gray's good graces, induces your father, on his deathbed, not to make

an equitable division of his property between you and her own expected child, but to put you absolutely in her power. She tells you he did this because he trusted her, and that is true; but I tell you his trust was misplaced. There is no help for that now, but you must act with prudence. You must keep friends with Mrs. Pemberton; and when you are in England, and have your uncle's protection and help to look to, she may be induced to make an honest arrangement of the property which would have been yours now, if your father's first will had been unrevoked. Is it not so?"

"I suppose—I believe so," answered Ida, who was both bewildered and disheartened by the turn the conversation was taking; the very last turn which she could have imagined, had her fancy forecast this unexpected interview.

"To that influence you must look. Now, tell me—what do you know of this uncle and his family?"

"I know nothing, except that Mr. Dwarris was once much richer than he is now, that he has a son and a daughter, and that they live near a country town called Wrottesley. Poor papa was very anxious that I should be with my cousins, and should like them very much. He used frequently to talk about having my cousin Audrey to stay with us in London. But there will be nothing of that kind now; Mrs. Pemberton will not live in London. She has not said much about any plans for the future, but when she does talk of it, she says she will live near Wrottesley, on my account, that I may be with my own relatives."

"Well, that's for as much as it's worth, and as long as it lasts," said Mr. Dale slightly. "Mrs. Pemberton's views may change in many respects. But she has the best of the position, and there is no good in disputing it. You must not make an enemy of her."

This was too much for Ida's young, untrained patience. How had she ever incurred Mary's displeasure, except by adhering to her friendship for the very man who was giving her this cold-blooded advice? Who and what but he caused the arising of the cloud between them? She could not blow it away now with a breath.

"I do not understand you," she said, pettishly. "How am I to avoid displeasing her, and at the same time keep my promise to you? If I were to tell Mary that you

and I are no longer friends, that I had quite given you up, and would never write to you again, or know you if we met in England, she and I would be just as we used to be."

Mr. Dale's dark face was traversed by a very expressive look of rage, which, however, Ida did not see. She was walking by his side with her head down.

"Why," she continued, "did you not tell me all this in any of your letters? Ah! they were all about pleasanter things."

"Because you did not make the state of things plain to me."

"No," she answered, simply. "I suppose I did not. But now that it is clear to you, what do you want me to do?"

The girl's straightforward question caused Mr. Dale an amount of embarrassment which he very rarely felt. He could not answer it with candour equal to its own. Mary had gone too far in her surmise of the extent to which Ida had been tutored by her dangerous friend. Ida's simplicity had rendered her a less apt pupil than Mary supposed, and Mr. Dale's instructions had been merely general.

"What do you want me to do?" she repeated. "To take back the promise I made you, perhaps? No, thank you; not unless you are tired of it—not unless you have ceased to care that we should be friends. I should be little worth having for a friend, if I could do that only for my own interest's sake; and I certainly will not."

Here Ida stopped abruptly, with her face a burning red, for there had flashed into her memory her step-mother's question, "Has he won your heart, poor child?" and with it a pang of shame and terror, lest she should be setting more store by the friendship he had asked for than he set by it, and lest her last incautious words had shown him that such was the case.

She was reassured, however, by the warmth and eagerness with which Mr. Dale protested against such an interpretation of his words. Had he not come to Mount Kiera Lodge to-day for the express

purpose of getting a renewed promise from her, and was not his sole anxiety for her and her future—so cruelly changed in its prospects?

He was dwelling upon this text with animation and persuasiveness which became him very well, and before which Ida's self-reproachful doubts melted away, when a single stroke of a bell sounded loudly from the direction of the house.

"That is a signal for me," said Ida; "they always call me in that way, when they know I am in the grounds. I suppose it is some caller whom Mrs. Pemberton wishes me to see."

"And that means that I must go," said Mr. Dale.

"I am afraid so. They—they will send to look for me, and perhaps—though of course I shall tell Mrs. Pemberton—"

"No, no," said Dale, hastily; "you must not do so—not now, at least—not until we have met again and had our talk out, at all events."

He saw the doubt, even distress, in her face, and he added: "It would be very bad for her to tell her anything that might annoy her just now. You can do as you think best later. I will go no farther with you towards the house, but turn off at the stables. Meet me at the shrubbery-gate to-morrow at the same hour. I hear some one coming now. Good-bye."

He did not wait for her reply, but turned down a by-path which led to the stables. He was barely out of sight, and Ida had taken but a few steps in advance, when Bessy West came round the bend in the path, and, accosting Ida, said she had been sent to find her by Mrs. Pemberton, who required her to write a letter for despatch by that day's post.

Ida made answer, rather sullenly, "You can go back, and say I'm coming."

She did not quicken her pace, however, and as Bessy West obeyed her, that observant young woman made two mental notes. One was, that Miss Pemberton did not seem particularly ready to oblige her step-mother; the other was, that Miss Pemberton had "a nasty temper."

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI. PUT TO THE QUESTION.

In the annals of Dido House, there was never known a day like the one that followed. To the elder Miss Cooke, to whom the news was gradually broken, it nearly brought back that attack which she had had many years before, and which was of an obscure and mysterious character. What! the highly-connected, prudish Dido House, the grand finishing-school of England, to be so disgraced—"A man found at midnight in the grounds!"

The enormity of the thing could scarcely be realised by the three spinster heads bent together in anxious council. Disguise it as one would, Dido House was contaminated.

After an awful morning in council, a licitor was despatched for Phoebe. Already she had been missed from the classes, and strange rumours of some terrible crime had permeated the ranks of the girls. She was led in, and directed to stand near the door. In the presence of the Doge, the trembling Phoebe was told "that she was to be sent away, and expelled forthwith! She had brought disgrace, if not ruin, on the establishment," added the elder Miss Cooke in a faltering voice, and she hoped that Heaven would forgive her. But that was not the worst part. The awful side of the case was that one so young, and supposed to be so pure and innocent, should have sunk so low—

Phoebe was touched by the genuine agitation of the old lady, though shocked at this sad description of her offence. The real peril of her situation began to dawn on her.

"Oh! I am not so bad, dearest Miss Cooke," she began. "It was really nothing but a lark." Miss Cooke winced at this forbidden word. "I did not think there was any harm in it—indeed I did not. It was all a——" accident, Phoebe was going to add; but she recollected that it was nothing of the kind, being a serious, regularly-organised arrangement. She, therefore, checked herself.

"Ah! I thought so," said the principal, after waiting a little time. "You see you cannot carry out the deception—you are not depraved as yet. You had better confess the whole truth from the beginning. There may be something that will excuse you. You have always been so giddy, and don't seem to know the distinction between right and wrong. How was it that you first became acquainted with this—this man?"

Phoebe bit her lip, then hung her head. How could she tell? What in the wide world was she to do? She was utterly unsuited to such a crisis, or to dangers like the present. Everything had been made smooth for her; or, rather, there had never been difficulties of any kind in her path. Others had always stood between her and them. Now she was suddenly thrust out upon the world to shift for herself.

"Come, my poor child," said the principal, softening as she saw Phoebe's piteous state, "confide in me. Tell me the whole story from the beginning. It may not be so bad after all."

Phoebe looked at her despairingly. "I can't—I can't now, at least. You mustn't ask me. Indeed, no——"

The Doge and exempt exchanged glances. The effect upon their minds was that the

whole business was far more dreadful than they had imagined, and that something too terrible remained yet to be confessed. They gave her up from that moment.

"Alas! she is lost to all shame," said Miss Emma; "hopelessly lost."

"What have I done to be treated in this way? Won't you take my word? Did you ever find me out in a falsehood? Indeed, and indeed, Miss Cooke, I thought it was no harm. And if I could only tell you——"

Again looks were interchanged. After a pause, the prisoner was remanded. She gave the jailor who took her away a look of scornful defiance. They would not tame her in that way. As she stood in her room, her hair roughened by frequent tossing it back, and two fiercely-glowing spots on her cheeks, her delicate nose curled in rebellion, she looked a perfect "little pickle." When she was alone, however, all this resolution forsook her, and a feeling of despair came on her. Her situation was the most helpless conceivable. What if they really would "expel" her—awful word, like penal servitude for life to the professional criminal—from the school! And though her mother had been sent for, who might protect and save her, how should she dare to face her—a woman who would be so keenly alive to such a disgrace? No matter. Nothing in the world should get her to betray her friend! That was as fixed and eternal as the laws and decrees of those Medes and Persians which Miss Emma Cooke had so often prosed about.

The gallant creature was comforting herself with this self-sacrifice when relief and sympathy came. The door was thrown open, and her friend stood before her. In an instant Phoebe was in her arms, and pouring out a whole torrent of protestations as to the oppressions she was subjected to, and her firm resolution "never, never, to betray her friend. They are going to send me away, and expel me. Let them, if they like—not a word shall they extract from me." She had quite forgotten what she had concealed from Adelaide.

The other listened calmly.

"You are not to suffer for anyone else," she said, "still less for me. I never could allow that, where the fault has been mine. But how was all this found out?"

She seemed to have the air of knowing to what Phoebe was alluding.

"Oh, by their infamous and dishonourable spy system, of course," said Phoebe,

indignantly. "That mean Corbett was watching me. She has never forgiven or forgotten her being discovered with the brandy-bottle. She watched me into the garden, and heard every word."

"I see," said the other. "When you went to meet him in the garden?"

"Yes," said Phoebe, whose misfortunes now made this secret arrangement appear very trifling indeed. "I was settling it all with him for you. And he had all but promised me—and——"

"Indeed! But you forget," said Adelaide, "I knew nothing of this."

"Oh, it is no matter now," said Phoebe, excitedly. "It is all at an end now. He tried to defend me, and to take it all on himself: If you only heard the way Emma Cooke attacked him, and the gentlemanly way in which he took it. He is a perfect hero."

"This, of course, was not the first time," said Adelaide, as if speculating on the matter.

"Dear no," answered Phoebe, eagerly. "I went two or three times, and contrived it all myself. Wasn't it courageous of me? So provoking, too! Just a little more and I should have persuaded him——"

"Persuaded him to do what?"

"Oh, to——well, you must know he hesitated—for his position is a little difficult, dearest Adelaide. As he says, marriage is a very serious thing. But what I said seemed to make an immense impression on him. Oh yes." And Phoebe smiled.

"No doubt," said Adelaide, slowly. "But you have brought yourself into a serious position, and will have to fight your way through as well as you can."

"But, you know," said Phoebe, a little taken back, "it was all for you——"

"For me?" said Adelaide angrily. "You cannot, and you must not, say that. Don't talk to me of such things. Did I ask your interference? I am out of the business. You have been carrying on the affair without my knowledge, and on your own account."

"On my own account? It was all for you; indeed it was," said Phoebe, with all her old eager affection returning. "I thought I would see him without telling you; make him promise to fulfil his engagement, and then come to you with the news as a little surprise. I thought it would make you so happy. I saw that I had some influence over him. But is this the return you make me?"

The cold lines of Adelaide's face relaxed. There was nature and truth in what Phœbe said.

"Forgive me," said she. "No doubt you did it for the best. Tell me all about it."

She was exerting herself to put a constraint upon her disposition, and banish that permanent cloud of suspicion in which she lived.

Delighted at this change, for coldness was like physical pain to our Phœbe, she was about to begin an animated history of all her proceedings, when, suddenly, the awkward turn of the last scene rose before her. She had no fertility or dexterity of resource, and she had an instinct that her explanations would only make her appear guilty or disloyal. She began to falter—her eyes drooped. But she had betrayed enough to satisfy the other.

Adelaide waited a few moments. The old hard look returned.

"No matter," she said at length; "I have no wish to know what only concerns yourself. As you will have to suffer the penalty, you are entitled to keep up any reserve you please. As I said, this part of the affair is entirely your own."

Such a tone always made Phœbe hostile.

"Well, if I were to tell you," she said, a little maliciously, "perhaps you might not be so much pleased as you may think you would be."

"Perhaps not," said Adelaide. "But I am not thinking of being pleased—that is not a luxury for poor people like me. I must leave you now. Seriously, you need not feel much anxiety. You have plenty of friends, you know. Good-bye."

She quitted Phœbe suffering from a sense of the deepest wrong, and believing that she had been treated unkindly by the most faithless of friends.

"To treat me in such a manner, after the way I have behaved! Another girl would not have acted so generously, and with such self-denial. After getting into such a scrape all for her, to meet with such a return!"

Phœbe remained in strict dress—gallant, unsubdued; always wearing the same defiant air—"hardened," they called it—when any jailor presented herself. But, in secret, she was pining and wearing her heart out. A letter had been written to Mrs. Dawson, in which the offence had been described as a sort of fearful crime, without details of any kind, and they were daily expecting advices from her. That lady, however,

was on one of her many junketings in a remote part of the country, and the letter was following her about. Phœbe could have given precise information as to the locality, and thus have saved some posts; but, as may be conceived, she was not likely to aid in such researches. Meanwhile, this pretty flower—deserted, secluded—hung its head, and drooped every day more and more.

There was yet another influence on which the governing powers of the school relied at a crisis. Nothing could be done without Dean Drinkwater, who was always sent for, "express," on any outbreak—just as an eminent physician might be called in. Final decision was put off until he was possessed of the case. But he was now on a visit to "the palace," where, of course, he could not be disturbed. He was expected, however, for the day of the "academical exercises," to perform the ornamental office of distributing the premiums to the young ladies with appropriate little speeches, and, in a manner, take the chair among the guests. He had written that if he could "get away from the palace"—it was only from such great houses that he could "get away;" those of less pretensions he left without difficulty—he would try and arrive the day before, to investigate this most serious case.

Thus matters remained in a very painful state for all parties concerned. A cloud seemed to have descended on the house. The days dragged by slowly, until it drew on to the day or two before breaking up. This, under ordinary circumstances, would have been a true gala time for Phœbe. She would have led the dance, as it were, and have been seen fluttering from the top to the bottom of the house, her ringing laugh stimulating the delightful labours of packing up. The girls, indeed, were in a rather selfish excitement, thinking of the joys of going home; though it was well known that Phœbe had committed "something dreadful," that Dean Drinkwater had been sent for, and that the girl was about to be expelled.

Towards evening, on this momentous day, news went through the house that Dean Drinkwater had arrived, and was closeted in the parlour with the two Miss Cookes. Dean Drinkwater was a tall, full-blown dignitary of the emollient kind. His composition was rich and juicy, and his voice seemed to ooze upwards through a well-oiled pipe. He mixed with the best; his manners were soft and

courtly; and it was thought certain that he would one day carry a mitre on his carriage-panel.

The two ladies attended on him with awful countenances, and related the terrible business:

"A fearful thing has occurred. One of the most shocking visitations for the school."

"Good gracious me, Miss Cooke! What d'ye mean?"

They told him the affair.

To Miss Cooke's surprise, he did not start from his seat, or cover his face with his hands.

"Such a blow to fall on me, Mr. Dean," said Miss Cooke, "at my age. It is ruin! The school is disgraced!"

"Oh dear me no, not at all," said Dean Drinkwater. "I suppose you haven't made the affair public?"

"Public, sir! No."

"So much the better. I am afraid the child is giddy—pity she's not more steady—eh? Foolish sort of Tomboy, I think."

Rather astonished, Miss Cooke replied: "Quite lost to shame and decency! But what are we to do with her, Dean Drinkwater? She must be sent away; we owe it to the other girls not to have them contaminated."

The Dean waved his hand, as one would do when asking the people to keep seated at a meeting.

"Nonsense! don't do it at all," he said; "let there be no fuss. This is a thing to be hushed up. If you must get her away, get her away quietly. I would just penance her, and say no more about it."

"But here are the holidays at hand. As a matter of conscience, could we let her mix with the other girls?"

"Well—eh—not exactly," said the Dean, a little puzzled—a puzzle too which his answer did not resolve. "But there is a way of doing these things. Her mother will be here—a sensible, proper woman of the world—one of the Digges family, whom I know very well. I shall see her myself, and we can all talk it over together, and settle something. What sort is the young man? Made out anything about him, and his connections?"

"We make out?" said Miss Cooke. "No, indeed, Mr. Dean. But the girl is so hardened, she will confess nothing."

"Then I must talk to her. It may very likely turn out only a school-girl's frolic."

"Emma," said Miss Cooke, austerely, "show the Dean the letter. When I tell

you, Dean Drinkwater, that this shocking letter was snatched from her hand, that a false key to our garden-gate has been made and procured, and that there are reasons to suspect that this clandestine intercourse has been going on for months, you will not take this indulgent view."

The Dean looked grave at this accumulation of evidence, then began to read the letter.

"This is a little awkward," he said; "still the young man may turn out to be very proper, you know. I wouldn't make too much of it. If we could only get some information! You had better send the girl to me at once. I must talk to her."

Now came the licitor with summons to the parlour for the imprisoned Phoebe, who, as she heard the step outside, brushed away her tears, though she could not drive back that delicate flush that had coloured her face. She followed proudly, and entered haughtily. The Dean, whose eye was always being exercised in such matters, thought what a refined, "clean-bred" air she had, and that by-and-by she ought to make a "very fair match." He wished that some of his own ponderous, slow-moving girls would offer the same promise.

The door was closed on Phoebe, and she was left alone with the judge, who received her with a plaintive air, as though all was over, the fingers of both hands joined together with great nicety—his favourite pose when dealing with clergy, servants, &c. Phoebe knew it well, as she had often "taken it off" to the life, for the girls.

CHAPTER XII. THE DEAN AND PHEBE.

"WELL, child, this is all sad work," said Dean Drinkwater, "very sad. Eh?" an interrogative that seemed to Phoebe either to invite contradiction, or discussion, perhaps, of the statement. "I fear it is going to end badly. You must see that you have brought disgrace on the school of these good ladies, and ruined yourself for life—eh?"

"I haven't done anything disgraceful," said Phoebe, excitedly. "Let them prove it—let them try me, and give me fair play. The law of England allows me that! Then we'll see."

"Oh! childish—rubbish!" said the Dean, impatiently; "don't talk in that way. But come over here. Now, sit down there, and tell me all about this unfortunate business. There may be something extenuating."

Phoebe met this advance with the warmest impulse.

"Indeed, yes, Mr. Dean, you are right," she said, cosily; "so there was. It was only a little bit of fun after all, and——"

"To be sure; yes. And tell me now how was it that you met this young man. Who and what is he?"

"Oh, he is one of the nicest——" began Phoebe; then, darting a suspicious look at the emollient clergyman, she drew her chair away. "No, I really can't tell you anything," she said, decidedly; "I know that I have done no harm."

"Some friend, then, of the other girls?" insinuated the Dean.

"I decline to tell you anything," said Phoebe, defiantly.

"Oh, but you must be made to tell, my good girl. You have behaved scandalously, and, for one of your tender age, even disreputably."

Phoebe was biting her lips, but would not answer a word.

"You know it comes to this, that you cannot be allowed to associate with respectable girls. Admit a strange, low fellow into the garden of a respectable house—it's perfectly scandalous!"

"He was neither strange nor low, or anything of the kind," said the excited Phoebe.

"I believe you are lost to a sense of shame. Go to your room—go back to your room."

"If my poor dear father were alive, no one would dare say such things to me. I wish only Tom were here. He'd not allow——"

But here her voice faltered, her courage gave way; and the lictor, waiting at hand and listening, had to lead her off sobbing.

Much astonished at being thus threatened with "Tom," and quite put out at his failure, the Dean was now found to have completely changed his opinions.

"You should not keep the girl here to corrupt her companions. You owe it to the other pupils who are under your charge. She is corrupted—hopelessly so."

He thus, with an air of originality, made use of arguments that had been pressed on himself before.

"We feared it," said Miss Cooke the elder, tremulously. "Yet she could not have learned it here, where it is our aim to inculcate——"

"Yes, of course" said the Dean, rather roughly, and not inclined to listen to the school prospectus. "But the hardened way she addressed me—threatened me with some one she called Tom. Such impertinence! Who is Tom?"

"A wild, abandoned fellow, her brother," struck in Miss Emma.

"All in keeping, I see," said the Dean. "But this won't do, you know. I am not accustomed to be set at defiance." He was thinking of the last troublesome clergyman he had had to deal with. "She must not think she shall conceal things from me. I'll probe to the bottom of it before the day is out. Has she any confidantes—bosom friends—or anything of that sort?"

"Oh yes," said the two ladies; "Adelaide Cross."

"What! that stiff-necked, ill-regulated young person I saw before? Well, she might know something, or be made to tell something——"

"Perhaps so," said Miss Cooke, doubtfully. "Would you wish to see her?"

Adelaide Cross was accordingly sent for, and marshalled to the presence of Dean Drinkwater.

"You know about this unfortunate girl," said the Dean, coming to the point at once. He did not feel quite comfortable, however, under Adelaide's cold, inquiring gaze. "Now, from your knowledge of her, would you suppose that there was someone else, with more cleverness, making use of her? What would you say now? You are her intimate friend, I am given to understand;" and the Dean, resting his elbows on the arms of his chair, brought his outstretched fingers together.

There was a knowing glance in the Dean's eye, as though he had shown his sagacity in this speculation; but he did not notice the sort of half-amused, half-contemptuous look of Adelaide, who may have been enjoying the picture of self-sufficiency before her.

"What would you say?" he repeated.

"I should say," answered she, slowly, "that it was probable."

"As her friend, you think so?"

"Pardon me, that is a mistake. I can scarcely be called her friend. But I believe, from her impulsive, volatile, and, I may say, from——" here she paused—"from her affectionate disposition, that she may have been drawn into this business from a wish to help another."

"Help another! But do you know this of your own knowledge?"

"You have asked me my opinion," said Adelaide.

"Well, speak out, then; you are not going to have the innocent punished."

"I did not say she was innocent. I

know nothing about it. But I do believe that the guilty party is not before you."

"For shame," he said; "you wish to screen her. What guilty party are you talking of?"

"I am telling you the truth—what I believe to be the truth—and to save you from a mistake. She does not deserve harsh treatment."

The Dean was a cunning person, and delighted in little investigations of this kind, to which he was fond of submitting his wife, servants, and children at home. He felt that he was on the scent, as it were, and was rather vexed that he should be opposed in this fashion.

"This is very childish," he said; "you don't know what you are talking of. We can't allow it. Speak out, I bid you."

Adelaide had her eyes fixed on a letter which the Dean was carelessly turning over in his hand.

"First, is there any positive proof against her?" she asked abruptly.

"Dear, yes; it has really gone to most discreditable lengths."

"What's that letter?"

"Never mind about that!"

"I will tell you all I know," said she eagerly, "if I but see that letter."

The Dean began to think himself a diplomatist. "Well, I see no objection to your looking at it," and he placed it in her hand.

Adelaide read it aloud, and read it very slowly:

"DEAR MISS PHOEBE,—During that delightful interview—" Adelaide paused—"I had not courage to tell you what was in my thoughts. We talked of other matters; but all the while you must have guessed what I longed to say, but what I dared not speak. I can no longer help to carry on the delusion, which has been the cause of our meeting. I am certain that, from the first moment we met, you saw the change that took place in me. It may seem fickle, heartless, if you will—I cannot help it. Nothing could be called heartless of which you have been the cause. Had I not met you, I should have remained faithful to what I fancied was my first love. But I know you can be indulgent, for, as I said, you must have seen, from the first moment I saw you, that it was to you all my thoughts turned."

Here Adelaide paused again, then went on:

"I know that during our hurried meeting of to-night, that I shall not be able to say what I feel to you. So I write now.

"May I venture to tell you also what I fancy I have seen in your eyes, your sweet voice, and in your letters—that I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

"I fear that you may be offended, or think that I have taken advantage of the confidence you so generously placed in me. Still, you know that I love you. I shall not rest until I hear from you, to say that you are not angry with me, and that I may look forward to another delightful meeting, when you will tell me that you are not offended with me; and believe me to be ever your faithful and unchanging admirer, F. PRINGLE."

The Dean listened with quite a new interest to this recital, for Adelaide read it with a power and emphasis that made it quite dramatic.

"Now," he said, "if we knew who was the friend she has betrayed in this way."

"Is it not clear?" said Adelaide. "This paper speaks for itself, does it not?"

"Well, it does in a certain measure," said the Dean, mystified at being addressed in this strain, "to a certain extent."

"It speaks for itself then. Recollect it cannot be said that I have betrayed a companion. That letter is as sacred as a confession. What I can add to it is simply this—I know that the affair began by her volunteering to aid a friend in the business. She has ended, as you have seen," and she held up the letter, "by supplanting that friend in this treacherous way."

"Well! what is it you know?" asked the Dean.

"This for certain—that she kept these meetings secret from the person she called her friend."

"Oh, I see," said the Dean. "This is taking rather an ugly complexion, indeed. Well, what else? Go on."

"I know no more. Quite enough, I should think."

Again taken aback by this air of equality, the Dean looked at her for a moment.

"It's really most disreputable," he said, "from beginning to end. The girl ought to be sent away at once. She should not be under the roof when the strangers come here to-morrow. You can go now."

Adelaide retired.

CHAPTER XIII. ADELAIDE'S WARNING.

AGAIN the council assembled; and once more the hapless Phoebe was brought before it. Under this agitating process the poor child was giving way. Unconsciously the authorities were pursuing

the course which is so much in favour in foreign countries—of enfeebling the prisoner by the moral torture of suspense and pertinacious questioning. Poor little Phoebe! It seemed cruel, this unequal struggle between three stern and pitiless elders and a mere child.

The Dean at once "took up the word."

"I have seen your companion, Adelaide Cross"—here Phoebe anxiously raised her head, and her face brightened—"who has, I must say, attempted to put the best construction on your conduct."

Phoebe's eyes lighted up. "I knew she would—she would stand by me, I was certain."

"Oh hush, none of that," said the Dean, waving off this obnoxious piece of Jacobinism; "no more of that, please. You are not conscious of the very serious, I may say awful, position in which you stand. Miss Cooke owes it to her conscience, and to her establishment, not to keep you an hour longer here. You are to leave this evening."

Phoebe gave a little cry, then bursting into a torrent of sobs, said passionately:

"What! expel me? What have I done! Oh, mamma, mamma! where are you? Help me against these cruel people."

The Dean winced; but the elder Miss Cooke was affected, and said, in a not unkindly way:

"My poor child, what can we do? You have committed a sin terrible in one so young as you are. I would keep you if I could, but I owe it to the others to make an example. The only thing left for you is to tell the whole truth, every word of it; nothing but the entire truth"—an imperfect version of the well-known oath. "Who has led you into all this? Come, confess—tell us everything. It may not turn out so badly after all. We can see what is to be done when in possession of all the facts."

At this appeal the hapless Phoebe drew herself up; a sort of chivalrous glow came into her face. What! betray the one who, at the pinch, had so bravely defended her—never!

"Not if you were to cut me into bits," she said.

There was a silence. The three judges looked at each other.

"It is idle, then, saying more," said the Dean. "She is hopelessly, depellorably"—so he pronounced it—"hardened; she must be sent off forthwith."

Miss Emma Cooke advanced, and took Phoebe by the arm, much as the warders do to a prisoner in the dock after sentence, then led her away.

"You are to pack up your things as quickly as you can," she said. "A carriage has been sent from the Red Lion, and Mrs. Corbett is to take you home."

With all this weight of trouble, the allusion to this name brought the colour to Phoebe's cheeks. She walked with a greater pride; but when she was left alone, this deserted her, and a sort of despair filled her. She sat there stupefied, and when the matron came in a few minutes after to see that she was packing up, Phoebe said, distractedly:

"I can't do it. Do it yourselves. You may kill me, if you like. What have I done to be treated in this way?"

A friendly maid came with some rough comfort, to help to "get her things together." The unhappy Phoebe could only fling herself on the bed, and weep and sob:

"Oh, how wretched I am! They have all left me, as if I was a thing infected."

"Don't take on so, Miss Phoebe," said the maid. "The missus said no one was to be let to see you, but I'll fetch Miss Cross to you if they were to turn me out the next moment."

"Oh, do, do, do!" cried Phoebe. "You are a good, dear soul—the only one that's been kind to me. Fetch her quick. I must see her before they turn me out on the world."

But, just as the girl turned to leave, Adelaide herself stood in the doorway. Phoebe flew to her like some trembling, wounded pigeon. She was too exhausted to speak, and could only flutter on that friendly bosom, as it seemed to her, uttering faint notes of suffering and exhaustion. The other did not shake her off, but endured this affectionate greeting.

"So they are sending you away—expelling you," said Adelaide, and she dwelt on the word, "in disgrace?"

"Yes," said Phoebe, with loving confidence. "But, dearest Adelaide, I would not speak, not if they killed me. No, no; they could not get me to tell a single thing."

Adelaide gave her a look that Phoebe often thought of afterwards. Still she spoke calmly.

"Tell! what have you to tell? Pray finish with all this acting. Don't give

yourself the trouble to keep it up to the last."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Phoebe, retreating in wonder from her. "Why do you speak to me in this way?"

"Why? Because you have behaved treacherously, ruined all my hopes. But I want no airs of sacrifice for me. Dry your eyes. Don't be afraid; you shall not be expelled. Well you knew, all the time, there was no fear of it—though you wished to make your capital out of it—and that, at last, the disclosure must come out!"

"She is mad," thought Phoebe, "perfectly mad."

"You don't think, do you," continued Adelaide, resuming her old calm manner, "that I would allow you to enjoy the heroic feeling of supposing that you were punished for me—lay me under an obligation for life? You never seriously fancied that?"

"Supposing that I would be punished for you!" repeated the bewildered Phoebe. "Surely I have been, and am going to be, disgraced, all for you; and would do so again—that is, if you were only like your old self. But something has changed you terribly."

"You will understand it all by-and-by, when you have thought it over. You may be satisfied with this, that I mean to take your place in that carriage which is now driving up. I scorn your aid."

"But I don't see it," said Phoebe, wildly. "You have become so cruel and so hostile to me. What have I done to you? What more could I do?"

"I don't care whether you think me changed or cruel, and the rest of it. If you want to know what I think, I can only tell you that you are a mass of treachery and deceit. I merely say this last word at parting, and take care that you understand me. Recollect, we are now quits. You can't say you have been punished for me. There is to be no more of the farce of being a victim—do you hear me?—remember that."

She quitted the room. Phoebe was scarcely listening. Looking from the window, she had seen with a thrill the fatal carriage from the Red Lion arrive. Her heart sank; it was the prison-van come to bear her away. She had but little faith in her late friend's promises of rescue. She was so cowed—her nerves so shattered by the events of these few days—that she entertained neither hope nor faith in anything.

UNFOLDING A TAIL.

THE Rev. Baring Gould tells us: "I well remember having it impressed upon me by a Devonshire nurse, as a little child, that all Cornishmen were born with tails; and it was long before I could overcome the prejudice thus early implanted in my heart against my Cornubian neighbours. I looked upon those who dwelt across the Tamar as scarcely to be classed with Christian people, and certainly not to be freely associated with by tailless Devonians. I think my eyes were first opened to the fact that I had been deceived, by a worthy bookseller of L— with whom I had contracted a warm friendship; he having at sundry times contributed pictures to my scrap-book. I remember one day venturing to broach the delicate subject with my tailed friend, whom I liked notwithstanding his caudal appendage. 'Mr. —, is it true that you are a Cornishman?' 'Yes, my little man, born and bred in the West country.' 'I like you very much; but—have you really got a tail?' When the bookseller had recovered from the astonishment which I had produced by my question, he stoutly repudiated the charge. 'But you are a Cornishman?' 'To be sure I am.' 'And all Cornishmen have tails?' 'I believe I satisfied my own mind that the good man had sat his off; and my nurse assured me that such was the case with men of sedentary habits.'

When the Devonshire boy grew up into a learned man, he made it a part of his work to ascertain how far this whimsical myth had extended—how far back in the vista of time, and over how large a portion of the earth. The result is very curious, showing that a belief in tailed men has been held with a resoluteness proof against all ordinary philosophising.

Let us begin with the East, the birth-place of so many marvellous credulities.

Purchas, writing about the Philippine Islands two hundred and seventy years ago, stated that in the kingdom of Lambri were "some men with tayles like dogges, a spanne long;" and, in reference to Sumatra, "They say that there are certaine people there called Daraqui Dara, which have tayles like to sheepe." Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was informed by an acquaintance, on returning from the East, that in the remote parts of the island of Borneo, tailed men are to be found. The doctor

spoke of his friend being a reliable and truthful man, but did not say whether he himself credited the rumour. Struys, a Dutch traveller, who described Formosa just two centuries ago, narrates that before he had visited that beautiful island, he had often heard that some of the natives have tails, like brute beasts. He had always disbelieved the assertion, and nothing would have removed his disbelief but the actual evidence of his own senses. During the sojourn of Struys on the island, a native, who had committed a murder, was tried and executed. "It was then I beheld what I had never thought to see. He had a tail more than a foot long, covered with red hair, and very like that of a cow. When he saw the surprise that this discovery created among the European spectators, he informed us that the tail was the effect of climate; for that all the inhabitants of the south side of the island, whence he had come, were provided with like appendages." Struys was very earnest in the declaration of this fact, claiming for it a truthfulness equal to anything he wished others to say to him; "that the man had a tail, I saw as distinctly as that he had a head." Formosa and the Philippines are not the only parts of the East where such facts (or statements of facts) are to be met with. Early in the present century, Captain Samuel Turner published the narrative of an Embassy to Tibet, including the particulars of an interview with the Deb Rajah of that country. "He told me of some wonders, for which I claim no other credit than that of repeating with fidelity the story of my informant. In the range of mountains north of Assam, he informed me there was a species of human beings with short straight tails, which, according to report, were extremely inconvenient to them, as they were inflexible; in consequence of which, they were obliged to dig holes in the ground before they could attempt to sit down." No inventor of burlesque, however rich in humour, could excel this.

Africa has produced a still greater number of stories than Asia and the remote East, of men provided with this undesirable addition to the usual characteristics of human beings. Harrison, in his Highlands of Ethiopia, mentions it as a common article of belief that Abyssinia contains a pigmy race of tailed men. Horneman mentions a current rumour, to the effect that between Abyssinia and the Gulf of Benin is to be met with a race of

tailed Anthropophagi called Miam-Miams. About fifteen years ago the French were very much taken up with this subject, which seemed to them deserving of more notice than it generally receives. In 1849 the French Government sent M. du Couret to explore some of the least known parts of Africa. In his "Voyage au Pays des Niam-Niams," he describes the pigmies as if he had seen them—as mostly under five feet high, ill-proportioned, thin, weak, and ugly, with short curly woolly hair, and "the external prolongation of the vertebral column, which in every individual, male or female, forms a tail of two or three inches long." This statement is certainly as clear and definite as it could well be. Du Couret had heard of the rumour among the Red Sea Arabs, and appears afterwards to have visited the Niam-Niams in their own country. MM. Arnault and Vayssière, after travelling in Africa, introduced the subject before the Académie des Sciences in 1850. In the next following year Castelman described an expedition of the Houssas against the Niam-Niams. Some of the latter were killed, and it was found that "they had all of them tails forty centimetres long, and from two to three centimetres in diameter; smooth, and alike in both men and women." We suspect this should be four centimetres, not forty.

Other stories of tailed Africans differ as to the region named, the length and appearance of the caudal appendage, and the inclusion of men as well as women among the wearers. M. D'Abbadie, when in that country, was told by an Abyssinian priest that "at the distance of fifteen days south of Herrar is a place where all the men have tails, the length of a span, covered with hair, and situated at the extremity of the spine. The females of that country are very beautiful"—not to European eyes, we presume—"and are tailless. I have seen fifteen of these people at Berberah, and am positive that the tail is natural." So far D'Abbadie's Abyssinian informant. About the same time (1851), or the next following year, Dr. Hubsch, physician to the hospitals of Constantinople, saw there a tailed negress. Her master, a slave-dealer, told him that she was a Niam-Niam, and that all of that tribe had tails, in some instances two feet long. "I have seen a man of the same race," says Dr. Hubsch, "who had a tail an inch and a half long, covered with a few hairs. He was robust,

well-built, and of ebony blackness. I knew also, at Constantinople, the son of a (native?) physician, aged two years, who was born with a tail an inch long. He belonged to the white Cameroon race, and one of his grandfathers possessed the same kind of appendage." If these are the Cameroons of Guinea, we greatly doubt whether there are any white natives in that region; but we tell the tales as we find them. About 1857 the Rev. T. J. Bowen, Baptist missionary in Central Africa, ascertained that the Arab and Moorish traders, in describing the natives of various regions of that continent, spoke of a tribe of little people only three feet high, and added, "Beyond them are a tribe called Alibiru, who have short inflexible tails."

As may naturally be supposed, such an addition to the human form is seldom spoken of favourably by those who have never possessed it. An old Portuguese divine declared as a verity that even Satan was created without a tail; it was only when the Evil One fell into sin that his tail sprang forth, "as an outward and visible token that he had lost the rank of an Angel, and sunk to the level of the Brutes." A witch story, of Polish origin, tells how the members of a particular family all became tailed, to their great mortification. "A witch made a quilt of human skin, and laid it down across the threshold of a house in which a wedding feast was being held. On the bridal pair stepping across the quilt they were suddenly transformed into wolves. The witch sought them out a year afterwards, and cast over them dresses of fur, with the hairy side outwards; but, unfortunately, the dress of the bridegroom was so short that it did not cover his tail; so that when restored to human form he retained this appendage. It became hereditary in his family." That there is something mischievous and tantalising about a tail seems to be felt at Seville; where, according to Doblado's Letters from Spain, ragged urchins out of doors take a mischievous delight in pinning paper tails to the dresses of women passing through the streets. They stick a crooked pin in a strip of white paper, and this becomes conspicuous enough on a Spanish black skirt or mantle. A number of boys then shout out "Larlago, larlago!" ("Drop it, drop it!") Every woman in the street looks round to see whether it is to herself that the unwelcome words are addressed. The fun of the thing is (to the

boys) that the bit of paper bobs round as she turns about, and is not always immediately detected by the wearer. On the other hand, there have been nations among whom the tail was more honoured than reprobated. We read of one tribe of North American Indians who contend that all men originally had tails, long-haired, sleek, and comely; that these elegant appendages were further adorned with paint, beads, and wampum; that the men fell away from good; and that the Great Spirit thereupon punished them by curtailing them. The worst part of this story is that the tails were converted into women.

We have spoken of Asia, Africa, and America; but there is a little also to be said concerning our own England, in connection with this singular belief.

An old story associates the county of Kent with human tails, in a manner that at one time was distasteful to Kentish folk. It must be admitted that the legend was sufficiently aggravating. "St. Augustine came to a certain town, inhabited by wicked people, who refused his doctrine and prechynge utterly, and drof hym out of the towne, castyng on hym the tayles of thornback or lyke fyshes; whereupon he besought Almighty God to shewe his judgement on them; and God sent to them a shamefull token; for the chyldren that were born after in the place had tayles, as it is sayd, tyll they had repented them. It is sayd comynly that this befell at Strode in Kente; but blyssed be God, at thys daye is no such deformity." Another legend tells of Thomas à Becket, not of St. Augustine, and connects the insult with horse-tails instead of fish-tails. The archbishop, according to this version, while riding through Strode or Strood, was rudely received by the people, some of whom cut off his horse's tail; as a punishment, the children of those evil-doers were born with horses' tails. The legends of those times were not very exact, in relation either to topography or to chronology; and therefore we need not be surprised at a transfer of the incident to another part of England. Dorsetshire is implicated in one of the stories, which declares that "for castyng of fyshe tayles at this Augustyne, Dorsett men had tayles ever after." So strongly did a belief in something of this kind exist in the time of Edward the Sixth, that ignorant foreigners taunted the benighted English with their degradation. One of

the Protestant bishops of that reign, launching forth against monks and priests, complained bitterly of the spread of such calumnies, and added: "In these legends they have defamed the English with tails, as has been shown afore. An Englyshman now cannot travayle in another land by way of marchandyse or any other honest occupyng, but it is most contumeliously throwne in his tethe that all Englyshmen have tails." A singular tone of public sentiment is here depicted; showing how little foundation will suffice to build a belief upon. Notwithstanding the many centuries that intervened between the days of St. Augustine and those of Edward the Sixth, and the doubt as to the period when the first legend on the subject was written, the stupid credence still existed, and was made use of as a weapon between rival theological parties. We have one very remarkable proof of the persistence of this notion in the fact that Bailey, in the first edition of his English Dictionary (1731), brought in the heading or item "Kentish Long-tails," as a designation that seemed to him in need of explanation. He adverts to the story of St. Augustine and the fish-tails; to that of Thomas à Becket and the horse-tail; to that which locates the incident at Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire; and to the insulting designation of "Kentish Long-tails," which had been for ages in use; he finally characterises the whole affair as "a lying wonder." This item was omitted from later editions of his dictionary, as if the belief had worn itself out.

The eccentric Lord Monboddoo, who travelled and wrote in the second half of the last century, was not deterred by ridicule from arguing in favour of the human-tail theory. He was a Scottish judge, and threw something of a judicial tone into his odd speculations. He contended that men ought to have tails; that the lower end of the spine is fitted for one; and that the tail is a very expressive organ—denoting love, hate, joy, fear, and other emotions. Dr. Johnson was once conversing with him on the point, and said, in his sententious way: "Of a standing fact, sir, there ought to be no controversy; if there are men with tails, catch a homo caudatus." This was judicious, asking for facts in preference to theories.

Ireland has not quite escaped this visitation of the marvellous. In Bulwer's *Man Transformed, or the Artificial Changeling*, published somewhat over two centuries

ago, he says: "I am informed by an honest young man in Lieutenant-General Suter's regiment, that at Cashell, when stormed by the Lord Inchiquin, and nearly seven hundred put to the sword, there were found among the slain of the Irish, when they were stripped, divers that had tailes neare a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers testified upon their oaths that they were eye-witnesses." We fear that the "honest young man in Lieutenant-General Suter's regiment" must have blarneyed Bulwer most unmercifully. The latter was evidently well disposed to believe the marvellous, for he adds: "It is reported, also, that in Spain there is such another tailed nation."

"I will a tale unfold." Be it so. But it will also have been seen, from the foregoing, that we may change the spelling of the monosyllable, and still find much to unfold in connection with old-world stories which have had their day and passed away. Nay, there are, once now and then, indications that they live even in these days of literature and railways. The Rev. Baring Gould, as narrated above, has told us about his boyish days, his nurse, and the Devonian belief in the caudal appendages of Cornishmen. We find, too, no longer ago than the year 1860, a paragraph in a newspaper, to the effect that a boy was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne with a tail an inch and a quarter in length; and it is delightful to learn that, when the child was sucking, "the tail wagged with pleasure!"

PRIMROSES.

COME, put away that dreary book,
Lift up those tired eyes, and look
At what my hands unfold;
I knew you could not choose but smile,
Although your eyes are grave the while,
At my bright bit of gold.

Two yellow pfmroses; they grew,
Half-hidden from the careless view,
By hedgerow—grass, and spray;
A branch of last year's bracken spread
Its faded banner o'er the bed,
Where these bright treasures lay.

But I was searching all around
For early blossoms, so I found
What others might have passed.
Dear heart! it seems most meet to me
That our first flowers this year should be
Primroses, like the last.

Do you remember how we went,
Our hearts brimful with deep content,
Last year along the road?
My hand was lying on your arm,
Your eyes held mine as with a charm,
And I felt nearer God,

Because of your great love that day;
And, when you gathered by the way
A little flower for me,
My beating heart, before so meek,
Grew great with pride—I could not speak,
But thanked God silently.

"My little modest flower," you said,
And stroked my happy drooping head,
Till I looked up again;
"My little primrose flower, that brings
The fragrance of forgotten springs
To tired heart and brain!"

I know I was not fit to mate
With one like you, so good and great,
But love brings all things round;
For I could learn and you could teach,
So my life's low and narrow reach
Took wider view and bound.

Our hearts are wider too, we know,
And stronger than a year ago
Love's pulses beat to-day;
We feel by many a quiet hour,
By many a trouble shared, the power
Of calm affection's sway.

My darling! have I truly brought
The sunshine and the peace you sought,
When our two lives were bent?
Have I restored your springs of old?
Ah! take my bonny bits of gold!
I know you are content.

A RING IN OPALS.

In the autumn of 1866 I chanced to be travelling in that vast and roadless forest, which stretches between the gold country of Mosquito and the mountains of Camasca. My sole companion was a handsome but headstrong peon, who regaled me from time to time with the story of his exploits in the filibuster war. I gathered that he was a Honduran, and had served under Guardiola, the "Tiger of Honduras," as people called him. Such a service is no recommendation, but he did his duty well towards me.

On a dull and sombre evening, after a long march under the endless shadow of the forest, we came to a rancho, all lonely and ruinous. We stood in a little clearing, where once, no doubt, had been a garden. Wild cane and creepers and convolvulus overgrew it now, for the merciless war of these unhappy countries had passed by the spot. There we decided to halt for the night. Guliermo led the cattle off for water and grass, since mules will not eat corn, and I tore down a yard or two of laths to build my fire. Scarcely had the wood lighted, when my ears caught a dull thud of horses' hoofs. I slipped quietly aside. In another moment two strangers appeared amongst the trees, vague and misty in the twilight. They halted instantly, observing my saddles and packages. The foremost drew his pistol, and cried in Mexican Spanish, "Who is here?"

"Gente de Paz!" I returned from my tree.

"Nary durned thief in this land but calls himself a man of peace!" muttered the second horseman.

I stepped forward. "You are American?" I asked, and held out my flask straightway. "Thanks!" replied the chief man, in English unmistakable. "We have some Bourbon you'll be glad to taste. And if you've no objection, we'll join camps, for the storm is coming down." Without more words he pushed through the oil-plants and the canes towards me.

I never saw a face that good Queen Bees might better have loved to look upon. His brows were strongly marked, and his eyes bore the keen strong gaze of a lion. Handsome features too had the stranger, but those eyes so drew attention, that one scarcely marked the rest. His costume was striking: a short, heavy jacket of Guatemalan wool, edged with a gaudy check and a long parti-coloured fringe; trousers of strong linen, girt with a belt of red leather in which hung pistol and knife; long boots, with spurs of silver, weighing each a pound. His horse was superbly caparisoned. I thought to recognise the class of man. I judged him that peculiar product of the States, a sportsman, or, as we should say, gambler. The other one was evidently a servant, and he proceeded to his duties, whilst the master sat upon a log, and aided me with supper.

The dusk settled swiftly down whilst we talked. Presently, Guliermo's white dress glimmered among the trees. He came towards the fire silently, surveying with critical eye the fine horses munching their corn beside it. Our new comrade turned, so that the mozo could see his features. For an instant he stood motionless, gazing wild-eyed; then, with an inarticulate cry, sprang forward, his machete upraised, and every white tooth gleaming under his moustache. I leaped in front, as did the stranger's servant. We threw Guliermo down, and tied him fast with a halter, he raving and biting the while. The frightened horses plunged at their lariats; Jake swore without intermission; flaming embers were thrown about; but through all this confusion the lion-like eyes were fixed derisively upon my negro. He screamed with all the violence of Creole passion; but when we had tied him fast, and, looking up, he met that laughing gaze, his voice gradually sank to silence.

"Cast him loose, Jake!" said the chief; and his servant obeyed.

Guliermo rose up sullenly, and stood glaring.

"You've an unlucky hand, hombre!" said the other. "This is your third chance, and I'm still alive. When we machos strike, we hit, eh? Have the scars healed on your back?"

"Filibustero de los diables!" yelled the Indian, snatching a heavy brand from the fire. He hurled it with all his force. The other stepped aside, and the log fell against a tree, breaking in a rain of sparks. With a last savage curse upon us all, the mozo dashed into the forest.

We sat down to supper, and I asked point-blank, "You were a filibuster?"

Jake whispered in my ear, "Colonel Hutchins, of the Nicaraguan Rangers!"

I looked with interest at this soldier of fortune, famous in the troubled annals of the country. All believed him to be dead, and the place of his murder had been pointed out to me, in a lonely coope behind Juigalpa. I said as much, and he laughed.

"That was Guliermo's second miss," he answered. "After the massacre of the rangers, I escaped. Jake was ill in Omatepec. Your mozo was then a brilliant aide-de-camp of Guardiola's, and he had a trifling grudge against me. Luckily, an Indian's gratitude is as strong as an Indian's hate, and if one enemy tracked me to kill, another followed to save. Major Gondijo, as he was called then, found me asleep under a tree, and he came mighty near to a successful murder. But the good Samaritan arrived in time."

"What was your quarrel with Guliermo?" I asked, bluntly.

"I was a prisoner of his at El Sauce, and I saved a girl from the brute. That night Munoz attacked, and drove the Hondurans out of Segovia. In the rout I caught Gondijo, tied him up, and gave him fifty lashes. That girl's old father was the good Samaritan I spoke of."

In the jungle one is not free to choose one's comrades, nor is it either safe or practicable to travel alone with baggage. I joined company with Colonel Hutchins, who was on his way to Segovia. After some days he told me his business, and invited me to take part in it. That I could not do, but my warmest sympathies followed this terrible adventurer. Companion more delightful I never met, and nothing will persuade me that the deeds

of ferocity attributed to him are other than vile fictions.

It appears that the Indian, whose daughter he had saved, did not consider himself quits by nursing his benefactor. He imparted to him the secret of a fortune. "In the wildest district of Segovia," said he, "guided by such and such landmarks, you will find a mine of opals, pure water, not the yellow sort, called Honduran. I know it because my father told me, as his father told him. No white man has ever seen it. There is danger, but I cannot tell you of what sort."

At the time Colonel Hutchins dared not show himself by daylight through the five republics. But he never forgot the old Indian's secret, and, after many wanderings, he had ventured back at length.

After many days of pleasant travel, we parted on the lake shore, with promises of correspondence which were never fulfilled on either side. Some twelve months after, through my agents at San Juan del Norté, I received a curious package. Nothing more strangely beautiful have I ever beheld than the chip of stone enclosed. It was about as large as one's fist, clear as glass, but full of unearthly lights. Broad rays of colour, blue and orange and crimson, shot out of it, as from an enormous diamond—much less brilliant of course, but broader and steadier. I showed it to several jewel-merchants, who had seen small bits like it, but none to compare for size or beauty. This stone was lost in the burning of the Pantechnicon. No word accompanied it, but I had no doubt that Colonel Hutchins was the donor.

The other day, in Regent-street, I came face to face upon Jake, the small, crabbed Yankee who acted as the filibuster's servant. He hailed me as a friend in the wilderness, and from him I learned those details I am about to set before you. Jake is here on his master's account, and leaves by the next Royal Mail steamer.

After quitting me, the pair journeyed, without incident, to the lonely district pointed out. I am not at liberty to describe it further. There they sought landmarks among the bleak and barren hills of Segovia. After several days' search they were led to the foot of a rolling slope; miles long it was, sweeping with ridge and furrow half-way to the zenith. The short, fine grass upon it was burnt gray; under that sad tone inequalities of ground all vanished, and the hill seemed to roll in

one smooth sweep heavenward. There should have been a tree; but, for leagues about, not a sapling appeared. Nevertheless, the filibusters rode on and up, Jake grumbling and jeering at his master, who laughed. Suddenly, after half-an-hour's travel, he reined up and pointed. Far away to the left, behind a smooth swell of the innumerable hillocks, they saw a gap, and in it a darker shade of leaves.

"That set my blood dancing," said Jake.

They rode thither, and as they went the gap vanished and reappeared. But at each glimpse it grew wider. After many turns and windings they reached the kloof, as South Africans would call it. Hills swept up boldly on either side, turning suddenly to the right at a hundred yards' distance. All the space between was full of tangled shrubs. Horses could not enter; and it was late. They camped by the old tree which had fallen. During the night strange sounds arose, sighing and moaning of the wind in that narrow cleft.

At dawn they began exploring. A little stream ran through the bush. It was dry, and they used its bed. Going on, the jungle grew thicker. Big trunks of cotton-wood and mahogany crowded to the bank. So tall and so many they rose, the jungle became so dense, that the towering hills were quite lost. Master and servant debated whether to cut a track outwards and strike the sides of the gap. But they decided to keep on. Presently the stream led through real forest, dusky and shadowed. They walked in twilight, though the sun was high.

On a sudden, Hutchins threw himself back with a cry. On the low bank before him sat a spectre. For the instant even he was startled; then, laughingly, he struck the thing, and it toppled clashing down. A glittering ball pitched between Jake's feet. They sat down to examine it.

The thing was evidently a human skull, encrusted with turquoise, garnets, and gleaming black shale.* The latter substance, in tiny flakes, covered all the forehead and lower jaw. The eye-sockets were defined by a row of garnets, uncut. From ear to ear, widening at the cheek-bones, stretched a band of turquoise, excellent of colour, but badly flawed. The lips were marked with garnets, and the wide gaping mouth was filled with them. All the rest of the face had the black, shiny

hue of jet. A few ragged teeth remained in the jaw.

It was the eyes of this extraordinary mask which had startled Hutchins. Huge white opals they were, in which a gleaming red spark played devilishly. Jake was half frightened, even now, with the ghastly object in his lap.

It had stood upon a skeleton, rudely fashioned of white wood, so old and rotten that the filibuster's blow had almost knocked it into powder. One outstretched arm fell into the stream-bed.

A few feet of clear ground there were where this thing had been set up. After examining all the neighbourhood, the adventurers took their breakfast there, silent and thoughtful. The pipe lit in meditation, Hutchins said at length—according to Jake's report—"‘Hev’ yer marked ar’thing extror’nary, sergeant, beside that preparation of bones?’"

"‘I hev, sir!’ answered Jake.

"‘What mout that be now?’ continued the master.

"‘I’ve marked a creek, kurnul, as is a miracle!’"

"‘A fairish show o’ water ran in it last night, eh?’"

"‘That’s so! And now nary drain.’"

"‘An’ what do your exper’ence make o’ that?’"

"‘May-be there’s beavers here; if not, there’s human Ind’ans can build a dam.’"

Whilst finishing their pipes, they silently thought the situation over. Such woodsmen do not require to consult before a simple danger like this. Neither seems to have once entertained the idea of returning. Said Hutchins, when they rose: "I guess the land rises towards the other side?"

"I guess so!" answered Jake.

So he slung the skull behind him, and they took machetes in hand to cut through the wood at right angles, away from the stream.

About an hour and a half of steady progress brought them to the edge. No trace of people or of cultivation did they find. But the hill rose a sheer cliff, as high as they could see for leaves. They followed a long cutting. Gradually the hill lowered; but presently Hutchins nearly pitched into a very deep barranca, or gully, which ran across the valley and split the cliff. Its straight sides effectually stopped them. Again the pair took a mouthful of Bourbon and lit the reflective pipe.

"There's three ways in this matter,"

* Two skulls thus ornamented may be seen in the Christy Collection at Victoria-street. But the eyes have as yet defied all analysis.

said Hutchins, as Jake reports. "We may track the barranca down, an' that's my idee; or we may strike for the other side, crossing the water agin; or we may risk that mirac'ous stream. It's bound to cross the ditch, I take it."

"I guess so. If it come from these hills, 'twould run like Niagara rapids."

"Ay; but them beavers will have made their dam at the crossing, I should opine. 'Twould be easy to wash a man into that crack."

"That's how it strikes me, kurnul. Let's be walking!"

They followed the barranca. Opals were all forgotten by this time. It had come to a match between these wild fellows and a "drove of Ind'ans," as Jake put it. He watched, rifle in hand, whilst Hutchins cut.

After two hours' heavy toil, straight across the kloof, the ground began to rise again. They had passed the water-shed; the barranca grew perceptibly more shallow. Presently, they struck the channel of the stream, running parallel to it. Hutchins paused. "It's death ahead, Jake!" he muttered: and they turned back, examining each foot of the steep barranca. Nowhere was it practicable.

So, at length, they reached the bordering cliff again, from which they had set out. "Up yonder we might see a something!" said Jake. Where the crevasse parted it, the rock was but twenty to twenty-five feet high; with a young cotton-tree reared against it they reached the top.

On one hand lay a confusion of hills, one above another, interlacing and winding about. On the other stretched the kloof, probably a mile wide at this point and full of jungle. Across the barranca trees grew equally thick, but practised eyes could not be mistaken; clearings or savannah lay beyond a narrow belt of forest. Then the filibusters looked down. Right beneath them, masked from sight of people in the valley, an easy crossing lay, scarcely six feet from the edge of the cliff; an inch or two of rock gave foothold to reach the path. They hastily descended by their tree; hanging roots in abundance enabled them to swing round the corner. Triumphant they stood at the head of the crossing.

But much time had been spent in these explorations, and sunset drew on. They resolved to camp on the bare cliff. As well light a fire as not, since the Indians knew their presence. They chose a place somewhat sheltered from the bitter wind

that plays at nightfall over those hills. Hutchins took first watch till midnight, and just as he rose to call Jake, a roar of water came down the valley. Jake started, listened, and took share in the silent laugh of his master.

"Them beavers has miscalculated their dam-work!" he chuckled.

"It's Nicaraguan Rangers they mistook!" Hutchins replied. "We've begun fair, Jake. Don't let's spoil the game by losing our scalps."

But the long black night passed quietly. Wailing cries arose, such as they had heard before, and they knew by this time that the wind did not cause them. But dawn appeared without incident, and the filibusters rose, shivering. They took a mouthful of Bourbon, descended to the dewy brake, and swung round the corner of the cliff.

"Kurnul!" said Jake, as he followed down the path, "I kinder think that if you commanded the rangers still, Henningsen would have you broke for want o' strategic science."

"You mean we should have crossed last night?"

"Well, kurnul, this is a made roadway, if ever there was one. It's rough an' it's old, but it's human. If them Ind'ans has broke it down on the fur side, I guess they'll have the larf of us!"

It took them but a quarter of an hour to reach the bottom and climb the other rise. All this time they were hidden under scrub bushes, and such soft-wood trees as papaw. Jake's suspicion proved correct. All the path had been cut away two feet from the top, and they found themselves face to face with a cliff as steep as that on the other side. On either hand the earth sloped down, and, to make all sure, a strong abattis had been built along the crest. It was not needful. The filibusters, aghast, recognised their case as hopeless, and after five minutes' silent contemplation, they turned about.

"We'll try the stream," muttered Hutchins, "provided, Jake, they've not cut off our retreat. Any how, it's one to score for the Indians!"

It was two to score. For, on regaining the other end of the causeway, they found the hanging roots all cut. Nothing that walks, save a bird or a mouse, could have passed round the cliff. The filibusters looked, and uttered each a low whistle.

"How's the larder?" asked Hutchins, immediately.

Jake reported charqui for two days' consumption, and, said he, "There's living things in this ditch, sure. What devilment d'yer guess there mout be a waitin' for us up at the other end, whar' the crack shallows?"

They started at top speed to see, for the bursting of the dam last night must have injured the fortifications, if, as they supposed, it had flooded the crevasse. Heedless of stinging ants and snakes, they hurried on, slipping on loose stones, falling over roots and bushes. Very soon they found water, stagnant, but flaked with brown foam. It grew deeper and broader as the pair splashed on recklessly. This could be nothing but the overflow of last night. Then, by the increasing height and density of the bush, they knew the barranca was shallowing; the vegetation in it could reach the sun.

Then a wailing clamour rose on either bank, and encouraged the weary men to greater exertions. They did not fear attack in the middle of the barranca; but the flood grew too deep for wading amongst so many obstacles as it concealed. They had to skirt it warily, for there were spots where a strong archer might have struck them. The banks became so low that a stout climb would have taken them out, but it was too probable that the Indians lay in force along its crest. They pressed to the main breach.

It opened on them suddenly, a slope covered with wet mud and rubbish just washed down. The water had but lately ceased flowing. Upon the top a score of naked Indians toiled feverishly at a breastwork. Two or three chiefs, in glittering array hurried back and forward, their feather ornaments aglow in the broken sunlight. At sight of the filibusters all stood aghast; then, throwing up their arms, they fled. A single arrow was shot, which lodged in Jake's holster. He fired over the Indians' heads as they vanished among the trees.

Cautiously Hutchins led the way up. The breastwork had been intended for defence, though it could easily be turned on both sides. But the Indians' hearts had failed them. Traces of the flood were more conspicuous on the top. It had poured down from the right with tremendous violence, washing bushes and timber into the crevasse.

"As near a thing, Jake, as either of us has come to," said Hutchins, looking down the slope. "Now, we'll skirmish into the

wood, if you've picked the garrapatas from your skin."

"Strategy says, look to yer rear, but you'll never larn strategy, kurnul. S'pose we was to see what's going on by the creek?"

Following the flood's course, they reached the stream, which had almost shrunk to its bed. Such signs were there as showed them that the dam was an old system of defence. Reassured in this direction, the filibusters looked to their arms, and prepared to skirmish on. But in the shadow of the wood an Indian appeared. His head-dress was of dazzling green feathers, with long streamers pendant—tail-plumes of the quetzal bird; a feather collar, scarlet and blue, in neat, delicate patterns, encircled his neck; the ends of his white cummerbund almost swept the earth, and they were superbly adorned with crests of humming-bird. Boldly enough he came out; but his whole body shook with fear or rage. Two boys followed in agony visible—one carrying a bow and arrows, the other a feather bag. Leaning on their rifles, the filibusters waited. At ten yards' distance the Indian stood; he took the bow and pouch from his attendants, and held them out, with significant signs.

"It's capitulation in form," said Hutchins, and signalled to open the pouch. This one of the boys did, exhibiting a heap of golden ornaments and some nondescript matters, prized apparently by these savages. Hutchins shook his head, and pointed to the opal eyes of the skull which Jake carried behind him. The Indian seemed wild with horror at that sight, but he understood. One of the boys ran back. He was half an hour absent; and, in the meanwhile, Hutchins established quite friendly relations with the chief. Ostentatiously leaving his gun with Jake, he approached with that universal peacemaker—a flask of spirits. At first the Indian refused, then he sipped, and then drank freely. It was Hutchins's conviction that he had tasted fire-water before. Under the friendly feelings thus produced, he exchanged his beautiful collar for a machete or wood-knife; but the boy, squatting behind him, whiskyless, could not overcome his horror and affright.

The messenger returned with another bag, exquisitely adorned with feathers. Approaching gingerly, he poured out its contents—a heap of opals. Most of them were clear as glass, like the one Hutchins

sent me, but even bigger; some were white as milk, but colourless; others, full of fire, but golden—Honduras opals, in fact. A number, however, might have vied with the grandest gems that come to us from Hungary. The filibusters were dazzled. In the mass shone one big emerald, full of flaws, but three inches square. There was also a great heap of turquoise.

Hutchins gravely put back all the pebbles into the bag, laid his hand upon his heart, and pointed down the valley. The chief placed his fingers on his lips, to indicate secrecy, and the filibusters did likewise. They gave the Indian both their machetes, their flask, and a few coins for ornament; then, with deep bowings on either side, departed. The chief followed them at a distance. An hour's walk by the stream brought them to the head of the kloof, where their horses and baggage should have been. They had vanished, but the Indian signalled comfort, and in a few minutes the boys appeared round a neighbouring hillock, with the missing animals and all their traps. Evidently there was an easier exit from the Indian territory, by which these boys had passed.

Hutchins selected what things he could best spare, and gave them to the chief, who withdrew to a distance, and the filibusters mounted. Loyally they rode away, and no human being has heard that adventure, until Jake told it me the other evening. Don't be in haste to pronounce it impossible. The waste lands of Central America contain hundreds of such Indian communities, not to be approached by white men. Many of them have a quaint civilisation. In Costa Rica I may name the Talamancas and Pranzos; in Nicaragua the Woolwas, Ramas, and Guatusos; in San Salvador the Indians of the Balsam coast; in Guatemala, the Lacandones, the Petens, and a score of others—above all, the famous people of the Itzimaya.

THE BOOK OF THE PLAY.

MR. THACKERAY has described a memorable performance at the Theatre Royal, Chatteries. Arthur Pendennis and his young friend Harry Foker were among the audience; Lieutenants Rodgers and Podgers, and Cornet Tidmus, of the Dragoons, occupied a private-box. The play was *The Stranger*. Bingley, the manager, appeared as the hero of that

sombre work; Mrs. Haller was impersonated by Miss Fotheringay. "I think ye'll like Miss Fotheringay in Mrs. Haller, or me name's not Jack Costigan," observed the father of the actress. Bingley, we are told, was great in the character of the Stranger, and wore the tight pantaloons and Hessian boots which stage tradition has duly prescribed as the costume of that doleful personage. He had the stage jewellery on, too, selecting "the largest and most shining rings for himself, and allowing his little finger to quiver out of his cloak, with a sham diamond-ring covering the first joint of the finger, and twiddling it in the faces of the pit." Bingley fancied the world was fascinated by its glitter.

And he read out of that stage-book—the genuine and old-established "book of the play"—that wonderful volume, "which is not bound like any other book in the world, but is rouged and tawdry like the hero or heroine who holds it; and who holds it as people never do hold books: and points with his finger to a passage, and wags his head ominously at the audience, and then lifts up eyes and finger to the ceiling, professing to derive some intense consolation from the work between which and heaven there is a strong affinity. Any one," proceeds the author of *Pendennis*, "who has ever seen one of our great light comedians X. in a chintz dressing-gown, such as nobody ever wore, and representing himself as a young nobleman in his apartments, and whiling away the time with light literature, until his friend Sir Harry shall arrive, or his father shall come down to breakfast—anybody, I say, who has seen the great X. over a sham book, has indeed had a great pleasure, and an abiding matter for thought."

The Stranger reads from morning to night, as his servant Francis reports of him. When he bestows a purse upon the aged Tobias, that he may be enabled to purchase his only son's discharge from the army, he first sends away Francis with the stage-book, that there may be no witness of the benevolent deed. "Here, take this book, and lay it on my desk," says the Stranger; and the stage direction runs: "Francis goes into the lodge with the book." Bingley, it is stated, marked the page carefully, so that he might continue the perusal of the volume off the stage if he liked. Two acts later, and the Stranger is again to be beheld, "on a seat, reading." But after that he has to put

from him his precious book, for the more stirring incidents of the drama demand his very serious attention.

Dismissed from the Stranger, however, the stage-book probably re-appears in the afterpiece. In how many dramatic works figures this useful property—the “book of the play?” Shakespeare has by no means disdained its use. Imogen is discovered reading in her bed in the second act of *Cymbeline*. She inquires the hour of the lady in attendance :

Almost midnight, madam.

Imogen. I have read three hours, then; mine eyes are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left! To bed!

By-and-by, when Iachimo steals from his trunk to “note the chamber,” he observes the book, examines it, and proclaims its nature :

She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus! here's the leaf turned down
Where Philomel gave up.

Brutus reads within his tent :

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
How ill this taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?

And thereupon enters the ghost of Cæsar, and appoints that celebrated meeting at Philippi.

In the third act of the Third Part of King Henry the Sixth, that monarch enters, “disguised, with a prayer-book.” Further on, when a prisoner in the Tower, he is “discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending;” when Gloucester enters, abruptly dismisses the Lieutenant, and forthwith proceeds to the assassination of the king.

But Gloucester himself is by-and-by to have dealings with the book of the play. In the seventh scene of the third act of King Richard the Third, a stage direction runs: “Enter Gloucester in a gallery above, between two bishops. Whereupon the lord mayor, who has come with divers aldermen and citizens, to beseech the duke to accept the crown of England, observes :

See where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Says Buckingham :

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.

The mayor and citizens departing, Gloucester, in Cibber's acting version of the tragedy, was wont wildly to toss his prayer-book in the air. Here is an opposite note from John Taylor's *Records of my Life*, relative to Garrick's method of

accomplishing this piece of stage business: “My father, who saw him perform King Richard on the first night of his appearance at Goodman's Fields, told me that the audience were particularly struck with his manner of throwing away the book when the lord mayor and aldermen had retired, as it manifested a spirit totally different from the solemn dignity which characterised the former old school, and which his natural acting wholly overturned.”

A certain antiquary, when Kemble first assumed the part of Richard, took objection to the prayer-book he affected to read in this scene. “This book,” writes Boaden, “for aught I know the ‘Secret History of the Green-Room,’ which Kemble took from the property-man before he went on, our exact friend said should have been some illuminated missal. This was somewhat risible, because one would suppose the heart of the antiquary must have grieved to see the actor skirr away so precious a relic of the dark ages, as if, like Careless, in the *School for Scandal*, he would willingly ‘knock down the mayor and aldermen.’”

There is a stage-book in King Henry the Eighth. The Duke of Norfolk, in the second act, “opens a folding-door; the king is discovered sitting and reading pensively.” The book of Prospero is spoken of, but not seen. In *Hamlet* the stage-book plays an important part. Says Polonius to Ophelia, when he and Claudius would be “lawful espials” of her meeting with Hamlet :

Read on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.

The book is now usually a missal which the lady employs at her orisons. But it is oftentimes—for so stage-management will have it—the identical volume with which Hamlet had entered reading in an earlier act, and which he describes, upon being interrogated by Polonius, as containing, “words, words, words,” and “slanders, sir.” It was John Kemble's way, we are told, to tear out a leaf from the book at this period of the performance, by way of conveying “the stronger impression of Hamlet's wildness.” The actor's method of rendering this scene has not been adopted by later representatives of the past character. Indeed, a long run of the tragedy, such as happens in these times, would involve serious outlay for stage-books, if so destructive a system were persisted in. Moreover, there is no sort of warrant in

the text for tearing a leaf out of the "satirical rogue's" work.

The "book of the play" frequently figures in theatrical anecdote. Wilkinson relates, that when Reddish made his first essay upon the stage, he inserted a paragraph in the newspapers, informing the public that he was "a gentleman of easy fortune." He appeared as Sir John Dorilant, in *The School for Lovers*, and in the course of his performance threw from him an elegantly-bound book, which he was supposed to have been studying. Observing this, a gentleman in the pit inquired of Macklin, who happened to be present: "Pray, sir, do you think such conduct natural?" "Why, no, sir," Macklin replied, gravely, "not in a Sir John Dorilant, but strictly natural as Mr. Reddish; for, as you know, he has advertised himself as a gentleman of easy fortune." It has been pointed out, however, that the inaccuracy, fatal to so many anecdotes, affects even this one. The book is thrown away in strict accordance with the stage directions of the play; and it is so treated, not by Sir John Dorilant, but by another character named Belmont.

In Farquhar's comedy of *The Inconstant*, when Bizarre is first addressed by Mirabel and Duretôte, Miss Farren, playing Bizarre, held a book in her hand, which she affected to have been reading before she spoke. Mrs. Jordan, we are told, who afterwards assumed the character, declined to make use of the stage-book, and dispensed with it altogether. She sat perfectly still, affecting to be lost in thought. Then, before speaking, she took a pinch of snuff! Half a century ago a heroine who indulged in snuff was deemed no more objectionable than is one of our modern heroes of the stage, who cannot forego cigars or cigarettes.

There is a stage-book to be seen in *The School for Scandal*. Joseph Surface affects to pore over its pages immediately after he has secreted Lady Teazle behind the screen, and while Sir Peter is on the stairs. "Ever improving himself," notes Sir Peter, and then pats the reader on the shoulder. Joseph starts. "I have been dosing over a stupid book," he says; and the stage direction bids him "gape, and throw down the book." And many volumes are needed in *The Rivals*. Miss Languish's maid Lucy returns after having traversed half the town, and visited all the circulating libraries in Bath. She has failed to obtain *The Reward of*

Constancy; *The Fatal Connexion*; *The Mistakes of the Heart*; *The Delicate Distress*, or the *Memoirs of Lady Woodford*. But she has secured, as she says, "taking the books from under her cloak, and from her pockets": "*The Gordian Knot and Peregrine Pickle*. Here are *The Tears of Sensibility and Humphrey Clinker*. This, *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, written by herself; and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*."

Lydia. Heigh-ho! What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*, where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

Lydia. Very well; give me the sal volatile.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

Lydia. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. Oh, the drops! Here, ma'am.

Presently the approach of Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute is announced. Cries Lydia: "Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick. Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet; throw *Roderick Random* into the closet; thrust *Lord Ainsworth* under the sofa; cram *Ovid* behind the bolster; there, put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so—now lay Mrs. Chapone in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table."

Lucy. O, burn it, ma'am! The hairdresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lydia. Never mind; open at *Sobriety*. Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*. Now for 'em!

It will be perceived that the property-master of the theatre is here required to produce quite a library of stage-books. Does he buy them by the dozen, from the nearest bookstall; out of that trunk full of miscellaneous volumes, boldly labelled, "All these at fourpence?" And does he then re-cover them with the bright blue or scarlet that is so dear to him, daubing them here and there with his indispensable Dutch metal? Of course their contents can matter little. Like all the other things of the theatre, they are not what they pretend to be; nor what they would have the audience think them. The "book of the play" is something of a mystery. Let us take for granted, however, that it is rarely interesting to the reader, that it is not one of those volumes which, when once taken up, cannot again be laid down—which thrill, enchain, and absorb. For otherwise what might happen? When some necessary question of the play had to be considered, the actor, over-occupied with the volume in his hand, fairly tied

and bound by its chain of interest, might forget his part—the book might ruin the play. Of course such an accident could not be permitted. The stage-book is bound to be a dull book, however much it may seem to entertain Brutus and Henry, The Stranger and Bizarre, Hamlet and Joseph Surface, Imogen and Lydia Languish. It is, in truth, a book for all stage-readers. And now it is a prayer-book—as in the case of Richard the Third; and now, in *The Hunchback*, it is Ovid's *Art of Love*. According to the prompt-book of the play, Modus is to enter "with a neatly-bound book."

Helen. What is the book?

Modus. 'Tis Ovid's *Art of Love*.

Helen. That Ovid was a fool.

Modus. In what?

Helen. In that,

To call that thing an art which art is none.

She strikes the book from his hand, and reproves him for reading in presence of a lady.

Modus. Right you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault:
So please you—may I pick it up again?
I'll put it in my pocket!

It is the misfortune of the "book of the play" to be much maltreated by the dramatis personæ. It is now flung away, now torn, now struck to earth; the property-master, it may be, watching its fate from the side-wings—anxious not so much because of its contents or intrinsic value, as on account of the gaudy cover his art has supplied it with, and the pains he must take to repair any injuries it may receive in the course of performance.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK III. WIDOW AND MOTHER. CHAPTER V.
"I PROMISE."

It would be profitless and little edifying to inquire too narrowly into what Geoffrey Dale had been doing, in the interval between his departure from Mount Kiera Lodge and his surreptitious visit to Miss Pemberton. The lives of adventurers, whether in a large or a small way, of that which they call by the honest name "business," are not pleasant to contemplate; their shifts and resources are of the kind that it is better only to glance at and pass by.

To Geoffrey Dale the course of life merely meant the evolution of "luck." He believed in no higher providence; he

lived according to no more certain law. Sometimes luck had been on his side, sometimes against him—notably the latter, just before he started on that coach-journey with Edward Randall; but he counted that the result of it had picked him up very considerably. The story of his experience since he had been sent out to the colonies by an uncle—his only surviving relative, whose most ardent desire with respect to him was to get conclusively rid of him—was one of vicissitude of fortune, including experiments of every kind, except that of honest and sustained exertion. Geoffrey Dale would not work if he could help it, and he generally contrived to elude the necessity by shifts which had their cleverness no doubt, but whose efficacy was only temporary. Gambling was the generic name for them all. It had brought him very low indeed occasionally, and it had never given him any of the extraordinary chances which it affords to some men, whereby they are pitched out of a troubled sea of impecuniosity upon a pleasant shore of solvency and ease. Geoffrey Dale believed in such chances, and even thought at times that if one of them were to come in his way he would not risk its stability, but become respectable, and keep so. Not that he did not know that "Qui a bu, boira;" but then, under comfortable circumstances of the kind indicated, he who drank deeply before would content himself with safe and modest draughts, indeed mere sippings of the treacherous cup.

Once or twice Geoffrey Dale had been very near such a piece of good fortune, in the aggravating position of the jockey who just loses a race, or the archer who just misses the centre of the inner ring; and who is proportionably exacerbated by his failure, and stimulated by the nearness of the miss to try again and again. He had never gone so far outside the boundary of what his discretion dictated as safe practice, as in the transactions at Mount Kiera Lodge; but then he had never been reduced to such straits, nor had so easy an opportunity offered itself to him before.

Mr. Dale was at this period of his career anything but an example of the moral reading-book description. Not only had his ill-gotten gains prospered in his hands, but he had so worked on the basis of the sum with which he returned to Sydney, that he had lived since then with all external respectability, and carefully avoided the companions of the looser

sort with whom he had previously been familiar. If, indeed, any of his former associates had inquired for him at his present abode by the name of Geoffrey Dale, they would have been told that the gentleman who occupied the neat lodgings in which he had established himself was not so named. What he called himself during his stay at Sydney is none of our present business; our concern is with his change of plans after he left John Pemberton's hospitable house, and the motive which induced him to prolong his stay in the colonial capital.

Geoffrey Dale's change of plan dated from the day on which he read the announcement of John Pemberton's death in the Sydney Herald; and the motive of it was a resolution not to lose sight of John Pemberton's daughter.

He had intended to return to England. He was tired of what he called his ill-luck in the colonies, and he was by no means certain that his uncle had quite conclusively meant what he said when he assured him, at their farewell interview, that the far from liberal sum with which he was then "starting" his nephew, included the very last shilling he should ever have from him. It is not difficult, when one is at the other end of the world, to believe that people at this end are more indulgently disposed towards one than they really are; and Geoffrey Dale had done so many worse things on the far side, than those with which his uncle had become acquainted on the near, that he might with some reason regard his earlier career as comparatively harmless.

Bat, with the reading of the brief line in the newspaper, a new idea presented itself to Geoffrey Dale. In writing the note which Ida found in her music-book, and inducing the inexperienced girl to write to him, he had had no set purpose beyond the malicious one of doing something which would annoy Mrs. Pemberton, and no distinct object in view of an interested nature. He admired the pretty girl, who was so unsophisticated and so self-willed; and he thought it would be a pleasant enough solution of the precariousness of his position to become the son-in-law of the "good Samaritan," especially as that prosperous gentleman meditated a return to England. But the best of Samaritans would make inquiry before he permitted his only daughter to marry a stranger, who, however brilliantly and successfully he might

draw upon his imagination for the facts of his origin and his previous history, must needs tell the truth about his pecuniary circumstances. And then, the Samaritan's wife suspected and disliked Mr. Dale, and he was too wise to make any mistake about the importance and weight of that element in the case. Mrs. Pemberton could do anything with her husband, and, if Geoffrey Dale were to intrude himself into their lives again, she would assuredly balk his attempt to regain a footing there.

It was therefore partly from a mere reckless inclination to do mischief, and partly because it was just possible the Samaritan might be made useful to him in the future, that Geoffrey Dale had set the trap for Ida. He was surprised, rather nettled, perhaps, that she did not walk into it so soon as he expected, but he was speedily compensated for this small mortification.

Ida Pemberton, as the heiress of the Samaritan's wealth—with no one to make inquiries, or interfere, except a step-mother, from whom it might be easy to detach her liking and her confidence; easy, that is to say, for a man with whom she was very near to fancying herself in love—assumed a very different position in Mr. Dale's estimation. He could defy Mrs. Pemberton's enmity, if he should seriously contemplate attempting such a coup as winning the hand of John Pemberton's daughter, for she could have no power except such as he could undermine; and whereas she had nothing but a prejudice and a suspicion to advance against him—the one as baseless as the other was contemptible, he could easily make it appear—he had facts to produce in evidence against her, of which she would not lightly risk the revelation. He had seen her tears, he had heard her words as she knelt beside the unconscious guest whose presence had cost her so dear; and he had put upon both tears and words the sort of interpretation which comes readily to such men as Geoffrey Dale. That Mary had told her husband of her previous acquaintance with Edward Randall did not affect his view in the least. That was either audacity or calculation—Randall might have let out the fact in his delirium. His own case was unassailable. He could either defy Ida's step-mother, or make a bargain with her according to circumstances; but the first object to be gained was the securing of Ida's confidence, the strengthening of the "great

friend" position he had taken up. Needless to say, he succeeded in that; but, in certain troublesome ways, Ida's simplicity baffled him. She answered his letters, she appreciated his sympathy, she allowed herself to be influenced by his hints, and guided by his advice; but she did not tell him anything about her father's will, and she gave him—in explanation of the delay in the return to England, which had been decided upon—merely vague statements respecting Mrs. Pemberton's health. When Mrs. Pemberton was strong enough, they were to go. That was all Ida ever said. Now, Geoffrey Dale had grown tired of this uncertainty. Certain little speculations, in which he had been engaged, had not turned out quite so well as he expected; and he resolved to set about the larger one without more loss of time. Ida would tell him particulars which it would never occur to her to write. He would see her, test his power over her, make sure of his conquest, or see at once that his luck was against him in that quarter also; and, in the former case, bring the question between himself and Mrs. Pemberton, of battle or bargain, to an issue without delay. He had nothing to lose in the game he proposed to play—and the game was well worth the winning.

Mr. Dale was so completely unprepared for the news which Ida had to tell him, that it almost threw him off his guard. Mrs. Pemberton had become an adversary of far more importance than he had calculated upon, and the hazards had increased very materially. On the other hand, Ida was much more charming than he had imagined her. Mr. Dale felt that if he had been in a position to indulge in the luxury of falling in love, he might have fallen in love with Miss Pemberton, without any regard being had to the expediency of the sentiment.

He was not sorry for the interruption which had cut short his interview with Ida. He wanted time to think over the changed aspect of affairs. As he walked away from Mount Kiera Lodge, in the direction of the wayside inn where he had secured a lodging, he thought with satisfaction on only one aspect of their interview. Ida Pemberton liked him quite well enough to be easily persuaded to love him, if he choose to persuade her. There was a consciousness in her looks and manner which assured him on that point; and, as he had no clue to its origin in Mrs. Pemberton's suspicious question-

ing, he was justified in scoring it up to his own advantage.

Would she obey his injunction to keep their meeting a secret from Mrs. Pemberton? This would not be a bad test of the extent of his influence over her.

On the morrow Geoffrey Dale again went to Mount Kiera Lodge, and again, without presenting himself at the house, took his way to the spot at which Ida had joined him on the preceding day. It was just beyond a bend in the wide, well-kept path, through the shrubbery, where a garden-seat was placed under the shelter of a tree, and well back from the path. Ida was waiting for her visitor, and looking even better than she had looked the day before, for she was very becomingly agitated, and the trouble in her brown eyes brightened them.

Miss Pemberton rose from the garden-seat, and gave Mr. Dale her hand, which he retained a little longer than he had ventured to do the day before, while he thanked her for her punctuality, and inquired for Mrs. Pemberton. He was totally unembarrassed, and carried out perfectly his purpose of depriving the unusual step which he had induced Ida to take of any seeming strangeness. Ida answered him shyly, and said, as they walked on together:

"I—I did not tell Mrs. Pemberton you had come, because you told me it might harm her to be annoyed about anything. But I—I don't think it is quite right; it makes me uncomfortable; and I—I wish I might tell her."

Ida had been ready enough to write to Mr. Dale without anybody's knowledge—there was nothing embarrassing or confusing in that, he and she had become such "great friends" in a few days' acquaintance—but it was a different thing to find herself involved in a clandestine interview with this man, who seemed to regard her now in a different light, whose eyes spoke quite another language—a language until that moment all unknown to Ida, but to which something in her own heart (or imagination, was it?) gave her the key.

"It is a necessity of your position," said Mr. Dale, soothingly. "Of course she must know, when it cannot harm her to cross her unreasonable, I may say unjust, prejudices. But may we not forget them and her for the moment, and think only of ourselves, of this brief meeting, and of the future that lies before

us? I will not distress you by asking you to receive me in this way again; I will trust to your courage, and justice, and kindness, to defy and defeat, as you have already done, all efforts to forbid our friendship."

"Thank you," said Ida, frankly; "I think that will be best."

"But you will let me stay awhile now?" said Mr. Dale; and Ida assented. They walked on, completely out of sight of the house; they passed through a gate which gave admittance to a small nursery-ground which John Pemberton had taken great interest in, and where he had reared many a plant which was to make a goodly show in the far-away England of his constant dreams; but which had fallen into neglect of late. It was quite deserted now; Geoffrey Dale and Ida had it all to themselves.

The conversation was long and animated; and, on Ida's side, perfectly frank. She did not, perhaps, learn a great deal about Mr. Dale, though he made a great show of expansiveness; but she derived a general notion that he was going to be immensely influenced by her for the future; that he lamented many wasted opportunities; and that on his return to England he would start on a career of distinction. To what particular avocation he proposed to devote himself he did not mention, nor did he account for his present unsettled condition otherwise than by talking about his "restlessness" and "love of change," and how his "guardian" had allowed him to gratify his fancy for seeing the far ends of the earth. In fact, he merely deepened the colours, and filled in the outlines of the fancy sketch of himself which he had drawn for Ida in the first days of their acquaintance; but she took it all for a history as full as it was authentic, and was perfectly satisfied.

She especially admired, in her own softened state of feeling, the manner in which Mr. Dale spoke of Mrs. Pemberton. He was fully in possession of what had passed between Ida and her step-mother with respect to himself, except the embarrassing suggestion as to a possible transmutation of the friend into the lover, and he discussed it in a mild and generous mood.

"No doubt," he said, "poor Randall took some delusion into his head, in his fatal illness, about me, and imparted it to her; and she believed it. She is the sort of woman to stick to a notion if she once took it up, and I can excuse her in this

case. Unfortunately what I know about her is no delusion; but let us never allude to that again, except under strong necessity. As to her saying that your father shared her ill opinion of me, that is quite untrue."

"I contradicted her flatly when she said it."

"I thank you most heartily that you did so on impulse, on trust. It was just like your sweet generous self. And you had ample grounds for contradicting Mrs. Pemberton. Your father and I parted perfectly good friends."

"She made me promise—at least, not exactly—she wanted me to promise, and though I said nothing, I think she takes it for granted that I have promised—to tell her when you intend to go to England. I think she had some apprehension that you might be in the same ship with us, for she said something about not meeting you."

"Indeed! That is very odd, for, do you know"—here he paused and directed an inquiring glance towards Ida's face, but her eyes were downcast—"I had precisely that intention, subject to your approval, and permission."

"Permission!" she exclaimed, looking up hastily. "I—I could not have objected, but Mrs. Pemberton——"

"Would object very strongly, of course. But look at the advantages of my doing this very thing. I don't want to be your step-mother's victorious enemy, though your staunchness would make me so. I want to be her friend—I want to disarm her prejudices. And how could I ever have such an opportunity?"

"But," remonstrated Ida, frightened at the audacity of the notion, "she would not sail in the same ship with you."

"Not if she knew it. But if she did not? She could not, without making things very unpleasant, ignore your friend under such circumstances, and I should have a fair chance of conquering a foolish prepossession."

"But it could not be; you forget I am bound to tell her."

"No, indeed, you are not. Your promise was only taken for granted. At all events you shall not have to break it. I shall tell you nothing, and you shall only tell me, as soon as you know it, the name of your ship."

"Ah, that is only a compromise," said Ida, "and it would be a very serious thing to do."

"Serious! not at all! On the contrary,

it would be a capital joke." But Ida shook her head; she could not see anything of a jocose character in the notion; though she allowed him to perceive that she felt, if he could be her fellow-traveller, the voyage would be relieved of much of its anticipated ennui.

Mr. Dale then judiciously allowed the subject to drop, feeling sure that Ida would do as he wished with respect to keeping him informed of her own movements, and refraining from enlightening Mrs. Pemberton as to his. He led the conversation to other topics; to Ida's notions of what her life in England was to be like, and to his own associations with that country. The time passed away very pleasantly for Ida, who had quite persuaded herself that it was only on Mrs. Pemberton's own account she would hesitate to inform her of Geoffrey Dale's visit. She enjoyed his society, she liked him more and more. How very dull and uninteresting her life would be if this delightful friendship were gone out of it; and how certain she felt that no one with whom she should become acquainted in England could ever be so pleasant a companion as Mr. Dale. Besides, no one could be to her what he was, because no one else would be associated with the past; he only would have known her old home and her father.

No stroke of the intrusive bell came on this occasion to summon Ida, and the conversation prolonged itself until Mr. Dale was aroused to the necessity of bringing it to a close. He was satisfied with its results. If it should suit him to ask Ida Pemberton for her heart and hand, he felt pretty certain that she would not refuse them.

He was not wholly hardened and mercenary in his reflections when he had left her. Though he had let himself down into very low depths of scoundrelism, it was not exclusively in the light of a probable victim that he contemplated Ida. He could bring himself to lead a respectable life, he thought, with that pretty creature—who, though quite ignorant of life, was not at all stupid—for his wife. He never should have any temptation to be unkind to her. Indeed, he proposed to himself, and answered in the affirmative, that

fairest of test questions in such a case as his: "If I did not want money so imperatively, the thing would be impossible; and if she had not any, or a chance of any, would I marry her?"

"I suppose I had better not come again?" Mr. Dale said to Ida, when he was about to take leave of her.

"I suppose not," she replied, with visible reluctance, "unless I could tell Mrs. Pemberton."

"Impossible at present. This, then, must be good-bye until we meet—in England, is it to be?"

He smiled, and she knew he had not relinquished the intention of sailing in the same ship with her step-mother and herself.

"I believe we shall be at an hotel at Sydney for a few days before we sail," said Ida. "Mrs. Pemberton means to send a number of things out of the house to England—they are to be sent in another ship; and she has business to settle with Mr. Meredith. I will let you know, unless you leave sooner, all about it, when I know myself."

"You will write to me soon?"

"Yes, soon. And to the same address, I suppose?"

"To the same address. And you will hold firmly to our pact of friendship; you will let no one—for no one has the right—come between us? Promise me."

Her hand was trembling slightly as it rested on his arm, and there was trouble in her downcast face.

"I promise," she said.

He thanked her rapturously, and they parted. Again fortune favoured Mr. Dale; his coming to and going from Mount Kiera Lodge were unnoticed by anyone about the place.

Ida betook herself for a while to Dick's society. She talked to him, she fed him, she stroked him; but her mind was absent, and she suspected that Dick knew it. He rubbed his velvet nose along her neck, and she put her arms round his, and cried a little against his face. She could not tell Dick what it was that ailed her, because she did not know. But she might have found out, if Mrs. Pemberton had chanced to repeat her question, "Have you given Geoffrey Dale your heart, poor child?" For that was what she had done.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIV. PUT TO THE QUESTION.

A QUARTER of an hour went by; then half an hour; then an hour. The carriage still waited. Phoebe wept and wept again. Suddenly she was roused by the matron touching her.

"You are to come at once to the study; they want you."

This going to and coming from the study was the part of this probation that most of all chilled Phoebe's heart. It was more awful than the being placed in the dock itself. But she was now so stunned and bewildered by repeated strokes, that she felt but little. The matron added carelessly:

"Your mother has arrived!"

That roused her like a trumpet. All her troubles were forgotten in the prospect of seeing her dear, darling mamma. Here was rescue, light, comfort. She was no longer the poor, unfriended, persecuted outcast.

"Where is she? Take me to her. Do take me to mamma!" she cried. "She'll protect me!"

Space became, as it were, annihilated. She never knew how she traversed those long, gant corridors and passages, which, in public institutions, lead to the tribunals and seats of authority. But the next scene was the room itself, filled with what seemed to be a crowd, with many faces—the Dean's, Miss Cooke's—and, above all, the dear familiar one of her mother. In an instant she was on her neck.

Apart from the crowd, and in the centre of the room, stood Adelaide, cold and

statue-like. Phoebe's entrance had, it seemed, interrupted her.

"Now," she was saying, "I have told you the whole, so far as it concerns myself. Let her deny it if she can."

Here she paused, and the Dean, with some embarrassment, took up the discourse.

"It seems," he said, addressing Phoebe, "that Miss Cross was the one who originally entered into this clandestine relation. She has come forward, I must say, fairly enough, when she found that another was likely to be punished. She adds, however, what gives a new turn to this painful business, that you, while affecting to aid her in these scandalous and most improper proceedings, succeeded in diverting this gentleman's attention to yourself; and that, secretly and unknown to her, you have been carrying on these clandestine communications for a long time."

Here Mrs. Dawson interposed.

"Well, and after all, my dear sir, what if she did? No harm has been done. Girls will be girls, you know."

"My good madam——" began the Dean, much shocked.

"My dear, good Miss Cooke," again interrupted the lady, "it is foolish of you to magnify these things into mountains. If it gets known, you will ruin your establishment. Mr. Dean here, who is a man of the world, will see that in a moment."

"But this has gone too far, madam," he replied, "quite too far, to be treated in that way. You see there is a certain responsibility for Miss Cooke here——"

"Oh, nonsense," said the lady. "I'm sure Lady Mary Brixton—whom Mrs. Drinkwater knows very well—would be

dreadfully put out about it, and take away her girls the first thing. It's a foolish lark, as they call it. Better say no more about it, you know."

The Dean seemed a little irresolute, but Miss Cooke had a good deal of the Puritan in the cause of propriety and decorum. She would saw off the branch, even though she herself was seated upon it.

"It cannot be compromised," she said, trembling with agitation, "even though I have to shut up my school. As the matter stands, Miss Cross seems to be guilty, but Miss Phoebe Dawson infinitely more guilty. If there is any indulgence to be extended, it should be to Miss Cross, who has come forward honourably to prevent another being punished."

Here Mrs. Dawson gathered her lace shawl about her, and said, angrily, "I could not believe you would be so ridiculous. If you will not hear common sense, you must put up with the consequences. I shall take care not to have my child disgraced before the world. Tomorrow is your field-day, or your exhibition-day, or whatever you call it——"

"We can't help parents being offended," said Miss Cooke, now beginning to take the matter into her own hands; "I must do my duty. For the last time, you have now an opportunity of clearing yourself, Miss Dawson. I conjure you, in Heaven's name, speak out and tell the truth!"

"I did it all for her," said Phoebe. "That's all I can say, if you kill me. Oh, it is shocking to accuse me in this way! How could I help his turning over to me? I so pitied her; and she was so anxious to get away from this place; and this was the only opportunity that offered."

The Dean shook his head.

"Oh, worse and worse! Now you throw it on the school! The letter, you see, unfortunately, does not fit with your explanation. There is no use trying these subterfuges. I fear it is too plain that, with your volatile character, you could not resist the foolish satisfaction of drawing away an admirer from another. I think we had better end the matter at once, and save further prevarication or falsehood."

Thus it was that Phoebe was tried and found guilty before an overwhelming weight of evidence. There stood her former friend Adelaide, with a cold and hostile look in her face.

Phoebe waited helplessly for sentence, when the gaze of Adelaide, fixed on her

with what seemed cold satisfaction, suddenly inspired her. She cried out:

"I see it now! I see it all! This is revenge. I am sure of it. I have offended her in some way, and she has confessed all this, only to put me more in the wrong, and she knows that I cannot explain it. If there was only some one to ask her questions—to take my part—I can't do it myself——"

At this unexpected dramatic burst, every one looked at each other. Even Adelaide was discomposed. Phoebe's mother, faithful as a gallant hen defending her chicken, fluttered forward:

"Yes, yes, my child," she cried, "you are right. Just look at that girl's face; she has some spite or grudge against her. Anyone can see it. Suppose the man did desert her, who can blame him? It's only natural. I leave it to anyone: which of the two is most attractive?"

So blunt a way of resolving the matter might have caused less excited bystanders to smile. The Dean shook his head. That sort of judgment of Paris would hardly do.

Adelaide glanced from one to the other with scorn and defiance. The more she was thus baited, the more some lurking, almost devilish, spirit of no surrender was asserting itself.

"The innocent! the poor innocent!" she said. "She is welcome to that help of being prettier and, perhaps, more artful. You may make the best of it for her. You, sir, will do me justice? I say, again, here are the facts: the letter, and her ways, and tricks—all underhand, mind, and unknown to me. Keep steadily to that, sir. You are judge here, and I call on you to do justice, as a minister of the Church, of which you are a deserving pillar."

This phrase of Shylock's might almost seem to have been a sneer; but Adelaide spoke with gravity and earnestness. The Dean was never so perplexed, and even harassed, in his life, not even at the memorable period when he had a turbulent and defiant curate, called Bolton, before him, who had nearly been his death.

"I declare," he said, "I don't know what to do among them all."

At this moment entered the licitor Corbett, with a card, which she laid down before the Dean:

"He's come in a chaise from the Red Lion, and says he wants to see Miss Cooke particularly."

"Oh, she can't see people now!" said

the Dean, impatiently. "We're busy here. Who is he? Pringle——"

"That's he!" almost screamed Phoebe. "Let him come up. He'll tell the truth. He's a gentleman. Now, we shall know everything; only let him come up!"

More and yet more bewildered, Adelaide turned pale and red, her lips trembling.

"Well, let him. I believe still we shall know the truth that way."

"Oh, this is the person, then?" said the Dean, adding, half to himself, "fons et origo, hem—— Well, I see no objection. Anything that will help us to an issue."

"Mind, though," said Adelaide, "that even if he support what she says, that is not conclusive. They were both engaged in this double dealing, and are likely to support each other. You must consider that."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the Dean.

"Why, you black-hearted girl," said Mrs. Dawson, "you are full of venom, and spite, and hatred, and ill-will. I tell you what," added the sensible lady, "you go and talk to him, Mr. Dean, and see what he has to say. You know the world. He'd only laugh at us, if he was brought into a room full of women like this."

"A very proper suggestion," said the Dean; and he rose up and left the room.

Adelaide Cross remained standing in the same attitude, but looking with some disquietude to the door. The absence was not long. In two or three minutes the Dean returned, entering hurriedly.

"It is all cleared up," he said, resuming his seat; "this unexpected testimony has helped us. The young man has spoken to me with very great propriety. He entirely exculpates Miss Dawson; he declares that she was all through acting for her friend. He confessed to me, with the greatest frankness, that he found himself attracted by Miss Phoebe, but that it was not until the last moment that she learned that she was the object of his attentions. He has fairly enough admitted to me that he has done very, very wrong. I am glad, very glad, that this painful case has taken such a turn."

Adelaide was still unmoved. But she said slowly, and with her old scorn:

"A lawyer would tell you that this evidence is of no value. It is merely the statement of one guilty person trying to screen the other."

"Oh! for shame!" said the Dean, rising. "I can't listen to this sort of

thing. I declare you are too bad. I'm afraid that you will turn out discreditably——"

"I!" said Adelaide, with infinite scorn. "Who gave you leave, pray, to utter prophecies about my life? What authority have you over me, or, for that matter, any one here? You dare not speak that way to your parsons—or, for that matter, even to your wife——"

"God bless me! Is she mad?" gasped the Dean, clutching the handles of his arm-chair.

"But, of course," went on Adelaide, "to a poor, friendless, outcast girl like me, you can be overbearing enough. Your feeble mind is well fitted to settle things of this kind among women. Men laugh at you!"

"Stop, stop!" said Miss Cooke, in horror; "take her out of the room."

The Dean, perfectly aghast, could only murmur, "Take her away—she is mad! Where are we? God bless me!"

And Miss Emma Cooke and the other licitor advanced and removed the prisoner.

"I fear that wretched girl will come to a bad end," said he, after a pause. "Well, let me see; we have done with this business now. Miss Cooke, I think you may now be satisfied, and act accordingly. Miss Dawson has been indiscreet, but she is entirely acquitted of the serious charge."

"It is too shocking," said the head of the house, much moved. "We were near committing a terrible injustice. Oh! that girl, on whom we have lavished such motherly kindness, to behave in such a fashion! But Phoebe, my child, you have been very foolish and indiscreet, and I hope it will be a lesson to you."

"Indeed, indeed, it will," said Phoebe, all in a flutter, like a prisoner whom the jury has just acquitted. "I'll do anything—everything——"

"My poor Phoebe," said her mother, fondly; "such a way to treat you. There is not an ounce of harm in her. She has too much spirit, that is all."

"Very well, very well," said the Dean, who was much put out by the insults he had received, "that will do now. Yes, you must take care in future. Then, there is nothing more to be done."

So the court broke up. But he never forgave either Miss Cooke, or the school, or Phoebe: the former he always spoke of as "a foolish, indiscreet old woman, that didn't know how to manage girls." Adelaide was ordered into confinement for

the day, until it was settled what could be done with her. A most embarrassing question—for it was easy to send for a chaise from the Red Lion, and put her and her trunks in it, but where that carriage was to take her was the question. She had no friends or relations known.

TRUFFLES.

TRUFFLES, like caviare, are things of which many talk who never saw or tasted them. And, even of those who have been lucky enough to sit down to a turkey stuffed with them, we fancy the majority have no notion how they grow or where they come from. Housekeepers, of course, know that they come in tins or capsuled bottles, from shops like Fortnum and Mason's, or Crosse and Blackwell's, and that they are about the dearest thing that can be had in the way of flavouring. But their knowledge usually ends there. People brought up in Wiltshire or Sussex may possibly, if they were given to chatting with the labouring men, have heard the tradition—for it is now little more than a tradition—of truffle-hunting, with dogs specially trained for the purpose, in the oak-coppices on the edge of the Weald, or in the broad woods that stretch from Longleat to Bruton. You may still meet an old smock-frocked fellow who knows all about truffles, and who remembers the time when people used to think they could make money by seeking for them. But the attempt has almost died out in England; and now certain parts of France are almost the only hunting-grounds where this strange underground mushroom is sought.

As with other benefactors of the human race, oblivion has been the lot of him who discovered the real truffle—"black diamond of modern gastronomy," as an enthusiastic Frenchman calls it. There is a white truffle, a poor tasteless sham, which grows abundantly in the sands of North Africa and Syria. This terfez, as it is called, much used still by Arabs and Syrians, was well known in Greek and Roman kitchens. Some, indeed, go so far as to think that the "mandrakes" which Reuben found, and brought to Leah, and which Rachel longed for, were terfez. However this may be, the truffle-trade was so important in Juvenal's time, that in one of his satires he says: "Don't trouble yourselves, you Libyans, to do any more

ploughing" (North Africa was then the granary of Rome); "we shan't complain if you send us truffles enough." But these were the terfez, a poor kind of thing, needing to be spiced up itself, instead of being used to give an indescribably delicate flavour to that which is cooked with it.

In the dark ages, cookery died out like many other classical arts. Men went back to the old Homeric roast and boiled. The tradition of truffles was only kept alive in the books of Avicenna and the other Arabian physicians. But with the revival of letters came the revival of cookery as a fine art. Men read about underground tubers in the Greek and Roman writers, from Theophrastus downwards; and so they began digging and cooking. There were rival popes in those days, and they were rivals in gastronomy, as well as in other things. Avignon and Rome vied with one another, not only in eloquent anathemas, but in elegant entertainments. Provence, too, the merry land of troubadours, was also a land of good cheer; nor was the court of Burgundy, enriched by its wealthy Flemish subjects, at all behind in the matter of dainty fare. In 1438, John the Good, then holding court in Brabant, paid six livres eight sols to Jehan Chaponel, "pour don quant nagaires il apporta à M. le duc des truffes de Bourgogne." A little later, in Pope Nicholas the Fifth's day, the cookery-book of Cœlius, a Roman epicure of the time of Trojan, was found in some abbey library. This was loud in praise of truffles, "daughters of the earth, and the gods;" and no doubt the publication of it made them still more popular among the scholars of the Renaissance. But, though popes and Italian princes ate truffles; though Platina, and Ciccarelli, and Matthioli wrote about them; though Savonarola denounced them, urging men to beware of them for fear of God, if not for fear of colic and strangury, Southern France has always been their chosen home. The black truffle (the most highly flavoured) grows in Provence, in Poitou, in Southern Dauphiné, &c., more abundantly than elsewhere; it does, indeed, grow northward, but so sparingly that the whole produce of the Forest of Vincennes, for instance, used to be leased, about half a century ago, for between three and four pounds. Truffle-eating took a grand start in the days of the Regency—days of "petits soupers," those anticipations of our late dinners. Read about them in

Brillat-Savarin, the delightful historian and anecdotist of the culinary art; to read him is almost as good as eating them sautées (as they ought to be) in champagne—in which state they are as different from the dry things used in England to flavour poultry, as the wit which drops fresh from a brilliant talker's mouth, is from the stale jokes of a jest-book.

Pliny, that great compiler of old women's stories, calls the truffle a vitium terre, something wrong with the ground, which forms the truffle by getting lumped into a hard mass; and he thinks to prove this by telling a story of some Roman general in Spain, who nearly had his front teeth pulled out, by getting them tightly fixed in a denarius, which was inside one of the truffles that he was eating. "How could the coin have got there," asks the sapient naturalist, "unless the thing was just a lump of hardened earth?" Plutarch looked on them as a sort of "thunder-bolt;" he says, the four elements go to the making of them—earth, air, water, and the electric fire. He may be so far right, that all the mushroom tribe are highly nitrogenous, and that in thunder weather a great deal of nitrate of ammonia is generated. More modern theories have been that the truffles are, like oak-apples and the "robin redbreast" of the dog-rose, the work of some gall-insect. We shall see that there is a truffle-fly; there is also a truffle-beetle; but neither of them has anything to do with the production of truffles. Others have thought that they were mere excrescences on the roots of the trees under which they are mostly found, and have, therefore, wounded the said roots as the Chinese are said to wound oysters to make them form pearls. Mushrooms, however, they are, and nothing else, i.e., vegetables of that large class which is called cryptogamous, because its members hide more or less completely their arrangements for reproducing their species. How ferns are really propagated has only just been discovered; and how truffles grow is still a mystery. Do they grow from spores—microscopic seeds thrown off from the tuber? Or have they, like the fungi which grow above ground, a mycelium—a network of soft threads forming a kind of root, and capable, under favourable conditions, of throwing up a fresh crop? This mycelium preserves the germs of life for a very long time; it is the vital part of those queer-looking cakes called mushroom-spawn; but truffle-spawn is one of those

inventions for which the world is still waiting. Rather more than a hundred years ago, Bradley, who thought that truffles might be profitably grown in England, planted them as one does potatoes, and the same plan was tried about the same time in Germany and North Italy. No doubt truffles did come where truffles were sown, but not in sufficient numbers, or with sufficient certainty, to make it worth while to cultivate them in that fashion.

There are truffles and truffles. Our native species is what the French call the summer truffle, light inside, and with far fainter smell than the black truffle. Naturalists sum up almost a score of different kinds, some of them merely flavourless lumps of leather; but the king of all is the black truffle—skin as dark as jet and covered with big warts; inside reddish or violet-black, marbled with light veins. Its smell is indescribable; there is something of lily-of-the-valley, something of decayed leaves, the slightest soupçon of musk, and a very great deal of truffle itself. Taste it in a Perigord-pie; or, better still, if you are wintering in the South of France, get a turkey stuffed with fresh truffles, and you will know more than pages of writing could teach you.

The truffle, then, is an underground fungus, remotely connected, therefore, with that strange freak of nature the earth-star (*geaster hygrometricus*), which is sometimes found in England, and which used to be sold at a seedsman's in Cornhill as "the Persian everlasting rose." I remember, when a school-boy, often flattening my nose against the pane, and reading how this marvellous rose, when put into water, would expand, and then shrivel up again when dry. I only lately found out that the said rose is nothing but this subterranean fungus, whose outer coating splits into a number of rays which, when damp, lie back like the petals of a flower, but, when dried, close tightly round the central lump. The object of this strange power of expansion and contraction is, that the fungus may work itself up to the surface. The truffle has no such power of coming to the front; if not found out and dug up, it ripens and rots away. The French generally use a pig in truffle-hunting. Such lean, long-legged swine! No wonder your French friends jokingly call them porcs de course (racing pigs) and cochons-levriers

(greyhound pigs). The ancients, using the terfez which grows in sandy soil, and is, therefore, easily discoverable, needed neither pigs nor dogs; but the pig was in use, both in France and Italy, quite early in the middle ages. An old writer says that people noticed that both the wild boars and also the pigs, that were turned in to eat the acorns, now and then went truffle-hunting on their own account; and so they got the idea of making their instinct useful. In the old times they used to put a strap round the pig's neck—as the Chinese do round the necks of their fishing-cormorants—to prevent him from swallowing the precious tuber; but now, the animals are so well trained that, when they have rooted out the truffle, they never touch it, but hold up their intelligent snouts for a bit of bread or a handful of acorns. It is the oddest sight in the world to see a Provençal peasant plodding about in an oak copse, a lean sow following him like a dog, and "making a point" wherever her nose tells her that what her master wants is underneath.

Dogs are used in some parts of France, chiefly in the Burgundy truffle-country, where they mostly hunt the summer-truffle. A well-trained dog costs four pounds. They train him by putting a truffle into a box full of holes, burying it, and making the dog dig it out, always rewarding him for his "find" with a tid-bit of some kind. The breed is Italian; and, during the truffle-mania, about the middle of the last century, it was introduced into England, Poland, and several parts of Germany. Many of the small German high-mightinesses and grand-serenities fancied truffle-hunting would be great fun, and paid heavily for the dogs, whom the dutiful chroniclers of their little greatness call, in their ponderous Latin, "canes tuberario-venatici." Sussex shepherd's dogs have often been very sagacious truffle-hunters. But, where you have to get your bread by truffles, the pig seems the most useful ally. He can dig much better than the dog in hard, stony ground. The dog gets sooner tired; his feet grow sore; and he's sure to stray after game, if there be any. In Provence—the special home of the truffle—the only people who use dogs are the truffle-poachers, of whom there are a great many. I once heard of a man who used to take both pig and dog: the pig began the digging, and then the dog finished it; and, taking the truffle in his mouth, laid it at his master's feet. Human noses are seldom sharp enough to scent out the

buried treasure; though there is a story of a sickly boy who kept himself and his mother by marking truffles for his neighbours. Of course, some truffles grow so near the surface that they make a little crack in the ground, which catches the eye of the "hunter." This is called in Provençal, hunting à l'escarto (by the mark). Another plan is carefully to poke down a thin iron rod where you fancy that the dying away of the grass may be caused by the truffle underneath having stolen all the nourishment. Your rod meets something hard; it may be a truffle, or it may be only a pebble. The last method is to watch where the truffle-fly settles or keeps fluttering about; you are pretty sure to find what you want, if you mark that spot and dig down.

The most interesting truffle market is at Apt, a little town in the South of Vaucluse, in the very centre of the artificial truffle-grounds of which I shall speak by-and-by. Here, from the middle of November to the end of March, every Saturday, there is a crowd, and a din of chattering tongues, and a swaying among the blue blouses, such as you could not match out of France; while, if it be wet, the "Place aux truffes" looks like a chopping sea of brown, and red, and green, and blue waves, as the mass of umbrellas tosses up and down. Such higgling, too, as if life and death depended on a centime! "Marchander" is certainly a French weakness; and there's plenty of it here to make us certain that, in spite of difference of language, the Provençal is a thorough Frenchman. The language is the tongue of the troubadours, which Mistral, and Jasmin, the barber poet, brought, not many years ago, to new life. A sort of Spanish-Italian, it is so unlike ordinary French, that among Provençals a tolerably fluent foreigner may actually pass for a Frenchman. Some men who are proud of their French are always desperately annoyed when, after they have been showing off, comes the quiet remark, made, perhaps, by a bagman or small shop-keeper in a Norman town, "Monsieur est étranger." If these touchy persons go to Provence they will be spared that annoyance at any rate.

Well, the higgling goes on. Rich peasant-proprietors bring out their stock, and battle manfully to keep up the price. Poor women, who have trudged in from leagues away with eight or ten little truffles tied up in the corner of a handkerchief, will sometimes stand all day, on the cold

stones, under the beating rain, rather than bate their price. Regraters go round, trying to pick up bargains, as towards afternoon the courage of the sellers begins to flag a little. The big purchases are generally made last; and then, carefully stored in a special fourgon, the precious wares are sent off to Carpentras. Peasants and dealers may be pretty well trusted to take care of themselves; it is the amateur buyer who suffers. "Put on your boots, my dear, and walk into the market and buy us a quarter kilo. or so of truffles," says Madame Bonnechose to her dutiful husband. "Aunt Grognon dines with us to-morrow, and I want to give her a surprise. She has no children, you know." So père Bonnechose tries his hand at marketing; and ten to one some insinuating little dealer (he shuns the wholesale folks, thinking they'll be dearer) palms off on him a worm-eaten lot, the holes neatly filled in with black earth, or sells him, as a bargain, a splendid big truffle, made up of several little things, stuck dexterously together with clay and bits of stick; or perhaps he buys a little bagful. The edge of the bag was turned down, and the truffles looked so black and fresh inside. So they were—those that he saw; but he didn't have the bag emptied out. The seller, a lively, pretty little woman, kept him in close talk till the money was paid—told him all about her farm and her turkeys and her husband's disagreeable relations. And so père Bonnechose gets "done," for the bottom of the bag is filled with "any kind of rubbish"—summer truffles, caïcou (smelling like rotten cheese), pebra (pepper-truffle, smelling of petroleum)—stained with gall-nuts or sulphate of iron. The truffle-bag is as deceptive as the old London "strawberry-pottle" used to be; and I should not like to stand in Bonnechose's shoes when Madame B. pours on him the vials of her wrath—tells him that it's all along of his flirting with the market-women; calls him a string of names, of which the mildest is "Grand imbécile," and winds up with a flood of tears, only to be stopped by the promise of a new bonnet for Easter. Sham truffles sometimes make their way to Paris, compacted of bits of bad potato, coloured and wrapped in a layer of truffle-earth, to give something like the right smell. The real thing is by no means appetising to look at. The man who first ate a truffle must have been almost as bold as he who first swallowed an oyster; but, despite

the unpromising appearance, there is something in the smell which appeals strongly to the instinct of the epicure.

There is plenty worth seeing at Carpentras—indeed, I do not know any part of Europe more full of interest than the whole of the old comtat (patrimony of the popes). Some of the interest is very painful. The village of Bedouin, now a great truffle-growing place, was cruelly destroyed in the old revolution, and one hundred and eighty of its inhabitants killed, because a "tree of liberty" was sawn through one night. Suchet, afterwards a famous general, commanded the destroying party. Carpentras has its old wall and gates pretty complete. It has a triumphal arch, not a tithe so good as that grand one at Orange—for it was long built into the bishop's palace, and served as his kitchen—but recording in its bas-reliefs, as the Orange arch does, some forgotten Roman victory over invading barbarians. When you go to Carpentras, mind you see the cathedral, part dating from the tenth century, and Constantine's bridle-bit, made out of a nail of the true cross; but be sure, too, to see the truffle-stores. Here what are not sent out fresh are preserved, either in tins, or in bottles for the sake of those who like to see what they buy. The quantity sent to Russia and America is enormous. All sorts of plans have been used for keeping them. You may have them in oil, in sugar, in brine, in vinegar. But eat them fresh if you have the chance; no preserved truffles, least of all the dried things one sometimes sees, give more than the faintest idea of their true flavour. You feel sure, as you eat a Perigord-pie, that the Romans could not have known the real truffle, or they would never have dreamt of spoiling it by dressing it with garum, asafetida, and rue.

Truffles have made many a Provençal peasant rich, since Joseph Talon, of the village of les Talons, in Vaucluse, discovered some seventy years ago that if you want truffles you must sow acorns. He began life as a poor truffle-hunter (rabassier), and somehow got into the habit of dropping in an acorn wherever he took out a tuber. Finding the crop increase, he took to planting, and used to show with pride the little field in which his oldest oaks were growing. "Ei d'aqui que sieon vengu au mounde" ("That's how I got up in the world"), he would say. His son sends some twenty pounds a week to Apt market. What makes Talon's dis-

covery such a blessing, is that want of wood was rapidly turning the whole country into a desert. Since the revolution, everybody had cut down as much as he pleased, and planted as little. The consequence is, that hill-sides which used to have good grass, are now torn and seamed, and all the earth washed down from them by the floods of rain to which the forests used to act as a sponge. Vaucluse and its valley, and Petrarch's forest and garden, were become an oasis in the desert. The peasant hated trees, and shirked all edicts about replanting; all he cared for was to secure right of common for his crabros, the goats that give him milk and cheese. But now that he finds money is to be made by what trees bring with them—now that he sees a patch of poor gravelly soil bought for twenty pounds, bringing in after five years a yearly income of sixty pounds—he takes quite kindly to planting. The vine-disease, too, helped on the planting of truffle-grounds. Many an acre of stony hill-side, where the phylloxera had killed out the vines, is now covered with dwarf oaks, at whose roots truffle-hunting goes on every winter. If you go up Mont Ventoux, you will pass a deal of poor starved rye, which certainly is not worth, straw and all, three pounds an acre—and this has to be halved between the owner and his tenant; you then come to slopes on which nothing grows but wild thyme, and lavender, and “everlasting-flowers.” But somehow it will all carry dwarf oaks; and, in time, since the taste for truffles is not likely to die out, all these garrigues and galluches, as they are called, will be planted with profit to posterity, who will have the timber, as well as to the truffle-hunters. Moreover, the climate will be improved and the floods will be less frequent and destructive. No wonder the peasant-mind is going in for truffle-grounds, when the savoury tuber brings in yearly nearly four millions of francs to the little department of Vaucluse alone. Hence, though gourmandise is not a virtue, and truffle-selling does give rise to a deal of higgling and deception—though, moreover, truffle-poaching is the cause of no end of quarrels (peasants set up little watch-boxes in their fields, and go about on wet nights with dark lanterns)—we may consider the truffle a boon to the human race, and may reckon Joseph Talon among the benefactors of his species.

THE STORY OF THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

FOURTEEN years ago the idea of a great national memorial to the late Prince Consort was launched at a public meeting, convened at the Mansion House, by the Lord Mayor (Mr. William Cubitt), to “consider the propriety of inviting contributions for the purpose of erecting a lasting memorial to H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and to adopt such measures,” &c. At that time the memory of the Prince, of whose virtues the world has since been made sufficiently cognisant, was yet fresh and green, and the great heart of the nation sympathised sincerely with the Queen in her sorrow. Loyal resolutions were passed and loyal persons opened their purses and subscribed, with all speed, some thirty-three thousand pounds. On the lord mayor fell the duty of communicating the result of the meeting to Her Majesty. In addition to the formal resolutions, appeared one which influenced materially the destiny of the memorial. It recommended that it “should be of a monumental and national character, and that its design and mode of execution be approved by Her most gracious Majesty the Queen.” In an admirable letter, dated Osborne, February 19, 1862, the Queen expressed her sense of the expression of her people's sympathy, and was “much touched by the feeling which led the promoters of the movement for erecting a national monument to the Prince to leave the nature of that monument to her decision.” There is little doubt that the Queen considered that the foundation of some institution, of advantage to the community at large, would show a just appreciation of the character of the deceased Prince; but that, as it would be very difficult to agree as to the nature of the institution which should bear his name, she gave her voice in favour of a monument directly personal to its object. The passage in which the Queen indicated the kind of monument she would prefer is striking enough: “After giving the subject her best consideration, Her Majesty has come to the conclusion that nothing would be more appropriate, provided it is on a scale of sufficient grandeur, than an obelisk, to be erected in Hyde-park on the site of the Great Exhibition of 1851, or on some spot immediately contiguous to it; nor would any proposal that can be made be more gratifying to the Queen personally, for she can never forget that the Prince himself

had highly approved of the idea of a memorial of this character being raised on the same spot, in remembrance of that exhibition. There would also be this advantage in a monument of this nature—that several of the first artists might take part in its execution, for there would be room at the base of the obelisk for various fine groups of statuary, each of which might be entrusted to a different artist.” This was the original idea of the Queen, simple in its majesty, artistic in its surroundings. Unhappily, the execution of the design was handed over to trustees and committees—with the usual result.—The first Committee of Advice was composed of the late Lord Derby, the late Lord Clarendon, the late Sir Charles Eastlake, and the then reigning Lord Mayor (the late Sir William Cubitt). The committee at once began to talk the matter over, and, by the gradual methods known to committees, accumulated a great deal of useless information. Instead of making up their minds as to the size of the obelisk required, and inviting tenders for the delivery of it in London, carriage paid, they went into possibilities and probabilities, and, in endeavouring to grasp the scientific side of the monolith, slipped from it altogether. They were unhappy in other respects. As if determined to thwart the plan suggested by the Queen, they hinted plainly, in their first report, that “considerable difficulties would have to be encountered in the ulterior arrangement of sculpture round the base, whether near or at some distance—bearing in mind the importance of giving the necessary prominence, in position and effect, to the statue of H.R.H. the Prince Consort.” Now, in the Queen’s letter to the lord mayor, there is no mention of a statue to the deceased Prince—a great obelisk, surrounded by “groups of statuary”—of course allegorical—being all that was proposed by her Majesty. An obelisk, with a statue of the Prince standing about somewhere near it, would, of course, have been ridiculous; but the said statue appears to have been evolved from the moral consciousness of the Committee of Advice. Having succeeded in getting into a preliminary muddle about the sculpture, the committee thought it well to defer the consideration of that section of the subject, and to confine their “attention exclusively, at first, to the question of the possibility of finding, in the United Kingdom, a monolith of sufficient dimensions, combining, with an approved colour, the important condition

of durability.” The attention of the committee was now directed to granite; but as—so far as can be discovered—none of them, except Sir William Cubitt, knew anything about it, they sought the assistance of the Director-General of the Geological Survey, the late Sir Roderick Murchison, through whom they received the disheartening information that, wherever the granite was unobjectionable on the score of colour and structure, it was not capable of furnishing a block long enough to make an obelisk “on a scale of sufficient grandeur.” With singular appropriateness, the committee extended their investigations to the island of Mull, where they discovered a mass of light red granite on the land belonging to the Duke of Argyll, who kindly offered them as much as they could carry away. The length of the excavated portion of the block exceeded a hundred and fifteen feet—a length considered sufficient for the intended obelisk. Fears, however, were entertained that the block was not sufficiently thick in the middle. Its weakness in the central region was not clearly made out; and the remark of an experienced contractor, that nothing could be affirmed, respecting the fitness of the stone till raised and turned out from its bed, effectually frightened the committee from recommending the necessary outlay. Scared away from Mull, they tried other places: Russian Finland, for instance; but were deterred from employing the handsome granite of that country, on account of some doubt as to its “durability” in the open air. The probable cost of the monolith also puzzled the Advice Committee, who got into another muddle by having too much artistic and scientific assistance. It was “the opinion of many that the obelisk would present an incomplete appearance unless the surface were enriched with incised sculpture, on the principle of execution adopted on Egyptian obelisks.” Without, however, venturing to assign a limit to the entire cost, the committee were fully justified in expressing an opinion, that the whole of the sum already subscribed would be “absorbed by the obelisk alone.” Without discussing the absorbent properties of a granite obelisk, it may be said that no more ridiculous report was ever signed by men of equal eminence in their particular walks of life—which were certainly not in the direction of monuments. Nothing would have marred the simple, chaste design suggested by the Queen more com-

pletely, than a monolith covered with imitation hieroglyphics; but "somebody," probably a joker, who did not like obelisks, had—not to put too fine a point upon it—"chaffed" the Advice Committee by proposing "incised sculpture." This report appeared in April, 1862; and with the International Exhibition, the Caractacus (by Foley) exhibited there, and that other Caractacus (by Kingston), who made an exhibition of the Marquis and Buckstone on Epsom Downs, divided the conversation of a very lively spring-time in London. Society was divided into monolithists, anti-monolithists, and those who did not quite know what a monolith was. Plenty of people came forward to demonstrate that nothing was easier than to find the granite required; but the Committee of Advice had advised, and unfortunately the Queen was induced to attach importance to their opinion. There is no doubt that Her Majesty abandoned the idea of an obelisk with very great reluctance; and it is curious to find that in the letter addressed to Sir Charles Eastlake, in reply to the report, occurs the first mention of a statue of the deceased Prince by the Queen herself. The matter was then left very much to the committee, who at once proceeded to add a new element of confusion. The Queen's choice of an obelisk, surrounded by sculptural decorations, had been generally acquiesced in, yet a strong opinion prevailed—mainly among doctrinaires and other troublesome people—that, "although it was desirable to see the Prince's memory perpetuated in some monumental form which should attract the attention and excite the curiosity of all beholders, some work of utility, such as His Royal Highness was known to have taken a deep interest in, might form part, at least, of the memorial, and thus might more strikingly bear witness to and reveal those qualities of mind which he so pre-eminently possessed." This opinion was not entirely artistic or sentimental; it was expected that the adoption of some such scheme as that indicated would "give a material impetus to the flow of the national subscriptions." Having now succeeded in reducing an originally grand and cosmic idea to utter chaos, the committee issued another report in June, 1862. In this remarkable document the obelisk disappears altogether, and a dim vision of a possible Albert Hall is shadowed forth. The public, it was said, desired to connect the intended monument with some institution

intimately associated with the Prince's name; and the committee, therefore, set themselves again to work, to consider what kind of institution Prince Albert would have desired to promote if he had been alive. This difficult question was solved by a vague recommendation to establish a "central institution for the promotion, in a largely useful sense, of science and art, as applied to productive industry." The ground between the Brompton-road and the Kensington-road was suggested as an appropriate site for the Central Hall of Union for Science and Art. What the Advice Committee imagined would be done in a Central Hall of Union will never be known, and it is thoroughly characteristic of men, born in the pre-scientific period, that they should think that any building could be made strong enough to hold the scientific world assembled in congress. Those born later know only too well that as the spite of women, or artists, or actors, or literary folk, musicians, or blood relations, is to the "odium theologicum," so is the latter bitter hatred to that feeling with which rival chemists, astronomers, or physiologists regard each other. To help in carrying out a double-barrelled memorial—half institute, half monument—a committee of architects was called in to advise the Advice Committee. Messrs. Tite, Smirk, G. Gilbert Scott, Penne-thorne, Donaldson, Hardwick, and M. D. Wyatt, produced a report on the joint scheme; and, very properly rejecting the idea of burying a national work in a quadrangle or in the central hall of any institution, selected the site for the memorial now occupied by it; recommending also the site of the present Albert Hall for the institution. Devoting themselves more particularly to the monument, the committee of architects rejected the idea of an obelisk other than as a monolith, regarding a built-up obelisk as showing an inferiority to the ancients. Here, undoubtedly, they touched what remains a sore place to this day. How was it that only fourteen years ago the resources of England, backed by all the modern appliances of engineering, steam, electricity, and the rest of it, proved unequal to the task of making an obelisk which should rival those of Egypt? The melancholy failure may be summed up in two words—committee and timidity. At the time when the monolith scheme was finally abandoned, between fifty and sixty thousand pounds had been subscribed;

but committees trembled at the cost of an obelisk, and blundered into an outlay of one hundred and twenty thousand on the structure just completed, whereof more presently. The committee of architects thought the objections which applied to an obelisk applied with equal force to a column, except in so far that a statue might be placed on the top of the latter. It was, however, urged that, in the latter case, the statue could not be well seen—perhaps no great disadvantage, as statues go. All things having been considered, the committee finally recommended a memorial composed of one or several groups of sculpture—of bronze, if placed in the open air; and it was also suggested that a better mixture of metals might be used than common bronze, and also that gilding might be partially employed. All these recommendations having been discussed by the Advice Committee, it was finally decided to build a monument and a memorial hall, and certain architects were invited to send in designs; but it was found that sixty thousand pounds would barely suffice to build a monument, and the central-hall project was abandoned. It may be well to remark in this place that the Albert Hall now existing—although built upon land granted for the purpose by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851—is not the central hall referred to as part of the memorial project. It is not built from the designs prepared by Sir Gilbert Scott to harmonise with the monument, nor were the memorial funds applied to its construction. It was purely a joint-stock speculation, and, so far as it has gone, an unsuccessful one. Far from being able to divert any portion of the funds collected towards the erection of the "Central Hall of Science," the committee found themselves reduced to an abject condition by the tremendous estimate of Sir Gilbert—then Mr.—Scott for his design of a Gothic cross, somewhat after the fashion of the Eleanor crosses, which were also built in memory of a deceased consort. "The cost of Mr. Scott's memorial, after reducing the height from one hundred and eighty-five to one hundred and forty-eight feet," said the committee, "cannot, we fear, be estimated at much less than double the amount subscribed." Under these circumstances there was nothing to be done but to give up the hall, and appeal to Parliament for help to finish the monument. As a matter of fact,

the "catch-penny" idea of proposing a work of utility to attract subscriptions had turned out a complete failure. The calculation that a monument, to be erected in London, would be largely subscribed to by the provinces was based on the mistaken notion that, as Paris is France, so is London, England. This is an error of peculiarly Cockney character—something like that which assumed that, when the London daily newspapers were delivered by early trains in the provinces, the local journals would have nothing to do but to retire gracefully from business. Both expectations were disappointed. As provincial Englishmen stick to their Leeds Mercury or Manchester Guardian, so did they cling to their own localities when the Albert Memorial was proposed. To what end, it was asked, should a merchant of Liverpool, or Manchester, or a dweller at Oxford or Dublin, put his hand in his pocket to adorn London? Why not adorn his own county town, and testify the respect of the local population to the virtues of the dead? Coupled with this very reasonable feeling was another of a somewhat different sort. A memorial to anybody is a fine opportunity for forming a committee, and is always seized hold of by fussy, but not otherwise immoral, persons, as a pretext for pushing themselves forward in the world, at the cost of a small outlay. Our active and public-spirited townsmen Mr. Todger and Major Bodger both make the most of a memorial fund. One rubs shoulders with the mayor, and the other gets on speaking terms with the great county people who ignore volunteer rank. Their first effort is to catch a lord for a chairman of committee, and, having once secured him, they take every means short of cart-ropes to drag him to the meetings, called frequently to the end that the said Todger and Bodger may so fix their outward and visible husks upon the retina of the unfortunate peer, that he may be unable to cut them when the business is over. Thus Todger and Bodger are made happy. For the rest of their natural lives they bow to Lord Tadpole, and walk with a firmer step as that good-natured nobleman acknowledges their existence. Moreover, their names appear repeatedly in the local papers, and, on the day when the statue is unveiled, they are, perhaps, allowed to make a speech. All this being understood, it becomes clear why the local Albert Memorials took so much of the "gilt off" the London

"ginger-bread" (there, the word is out). Moreover, there was distress in Lancashire—the cotton famine and a great subscription for the sufferers by the accident at the Hartley Colliery. That very industrious and useful body, the Society of Arts, did all that could be done in raising subscriptions among the humbler classes, and contrived to get together twelve thousand pounds; but this was the last popular contribution, and Parliament was appealed to. In the Session of 1863, Lord Palmerston brought the matter before the House of Commons, and a vote of fifty thousand pounds, as an unconditional grant to the Queen, for the purposes of the memorial, was unanimously agreed to. The necessary funds having at last been obtained, more committees were appointed. Lord Torrington, Sir Charles Phipps, Sir Alexander Spearman, and Sir William Cubitt, became trustees; and General Grey, Sir Charles Phipps, Sir Alexander Spearman, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Thomas Biddulph, became the "Prince Consort National Memorial Execution Committee." It is strange, but not less true, that the Albert Memorial has proved fatal to a large proportion of those engaged in furthering its completion. The members of the original Advice Committee are all dead. Of the trustees and executive committee, Sir Charles Eastlake died, and was succeeded by Mr. Layard, who, on his appointment to Spain, was replaced by Mr. C. T. Newton. Sir Charles Phipps and General Grey also died. Of the sculptors, Baron Marochetti, Mr. Foley, and Mr. Philip are all three dead.

The model of the memorial, being prepared from Sir Gilbert Scott's designs and approved, Mr. Kelk came forward and offered to construct the edifice at cost price—estimating it at eighty-five thousand five hundred and eight pounds, leaving thirty-five thousand pounds for the statuary, &c.

Despite the death of artists and sculptors, the memorial grew slowly into shape, until the Eleanor cross was exposed to public view. Then the storm of adverse criticism burst forth, and the numerous objections originally urged against the model were reiterated with tenfold severity. It was pointed out that the idea of the structure was borrowed from a shrine—a piece of goldsmith's work, always erected in an enclosed and covered space, and by no means exposed to the full force of the elements. Of the superbly-jewelled shrines

made by mediæval goldsmiths, there are many specimens extant—mostly robbed of their jewels, by-the-way. From these the design of Sir Gilbert Scott's Eleanor cross was confessedly taken, and the skill of the artist was directed, or misdirected, to the task of creating an overgrown shrine in the open air—a blunder of which neither mediæval architect nor goldsmith would have been guilty. The spire of the edifice was adorned with numerous statues of bronze, and bronze gilt, conveniently placed where they could not be seen, or seen only as mere additions to the general effect of tawdriness. It was predicted that the glitter of the gilding would soon wear off, and that then the effect would be as of pinchbeck or of mosaic gold—a valuable compound, made in the proportion of a single golden sovereign to a copper coal-scuttle. These prophecies have been realised to the letter. The gold is grimy and black, the costly spire, with its sculptured adornments all subordinated to what is facetiously called "decorative art," because it does not decorate, produces an effect utterly incommensurate with its enormous cost. The one redeeming point of the whole design is that part of it which is not "decorative," and therefore a charming incongruity. The marble sculpture round the podium, and the superb groups at the angles of the pedestal, redeem the memorial from the stigma of absolute failure. Mr. John Bell's "America," and the late Mr. Foley's noble "Asia," are works worthy of any country or of any sculptor of modern days, and, it must be added, are in a material selected with a judiciousness exhibited in no other portion of the memorial monument. The Sicilian marble—so called because it does not come from Sicily, but from Carrara, where it is called "campanella," from its ringing like a bell when struck with a hammer—is a close-grained marble; grey at first, but becoming white on exposure to the air; and fairly tested by its employment in great open-air works, such as the Cathedral of Pisa. The great groups are eminently successful, and a fair, but smaller, meed of praise may be awarded to the groups at the angles and the reliefs of the podium; but here, unfortunately, praise stops short, for nothing but condemnation can be expressed of the central figure of all—the statue of the late Prince Consort recently unveiled. Misfortune clung from the first to this unhappy statue. For some inscrutable reason the late Baron Marochetti

was selected as the sculptor. His first model provoked nothing but laughter. It represented the Prince, seated and attired in the costume of a field-marshal, jack-boots and all—a curious costume for a man whose useful life was spent in promoting the arts of peace!—to be set up, too, on the site of the Exhibition of 1851. The jack-boots settled its doom. When looked at from below, the figure was “all” jack-boots, and was condemned accordingly. Poor Baron Marochetti never got over it. He began a second model, it is true; but death stepped in and stopped his work for ever, and his second model was consigned to the limbo of inchoate ideas. The work was then entrusted to the late Mr. Foley, who produced, perhaps, as good a model of a sitting figure as could be designed. It gave perfect satisfaction, and, but for the absurd addition of a gilded surface, would have done much to rescue the memorial from obloquy and derision. But “decorative art” demanded that the bronze statue should be gilt; and the result is the monstrosity now on view in Hyde-park. Description fails to convey any idea of the frightful reality. There is an old Greek story of a banquet from which the sun turned away his eye; but the pale luminary which visits London appears to take delight in dwelling on the gilded effigy—in playing round it, and in revealing its barbaresque ugliness. With the gold scraped off, the statue would be—so far as a sitting statue can be—well enough; but the glittering surface sets all artistic effect at naught. And this is the outcome of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds: a ginger-bread spire of faded gold, and a glaring colossus, the laughter of foreigners and the wonder of nursemaids!

DAFFODILS.

I STAND, as once I stood of old,
Upon a meadow's green and gold,
This sunny April day;
The little daisies kiss my feet,
The blackbird's call is clear and sweet,
And care is far away.

A solemn peace lies on my heart,
So lately wont to throb and smart,
And chafe at human ills;
I lift my face to feel the breeze,
That wanders through the budding trees,
And shakes the daffodils.

How sweet they show to weary eyes,
These hardy yellow blooms that rise
On slender futed stalks!
They need no culture, thought, or care,
But spring with spring-time, free and fair,
O'er all our common walks.

On meadow green, by leafy hedge,
In woodland shade, and rushy sedge,
By little lowly rills;
While yet the north wind blows his blast,
Before the storm and sleet are past,
Laugh out the daffodils.

They rise this year from last year's grave,
And all their golden tassels wave
As blithely now as then.
So I, who love their beauty so,
Rise up this year from last year's woe,
And gather flowers again.

What though from many a dream I part,
I feel the spring-time in my heart,
My tired sorrows cease.
I whisper to the yellow flowers,
“This year shall bring me summer hours,
And deeper, suser peace.”

What though the feet that walked with mine
Through last year's days of shade and shine,
Among my native hills,
Have wandered from my side, and I
Stand lonely under God's blue sky,
Among the daffodils;

What though the hand which held my own
In love's own clasp, while love's own tone
Grew tender unto pain,
Has left my poor hand thin and cold;
I bring the trusting heart of old
To these bright flowers again.

MY PREDECESSOR.

A CERTAIN love of contrast and comparison is, I think, inherent in people of commonplace minds. They cannot admire or condemn anything on its own merits or demerits; they must consider it in relation to something else; judge it, not for what it is, but for what it isn't. Nor do they confine to inanimate objects this method of arriving at an opinion; they pronounce upon human beings after a like manner.

At many periods of my life I have suffered by collation with others, the invariable result being grave disparagement of me, and prompt proclamation of my inferiority. During that distressing time when my passion for Julia P. was at its height, I had to receive the mortifying information that she could not view me as comparable with certain earlier of her suitors; and thereupon was I dismissed from her presence for ever. When, at a much later date, I became the husband of my late lamented Isabella, it was my doom to listen to an almost daily narration of the surpassing worth, the unparalleled excellence, of her first partner; for, perhaps unwisely—indeed, I may now say for certain, most unwisely—I had besought poor Isabella to bestow her hand upon me, albeit she was still wearing crape for, and lamenting, her previous consort. It was not to the purpose that he had been a

toper, a gambler, a wretch who abused her, brought her to beggary, beat her, and generally involved her in exceeding misery. For the sake of underrating me she overvalued him; to prove me a sinner she reckoned him a saint; and professed to lament as a loss what she might fairly have rejoiced in as an absolute gain. And so, when I became the occupant of apartments in the house of Mrs. Butterworth, No. 98, Great Decorum Street, in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital, I was subjected to disagreeable allusions to my predecessor, with a view to a steady depreciation of myself. The former lodger was for ever being held up to me as an exemplar; all lodgers, it was urged, should be as that lodger—they were to be ruled by him; his method of life, his modes of thought, speech, and action were to be theirs. It cannot be matter for surprise, that in time I grew to loathe my predecessor.

Why did I not forthwith quit my lodgings? Well, a proceeding of that kind is really less easy than it seems to be. The rooms were let furnished, I admit; and therefore, beyond the packing up of a portmanteau or so, I had little to do in the way of preparing for departure. Still, I find myself apt to tarry in a place, until something of a habit of tarrying there is acquired. Ability to move promptly, or upon light provocation, depends very much upon constitution of mind. Now, I am not of a very locomotive nature; a change of abode is always, to me, a most inconvenient measure. I hold it, as a rule, far better (to quote tritely) to bear the ills we have, than to fly to others that we know not of. There is always a possibility that no good consequence may follow energy of action; and there is unquestionably a philosophical consolation to be derived from passivity, patience, and endurance. So I remained an inmate of Mrs. Butterworth's house. After all, let me resort to whatever lodgings I might, I felt persuaded of my liability to a predecessor, with whose conduct mine might be unfavourably contrasted. Not let it be understood, that I liked my lodgings, or, for that matter, my landlady, Mrs. Butterworth.

Landladies, I have learnt from experience, are of two kinds—the oily and the vinegary. Mrs. Butterworth was an oily landlady.

She let lodgings, and in such wise obtained her subsistence. She took pride

in her respectability, perhaps, to an unreasonable extent; but she was not otherwise pretentious. Certainly she was not above her business, if that phrase may be understood as expressive of her willingness to profit by her lodgers in every possible way. She was content to live in the kitchen, and she undertook various domestic duties of a menial kind; still there served under her, more or less docilely and regularly, an inferior functionary, commonly known as "the gurl." She objected to "run on errands," as she frankly admitted; but this arose, however, from no unwillingness to oblige, but, as she averred, was really attributable to a certain difficulty of breathing that much beset her. She was a weighty woman, of somewhat unwieldy proportions; of an asthmatic tendency, with a husky voice; and what might be called a panting or palpitating manner. Her large fleshy face wore usually an unwholesome flush, and a smile of an unctuous and rather mindless description. Her eyes lacked lustre, save of a veiled or ground-glass kind, and rolled to and fro in rather a random fashion, like vessels insecurely moored in troubled waters. She appeared invariably in a crumpled black cap of some gauzy material, which permitted glimpses beneath of tangled grey hair, intertwined here and there with fragments of greasy brown paper; and her large form was loosely cased in a print dress, of a lilac hue, and an all-over pattern—although on festive occasions she was capable of a creased and smeared black satin dress, with a soiled collar of doubtful lace, a breast-knot of faded ribbons, and a sham cameo brooch of vast dimensions.

Mrs. Butterworth freely avowed that her apartments were not furnished with an eye to display or fashion; and this was true enough—an air of shabbiness attended them. Limp, worn dinginess characterised the hangings and draperies; the carpets were threadbare; the chairs and tables were loose-jointed and infirm, creaking and groaning when used, as though crying aloud for glue to repair their imperfections. The ceiling was cracked into the sort of pattern children chalk upon the pavement when they would play "hop-scotch," and was clouded over with the smoke and dust of many years. But while disclaiming all pretence to fashion or splendour, Mrs. Butterworth much insisted upon the comfort of her rooms. Possibly, to her thinking, comfort

signified neglect and dirt. "Gentlemen likes to be comfortable," she would observe, "and to do as they've a mind to. Well, they can do it here, and welcome. There's parties as objects to tobacco smoke; that ain't my way. There's parties as finds fault with muddy boots on the carpets or the sofas; but I never did hold with such. There's nothing here that can well be spiled"—her statement was not to be gainsaid—"and I haven't let lodgings all these years without finding out that gentlemen will be gentlemen, and likes to have their own ways, and their little fancies and comforts dooly considered. If a gentleman can't make himself comfortable in these rooms, what I say is, the fault's his own."

Without doubt, Mrs. Butterworth had been enabled, thanks to her experience of many years as a letter of lodgings, to appreciate that disregard for the niceties and formalities of domestic life—that indifference as to order and tidiness—so markedly distinguishing the male mind. A man does disapprove of that huddling away of the useful and common objects and appendages of every-day life, which women so delight in for the sake of a show and a seeming of neatness and symmetry. But Mrs. Butterworth, perhaps, credited her lodgers with a love of dust and uncleanness really foreign to their natures. However, it was not so much on this head that I found myself differing with my landlady. What I objected to was her strange but invincible preference for the person who had preceded me as tenant of her furnished apartments.

She constantly spoke of him as "the last gentleman," as though with him had ended the whole stock of gentility in this country. And further, she mentioned him as "a perfect gentleman," as though all other specimens of the class that had come under her notice were deficient in some one or other important respect. She was greatly occupied with his sayings and doings; she described fully his cheerful and obliging nature, his attractive ways, his wit and humour, his noble appearance, his elegance of dress, and generally the grace and charm of his method of life. I soon made up my mind that he was odious in no common degree.

He was a bagman, I decided, although upon insufficient grounds possibly, for upon this point Mrs. Butterworth did not supply very precise information. Her statements, indeed, were always inclined to be inexact.

At one time she certainly attributed to him professional connection with the newspaper-press; but the only evidences she could adduce in support of this view concerned the uncertain hours he kept, and the readiness with which he could procure orders for the theatres. He was frequently absent for weeks together; he lived "like a fighting-cock"—so Mrs. Butterworth asserted, without, perhaps, any distinct knowledge of the diet of that fowl; and he had a way of obtaining articles of all kinds at trade price, or upon even cheaper terms. Altogether there were some fair grounds for believing him a bagman. Mrs. Butterworth said simply that he "travelled," but whether in silk, wine, furs, or hardware, she could not be sure. She was, perhaps, without any definite idea of the signification of "travelling" considered technically.

She was an inaccurate woman, with what might be called a flabby system of speech. She was never quite clear even as to the surname of my predecessor. Paddymore, Pabbledore, Passymore, Passlebore, Poddlenore: she referred to him by all these appellations and by various others, but distantly connected with these, such as Poplequick, Dubbleby, Dumblewick, Bassiter, Mushaway, &c. I decided that his name was of two syllables—Pasmore, probably. She was prone, I had noticed, to a redundant syllable—as though words could be improved by what in music is termed an *appoggiatura*. Thus, with her, Westminster became West-minister; a villain was a villian; Henry was Henery; breakfasts were breakfastes, and even sometimes breakfastesses; several was tortured into severall; and so on. Whenever I mentioned the name of Pasmore, she always understood that I was alluding to my predecessor.

He ate and drank of the best. He was of liberal disposition; was even profusely inclined. He was jocose; of a genial nature; addicted to conundrums and comic songs. He smoked admirable cigars, and a meerschaum pipe of magnificent design. He dressed after a costly fashion, enjoying fame on the score of his glossy hats, his light tight gloves, his lacquered boots, and a large overcoat of sable or seal skin, or some such costly fur, reputed to be of enormous value. I felt, as I learned these particulars, how much I suffered by comparison with my predecessor. I have never laid much stress upon my outer

man; so that I have clothes enough to cover me, and keep me warm sufficiently, I am indifferent as to their texture, hue, or pattern. When Mrs. Butterworth spoke of Mr. Pasmore's hats, it seemed to me that she glanced disrespectfully at my own rather battered head-gear. And it was the same with other things, If I ordered eggs for breakfast, I was forthwith reminded that in addition to eggs, my predecessor was in the habit of enjoying bacon and kidneys, chops and lamb's fry, or some such delicacies. If I ventured to examine Mrs. Butterworth's book, I was instantly reminded that "the last gentleman" had invariably satisfied her demand without any auditing of her accounts—not to mention his being "that free" with his money, as to hand over any loose change there might be to "the gurl." I had a decent silk umbrella; but his umbrella was decked with golden bands, and had an agate knob. My stick was of useful blackthorn; he carried a grandly-tasselled cane, much ornamented with precious metal. His very whiskers were luxuriant; mine, I admit, are of inferior, even of scrub-like growth. I own frankly to being plain of person; but I had never felt this of so serious a disadvantage until circumstances had forced me into comparison with this creature Pasmore, whose peculiar comeliness was strongly insisted upon by Mrs. Butterworth. Is it not surprising altogether that I did not love my predecessor?

I sought, naturally, to find joints in his harness—weak places in his character, and constitution, and habits—upon which I might dwell, and so find comfort. I persuaded myself that he was grossly vulgar, that he over-dressed and over-ate himself, that he was ill-bred, illiterate, coarse—a very low person in fact, with a certain gross cajoling manner, and a fondness for cheap display, likely to impress exceedingly such a woman as Mrs. Butterworth. But her opinion of him, I soon found, was not to be shaken; I could not persuade her even to hint a word to his prejudice; nor could I really discover any special flaw in her account of him. One fact was beyond question. He had paid all claims upon him—including, of course, Mrs. Butterworth's—with exemplary and enviable punctuality.

I could only hope to live him down, as it were. As time passed, Mrs. Butterworth's memory might decline—the charm and graces of my predecessor might present themselves to her less vividly. There

was even a possibility that my own merits—upon which, as a modest man, I am disposed to be dumb—might eventually tell upon Mrs. Butterworth. The lodger coming after me might have fables narrated of me, comparisons instituted to his inconvenience, just as it was now my turn to listen to these too-flattering accounts of my predecessor. If I am asked what did it really matter that Mrs. Butterworth thought unworthily of me, in regard to Mr. Pasmore, I can only say that it did not, of course, really matter; still the things that do not matter have, somehow, a way of materially affecting the comforts and enjoyments of human life.

People who live alone seem almost driven to look from their windows, in satisfaction of that longing for companionship which distinguishes man. It is something to see one's fellow-creatures moving to and fro, even if one is never to know more of them, or of the objects of their proceedings. I am a constant looker out of windows; a watcher of the passers-by; an observer of my neighbours. Great Decorum-street is but a dull thoroughfare; not particularly frequented; tenanted by very commonplace people—poorly genteel, or genteelly poor. Still, I was very frequently at my window; sometimes with nothing better to contemplate than the amazing congregation of blacks on the window-sill.

It was some time before I was conscious that I in my turn was an object of contemplation and interest. Looking down from above, a second-floor window, I found that I was looked at from below, very pertinaciously. A man's eyes were fixed upon me—as the ghost in Hamlet fixed his eyes upon Horatio—most constantly. The man was a policeman.

He watched me, as I judged, for some days, being relieved at intervals by other policemen. It was certainly curious. The thing set me wondering somewhat, but did not otherwise vex or move me. Happily mine is a mind conscious of its own integrity. I felt assured that the constable was not really watching me, although he might seem to be so. His eye—representing that more important organ, the eye of the law—could not but be fixed in fact upon some other object.

I had finished breakfast. I had put aside the newspaper, with that feeling common to all readers of newspapers laying down their journals, that really there was very little news abroad to justify so much writing and printing, when Mrs. Butter-

worth entered my sitting-room with an unaccountable suddenness and impetuosity.

She informed me that I was wanted.

"Wanted?" I repeated, with vague surprise, and interrogatively.

"Yes, please," she answered; "by a policeman." And there was, I perceived, a radiance upon her face betokening joy at my obvious discomfort, and at the justification thus afforded for her systematic depreciation of me. I read her expression of countenance; I was a very inferior person; I had been guilty of unworthy conduct; I had incurred the rebuke of the law, in the shape of a constable. It was just what she had expected of me, and been accordingly prepared for all along.

"There must be some mistake."

"Oh, I daresay. There often is mistakes." This was said with an air of exceeding incredulity not unmingled with irony.

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, with some indignation. "What do you think has happened?"

"Oh, it isn't for me to say;" as she spoke her face wore a sort of greasy leer that I found very objectionable. "But I suppose you've been forgetting yourself somehow. Gentlemen will be gentlemen, you know, and they gets forgetting themselves nows and thens. You've been taking a glass, perhaps. I've known a many gentlemen as that's happen to; and——"

"Show the policeman up," I said, sharply. He entered forthwith. He had been standing immediately outside the door of the room, as it seemed.

He bowed rather stiffly, and coughed behind his hand, by way of apology, as I understood it; but I could not fail to notice that there was something of distrust about his manner. He then glanced significantly from me to Mrs. Butterworth.

"Take a chair, policeman," I said in a stately way. "You need not remain, Mrs. Butterworth."

"I'd as lief stand," he said, with a second apologetic cough. Mrs. Butterworth withdrew, but with manifest reluctance. She took up her position, I feel persuaded, just outside the door, and possibly her ear was placed in the immediate neighbourhood of the key-hole. I do not think, however, that she could have overheard much, for my conversation with the constable was carried on in a very subdued tone.

"It ain't a pleasant business——" the policeman began.

"It rarely is a pleasant business that a policeman—on duty—has anything to do with," I said. But I soon found that my interlocutor was of a grave and stolid nature, disinclined for any remarks of a light character.

"It's only a case of suspicion—as yet; I may say that much," and he coughed again. "But there's something wrong been going on here for a long time past."

"Here? In this house? You don't mean that?"

"Well, sir, that is about what I mean. Of course I've a duty to perform, and I must go through with it. You can well understand that, sir, I daresay. I've come here——"

"From information you've received?"

"That's just it, sir. But I've full authority. I've a search-warrant with me if you care to see it."

"You've a warrant?"

"Yes. Don't be alarmed, sir, I ain't arresting you, you know. There's no case against you, as I understand—not at present, at any rate. But I'm bound to search these here premises."

"Search them? But what for?"

He did not reply immediately; but, producing a black leather pocket-book, he drew from it a photograph, which he handed to me.

"Do you happen to know that party?"

The portrait resembled no one I knew, or had ever known. I said as much.

"You're sure?"

"Quite sure."

He eyed me very suspiciously, and seemed dissatisfied with my reply. He resumed possession of the photograph; and then, with a very blunt pencil, which he found it necessary to moisten with his tongue, he made a brief entry in his pocket-book.

"How long have you lived here?"

I told him.

"Not longer than that? You're sure? No doubt that might make a difference," he added, meditatively; and then he glanced round the room.

"Is that desk yours? and that despatch-box? and the portmanteau likewise? You occupy the bedroom at the back?"

I replied in the affirmative to all these inquiries.

"And you're the only lodger on this floor?"

"The only lodger."

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I must put my search-warrant in force."

"You're quite welcome. Here are my keys; I have nothing to conceal. You are perfectly free to make whatever examination you think necessary. I can only answer, of course, for the portion of the premises in my own occupation. But, I have no doubt, Mrs. Butterworth will offer no hindrance; will even lend you every assistance in searching the other parts of the premises."

"Mrs. Butterworth? The landlady, I suppose? Well, I dunno so much about her."

The policeman shook his head doubtfully, and coughed once more—clearly an artificial cough—behind his hand. He again looked round the room.

"You don't happen to know the party as lived here before you?"

"His name, I believe, was Pasmore, or something like it. I did not know him. I never saw him, that I am aware of."

"Oh, his name was Pasmore, was it, or something like it? But you don't know him? There's no mistake about that?"

"No mistake whatever. But Mrs. Butterworth will tell you anything you want to know about Mr. Pasmore. She's told me a good deal about him."

"Has she? Well, I must see about Mrs. Butterworth. I should, perhaps, have mentioned to you before—in the way of caution—that anything you say to me may possibly be used against you at some future time."

"You mean——?"

"Well, to be plain with you, sir, you're under suspicion. This is a case of smashing. We've been on to it for a good time past, without being able to drop on to anything very particular. I don't mean to say that what there is against you amounts to a case; and, to be frank with you, I don't believe that you've even been really in the swim at all. You'll excuse me for saying that I take you to be far too soft a gentleman for the business. But you know, or, maybe, you don't know, that you passed two bad half-crowns last week, and a doubtful shilling or so the week before?"

"I did?"

"No question at all about it. The money's been traced."

I confess I was much amazed.

"Why," I said, after a moment's reflection, "all the change I've received during the last two weeks has been handed me by Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Butterworth—just so," and he grinned in rather a ghastly way.

"Now," he continued, "I'll trouble you for the key of that corner cupboard."

"I have not got it."

"I thought not. I think I see how the land lies."

"You are welcome to examine all I possess——"

"Except this cupboard. But it's just this cupboard I want to examine—and mean to. The key, if you please!"

"I haven't got it," I repeated.

"Then I must prize the lock."

"Possibly Mrs. Butterworth has the key." I rang the bell.

Mrs. Butterworth appeared almost immediately. She could not have been far from the door. She was panting as usual, but she was pale, which was not usual with her.

"There's nothing in that cupboard, young man," she said to the policeman.

"Nothing? Then there'll be no harm in my searching it."

"There's only a few things belonging to the last gentleman."

"Mr. Pasmore?"

"Mr. Battledore." For so, as I gathered, she now pronounced the name.

"He left you in a hurry, I think?"

"Well, he did, poor gentleman. His mother was dying."

"I must have the key."

"It's not in my possession."

"You're sure? Be careful now. And you haven't an idea what's inside the cupboard?"

"I haven't. The last gentleman, leaving in a hurry, asked for permission to stow away in that cupboard a few things he couldn't well take with him. Of course I gave him leave—and the key—which he put in his pocket. I was very happy to oblige him; for of all the perfect gentlemen——" she indulged in a very flattering and high-flown account of my predecessor.

"Is that at all like him?" demanded the policeman, exhibiting his photograph.

"The very himage of his 'andsome face."

Now the portrait did not represent at all a handsome man, but rather a plain one—indeed, a very plain one. A common-looking creature with abundant greasy curls and whiskers; a swollen nose of the Hebrew pattern; a smirking, sinister-looking mouth; and glaring eyes that squinted—I am almost sure they squinted. Such was my predecessor! He wore a velvet coat and a plaid waistcoat, over which streamed the ends of a silk handkerchief,

drawn through a jewelled ring. He was exposing to view an ill-shaped, thick-fingered hand, in which he held a stump of a cigar—a vile one, I am persuaded, by its aspect in the photograph.

"I should have recognised him anywhere," said Mrs. Butterworth.

"You've seen him lately?"

"Not so long since. He called one day—a fortnight ago, I think it were—quite permissive like, and was perlit as perlit. He give me change for a sovereign. I was buying a lettuce at the street door, and hadn't a sixpence in silver, I remember. The sight of him did me good, for of all the nice gentlemen——" She went on with her customary effusiveness.

"I think we're on to him nicely now," said the policeman. "He's known to us as Spicy Benjamin; a dodger if there ever was one. For this cupboard——"

He opened it with an instrument he had brought with him.

"The charge is smashing—or coining, if you like to call it so—and here we have full particulars. This was how your bad half-crowns was managed, sir."

The cupboard contained all things necessary to the fabrication of base money: various tools, moulds in plaster of Paris, dies, a lump of Britannia metal, means of counterfeiting the milling round the edges of coins, &c.—the complete outfit, I may call it, of a coiner.

"There's no fear we shan't nobble Spicy Benjamin now," said the policeman. "But I own we've been a while upon his track—and we've been after various wrong persons. But that's our way, that is—and it don't so much matter so as we hit on the right trail at last. We don't always; but I think we can't fail in this case. As nice and gin-teel a bit of smashing as I think I've often met with."

I have reason to believe that the person known to the police as Spicy Benjamin, and to me as My Predecessor, was eventually brought to justice and suffered, if not very severely, for his offences against the law.

And now, I thought, I shall no longer incur disparagement at the hands of Mrs. Butterworth. In comparison with a convicted felon, surely I shall appear to some advantage.

But no. Mrs. Butterworth was dazed at first—frightened, I think, lest she should be implicated in her favourite lodger's criminality; but, indeed, she was, I believe,

wholly innocent, and for a while she was silent on the subject. But gradually I found her absurd first impressions reasserting themselves; she was drifting back to her old high estimate of my predecessor; clearly she thought no better of me than formerly. In time she had actually persuaded herself that his misdeeds were but peccadilloes, of a light, and elegant, and genial nature, such as any gentleman might happen to commit without being very deserving of censure. And she took to underrating me because I was not a coiner!

"After all," she said, "there's a many as would like to do what he did, poor dear, only they dursea't. Whatever he was, he was never a sneak; and he'd a nice way with him as would win the heart of a broomstick. What did it matter if his half-crowns was bad ones? He was very liberal with 'em. He'd give 'em away—I've seen him, times and times—as though they was dross. That's more than you can say of everybody."

It ended in my giving up my apartments in Great Decorum-street. I have seen nothing since either of my landlady, Mrs. Butterworth, or of my predecessor, Mr. Pasmore, otherwise known as Spicy Benjamin.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOYE,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK III. WIDOW AND MOTHER. CHAPTER VI.
A VOYAGE AND A HAVEN.

WITH her restoration to health, and her absorbing delight in her child, Mary Pemberton began to take a more cheerful view of the future and its possibilities, and to believe that the breach of affection and confidence between herself and Ida might be healed. A good deal of the girl's perverseness had disappeared; she avoided her step-mother's society less markedly than she had previously done; she was less ostentatiously indifferent about the plans and preparations for their voyage to England. Not a word was said between them on the subject of Geoffrey Dale; and if Ida's conscience reproved her, reminding her that Mrs. Pemberton regarded her as under a promise to tell her the precise fact which she was hiding from her, she silenced its monitions by the argument that it was but fair to let Mr. Dale have an opportunity of removing her step-mother's prejudice against him, which

could only be secured for him without Mrs. Pemberton's previous knowledge.

"It will all come right," Ida persuaded herself, with the hopefulness natural to her years. "I daresay he will not keep up his dislike to her. Whatever he knows about her may not be so bad after all. I shouldn't wonder if they were good friends before we got to England."

That getting to England, which had been vague before, began to assume a pleasanter aspect to Ida's fancy. The voyage would be so different since "he" was to share it; and the arrival among strangers so much less formidable since "he" would be in England, and within reach. Even though it had brought her trouble and worry, and might, if Mrs. Pemberton should persist in making a grievance of it, bring her more, Ida, who was not aware that she was in love with the man, felt that the possession of a "great friend" of her own was an advantage highly to be prized in beginning all over again in a strange place.

The stir of preparation began at Mount Kiera Lodge, so soon as Mrs. Pemberton was well enough to superintend and direct the proceedings. Ida was not distinguished for her usefulness on the occasion; she mainly employed herself in making farewell visits to all the places of her predilection, which were numerous, and to the people whom she knew. She was not inconsolable, though she was sorry, and she declared her intention of coming back, "some time or other," to the old home. She had been used to hear her father speak of England as "home," after twenty years' absence; so should she in the future speak of the colony. Dick was going with her, as had been arranged when Ida's father had settled everything—all that she knew of, and much that she did not know of—for his "spoiled child;" and many a talk she and Dick had over the matter, conducted after their respective kind. Ida proposed to herself a test which she should apply to her relatives at the Antipodes. Any among them who should appreciate Dick, and consider that it was quite the proper thing for her to have brought him to England, should find favour in her sight, and be accounted wise and pleasant folk; but any who should say that it was absurd, and that there were plenty of horses to be had in England, just as good as Dick, she—well, she should know what to think of such people, and how to regulate her relations

with them! And Ida regarded herself as rather sharp and knowing in the ways of human nature, when it occurred to her to take this latter cynical view into possible account.

The date of the departure of the family from Mount Kiera Lodge was fixed; the ship in which they were to sail was decided upon, and accommodation was secured for them by Mr. Meredith. It remained only for Mrs. Pemberton to make the one farewell visit which she meditated; to bid adieu to her servants, and to turn her steps away for ever from the home in which six years had told out for her the history of all the happiness of her woman's life.

That one farewell visit Mrs. Pemberton made, unaccompanied. It was to the cemetery in which her husband had been laid. A handsome Irish cross, in white marble, marked the place of John Pemberton's sepulture; and close beside it was a grave covered with a plain granite slab, which bore the name of Edward Randall. The story of her life lay buried there.

Mary's obedience to her husband's wish was rendered hard to her by the reflection that she could not be laid near him, when the time of rest should come for her.

"Half a world must divide us," she thought, as she stood, her face hidden in her veil, at the foot of the marble cross, "but I am going whither you would have me to go."

A week before the date appointed for the sailing of the Albatross, Mrs. Pemberton, her step-daughter, and the infant (who was named John), with two attendants—of whom one was Bessy West, and the other was a man specially affected to the service of Dick—arrived at Sydney, where they were to live at an hotel until the departure of the ship. Kind, fussy Mr. Meredith was in constant attendance upon the widow of his good friend and client; and Dr. Gray made a point of inspecting the party, and cheering up his recent patient. Ida positively enjoyed this interval; there was so much to see and to do, such a number of indispensable things to be purchased, such novelty and stir. Dr. Gray told her she must profit by it all to lay in a fine stock of cheerfulness and spirits, wherewith to meet the monotony of a long voyage. Ida was not afraid of that. She could not imagine a voyage monotonous; the ocean must have some-

thing wonderful to show every day, and the mere sense of getting on would be delightful.

"Did Mrs. Pemberton know any of their fellow-passengers?" Dr. Gray asked.

"No," she replied, "she thought not. She had not seen a list of their names, but nothing could be less likely than her finding an acquaintance among them."

Ida, who was present, listened to this dialogue with anything but pleasant feelings. There was, then, a list of the passengers made out, and her step-mother might have seen it, had she cared to do so. How fortunate that she had not cared! Ida began to long for the time when the ship should have sailed; when the unpleasantness of the position must indeed be faced, but would be lessened by that very necessity. She had not seen Geoffrey Dale, but she had received a mysteriously-conveyed letter from him that very day, in which he informed her that they should meet on board the Albatross.

On the following day Mr. Meredith took Ida to visit the ship, which was to be her floating home, for a length of time which would seem frightful to the imagination of to-day, when everybody goes everywhere by steamer; but which presented no terrors to the home and colonial minds of comparatively few years ago. She lay out in the matchless harbour, and as the boat in which Ida and Mr. Meredith were rowed to her neared her side, a smaller boat containing one passenger put out from it. The boats passed each other closely, and the single passenger in that one which had put out from the Albatross raised his hat to Miss Pemberton, who bowed hurriedly and blushed violently. But Mr. Meredith was looking over some memoranda of commissions he had undertaken for Mrs. Pemberton, and the bow and the blush passed unnoticed by him.

For all the majestic and mysterious impression which a fine ship cannot fail to make on one to whom such an object is quite novel, Ida shrank from the smallness of the space in it which she found was to be assigned to herself. She hoped there would be no storms, or anything disagreeable, for she was sure she could never bear to be cooped up in that little bit of a "state-room," as they so absurdly called the horrid little den. She was exceedingly perturbed about Dick, who must be much worse off than she, and Mr. Meredith forfeited her good will on the spot by laughing at her, and asking her whether she

had expected to find a loose box and a paddock, among the items of accommodation provided on board the Albatross. She was rather nervous, too, lest Mr. Meredith should ask any questions about the list of passengers, and glad to find that there was no one of official importance for him to talk to. The captain and other officers were "ashore," and no questions were asked of the subordinate functionaries who conducted the visitors through the scene of despairing confusion, which would soon be so trim and orderly.

Two days later the passengers were to embark in the Albatross, and Mrs. Pemberton had arranged to go on board as early as possible. Ida knew that it was Geoffrey Dale's intention to come on board, on the contrary, at the latest moment, when Mrs. Pemberton would be certain to be in her cabin, and he should run no risk of meeting her. Amid the hurry and confusion absolutely inseparable from embarking on a long voyage, no matter how thoroughly everything has been foreseen, prepared, and arranged for, and from which their large party was by no means exempt, Ida was not so much engrossed but that she could discern Geoffrey Dale on the edges of the crowd at the water-side. First she caught a mere glimpse of him, and he was shut out from her sight in an instant; but a little later, and as she was exchanging a few last words with Mr. Meredith, she saw him again—this time distinctly—and saw that his attention was fixed upon the group formed by herself, her step-mother, Mr. Meredith, and Bessy West. Ida was the only one of them whose head was turned in the direction of the place where he stood. "Making sure that we really are going, and that nothing has happened," she thought. And at that moment Bessy West, who had Ida's infant brother in her arms, asked her to tie the strings of the child's hood.

Ida bent over the sleeping baby and tied the strings. Bessy West thanked her, and passed on, following her mistress. Ida looked round towards the spot where Geoffrey Dale had stood, but he was there no longer.

A couple of hours later, when the confusion and bustle of the ship was at its height—when almost everyone who was to sail in the Albatross was on board, and the wiser heads among the number were busily engaged in putting their little dens of probable misery to such "rights" as was possible—when Mrs. Pemberton was

lying in her berth, with her baby on her arms, and Bessy West was dexterously tidying everything before her—Ida, who had been satisfied by a glance at her belongings, made her way on deck, found a comparatively quiet corner, where she seated herself on a coil of rope, and watched the busy scene around her with curiosity and interest; with some suspense too. Had Geoffrey Dale come on board yet? If he had, how soon should she see him? If he had not, how soon would he come? She had asked herself these questions fruitlessly more than once, when she observed a boy making his way through the crowd on the fore part of the ship, and questioning several persons as he went, apparently without result. At length the boy appeared on the after-deck, and then Ida saw him accost an official, in whom she had already learned to recognise the steward, and, taking off his cap, produce a letter out of it. The steward paused, look puzzled, and said, within Ida's hearing:

"Pemberton—Pemberton? Yes, sure, they're aboard."

Ida rose, and went up to the man and the boy.

"I am Miss Pemberton," she said. "Is that anything for me?"

"A letter, ma'am," said the boy. "A gentleman sent me with it, and I thought I should never find you."

"And now you must be off, my lad," said the steward; "for we're going to clear."

"I was to take back something, to let the gentleman know you'd got it, ma'am," said the boy.

Ida had seen in an instant from whom the letter came. She removed the envelope; placed one of her gloves in it; gave the little packet, with some money, to the boy, who went away well pleased; and returned to her quiet corner, to read Geoffrey Dale's letter; while the steward went about his business, a little amused by this addition to his manifold experience of the ways of "spooniness."

"One good-bye is never enough for 'em, when they're as young as that," remarked this sapient observer to himself, and then he thought no more of the matter.

The letter, which was written in pencil, was as follows:

"What will you say when I tell you that, at literally the last moment, I am obliged to relinquish the idea of sailing in the Albatross. No more cruel stroke of

fate has ever hit me than this; but it is too strong for me. I have no time to explain how it has happened, and you would not understand the explanation; in a word, I could not get through some business which I had to attend to in time, and I am forced to remain. I saw you in the crowd, but did not dare to approach you; not because Mrs. Pemberton was there, but because I could not trust myself to speak the farewell which I had come to utter. I shall follow you by the next ship, and shall expect to find a letter from you at the subjoined address. Do not let anything alter or injure for a moment the understanding with which we last parted; I trust to you for that. As things are, however, and as I have lost the opportunity on which I confidently reckoned, I think it will be better for you to avoid any discussion with Mrs. Pemberton—indeed, not to mention me at all. Trust, as I shall trust, to the meeting which is before us in the old world. Would that I could know, that I had only foreseen this, and availed myself of the opportunity which I have lost, to assure myself that you look forward to that meeting with the same feelings as those of

G. D."

Ida read these lines several times, and then crept dejectedly back to her narrow quarters. Her interest in the novel scene around her was completely quenched, and her mind was pervaded by a conviction that the Albatross was a horrid prison, and the voyage which was just commencing destined to be unendurably dreary and dismal.

A solitary ship, in mid-ocean, its white sails touched by the silver moonbeams which fall beyond them in a wide glittering track upon the waste of waters. Under the steel-blue sky, on the restless bosom of the beautiful, awful sea, no other object in sight, seemingly in existence, but that silent, gliding ship; grand, even in its littleness, amid the great space; solemn and ghostlike as it moves through the booming waves under the steady heaven-flooding radiance on high. Save for the watch, her decks are solitary, and her human freight is below—sleeping for the most part, all quiet at least.

Mary Pemberton is not sleeping; she lies in her narrow bed, her child upon her arm, listening to the rhythmical rush of the surging waves as they go by the ship; she can see them through the small window of her state-room, where the moonlight

daintily tips them with myriad sparkles of silver light. How beautiful the night is, and how unusually still the ship! The straining, the creaking, the flapping, the innumerable sounds which are inseparable from motion on the great deep, and the management of that floating wonder, a ship, are reduced to a minimum to-night, and the sense of quiet is soothing. Mary is dreaming, though she does not sleep; dreaming of a country that is very far off, and of a waiting figure upon its shore, keeping patient watch for her. And, still dreaming, though she does not sleep, she sees the years of the past go trooping by; they pass before her eyes, float out into the air, and melt into the sparkles upon the waves; a long, long train of them—childhood, girlhood, womanhood, wifehood, motherhood—such is the order in which they pass, and pass away. The faces of the loved long ago, and the lost long ago—father and mother; a sister who died as a young child; a brother whom India slew among its thousands; child-friends; girl-friends; the lover who had been so false to her; the husband who had been so true to her; the home which had been so dear, until, in one moment, it ceased to be home at all, and home meant thenceforth for Mary the unseen land. How strangely it came back to her to-night, as she lay with the sleeping infant nestled in her bosom, an atom in the immensity around! It came back with every detail perfect, every foot of ground, every tree, every room, and piece of furniture. Mary felt as though her mind were roaming independent of her will through all the forsaken scenes of her lost happiness, and recognised with a placid surprise that the journey was not all pain. Such small things came out of the deep shadows of the past and showed themselves to her again, things which might be called trifles, only that there are no trifles in the storehouse of memory where death has set its seal; and, strange to say, they did not torture her, as small things can torture more keenly than the greater, because they tell of the frightful continuous intimacy and clinging presence of ruin and desolation. Mary, wondering, but very placidly, at herself, thought this must be one of the states of mind which she had read of as accompanying bodily weakness. She had been very ill during the early part of the voyage. Yes, it must be so; thus people remembered and mused when the body had less than its usual power over them.

"All my life could not come back to me more uncalled, or more calmly," she thought, "if I were going to him, and knew it, and were just summing it up beforehand."

Then it seemed to Mary that, pressing the infant yet more closely to her breast, she fell asleep, to be aroused by a sudden stir and commotion where all had been so quiet, and to come presently to a confused sense that there was danger somewhere, and all around horrible fear. She found herself in a moment, she knew not how—her child in her arms, and a loose garment wrapped about them both—in the saloon, in the midst of the other passengers, who had been roused, like herself, from peaceful security, with Ida clinging, dumb and terror-stricken, to her; a dreadful clamour of shrieks and weeping breaking the moonlit stillness of the night, and everywhere the awful cry, "Fire! fire!"

A few moments more and they were on the deck, Mary and Ida, and in the terror, and clamour, and confusion, Bessy West found the other two somehow, and so they formed a separate group amid the crowding, tumultuous agony of the scene. Great clouds of smoke, with red, darting tongues of flame leaping hungrily amid their lurid volume, hung about the rigging; the terrible hissing and crackling in which the Fire King delivers his grim sentence of death, sounded in the ears of the doomed passengers. The ship was still moving rapidly through the water, and the moon was still shedding its serene effulgence on the scene. Were all those human creatures to die a terrible death in mid-ocean, on such a night as this, with Heaven's fairest torch-bearer lighting them to their doom? None asked, none knew whence came the death-dealing peril; the fire had been smouldering somewhere for hours, no doubt, and had come stealthily creeping into evidence when its awful and invincible supremacy had grown too sure for remedy, and was gaining new territory too swiftly for combat.

There was no hope of saving the ship. Amid the frightful noise and rushing motion, the unrestrained violence or the cowering abjectness of fear, the knowledge of this fact spread rapidly, and Mary Pemberton understood it at once. "The boats! the boats!" Several of the crew set to work to get the boats out, and with the usual results. A rush, in which women were ruthlessly trampled under foot, or pushed overboard, was made for the first boat that was lowered, and it was swamped, with the

loss of all who had crowded into it. A second boat was lowered with more success, the sailors keeping back the crowd by main force, and, in this instance, some sort of discipline was maintained; while all the time volumes of smoke rolled in blinding masses over the devoted vessel, red flames leaped wildly up from a dozen points at once, the terrific uproar was not lulled for an instant, and the sudden rising of the wind hastened the ravages of the fire, and rendered the danger more hideous.

Mary Pemberton had not uttered a word, since she and Ida and Bessy West had been swept up to the deck of the ship by the force of the clamouring throng pressing out of the saloon. Holding her baby with one arm, the other placed around Ida's half-senseless form, she stood and looked about her with dry, red, haggard eyes, to see whether there was any help or hope. The infant woke and cried, and she mechanically put it to her breast and crooned a few notes to it, and it was pacified by the mother's voice. The officers of the ship were striving to keep order, and to get the women conveyed in safety to the second boat, which had been safely lowered. One of them came up to Mrs. Pemberton, and would have hurried her over the side of the burning ship. She held Ida firmly in her grasp and pressed forward with her, the girl shuddering and moaning.

"Shut your eyes, dearest; do not look, while they lift you," was all she said to Ida. At that moment a man caught hold of Bessy West, and whirled her into the grasp of another who was seconding the efforts of the officers. In a moment she was lowered into the boat, from which a cry arose—"No more, no more, or we shall all be lost!"

Then Mary Pemberton spoke to the officer who was fighting her way to safety for her, and pushed Ida into his arms:

"Make them take one more," she said, "and save her, for God's sake."

At that moment a cry, audible and piercing even amid that clamour, made itself heard; it was uttered by a party of men who were striving to launch the third boat. The fire was too quick and too strong for them; they were cut off from the boat by a barrier of flame and smoke. During that moment, but having

caught the cry and its meaning, Mary Pemberton had wrenched herself away from Ida's hold, and with another hurried entreaty to the officer:

"Save them! they are my children," she placed the infant in Ida's passive arms, tied the shawl in which it was wrapped, sling-fashion, over the girl's shoulder with incredible quickness, and fell back from her just one step. It was enough; the next instant she was struck apart from Ida, and the officer was hurrying his terrified charge over the side. A dozen arms were stretched up to receive Ida, and when she sank down swooning in the boat, as the rowers struck out from the side of the burning ship, down which sparks were falling, and the blazing cordage was dragging in tangled masses, Bessy West supported her on her knees, and gently loosed the baby from its imprisonment.

The strong rowers pulled the crowded boat swiftly away from the ship. All about her the water seemed to be ablaze with red light; and masses of her ruins, with human beings clinging to them, floated and tumbled about in the waves. When the boat was nearly a mile from the blazing hulk that had been the stately Albatross, and in the middle of the moon-track, the rowers lay-to upon their oars, and they and the people in the boat gazed at her in silence, appalled. They had escaped from the fiery death which was devouring her, but to what fate?

The ship burned with extraordinary fierceness and rapidity, and the people in the boat still looked on, appalled; until, with a terrific explosion, she was rent asunder, and the severed portions were scattered far and wide over the surface of the ocean.

A minute later, and before the terrified survivors in the boat had drawn breath again, there glided into sight, across the moon track, and at no very great distance from them, a sail!

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PHEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,
AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XV. THE EXHIBITION-DAY.

THE agitation consequent on these dreadful scenes had well-nigh incapacitated the principal from receiving the company on the great day that followed. The appalling effrontery of the girl—who had defied not merely her authority, but the Church itself—had shaken her to the centre. Yet there were awful duties to be faced on the morrow—the company, including a lord's political brother; great ladies; the courtesies of hospitality, the graciousness and easy manners expected from the head of a fashionable establishment; and the lunch, most serious of all.

Then that captured Tartar, Adelaide, whom they trembled to retain, and dared not let loose, lay on her mind like an awful nightmare. The poor agitated spinster had a terrible night of it.

It was, however, a night of delightful anticipation for all the girls in the establishment, for most of whom their mammas or other relations were to arrive, and who were to receive *éclat* from a flattering exhibition before a distinguished and brilliant audience. There was a restless flutter in every one of their gentle breasts; no pleasure, indeed, can be compared to that of the anticipated "breaking-up," and going home for the holidays, whether in the case of boys or girls. Here it had at last come round—a fine bright morning—the sun shining in on the gay decorations of the exhibition-room, where a scarlet canopy had been fitted up, and a "dais" had

been arranged, which was no more than a small ledge on which a few chairs, including the great gilt one of the establishment, had been disposed. But the Misses Cooke, like other "principals," relished the words "on the dais," or, "being brought up to the dais," as sounding majestically in the ear. The lunch was laid out; the strangers were beginning to arrive; and the Red Lion's carriages were all at work.

It was a busy scene in the reception-room, where the parents and guardians were assembled—including the lord's brother, the Hon. Mr. Crowsfoot, and various clergymen, excepting Dean Drinkwater, who was too much disgusted with yesterday's proceedings to attend. There was also the political father of the well-connected young lady who was to get the political economy prize, and others. Among the guests was a certain spinster, reputed to be of wealth, who was staying with a personage in the neighbourhood, and whom Miss Cooke had asked on commercial grounds. This was Miss Cubitt, a tall lady, of decided manners and opinions, an uncompromising enemy of what she called "nonsense." Nearly everything that she encountered proved to be "nonsense," and as she plainly told Miss Cooke, to the astonishment of that lady, that she looked on boarding and finishing schools as pre-eminently entitled to be so described; exhibiting girls, too, in this way was also "nonsense." She handsomely added that she did not hold Miss Cooke accountable, because she was only following the custom of the time; but the system was bad, radically bad. Miss Cooke could say nothing in reply, and was glad to turn to the lord's brother. It might have been

thought that here would have been found the various young ladies dressed in their new home-going apparel; but there was an inflexible rule as to this point, that had always been observed from time immemorial, during the hour of reception, and, indeed, until the exhibition was over. The theory was, that the school discipline was still maintained, and it was not until the ceremony was over that general saturnalia set in. As the procession moved on to the great room, Miss Cooke, leaning on the arm of the lord's brother, and making for the dais, the orchestra—led by Canova, and consisting of two pianofortes, with two young ladies at each—struck up a triumphal march, which continued while there was a pleasant flutter occasioned by finding seats. All the young ladies were ranged on chairs in front, a space being left open in the centre. A table, covered with regulation green baize, was in the middle, on which were arranged the pupils' drawing and water-colours, carelessly strewn about, and doing infinite credit to the ingenuity of the drawing-master, who showed marvellous power in making the best of the worst. There were rows of books bound in red and green morocco; while on a conspicuous sort of little platform reposed the great Dacier medal with its blue ribbon attached, which the lord's brother was to throw over the shoulders, not of the unhappy Adelaide, now at last disqualified, to the satisfaction of Miss Cooke. Then, a young lady, timid and fluttering—no other, indeed, than our Phoebe—approached and distributed the programmes, in a graceful way enough. Then there was a pause. And then a young lady came forward to recite "a prologue"—some lines of welcome to the illustrious guests, from Miss Emma Cooke's pen. Then examination in English grammar by one of the gentlemen present, who was much embarrassed at being asked to perform, and who, it must be confessed, was not very certain whether the right answers had been supplied. However, he soon brought it to a close, and, with a smile of relief, said, "Thank you; very good indeed." Then a pair of enormous globes were set forward in the middle of the room, while Miss Cooke put on her spectacles and took two young ladies through the zenith, and latitude, and longitude, the meridian and azimuth, and the rest; the answers being given with a readiness that was not surprising—to her at least, or the pupils. Not so satisfactory, however,

was it when a lady, professor of another boarding-school, and who could not be passed over, took the political gentleman's daughter in hand on the subject of English history. It was the courtesy, on such occasions, that this compliment should be paid to a visitor of the kind. She was an uncompromising woman, with spectacles, not accustomed to give or accept quarter, and she sternly grappled with the pupil, as though she had her in her class. As might be expected, this led to sad confusion and break-down, until Miss Emma Cooke adroitly interposed to shield the girl, insinuating that the question was scarcely fair. This led—as it was, perhaps, intended, Miss Emma being well versed in all such devices—to a controversy between the two professors of rather a heated kind, under cover of which the culprit was forgotten. Miss Cooke finally interposed a few questions of a safe kind, which were answered brilliantly, and under cover of which the pupil was enabled to retreat with credit.

Then came a song called "Art's Whispers," sung by one of Mr. Canova's pupils, in a very loud contralto, accompanied and composed by that gentleman, and dedicated by him "to his pupils at Dido House;" Miss Cooke having given permission, on the terms that there should be nothing dealing with the enervating and demoralising subject of love in the words. Then followed a recitation from Racine, delivered with the true accent of Stratford-atte-Bow—or rather of that which is familiar at Boulogne. Then there was a pianoforte duet, and then came the prize essay on "Education," written and spoken by the Member's daughter—according to the programme—but which that young lady, in a court of justice, would have shrunk from adopting on oath. Phoebe had a small share in the day's proceedings, having to deliver a portion of the dialogue in a fable. She could hardly compose her mouth to seriousness, and her eyes danced about to the faces of the guests in anything but the grave and composed way the principal desired. However, the result was quite as effective, and the guests were smiling and looking down at their programmes for the name of this pleasant little performer. In the middle she "forgot her part," and, without being discomposed, looked round, with an encouraging laugh, at Miss Emma Cooke for aid, that lady acting as prompter. The principal looked grave and shook her head,

and Miss Cubitt said, in an audible whisper, that "the girl had a fair stock of coolness." At the close, Phoebe was greeted with a round of applause, and, instead of returning to the ranks, ran over to her mother, still laughing, and asked, "Mamma, how did I do it?"

Now the prizes were to be delivered by the lord's brother, Miss Emma appearing with an enormous official sheet, from which she read the names and qualifications, also selecting the right premiums, and handing them to the lord's brother for presentation. This gentleman, with many smiles and much graciousness, added some words, which, at the beginning, were appropriate enough, but, after a few prizes had been presented, began to fail in originality.

Thus, for history: "It is with great pleasure that I put this volume in your hands. In after life you will find few things so important as history." Then with French: "I have to congratulate you on your superiority in this language, which you will find of incalculable use." After a time, however, he had to fall back on his first formula: as in the case of geography and the use of the globes: "In after life you will find few things so important as a knowledge of geography, &c." Then came Phoebe, who received a little, a very little, volume for her success in botany. Again smiles and dancing eyes; and she put out her hand to take the volume before the lord's brother had begun his charge. "Oh, thank you, sir," she said. Everyone laughed good-naturedly; and the lord's brother said spontaneously, "I am sure I need not tell you to retain your fondness for flowers."

CHAPTER XVI. ADELAIDE'S TRIUMPH.

BUT now came the last and most important award. Miss Emma Cooke girded herself up (metaphorically) for the announcement, first solemnly taking the Dacier medal and ribbon from its bed, and holding it out in her right hand, while she read from the sheet in the other: "The Dacier medal. Awarded for general excellence and merit in all the branches."

She did not notice that all the girls were looking to the back, where a figure was entering; neither did she see the sudden agitation in the principal, who was seated in front of her. The apparition was that of Adelaide, who walked in steadily till she came close behind Miss Emma Cooke. The sudden and jerky entry at the door of jailor Corbett's head, as suddenly with-

drawn, was no less perplexing to the visitors. The reader, however, went on to proclaim: "The Dacier medal awarded to Miss——"

To the amazement of all, the voice of Adelaide was now heard. She laid her hand on the astonished Miss Cooke's wrist, and said firmly:

"I protest against this. That medal is mine by right."

In much agitation the principal could only murmur: "Take her away, take her out of the room."

"I was examined for it. I answered the best. I appeal to the gentleman whom I see sitting there. I tell the company of ladies and gentlemen here that I have been cheated out of it."

Miss Emma Cooke answered in agitated tones: "You forfeited it by your behaviour."

"What behaviour?" murmured the other, quickly. "Tell them, I challenge you to do it. Or shall I? Come, it will give your school a good reputation."

There seemed no cause for this painful scene, but the lord's brother, who felt that he was in the capacity of a sort of chairman, said with some tact to his neighbour, the principal:

"I think, Miss Cooke, we may now adjourn the proceedings, and leave this point to be settled by you in private. There is nothing more to be done, I believe."

All the guests rose. Adelaide laughed scornfully.

"I have made my protest—all I wished. I care little what you do with this trumpery decoration. It is a farce, like everything else in the place."

The incident was a serious one for the establishment, fashionable people liking everything to go on quietly and decorously. However, Adelaide retired with a scornful dignity, and the guests adjourned to lunch.

The principal could not be present, her unstrung nerves had given way under these shocks. Such a disgrace—so shocking and vulgar—an outrage against all decency—had never been heard of in the long annals of the school! The worst was, the guests were not a little excited by the episode, and as the young ladies were now allowed to join their relations, questions were naturally put and answered with overpowering eagerness. Miss Cubitt exhibited a singular curiosity, and plied Miss Emma Cooke with many questions.

"That girl has character, and will make

her way. Right or wrong, she showed spirit."

"I fear, I fear, madam," said the other, "she will turn out ill."

"Oh, nonsense! you magnify things at these schools. I like her. I declare it was refreshing to hear her."

All this was delivered in a loud unpromising voice, much to the annoyance of Miss Cooke.

"I assume that statement of hers to be perfectly true. Of course it is. She is the cleverest one you have, that I can see."

Miss Cooke tried in vain to turn off this most disagreeable subject. Meanwhile the lunch went forward, the chatter and hum of voices rose, and the lord's brother made an agreeable and even touching speech, alluding to the absence "of the amiable lady" to whom they were all so indebted for that delightful day's entertainment. Then the party began to break up; the girls to get their "things" and make ready to depart. Happy day; happy breaking-up!

Miss Cooke had determined on making a supreme effort to master her nerves, and see some of the departing pupils; but she was oppressed by the terrible and revengeful creature that was under her roof. What was to be done with her? Again and again the thought recurred. She could not be turned loose on the world; that would be certain ruin for her; neither could she be kept there. And then the disgrace of her awful intrusion. As she thought and thought again, a message came from Miss Cubitt to beg a few moments' conversation.

"I want to know," she said, "about that girl that stood up for her rights so gallantly."

Aghast, Miss Cooke faltered, "Gallantly—rights!"

"Yes, yes," said the other, "there is no time to discuss that. I speak as the thing strikes me. Of course you think differently, as she opposed you. But to come to the point now. What are you going to do with her?"

"I cannot tell; indeed I cannot. It is an awful trial and responsibility."

"Pooh!" said the other, "I don't follow you. Then she has no friends, I suppose? I should like to take her myself. I am going to travel, and I want some one of that stamp as a companion, reader, dame de compagnie, and all the rest. Send for her and ask her, or let me go and speak to her."

Miss Cooke felt that it was hardly equitable that the dreadful scandal should turn to the profit of the offender. Still the offer was so tempting, and the solution of all difficulties so convenient, that she could not resist. She led the way, and in a few moments the lady was sitting with Adelaide Cross in her cell, opening the matter to her. A very few minutes sufficed to arrange the whole. Adelaide was grateful, and even dignified.

"You have rescued me from a wretched situation, and rescued me with credit. You will find that I shall never forget it."

"I like your spirit," said the lady. "At any rate, we can try each other fairly for a short time. If we do not suit each other we must only part. Now get your things together, and I shall take you away in my own carriage."

Miss Emma Cooke was nervously pressing on the visitor that this packing would take a long time, and that she had better wait until the guests went away. She, no doubt, felt the awkwardness of the departure in triumph before all the guests; and it was awkward certainly. But this humiliation Adelaide was determined should be undergone. She was ready in a few minutes; and, descending the stairs with her new friend, encountered all the departing strangers. The voluble patroness, who always spoke loud, took care to announce the new arrangement.

In the hall they were waiting for the private carriages and the chaises from the Red Lion to come up. And here was our delighted Phoebe, under shelter of her bustling mamma. No one was so astonished as was Phoebe when she saw Adelaide, and heard of the fortunate change. The natural impulse could not be restrained; for all marks from injuries made on Phoebe's delicate soul healed up in a very short while; and, after a moment's hesitation, she ran forward and said:

"Adelaide, I am so delighted!"

The other drew her hand away. "It will be time enough," she said, in a low voice, "to congratulate me when we meet again. We certainly shall. I shall take care of that if our lives be long enough."

"Now," said her patroness, "here is the carriage."

"Adieu, Miss Emma," said Adelaide, turning round with the most composed air in the world, the waiting guests looking at her with wonder. "Remember me to Miss Cooke. I do hope this little escapade won't do your school any harm."

"Extraordinary girl!" "Singular person!" were the remarks amid which Adelaide passed out, and took her seat in the carriage on her way to beginning a new life.

"Oh, I have no patience with it," said Mrs. Dawson aloud. "Mark my words, that girl will turn out badly."

Then her chaise came round, and our emancipated Phoebe set out on her little journey through the world, which was to be chequered enough.

The story spread, much distorted. "Young men found in the garden every night." "Not a fit place, you know." And then the unseemly display on the exhibition-day showed that discipline was faulty. Poor Miss Cooke was too old—too old-fashioned to hold the reins. Dean Drinkwater characteristically declared she was "a foolish old woman, and would take no advice;" and, possibly, if she had hushed it up, as he recommended, no harm might have come of it. In short, the pupils fell off, and when the vacation had passed by, more than a third of the girls did not return. Then followed a struggle to keep the establishment going till better days; but it was no use; and within a couple of years a still more unseemly scandal followed, in the seizure, under a bill of sale, of all the furniture and effects of that first-class Ladies' Seminary, Dido House. Miss Emma went to seek her fortune at another young ladies' school, where she made an excellent female usher, and poor Miss Cooke, who was taken in, heartbroken, by a relative, survived the blow but a short time.

In her last illness she was often heard to pronounce, with a sort of feeble terror, the name of Adelaide Cross:

"She destroyed me! God forgive her!" she said.

"A GENTLEMAN OF THE NAME OF BOOTH."

EARLY in the year 1817, Covent-garden Theatre was the scene of great confusion and uproar—almost of riot indeed. "A gentleman of the name of Booth"—so Hazlitt describes the performer—had essayed the part of Richard the Third, seeking the good opinion of a London audience, after having won considerable applause in the provinces. According to subsequent announcements in the play-bills, Mr. Booth's Richard "met with a success unprecedented in the annals of his-

tronic fame." Nevertheless the managers of the theatre carefully avoided backing this strongly-expressed opinion. They declined to pay their actor more than two pounds per week for his services—certainly a very small salary, even fifty years ago, for a player of any pretence. It was generally agreed that they were wrong, "either," as Hazlitt stated the case, "in puffing the new actor so unmercifully, or in haggling with him so pitifully." Forthwith Mr. Edmund Kean intervened. In times past he had played with Mr. Booth in the country; he was now the most prominent member of the Drury-lane company. He took his fellow-actor by the hand, and obtained for him an engagement at Drury-lane, upon a salary of ten pounds per week.

Booth had played Richard at Covent-garden on the 12th and 13th of February; on the 20th he appeared at Drury-lane as Iago to the Othello of Kean. Two nights afterwards, however, he was back again at Covent-garden, playing Richard the Third to an angry house, that hissed and hooted him persistently and vehemently. Scarcely a syllable of Shakespeare, or perhaps we should rather say of Cibber, could be heard. There was, indeed, a great tumult. The enraged public would neither listen to the play nor to the apologies attempted both by Booth and by Fawcett, the stage-manager of the theatre. It must be observed that a spirit of partisanship, of a kind scarcely intelligible nowadays, characterised the playgoers of that period. Men espoused the interests of Drury-lane or Covent-garden with the heat and acrimonious zeal they displayed in political contests. It could, in truth, matter little upon which stage Mr. Booth chose to strut and fret; his appearance and his disappearance were not really events of vital importance. But "the play" was indeed "the thing" just then; and Mr. Booth's conduct was considered as a due incentive to excitement. If it was absolutely necessary to administer rebuke, the managers who had influenced his proceedings might justly have shared the odium devolving upon the actor. The public, however, held Mr. Booth solely accountable. Upon him alone they poured forth their indignation.

Of course the considerations moving "the poor player" were obvious enough. He was tempted from Covent-garden by the promise of an improved salary; then misgivings troubled him touching his pro-

fessional prospects. It was clear to him that there was danger of his being shelved at Drury-lane. Had Kean's kindness been of a cruel sort—his friendship but disguised enmity? Was he aiding a comrade, or ridding himself of a rival? If Mr. Booth was permitted to play at all at Drury-lane, it must needs be as second to Mr. Kean. At Covent-garden there was less fear of competition, at any rate. Kemble was retiring from the stage; Macready was but a novice. Booth might be recognised as the legitimate rival of Kean—might, perhaps, surpass him and reign supreme, the leading actor of his time. So when the Covent-garden managers upbraided him for leaving them, threatened him with legal proceedings, and then solicited his return to them upon a larger salary even than that promised him at Drury-lane, he hastened back to the stage from which he had made his first bow to a London audience.

For some nights he encountered bitter hostility. He published an appeal to the public, entreating their forgiveness for what he was willing to admit had been grave misconduct upon his part. His first friends were slow to pardon him; but their opposition gradually diminished. At length he was enabled to express in the playbills his heartfelt gratitude to his patrons for the complete pardon they had extended to him; and there was an end of the Junius Brutus Booth controversy.

There seems, indeed, to have been a general amnesty. The actions at law, that had been commenced by the Drury-lane committee against the actor, and against Harris, the manager of Covent-garden, were abandoned. In the course of the season, Booth undertook a variety of characters: Sir Giles Overreach; Rinaldo, in *Diamond's Conquest of Taranto*; Fitzharding, in *Tobin's Curfew*; Sir Edward Mortimer, in the *Iron Chest*; Jerry Sneak, on the occasion of his benefit; and Iago, to the *Othello of Young*. His engagement was prolonged over the three following seasons. His appearances, however, were not frequent. He played Gloster, in *Jane Shore*, and Lear, in *Nahum Tate's* adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy, to the Edmund of Macready and the Edgar of Charles Kemble. His services were afterwards transferred to Drury-lane, at which theatre, in the season of 1820-21, he appeared as Lear and Iago; as Cassius, to the Brutus of Wallack; as Dumont, in *Jane Shore*; and as Opechancanough

(tributary to the Powhatan) in the American drama of *Pocahontas*; or, *The Indian Princess*. These performances brought to a close the career in England of "the gentleman of the name of Booth." He quitted the country hastily, to avoid, it was alleged, the consequences of an assault committed upon a noted rope-dancer of that day, styling himself *Il Diavolo Antonio*. Mr. Booth betook himself to the West Indies; whence, after a brief sojourn, he removed to the United States. There he found a home, and passed the rest of his life acquiring fame as an actor of extraordinary ability—even of rare genius. He was born in London, May 1, 1796. He died at New Orleans, in December, 1852. He was the father of Edwin Booth, an actor of distinction, and of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln.

Was this Mr. Junius Brutus Booth undervalued in England? Regret did not attend his departure hence; he was not missed. He occupies but a very subordinate position in the list of British actors. His name, indeed, is scarcely remembered amongst us. Opportunity did not fail him, although allowance may have to be made for the untoward incident of his first engagement in London. He was entrusted with many of the most important characters of the tragic repertory; and several new characters were allotted to him. The position assigned to him in the theatre was above that enjoyed by his fellow-actors Macready and Charles Kemble. There is no evidence of hostility in the criticisms upon his histrionic efforts. Hazlitt writes calmly about him, without enthusiasm in his favour, still with every desire to encourage the actor. But to Hazlitt, and the public he wrote for, Booth was from first to last little more than the mere imitator of Kean. "Almost the whole of his performance was an exact copy or parody of Mr. Kean's manner of doing the same part [Richard]; it was a complete, but at the same time, a successful piece of plagiarism. We do not think this kind of second-hand reputation can last upon the London boards for more than a character or two." And then it is pointed out that the best passages in Mr. Booth's acting were those "in which he now and then took leave of Mr. Kean's decided and extreme manner, and became more mild and tractable . . . seemed to yield to the impulse of his own feelings, and to follow the natural tones and cadence of his voice." A second criticism, by Hazlitt, deals with

Booth's Iago. He is still described as an imitator; his performance "a very close and spirited repetition of Mr. Kean's manner of doing the part." And the critic concludes: "We suspect that Mr. Booth is not only a professed and deliberate imitator of Mr. Kean, but that he has the cameleon quality (we do not mean that of living upon air, as the Covent-garden managers supposed, but) of reflecting all objects that come in contact with him. We occasionally caught the mellow tones of Mr. Macready rising out of the thorough-bass of Mr. Kean's guttural emphasis, and the flaunting déagé robe of Mr. Young's oriental manner flying off from the tight vest and tunic of the 'bony prizer' of the Drury-lane company." Hazlitt, it would seem, was the spokesman of the playgoers of his time. Booth was almost unanimously rated then as an actor of the second class, of limited capacity—an imitator of Edmund Kean.

Macready, in his memoirs, makes occasional mention of Booth, but avoids all recognition of his merits as an actor. Macready, however, was slow to praise his play-fellows, and even judged severely his own performances. He noted that "Booth, in figure, voice, and manner so closely resembled Kean, that he might have been taken for his twin brother;" and then follows a statement that Booth, in the last scene of his *Sir Giles Overreach*, had resorted to a manoeuvre which was severely commented upon. "One of the attendants, who held him, was furnished with a sponge filled with blood [rose-pink] which he, unseen by the audience, squeezed into his mouth, to convey the idea of his having burst a blood vessel! But in regard to these early accounts of Booth, one fact should be borne steadily in mind—his extreme youth. He was little more than twenty when he first set foot upon the stage of Covent-garden. It was natural enough that at that age he should be an imitator. There prevailed among the young actors of the time a sort of rage for imitating Kean, all hoping that such theatric triumphs as he had obtained might also be in store for them. In Booth's case, the inclination to imitate was stimulated by the circumstance of physical resemblance, which, if less close than Macready imagined, was yet remarkable enough. "His face is adapted to tragic characters," wrote Hazlitt, "and his voice wants neither strength nor musical expression . . . He has two voices: one his own, and the other

Mr. Kean's. The worst parts of his performance were those where he imitated or caricatured Mr. Kean's hoarseness of delivery and violence of action, and affected an energy without seeming to feel it." His voice was, no doubt, superior to Kean's in clearness and music, and probably in power also. He was of Kean's low stature, but with nothing of his gipsy look. He was of pallid complexion, blue-eyed, dark-haired, with features of the antique Roman pattern, until an accident grievously marred his facial symmetry, and brought about, it was observed, "a singular resemblance to the portraits of Michael Angelo." His figure was like Kean's in its spareness and muscularity; his neck and chest were "of ample but symmetrical mould; his step and movements elastic, assured, kingly."

This description of Booth is gathered from a work entitled *The Tragedian*, published in New York in 1868—less a biography of the actor than a collection of essays upon his histrionic method—written "in grateful testimony to the rare delights his personations have afforded, and in the hope of giving body to the vision and language to the common sentiment of his appreciators." The author is Mr. Thomas R. Gould, a statuary by profession it would seem, who prefixes to his volume a photograph of a marble bust he had sculptured of Mr. Booth. This portrait, while it represents a very noble head, encourages a high estimate of Mr. Gould's artistic skill. And it may here be added that Mr. Gould writes with great originality and force, if sometimes, in his desire to impress, he allows himself to be carried beyond the bounds of good taste, and by a certain extravagance of expression dissuades when he would attract, and prompts the doubts he is most anxious to dispel. It is, indeed, hardly possible for an English reader to accept Mr. Gould's valuation of Booth. Mr. Gould speaks as an eye-witness, and his acquaintance with his subject is not for a moment to be questioned. Few, however, can ever admit, implicitly, other evidence than their own in regard to the qualities of actors and acting. To be judged, the performer must be seen; the best description can but furnish forth the most shadowy idea of his achievements; and Mr. Gould, at times, so deals with his case as to shock credibility. Not content with affirming Booth to be a great actor, he would have him regarded as "the greatest of all actors." He continues: "Two names alone, in the

history of the stage, may dispute his supremacy—David Garrick and Edmund Kean." Garrick is dismissed from consideration as "a tradition." The record of his histrionic power is meagre. He was hampered by conventionalism; he played in a tie-wig and knee-breeches. No satisfactory analysis of his method has reached us. He was best in comedy; his comic parts far outnumber his tragic; altogether it must be concluded that his tragic acting, although a rare entertainment, did not touch the deepest springs of feeling; it was rather a skill than an inspiration. With regard to Kean, "nothing could be farther from the truth" than to suppose that it was upon his acting Booth formed his style. It is admitted that the two actors were alike in height and figure. "In temperament, also, there was a partial similarity—both being distinguished by passionate energy and by daring to displace the prescriptive habits of the stage by the action and the tones of nature." But Kean "lacked imagination." Mr. Gould does not write from knowledge of Kean at first hand, and founds his view of him upon Hazlitt's English Stage. Now Booth, it is asserted, possessed imagination "of a subtle kind, and in magnificent measure. It lent a weird expressiveness to his voice. It atmosphered his most terrific performances with beauty. Booth took up Kean at his best and carried him farther. Booth was Kean, plus the higher imagination." The impression left by Kean on the minds of his reviewers and biographers records his "mighty grasp and overwhelming energy in partial scenes;" while Booth is remembered "for his sustained and all-related conception of character." Kean took just those words and lines and points and passages in the character he was to represent which he found suited to his genius, and delivered them with electric force. "His method was liminary. It was analytic and passionate; not in the highest sense intellectual and imaginative." To see Booth in his best mood was not like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning, "in which a blinding glare alternates with the fearful suspense of darkness; but rather like reading him by the sunlight of a summer's day, a light which casts deep shadows, gives play to glorious harmonies of colour, and shows all objects in vivid light and true relation."

While thus according to Booth the gift of supreme histrionic power, however, Mr. Gould would not imply that his perform-

ances were faultless. He may have been matched by others, and haply surpassed in all secondary histrionic qualities, with the exception of voice; "he holding, beyond rivalry, the single, controlling quality of a penetrating, kindling, shaping imagination." He was, perhaps, "the most unequal of all great actors." To casual observers, therefore, he often seemed to fall short of his great reputation. "During the forty years, save one, which bounded his dramatic career, Mr. Booth's habit of life, both on the farm and on the stage, was exemplarily temperate." His reverence for the sacredness of all life amounted to a superstition. He abstained for many years, on principle, from the use of animal food. But he was subject to an extravagant and erring spirit allied to madness, which sometimes induced him to depart from the theatre at the very time fixed for his performance; whereupon the disappointed audience not unnaturally explained his conduct by ascribing it to intoxication. It is confessed, indeed, with grief and pity, that the baser charge was often true, and that the actor sometimes relieved, "by means questionable, pitiful, pardonable," the exhaustion attendant upon his great exertions. Something by way of further apology for the actor might have been urged touching the habits of intemperance which prevailed generally a generation ago—it was not only the actors who drank deep in the days of Edmund Kean.

Famous and prosperous as Mr. Booth became in America, it is admitted that he was never "the literary fashion." He arrived in the States unheralded, unknown, unprovided with letters; he was obliged to introduce himself to the manager of the Richmond Theatre, to secure a first appearance upon the American stage. He proceeded to Boston, and there played Octavian in the Mountaineers, to a very poor house. "But the fire took; and the next day the town was ablaze with interest in the new tragedian—an interest that scarcely flagged during the following thirty years." It was his wont to avoid listless and fashionable audiences, "with the blue blood sleeping in their veins," and to play at second-rate theatres, assured of that fulness and heartiness of popular appreciation which he found infinitely preferable to the "cool approval of scholars."—Certain eccentricities he has been credited with, although of these Mr. Gould says no word. It is understood that he was

accustomed to play Oronoko with bare feet, insisting upon the absurdity of putting shoes upon a slave. At Philadelphia he appeared as Richard, mounted on a real White Surrey; thus reducing the tragedy to the level of an equestrian drama. Some minor notes of his histrionic method are worth recording. His articulation was distinct to excess; he was accustomed to pronounce "ocean" (in Richard's first soliloquy) as a word of three syllables. His "hand play," or "manual eloquence," is described as singularly beautiful. Mr. Gould, referring to his performance of Sir Edward Mortimer (The Iron Chest)—the last part in which the actor ever appeared—speaks admiringly of the motion of his hands "towards these heart-wounds—

Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch;

the creeping, trembling play of his pale, thin fingers over his maddening brain; and his action when describing the assassination." "No. actor we have ever seen," writes Mr. Gould, "seemed to have such control over the vital and involuntary functions. He would tremble from head to foot, or tremble in one outstretched arm to the finger-tips, while holding it in the firm grasp of the other hand. . . . The veins of his corded and magnificent neck would swell, and the whole throat and face become suffused with crimson in a moment in the crisis of passion, to be succeeded on the ebb of feeling by an ashy paleness. To throw the blood into the face is a comparatively easy feat for a sanguine man by simply holding the breath; but for a man of pale complexion to speak passionate and thrilling words pending the suffusion, is quite another thing. On the other hand, it must be observed that no amount of merely physical exertion or exercise of voice could bring colour into that pale, proud, intellectual face. This was abundantly shown in Shylock, in Lear, in Hamlet, where the passion was intense, but where the face continued clear and pale. . . . In a word, he commanded his own pulses, as well as the pulses of his auditors, with despotic ease."

Mr. Gould devotes a distinct essay to each of Booth's impersonations; but we may not closely follow the author throughout his critical labours. He describes the feats and accomplishments of his favourite actor with much minuteness, finding reason for applause in almost every particular. Yet he writes so vivaciously, so intelli-

gently, and withal seems to be so thoroughly in earnest, that his book rarely ceases to be interesting, and, indeed, instructive. Hamlet, we learn, was Booth's favourite part, and special mention is made of a performance at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, towards the close of the actor's career. The nobility of his profile had been destroyed by the accidental injuries he had received; but the beauty of his voice, at one time gravely affected by this mischance, was now completely restored. He wore no wig, and his hair had turned to an iron-grey hue; he had no special help from costume or scenery, or from his fellow-players. The audience was fit though few; but "it was a noteworthy fact, however it might be accounted for, that Mr. Booth invariably seemed to play better to a thin house." And never did the soul of Hamlet shine forth more clearly "with its own peculiar, fitful, far-reaching, saddened, and supernatural life," than on this particular occasion. We do not find, however, that Mr. Booth's Hamlet was very unlike other Hamlets, except in so far as the physical qualities of the actor differed from those of other representatives of the part. Mr. Gould speaks with surprise of the applause awarded to the Hamlet of "that sensible but unimaginative actor Macready," who, in one scene of the play, "seemed to change natures with Osric, the waterfly, and to dance before the footlights flirting a white handkerchief over his head." Mr. Rufus Choate, comparing Kean and Booth in Hamlet, said, "This man (Booth) has finer touches." A strange reading may be noted. Mr. Booth read the line, "With a bare bodkin who would fardels fear," as we have printed it, after an unpunctuated fashion, affirming that "bodkin" was a local term in some parts of England for a padded yoke to support burdens on either side; and that a "bare bodkin" was a yoke without the pad, and therefore galling. Mr. Gould observes simply, "The meaning assigned has, we believe, escaped the notice of all lexicographers." It is mentioned that in the year 1831 Booth, being the temporary manager of a theatre in Baltimore, supported the Hamlet of Mr. Charles Kean by assuming the part of Lucianus, or "the second actor," whose function in the play is to deliver the brief speech beginning, "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit," &c. Says Mr. Gould: "In Booth's delivery of these fearful lines, each word dropped poison. The weird music of his voice and

the stealthy yet decisive action, made this brief scene the memorable event of the night"—which is not saying much for the Hamlet of Mr. Charles Kean.

Booth's conception of the character of Shylock was, it seems, influenced by "the Hebrew blood which, from some remote ancestor, mingled in the current of his life, was evidently traceable in his features, and, haply, determined the family name—Booth, from Beth, Hebrew for house or nest of birds." Booth's mind was deeply exercised by religious problems, by obstinate questionings of futurity and human destiny. "He passed into all religions with a certain humility and humanity, and with a certain Shakesperian impartiality. Among Jews he was counted a Jew. He was as familiar with the Koran as with the Hebrew scriptures, and named a child of his after a wife of Mahomet. At other times, and in sympathy with his favourite poet, Shelley, he delighted to lose himself in the mysticism of the faiths of India." It was Kean's fancy, the reader will remember, to join a tribe of Hurons, to wear the strange dress, including war-paint, of a Red Indian chief, and to assume the striking name of "Alantensida."

The last scene of Booth's Othello is described as "full of fate." He entered with an Eastern lamp, lighted, in one hand, and a drawn scimitar in the other. "The oriental subjective mood had obtained full possession of him. The supposed 'proofs' had sunk into his mind, and resolved themselves into a fearful unity of thought and purpose. . . . The expression of constrained energy in his movements—the large, low-toned, vibrant rumination of his voice, sounding like thought overhead—filled the scene with an atmosphere at once oppressive and fascinating." When he spoke of "the very error of the moon," his gesture seemed to figure the faith of the Chaldean, and to bring the moon "more near the earth than she was wont." "'Roderigo killed!' (with wonder), 'and Cassio killed!' (glutting the words in his throat)." The lines that follow he delivered with burning intensity. His speech over his dead wife seemed the ultimate reach of blended grief and love and wild, remorseful passion of which the human voice is capable. At the summons, "Bring him away!" and as he is beginning his final speech, he took a silken robe, and carelessly threw it over his shoulder; then reached for his turban, possessing himself of a dagger he had concealed therein. He

uttered the word "pearl," as though it were indeed "the immediate jewel of his soul," his wife, with a lingering fulness and tenderness of emphasis, and with a gesture as if in the act of throwing it away he cast his own life from him.

Booth's Iago was not as Kean's, "a gay, light-hearted monster; a careless, cordial, comfortable villain;" so Hazlitt wrote of it. Booth gave quite another version. His conception was saturnine; the expression of it strangely swift and brilliant. "He showed the dense force, the stealth, the velvet-footed grace of the panther; the subtlety, the fascination, the rapid stroke of the fanged serpent. His performances of this part did not vary much. Whatever difference might be discovered arose from the greater or less intensity of the representation." He came on the stage as though "possessed by his most splendid devil." The voice he used was his "most sweet and audible, deep-revolving bass." His delivery of the text was a masterpiece of colloquial style. It had all the abrupt turns, the tones of nature, the unexpectedness, and the occasional persuasive force which belong to the best conversation. His address to Othello had "a fearful symmetry of falsehood." "He lied so like truth, that had we been in Othello's place we felt he would have deceived us, too . . . Yet was the odiousness of Iago's nature lightened and carried off by the grace and force of Booth's representation."

Kean's Macbeth, according to Hazlitt, "was deficient in the poetry of the character—he did not look like a man who had encountered the weird sisters." Booth's performance, on the contrary, was "constituted by imagination, kindled and swayed by supernatural agencies." The dagger-speech was given "in volumed whispers—it was filled with fearful shadows." After the murder, when Lady Macbeth was gone to gild the faces of the grooms with Duncan's blood, and Macbeth, left alone, hears a knocking at the door, and delivers the lines beginning "Whence is that knocking?" Booth looked at his hands with starting eyes and a knotted horror in his features, the while he wiped one hand with the other from him with intensest loathing. "The words came like the weary dash on reef rocks, and as over sunken wrecks and drowned men, of the despairing sea . . . He launched the mysterious power of his voice, like the sudden rising of a mighty wind from some unknown source, over those 'multitudinous seas,' and they

swelled and congregated dim and vast before the eye of the mind. Then came the amazing word 'incarnadine,' each syllable ringing like the stroke of a sword. The whole passage was of unparalleled grandeur; and in tone, look, action, conveyed the impression of an infinite and unavailing remorse."

The success of Booth's *Lear*, as Mr. Gould is enabled to show, dated so far back as his first assumption of the part at Drury-lane in 1820. "We have seen Mr. Booth's *Lear*, with great pleasure," writes Hazlitt, whom Mr. Gould cites as an unwilling witness, for he went on to say, "Mr. Kean's is a greater pleasure to come, as we anticipate." Yet when Kean did play the part he disappointed his admirer, who even ventured to describe the performance as a failure. Mr. Gould is entitled to infer that Hazlitt preferred the *Lear* of Booth, and, seeing that Booth's performance came first in order of time, the question as to his imitating Kean, "a question first put by prejudice, and since repeated by dulness," could not be raised in regard to King *Lear*, at any rate. It is suggested, indeed, that danger arose lest Kean should be charged with imitating Booth, and was thus induced to adopt a certain perverser reading, which Hazlitt has duly noted. It was as *Lear*, at the National Theatre, Boston, in 1835, that Mr. Gould saw Booth for the first time. "The blue eye, the white beard, the nose in profile, keen as the curve of a falchion, the ringing utterances of the names 'Regan,' 'Goneril,' the close pent-up passion striving for expression, the kingly energy, the affecting recognition of *Cordelia* in the last act—made a deep impression on our boyish mind." Mr. Gould admits that he witnessed with a certain pleasure Mr. Macready's scholastic performance of *Lear*—but it did not move him much. "It was marred by the cold premeditation which marked all the efforts of that educated gentleman. Marvellous as was the imitation of the signs of passion, we felt the absence of the pulse of life. He was the intellectual showman of the character, not the character itself. —He never got inside. Conception is a blessing not vouchsafed to actors of his school. With Booth, the case was different"—then follows a high-flown account of the achievement of Mr. Gould's favourite actor in the part, concluding with—"in a word, the interior life of *Lear* came forth, and shone in the focal light of Mr. Booth's representation."

Booth's voice was a "most miraculous organ;" "it transcended music;" it was guided by a method which defied the set rules of elocution: it brought "airs from heaven and blasts from hell;" but it was marked by one significant limitation—it had no mirth—there were tones of light, but none of levity. Yet, now and then, on such occasions as his benefit, Mr. Booth appeared in farce, as Jerry Sneak and Geoffrey Muffincap. But his farce was simply the negation of his tragedy. "The sunny blue eye, the genial smile, the pleasantries we found so winning in social intercourse, never appeared upon the stage." He could not be comic. "His genius, and the voice it swayed, were solely dedicated to tragedy." Garrick danced; Kean danced and sang exquisitely; Booth could neither dance nor sing. A certain comic song he did attempt at times, by way of enlivening his performance in farce; but it was simply "a grotesque jingle, scorning melody, and depending for its success on odd turns of expression, verbal and vocal." He was, in truth, to Mr. Gould's thinking, always the Tragedian. Yet was his art "unremovably coupled to nature." The term "theatrical" could never be justly applied to him. "Nature was the deep source of his power, and she imparted her own perpetual freshness to his personations. We could not tire of him any more than we tire of her. His art was, in a high sense, as natural as the bend of Niagara, as the poise and drift of summer clouds, the play of lightning, the play of children, or as the sea, storm-tossed, sunlit, moonlit, or brooded in mysterious calm—and his art awakened in the observer corresponding emotions."

Mr. Gould's book is altogether a curious and interesting memorial of the actor, but it necessarily is an incomplete reply to the question touching Booth's histrionic merits. To Mr. Gould he was very great indeed; but how far is that conclusive? The honesty of Mr. Gould's convictions is not to be impugned, his book abounds in force and ingenuity; but is his judgment to be trusted? It is possible that Booth, an imitator in his youth, developed originality in his maturity, and really deserved to rank at last among the great actors of his time, as indeed he was ranked generally in America. But, on the other hand, conventionality and plagiarism in dramatic matters were less likely to be recognised in America than in this country. Actors of note had visited the States from time to time before the

arrival of Booth; but the American playgoers were scarcely familiar with acting of the highest class—were, perhaps, likely to be content with inferior histrionic displays. In any case, Mr. Gould has done good service to the memory of Booth. He has placed upon record the high estimation in which the actor was held by the American public; for, without doubt, the essayist speaks on behalf of a large majority of his countrymen. And we may deduce from the matter the rather commonplace moral, that unanimity of opinion is a rare thing, in regard to the transactions of the theatre, not less than in relation to other subjects. Even when jurymen agree upon their verdict, it must be understood that oftentimes there has been real sacrifice of preference or conviction: some yielding to coercion for the sake of concord, quiet, and escape from the box. When Kean said, "The pit rose at me," he did not mean, absolutely, that none of the audience kept their seats. Be sure there were dissentients, who did not join in the chorus of enthusiastic applause—who sat unmoved, perhaps unsatisfied, preferring acting of another kind and school, to that exhibited by the new performer. There is always a minority—an opposition. As the proverb tells us, the meat of one is the poison of another. So a man may be at once idolised and scorned—to these a tragedian, to those a buffoon or a block-head. And there can be no distinct right or wrong in such matters.

THE HARBINGERS.

Deep in the sunny copses, thick in the sheltered lanes,
Gallantly decking the wind-swept turf out on the breezy plains,
Gemming the quiet hedge-rows, clustering by the stream,
Blossoming on the great hill-sides where the golden gorses gleam;
Blue and rosy, purple and white, 'mid the grasses glistening,
They show, 'neath April shadow and shine, the harbingers of Spring.

Stern the Winter's sway has been, bitter, and fierce, and long,
And still o'er the sea the black east wind is singing his dying song;
But primrose, snowdrop, and violet join in the old sweet strain,
"The frost is over, the snow is gone, we are coming again, again;"
And from mating bird, and budding bough, and wakening nature swelling,
Comes the echo of the joyous news the harbingers are telling.

And youth springs out to hail them on happy kindred feet,
And sobered life and tranquil age give welcome grave and sweet;

Only sorrow raising heavy eyes beside the cold white cross,
Says, "Here is what returns no more, no spring-tide for my loss."
Yet by that Cross the God of Love the sign to trust has given,
Of Him who came the harbinger of deathless joys in Heaven.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

An old, old town among the green Kentish hopfields and the green Kentish hills—a town with an old, old church, grim, and grand, and grey as some ancient cathedral, and which was a cathedral once, to judge from the name of the quaint old pile of red-brick, red-tiled buildings hard by, which look, from one side, upon high-walled orchard and churchyard, from the other, upon the lazy, full-brimmed river. "The palace" people still call that ancient pile of peaked gables and quaint oriel windows, loop-holed walls, and winding stone steps, which lead down from ivy-hidden postern doors to the river path below; and, if you get permission, will take you to a room where dim frescoes still linger on the walls, and where Cranmer, the last resident archbishop, once dined in homely state.

But there are relics of older times than Cranmer's on the other side of the church—the grey ivy-mantled ruins of an ancient monastery; and clustered near it, hidden in trees, surrounded by quiet meadows and modern gardens, buildings as grey and ivy-mantled, and which, under the disguise of nineteenth-century roofs and windows and furniture, yet bear the old titles of Priory and Chapter-house. And below all these, many feet below gardens and meadows, church and palace, flows the tranquil river, starred here and there by the floating blossoms of the yellow water-lily; broken by the passage of some heavy barge; or stirred by the fresh, sweet breeze wafted across those low-lying meadows on the farther side.

I am looking across those meadows now, I who write this, and who live in one of the above-mentioned houses belonging to the ancient monastery—a beautiful old place, garlanded with rich, red roses; wreathed with green, fragrant limes; and set in a garden redolent of tall, snow-white lilies, roses pink and creamy, and masses of scarlet geranium. Tangled sprays of feathering jasmine and thorny, crimson-blossomed rose boughs, wave and dangle over the garden-wall, thrusting

aside the tufts of wild wall-flowers and lilac veronica which spring between the lichen-crusts stones to reflect themselves in the dark-brown mirror below. Behind is a background of dark shadowy trees; above, a vault of cloudless blue, fading gradually into purest, clearest gold upon the west; the sun is almost hidden behind the horizon, save for one last ray just touching the heart of a dangling rose and turning it into a fiery ruby. Bells are ringing from the little Catholic chapel at the lower end of the town; a light skiff, with a man in it, is moored at the farther side of the river—a man in boating flannels and a blue cap.

I am not thinking of boat or man, however. I am watching for Esther, and wondering when I shall see the shadow of her grey dress upon the sunlit path below the old palace. There is no path under our wall. It comes to an end between the churchyard and the ruined monastery, turning abruptly up a sharp incline to the town. She will have to go up there, and come round to our door across the meadows. But where is she?

I am beginning to think that it is not well to have such a terribly useful and popular person for a friend. Perhaps, if she were not quite so nice, people might not be always wanting to take her from me; but then, perhaps, I might not want to take her from them! This is a matter to be considered.

You know who Esther is, don't you? No? It seems strange that anybody should not know Esther—Esther, the help and favourite of all Maidenborough. Nine years ago her father was the rector here; and she and her widowed mother now live in a tiny suite of old-fashioned rooms in the palace, which building, like a royal residence at Hampton, serves at present for a home for certain wives and relations of deputy-clergy not overburdened with this world's goods. They pay for such harbourage, of course, and pay highly; but all the same it is a favour to be allowed to reside in the old episcopal palace; and only certain specially-favoured families have the right of doing so.

My father is the present rector; and how I first came to know Esther was in this wise. I had just left school to join my parents at Maidenborough, and was walking along the towing-path one day, when I met a small boy, crying—no, howling—in the most dismal fashion; a very dirty small boy, and exceedingly ragged.

Of course I stopped. What was the matter? The boy lifted up his voice more audibly, and demanded "Mammy!" I asked where "Mammy" was. He didn't know. He asked me something, but what I didn't know. His little naked foot was bleeding from a bad cut; but when I tried to lift him and examine it, he resisted with shrieks so appalling, that any passer-by must have thought I was in the act of murdering him. In deference to my father's position, I couldn't subject myself to be taken up on such a charge. In deference to my own soft heart, I couldn't go on my way rejoicing. Accordingly I sat down in the dust, and was near weeping too, when a shadow fell across my path; and, looking up, I saw—Esther!

A slight grey figure; an oval face, pure of all tinge of colour; grey, liquid eyes, full of an unutterable look, as of one who had been waiting for long, long years, and yet was content to wait as much longer; a fair, white brow, smooth and pure as an angel's; a small firm mouth and chin, grave with an exquisite sweetness, which seemed to cling about them like some subtle fragrance. That was Esther; that is Esther still—my darling, my friend!

In two words she found out what was the matter. In two more the child was quieted and clinging to her neck, gabbling away in baby gibberish the while, she seeming to understand as though she were the "Mammy" he had been wailing for.

Esther and I made friends that afternoon, as we carried home the wounded hero between us.

Nobody seems capable of getting married in Maidenborough unless Esther will act as bridesmaid; of falling ill without her for nurse; or of dying unless she be near to close their eyes, and comfort those left behind. Therefore I feel no shame in avowing that I am utterly incapable of making up a new bonnet, the materials for which are now lying on my bed, without Esther's assistance; and I feel righteously indignant when the said assistance does not come, and I am summoned indoors instead, to assist the mother in entertaining some particularly stupid townspeople.

One last look I give along the river path, stretching over the wall for the purpose; and then, in the same moment, I hear a splash, and see that I have capsized my new parasol, which was lying on the wall beside me, into the river below. The individual in the boat hears the splash, and

probably my cry of woe at the same time, unfastens the boat from its moorings, paddles across, and, fishing out my property, hands it to me. He has to stand up in his boat and stretch high; and I have to bend down and stretch low for the purpose. Our faces look into each other. Mine reddens and his smiles; a pleasant smile, a pleasant face—more than pleasant, indeed.

"Oh! thank you," I say awkwardly, and scarlet-faced.

"Not at all," he says, lifting his blue cap with cool civility; and then the boat glides on, and I depart into the house. My parasol is spoilt; but I have not noticed it, so full is my mind of the conviction that the face which has just flashed upon me is not only the handsomest I ever have seen, but the handsomest I ever could see. There is only one drawback to my enjoyment of the fact. What a pity Esther was not there to see it too! I am never quite sure even of my own opinions until she has confirmed them.

I think it is that same evening, or the morning after, that papa breaks the silence with:

"By-the-way, mamma, I met the brother of an old college chum yesterday, an Exeter man himself, who has come down here to work up notes for a book on ecclesiastical architecture. I've asked him to dinner. I'm sure you'll like him."

"What is his name?" asks mamma placidly.

"And shall I like him, papa?" say I. "Is he nice? Mamma is like Esther, and likes everyone, even disagreeable people; but shall I like him? That is the important question!"

"Oh dear no. He is not half young or silly enough for your liking, saucebox," says my father "And his name is Kenneth Moncton, Tom Moncton's brother," he adds, turning to the mother. "I declare I thought it was Tom, when I first caught sight of those black Moncton eyes under the fellow's blue cap."

"Blue cap!" I hear that; but not the stranger's name just then, for those words bring back to me the remembrance of the black eyes, which had flashed up into mine from the boat on the river yesterday.

"And it was the very same person!" I tell Esther next day when she has come to see me, and we are sitting by the lattice-paned, jasmine-smothered window of my room—she busy with a lapful of cloudy tulle and pale blue ribbons over the construction of my bonnet; the little dark

head bent over her work, the slim pale fingers flying in and out with dainty skill while I perch on the window-sill, my head against the framework, my idle hands clasped about my knee. A ray of sunshine is falling from above like a shaft of glory on her brow. Outside, a thrush is singing in the boughs of a huge cherry-tree; the music mingles with my voice as I go on chattering. "Esther, I am so glad; for I took a liking to him at once. I wanted to know him. You have no idea what a beautiful face he has—like Sir Launcelot—No! graver than Launcelot; more like King Arthur; only Arthur had a beard, had he not? This one has none; and besides, Launcelot was not so very young or lively after all; so I suppose he must be the Knight."

"I hope not!" Esther's grey eyes looking up with a sweet little mixture of fun and anxiety. "I shouldn't care for a Launcelot to come across my little Birdie. Our 'hily maid' is worthy of a better fate."

"It is you who are the 'lily maid.' Perhaps Sir Launcelot has come for you," I say merrily; but Esther shakes her head and the smile dies out of her eyes—the smile, not the sweetness; that never dies.

"Not for me," she says softly; "neither Launcelot nor any other! Birdie, stoop your head that I may try this on, and try and forget this bewitching stranger. Perhaps he may not turn out as nice as he looks; and even if he does—"

"If he does—Esther, he is coming to dinner again to-morrow, and what shall I wear!" I interrupt. "Is my pink muslin fresh enough? Let me put it on that you may see. What do you think? Oh! Esther, don't laugh. Papa thought he would be too old and clever for me to like; but I do like him, and I should like him to think I looked nice—there's no harm in that, is there?"

"Harm? No. But you don't usually care so much for strangers' opinions. Birdie. I can't understand you to-day."

"You could if you had seen him, and heard him talk. Besides, he is so brave and clever, like one of the knights of old—poet and warrior too. He fought in the Indian mutiny, and then he married a beautiful girl with a large fortune, and—"

"You've not told me his name yet," Esther interrupts, her eyes and fingers busy with the bonnet.

"Dalton," I reply; "Colonel Dalton. At least he took that name when he married, I forget his previous one; but this was his

wife's. She was a great heiress; but she died, poor thing! shortly after they were married, and since then he has been travelling continually. He went all through the Franco-Prussian war as a correspondent for something, and risked his life a hundred times rather than live idly at home. So you see, Esther, he is a real hero; and you'll like him better than I when you see him. And oh! what can I do to this muslin to make the train stand out?"

And she laughs and scolds me a little, looking at me with wistful eyes, rather wondering and anxious in their tenderness, as though a vision of something—some old memory of pain—had risen up before them, from which she would fain shield me if she knew how; and yet, all the while her busy, clever fingers are plaiting at the skirt of my muslin dress; disapproving of my anxiety, yet doing the one little practical thing in her power to satisfy it; not understanding how I can care so much about looking nice, and yet making me look nicer than I could ever make myself because it pleases me, and because the certainty of my present pleasure is more tangible to her than the chance of my future pain. Only when I am quite satisfied with my dress, and she is laying it on the bed beside the nearly-completed bonnet, I suddenly make a clutch at her, and spring to the window.

"Esther, come here," I whisper. "There is Colonel Dalton talking to papa on the croquet-lawn. Look at him, do look at him. He is turning his face this way. There— Why, Esther! Oh! Esther, what is it?"

The hands that have been resting on my shoulder slip down. There is a quick rustle, a "thud" upon the carpet; and turning swiftly, I see the little grey figure all crumpled in a heap on the floor, with the pale, rigid hands clenched together, and the white face hidden among the loosened hair.

Without word or warning she has fainted away!

JAPANESE INDUSTRIES.

LESS than twenty years ago the Empire of the Rising Sun was as a sealed book to the outer world, and nothing but vague, uncertain information was attainable with regard to its inhabitants and their industries. Matters are now changed, and we are gradually becoming more thoroughly acquainted with this curious people and the

capabilities of their country, which bids fair to take a leading position in Eastern Asia. Much has been said and written during the past year of its warlike power; and we now gladly avail ourselves of the publication of an unusually interesting Consular Report from Yokohama, Japan, to bring under the notice of our readers some information respecting the cultivation, &c., of its chief products, viz., silk, tea, tobacco, hemp, and rice.

Cocoons are used by the Japanese for two purposes, viz., for reeling into silk or for reproduction of seed. In the former case, when they are eight or nine days old, they are placed on baskets and laid out in the sun to dry, in order to destroy the chrysalis. This is effected in two or three days, when the cocoons are placed where a draught can play freely on them, for, if they are taken in when hot from the effects of the sun, the silk is likely to become brittle, and is more troublesome to reel. Sometimes the cocoons are dried by steam, and in that case they are placed in a basket-steamer, specially made for this purpose, over a caldron of hot water. Two or three mulberry leaves are put into the basket with the cocoons, and the whole is then covered with stout wrapping. As soon as the mulberry leaves have completely changed colour, the chrysalis is considered to be killed. Another plan for drying cocoons is to place a large box, with a series of drawers or shelves, over a fire. At the bottom of each drawer a layer of thick paper is placed, on which the cocoons are laid, and two or three mulberry leaves are put into each drawer. The drawers have to be continually shifted about, so that each may receive an equal amount of heat. When the leaves crumble to powder at the touch, the killing process is looked upon as effected. The water, in which the cocoons are immersed before reeling, is the best and purest that can be obtained, and, to make assurance doubly sure, it is generally filtered. If ordinary well-water, or water in the least degree tinged with mud, be used, the thread is thought to lose in weight as well as in natural gloss. Silk is reeled either by hand or by machinery; the latter method has recently been brought to bear on the industry, but hand-reeling is most in vogue, and has been so from time immemorial. This is performed in the following manner. About eight and a half pounds of cocoons are taken and divided

into thirty parts; one portion is put into boiling water, and the thread reeled off first from five or six cocoons, increasing to seven or eight. This number is considered to turn out the best silk, but, for medium and inferior silk, eight or nine to twelve or thirteen cocoons are used. A small ring, made either of horsehair or human hair, is attached to the edge of the basin containing the cocoons and the hot water. The thread is run through this ring, and then passed in and out of the first and second fingers of the left hand, the right hand meanwhile turning the handle of the reel. The Japanese seem to think that by this process greater evenness of thread is obtained, and that there is less chance of impurities getting into the silk than is the case when machinery is used. There is good reason, however, to believe that this is a matter of fancy, for silk reeled in the latter way fetches by far the best price; and besides this, machinery is being gradually made use of at Yedo and elsewhere.

Let us now turn to the other main branch of the industry. The Japanese have always paid great attention to the rearing of silkworms, and have brought the art to a high degree of perfection. The commencement of the season varies in different parts of the country, according as the temperature is high or low. When the temperature has become tolerably equable—commonly early in April—the silkworm egg-cards are taken out of store, and hung up in some quiet part of the house. After twenty-two or twenty-three days the worms appear; they are carefully watched, and paper is wrapped round the cards, which are now placed in a basket-tray. They are looked at every morning, and the worms are brushed lightly off, with a feather-fan, on to another piece of paper. They are fed with mulberry leaves, chopped very fine and cleared of all fibrous matter, to which is added a certain proportion of millet bran. Fresh paper is wrapped round the cards, and this course is pursued for three days, by which time all the worms will be out. The paper with the worms on it is then placed on clean basket-trays, over a layer of matting, and the worms are fed about five times a day. After the lapse of another three days, the worms are transferred to matting. As a rule, in about ten days' time the first sleep is entered upon, but this depends upon the temperature. When the worms are observed to be preparing for the first sleep,

they are sprinkled with millet bran and covered with a net, over which mulberry leaves are placed. After a couple of hours the net is raised, and the worms brought away with the mulberry leaves, on which they have fastened. They are then placed in a fresh basket-tray, and the one from which they have been taken is thoroughly cleansed. When the worms have roused themselves from the first sleep they are sprinkled with rice bran, and covered with a net as before, after which they are shifted to a fresh basket. The same course is pursued when they go through the second and third sleep, but, for the fourth sleep, the net is not used. From six to seven days elapse between each of these stages. Great attention is paid to cleanliness, as neglect in this respect exposes the worms to disease. Mulberry leaves are given with an unsparing hand; the leaves being chopped coarser and coarser as the worms grow larger. We have remarked that the worms are fed five times a day, but, in hot weather, when the leaves are apt to get dry, they are given eight times a day and even oftener. So careful are the Japanese in this respect that they measure out the leaves with great nicety, so as not to give the worms too much or too little. After the fourth sleep the leaves are given whole, for the worms have now attained their full size, and they soon cease feeding altogether. When they are observed to be seeking for a place to spin in, the best are picked out and placed on a contrivance made either of straw or light twigs, and intended to facilitate the spinning of the cocoons, an operation which takes three days. If the reproduction of eggs is desired, the cocoons are ranged in baskets, and after a fortnight the chrysalis will have changed into a moth, and will emerge from the cocoon. Finally, from one hundred to one hundred and thirty female moths are placed on a card surrounded with a framework of oiled or varnished wood, to prevent their escaping, and in about twelve hours the card will be covered with eggs.

Tea is said to have been introduced into Japan from China in the year 782, but it did not come into general use until 1190. Although the Japanese cannot hope to compete successfully with the Chinese in the tea-markets of the world, still their tea is making its way into favour, and a few words on its culture will not be without interest. The ground best adapted for

the cultivation of tea exhibits a reddish soil, mixed with small stones, and should be open to the south and east, but shut in from the north and west. Plantations are situate in warm, but yet temperate climates. The plant blossoms late in the autumn, and the nut or seed follows the flower; these nuts, however, do not ripen till the winter, and, when ripe, they burst and the seed falls to the ground. The seeds are sown in the last month of the year. Patches of ground, measuring six feet square, are marked out, and divided off into three parts, in each of which holes are dug about a foot in diameter; manure is used, and after two days a small quantity of seed is sown in each hole. About an inch of light soil is then sprinkled over the seed. The seedlings come up early in summer. In the second year liquid manure is applied, but solid manure is not used until the third year. If the plantation is a very good one, the leaves are picked immediately after the third year. The time for picking depends upon the temperature of the season, but the best time is when the shrub is in what is known as the three-leaf stage, and when summer has well set in. This picking makes the best tea, as, when four or more leaves appear, they are somewhat dry in consistency and make inferior tea. A month after the best leaves are picked a second picking takes place for medium teas. When the leaves have been picked by women and children, they are taken to the houses, and a number of caldrons are half filled with boiling water. About half a pound of leaves is placed in each steamer over these caldrons, and after being steamed for a short time, the leaves are spread on matting and cooled with a fan. They are then removed to the firing-pan, in which they are tossed and rubbed rapidly to and fro with the hands, until the steam has dried off. The next step is to place them in a pan over a light fire for a night, so that they may be completely dried. The leaves are then passed through a sieve, to get rid of the stalks, and a rough cleaning process is gone through to remove conspicuous impurities, after which they are again carefully sifted. By means of different-sized sieves the leaves are divided into three classes, and an expert is employed, who parcels them out into good, medium, and inferior kinds. When this has been done, the tea is again fired, cooled, and placed in cedar-wood boxes, or packed up in matting for transmission to different

parts of the country; it is also sometimes stored in jars, with the lids secured so as to exclude all air.

"Powder tea" is esteemed a great luxury by the Japanese, and, though it comes from the same seed as ordinary tea, it is cultivated in a different manner, thus developing a leaf different in consistency and flavour. This tea is of two kinds (koicha and usucha), and is made from very old shrubs selected from the best plantations. These shrubs are very freely manured some ten times in the year for koicha, and some six times for usucha. About the end of March, or beginning of April, these shrubs are surrounded on all sides with a bamboo screen-work, so as to protect them from frost; it is removed, however, as soon as summer has well set in. When the leaves have been picked they are steamed for about half a minute, spread out on matting, and cooled. Then follows the same process as with ordinary tea, viz., firing first over a quick, and afterwards over a slow fire; the only difference being that the leaves are turned about with a stick and not with the hand. When about half dried, the leaves are placed on trays and dried gradually before a light fire; after which they are passed through bamboo sieves, and finally spread out on sheets of paper, each leaf being picked out singly. Great care is shown in the mode of storage of this particular kind of tea; the leaves being placed in tin or white metal jars, which again are inclosed in wooden boxes, and packed with a certain amount of common leaf, the effect of this being to preserve the scent and flavour for a long time. When it is wanted for use, a sufficient quantity is taken out of the metal jar, placed in a small hand tea-mill, and slowly ground into a very fine powder, which is removed with a feather into an air-tight jar. Boiling water is then got ready, and when it is just at the boiling point, about one-quarter of an ounce of tea-powder is put into a teacup, and boiling water poured on it to suit the taste of the tea-driuker. The whole is then rapidly stirred with a bamboo stick, specially made for the purpose, until a good froth is produced, and the tea is at once drunk with much ceremony.

According to a native authority, tobacco was introduced into Japan in 1605, and was first planted at Nagasaki. The following is, in brief, a Japanese description of the mode of culture. In those provinces

where a high degree of temperature prevails, the plant lives throughout the winter, but, nevertheless, it is usual to sow fresh seeds in the early spring of each successive year. By the third month the plants have attained a height of five or six inches, and in the sixth month they are about six feet high, and have a full, round stem. The leaves are long and pointed, about a foot in length, and completely envelop the stalk; both stem and leaf are covered with a fine hairy substance. In the autumn, a great number of flowers, about an inch long and of a pale purple tint, spring from the tip of the stem. These are succeeded by small round seeds, inside of which there are three chambers, containing numerous light-red seeds. The bitter taste of the leaf is, in some measure, an effectual safeguard against the ravages of insects, but the leaves are, nevertheless, carefully tended. If reproduction from seed is not desired, the flowers are cut off and the stem pruned down, as otherwise the leaves lose in flavour and smell. The lees of oil, liberally used, and stable manure, sparsely applied, have a great effect on the plant, causing it to produce a small leaf with an excellent flavour; while, if the opposite course is followed, the leaves grow to an immense size, but are very inferior in taste. The leaves which make the best tobacco are gathered by twos, just after the height of summer; they are arranged in regular layers, and covered with straw matting for a couple of days, by which time they are of a light yellow colour. They are then fastened by the stem, by twos and threes, to a rope slung in a smoke-room, and at the end of a fortnight they are dried for two or three days in the sun, after which they are exposed for a couple of nights in order that they may be moistened with dew. They are next smoothed out and arranged in layers, the stems being fastened together. Finally, they are pressed down with boards and packed away in a dark room. Tobacco is prepared for consumption in the following manner:—The stems having been cut off, the leaves are rolled round, firmly pressed down with a thin board, and cut exactly in the centre. The two halves are placed one on the top of the other, so that the cut edges correspond, and, being firmly compressed between two boards, they are easily cut into fine strips, the degree of fineness, of course, depending on the skill of the cutter. A machine, made of hard wood, but with the

vital parts of iron, is sometimes used for this purpose. It was devised about sixty years ago by a skilful Yedo mechanic, the idea being taken from the machines for cutting the gold thread which is used for weaving into silk embroidery.

Japan produces hemp of the finest quality, and probably, when machinery has been brought to bear on the industry, it will compete favourably with Manila hemp. The plant is perennial and attains a height of six feet and upwards; the stem is covered with a short, hairy substance; the leaves are heart-shaped, with a sharp point, their surface being of a bluish colour, and the back white; both sides are furry and rough to the touch. In the summer, small sprouts of about two or three inches in height appear at the point where the leaves join the stem, and throw out blossoms, which develop into small white flowers. Mr. Consul Robertson gives the following account of the manner in which the fibre is obtained:—When the summer has set in, the plantation is fired, after which the ground is well prepared with manure, and left till the close of the summer, when the shoots will have attained their full height. They are then cut and soaked in running water for about four hours. After immersion, the stalks are broken in about three places, by which means the rind is separated from the pith. In the interstice thus made the thumb of the left hand is inserted, and the stalks shredded. The shredded parts are placed in layers, and are next laid on a board which has a foot piece at one end, so as to make an inclined plane. A small edged tool is then grasped in the right hand, the shreds being firmly held down with the left, and the inner white coating is scraped off. The shreds are now hung upon a frame, after which they are again placed on the board, and this time the outer green pith is scraped off. The fibre is then tied together in bundles and dried. This dried fibre is woven into cloth and all kinds of piece goods. The outer green bark or peel is also dried, macerated, and made into paper pulp, being used for the manufacture of the coarsest kinds of papers. It is sometimes used in its dried state by the poorer classes as a stuffing for mattresses. The best of the outer or surface fibre is also made up into a material

very strong in texture and of a mouse colour. The pith, or what is left after obtaining the fibre, is utilised in finishing off the thatch of houses.

Rice is very extensively grown in Japan, and there can be little doubt that, when the country is more fully developed, it will form the chief item among its exports. The Japanese call the plant "Iné;" the grain, before the husk is removed, "momi," (paddy), and, after that operation, "komé," or rice. Premising that they have several different kinds of rice, which need not be enumerated here, we proceed to describe the usual mode of cultivation, upon which the Japanese bestow great care. Before it is sown, the seed is always soaked in water, the length of immersion depending upon whether it is for an early, ordinary, or late crop; the sowing, however, commonly takes place between the middle of February and the end of April. The rice, packed in bags, is steeped in water for ten, fifteen, or twenty days; it is then taken out, and warm water poured over the bags, which are now covered with matting, to induce warmth and force on the sprouting of the grain; the rice is generally sown just before the husks have burst. The ground for the reception of the seedling is chosen for its richness and its situation as regards facilities for irrigation. Towards the end of autumn it is well ploughed and manured; in the early spring it is carefully gone over, and all lumps are broken: trefoil, young bamboo leaves, fish manure, refuse oil, &c., as well as manure, are mixed with the soil, which is then flooded to the depth of two or three inches. When the water has cleared and the muddy particles have sunk to the bottom, the seed is sown broadcast, and the water is drawn off on the first fine day, so that the sun may penetrate the soil; it is left dry from morning to evening, when it is again flooded, and so left till morning. Transplanting, in which the women all help, takes place in from forty-five to fifty-five days after sowing; the seedlings are planted out in tufts of from two to five, according to the custom of the district, the tufts being placed in lines with a space of one or two feet between each. After this the ground is gone over with a light hand-rake or hoe, and care is taken that the soil does not press too heavily on the roots of the seedlings; all foot-marks are carefully erased, and the ground is constantly weeded. When the

plants are well forward and full in grain, the water is drawn off the fields, so that the sun may penetrate the soil and thus harden the grain. When the earth has become thoroughly hard at the roots of the plants, it is taken as a sign that the grain has attained a proper consistency of hardness.

Rice crops suffer much from the depredations of birds and vermin, and all sorts of appliances are resorted to by the Japanese to scare them away. A favourite contrivance, particularly noticeable in hilly districts, is this: a hollowed bamboo, a foot or so long, has a small stick inserted in it; this is supported on two props, which just keep it at a balance. It is placed in such a position as to allow any of the small natural rivulets that abound in the hills to play into it; by this means it is made to clatter up and down, and effectually scares away all birds, &c.

At harvest-time the crops are cut with a sickle, the rice is bound in sheaves and left to dry in the sun for about five days, or it is suspended, ears down, from a bamboo frame. It is then taken into the barns and passed through a toothed instrument, which roughly separates the ears from the stalks; after this it is run through a sieve and again dried in the sun. Next, it is winnowed, by which process the good and inferior grains are separated—the one falling to the right and the other to the left of the machine; another aperture provides for the egress of dust, refuse, stalk, &c. The grain is then tressed over matting and left exposed for a short time, after which it is placed in a mortar, and the husk is got rid of. It is now winnowed again, and passed through a funnel placed on an inclined plane, the best and heaviest grain finding its way down the incline and the light kind being caught in a wire-work net. Finally, the rice is measured out into bags holding from twelve to twenty-two gallons of grain.

Basing his calculations on the average produce of a well-known rice district in Hizen, Mr. Robertson arrives at the following results with regard to the capabilities of land in Japan when devoted to rice cultivation:—With a good harvest, a quarter of an acre of the best ground produces eight hundred and sixteen pounds of rice; of medium ground, five hundred and eighty-three pounds; of inferior ground, four hundred and sixty-seven pounds. With a bad harvest, the same plots of

ground will produce four hundred and sixty-seven pounds, three hundred and fifty pounds, and two hundred and eighty-nine pounds respectively.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER I.
A SLENDER LINK.

"I SUPPOSE everybody would be shocked, if I were to confess how soon after the sad news of Mr. Pemberton's death reached us I began to speculate upon the chances for and against my father's thinking it necessary to interdict my going to Adelaide Lipscomb's wedding. We were surprised—I mean Griffith and myself—to find our father so much affected by the intelligence as he was. No doubt he had been, in his quiet way, taking up the broken threads of the past in his life; going back to the time when he and our mother and her brother were young, and full of hopes and projects; and he had pleased himself with the notion of reviving old times, in the company of the only person remaining who had shared them. He took the news to heart very much. The letter from my cousin Ida was short and concise; it must have been very hard for her to write it, and it told a sad story. My uncle died of fever, which he caught from a strange gentleman who was most kindly taken into my uncle's house, having met with an accident at the gate. The stranger died in the house. It must have been a dreadful trial for poor Mrs. Pemberton; and I am sure if it had happened to me I should hate the dead man who had cost me my husband's life, as much as if he were alive and could know it. Griffith says that is irrational. Very likely, but I cannot help that.

"I make a point in my simple story of my anxiety about the wedding, because it is associated with a change in my feelings about Lady Olive Despard. I know that I had been obstinately unsympathetic to my father and my brother with respect to her; and I rather prided myself upon the fact, regarding it as a proof of my high and independent spirit, especially as that spirit manifested itself towards Griffith. If he did not care about my particular friend, if he thought that I was likely to be put out of my place by Miss Kindersley, I would show him that I was not to be still more unduly exalted by the intimacy of Lady Olive Despard.

A day or two after the arrival of my cousin's letter, Lady Olive came to the Dingle House, and had one of her long talks with my father. Madeleine and I were shut up in my room, for a long talk on our own account, and my father did not send for me. From the window of my room, Madeleine and I could see him and his visitor walking slowly, side by side, on the sheltered walk, bounded by the ivy-covered brick wall which enclosed the lawn on the far side. The wintry day was bright and clear, and the air was very still. We could hear the voices when my father and Lady Olive turned and came near the house; and on the second occasion, I saw that my father held an open letter in his hand. My cousin Ida's letter, no doubt.

"I suppose poor Mrs. Pemberton and your cousin will come to England, all the same?" said Madeleine. "Mr. Pemberton wished her to be with her own people."

"The letter is very short," I answered; "but Ida does say that Mrs. Pemberton intends to carry out my uncle's wishes, and will write to my father so soon as she is able to do so."

"Poor girl! How dreadful it must be for her! Only think, Audrey, what it would be to either of us to lose our father!"

"And to have a step-mother instead of him!" I thought; but I did not utter the reflection. The serene sweetness of Madeleine's nature not unfrequently kept my unamiability in check.

"It will be rather a melancholy than a joyful meeting for you now," continued Madeleine. "Poor Mrs. Pemberton will feel doubly that she is coming among strangers. But I suppose it will be a good while before they can leave New South Wales. There will be so much business to settle."

"I don't know," I answered, "but I fancy my poor uncle had arranged everything—about his property I mean. Only think how everything is changed, in a short time, Madeleine! I thought it would have been so delightful to have Ida here, a girl full of fun and spirits, and now——"

"Ah, now!—but it will do her good to come here. You and your brother will be so kind to her. And, tell me, Audrey, will it make any difference to you about London?"

"All the difference, I should think. Mrs. Pemberton is nothing to us; why should she be interested in me, or think

of my welfare, as my unknown uncle did? No, I shall have to content myself without London. Well; that is not so very hard to do, after all. I am very happy here, and I don't envy anyone; and it will be all for the better in one respect—Griffith will not find so much to lecture me about.'

"Why Madeleine Kindersley should look so confused, and turn so red upon hearing these words, I could not but wonder. Supposing she agreed with me that Griffith's views were rather strict, why should she blush for them, or at hearing of them?"

"Does—does your brother dislike the idea of your going to London?"

"He did not dislike it at first; he was quite pleased with all the prospects my uncle's letters held out; but he thinks differently now. We have only had time for one talk over it; and he seems to think all that is at an end. Griffith is such a tremendous fellow for everybody's keeping his or her own place, and nobody being under any obligation to anybody else, except it be justified by close relationship!"

"In other words, he is very proud."

"Yes, I suppose that is it. I never thought of it before; but, of course, his pride comes in in a good many things."

"I think it does," said Madeleine; and then there was a pause.

"Audrey," said Madeleine, with an odd kind of effort, "I had something to tell you about myself when we had done talking about the news from Sydney."

"Tell me what it is, dear."

"What would you think of my going to London—going for the season, just like a regularly come-out young lady?"

"With whom, Madeleine? I should be only too glad of anything that would please you; but—"

"And this does not please me, Audrey; at least, not much. It would have been delightful, if things had remained as they were only last week, for you would have been in London, too, with your uncle; and we should have enjoyed it all together. But now, I don't think I shall care so much. You will be surprised when I tell you whom I am going with—Lady Olive Despard!"

"Lady Olive! How does that come about? I thought she did not mean to go to London this season?"

"She did not; but her brother has persuaded her. Lord Barr has been in almost every part of the world, except the Arctic

head to go there. He is having a yacht built for himself and a friend, and he will be "off and on," as he calls it, in London until June. He cannot come backwards and forwards to Wrottesley; but he is very anxious to see as much of his sister as possible. So Lady Olive means to have a house in London for several months, and to take me with her.'

"It will be delightful for you,' I said; 'but all this is very sudden! And who is the friend who is going with Lord Barr?'

"I don't know; I did not think of asking. Lady Olive was so full of lamenting that Mr. Lester could not accompany her brother this time, that she could hardly think of anything else. She and I were coming to tell you about it on Thursday, when Mr. Griffith Dwarris told papa the news from Australia, and papa thought I had better not come, that it might be an intrusion, for a day or two. I have no doubt she has told Mr. Dwarris all about it now.'

"What a delightful visit you will have,' I said, and yet, strange to say, I did not experience the least sensation of envy of Madeleine's superior good fortune, or any wish that I, too, could have such a chance just at that time. Madeleine and I were agreed upon the point of Wrottesley's being no means a dull place, let the Lipscoots and others say what they liked; but still I did think Madeleine a little too indifferent to her prospects in an early visit to London, under the auspices of Lady Olive Despard, especially as she was so much more partial to Lady Olive than I was. She spoke of it without enthusiasm, and she seemed to me to have an unspoken reluctance to it lurking somewhere or other in her mind. I may as well 'make a clean breast' of my thoughts and feelings at this point, and acknowledge that it occurred to me, unpleasantly, that Madeleine did not care particularly for going to London, because there was some one at Wrottesley whose society she felt reluctant to relinquish; and that the individual in question was not myself. I had very lofty and exacting notions respecting female friendships too, but they would not have extended to believing that a temporary separation between us would have robbed such a scene of novelty and pleasure, if not of its charm, at least of its pardonable intoxication. In spite of myself, the sense that such was the case cast a restraint over my manner of receiving Madeleine's intelligence, and she misinterpreted it.

ment,' she said; 'and you must feel it very much. And, indeed, Audrey, your not being there will make such a difference to me that I shall not care very much about it.'

"Nonsense, Madeleine,' I said, with that brusque manner of mine at which my father sometimes looked grave; 'that would be a bit of the sentimental exaggeration that Griffith laughs at.'

"Does he? When has he seen any of it in me, I wonder?"

"Not in you, dear; in young ladies in general. But never mind Griffith's notions. Of course you'll enjoy London. And you must keep a journal, you know, for your and my own private and exclusive reading; like the Camillas and Cecilians of old times, and you must write me long letters, and—"

"You run on as if I were going away to-morrow. Lady Olive is not going to town until the first week in February, and I was very much surprised when she offered to take me with her, and"—here Madeleine's face clouded over, and the tone of her voice changed—"still more surprised to find that papa wished it so very much. He is always glad, I know, of anything that is for my pleasure or benefit; but he has another motive in this instance. Clement insists upon remaining in London, and poor papa flatters himself with the hope that, if I am there too, Clement will feel bound to be a good deal with me, for propriety's sake, and will be kept, to that extent, out of bad company."

"And do you think it will make any difference?"

"Indeed I do not. I have never known Clement to do anything, or leave anything undone, for propriety's sake yet, and I have not the least expectation that he is going to begin now; but it is not necessary for me to dishearten papa, or to try to make him understand Clement as well as I have come to understand him of late."

"Mingled with Madeleine's perfect sweetness of disposition there was sound good sense, and she showed it in this instance.

"If papa makes it worth his while to go about with me in London, he will do it, I have no doubt; but as to my keeping him from any kind of evil!—ah, Audrey, is it not sad? Is it not hard on papa, who has been such a good man all his life?"

"It is, indeed,' I replied. And then Madeleine told me of some fresh annoyances which Clement Kindersley had oc-

asioned his father of late. Madeleine and I had but vague notions of what 'bad company' meant; and Clement Kindersley managed to keep himself tolerably sober when in the house with his father and sister, so that of the real nature of his misdemeanours we had no knowledge; and yet, we both felt that the little we did know was a degrading element in our lives. It made us conscious of such horrid meanness. Here, for instance, was Clement Kindersley, whose extravagance was becoming a source of serious embarrassment to his father, and yet who would do the shabbiest conceivable things about small sums of money; was in debt to the petty shopkeepers at Wrotesley, and had borrowed his sister's last quarterly allowance from her, and laughed at her when she hinted that she could not go on a visit without the money.

"Let your gown and bonnet people wait," her brother had said; 'and as for charities—your ten shillings to the drunken old Bettys and the blind old Melbys—charity begins at home, you know. Besides, if you're really so hard up that you must remind your own brother that he has had a few pounds from you, why don't you go to the governor, and tell him you've outrun the constable this time?'

"Imagine how odious all this was to me, Audrey,' said Madeleine; 'and when I said I should certainly not tell my father an untruth, Clement told me I was a fool not to make it the truth; and that, if I did not know how to go into debt, I should never be fit to be a woman of fashion. He has never spoken to me since, when he has been at home. I know things are going badly, because he has been writing so many letters to papa; and he never writes except when he has an object to gain, and Clement's object is always money. How horrid it is even to know of such things, Audrey!'

"I was thinking of Griffith—of the contrast between the so-called friends, and I fancy Madeleine must have discovered what I was thinking of; for she said, with a smile:

"You are better off, Audrey?"

"I assented; but she had discerned only a portion of my thoughts. What she had not discovered was my conviction that Griffith would have done Mr. Kindersley a real service, if he had left Clement in the river, on the occasion when my brother saved the life of the banker's son.

"I suppose it was the sharing of the trouble which sat so heavily at her father's

heart — though Mr. Kindersley rarely admitted it to his daughter—that made Madeleine thoughtful, considerate, and tender beyond her years, and in a far greater degree than I could have been towards any one at that period of my life. Indeed, I was rather the opposite, having little consideration for wishes which I did not share, or toleration of things which annoyed me, and rather disdainful softness of heart—as an attribute of my own, I mean. I did full justice to Madeleine's sweetness.

"I have acknowledged that I had a favourite little scheme connected with my cousin Ida, and my thoughts had been straying to it while Madeleine and I were talking. Now they suggested something to me.

"How nice it would be,' I said, 'if Clement would only fall in love with some nice girl and marry her; then he would give up all his foolish ways.'

"And the nice girl?' asked Madeleine, with a shake of her head; 'what about her? It would be a very happy thing for her, wouldn't it?'

"Ah, I forgot that,' said I, laughing. 'No, it would not be nice for her. And oh! Audrey, only think of being regarded as a remedy!'

"Madeleine did not speak for a minute; she looked out of the window at my father and Lady Olive, who were still walking about; and, when she turned her head towards me, there was a new expression of distress in her face.

"I must tell you,' she said, 'because it is so strongly on my mind. I know my father is in continual dread of Clement's making some low, disgraceful marriage. I know he has had some reason for this fear; some one wrote him an anonymous letter—I did not see it—in which there was a hint of such a thing. And that was, I do believe, the only time papa really hardened himself against Clement. He told him about the letter;—there was a dreadful scene between them not at home, in papa's private room at the bank—and that he would instantly discard him if he brought such disgrace as that upon us. Clement protested most solemnly that there was not a word of truth in the accusation, and that he would never be guilty of such a thing. Papa was so stern and determined with him, that for once I think he was frightened. I hope it may be a lasting fear, and preserve him from a disgraceful marriage; but as to his making a creditable one, I cannot believe in such a thing. I

do not positively know, of course, but I suspect he associates with none but low people in London.'

"As I knew that this was my brother's belief also, I had nothing to say; and I turned the conversation.

"After some time, Frosty came to tell us that Lady Olive Despard wished to see me. Madeleine and I went down to the drawing-room, where we found her alone. After she had spoken a few kind words about the news from New South Wales, she said:

"Mr. Dwarris has been consulting me about this wedding that you are to go to. No time is fixed, I believe, but, of course, it will be within a few weeks. He seemed to think you ought not to go, perhaps; but I have told him I think that quite an unnecessary deprivation and disappointment.'

"And I am to go?'

"Yes,' said Lady Olive, 'you are to go.'

"I felt very grateful to her, and immensely pleased. It never occurred to me to resist this particular instance of her influence as interference; and when she offered to take me with Madeleine in her pony carriage to Beech Lawn, I did not excuse myself. We left Madeleine at home, and Lady Olive was very pleasant and kind to me on our way back, talking to me about my orphan cousin, and telling me of how much use and comfort I might be to her and Mrs. Pemberton, when they should arrive, strangers to a strange land. And I gathered for the first time, from her words, the notion that the event would be of more, rather than less, importance to us, owing to my uncle's death; that a great responsibility would rest with my father. It was evident to me that my father had confided to Lady Olive the whole of Mr. Pemberton's first, and, as it was destined to prove, only communication to him, and that it troubled him.

"You must not wonder, Audrey,' said Lady Olive, 'that your father does not discuss matters of business with you. His naturally reserved character counts for something in it—you will say, his naturally reserved character might, then, have prevented his talking to me as freely as he has done—'

"Oh, Lady Olive,' I said, impulsively, interrupting her, 'do not say—do not think such a thing; we are only too glad papa has a friend near him whom he trusts as he trusts you.'

"That is very good and generous of you, my dear; but, I was going to say, there is nothing more difficult for a man

to realise, than that his little daughter has grown into a woman; and the realisation, when it does come, is never without pain. So you must not be impatient with your father if he treats you too much like a child still.'

"Then I won't, I promise you, Lady Olive; I will never again think papa is— is—"

"Is anything but what he ought to be," said Lady Olive, smiling.

"No, no, certainly not. But still,' I added, after a pause, 'I cannot understand why he has never shown my uncle's letter to Griffith. He never treats him as a boy; they are as companionable and confidential as if they were brothers. Can you account for my father not telling Griffith? Did he explain that to you?'

"We can only suppose he had some good reason,' was her ladyship's evasive answer.

"Miss Lipscott's wedding took place six weeks after the time to which I am now referring, and I duly officiated as bridesmaid on the occasion. To me the occasion had the special recommendation of being the first wedding I had ever seen; but it really was, apart from that charm, a very pretty sight, and a very pleasant party. Everybody was pleased, and nobody was sentimental. There were plenty of smiles and no tears. The bride looked remarkably well, and in excellent spirits; and Mrs. Lipscott, Caroline, and Fanny were as affectionate to Freddy as if he had lived all his life with them. Captain Simcox was not at all so much embarrassed as I had supposed he would be. I received a great many pretty compliments upon my dress and demeanour; and, in short, the scene was really, not only nominally, festive. Madeleine Kindersley looked exceedingly lovely—even more lovely, I thought, than she had looked at Lady Olive Despard's dinner-party. I reminded Mr. Lester—he sat next me at the breakfast—of his admiration of Miss Kindersley on that occasion; but he did not take up the subject. Mrs. Lipscott had had her own way, and the first wedding in the family was in the very best style, and pronounced by all the guests to be everything a wedding ought to be. There was only one little circumstance that I could have wished otherwise than as it was. My brother was seated beside Miss Kindersley. Everybody present knew that Griffith was not merely in Mr.

Kindersley's employment, but an intimate friend of the family, so that I did not mind it on account of any remarks which might have been made on that point; I only thought that Griffith might have found it pleasanter if he had been placed next Caroline or Fanny Lipscott; and Madeleine might have liked some other neighbour better. But Griffith's habitual restraint in regard to Miss Kindersley had vanished on this occasion, and he talked and laughed as freely as possible. We were to dine at Beech Lawn on the same evening, and Mr. Kindersley had stipulated that he was to be indulged with some music, as this was to be the last evening for some time. On the following day Lady Olive was going to London, accompanied by Madeleine; Mr. Kindersley would escort them, and remain in town for a few days.

"The evening was as pleasant in its quieter way as the morning had been. Mr. Lester was invited to Beech Lawn, and accompanied myself and my brother. Madeleine and Griffith sang delightfully, and Mr. Kindersley listened, with the closed eyes and folded hands which signified perfect satisfaction on his part. When it came to saying good-bye to Madeleine, my spirits declined, and we lingered a good while in her room, where I went up with her to put on my cloak and hat. We agreed that the day had been a delightful one, without a single drawback, and almost the last words Madeleine said to me were:

"Papa is in much better spirits about Clement. He has written something quite civil, about being glad I am going to London. And he has given us a satisfactory address for the first time. Hitherto, it has always been some hotel or other, and papa has generally found out that he only called or sent there for his letters; but now he has taken respectable apartments in a good situation; quite near to Lady Olive Despard's house. We are to be in Hertford-street, you know; and Clement's rooms are in the house of a Mrs. Randall, in Queen-street, Mayfair.'

"We walked home, Griffith, Mr. Lester, and I. So much singing had evidently tried my brother's voice; for he left Mr. Lester and me to talk to each other or be silent, as we liked. We liked to talk; but Griffith did not utter a word, from the time we left Beech Lawn until we reached the Dingle House."

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVII. THE SAM PRINGLES AT HOME.

SOME weeks later than the breaking up at Miss Cooke's academy, we find ourselves at a white-washed house, close to the entrance to a country town.

This residence had a meagre lawn in front, and a hutch beside the gate which bore the honourable title of "lodge;" "Spring View" was on the pillars of the gate; and it was the abode of the Samuel, or Sam, Pringle family—of the young Mr. Pringle who had figured at the garden-gate in the adventures just detailed. They were of that class of country folk who, not important enough to be country squires, were always striving and struggling to maintain themselves among the genteel. This aim, it must be admitted, was chiefly pursued by Mrs. Pringle, whose restless life was consumed in such efforts, Mr. Sam Pringle taking it easy, much as he took the world. They drew their subsistence from his being agent to various gentlemen, an occupation which was a perpetual thorn in the lady's side; one of the labours of her life being to varnish over the character of this hideous calling, either by discovering of precedent—as where noblemen's nephews had actually held the office—or by trying to persuade herself that it was in itself a calling as honourable, and as much pursued, as that of the Bar or the Church. The family consisted of three—the son Pringle and two rather diminutive girls, who seemed to be driven about by their mamma like a pair of Shetland ponies. They had such single

ness of purpose in the Great Cause—viz., of settling and of getting established in life by means of the ordinary but difficult-to-be-acquired article, a husband—that they would say or do anything to secure that end. But the district they worked seemed likely to be as unprofitable as an American mine.

With none of these pains, however, was Sam Pringle troubled. He was a man close on sixty, and had spent nearly all those sixty years in buffooning at life. In his youth he had always been what is called a joker, and as he grew old he gradually developed into a kind of social clown. His round face was always in a grin, and at all times and seasons he would indulge in his "sells." All this was to the despair of his family, who might cloak the agency, but, alas! could not disguise this irrepressible joker and his "vulgar" jests. Any attempts at repression they soon found only recoiled upon their heads, as he had all the malice of a monkey, and would, on such occasions, explode some startling piece of vulgarity, or, worse still, make some awkward revelation of household economy. "Old Sam," as he was always called, more in allusion to his clowning than to his age, was, in short, a dreadful trial to his family; and they, perhaps not unreasonably, imputed the up-hill struggle they had to maintain, and the failure in "placing the girls," to this sore impediment.

We now find Mrs. Pringle seated, with her daughters, one afternoon just before dinner, by an unpretending fire, for they were forced to be economical. The three were working, and talking over the head of the house.

gentleman would marry into this family, when he sees he must have such a father-in-law? He's ruining us; that's what it's all coming to. If he could be got to restrain his low manners; but that's hopeless."

The sound of wheels were heard outside, signifying the return of a rather rusty-headed one-horse phaeton, in which Mr. Pringle drove about the country on business. There was a brougham of corresponding "shakiness" in the coach-house, for the use of the ladies. An ancient grey did for both. Now enters Sam Pringle, making grotesque bows, and affecting to be reverential.

"Oh, my lady, will you let in a poor vulgar fellow like me?"

He was fond of thus addressing his wife, in allusion to her taste for good society.

"Now, please, no nonsense, Mr. Pringle. Did you bring me the things I asked you to get, from Hubbard's?"

"Oh, of course!" said he. "It's not for the like of a plebeian like me to forget. Well, pony number one, what's the best news with you?"

The girls were too accustomed to the clowning to answer. But their unabashed parent went on:

"If you knew the news I have got, you'd all be at my feet. What d'ye say to my Lord Garterley's compliments—hopes to have the pleasure—and all that?"

Six matches seemed to have flashed in the eyes of the three ladies.

"What! he asked us?" they all said together. "Where's the letter? Where did you meet him?" added Mrs. Pringle eagerly.

"Well, if the truth must be told—I was just—saving your presence, my lady—coming out——"

"Oh, I know," said the lady, despairingly; "you needn't tell me. Something low, of course——"

"Coming out of The Bull, after as good a glass of ale as I have had for a long time. Ah! sold again, my lady."

"For goodness' sake stop this buffoonery, and give Lord Garterley's message."

Having had his joke, this malicious elderly gentleman now proceeded to communicate his news.

"Great doings, girls, and my lady. Garterley's coming out: great party; fiery cross sent out; highest of the high jinks. Wonderful times! You're asked, my lady, and the two ponies, and the poor fellow that cleans the boots. It was very nice of them asking me, I think."

"Who are to be there? What day is it for?" said the lady calmly, and knowing that the only way to obtain information was to be patient. On which Sam Pringle produced the invitation, and the delighted ladies found that they really were duly and formally bidden to attend at Garterley, the seat of Lord Garterley, and remain for one week to enjoy the festivities there provided. The delight and the ecstasy of ascertaining that this joyful news was indeed true, and that what the three had sighed and pined for—and, what was more, had toiled and struggled for, for months and years—was at last secured, made the sensation of that moment truly exquisite. As in the case of Mrs. Shandy's maid, and the reversion of the green gown, the three minds darted away simultaneously in the direction of certain wardrobes and receptacles, where were laid up in ordinary various millinery crafts that had seen rough weather enough in ball-rooms. These the skilful workwomen saw already refitted and shaped, altered and made ready for sea; new sails, and laces, and rigging would do wonders!

"Alfred is asked too," said his mother. "But the foolish idle fellow will be pottering about after some shop-girl. He is ridiculous."

"I'll write to him to-morrow, ma."

"Puppy," said Mr. Pringle, dropping the clown manner and assuming a savage deportment; "regular puppy! How dare he go on as he does. Wasting my money, hanging about boarding-schools. Look at the bill I had to pay for him at that Red Lion. Such a scrape to get into!"

"And then the expense of my going to London to save him from losing his place! Heaven help us!"

"Oh yes, my lady; your hairystocratic influence saved him, of course."

"I am always in terror," continued the lady, addressing herself to her daughters, "of hearing of some low match, of his having married a refreshment girl, or something of the kind."

"Then I can tell you he wouldn't show such bad taste, after all; some of the said girls are uncommonly——"

"He has no steadiness—can't fix on anything," she went on, taking no notice. "You know even in that affair at the school—to pick out one of the dependents of the place!"

"That's what I said," said her husband, now serious. "Why, he had a grand opportunity, a grand one. There are

girls in those places with fifty and a hundred thousand a piece; and, once over into the garden, and his arms round——”

“Hush! hush, Mr. Pringle. Your daughters are present. I beg, really——”

Thus reproved, Mr. Pringle abruptly changed his tone.

“I was thinking, my lovely peeress,” he said, “we must send for that fellow at once, and let him fly at any game that’s going. They’ve always a bevy of endowed and established young women.”

“I was thinking so too,” said his lady, in a business-like way. “It will cost money; but we must do something, if we don’t want to be in the poor-house. Even high connection, without money, would do; it gives a back——”

“Yes; for a jump at le’p-frog.”

“Leap! leap! Mr. Pringle. Do be cautious. These are the things that ruin the girls. If you’d only keep quiet and let us work—— What young man, with real bonâ fide intentions, that heard you speak in that way; why, they’d——”

“Oh, papa, indeed you are dreadful sometimes,” observed the ponies.

Sam Pringle became vicious.

“So you want to lay it on me, my lady. I can tell you what a young fellow don’t like; and that is to be gobbled up by three mouths, all quacking after him like geese on a common. Get along! I’m not going to be taken about like an idiot, with a padlock on my jaw, as if you were ashamed of me.”

Thus warned, the ladies sighed and remained silent, with a resigned air. Scenes of this pattern were of ordinary occurrence; neither party lost temper, all being well accustomed to it. They were most frequent, however, on the eve of opening a campaign, such as was now at hand.

Having achieved this success, Mr. Pringle gave his family a little bit of news that would please them.

“I heard of old Joliffe to-day, from a fellow that met him at dinner. Never was in better health or spirits, and absolutely doting on those Allens.”

“That’s no news,” said the lady with a sigh. “There’s that foolish Alfred, again. Had he gone and stopped only a month every year, as the old man wished, he’d have kept him from being the victim of those people. Now, there’s no chance.”

“The puppy! the stuck-up puppy! It bored him, forsooth. It will bore him more, when he has to go begging and

borrowing five shillings to get his dinner; or when his tailor and bootmaker want to be paid. He must pay his debts somehow—for I shan’t, because I can’t—or go to jail, or run out of the country.”

“The only thing is to get him a wife, and at once.”

In these agreeable speculations the evening closed. We now see what the Sam Pringles were like.

CHAPTER XVIII. GARTERLEY.

GARTERLEY was a very grand house, stately and spreading, like the old trees about it, and inspiring tourist visitors with a certain awe. One day in the week was set apart for these, when they were haughtily required by a grim old housekeeper to wipe their shoes, and not “to touch the family’s things;” and were not even allowed to have their fill of staring, being hurried on in a herd, as is not unfrequently the custom in such great houses.

Lord Garterley was an elderly bachelor, with a white head, a pleasant eye, and an open mouth—kept open a little too much for a reputation of good sense which he undoubtedly enjoyed. He was very wealthy, enjoyed life and society; had an artistic turn; and, above all, encouraged everything that would amuse him. Thus, some of his geod-natured friends insisted that, if he met “a clever Punch-and-Judy man,” he would be certain to ask him to stay at Garterley. Above all, he liked to be surrounded by agreeable ladies, one or two of whom were generally installed as favourites, though his lordship was fickle enough. This was all harmless and Platonic, and amusing to lookers-on.

Such a personage was naturally much sought; and agreeable, but perhaps scheming, people often strove to obtain supreme direction, and establish themselves on a more permanent footing. This manoeuvre had always failed, until, at some dinner or ball, his lordship had fallen in with some “charming people”—“the Charles Webbers,” Mr. and Mrs., the lady half of which influence had a strange, half-Jewish, half-Spanish look, which quite captivated him. They must, of course, come down to Garterley, and at once. Mr. Webber was “something in a bank,” and his lady could not be traced very clearly in any of the books, red or blue; yet, at the end of a fortnight, when his lordship had found he had been mistaken as to the Jewish or Spanish “look,” and that Mrs.

Charles Webber was a more than ordinarily insipid person, the Charles Webbers did not go away. Mr. Webber had given some mornings to the accounts, and had found out that the steward was plundering; he had interposed between the dreary bishop, who always sent Lord Garterley to sleep before dessert, and had taken the episcopal weight on himself, and without offending the prelate. He had done other "odd jobs;" and Mrs. Charles Webber, though in her original claim discovered to be an impostor, had made herself useful with prosy ladies. In short, the Charles Webbers actually got the vacant place, and Lord Garterley took them. They did everything, arranged everything; and now, after ten years' service, had become indispensable. They certainly lived six months of each year at Garterley.

On the occasion of the present festivities, the Charles Webbers had arranged everything, and asked everybody, that was desirable. The Sam Pringles; Pratt-Hawkins; Mrs. MacIvor, the young wife of a struggling doctor, whom Lord Garterley had heard sing; the droll and "side-splitting" Shakerley; the young law student, with a heavenly voice; the handsome, dashing Mrs. Trotter, and her more handsome but less dashing daughters; old Phipps, the grey and rather wizened epicure, so slim and spare about the back, so grey and wiry about the hair and whiskers, and given to good stories, and a certain amount of wit, which was like some of the old port, rather thin and colourless from keeping too long. There was also Madame Grazielli, the famous lyric singer of the operas, who had sung twenty years ago, and turned the heads of all the fashionable "bucks" of the time. In addition, there was Sturges, the wealthy young man from the City, whose father had bought an estate, and kept hounds, not far from Garterley; with a few "pawns," as they might be termed, who, at their visits at great houses, come on like the supers of a stage army, no one troubling themselves about their names or behaviour, save that the stage-manager sees that they make a satisfactory show in return for their engagement.

On the day that the festivities opened, Garterley, from being a stately and deserted mansion, all swathed and hooded in muslin and holland, now revealed itself in all its splendour. There was great state; the grand drawing-room—that with the silver chairs, ordered for the Prince Regent

—had been thrown open; the twenty servants or so in their state liveries resplendent in gold, like the band on a levee-day, were posturing about with trays—embarrassing some of the guests not a little; not the least the young Doctor MacIvor and his wife, who were cowed and wretched, and looked out uneasily from an ambuscade near the curtains.

"Who," said Pratt-Hawkins, a full, portly man, with a decided yet mild manner, "who are those MacIvors?"

"A doctor," said the young Shakerley. "Picked 'em up at the last fair, outside Richardson's show; secured 'em reasonable."

Pratt-Hawkins was a little shocked. "Dear me," he said, "pity he is so indiscriminate. You see it's cruelty to these poor things to bring them in here. They're suffering torture at this moment. This sort of people never will amalgamate."

Yet it was wonderful how Pratt-Hawkins refuted his own theory, and had himself amalgamated; it being known to many that he was the son of a most respectable grocer in a country town. The more credit to him, the good-natured people said who repeated the story, to have raised himself. Perhaps this was the reason that Pratt-Hawkins held the lower ranks in horror, and worshipped idols in the shape of dukes and barons and peeresses, to whom he was a sort of "handy man," invaluable in every way. If people had asked to what profession Pratt-Hawkins belonged, it might have been answered fairly that this of following the Peerage, like following the Bar, was the one. At this he really toiled, sat up of nights, and almost injured his health, until he, as it were, got into "great business," and at the head of his profession. Pratt-Hawkins was not pleased with the complexion of the present party; it was not "leavened," as he complained, and though there was young Fazakerley, son of the peer of that name, and a few more of the same kind, still it was like a circuit town, to which he had been brought down on pretence of business, and where there was none.

Now came Charles Webber, spurring up like an aide-de-camp to the disturbed and scared MacIvors. "Now, if you please," he said, with a sort of dictatorial air, "Lord Garterley would wish you to favour the company." And the unhappy creatures, who had been studying photographic albums, were led off to perform their favourite song. This was of a very

unpretending, and, it must be said, unmeritorious kind. His lordship had heard them at a school-feast, or school-treat, when the young doctor and his wife had come forward, for the amusement of the children, to sing a sort of musical quarrel and reconciliation, in alternate verses, and which was entitled "Jockie and Jeannie." This they did with some spirit under the circumstances, and the eager lord was so delighted that at the close he introduced himself, and insisted on their coming at once to Garterley. Alas! it now sounded very different; they wanted the freedom which the presence of the children gave. Here the simple wranglings of Jockie and Jeannie sounded flat. The performers were overawed by the company, who really did not follow the humour of the thing, such as it was. And though the young doctor did his best, with desperation almost, still his lady—a good-humoured unsophisticated country person, in a rich blue silk purchased for the occasion, and a cameo brooch—divided between the piano and the cold, amused looks of the guests, made no success. A cloud came over the face of the host, who had gone round announcing what a remarkable display of native humour and poignancy they were about to witness, and who had remained leaning on his elbows at the end of the piano, and staring into their faces. At the end he said in a loud voice, "You didn't sing that in the way I first heard you; it's not the same thing." Much abashed and sinking under the reproach, the unhappy pair found their way back to their corner, discredited, and feeling like impostors. His lordship, indeed, thought as much, and was petulant—with himself chiefly.

"What is over them, Webber? Why do they keep in that corner?"

Webber at once galloped across the field; brought them out; put Mrs. Mac-Ivor beside the parson, and conversed a few moments with the doctor. Something must be done to redeem the mistake, and keep his lordship in good humour. Here was the young law-student, a natural young fellow enough, who at once volunteered; and gave out, certainly in a charming tenor, the old ballad of "She wore a wreath of roses," which touched everybody present. Even the Grazielli, a stately, full-blown personage, quite at her ease, signified her approbation.

This was the sort of thing that usually went on at Garterley, and was to go on for some ten days, which made the time

very difficult to get through. Indeed, but for the sense of duty towards daughters, and the chance of its offering opportunities which no conscientious matron would feel justified in putting aside, the place would have been held but in ill odour. Everyone knew, and was rather tired of, the indiscriminate Lord Garterley, whose poems, written when he was the Hon. Hugh Chevron, had been before the public since the days of the pink-silk annuals.

The adroit Charles Webbers knew perfectly well that a sort of variety must be imported; and, by way of "refresher," had distributed the guests so that they should arrive in succession. Accordingly, it was not till a couple of days later that the ancient vehicles of the Pringle family drove up, containing five persons—the mother and father, the two ponies, and our hero of the garden-gate, Alfred. This irruption, which took place a short time before dinner, made a considerable diversion, as Sam Pringle was considered to be "such a prime old card." He was, indeed, in such good spirits, that, as they drove up the avenue, Mrs. Pringle turned to him, and said, "Now I conjure you, Mr. Pringle, do show some respect for yourself and your family, and don't make us ridiculous"—an appeal he was in much too good a humour to resent, and to which his only answer was a most significant wink. These were holidays for him; he liked good wines and rich fare. His son Alfred, who had a contempt for the paternal antics that was not to be expressed, was reserved and moody. He was still thinking of the apparition at the garden-gate, and of that most romantic adventure. He felt he was thrown away in the world generally, and not in the mood for festivity. They had hardly made their entry into the drawing-room, at the general assembly before going into dinner, when the incorrigible Sam Pringle began. The host, who was amused by him, received him with alacrity.

"Ha! Pringle, how de do? Brought all your jokes I hope—old ones as well as some new—eh?"

"Well, indeed, my lord, I have had 'em done up, and altered, and re-lined, like my lady and her girls; who have been hard at work, cutting up, and ironing, and clear-starching for the last week, all in honour of this most illustrious event."

"Ha, ha! very good," said his lordship.

Then came the state banquet, when Sam grew more and more exuberant, talking

with half-a-dozen people at a time, while loud laughter, each burst of which made Mrs. Pringle wince, saluted his sallies. What delighted them was his mode of dealing with Pratt-Hawkins, his *vis-à-vis*, who had been talking of a "dear duchess" in a plaintive way.

"She sent for me. Of course I went at once. When I arrived, I simply said, 'Now, duchess, you must let me speak to you as an old friend. This won't do—you must make an exertion;' and she did."

"Phew!" said Sam Pringle, with a twinkle and a grin; "think of that now. Being able to say all that to a duchess! And how did she take it now, if it wouldn't be impertinent to ask? She made the exertion?"

"Yes; nerved herself and got through! I have some little influence with her."

"Only think of that," said Sam, looking round. "Why, I and my lady here would just do anything to get within call of a real Grace."

"My lady!" said Pratt-Hawkins, looking up the table, nervous lest he should have overlooked some person of high degree. "Who do you mean?"

"A little pet name for my missing rib, who has the same feelings to the aristocracy that you have, sir. She adores 'em all."

"Now, really, Mr. Pringle, I implore you, do not make yourself ridiculous."

But Sam, who was drinking champagne, and being "drawn out" on the right and left, had reached the irrepressible stage. It was agreed again and again that he was certainly "a great card."

After dinner the drawing-room scenes of the nights previous were repeated; the servants promenading, and the Maadvors at the album (how they longed to be at home again!). One of the dashing Miss Trotters had taken Mr. Pringle, Jun., in hand, while her sister was engrossed with the young Fazakerley. The host was eagerly darting about the room, wishing someone to "do something"—for he assumed that no one had any business to cumber the earth, without qualification to exhibit in some way. It was on this night that his "Diva," as she was called, volunteered—"so nice of her," everybody says—to give one of her old "bravura" triumphs, such as she used to intoxicate the audiences with, in the old opera days. This she did with great lyric power; and at the conclusion the host advanced in a transport, and kissed her. Everyone thought

this so natural and appropriate, and it was saluted by a round of applause, led by the Charles Webbers, who were hurrying about afterwards, artfully impressing it on the company. "You saw the compliment his lordship paid the Diva? She was quite flattered by it; she says she values it more than the ring the Czar gave her."

It was, however, a little after the great lady had concluded her performance that two new arrivals had entered the room. The ear of the wary Charles Webber had, indeed, caught the sound of wheels about half an hour before, and "Harris," a servant who was always in his confidence, had come to whisper him; to whom Mr. Webber said: "Very well, Harris; you know the rooms." The doors, as we said, opened; and the host, who had been hovering round the Diva, talking Italian volubly to her, suddenly interrupted himself and sprang towards the new-comers.

"My dear Mrs. Dawson, how do you do? And Miss Phoebe!"

THE DRAMA UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

FOR such a triumph as fanaticism enjoyed over the fine arts in England, during and for some time after the great civil war, no parallel can be found in the history of any other nation. And it was not, be it remembered, the work of a capricious and cruel despot: it was the tyranny of a solemn legislative assembly. Hypocrisy had some share in the proceeding, very likely; but in the main the Puritanism of the time was sincere even to its frenzies of intolerance. Good men and true held that they were doing only what was sound, and wise, and right, when they made ruthless war upon poetry, and painting, and all the refinements and graces of life, denouncing them as scandals and sins, ungodly devices, pernicious wiles of the author of all evil; when they peremptorily closed the doors of the theatres, and dismissed actors, authors, managers, and all concerned to absolute starvation.

In the England of that time, no doubt, Puritanism obtained supporters out of respect for superior power; just as in France, at a later date, Republicanism gained converts by means of terror. The prudent, when conflict and tumult are at hand, will usually side with the stronger combatant. Thus it was with little resistance that there passed through both

Houses of Parliament, in 1647, the ordinance by virtue of which the theatres were to be dismantled and suppressed; all actors of plays to be publicly whipped; and all spectators and playgoers, for every offence, condemned to forfeit five shillings. This was the coup de grâce; for the stage had already undergone many and severe assaults. The player's tenure of his art had become more and more precarious, until acting seemed to be as a service of danger. The ordinance of 1647 closed the theatres for nearly fourteen years; but, for some sixteen years before, the stage had been in a more or less depressed condition. Scarcely any new dramatists of distinction had appeared after 1630. The theatres were considerably reduced in number by the time 1636 was arrived at. Then came arbitrary closing of the playhouses—professedly but for a season. Thus in 1636 they were closed for ten months; in 1642 for eighteen months. In truth, Puritanism carried on its victorious campaign against the drama for something like thirty years; while even at an earlier date there had been certain skirmishing attacks upon the stage. With the first Puritan began the quarrel with the players. As Isaac Disraeli has observed, "we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth, to comprehend an event which occurred in that of Charles the First." A sanctimonious sect urged extravagant reforms—at first, perhaps, in all simplicity—founding their opinions upon cramped and literal interpretations of divine precepts, and forming views of human nature "more practicable in a desert than a city, and rather suited to a monastic order than to a polished people." Still, these fanatics could scarcely have dreamed that power would ever be given them to carry their peculiar theories into practice, and to govern a nation as though it were composed entirely of precisians and bigots. For two generations—from the Reformation to the Civil War—the Puritans had been the butt of the satirical, the jest of the wits—ridiculed and laughed at on all sides. Then came a time, "when," in the words of Macaulay, "the laughers began to look grave in their turn. The rigid, ungainly zealots . . . rose up in arms, conquered, ruled, and, grimly smiling, trod down under their feet the whole crowd of mokers."

Yet from the first the Puritans had not neglected the pen as a weapon of offence. In 1579 Stephan Gosson published his curious pamphlet bearing the lengthy title

of "The Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Jesters, and such like Catterpillars of a Commonwealth; setting up the Flag of Defiance to their mischievous exercise, and over-throwing their Bulwarks, by Profane Writers, natural reason, and common experience: A Discourse as pleasant as profitable for all that will follow virtue." Gosson expresses himself with much quaint force, but he is not absolutely intolerant. He was a student of Oxford University, had in his youth written poems and plays, and even appeared upon the scene as an actor. Although he had repented of these follies, he still viewed them without acrimony. To his pamphlet we are indebted for certain interesting details, in regard to the manners and customs of the Elizabethan playgoers. A further attack upon the theatre was led by Dr. Reynolds, of Queen's College, who was greatly troubled by the performance of a play at Christchurch, and who published, in 1593, *The Overthrow of Stage Plays*, described by Disraeli as "a tedious invective, foaming at the mouth of its text with quotations and authorities." Reynolds was especially severe upon "the sin of boys wearing the dress and affecting the airs of women;" and thus unconsciously helped on a change he would have regarded as still more deplorable—the appearance of actresses upon the stage. But a fiercer far than Reynolds was to arise. In 1633 Prynne produced his *Histrio-Mastix*; or, *The Player's Scourge*, a monstrous work of more than a thousand closely-printed quarto pages, devoted to the most searching indictment of the stage and its votaries. The author has been described as a man of great learning, but little judgment; of sour and austere principles, but wholly deficient in candour. His book was judged libellous, for he had unwittingly aspersed the Queen in his attack upon the masques performed at Court. He was cited in the Star Chamber, and sentenced to stand in the pillory, to lose both ears, to pay a heavy fine, and to undergo imprisonment for life. This severe punishment probably stimulated the Puritans, when opportunity came to them, to deal mercilessly with the actors, by way of avenging Prynne's wrongs, or of expressing sympathy with his sufferings.

And it is to be noted that early legislation in regard to the players had been far from lenient. For such actors as had obtained the countenance of "any Baron

Realme," or "any other honourable stage of greater degree," exception was made; otherwise, all common players in interludes, all fencers, bearwards, and minstrels were declared by an Act passed in the fourteenth year of Elizabeth to be rogues and vagabonds, and, whether male or female, liable on a first conviction "to be grievously whipped and burned through the gristle of the right ear with an hot iron of the compass of an inch about, manifesting his or her roguish kind of life." A second offence was adjudged to be felony; a third entailed death without benefit of clergy, or privilege of sanctuary. Meanwhile, the regular companies of players, to whom this harsh Act did not apply, were not left unmolested. The Court might encourage them, but the City would have none of them. They had long been accustomed to perform in the yards of the City inns, but an order of the Common Council, dated December, 1575, expelled the players from the City. Thereupon public playhouses were erected outside the "liberties" or boundaries of the City. The first was probably the theatre in Shoreditch; the second, opened in its immediate neighbourhood, was known as the Curtain; the third, built by John Burbadge and other of the Earl of Leicester's company of players, was the famous Blackfriars Theatre. These were all erected about 1576, and other playhouses were opened soon afterwards. Probably to avoid the penalties of the Act of Elizabeth, all strolling and unattached players made haste to join regular companies, or to shelter themselves under noble patronage. And now the Church raised its voice, and a controversy which still possesses some vitality touching the morality or immorality of playhouses, plays, and players, was fairly and formally entered upon. A sermon preached at Paul's Cross, November, 1577, "in the time of the plague," by the Rev. T. Wilcocks, denounced in strong language the "common plays" in London, and the multitude that flocked to them and followed them, and described "the sumptuous theatre houses" as a continual monument of London's prodigality and folly. Performances, it seems, had for a while been forbidden because of the plague. "I like the policy well if it hold still," said the preacher; "for a disease is but bodged and patched up that is not cured in the cause, and the cause of plagues is sin, if you look to it well; and the cause of sin are plays; therefore, the

cause of plagues are playes." It is clear, too, that the clergy had become affected by a certain jealousy of the players, the sound of whose trumpet attracted more attention than the ringing of the church-bells, and brought together a larger audience. John Stockwood, schoolmaster of Tunbridge, who preached at Paul's Cross on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1578, demanded, "Will not a filthy play, with the blast of a trumpet, sooner call thither a thousand, than an hour's tolling bring to the sermon a hundred?" It was, moreover, an especial grievance to the devout at this period that plays were represented on a Sunday, the church and the theatre being thus brought into positive rivalry and antagonism. The clergy saw with dismay that their congregations were thin and listless, while crowded and excited audiences rewarded the exertions of the players. Mr. Stockwood, declining to discuss whether plays were or not wholly unlawful, yet protested with good reason that in a Christian commonwealth they were intolerable on the seventh day, and exclaimed against the "horrible profanity" and "devilish inventions" of the lords of misrule, morrice and May-day dancers, whom he accused of tripping about the church, even during the hours of service, and of figuring in costumes, which, by their texture and scantiness, outraged ordinary notions of decency.

But notwithstanding this old-established opposition to the theatres on the part of both Churchmen and Puritans, and the severe oppression of the players by the authorities, it is yet indisputable that the English were essentially a playgoing people; proud, as well they might be, of the fact that they possessed the finest drama and the best actors in the world. And, allowing for the licence and grossness which the times permitted, if they did not encourage it, and a certain liberty of speech and action allowed time out of mind to the clowns of the stage, the drama suppressed by the Puritans was of sound and wholesome constitution, rich in poetry of the noblest class. It is sufficient to say, indeed, that it was the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. To a very large class, therefore, the persecution of the players, and the suppression of the stage, must have been grave misfortune and real privation. To many the theatre still supplied, not merely recreation, but education and enlightenment as well. But that there was any rising of the public

on behalf of the players does not appear. Puritanism was too strong for opposition. The public had to submit, as best it could, to the tyranny of fanaticism. But that bitter mortification was felt by very many may be taken for granted.

The authors were deprived of occupation so far as concerned the stage; they sought other employment for their pens; printing a play, however, now and then, by way of keeping their hands in as dramatists. The managers, left with nothing to manage, perhaps turned to trade in quest of outlet for their energies—the manager has been always something of the trader. But for the actors, forbidden to act, what were they to do? They had been constituted Malignants, or Royalists, almost by Act of Parliament. The younger players promptly joined the army of King Charles. Mohun acquired the rank of captain, and, at the close of the war, served in Flanders, receiving the pay of a major. Hart became a lieutenant of horse, under Sir Thomas Dallison, in the regiment of Prince Rupert. In the same troop served Burt as cornet, and Shatterel as quartermaster. Allen, of the Cockpit, was a major and quartermaster-general at Oxford. Robinson, serving on the side of the king, was long reputed to have lost his life at the taking of Basing House. The story went that the Cromwellian General Harrison had, with his own hands, slain the actor, crying, as he struck him down, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." Chalmers maintains, however, that an entry in the parish register of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, of the death and burial of "Richard Robinson, a player," in March, 1647, negatives this account of the actor's fate. Possibly there were two actors bearing the not uncommon name of Robinson. These were all players of note, who had acquitted themselves with applause in the best plays of the time. Of certain older actors unable to bear arms for the king, Lowin turned innkeeper, and died, at an advanced age, landlord of the Three Pigeons at Brentford. He had been an actor of eminence in the reign of James the First; "and his poverty was as great as his age," says one account of him. Taylor, who was reputed to have been taught by Shakespeare himself the correct method of interpreting the part of Hamlet, died and was buried at Richmond. These two actors, as did others probably,

sought to pick up a little money by publishing copies of plays that had obtained favour in performance, but had not before been printed. Thus, in 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase* was printed in folio, "for the public use of all the ingenious, and the private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, servants to his late Majesty, and by them dedicated to the honoured few lovers of dramatic poesy: wherein they modestly intimate their wants, and that with sufficient cause, for whatever they were before the wars, they were afterwards reduced to a necessitous condition." Polard, possessed of some means, withdrew to his relatives in the country, and there ended his days peacefully. Perkins and Sumner lodged humbly together in Clerkenwell, and were interred in that parish. None of these unfortunate old actors lived to see the re-opening of the theatres, or the restoration of the monarchy.

But one actor is known to have sided with the Parliament and against the king. He renounced the stage, and took up the trade of a jeweller in Aldermanbury. This was Swanston, who had played Othello, and been described as "a brave, roaring fellow, who would make the house shake again." "One wretched actor," Mr. Gifford writes in the introduction to his edition of Massinger, "only, deserted his sovereign." But it may be questioned whether Swanston really merited this reprehension. He was a Presbyterian, it seems, and remained true to his political opinions, even though these now involved the abandonment of his profession. If his brother players fought for the king, they fought no less for themselves, and for the theatre the Puritans had suppressed. Nor is the contrast Mr. Gifford draws, between the conduct of our actors at the time of the civil war, and the proceedings of the French players during the first French revolution, altogether fair. As Isaac Disraeli has pointed out, there was no question of suppressing the stage in France—it was rather employed as an instrument in aid of the revolution. The actors may have sympathised sincerely with the royal family in their afflicted state, but it was hardly to be expected that men would abandon, on that account, the profession of their choice, in which they had won real distinction, and which seemed to flourish the more owing to the excited condition

of France. The French revolution, in truth, brought to the stage great increase of national patronage.

The civil war concluded, and the cause of King Charles wholly lost, the actors were at their wits' end, to earn bread. Certain of them resolved to defy the law, and to give theatrical performances in spite of the Parliament. Out of the wreck of the companies of the different theatres they made up a tolerable troop, and ventured to present some few plays, with as much caution and privacy as possible, at the Cockpit in Drury-lane. This was in the winter of 1648. Doubtless there were many to whom the stage was dear, who were willing enough to encourage the poor players. Playgoing had now become a vice or a misdemeanor—to be prosecuted in secret, like dram-drinking. The Cockpit representations lasted but a few days. During a performance of Fletcher's tragedy of *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, in which such excellent actors as Lowin, Taylor, Pollard, Burt, and Hart were concerned, a party of troopers beset the house, broke in about the middle of the play, and carried off the players, accoutred as they were in their stage dresses, to Hatton House, then a prison, where, after being detained some time, they were plundered of their clothes and dismissed. "Afterwards, in Oliver's time," as an old chronicler of dramatic events has left upon record, "they used to act privately, three or four miles or more out of town, now here, now there, sometimes in noblemen's houses—in particular Holland House, at Kensington—where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a sum for them, each giving a broad piece or the like." The widow of the Earl of Holland, who was beheaded in March, 1649, occupied Holland House at this time. She was the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Cope, and a stout-hearted lady, who, doubtless, took pride in encouraging the entertainments her late lord's foes had tried so hard to suppress. Alexander Goffe, "the woman-actor at Blackfriars," acted as "Jackall" on the occasion of these furtive performances. He had made himself known to the persons of quality who patronised plays, and gave them notice of the time when and the place where the next representation would "come off." A stage play, indeed, in those days was much what a prize-fight has been in later times—

absolutely illegal, and yet assured of many persistent supporters. Goffe was probably a slim, innocent-looking youth, who was enabled to baffle the vigilance of the Puritan functionaries, and pass freely and unsuspected between the players and their patrons. At Christmas-time and during the few days devoted to Bartholomew Fair, the actors, by dint of bribing the officer in command of the guard at Whitehall, and securing in such wise his connivance, were enabled to present performances at the Red Bull in St. John-street. Sometimes the Puritan troopers were mean enough to accept the hard-earned money of these poor players, and, nevertheless, to interrupt their performance, carrying them off to be imprisoned and punished for their breach of the law. But their great trouble arose from the frequent seizure of their wardrobe by the covetous soldiers. The clothes worn by the players upon the stage were of superior quality—fine dresses were of especial value in times prior to the introduction of scenery—and the loss was hard to bear. The public, it was feared, would be loath to believe in the merits of an actor who was no better attired than themselves. But at length it became too hazardous, as Kirkman relates in the preface to *The Wits; or, Sport upon Sport*, 1672, "to act anything that required any good cloaths; instead of which painted cloath many times served the turn to represent rich habits." Kirkman's book is a collection of certain "scenes or parts of plays . . . the fittest for the actors to represent at this period, there then being little cost in the cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seized by the soldiers." These "select pieces of drollery, digested into scenes by way of dialogue, together with variety of humours of several nations, fitted for the pleasure and content of all persons, either in court, city, county, or camp," were first printed in 1662, by H. Marsh, and were originally contrived by Robert Cox, a comic genius in his way, who exhibited great ingenuity in evading the ordinances of Parliament, and in carrying on dramatic performances in spite of the Puritans. He presented at the Red Bull what were professedly entertainments of rope-dancing, gymnastic feats, and such coarse, practical fun as may even now be seen in the circus of strolling equestrian companies; but with these he cunningly intermingled select scenes from the comedies of the best English dramatists. From Kirkman's

book, which is now highly prized from its rarity, it appears that the "drollery" entitled *The Bouncing Knight*; or, *The Robbers Robbed*, is, in truth, a famous adventure of Sir John Falstaff's, set forth in close accordance with the original text; while the comedy of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* is reduced to a brief entertainment called *The Equal Match*. Other popular plays are similarly dealt with. But Cox, it seems, invented not less than he borrowed. Upon the foundation of certain old-established farces, he raised up entertainments something of the nature of the extemporary comedy of Italy: characters being devised or developed expressly with a view to his own performance of them. "All we could divert ourselves with," writes Kirkman, "were these humours and pieces of plays, which, passing under the name of a merry, conceited fellow called *Bottom the Weaver*, *Simpleton the Smith*, *John Swabber*, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that by stealth too . . . and these small things were as profitable and as great get-pennies to the actors, as any of our late famed plays." He relates, moreover, that these performances attracted "a great confluence of auditors," inasmuch that the *Red Bull*, a playhouse of large size, was often so full, that "as many went back for want of room as had entered;" and that meanly as these "drolls" might be thought of in later times, they were acted by the best comedians "then and now in being." Especially he applauds the actor, author, and contriver of the majority of the farces—"the incomparable *Robert Cox*." Isaac Disraeli gives him credit for preserving alive, as it were by stealth, the suppressed spirit of the drama. That he was a very natural actor, or what would now be called "realistic," may be judged from the story told of his performance of a comic blacksmith, and his securing thereby an invitation to work at the forge of a master-smith, who had been present among the audience. "Although your father speaks so ill of you," said the employer of labour, "if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more than I give any other journeyman." As Kirkman adds: "Thus was he taken for a smith bred, that was, indeed, as much of any trade."

It seems certain that, for some few years prior to the Restoration, there had been far less stringent treatment of the players than in the earlier days of the triumph of

Puritanism. Cromwell, perhaps, rather despised the stage than condemned it seriously on religious grounds; the while he did not object to indulge in buffoonery and horseplay, even in the gallery of Whitehall. Some love of music he has been credited with, and this, perhaps, induced him to tolerate the operatic dramas of Sir William Davenant, which obtained representation during the Commonwealth: such as *The History of Sir Francis Drake*, "represented by instrumental and vocal music, and by art of Perspective in Scenes," and *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*. According to Langbaine, the two plays called *The Siege of Rhodes*, were likewise acted "in stilo recitativo," during the time of the civil wars, and upon the restoration were rewritten and enlarged for regular performance at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Lincoln's-inn-fields. It seems to have been held that a play was no longer a play, if its words were sung instead of spoken—or these representations of Davenant's works may have been altogether stealthy, and without the cognisance of the legal authorities of the time. Isaac Disraeli, however, has pointed out that in some verses, published in 1653, and prefixed to the plays of Richard Brome, there is evident a tone of exultation at the passing away of power from the hands of those who had oppressed the actors. The poet, in a moralising vein, alludes to the fate of the players as it was affected by the dissolution of the Long Parliament:

See the strange twirl of times! When such poor things

Outlive the dates of parliaments or kings!

This revolution makes exploded wit

Now see the fall of those that ruined it;

And the condemned stage hath now obtained

To see her executioners arraigned.

There's nothing permanent; those high great men

That rose from dust, to dust may fall again;

And fate so orders things that the same hour

Sees the same man both in contempt and power!

For complete emancipation, however, the stage had to wait some years; until, indeed, it pleased Monk, acting in accordance with the desire of the nation, to march his army to London, and to restore the monarchy. Encamped in Hyde-park, Monk was visited by one Rhodes, a bookseller, who had been formerly occupied as wardrobe-keeper to King Charles the First's company of comedians in Blackfriars, and who now applied to the general for permission to re-open the Cockpit in Drury-lane as a playhouse. Monk, it

seems, held histrionic art in some esteem; at any rate the City companies, when with his council of state he dined in their halls, were wont to entertain him with performances of a theatrical kind, satirical farces, dancing and singing, "many shapes and ghosts, and the like; and all to please His Excellency the Lord General," say the newspapers of the time. Rhodes obtained the boon he sought, and, promptly engaging a troop of actors, re-opened the Cockpit. His chief actor was his apprentice, Thomas Betterton, the son of Charles the First's cook. For some fifty years the great Mr. Betterton held his place upon the stage, and upon his death was interred with something like royal honours in Westminster Abbey.

Of the fate of Rhodes nothing further is recorded. He was the first to give back to Londoners a theatre they might visit legally and safely; and that done, he is heard of no more. Killigrew and Davenant were soon invested with patent rights, and entitled to a monopoly of the theatrical management in London; probably they prospered by displacing Rhodes, but so much cannot be positively asserted.

The drama was now out of its difficulties. Yet the influence and effect of these did not soon abate. Upon them followed indeed a sort of after-crop of troubles, seriously injurious to the stage. The Cavaliers engendered a drama that was other than the drama the Puritans had destroyed. The theatre was restored, it is true, but with an altered constitution. It was not only that the old race of poets and dramatists had died out, and that writing for the stage was almost a lost art. Taste had altered. As Evelyn regretfully notes in 1662, after witnessing a performance of Hamlet—to which, perhaps, the audience paid little heed, although the incomparable Betterton appeared in the tragedy—"but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad." Shakespeare and his brother-bards were out of fashion. There was a demand for tragedies of the French school—with rhyming lines and artificial sentiment—for comedies of intrigue and equivocation, after a foreign pattern, in lieu of our old English plays of wit, humour, and character. Plagiarism, translation, and adaptation took up a secure position on the stage. The leading playwrights of the Restoration—Dryden, Shadwell, Dufey, Wycherley—all borrowed freely from the French. Dryden frankly apologised—he

was required to produce so many plays that all could not be of his own inventing. The king encouraged appropriation of foreign works. He drew Sir Samuel Tuke's attention to an admired Spanish comedy, advising its adaptation to the English stage: the result was *The Adventures of Five Hours*, a work very highly esteemed by Mr. Pepys. The introduction of scenery was due in a great measure to French example, although "paintings in perspective" had already been seen in an English theatre. But now scenery was imperatively necessary to a dramatic performance, and a sort of passion arose for mechanical devices and decorative appliances of a novel kind. Dryden was no reformer; in truth, to suit his own purposes, he pandered laboriously to the follies and caprices of his patrons; nevertheless, he was fully sensible of the errors of the time, and often chronicles these in his prologues and epilogues. He writes:

True wit has run its best days long ago,
It ne'er looked up since we were lost in show,
When sense in doggerel rhymes and clouds was lost
And dulness flourished at the actor's cost.
Nor stopped it here; when tragedy was done,
Satire and humour the same fate have run,
And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.

Let them who the rebellion first begun
To wit, restore the monarch if they can;
Our author dares not be the first bold man.

And upon another occasion:

But when all failed to strike the stage quite dumb,
Those wicked engines, called machines, are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are played,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid.

Fletcher's despised, your Jonson out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.

Actresses, too, were introduced upon the stage, in pursuance of continental example. But for these there was really great necessity. The boys who, prior to the civil war, had personated the heroines of the drama, were now too mature both in years and aspect for such an occupation.

Doubting we should never play agen,
We have played all our women into men!

says the prologue, introducing the first actress. Hart and Mohun, Clun, Shatterel and Burt, who were now leading actors, had been boy-actresses before the closing of the theatres. And even after the Restoration, Mohun, whose military title of major was always awarded him in the playbills, still appeared as Bellamante, one of the heroines of Shirley's tragedy of *Love's Cruelty*. But this must have been rather too absurd. At the time of the Restoration,

Mohun could hardly have been less than thirty-five years of age. It is to be noted, however, that Kynaston, a very distinguished boy-actress, who, with Betterton, was a pupil of Rhodes, arose after the Restoration. Of the earlier boy-actresses, their methods and artifices of performance, Kynaston could have known nothing. He was undoubtedly a great artist, winning extraordinary favour both in male and female characters, the last and perhaps the best of all the epicene performers of the theatre of the past.

But if the stage, after the Restoration, differed greatly from what it had been previously, it yet prospered and gained strength more and more. It was most fortunate in its actors and actresses, who lent it invaluable support. It never attained again the poetic heights to which it had once soared; but it surrendered gradually much of its grossness and its baser qualities, in deference to the improving tastes of its patrons, and in alarm at the sound strictures of men like Jeremy Collier. The plagiarist, the adapter, and the translator did not relax their hold upon it; but eventually it obtained the aid of numerous dramatists of enduring distinction. The fact that it again underwent decline is traceable to various causes—among them, the monopoly enjoyed by privileged persons under the patents granted by Charles the Second; the bungling intervention of court officials invested with supreme power over the dramatic literature of the nation; and defective copyright laws, that rendered justice neither to the nation nor to the foreign writer for the theatre. And something, too, the stage of later years has been affected by a change in public taste, which has subordinated the play to the novel or the poem, and, to a great extent, converted playgoers into the supporters of circulating libraries.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

ESTHER and her mother went away from us next morning to stay with an aunt of the latter. It was quite a sudden arrangement, though Mrs. Hume had never before in my recollection left her quaint rooms in the palace for more than a quiet stroll on sunny mornings with her daughter, or a quiet tea-drinking on summer evenings with us. She could not be induced to listen to my entreaties that they would at least delay their departure till next day,

so that they might dine with us to meet Colonel Dalton.

Esther was looking very ill. She was always pale, as I have said; but to-day her face was white with the whiteness of moonlight upon snow; and there were dark rings drawn heavily round the sweet patience of her eyes. It made me unhappy even to look at her, unhappy and penitent too; for though she assured me again and again that her faint was nothing, that she was rather over-tired and feeling the heat, &c., I could not but remember that it was I who tired her, and that my idle chatter on the previous day might, perchance, have touched on that old wound in my darling's heart, and set it bleeding again.

Long ago—nearly ten years, I think, and ten years seem very long to a girl of nineteen—Esther had been engaged to a young man who was reading with her father; had been deserted by him, and had never got over it; for the simple reason that the honest contempt, that most good women must ere long learn to feel for such dishonest treachery, never came to her. When, at the end of his residence with Mr. Hume, this young man went up to Oxford to take his degree, he exacted from Esther a vow of unswerving trust in his love and faith; a trust which was to remain firm even if their engagement lasted for years, if his affection seemed to cool, or if they never saw one another till he came to claim her—a trust such as he would place in her, he said. And Esther not only gave the pledge, she kept it!

He took his degree, and was sent by his father to travel on the Continent before settling down into any profession; and there he remained nearly a year. Esther stayed at home, trusted in him, and was happy. His father died, and he came home, but did not write to her for some time, and then only brief notes to excuse himself for not being able to come and see her. He had "loads of business" to attend to; had chosen the army—always his favourite idea, but one negatived by his father—for his profession, and was trying for the purchase of a commission. He got his commission at last, and was gazetted to a regiment under orders for India; and Esther never knew it till he ran down to the village to bid her and her parents a hurried farewell. Mrs. Hume thought his manner much altered, and grown constrained and cold. Esther thought it the natural effect of his grief at parting, and loved him the better for it.

He told her that the suddenness of their orders prevented him from pressing her to accompany him; and asked her if she would mind coming out to him, if he found himself totally unable to come home for her. No, Esther said; she would mind nothing which could be good for him. His duty was to his regiment; hers to act as he and her parents thought best. And so he went away, all his old passionate affection reviving at the end, while she tried to bear up till he was gone; then grieved long and bitterly, but schooled herself to patience, trusted in him, and was happy still. Two years passed; his letters, frequent at first, soon grew rare and brief, and at last stopped altogether. They saw his promotion in the papers, but no word came from himself; Mr. Hume forbade his name to be mentioned; the neighbours spoke of her as "Poor Esther," and were virulent on the subject of her wrongs. Esther held up her head, went about her duties cheerfully, and still tried to be happy. He came home on leave; and they never knew it till one day by chance, when they heard that he was married and in Paris with his wife. The shock almost took away Esther's life; it never touched her faith. "He has been told that I am dead, or false," she said; "thank Heaven at least that the lie has not wrecked his happiness altogether, that he has found consolation. Some day we shall meet in Heaven, where all things are known; and he will see that I have kept my word;" and so she trusted in him still.

She never spoke of him again, never heard his name mentioned. Her father was given the living of Maidenborough, and they left their remote village for the old town, to reside there in the rectory till his death, and afterwards at the palace.

That is Esther's story. How her life has passed in these latter years I have already hinted to you.

Esther had been away a week; and I was out walking with Colonel Dalton. He had asked mamma to let me go with him, to show him an ancient font in a village church, about three miles from our town; and, side by side, we threaded the dusty white lanes, with the tall, green hop-vines curling out in blossom and tendrils from their supporting poles on either side, and faint, amber-coloured heat-mists hanging over the blue valley below—Colonel Dalton talking of some of his Franco-Prussian

adventures, and I listening greedily. By-and-by he said, laughing:

"Why, Miss Birdie, you are making me as garrulous as an old woman. I shall be voted unbearable at my club when I go back if you get me into such evil habits."

"Don't go back, then," I answered, laughing too; "stay here, where it is not an evil habit, but a good one. We won't vote you unbearable."

"I wish I could," looking earnestly at me; "but I'm afraid you'd tire very soon of a worn-out soldier's stories."

"Try!" I answered laconically. "We are not changeable people in Maidenborough. We do and say and think the same things—all of us—from year's end to year's end."

"Good Heavens!" in a tone of horror; "however do you endure it?"

"Could not you?" I asked, looking up wistfully; "why, it is one of the pleasantest things in the place. When things are nice, one doesn't want them to change."

"Ah, that's a woman's point of view. Unfortunately—I speak as a man—when things don't change they generally cease to be 'nice,' as you call it. Now, I should have thought you would have enjoyed travel and variety;" and then he started off into fresh descriptions of beauties I had never seen, and delights I had hardly imagined, talking of them as of things I must know one day, till it seemed so easy and natural that I fell into the same humour, and built castles in the air of travels in Spain and Italy, until we came home greater friends than ever.

We had become friends. Every few days I wrote to Esther, and every letter was filled, girl fashion, with Colonel Dalton's sayings and doings, and entreaties that she would come home and make his acquaintance, for he cannot stay much longer, and almost each morning talked of going—talked of it; but still he did not go. We quarrelled, of course—he had a way of alluding to women now and then in a slighting tone, of which I highly disapproved. Also he declined to enter into my friendship for Esther, and rather snubbed my enthusiasm on the subject.

"Are we not very comfortable without this paragon of yours, Birdie?" he said to me one day. We were on the river, returning from a row; and you may observe that he had dropped the 'Miss' now in speaking to me; but then, as he said, he was such an old friend of papa's. "I think I should find her a great bore and run away in disgust."

"You don't know what you are talking of," I answered indignantly. "You don't know Esther. Ah! if you did!—"

"I've known two or three Esthers in my life, and none of them were to be compared to a certain hot-tempered and charming young friend of mine. One was our major's wife in the 17th. Ah! I was desperately smitten with her; she made such capital milk-punch for us youngsters! And another—Well, *she* was desperately smitten with me. I was a lad then, you know, not an ugly old soldier; and, between ourselves, if I hadn't gone abroad I do believe I should have married her; for she was a prettyish little soul, though awfully 'good' and dowdy. Ah! boys are sad dogs, Birdie. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know anything about them," I answered, pained and stiffly; "but I don't think you can have been a nice one."

"Why not?"

"You talk as if you had been always falling in love or playing at doing so; and as if every woman—I don't think that sort of thing is manly."

"And you think me unmanly, then?" he asked with considerable heat.

"No, no!" I answered eagerly. "I know you are not. If you were, I wouldn't care how you talked of yourself; but I can't bear you to pretend to be worse than you are."

"Then, Birdie, you do care—a little—for what I am?" he said softly, as he leant over the oars to look up into my face.

No answer. I was busy with a knot in the tiller-ropes.

"Wouldn't you rather I made myself out worse—far worse than I am—than you should find me out worse than I seem?"

"Of course." My head was still bent over that troublesome knot, but I felt he was drawing nearer.

"What if I were to tell you that, despite those youthful follies—which all men go through and get over as they grow older—I have never really known what deep, passionate love was till this fortnight! No; not even in the case of my poor wife. She was amiability itself, and I was sincerely attached to her; but now—now, Birdie—I know it was not love, not the love which—I am feeling now."

We were slowly drifting into the bank as he spoke. Tall thickets of wild roses, one snow of blossoms, growing almost with their roots in the river, were hanging over our heads—the water beneath was a deep, clear brown, strewn with white blossoms and scattered petals, and

with tall, heavy-headed bulrushes standing up in it. The sunlight slept on the yellow water-lilies, and the meadows dappled with sheep, and lazy brown kine on the farther side. I can see it all now, if I shut my eyes. Then I only saw and heard him: nothing more.

"Birdie," he said, in a lower, sweeter tone, and putting aside the oar to take my hand; "dear little Birdie, don't you know who has taught me what real love is?"

His other arm was closing round me. I could not move or answer. My face was burning, my heart in a whirl of confused happiness. Half involuntarily I yielded to the clasp which was drawing me nearer, when his finger caught in a locket I wore round my neck. There was a gleam of gold between me and the water, and I sprang forward to save it, nearly upsetting the boat by the suddenness of the movement. For a moment, indeed, we rocked to and fro with such perilous force that my arms, face, and dress were splashed with water and wet rose-petals. The next, he had restored our equilibrium, and was holding me close to him, his face very pale, and the rescued locket in his hand.

"Oh! I am so sorry," I stammered penitently; "but—but I thought it would go to the bottom; and it is Esther's, the only one she ever gave me. I couldn't bear to lose it."

But he did not answer me, did not seem aware that his arm was still round me. His eyes were fixed, not on me, but on the dear face in the locket, and the expression of his own had altered painfully—horribly.

"Esther Hume!" he said in a loud, hoarse voice. "Good Heavens! you don't mean to say she is your friend?"

I don't think I understood for a moment.

"Yes," I answered, vaguely wondering; "that is my Esther. I thought I had often told you her surname."

"You never did!" with passionate vehemence. "You said 'Esther,' nothing more. How, in Heaven's name, could I—"

It was dawning on me now, and I could feel my hands and my whole body growing cold—could feel how pale I had become in one short minute. He saw it too, and, dropping the locket, caught my hand again.

"What a fool I am! As if it mattered! Birdie, you haven't answered me yet. Won't you do so now, my darling? Won't you tell me—"

"Oh! don't, don't!" I cried, shrinking from him. "Tell me, Colonel Dalton, please—please tell me—it was not she

you were speaking of just now: the— the 'good, dowdy' girl who loved you!"

He looked up, trying to meet my eyes, trying to give me the answer I wanted. Alas! it was no use. His rising colour, his look of conscious guilt, betrayed him; and I dropped back upon my seat, covering my face with my hands. Even to this day I seem to hear him urging me to look up, to listen to his love, assuring me that that was only a flirtation—a mere nothing—that he never really cared for her after the first; that he loves me, and me only, as he never has loved, never can love, any other!

I verily believe that he thought me jealous—jealous of Esther! And with the thought—aye, with every word he uttered—something seemed to be thrusting me farther from him, crushing down my heart with an iron hand, and filling me with a sickening sense of pain and disgust. I could not speak at first; my silence encouraged him, and he tried to take my hand. I snatched it away, and asked him—how hoarse my voice had become! I hardly knew it—to take me home.

"But, Birdie darling, listen to me. Is it that you doubt my love that you are so unkind? Dearest, believe in it, I beg you. I swear to you that that other girl was no more than the folly of an hour to me; that I never meant to mar——"

"Oh! do not! please don't go on," I broke in, shivering and sobbing. "How can you talk of her so, while—— Oh! Esther, Esther, my darling! and you loved him! you believed in him always!"

"You don't mean to say," he said, drawing himself up and speaking haughtily, "that you refuse me on Miss Hume's account—that you care for her more than for me!"

"I do not care for you at all." His tone stung me, and I answered calmly. "Esther Hume is my dear friend; and I love her dearly, dearly."

"But—good God!—this is madness. Who ever heard of comparing a girl's love with—— Birdie, do you know what you are doing? I am your friend. I love you dearly; and I believe that you love me too."

"I do not," I answered very sadly. Alas! I did love him five minutes ago; I know it now, I did. My heart was breaking between the murdered love for him, and the living tender one for her; between the passionate adoration of a girl for the one hero of her life, and hopeless contempt for the coward who has struck that adoration to the ground. "I might have loved you; for I

thought you were good and true—a man, like my father. How could I tell that it was you who had deceived and betrayed the friend we all love, and broken her heart?"

"Betrayed!" he echoed scornfully. He was very angry, and was working vigorously at the oars again. "You use too high-flown words for me; but this is all a girl's romantic fancy. Ask Miss Hume herself. I appeal to her confidently, and in the meanwhile, Birdie, dear Birdie——"

But I would not listen. My cheek burnt at the meanness of that appeal to Esther's generosity.

"Don't ask me any more, Colonel Dalton. I dare say I use high-flown words. I am only a girl, I know; but I hate lies. If Esther were not my friend at all, I could never feel anything but contempt for a man who had acted as basely and ungratefully as you did to her. I could never feel that his speaking of love to me was anything but an insult. Now that I know what you are, I am very sorry I ever met you, or talked to you as a friend."

I felt my face glow, and my eyes flash as I spoke. An honest indignation had given the child a woman's dignity for the moment. We were close under the towing-path now, and I added very quietly: "Please put me out of the boat here. I would rather go home by myself."

He obeyed in silence. Somehow he did not quite seem to know what to say. As he put out his hand to help me on shore, his face flushed and he looked as if he were about to speak; but I sprang on to the bank without assistance, and only bowing to him gravely, turned resolutely away. In another minute I was among the trees of a little wood, and the boat and he, who an hour back was the sun of my little world, were lost to sight for ever. Ah! Heavens, how long did I lie, face hidden, among the brown leaves and ferns of that little wood, weeping over my broken idol before I had courage to rise up and go home!

When I reached home at last, I found a letter from Esther, like all the rest, kind and bright, full of loving sympathy in my happiness and enthusiasm respecting Colonel Dalton's perfections; and while still excusing herself from coming home, telling me twice how happy her life is. Ah! I might have wondered yesterday at her saying that when she is away from me. I understood—yes, my noble, generous Esther—I understood better now.

I was ill for some days after this. They said I had caught a bad cold on the river.

Perhaps I had; for my head ached incessantly, and my eyes were swollen and fevered with sleepless nights.

But Colonel Dalton was gone, and I was quite well when Esther came back; well and preternaturally lively in my greeting—not even noticing how pale and shadowy my pet had grown in London as I rattled on about all I had been doing in her absence, and all that had happened in the town. By-and-by she mentioned Colonel Dalton. How her hands trembled as she spoke!

“He has gone away, has he not? but surely not for good!” she asked, slowly.

“Oh dear yes,” I said cheerfully, and going to the window for a sprig of jasmine. “What should he come back here for? Why he stayed an immense time, as it was. Mother and I got quite tired of washing the best china. Fanny is so careless, you know.”

Esther looked at me wonderingly, a little anxiously too, I could see.

“But you must be sorry to lose him, Birdie? You had grown such friends and liked him so much.”

“Up to a certain point, yes. After that I grew a little—well, you know, as papa said, he was rather old for me, and— Oh! don’t shake your head at me. Don’t you sometimes get tired of people? I do, and I think he got rather tired of us; and— Oh, Esther! there are such nice people at the Hollies, two girls and a son, and—”

And so I got over it. I could see Esther thought me capricious and childish; but I did not care. Better so than that she should know the truth.

Her lover is still sacred in her memory, still a victim to “circumstances;” and when I see the serene light come into her face, and the old sweet smile to her lips, I thank God who gave me strength to spare her that bitterest of all earthly agonies—the knowledge that our loved ones are unworthy of love and us.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD, OR ICE AGE.

To me it has often been a difficulty how “glacial periods” (for geologists in general go in for more than one) can have come on, just when the climate of our quarter of the world was at its warmest. They tell us that the Gulf Stream accounts for a great deal, and that when the Sahara was an inland sea, Western Europe, cooled instead of heated by southerly winds, must have been far colder than it is now. Then, again,

we are referred to problematical causes like “a change in the inclination of the earth’s axis.” Indeed, the “catastrophic” or sensational geologists—those who think that every great change has been the result of some sudden convulsion—have half-a-dozen startling ways of accounting for a plunge from heat to cold, and vice versâ. But catastrophic geology is somewhat out of date; the newer, and probably the truer method, is that which accounts for results by the action of such causes as are now going on around us. It was “slow and sure” then, just as it is now. Earthquakes, and such-like phenomena, do still work sudden wonders before our eyes. A whole line of coast in South America is, in a moment, sometimes lifted, sometimes sunk, several feet above or below its former level. A new island rises in a single night within the radius of a submarine eruption. But these are little exceptions compared with the gradual rising of the whole Scandinavian peninsula, or that slow settling down which has left, in the multitudinous islands of the Pacific, the sole relics of a submerged continent. Change enough there has been in this world of ours, but it has generally been a gradual change. A “glacial period” in Europe does not necessarily mean that the whole of the continent had the climate of Greenland; it may be more reasonably accounted for by supposing a different distribution of land and water. Look at a geological map of Europe in what is termed the “pliocene” period, and you notice that there was a vast deal more sea then than there is now. Europe was little more than a few groups of islands. At the same time the primitive mountain ranges were higher than they are now, so that we come to much the same state of things as that which is going on now in New Zealand—land of no great extent, in a temperate (i.e., non-tropical) climate, rising here and there to great elevations. These are just the conditions for a “glacial period.” In such an archipelago the summers would be wet and cloudy, and then in winter, though there would be no intense cold, there would be plenty of snow. New Zealand has its glaciers; and if New Zealand were cut up into half-a-dozen islands, its mountains retaining their present height, these glaciers would come down so close to the coast as to make a “glacial period” out there. As it is, the great wonder of the New Zealand glaciers is that they do come down so low—to within some thousand six hundred feet above the sea level; and that on their

edges you find not the scanty Alpine flora which surrounds the glaciers of Switzerland, but tree-ferns, dracenas, New Zealand flax, plants so tender that they cannot stand a winter in Lombardy or Provence. Now, this was the case in Europe during our glacial "period;" the glaciers came right down to the sea, and the narrow belt of habitable land was at least as warm as the corresponding countries now are. Take Italy, for instance, where the evidence of old glaciers is clearer than in France or England. It was all sea up to the foot of the Alps, the Apennines being a chain of mountainous islands. The Italian lakes Como, Maggiore, and the rest, were not lakes but fiords, like those on the coast of Norway, open to the sea and running far in among the mountains. The sea was as warm as our Mediterranean now is; yet the glaciers came down not only to the water's edge, but into the water itself, as they now do in Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. How do we know this? Because the glacier always pushes in front of it a mass of stones and earth, called a "moraine," and the "moraines" of these old glaciers exist to this day, and form the hills about Bologna, Sienna, and Astesan in Piedmont, &c. These hills, geologically examined, are found to be made up of "erratic blocks" (boulders), scratched pebbles of Alpine rock, sand, and "glacier-mud," and mixed up with this are deposits of shells of which more than forty per cent. belong to species still living in the Mediterranean. You may see it for yourself at Camerlata, on the line from Como to Milan; and the fact proves that this was a submarine "moraine," for the shells are as fresh as if they had been alive yesterday; they must have been buried where they lay. The softer pebbles, too, are bored by that pholas which plays such curious tricks with soft stones and wood on our own coasts. This, then, was a "glacial period," without any lowering of the temperature at the sea level. With high mountains in a humid atmosphere, there will always be glaciers. Except in the tropics, they will, in such a climate, come down much nearer the coast than where the climate is drier. Siberia, with dry air and no high ranges near the coast, has no glaciers. In France, of which at that time the greater part was under water—the Jura and the neighbouring mountains; Auvergne, with its volcanic hills; the Vosges; and a few more ranges, standing out like island-groups—the glaciers also came down a long way. The glacier of the Rhone, for instance, can be traced by its "moraine," across the

range of the Jura and down at least as far as Lyons. "Erratic blocks," of a stone only quarried in the valley of Saas, in the canton of Valais, are found about Geneva, and indeed on the whole plain which skirts the Jura. They are not "rolled," as they would have been if the river had brought them down in its floods, or if they had belonged to some "drift-bed." Their angles are mostly as sharp as when the frost dislodged them from their bed; they have been pushed along, not rolled; and the very scratches which other rocks made on them are still as fresh as ever. The old notion used to be that these "boulders" were dropped by icebergs. It may have been so in some cases. The blocks of Finland granite, along the North German plains, may have sailed over in this way when the Scandinavian peninsula was what Greenland is now; the blocks on our flat east coast may have been floated down from Cumberland. But, for many reasons, which it would take us too long to go into, the "iceberg" theory has been, in the majority of cases, supplanted by that of glaciers.

The great point, when you find a boulder of wholly different rock from any that is found in its neighbourhood, is to settle whether or not it has been subject to the action of water. If so, it has nothing directly to do with glacial action, though it may have been brought on from where the glacier left it. But if the rock (or pebble) is angular, scratched, polished on one side, and if the rocks near it (supposing there are any) are polished and marked with parallel scratches; if, moreover, there are traces of what those accustomed to the Alps recognise at once as "glacier-mud," then you may be sure that the glacier once reached as far as the said boulder.

This "glacier-mud," or clay, mixed with scratched pebbles, is called "till" in Scotland. There is plenty of it there, and in our Lake district, and in Wales and parts of Ireland. Indeed, it was in Scotland, along the valley of Loch Ness, that the "parallel roads," scratched by the glacier as it moved along accompanied by its lateral "moraines," were first noticed. Legend had laid hold of them before science took them into consideration. Ask a Highlander in the neighbourhood about "Fingal's roads," and he will know what you mean.

The "glacial period," then, was one when almost every mountain range in Europe had its glaciers. The climate of the continent was not arctic, though it was undoubtedly on the whole colder than

at present; but there must have been conditions, such as damp and cloudiness—such as exist now in New Zealand—along with others that we know nothing of, to bring about such a state of things. At that time, too, no doubt the range of advance and retreat of the glaciers was far wider than it now is. Even now glaciers move to and fro. In 1818 those of the Alps had reached their farthest point downward. From that time to 1854 some of them were almost stationary, others slowly retreated. Since 1854 all have been retreating rapidly. The great glacier Des Bossons, at Chamouni, has gone back more than five hundred feet since 1818; that of the Rhone almost as much.

Was man alive in the old "glacial period?" It was not too cold for him: it is not too cold for the Esquimaux in Greenland. And that he certainly was alive is proved by the discovery of "flints" and carved bones, not only in the drift, but in "glacier-mud," but above all by a wonderful "find" at which Sir Charles Lyell was present, in 1834. An "oesar," one of those hills of glacier-clay and sand, covered with "erratic blocks," which are so common in Sweden, was being cut through to make a canal, when, twenty yards and more below the surface, they found the wooden framework of a cottage, with fire-place and half-burnt logs and chopped wood for future use; close by it were dug out the remains of a canoe, the timbers of which were fastened with wooden pins.

What did this prove? Just this: that ages ago a fisherman lived on what was then the water's edge; that the coast was slowly submerged—so slowly that what was built on it suffered no shock; then an inland glacier kept pushing out to sea the mud and sand of its "moraine;" a bank was formed on which shells (still found in the oesar) lived and died; and by-and-by, when icebergs, broken off from the inland glacier, had dropped plenty of "erratic blocks," the land was raised and the buried cottage along with it, and there it remained till the happy chance which laid it open to the eyes of the geologists. Other traces of man have been found elsewhere in glacier-clay, notably near Ulm, amid the "moraines" of the old glacier of the Rhine—bones, flint-knives, &c., lying in the glacier-mud, and covered with a layer of tufa (soft limestone), as well as with a bed of peat, and the ordinary vegetable mould on the top of all.

On the whole, it seems that during the

at any rate was considerably lower than it now is. The British Isles (what there was of them) and the Scandinavian peninsula, were much as Greenland is now—covered, except a narrow fringe around the coast, with an unbroken cap of ice, yet apparently not colder than Lapland. The island-groups which represented France and Western Germany had, of course, more habitable land and less glacier. And both the southern slope of the Alps and the Apennines were as New Zealand would be, if its glaciers, instead of stopping short amid tree-ferns and such delicate plants, and then sending seaward those ice-cold rivers which have drowned so many fine fellows, came at many points right down to the water's edge. Read the accounts of the exploration of the east coast of Greenland, up to the seventy-third degree of north latitude, by the Germania. In August, 1870, she sailed up one of the deep fiords, and found glaciers everywhere. The silence was broken only by the fall, every now and then, of an ice-avalanche, as the cap of ice, growing continually heavier from the fresh vapour condensed upon it, pushed forward and reached the edge of the cliff. Through chasms and little valleys, here and there, the glaciers came down to the water's edge, and from these broke off the "bergs," often loaded with "erratic blocks," the melting of which, as they move southward, often gives us a sudden spell of cold and wet in summer. There was at one time an ice-cap like this over most of the then existing parts of Great Britain and Ireland; and this cap did not need, as glaciers now seem to do, a backing of high mountains. Ireland, for instance, was one great glacier; so was the plain of North America. Our world, then, probably showed, as Mars does now to observers in other planets, two great caps of white about its poles. How is it that, if the world is constantly cooling, the ice has got less? Who can tell? That is one thing in which the modern school of geologists is superior to the earlier men. They are modest; they are not ashamed to say: "We don't know; we must wait, and study facts, and compare one discovery with another." The old geologists always had their "theory" ready to meet every case. It was "cosmic forces," or a change in the inclination "of the earth's axis," or some other astronomical assumption which accounted for "the great ice-age." This positive talk brought a good deal of discredit on geology. We are wiser now. We

Period, and during this man lived in a climate which at its worst was not so bad as Greenland, for he was not limited to the fellowship of polar bears, white hares, and blue foxes; he had the musk ox and the reindeer, and probably a woolly elephant. Moreover, in certain favoured spots, he was almost as well off for temperature as the New Zealanders of the southern island. Shall we ever have an Ice Age again? Shall we ever be able to tell how long ago it is since the last? Whether or not, we can always tell how far the old glaciers extended by studying "the testimony of the rocks" in the way that I have indicated above.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER II.
A STRANGER AT WROTTESELEY.

"IN a small circle like that within which our life at the Dingle House revolved, events of an exciting nature are apt to leave a more sensible blank, to be succeeded by a more perceptible lull, than in larger ones, where excitement follows excitement. This truism impressed itself very forcibly upon me when I found myself suffering from the depression which had its double origin in Madeleine's absence, and the general flatness after Miss Lipscomb's wedding.

"Of course the wedding gave us something to talk about for a while; and Captain and Mrs. Simcox enjoyed quite a run of popularity. The topic exhausted itself in time, however; and, though I was not of a discontented disposition, things were a little dull at the Dingle House. On the whole, however, I got on pretty well, and, when I did mope a little, my moping never took the form of wanting to get away from Wrottesley. Indeed, I liked the place better than ever, and would have stood out against any attempt to make little of its attractions. Madeleine had made over to me Cutchy and the pony-carriage for the term of her absence. Concerning the harmonious carrying out of her kind intentions in this matter I had my doubts. To tell the truth, I was afraid of Bruce. If he should discern any cause or impediment which he would consider just, I regarded my chances of seeing Cutchy's head shaking itself, and Cutchy's tail twitching itself, at the garden-gate three days in each week as highly uncertain. But fortune favoured me.

"The weather was bright and clear when Madeleine Kindersley left Beech Lawn, and the next day Bruce and the precious animal under his charge turned up punctually at the Dingle House. I got ready for a drive as quickly as I could, and ran to the gate, where I found Bruce standing beside the pony, with one hand laid very broadly and flatly upon its fat back, and a stolid expression in his countenance which I knew well. Had I not seen it often enough when Madeleine thought we 'might make a little round,' and Bruce thought Cutchy 'had had quite enough of it?' He saluted me gravely, and I tried to look unconcerned, as I stepped into the little carriage, and arranged my dress. When I stretched out my hand to take up the reins, Bruce spoke:

"'If you please, miss,' he said, 'and meanin' no unkindness, I should like to come to an understanding about this here pony, and these here drives; not saying for a moment against your havin' of them.' He removed his hand from Cutchy's back, then slapped it down again more broadly and flatly than before—an attention which Cutchy acknowledged by a playful bite; and I merely smiled assent—such a cowardly smile!

"'Cert'nly not, miss,' he continued; 'only I don't, and I never did, hold with ladies' drivin', and I never shall hold with it.'

"'Well, of course, Bruce, if you think—'

"He interrupted me, not rudely, but with decision, and gave Cutchy another friendly slap, which she acknowledged as before:

"'This here pore animal, miss, is used to Miss Kindersley's ways in a measure, but she ain't used to yours; and, not meanin' any offence, I don't think as you've got any, not in the way of drivin', leastways; and what I want to say is, as it would be more pleasanter and comfortabler for all parties—if you was to let me drive.'

"The sudden change from the dictatorial to the pathetic, as Bruce uttered the last words, was very ludicrous; but I would not have laughed on any account. I assented, not only willingly, but gratefully; and from that moment the good understanding between myself, Bruce, and Cutchy was undisturbed.

"My first letter to Madeleine contained an account of this little incident. She said, in reply, that she was delighted to hear the affair had come off so well, adding:

"'If you had hesitated, Cutchy would have had a convenient cough—I believe she coughs, and I know she goes lame,

when Bruce tells her to practice either of those artifices;—but you will be a prime favourite henceforth, and held up in future days as an example of all a young lady should be in respect of “pore animals.”

“Madeleine had left me a good many things to attend to for her, and it was not until I was taking her directions that I knew how useful and beneficent her quiet and unpretending life was. I had frequently accompanied her on her ‘rounds,’ though I rarely entered any of the houses; but I had not the least idea of the organised system on which Madeleine Kindersley carried out the duties which some girls would never think of doing at all, and others would perform fitfully, or by deputy. I am glad to remember that the discovery inspired me with respect, and at least a temporary emulation. One of the distinguishing characteristics of my brother Griffith was his power of sympathy. I had felt it always, though I had but lately learned to define it. This was the something which made him companionable to everybody—to my father in his bookish ways and almost recluse fancies; to Lady Olive Despard, in her quiet activity; to me, who was so unlike himself; to Mr. Lester, who was a traveller, a scientific man, and knew the world. The only exception to this rule of companionableness on Griffith’s part, to this pleasant sympathy, was, as I have already said, in the case of Madeleine Kindersley; and this, especially as it had led to what I had called ‘lectures’ by Griffith, I particularly disliked. So soon as I discovered how systematic and unostentatious Madeleine’s beneficence was, I resolved to tell Griffith about it. That was exactly the sort of thing he would like and commend. So I took an early opportunity of expatiating to Griffith upon the gratitude and affection which I heard expressed towards Madeleine by many of the poorer dwellers in and about Wrottesley, and the quiet and unostentatious charity by which she amply merited it.

“‘She is as good as she is clever and handsome,’ I continued; ‘and’—here I made a great plunge—‘why you do not like Madeleine, and why Madeleine does not like you, I really cannot make out. In you I suppose it is the natural perversity of a brother; but Madeleine is only a friend, and you need not, therefore, dislike people just because I like them.’

“I spoke with a good deal of impatience, because Griffith had said just nothing at all in reply to my eloquent exposition

of the particular trait in Madeleine’s disposition, which, I thought, could not fail to attract him.

“He passed by the earlier portion of my petulant speech to take up and comment on the latter.

“‘And so Miss Kindersley does not like me? I wonder she should take the trouble to ask herself, or to tell you, whether she likes me or not.’

“‘As if she ever did such a thing, Griffith! Why, she is always so nice and kind to me about everything, that no matter how much she might feel it, it would never occur to her to say anything which could hurt me.’

“‘What did you tell me she did not like me for, then? You are becoming a puzzle, Audrey; you who used to be so very straightforward and downright, not to say rude, when you chose. It is not of the slightest consequence, but I certainly did gather from you that I have not had the good fortune to win a place in Miss Kindersley’s good graces.’

“‘Mercy on us!’ I exclaimed, now thoroughly roused, ‘you used not to be so very grand and grave about it. You are not a bit like yourself when you are talking to her, and she is not a bit like herself when she is talking to you. I never saw you get on well together yet, except at Adelaide’s wedding; and then, I suppose, you could not help it, as all the other people were so jolly.’

“Griffith looked more vexed than I liked to see him, as he answered my vehement speech:

“‘You are quite wrong, Audrey; and I wish you would not trouble your head about my likes and dislikes. You are constantly bringing this fancy of yours up between us; suppose you let it drop for the future.’

“He effectually put a stop to it for the present, for he walked off and left me.

“As may be supposed, my dignity was gravely injured, and I took good care to talk no more about Madeleine to Griffith. I should have liked to punish him, too, if I could have managed it, by making a mystery of Madeleine’s letters; not that he would have cared to know what she was doing, or how much or little she was enjoying all the novel delights of London, but he was always interested in everything that concerned Lady Olive Despard, and Madeleine’s letters had a great deal about her in them.

“I could not, however, secure to myself this trifling satisfaction. I had forgotten

to take account of my father. I felt a delightful sense of novelty and importance when I found a letter from Madeleine beside my plate on the breakfast-table; and was just about to play the little game with it, which I had artfully planned for the discomfiture of Griffith, when my father laid aside his newspaper, and said, briskly:

"Well, Andrey, I see you have a letter; let us hear the news of Lady Olive."

"I was exceedingly provoked, but there was nothing for it but to obey my father. Accordingly I had to repeat all the facts which were narrated in the letter, keeping to myself only the 'nonsense bits'—that about Bruce and the pony for instance. I did look covertly at Griffith, but I could not make anything out of his face."

"She seems to be enjoying herself," said my father, "and that's all as it should be," when I had read to him Madeleine's account of how she had seen some of the great public sights of London. 'Really fashionable people never go near them, I believe,' she wrote, 'and don't even know there are such things; but Lady Olive and I are not fashionable, and we mean to see them all. I was immensely delighted with the Tower, and entertained with a morose but philosophical beefeater who had us in charge. When we wanted to go and look at the Regalia, he had to relinquish us for awhile—the crown jewels have a female exhibitor—and he waited until we came out, disappointed, as I suppose everyone is, with the tawdriness of the general effect of the display. I suppose no jewels ever look grand or genuine by day-light. "Well! have you seen 'em?" asked our beefeater. I said we had. "Ah! and you don't think much on 'em? No more don't I. I wouldn't give 'alf-a-crown for the lot—not to keep, mind you!" and with this surprising declaration he resumed his task as showman. Lord Barr was delighted. He is great fun, much nicer than he was down at Wrottesley. Lady Olive says it is because he has not Mr. Lester to talk to about learned subjects, and is obliged to "decline upon our lower level," if not of heart, at least of intelligence; and Lord Barr says Lady Olive is a goose! Can you imagine anybody venturing to call Lady Olive a goose? He is so good-natured, and ready to go anywhere with us, and to do anything for us that we ask him. Lady Olive did not expect that we should see nearly so much of him as we do; she thought he would have been constantly away at some place down the river, where

they're building his yacht; but he says he can leave it to itself pretty much in its present stage, and wants to "start us," as he calls it, in London. His notions of sight-seeing are very liberal, I assure you, and he is delighted that I have never seen anything. "If Olive will only hold out," he says, "we'll see everything, from St. Paul's to the penny-peeps." Everything is to include the wonderful yacht. I was rather afraid of him at Wrottesley—don't you remember we thought him very distant?—but I laugh at myself now at the mere notion of such a thing; and the funniest part of it is that he was afraid of us all the time. "Two young ladies, of severe demeanour, and always together, alarmed me," he told me, quite seriously yesterday; so that it turns out that he was only shy. And he knows a very great deal, though he is so quiet about it, and so good-humoured with us; not that there's so much difference between him and his sister, for she seems to be quite able to talk to him about anything he is interested in; and it seems that he and Mr. Lester have discovered numbers of curious plants and shells and things during their former travels, and that Lord Barr is actually writing a book about them. It must be very nice to read a book by someone whom one knows, and likes, mustn't it? Of course I don't mean only a story, but a real book, with knowledge in it. He will be a long time away, and sometimes Lady Olive looks very grave about it. I think he is the only person in the world she really loves.'

"Here there was a long stroke all across the paper, and below it, a day later, Madeleine resumed:

"I have not had a moment to myself until now to finish this. Lady Olive's friends have begun to find out that she is in town, and we have several invitations already. I am going to hear a debate in the House of Commons. It was such a pleasant surprise. Don't you remember our talking one day about what we should like best to see and do in London, and you said you would like best to see a Drawing-room, and I said I would like best to hear a debate? Only fancy Lord Barr's being so good-natured as to remember our talk, and going to a friend of his, an M.P., and getting him to put down my name—of course Lady Olive's too—so that my wish might be gratified as soon as possible! It is for to-morrow night that our names are down, and there is going to be a grand debate. Lord Barr has been ex-

plaining what they are going to talk about, and he does not see any reason in the world why women should not understand and study politics, if they have a taste for them. I don't know about studying politics, but I have sometimes wished papa would tell me about things, instead of making up his mind that I could not understand them.'

"Upon my word," said my father, with an amused smile, as I read all this aloud, rather heedlessly, 'young ladies seem to criticise their papas pretty freely in their correspondence. Don't be too hard on me in your return confidence, my dear. Is that all?'

"Nearly all, papa," I answered, glancing over the closing sentences of the letter; 'the rest is about her poor people, and some things she wants to have looked after at Beech Lawn.'

"I put the letter in my pocket, and gave Griffith his second cup of tea with an aggrieved feeling. Not one word of comment had he made upon Madeleine's news.

"This was one of Bruce's days, and he presented himself punctually. I had business in the town, and I went to see Mrs. Kellett. I found the old lady, as usual, in the back parlour, behind the shop. She was seated in her old-fashioned easy-chair, beside a pleasant fire, waiting, spectacles on nose and knitting in hand, for the arrival of her customers. They seldom included strangers, and every resident in Wrottesley knew Mrs. Kellett. The half-glazed doors, with their curtains drawn back, opened into the neat little shop, with its closely-packed shelves and its brightly-polished mahogany counter. Nothing could be more cosy and confidential, and less suggestive of the customary vulgarity of trading in a small way, than the little 'interior.'

"Mrs. Kellett's back parlour was a sort of reliquary. The old lady had the tenacious and tender memory of 'better days,' and a certain means of pleasing her was to take notice of the little pictures, the little bits of old china, the quaint scraps of ornament and needlework, the small collection of books (mostly keepsakes and 'selections' of poetry), and the pistols, sword, and sabretache, arranged trophy-wise above the little mirror over the chimney-piece, which were the choicest relics in her collection—the outward and visible signs of that noble profession of arms which the late Captain Kellett had adorned. He had, indeed, died as a lieutenant, but nobody grudged him the brevet

rank, which the harmless, affectionate pride of his widow bestowed upon him. A dreadful little picture of him hung beside the chimney-piece—a picture with pink cheeks and black dabs for eyes; with shiny black hair and a pointed chin—but which represented, in a feeble way, a man so young that it was always difficult to me to realise that it could be the picture of Miss Minnie's father, of the husband of the old lady who primly knitted her life away within a yard of it. The picture had a spiky frame with odd projections—on which Mrs. Kellett would hang her keys, or her spectacle-case, or a little old-fashioned steel purse with a chain to it, which I used to regard as the degenerate survivor of the old style of *châtelaine*, and have since considered to be the forerunner of the new—and it was familiarly alluded to as 'Allan,' which had been Captain Kellett's christian-name. When any or all of the above-mentioned articles, or, indeed, any light household properties capable of suspension, happened to be missing, it was suggested that they were 'hanging up on Allan;' so that the poor captain's name was as much a household word as if he had been there to answer to it; and, somehow, the oddity never sounded either ludicrous or disrespectful. It was from Madeleine Kindersley's fine instinct of sympathy that I learned to recognise that there was something pathetic in the old lady's respectful tenderness for her shabby household gods—her meekly-uttered thankfulness that 'in all her trials she had been able to keep her few things about her.' After I had seen Madeleine making one of her kindly visits to Mrs. Kellett's back parlour, I felt secretly ashamed at the remembrance that I had often laughed at Miss Minnie's 'ma.'

"Miss Minnie had not returned from her round of morning music lessons. Mrs. Kellett was alone, and the little shop was empty. I had two subjects on which I could interest the old lady: they were Madeleine and Lord Barr. So I told her, generally, about Madeleine's letter, and observed, while I was talking, a more than ordinarily complacent look in her wrinkled, happy old face. She explained it soon: she had been unusually fortunate to-day. Not only had Lady Armytage come to the shop, early that morning—'She never buys so much as a reel of cotton elsewhere, and hasn't these fifteen years,' said Mrs. Kellett in a grateful parenthesis—and sat half an hour with her, and told her all the news about Master George

at college, and Master Bartholomew at sea; not only had I now come, and given her the news she was delighted to hear about Miss Kindersley; but Dr. Lester, the most satisfactory inmate they had ever had, had given her a message from Lord Barr himself. Yes, indeed, the kindest message, and his portrait.

“One of those new-fangled things, my dear—photographs were many years old at the time, but it was to them that Mrs. Kellett applied the epithet—‘that they tell me the sun takes in a minute; but really as much like his lordship as if a painter had taken a year or two over it. ‘You’ll give this to Mrs. Kellett with my love,’ says his lordship in his letter to Dr. Lester, ‘and tell her I often wish I was making her toast in the back parlour, and am likely to wish the same oftener still when I find myself among the icebergs.’ He promised to send it to me, and it shall be framed and hung up like Allan; but I could hardly have expected he would have remembered me. I’ll show it to you, my dear, it’s in the second drawer.’

“The shop-door swung open at a somewhat vigorous push, and Mrs. Kellett’s voluble speech was suspended. A customer entered the outer regions, and the old lady stepped briskly through the half-glazed doors, partially closing them behind her. I could see through the aperture the person who had come into the shop. She was a tall woman, of the style which men call ‘fine’—that is, she was very upright, carried her head well, took up a good deal of room, and looked as if she could take excellent care of herself under any circumstances. She was very handsome; but her face did not please me; her colour was too bright, her eyes were too bold, her features were too strong; and I could see in a moment that, though she was well dressed, she was not a lady.

“She had not come to buy! Poor Mrs. Kellett made a disappointed little bow at the intimation, given in a loud uneducated voice, and asked in what she could serve the lady.

“‘I want to find a place called Beech Lawn,’ she replied. ‘I have asked several people, and everybody tells me something different from everybody else. Which side of the town is it on? and how far beyond the town is it?’

“‘Beech Lawn, ma’am, Mr. Kindersley’s place? It is on the north road, and a good

four miles out of the town. Beech Lawn is quite a county place, ma’am.’

“‘Four miles,’ said the lady—who must be a complete stranger in Wrottesley, as she did not know the way to Beech Lawn—‘I can’t walk so far—I must get a carriage.’

“‘I should say so, ma’am,’ said Mrs. Kellett, civilly, but preparing to withdraw into her back parlour.

“‘Stay a moment,’ said the stranger. ‘Can you tell me whether Mr. Kindersley is at home?’

“‘I cannot, indeed,’ replied Mrs. Kellett; ‘but’—seeing Bruce draw up at the door at that moment, having finished his business at the saddler’s, and come to fetch me, she added,—‘here is Mr. Kindersley’s groom; he can tell you.’

“At this I emerged from the back parlour into the shop.

“‘The pony-carriage has come for me, Mrs. Kellett,’ I said. ‘I can tell this lady anything she wants to know.’

“‘Are you Miss Kindersley?’ she inquired, fixing her eyes upon me with a defiant stare.

“‘No,’ I replied, ‘I am not; I am a friend of Miss Kindersley’s. Mr. Kindersley is not at Beech Lawn; he is in London. Miss Kindersley is also in London.’

“‘Indeed!’ said she, suspiciously. Then, after a slight pause: ‘Is there no member of the family at Beech Lawn?’

“‘No; they are all in London.’

“‘I suppose I can get their address at the bank?’

“‘I suppose so.’ I wondered it did not occur to her to ask me for it; but I was very glad it did not, for she inspired me with an instinctive repugnance.

“‘The bank is in the High-street?’

“‘It is.’

“‘Good morning.’

“She included Mrs. Kellett and myself in her brief valediction, swung herself out of the shop-door, which fell to with a bang behind her, and was gone.

“‘What a rude person,’ said Mrs. Kellett, her gentle dignity much ruffled. ‘I’m so glad Minnie was not here, my dear, to hear me spoken to like that, and the—the lady not coming here as a purchaser either. You need not mind her; you’ve no call to care about anyone’s manners; but it is hurtful to those who have seen better days.’

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SMOOD
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIX. AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE young man of the garden-gate, on whom Miss Trotter was practising, started. He could hardly believe his senses. Yet it was Phoebe, with her bustling mother, who treated the host with an unceremonious familiarity, and behind whom tripped the airy girl, her merry eyes glancing at everybody. Fresh from school, she was a little bewildered.

"So glad you've come," said the host, "and that you have brought Miss Phoebe."

"She's no longer a school-girl now," said her mother; "she's a young lady. This is her first appearance."

"I never was at a party before," said Phoebe. "How beautiful all this is!"

"These are fine rooms; but I'll show you the castle regularly to-morrow. Now let me; I must introduce you." And he put her arm in his, patting her hand, for she was a favourite of his. The very first person on his left was the young man who had half risen, and was behaving in so unaccountable and mysterious a way, as to provoke and even disgust the Miss Trotter who had him in hand.

"Here, Pringle, come here," the host said, imperatively.

Now it was Phoebe's turn to start and colour; but she was so natural that she did not attempt to conceal her delight.

"You here!" she cried. "Dear me, to think we should meet again so soon."

"Why, when did you meet last?" said Lord Garterley, amused at her exuberance.

Phoebe had no way out of a difficulty but to laugh—laugh both with her eyes and lips. She innocently thought it was as satisfactory an extrication as any.

"Not at the boarding-school, I hope," said the host, quite innocently. "I suppose you couldn't have met anywhere since."

Both parties were covered with confusion. But here Mrs. Dawson intervened. She was much displeased at Phoebe's manner, and showed it.

"Come here, Phoebe. Sit here." Phoebe obeyed with military promptness. Some sharp whispering followed. She had presently handed Phoebe over to Mrs. Trotter, and went to receive homage from Mr. Pratt-Hawkins, who, almost as soon as she had come in, had ascertained that she was cousin to Lord Mount-Dawson, and, of course, through "them," connected with the best noble families right and left.

Phoebe was soon at home, relating their adventures on the road, to the supercilious smiles of the dashing Misses Trotter, but to the interest of the older persons. Still her eyes glanced in the direction of her hero. It made her thrill, the romance of the idea, and to-night, in his evening dress, he looked charming. And she thought, too, what a mysterious arrangement it was that had brought them both under the same roof!

She was greatly delighted with old Sam Pringle, who began a course of his antics for her special edification. One of the young ladies wished that a new dance could be invented, or that they could revive the old minuet.

"Delightful!" said old Sam. "Only think of the gliding and sliding we should

have. But it must be done with grace—grace, my dear madam.”

In a moment he had given out the air in a quavering voice, and was standing up, “doing the steps,” twisting his stout form in an absurd affectation of ceremonious grace. He went gravely through it before the liveried menials who were taking away coffee-cups, and to one of whom he said, with elaborate politeness:

“My dear, good sir, would it inconvenience you to stand a little farther back?”

He proceeded to perform the whole dance, till he came to the second part, or gavotte, when he broke into springs and leaps forward, the character of the measure having changed. Here everyone exhibited much mirth, but his own family were infinitely distressed at the ridiculous exhibition. Phoebe laughed in perfect hysterical screams to see a stout gentleman taking bounds in the air. No wonder people said old Sam Pringle was a great card.

“Oh! you are so funny,” she said; “I shall die of laughter.”

His wife could not contain her vexation. “Making yourself so ridiculous,” she said aloud; “you don’t see that everyone is laughing at you.”

“Come, you are too bad,” said Mr. Webber, seeing matters were going too far. “We must keep you in order.”

Phoebe, in the pauses of her merriment, was glancing slyly and shyly at her admirer, wondering that he did not come over, for though she had noted her mother’s hurried address to him, she did not guess what its purport had been. She even gave him an encouraging glance or two, but he seemed confused and troubled. She presently was tossing her pretty head, as though to show she was perfectly indifferent; and indeed she was able to notice that a tall, heavily-built, brown-haired young man, who was standing against the door, had his eyes constantly fixed upon her. Nor was she surprised when the good-natured host, bringing this young man with him, came towards her:

“I want to introduce a very good, honest fellow, whose only fault is that he has got too much money.” In which fashion Mr. Sturges was presented to Phoebe.

He had not much to say, this gentleman, but he was earnest when he did say anything; and Phoebe saw at once that

here was a conquest. Our heroine had a certain volatile flightiness, which made her “run away with” any notion that took her fancy. If she found herself tempted to be agreeable, she made herself as agreeable as she could. Now the notion in her head at this moment was to pique and torture the reserved swain; and without having as yet learned to conjugate the verb “to flirt,” she actually did so, as effectively and outrageously as though she had passed the degrees of bachelor or master. Accordingly, when the host said, “Take Miss Dawson down and show her the silver sofa and the conservatory,” Phoebe took Mr. Sturges’s arm, and sallied forth on this unchaperoned expedition. This cicero showed her everything, and Phoebe was delighted with everything.

Mrs. Dawson was not at all disturbed at the absence of her “child,” as she always called her. She herself was busily engaged with the host, who delighted in the curious basket of odds and ends which she carried about like a rag-gatherer. All the while the younger Pringle sat moody, and in the lowest spirits.

That night Phoebe was taken into council by her mother, and directed in that grave, prompt, overpowering way which was no more to be opposed than an Act of Parliament that has received the royal assent.

“See here, Phoebe,” she said, “this will do exactly for you. An immense estate, and a good, steady, sensible young man. He told Garterley he wants a nice wife, well connected, and doesn’t care for money. He’s completely taken with you.”

Phoebe’s heart sank.

“But I don’t like him, mamma.”

“Fiddlededee and nonsense; as if that mattered. None of your fancies out of novels, Phoebe; it’s time to begin to be sensible. It will do splendidly. You’ll have your carriage and diamonds, and go to court, and be in the best set; and get your dresses from Elise and Wörth; have your house in town and opera-box; and give your balls, and have all the nice people at your parties.”

This dazzling prospect was artfully set before Phoebe, so that she might dream and ruminate on it with the best effect. But though she smiled, and even laughed, she had too much romance to be attracted. Her gold, and jewels, and dresses were all in romance. All she was dreading was lest her mother should suspect the truth, that

the young Pringle and the hero of the garden-gate were the same. Strange to say, though Mrs. Dawson had heard his name in the course of the judicial proceedings before the Dean, it had completely passed from her memory, as being too trifling a matter to deserve a thought.

Phoebe was always early, loving the garden and flowers, and an early greeting of the sun in the fresh morning air, when she liked to run and even gambol over the grass and down the walks. Here were enchanting gardens, laid out a century before. She was very happy; life was opening before her like the sunshiny day of which the morning gave such promise. There were two admirers at her feet. It was delightful, charming. But still one was a true knight, and the other a prosy, earthy kind of being enough.

Suddenly, as if by enchantment, the Arthurian knight was before her. The young man, when he saw her, stopped irresolutely; but Phoebe came running towards him, her face bright as the morning sun itself.

"How early you are!" she cried. "Isn't it pleasant to be out? Though, perhaps, you don't think so; for, indeed, you were very cold and cross last night."

"I did not intend to be so," said he, quite assuming his old manner. "Of course I was delighted to see you."

"You were—really? As glad, now, as you were in that—garden?" said she, hesitatingly.

This allusion made both a little confused. And it was not, in truth, an injudicious one on the young lady's side; for it brought back at once, and most vividly, that highly-romantic scene and the emotions it had kindled. Here, too, was a garden-scene most appropriate; and it was scarcely wonderful that this youthful and impulsive pair should, in a few moments, have become absorbed in the subject, and have wandered away—not in thought merely, but over a good extent of walks—through the charming gardens and terraces. What confidences were there interchanged! How enchanted Phoebe was with her knight; what an almost Arthurian prince he appeared in the light; how gallant his air; how low and insinuating his voice, may be conceived. It must be owned that, as a matter of absolute fact, our hero had none of these gifts but youth; he was agreeable, and showed a wish to please and a devotion which, to the other sex, is always acceptable. But an impartial judge would have noted a certain feminine

triviality about him and a want of manliness. A gloomy seer, or one of the stone gods that occupied the pedestals in Garterley gardens, might have augured ill from the union of such a person with the light-souled Phoebe, who certainly stood in need of something more oak-like to sustain her. But such forecastings would surely be premature at this stage of a flirtation at a country house.

What if Mrs. Dawson had been looking from one of the windows of the great façade—one of Chambers's finest works? She would have been much put out at such a spectacle, and have, perhaps, rushed down with a design to interrupt these indecorous wanderings. But the noble owner had, for some time back, been straining his head out of one of the tall French windows—first, in speculation as to who the party could be, and next, in pleased wonder as to what they could be saying. He was one of the most curious and gossiping of mortals; and one of the duties of the Charles Webbers was to furnish him with daily provender of amusing tid-bits of news of what was going forward. It was some time before the truth dawned upon him, and he at first assumed that Phoebe's companion was Mr. Sturges; but on this point he soon set himself right. He saw the pair wandering backwards and forwards along the bosquets and terraces, their heads down and close together; while—infallible sign—Phoebe was pulling some of his flowers to pieces.

When the party assembled at breakfast, Mrs. Dawson noted Phoebe's absence, and immediately looked down the table for Mr. Sturges, whom to her disappointment she saw seated far down, and eating his breakfast in the slow, devoted manner which he seemed to think so important a meal required. When, however, Phoebe came in, flushed and healthful-looking after her walk, while the swain followed with a sort of smirk on his features, she was looked at with curiosity. Her mother summoned her to her side imperiously, and Phoebe danced round full of excitement, and quite indifferent to the impending scolding. Lord Garterley was more alarming, for he looked at her significantly, and called out, "I saw you taking your walk in the garden this morning." He had indeed the subject on his mind, for he said to Mrs. Dawson, in an undertone, stretching over eagerly, after his way:

"Of course, you know our young friend, Pringle—oh?"

Mrs. Dawson said she had never seen him; adding that the Pringles were "poor as Job," and could hardly make both ends meet.

"Not so rich as Sturges, there," said he, with a loud laugh. "That's a good idea, isn't it? All mine, you know."

After breakfast, Phoebe found herself seized upon. "Come with me," he said, putting her arm in his, and taking his great white hat. "I want to show you my flowers—and to give you some too."

Phoebe doted on flowers, and joyfully attended him. As soon as they were in the garden, he said, rather abruptly:

"Now, you rogue! Don't think I didn't see you this morning. I was watching you ever so long. What are you about?"

Phoebe looked at him slyly, though at first alarmed, then began to laugh.

"If I'm not let into the secret, I tell. Now, you've met this young man before—on the sly too; for when I asked your mother, she seemed never to have heard of him."

Phoebe was, like most people deep in love, only eager for publicity. She felt a pride in the devotion of her hero and knight, and wanted no hiding under bushels. She was willing to court mortification, reproach, and persecution in the cause. Moreover, she never could keep a secret, the delight and pride of possessing one being too much for her. Accordingly, merely as a "piece of fun," she proceeded to tell her friend the whole of the adventure at Miss Cooke's; the garden-gate affair; and the supplanting of "poor dear Adelaide." "I'm sure it wasn't my fault," she added. "I was only acting as her best friend, and in her interest."

"Oh, you shameless little flirt," said he; "how disloyal of you. But," he continued, getting grave, "I would take care of that girl, if I were you; she may do you an evil turn one of these days."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Phoebe. "What harm can she do me? And I don't care, I'm sure."

"But, dear me, who'd have thought of that young fellow having all that in him. I never gave him credit for spirit of that kind."

Phoebe tossed her head. "Oh, you don't know him."

"And now, do you think him superior to Sturges?"

"Oh, poor Mr. Sturges!" and it would be hard to describe the cadence of contempt thrown into this remark.

"But mamma thinks a good deal of him, and he thinks a good deal of you. He is a very good, worthy fellow, and has quantities of money."

"If he was stuck over with diamonds," said Phoebe, impatiently, "I wouldn't"—Then she stopped and coloured.

Lord Garterley laughed heartily. "That's what we wish. Well, young ladies' inclinations must not be forced. We must only wait. But treat poor Sturges well—don't wound his feelings unnecessarily." There was, in truth, no fear of that. But before the walk ended, the good-natured lord promised that he would not "put it very much in mamma's head."

Accordingly, young Mr. Pringle was greatly surprised to find himself noticed with an extraordinary interest by his host, who put his arm round his shoulders in an affectionate way, and led him into the window to ask him if he was enjoying himself.

"Not as much, though, as at a certain garden-gate. Ha! ha! ha! You see I'm behind the scenes. I found it all out. Never mind; you can trust me, both of you. I won't spoil sport; don't be afraid. In fact, I may help to make it, eh? She's a nice little thing, eh?"

"Charming!" said the young man, in great excitement. "But how kind of you, Lord Garterley, to take all this interest."

"Not a bit of it. But see here. No trifling. No loving and riding away. I can't have it—"

"Oh, you don't suppose—"

"You see here a man, well off, that would make her very happy and comfortable—"

"Never!" said Mr. Pringle. "Quite unsuited. She would pine away in such companionship."

"Well, you know her better. But if you mean seriously," went on the good-natured lord, "go in at once, boldly; strike while the iron's hot. I'll manage your father and mother. You may leave them to me; or, if the worst comes to the worst, you can run off together, as was common enough when I was a young fellow."

"How kind of you—" began the young man.

"And don't be afraid about prospects. I'll get you something. Miss Phoebe is a pet of mine; so you may depend on me. I can manage a small place up to, say, three hundred a year. It will carry you on very well for some time."

Mr. Pringle was overcome with gratitude. He was really in love with Phoebe. And from that time the good-natured peer set himself seriously to work to forward the interests of the lovers in every possible way; and took as much enjoyment in the matter as a child would in a story-book or a toy.

CROMWELL'S COOKERY-BOOK.

WHEN I want a thoroughly cozy and companionable book for a quiet winter night at the fireside, what do I take down from the shelves — philosophy, metaphysics, The Seven Beatitudes, Tupper's Fallacies of Folly, Augustine of Tarragona (not Saint Augustine), his Epitome Juris Pontificis? Not a bit of it. I want no pope or pundit to share the warmth and the quiet; I seek a more jovial, hearty, and humble companion—I take down an old cookery-book; and in this way have often sat among the friends of Horace or Athenæus; slipped in among a bench of abbots or cardinals; or even feasted, with Vitellius on one side and Valens and Cecina on the other, in the hall of the Cæsars off that immortal dish, "The Shield of Minerva," which was formed of peacocks' and pheasants' tongues and the roes of the rarest fish, and which, as a British slave who waited whispered to me, cost one thousand sesterces.

It is cheap feeding, for these imaginative meals are merely mental, and cost nothing. Who can stop me feasting with the old epicures who wore the purple, or those purple-faced abbots and pontiffs who insist on ransacking their vast stone cellars for the Mangiaguerra or the Lachrymæ Christi? If it is my lordly pleasure now to leave this my arm-chair, and to throw myself on the soft desert sand at the foot of the Pyramids, and there to smoke an imaginary chibouk, and munch imaginary dates, with the three one-eyed calendars, is there any Act of Parliament against it?

To-night I might be going over in a quick dreamship to New Zealand to eat stewed rats and fern-roots with a Maori chieftain, only I am not; for I am going to Whitehall to dine with Cromwell, the Lord Protector, and her ladyship his amiable wife. Pride and Ireton will be there, and Mr. and Mrs. Claypole, from their hall down in Northamptonshire; a quiet divine or two, and Mr. John Milton, his highness's late secretary, will make up the party. Joking apart, I mean really what I say, for I have now on my desk before me an old cookery-

book, which contains all the receipts used by Lady Elizabeth, the thrifty wife of Cromwell, and has all the Protector's favourite dishes carefully marked by an old servant of the general's. The book was published for Randal Taylor, St. Martin's-le-Grand, 1664, four years after the Restoration. It contains a long and, I believe, strictly truthful account of Cromwell's household and kitchen, sullied here and there by Cavalier slander; but the defamation relates to small matters, and there is quite enough to betray a turncoat follower of Cromwell; and I should not be surprised if it was written by an old head-cook who had lived at Whitehall during the Protectorate.

But this is not the only charm of this probably unique book (now at the British Museum). I hold it interesting as a page of social history, and as showing us exactly what the ordinary diet of English gentlemen was during the reign of Cromwell and the early part of Charles the Second, before French cooking came more and more into fashion, and before the Dutch king, who brought us many new ways of cooking fish and cheese. Cromwell's book is full of sound, sensible English dishes of the old school; rich, yet simple, are the sauces; and as relishing and savoury as good sense and hearty appetite could invent; but not disgracefully extravagant in the Soubise or Richlieu manner—no fowls are killed for their combs, or joints thrown away for their gravy. The general style of diet seems to us the very model of honest, hearty, English cookery, mingled with Dutch dishes; and much such a cuisine as prevailed in Shakespeare's time, though without ambergris and such nasty introductions of mediæval times.

The very names of the dishes seem to send up a savoury steam. Only listen to them—how full of gravy they seem: A rare Dutch pudding; a leg of mutton, basted the French way; Scotch collops of veal (this was her ladyship's constant dish); how to souse a pig; a sweet pie, with sweetbreads and sugar; a rare white pot; a citron pudding; liver puddings (hog's liver and rosewater are among the ingredients—whew!); marrow pasties; green sauces; gooseberry creams; how to make a sack posset (good! that sounds Elizabethan); to roast eels; to boil woodcocks (avaunt ye profane!); a Turkish dish of meat (a receipt obtained from some hungry runaway galley-slave, from Tripoli mayhap); to stew a fillet of beef in the Italian

fashion; to make an excellent pottage called skinks; to stew a rump or the fat end of a brisket of beef, in the French fashion; to stew beef in gobbets in the French fashion; stewed collops of beef; to boil a capon with colyflowers; to boil bustard; to boil capon with sugar peas; to make a neat's-tongue pie (how good that sounds—in faith it's music to my ear!); to boil pigeons after the Dutch way; to make a hash of pullet; to carbonade mutton. I must give that last:

“Boil a shoulder of mutton; then scotch it with your knife, and strew on minced thyme and salt, and a little nutmeg. When boiled dish it up. The sauce is claret wine boiled up with two onions, a little samphire, and capers, and a little gravy garnished with lemons.”

“Thank you, Captain Cromwell. I think I will.” Here the list goes on:

“A way to fry rabbits with sweet sauce; a cordial strengthening broth; a pudding of hog's liver (this was Madame Francis, her delicacy); an eel pie with oysters (very good, Mistress Cromwell); how to pickle up cucumbers; to roast a lamb or kid; how to boil a haunch of venison (oh that I had the deviser of that dish in a chaldron just boiling!); how to”—mark this, for it sounds Elizabethan—“how to bake a venison pasty.” Here's a grand dish too in the West Indian manner, buccaneer style—“how to bake a pig; to boil scallops; to make a warden, or pear pie; to make a double tart; to make an almond tart; white quince cakes; red quince cakes;” and after the roast pig there were cakes and ale to come.

Three of the more singular of the receipts, including the West Indian way of cooking a pig, will not be uninteresting to our readers. But first for the drink of Shakespeare!

“To make a Sack Posset: Set a gallon of milk on the fire, put therein whole cinnamon and large mace. When it boils, stir in half or whole pound of Naples biscuit, grated very small; keeping of it stirring while it boils; then beat eight eggs together, casting of the whites away; beat them well with a ladle-full of milk, then take the milk off the fire and stir in the eggs, then put it on again, but keep it stirring, for fear of curdling; then make ready a pint of sack, warming it upon coals with a little rose-water; season your milk with sugar, and pour it into the sack in a large basin; and stir it apace; then strew on a good deal of beaten cinnamon, and so serve it up.”

“To bake a Pig: This is an experiment practised by Her at Huntingdon Brow-house, and is a singular and the only way of dressing a pig. Take a good quantity of clay, such as they stop barrels' bungs with, and having moulded it, stick your pig, and blood him well, and when he is warm, arm him like a cuirassier, or one of Cromwell's Ironsides; hair, skin, and all (his entrails drawn and belly sewed up again), with this prepared clay thick everywhere; then throw him below the stokehole under the furnace, and there let him soak; turn him now and then. When the clay is hardened for twelve hours, he is then sufficiently baked; then take him and break off the clay, which easily parts, and you will have a fine crispy coat, and all the juice of the pig in your dish. Remember but to put a few leaves of sage and a little salt in the belly of it, and you need no other sauce. The like you may do with any fowl whatever, for the clay will fetch off and consume the feathers.”

One odd feature of this seventeenth-century cookery is, we think, the mixture of incongruous garnishings. For instance, Scotch collops of veal—probably a dish the French brought to Scotland—were stuffed with sausage-meat and oysters; and were to be served with sliced lemons and barberries. Rosemary is used a good deal with the herbs. There are what seem odd ingredients in “A sweet pye, made of sweetbreads and sugar.” There were to be little puddings in layers in this pie, and these puddings were formed of pippins, candied lemon and orange-peel, sliced dates, currants, white sugar, a few caraway seeds, a quarter of a pint of verjuice, the same of rosewater, and a couple of eggs. The mixture of meat and sweets does not, somehow, interest us.

After the same theory, pig's-liver pudding seems to have been made: the grated liver was to be seasoned with salt, cloves, mace, and nutmeg, a penny loaf (grated), a pound of white sugar, a pint of cream, a quarter of a pint of rosewater, and three eggs.

Marrow puddings, again, were half sweetmeat, and consisted of powdered almonds, a little rosewater, a pound of powdered sugar, a grated penny loaf, grated nutmeg, a pint of cream, the contents of two marrow-bones, two grains of ambergris, and a little salt. The skins were then filled, and gently boiled. A green sauce seems to have been made out

of sorrel and apples, with vinegar and sugar. Cod's head, too, had rather a curious time of it: in the closed mouth of the fish they placed a quart of oysters, and a bunch of sweet herbs and onions. The sauce was oyster liquor, four anchovies, and a sliced onion, melted together in a pint of white wine. This was poured over the cod's head; a little nutmeg was then grated over the fish, and it was served up, the brims of the dish being garnished with lemon and sliced bay-leaves. Woodcocks and snipes appear to have been often boiled.

Beef, stewed in gibbets in the French way, after being prepared, had herbs and claret stirred in for sauce; and was served up, garnished with grapes, barberries, or gooseberries. Cromwell always squeezed an orange over his veal. A rabbit, stuffed with herbs and oysters, sounds good. Broom-buds were, it seems, used for pickles; and fried rabbit, with sweet sauce, was usually served up garnished with flowers.

We conclude our notice of Cromwell's Cookery-Book by an extraordinary receipt for a salad:

"A Grand Sallet: Take a quarter of a pound of raisins of the sun, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of capers, a quarter of a pound of olives, the like quantity of samphire, a quarter of a pound of pickle cucumbers, a lemon shred, some pickled French beans, a wax-tree set in the middle of the dish, pasted to the dish, lay all their quarters round the dish (you may also mince the flesh of a roasted hen, with sturgeon and shrimps), and garnish the dish with cut beans and turnips in several figures."

REMARKABLE ADVENTURERS.

SOME EMINENT PIRATES.

If the difference between an attorney and a solicitor be identical with that between an alligator and a crocodile, the buccaneer and the pirate may be said to be as much alike as a rattlesnake and a cobra, while the privateer would rank lower in the scale of venom than either. Still the privateer should rather be considered as a stage of development, than as a separate animal. He is but a pirate by instinct, wanting opportunity or necessity to show him in his true colours. Captain Charles Johnson, in his *General History of the Pyrates*, attributes the large number of those actively engaged in the profession, at the commencement of the last

century, to the forlorn condition of man-of-war's-men and privateers-men at the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht—a similar phenomenon to that which occurred at the peace of Ryswick. In either case a large number of men, buccaneers and privateers, who had during war-time carried some kind of commission, found themselves out of work. Return to the regular mercantile marine offered few inducements. In the words of Captain Bartholomew Roberts: "In an honest Service there is thin Commons, low Wages, and hard Labour; in this Plenty and Satiety, Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power; and who would not balance Creditor on this Side when all the hazard that is run for it is, at the worst, only a sour look or two at choaking. No, a merry Life and a short one shall be my motto." This man, who fought like a tiger and talked like a sea-lawyer, was brilliantly successful while he lasted, taking more than four hundred sail; but was cut off untimely by a grape-shot—and had his wish. It was said that nobody ever heard of a Dutch pirate, the fishery being so lucrative as to withdraw Mynheer from the free and sporting existence to which Englishmen took so kindly; but, whatever may be the merit of a great fishery, as providing an outlet for national energy, there can be no doubt that "Privateers in Time of War are a Nursery for Pyrates against a Peace." Men accustomed to occasional spells of wealth and liberty, extravagance and excess, disdained to throw off a wild life and become respectable citizens, and when the Spanish Main and Guinea Coast became too hot for them, sailed into the Indian Ocean and preyed upon the Great Mogul, or anybody else they encountered. In the early part of the great piratical epoch, there was much pretence made that the deeds of Captain Jennings and others were merely reprisals on the Spanish *Guarda-Costas*; but, when we reflect on the life the buccaneers and their successors had led the Spaniards for about fifty years, it is not to be wondered at that they showed scant ceremony to foreign ships. In the beginning, no doubt, as in the time of Drake, the Spaniards were the aggressors. But there is no disguising the truth that, after a very few years, privateering, buccaneering, and piracy became regular professions; that vessels were armed and equipped at London, Plymouth, and Bristol for slaving and piracy; that they were

manned by desperadoes of every country ; and that the governors of Jamaica and North Carolina, and the planters and merchants of many English settlements, lent aid cheerfully to the pirates—harboured them, ate, drank, and traded with them—bought their plunder of them, and, no doubt, cheated the drunken freebooters remorselessly.

Madagascar and Providence were the last great haunts of the pirates. Up to the time of the king's proclamation, in 1717, giving the rovers of the West Indies a year in which to surrender and receive pardon, the late privateers, who, since the peace of Utrecht, had become legally as well as actually pirates, made the island of Providence their head-quarters. The numerous keys or islets of the Gulf of Mexico afforded them ample accommodation for careening their ships, and hiding out of the way of cruisers ; while the situation was favourable for sallying out, and infesting the course of merchant ships trading between Europe and America. Not content, however, with picking up merchantmen, they occasionally ventured on enterprises worthy of their predecessors the buccaneers. In 1716 one of these ventures was crowned with complete success. About two years earlier the Spanish galleons or plate fleet had been cast away in the Gulf of Florida, and several vessels from the Havana were at work with diving engines, to fish up the silver on board the galleons. The Spaniards had recovered some millions of pieces of eight, which they had carried to Havana ; but they had then about three hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, in silver, on the spot, and were daily taking up more. Captain Jennings fitted out two ships and three sloops, at Jamaica, Barbadoes, &c., and found the Spaniards at work on the wreck ; the money being deposited in a store-house on shore, under the guard of two commissaries and about sixty soldiers. The rovers came directly upon the place, brought their little fleet to an anchor, and landing about three hundred men, drove off the guard, seized the treasure, and carried it to Jamaica ; picking up a rich Spanish ship by the way, with sixty thousand pieces of eight and a valuable cargo. This was done in time of full peace, but the government of Jamaica, on complaint being made to them, made an uproar, of which the issue was that the pirates were allowed to escape with their booty, and to make their

peace on the appearance of the king's proclamation, in the following year.

It does not appear that Jennings relapsed into his old trade, but the great majority of the rovers unquestionably did so. Among these were the famous or infamous Teach (alias Blackbeard), Edward England, Charles Vane, and several of the most celebrated rovers of the time. The career of Blackbeard, as narrated by Captain Johnson, throws a curious light upon the manner in which his Majesty's colonies were then governed. Teach went into business again at once, and—having "cultivated a very good understanding" with Charles Eden, Esq., the governor of North Carolina—with an excellent prospect of success. His friend, the governor, made no scruple of convening a court of vice-admiralty at Bath Town, which condemned his captures as lawful prizes, although he had never held a commission in his life. "These proceedings," adds his biographer, "shew that Governors are but Men."

Blackbeard was a typical pirate, possessed with a mania for getting married. His friend the governor, after the manner of the plantations, married him to his fourteenth wife—a young creature of sixteen—whom he treated scandalously. It is not on record that Blackbeard, like Bluebeard, slew his wives. On the contrary, he had, at the period referred to, about a dozen living in various places. Obviously he was a man of domestic instincts modified by a roving life, and liked to have somebody to welcome him home wherever he was. His cognomen of Blackbeard was derived from "that large Quantity of Hair which, like a frightful Meteor, covered his whole Face, and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there for a long time. This Beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant length ; as to Breadth, it came up to his Eyes ; he was accustomed to twist it with Ribbons in small Tails after the manner of our Ramilies Wiggs and turn them about his Ears ; in Time of action he wore a Sling over his shoulders, with three brace of Pistols." This was the regular pirate fashion, and its use is obvious. In boarding, the pistol was the favourite weapon of the rovers, who always wore two or three brace in a silk sling, hung rather round the neck than over the shoulders. Armed thus, the freebooter was nearly as well off as if he had possessed a revolver. He had only to cock and fire, drop one pistol and seize another ready to

his hand, without the risk of losing his weapons. This reliance on the pistol was, doubtless, one reason of the success of the rovers in close fighting. To add terror to his appearance, Blackbeard "stuck lighted Matches under his Hat, which, appearing on Each Side of his Face, his Eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure, that Imagination cannot form an Idea of a Fury from Hell to look more frightful." He was a frolicsome fellow, this Captain Teach, in his grim way. One day, being at sea, and a little flushed with drink, he determined to make an inferno "of his own;" and to that end went down into the hold, with two or three others, and having filled several pots full of brimstone, set them on fire, and was very proud of having held out the longest against suffocation. Another evening, being in a pleasant mood, drinking and playing cards with a few choice kindred spirits, he blew out the light, and crossing his hands under the table fired his pistols, laming one man for life; and when asked the meaning of this said "if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was." One eerie story of Blackbeard and his crew runs thus: "Once upon a Cruize, they found out that they had a Man on Board more than their crew; such a one was seen several days among them, sometimes below and sometimes on Deck, yet no man in the Ship could give an account who he was or from whence he came; but that he disappeared a little before they were cast away in their great ship; but, it seems, they verily believed it was the Devil."

Like many other great men, Blackbeard did not improve upon acquaintance, and his friends the planters at last got tired of his society. Redress from the governor of North Carolina was hopeless, and the governor of Virginia was applied to. This gentleman at once sent Lieutenant Maynard, with a couple of sloops, to capture the pirate. A desperate fight ensued. After some heavy firing, Blackbeard, after hurling on to the enemy several "new-fashioned sort of grenades"—case-bottles, filled with powder and slugs—boarded him; but this time met his match, and fell dead, after receiving twenty-five wounds, fighting like a fury to the last. His head was cut off, and hung to the bowsprit of the victorious sloop.

The Captain Bartholomew Roberts previously alluded to, by no means affected the terrific style of Blackbeard. A far

greater pirate, he was yet a consummate dandy. He came with his piratical fleet to Whydah, on the African coast, with a St. George's ensign, a black silk flag flying at the mizzen peak, and a Jack and pennant of the same. The flag "had a Death in it," with an hour-glass in one hand and cross bones in the other, a dart by it, and underneath a Heart dropping three drops of blood. The Jack had a man portrayed in it, with a flaming sword in his hand, and standing on two skulls subscribed A. B. H. and A. M. H., signifying a Barbadian's and a Martinican's Head. On going into action for the last time he made a gallant figure, "being dressed in a rich crimson damask Waistcoat and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, a gold chain round his Neck, with a Diamond Cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand," and the pistols slung bandolier fashion. On falling dead on a gun-carriage, he was—according to his request—thrown into the sea with all his bravery upon him.

Roberts may be styled the Claude Duval, as Blackbeard was the Turpin, Low the Blueskin, and Captain Kid the Jonathan Wild, of piracy.

Ned Low was born in Westminster, and was educated in the slums of the neighbourhood, not to read and write, for those accomplishments were unsuited to his genius, but in that peculiarly "mean" line of robbery, denominated the "kinchin lay." With the capital acquired in this way he took to gaming, in a small way, with the footmen in the lobby of the House of Commons, where he used to "play the whole game"—i.e., cheated all he could. When his dupes objected to his style of play, he showed fight, like rufflers of a higher grade. Genius ran in Low's family. His young brother, when but seven years old, was carried in a basket upon a porter's back into a crowd, to snatch hats and wigs—both costly articles a century and three-quarters ago. This precocious child enjoyed a short but splendid career, advancing by degrees from picking pockets to house-breaking, and ending his days at Tyburn, in company with Stephen Bunce and the celebrated Jack Hall, the chimneysweeper. Ned Low himself mutinied during a logwood-cutting expedition, and hoisting the black flag, and becoming one of the most notable pirates of his day, showed, perhaps, more skill than courage in giving the slip to cruisers.

Lord Macanlay's sketch of Captain

Kid is so well known, that he may be dismissed in a few lines as a by no means brilliant or successful brigand, although, in posthumous renown, second to none of the craft. Perhaps his advantage over others in this respect is due to his having been hanged at Execution-dock, instead of killed in action, or cast away in remote tropical seas. Kid was an old privateer in the West Indies, and being known as a brave seaman, was recommended by Lord Bellamont, then governor of Barbadoes, and several other persons, to the home government, as one admirably fitted to command a king's ship cruising against pirates, on account of his knowledge of those seas and practice in warfare. The project met with no favour in England, and would have fallen through altogether, had not Lord Bellamont and his friends fitted out the Adventure galley at their own private charge. Kid was put in command and furnished with the king's commission, charging him to hunt down pirates, all and sundry, especially Thomas Too, and others specified by name. He also held a commission of reprisals, for it was then war time, empowering him to take French merchant ships, in case he should meet any. The Adventure galley sailed from Plymouth in May, 1696, carrying thirty guns and eighty men; and, after scouring the North and South Atlantic, tried the Indian Ocean, picking up a French merchantman or two; but of pirates never a one. At last, the patience of Kid, who appears to have meant well originally, wore out; his crew turned mutinous, and he became, according to his defence, a pirate malgré lui. After a fairly lucky cruise he sailed for New York, thinking his offence would be winked at, but was immediately seized, with all his books and papers, sent home for trial, and hanged at Execution-dock with six of his associates. His career proved an exception to the rule, that it is well to set a thief to catch a thief.

Few pirates were endowed by popular imagination with more romantic attributes than Captain Avery. He was represented in Europe as one who had raised himself to kingly rank, and was likely to prove the founder of a new monarchy, having amassed immense riches and married the Great Mogul's daughter, whom he had taken in an Indian ship. He was the happy father of a large family of tawny princelets. He had built forts and

erected magazines; he was living in great royalty and state; and was master of a squadron of tall ships, manned by able and desperate men of every nation. He was elevated, not to Tyburnian, but to dramatic honours: "A play was writ upon him, called *The Successful Pirate*, and so complete was the popular belief in his greatness, that schemes were proposed for fitting out fleets to capture him, and others for entering into treaty with him, lest his growing greatness should destroy the commerce between this country and the East Indies."

So rapidly had myths accumulated round this man Avery, that, in his own lifetime, he was said to be wearing a crown while he was really in want of a shilling—to be enjoying enormous wealth in Madagascar, when he was really starving in England. The fact is, that the acts and deeds of the Madagascar pirates generally were, at home, attributed to Avery, whose own career was by no means glorious or successful. Like many more of the brotherhood of the Black Flag, he was a West-countryman who commenced life by carrying on a smuggling trade with the Spaniards of Peru. The Spanish government, exasperated but powerless, being ill provided with ships, resolved in an evil hour to engage a couple of foreign ships to defend that part of the coast. These were fitted out at Bristol, and on one of them Avery shipped as mate. Stirring up a mutiny, he set the captain and some half-dozen of the crew ashore, and at once set sail for Madagascar, where he chanced upon a couple of sloops, also in the piratical business. Engaging them under his command, he went cruising for plunder along the Arabian coast. As he neared the mouth of the Indus the man at the mast-head spied a sail, upon which the pirates gave chase, hoping she might be a Dutch East Indiaman homeward bound. She turned out a better prize. When fired at she hoisted the Great Mogul's colours, and after showing fight was boarded, and proved an immense booty. On board were several persons of the Emperor's court, among whom was his own daughter, bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and carrying rich offerings to the shrine of Mohammed. By this lucky stroke the pirates found themselves in possession of jewels and gold galore, a vast sum in money, and wealth of every kind. To show how little honour there was among pirates it is only necessary to cite the behaviour of Avery in

this case. First of all he persuaded the crews of the two sloops to put all their share of treasure on board his ship as the larger, swifter, and safer vessel. The men packed their booty in chests, duly marked and sealed up, and confided them to Avery and his crew, with a faith which would be sublime if it were not comical. That great commander had no sooner got all the loot aboard than he gave the sloops the slip—with the full consent of his own men—nor did any of them feel “any Qualms of Honour rising in his Stomach to hinder them consenting to this piece of Treachery.” Taking advantage of a dark night, they got clear away to Providence, where they sold their ship, pretending she was on the privateering account, and immediately bought a sloop, as likely to create less suspicion in New England. Touching at various ports, they disposed of their cargo by degrees, and some of them went on shore and dispersed themselves over the country, “having received such dividends as Avery would give of them, for he concealed the greatest part of the Diamonds from them, which, in the first Hurry of plundering the ship, they did not much regard—not knowing their value.” At Boston the goodly company was partially dispersed; but Avery, feeling that any attempt to dispose of his diamonds in New England would not only produce bad prices, but probably lead to his apprehension as a pirate, set sail for Ireland, where he disposed of the sloop and eighteen of his men obtained pardons of King William. Now Avery was an astute but not a bold man. Richly stocked with diamonds, he found them but as white elephants. He had accomplished four acts in the real drama of *The Successful Pyrate*: he had stolen a ship from its owners; he had taken prizes from the Great Mogul; he had robbed his allies, in the sloops, of their share of the booty; he had financiered and swindled his own comrades out of their dues. The fifth act remained to be played. Ignorance as well as cowardice now weighed down his scale. Dreading to offer his jewels for sale in Ireland he passed over into England, and going into Devonshire—his native county—sent to some people in Bristol whom he thought he might venture to trust. One of these friends, having met the ex-pirate at Bideford, advised him that the safest plan was to “put them in the hands of some

Merchants, who, being Men of Wealth and Credit in the World, no Enquiry would be made how they came by them; this Friend telling him he was very intimate with some who were very fit for the Purpose, and, if he would but allow them a good Commission, would do the Business faithfully.” The merchants agreed to do the “fence” for Avery, came over to Bideford, took his diamonds and some vessels of gold, advanced some ready cash, and so they parted. Living at Bideford under a feigned name, Avery, doubtless, was jovial enough with money in his pocket and grog enough on board; but when his cash ran short, and he applied to his friends the Bristol merchants, they doled him out such small supplies, that they were not sufficient to give him bread; so that at last, being weary of life, he went to Bristol and “had it out” with the merchants aforesaid. He found that a Bristol merchant was to one pirate as a pirate and a half. He “met with a shocking Repulse, for when he desired them to come to an Account with him, they silenced him by threatening to discover him.” The rover was brought to his knees; but they gave him never a groat, and, being reduced to beggary, he put himself aboard a trading vessel, worked—actually worked—his way to Plymouth, and travelled on foot to Bideford, “where he had been but a few days before he fell sick, and died, not being worth as much as would buy him a Coffin.” His career leads to the conclusion that he had mistaken his vocation, and lacked that courage which is indispensable to the freebooter. Blackbeard or Roberts would have shot the rascally merchants dead, set their houses on fire, and either have escaped in the smoke, or ended their days legitimately on the gallows. Avery, in spite of his great reputation, was but a “one-horse” pirate after all.

The defrauded comrades of the sloops returned to Madagascar, and there fell in with Captain Tew, a commander of very different calibre. This famous pirate was originally fitted out on the privateer account by the governor of the Bermudas, in conjunction with Captain Drew, with instructions to make the best of their way to the river Gambia, and then, with the advice and assistance of the agent of the Royal African Company, to attempt the taking of the French factory of Goree, on the coast. Tew, becoming separated from his coad-

jutor in a storm, called his hands together, and telling them that the expedition was very injudicious, and that there was nothing but danger in the undertaking, without the least prospect of booty; that he could not suppose any man fond of fighting for fighting's sake without a view to his particular interest, or the public good; and that there was no prospect of either, proposed that he and his crew should do the best they could for their own hand. The crew accepted this view by acclamation, crying out: "A gold chain or a wooden leg." Doubling the Cape of Good Hope, Tew steered for the Straits of Babel-Mandeb, and entering the Red Sea, came up with a mighty argosy bound from the Indies to Arabia, richly laden and heavily armed, with three hundred soldiers on board besides her seamen. Tew now told his men that this ship carried their fortunes, and they wanted but skill and courage to carry her. So it proved, for he boarded and took her without loss, acquiring perhaps the richest booty ever made by a single capture, as, after rummaging and abandoning the ship, they shared three thousand pounds per man. Encouraged by this success, Tew was for following it up; but his crew, thinking they had got enough, refused to risk anything, and determined to return to Madagascar. Here they found the ground already occupied by Captain Misson's colony of pirates, duly organised and fortified. Misson, Carracioli, and the other foreign leaders entered into alliance with Tew, and he, finding the island a pleasant spot, entered in and dwelt there. While in Madagascar, they subdued and enslaved the natives, underwent a notable siege from the Portuguese, and lived generally in great glory. The pirates, after a fashion, settled the country; established such plantations as they needed; fomented, and took part in, native wars; and became a power in the land for many years. They had a fleet of their own, and scouring the Indian seas, made them an abode of terror to merchantmen. At last Misson—a man of good French family—and Tew tired of this semi-savage life, and having accumulated wealth, felt yearnings towards respectability. Bidding farewell to their old comrades they set sail for America. Captain Misson's ship went down in a gale with all hands; but Tew, more fortunate, reached Rhode Island without accident. Here his men dispersed themselves, and Tew, having sent to the

Bermudas, for his owners' account, fourteen times the value of the sloop in which he originally put to sea, lived in great tranquillity for awhile. He was rich; he was respected, and became a worthy citizen; but the Nemesis of adventurers had not forgotten him. In a few years his old comrades had squandered their riches, and besought him to lead them on another cruise—if it were only one. Ulysses-like, he too had grown weary of the shore and of respectability, and consented to sail on that voyage, which proved his last. In the Red Sea he attacked a ship belonging to the Great Mogul, and in the engagement fell fighting valiantly, like the doughty old pirate that he was.

During the piratical period there flourished many more sea-dogs than those enumerated. There were even female pirates—like Ann Bonny and Mary Read—and men of mark like Captain Richard England, who escaped the English men-of-war by surrendering to the Spaniards at Porto Bello, just in time to save his ill-gotten wealth. Of this rover and his companions it was said that: "If they had known what was doing in England at the same time by the South Sea Company and its Directors, they would certainly have had this Reflection for their consolation—viz., that whatever Robberies they had committed, they might be pretty sure they were not the greatest Villains then living in the world."

COMFORT.

If there should come a time, as well there may,

When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,

And thou dost come to me for help, and stay,

And comfort—how shall I perform my part?

How shall I make my heart a resting-place,

A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?

How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,

And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?

How shall I win the strength to keep my voice

Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?

How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,

Nor mar the counsel by mine own heart-throbs?

Love, my love teaches me a certain way,

So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay.

I must live higher, nearer to the reach

Of angels in their blessed trustfulness,

Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach

Content to thee whom I would greatly bless.

Ah me! what woe were mine if thou shouldst come,

Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,

And I should meet thee powerless and dumb,

Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid!

It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,

God helping me, to higher life, and gain

Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,

And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.

Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be

The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

AMUSEMENTS.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, IN THE TOWN-HALL, SHOREDITCH,

BY HENRY IRVING.

THERE have been times when my art was warmly recognised as a refining influence, or, at any rate, as an innocent and classic recreation by members of the clerical profession. They attended the theatre, and they wrote plays; they had friends amongst our greatest actors; and they enjoyed hours of ease in private intercourse with them. But were these times, in the Church of England, of great activity? I believe not. Is it not true that the clergy of the Church in the last century, or even at the beginning of this, if not satisfied with a perfunctory performance of their duties, were to a large extent devoid of that spiritual zeal which has since possessed all schools of the Church—a zeal for the salvation of men in every sense of that significant and comprehensive word? Of such zeal I desire to speak—I should do violence to my feelings if I did not—with the utmost reverence. No one can be more conscious than a thoughtful member of my profession of the value of profound religious emotion; and I believe it is a thing almost unknown—except in cases where somewhat ribald authors have misled us—for actors to speak otherwise than with respect, even of those extreme types of religion which are most hostile to our art. Still we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that the feelings of a more active and personal religion have been attended by a certain alienation of the ministry of the Church from general culture, and, therefore, from the stage. I do not wish to overstate the case, or put it unfavourably. The truth seems, this—insisting more intently on conscious religiousness, the clergy looked with less indulgence on secular distractions and dissipations. They found the theatre surrounded and infested with many abominations. Those abominations, it is often alleged, Mr. Macready tried, in vain, to repress; he certainly struggled hard to do so, but, whether he failed or not it is certain that those abominations have been, now, absolutely swept away, and that the audience portion of any theatre is as completely free from immoral, or even indecorous associations, as Exeter Hall during the performance of the Elijah. But this is not known, even now, to thousands of religious people. It is a curious cir-

cumstance, for instance—and I speak frankly in my endeavour to bring out the truth—that many good people, who would think it dangerous to go to a theatre to see plays, rush to see them represented at the Crystal Palace, or attend, with the greatest ease of mind, a promenade concert, the audience at which, really, is thickly contaminated with the evil which has entirely disappeared from our theatres—that evil being rendered all the more harmful because the whole assembly is constantly perambulating the floor of the opera-house.

If such mistakes are made even now, it is not wonderful that at least two or three generations of devoted clergymen have grown up amidst righteous prejudices against all theatrical amusements.

I am glad to suppose, however, that these prejudices are wearing down. The era of Christian earnestness has not passed away. On the contrary, it is at its height in loving beneficence, and, at the same time, in uncompromising hostility to moral evil.

Because it is so, and as a sign of its being so, we are met here to-day; but it is also a sign of the times that you have invited an actor to read a paper before you. Already the stage is doing much. I know I may speak plainly to you, and I ask you to reflect how little the masses of our great towns are under the active influence of religion; to what a poor extent they are educated; how limited is their reading; and, comparatively, how much they frequent the galleries and pits of the minor theatres. At the first thought of this, your professional instinct, nay, a Christian impulse, bids you to shudder. But a little reflection, however, should produce a different feeling. Much in these theatres is vulgar, and there may even be things that are deleterious. Nor would I deny that even good teachings come figured on the minor stage—aye, and on the major also—as they often do in pulpits and books. None the less, however, is it true that the main stream of dramatic sentiment in all veins is pure, kindly, righteous, and, in a sense, religious. In justification of the stage as it is, in its bearing on humble life and even low life, I will quote words not my own and not those of any actor. I take them from a speech delivered in a provincial town some months ago, the argument of which seemed to my mind especially sympathetic and sound. The words were these:

“A thoughtful mind must often be struck

with a kind of awe in surveying society, and asking what influences are really operative in raising the masses from the low level of sordid occupations, and the lower deep of debasing pleasures. Shall we look to the magic of home? To the lowly it is too often a scene of dirt and of fretfulness, in which even honest hard work and self-sacrifice are sourly disguised in the garb of ill-temper. Shall we turn to religion? For the minority no tongue can exaggerate its preciousness or its elevating power; but for the millions of all grades it means nothing, or it means narrowness. Public spirit usually becomes unrecognisable in small party manoeuvres, and at best cannot engross the whole leisure or faculties even of the humblest. As to poetry, it is simply not read. It is from the theatre, from the legitimate theatre—from English tragedy, comedy, and drama—that the commonality of all classes derive, more than from any other source, the food and stimulants which the higher nature requires. Literary men who write, preachers who really preach, daily discover with pain that to a large extent their work is in the clouds. A moving actor goes straight and surely to the popular head and heart. A recent writer has, very unnecessarily, refused to apotheosise the drama as a pedagogue of virtue, and offered to demonstrate that the drama has never been a direct educational instrument. None the less it is, for tens of thousands of our countrymen, a well-spring of the purest moral emotion.

“On the stage selfishness can only be shown to be gibbeted. Private and public generosity of life cannot be seen without being admired. The least touch of an illiberality, that would be taken as a matter of course in real life, provokes the scorn of the pit; and social conventions which caricature propriety, seen on the stage, are frankly despised in the stalls. An audience of little subtlety quivers with each fibre of an ideal Richelieu’s justice and affection, and leaves it to cynics to quiz the repentance of Claude Melnotte.

“Hamlet and Macbeth have established in thousands of minds, from age to age, the awful ideas with which sin is surrounded by the supernatural. Even from Charles Surface we inhale a charity not entirely spurious, and behold in Don César de Bazan or Julien St. Pierre a model of manly dignity, defying overthrow and

corruption. A long line of actors have spent thought and labour, and would, if necessary, have spent life itself, in maintaining upon the stage the realities of human nature and the ideals of poetry. They have perpetuated the picturesque in an age of bald utility. They have left us without excuse if we are utterly prosaic. They have peopled the poorest minds with shades and shapes of grandeur, and in doing so, they have endeared themselves to us with an affection that neither time nor absence can destroy.”

So said the speaker to whom I alluded; and if his words be true—as I honestly believe they are, and I appeal to the candid judgment of the best playgoers everywhere for a confirmation of my opinion—if his words be in any degree true, I claim for histrionic art affinity with much that is beneficent and elevating in religion.

What forms the basis of almost every standard play, but some useful moral lesson forcibly impressed by the aid of fable?

In this day, when literature is making such gigantic strides, when the cultivation of the higher arts has become a necessity, the co-operation of men of influence and refinement with those who control and direct dramatic amusements, would give the theatre the high position it was meant to hold—that of a most powerful mundane influence for the exaltation of virtue and depression of vice.

The stage must not be homiletic or didactic. It must exhibit in its mirror the rough with the smooth, the dark with the light—the villainy and falseness into which humanity may be betrayed, as well as the truth and goodness, which are naturally beloved and desired. If there be any who are for veiling from human sight all the developments of evil, they indeed must turn from the theatre-door, and must desire to see the footlights put out. But they must also close Shakspeare, avoid Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot; pronounce Kingsley immoral; and, so far as I can understand, read only indeed but parts of their Bible. It is not by hiding evil, but by showing it to us alongside of good, that human character is trained and perfected. There is no step of man or woman, whether halting and feeble, or firm and strong, that the Divine government guarantees against

stumbling-blocks and slips. But amidst all the moral dangers and stumbling-blocks of life, there are to be found in every refining influence known to mankind—and on the stage as much as in the noblest poetry and teaching—bright lights for guidance, sweet words of encouragement, comprehended even by the most ignorant, glowing pictures of virtue and devotion, which bring the world of high thoughts and bright lives into communion and fellowship with the sphere of simple, and, perhaps, coarse, day-to-day existence.

Only too regretfully do I admit that there is much to be seen on the stage that may seem ludicrously at variance with the ideal I have tried to hold up before you. But it may comfort those of you who are interested in the poorest districts, to be assured that the worst virus is there comparatively harmless. Whether the East and South of London is ever likely to enjoy the inanities which have but lately softened the brains of playgoers at the West End, no one can tell, but at present they require stronger and worthier fare. Even rhymed burlesques, which a little while ago were a common staple attraction, are now assigned, even at the West End, a minor place in the few play-bills in which they are to be found; and in the populous suburbs they have never gained a footing. The best successes of late have been won with the highest, and the next best, with comparatively sterling attractions. These are more frequently than formerly transferred to or reproduced in the poor districts, and would be still more so if the better classes of residents in these neighbourhoods were encouraged to attend the higher, but still most moderate-priced parts of the theatres, which are of necessity chiefly intended for, and dependent upon, the multitude.

What we want is an entertainment which the middle classes and the lower classes can enjoy together, and happily the dramas most in credit amongst us precisely answer that description. They gratify every taste, and afford scope for every kind of managerial enterprise, spectacular or otherwise.

I have thought it best—as well as I could—to dwell on the proved attractiveness and the demonstrable good influence of dramatic amusements, rather than on the evils of those vicious indulgences which it is the object of a religious temperance movement to overcome, because I

know more of the former aspect of the subject than of the latter, and because I am anxious to offer, as my cordial contribution to your good work, a suggestion that the clergy, and all who co-operate with them, should use their influence for the purification, rather than the suppression or tabooing, of the stage. The worst performances presented in our theatres cannot be so evil, as the spending of a corresponding period of time in a gin-palace or a pot-house. Drinking by the hour, as practised in the evenings by too many of our working-men, is not, be it remembered, mere silent drinking—it is not mere physical indulgence or degradation. It takes place in good fellowship. It is accompanied by conversation and merriment. Such conversation and such merriment! Where drink is and the excitement that comes of it—with no restraining opinion or usage, to curb the tongue—there the talk will be obscene, the whole atmosphere degrading.

Now, it may be possible for such habits to co-exist, to a certain extent, with theatrical tastes. Men still go to the theatre as an amusement, not as an exercise of mental improvement. And it is well they so regard it, or they would not go at all; but it is impossible to imagine that drink can have the same fascination for a man who has, and indulges, theatrical tastes, as for one who finds in the public-house his only joy.

Make the theatre respected by openly recognising its services. Make it more respectable by teaching the working and lower middle classes to watch for good or even creditable plays, and to patronise them when presented. Let members of religious congregations know that there is no harm, but rather good, in entering into ordinary amusements, so far as they are decorous. Use the pulpit, the press, and the platform to denounce, not the stage, but certain evils that find allowance on it.

In England attendance at a theatre—I know this well, for I was brought up in Cornwall—is too commonly regarded as a profession of irreligion. Break down this foolish and vicious idea, and one may hope that some inroads may be made on the dominions of the drink demon, and some considerable acreages annexed to the dominions of religion and virtue. We hear, again and again, lamentations over the impossibility of getting at the working population. We see strange attempts made in popular revival minstrelsy, and

in the provision of singularly mild entertainments to supply the people with substitutes for their present enjoyments. Meanwhile too many of them are under the impression that the clergy and religious people belong to another state of society, in which they have no part and no possibility of being at home.

It is necessary to convince them that there is no such division; that you are men of the world, as well as men of the Church; that this being a Christian country, its pastimes, while they should be such as all Christians can honestly enjoy, may be freely participated in by all Christians, and that what they pledge themselves to, if they renounce vice and coarse indulgence, is not a bondage of Puritan restraint, or a perpetual round of religious services or temperance agitations, but a hearty and wholesome life of cheerful duty, relieved by relaxations such as have for many generations afforded to all classes of Englishmen abundant delight, and the happiest encouragements to individual and domestic virtue.

Gentlemen, change your attitude towards the stage, and, believe me, the stage will co-operate with your work of faith and labour of love. It will help you in disarming and decimating the forces which make for moral evil, and in implanting and fostering the seeds and energies of moral good.

GEODESY.

THE Royal Geographical Society obtains the sympathy of every educated person. In a nation of sailors, traders, travellers, explorers, and colonists, its acquisitions to our store of knowledge attract the attention of many who are not "educated" in the accepted sense of the word, although they may be able to navigate a vessel from the English Channel to the antipodes. The world is wide, and still contains unoccupied nooks which might be taken possession of with prospect of profit. The solution of a geographical problem may be the key to an untouched treasure-house, the door which admits us to regions where we may settle, multiply, and found a wealthy and powerful posterity.

But apart from any prospect of material advantage, geographical discoveries have all the interest of books of voyages and travels, whether real or fictitious. Geography means romance in action, adventure, surprise, hard struggle, enthusiastic delight,

battles for life or death. Geography comprises quiet possession of ancestral lands, peaceful settlement, enlarged dominion. Naturally, narratives of geographical discovery are the favourite reading of ardent lads as well as of their soberer elders. Who can forget his first perusal of Cook's Voyages or Robinson Crusoe? Who can take one of Jules Verne's imaginative inventions in hand, and return it forthwith to its shelf? No; appetite increases with indulgence, sustained as it is by the stimulus of cotemporary moving accidents by flood and field. Every step set in advance on ground untrodden by Europeans, and securely registered in the Geographical Society's records, keeps up the craving for more, still more. We are now impatiently awaiting—independent of anxiety respecting the explorers' welfare—accounts of the North Pole, popular and scientific. We are counting the years when the fertile and healthy uplands of Central Africa shall virtually become our own, to trade with, to investigate, and perhaps permanently occupy. New names of rivers, mountains, lakes, incessantly claim insertion in our gazetteers and maps. The Society's cry is "Still they come!" and it will be a long while yet before they cease their coming.

While geography is thus a favourite pursuit—and there is every reason that it should remain a favourite—who thinks of geodesy? Who knows, or cares to know, whether there exist a Geodesical Society or not? "Why should it exist? What is it for?" will be the questions asked by many a general reader.

Such reader is informed that the Permanent Committee of the International Geodesical Association met in Paris, from the 20th to the 28th of September, 1875, on the invitation of the French Government, at the Foreign Office. A large number of savants, delegated by their respective governments, or invited by the French, were present at the meetings and took part in the discussions; official discourses were exchanged between the representatives of the different countries, and the attention of the French public was directed to the association, whose existence was scarcely suspected in France any more than it is in England. The Bureau des Longitudes having thought fit to make known, in their Annuaire, the nature and object of this society—now fourteen years old—the service which it has already rendered and may hereafter render to

geodesical science, requested Monsieur F. Perrier to draw up the "Notice" of which we now take occasion to profit.

Geodesy—without reckoning the important but more specially practical object it proposes to itself in furnishing the substratum for topographical maps—is called upon to work out the solution of two grand scientific problems of the highest order: the determination of the general figure and dimensions of the terrestrial globe, and the discovery of the local anomalies presented by and on its surface. Geography is the description of the earth's superficies; geodesy, or, as it might be written without affectation, *geodæsia*, (*Γεωδαισια*, from *γεα*, earth, and *δαιω*, I divide, assign, distribute), is the knowledge of the earth's solid form and shape, the distribution of the portions which make up the terrestrial map, their depressions and elevations, their ins and outs, their regularities and irregularities.

Geography is the painter who would delineate for us a series of pictures of the earth's outside; geodesy is the sculptor who would model for us an accurate image of the earth as a whole. The geographer gives us a portrait to gaze at in front, a map to look down upon and inspect; the geodesian strives to supply a statue, which we may handle, and look at, in all directions. The geographer is the careful limner who conscientiously copies every dimple, freckle, wart, or wrinkle that lies within his ken on the earth's broad face; the geodesian is the artist-tailor who would take her measure accurately enough to make her a well-fitting coat; or, the earth is the model of which he tries to obtain a cast, so as to be able to reproduce an exact copy, if need be.

At first sight the geodesian's task will seem to many a work of supererogation. Is not the earth a homogeneously solid spheroid slightly flattened at the poles? Ay; there's the rub! If the sphere were perfect, like a globe turned out of a first-rate mathematical instrument maker's hands, even with a slight, but equal in each hemisphere, flattening at the poles, there would be an end of the matter. But, unhappily, geodesy discovers that the earth, instead of being perfectly, though nearly regular in shape and uniform in constitution, approaches—to use a rude illustration—the condition of a hastily-made snowball into which stones have entered by accident, and perhaps hollows have been left. Some of these already-ascertained irregularities are ex-

trremely curious and unexpected. Whether produced by contraction, cooling down, the attractions of heterogeneous masses, or other causes, the first thing science has to do is to make sure of their existence.

Mr. Worthington G. Smith, in an able paper on Reproduction in the Mushroom Tribe,* happily remarks that a complaint is often made by persons unused to the microscope, and to the appearance of objects as seen by its aid, that it is impossible to behold the real objects as they are represented in drawings. To a certain extent this is borne out by facts; for a microscopical drawing is never meant to reproduce what may be accidentally seen at one sitting, but is designed as a summing-up of all that has been seen during many hundreds of sittings. No one expects to see the solar system as imitated in an orrery, or the country as seen in a map; which does not detract from the value of astronomical diagrams or the accuracy of atlases. Whether on the minutest or the grandest scale, knowledge can only be conquered bit by bit. In fact, things are great or small only in their reference to human stature. We necessarily make ourselves our unit of magnitude. Other objects in the universe are, for us, great or small accordingly. Like the microscopist, the geographer has to add to his stock now a particle and now a line. The geodesian has to go through the same laborious process of accumulating scraps of facts, and joining them together, in the hope of one day forming a whole.

A sculptor, intending to make an exact copy of his model, would take measure of it vertically, from head to foot, and horizontally, in breadth, round the neck, shoulders, waist, &c. If the earth were a living creature—and certain imaginative philosophers aver that she is; we may grant them at least that she is not dead—measurement from head to foot, vertically, would mean from pole to pole, measured by lines called meridians, along which lines latitude is reckoned. Measurements round the earth's waist, the equator, and round the earth above and below the equator, are taken by lines called parallels, along which lines longitude is reckoned.

In diverse regions of the globe, and notably in Europe, considerable operations have been accomplished in the direction of the meridians and the parallels. The Anglo-French meridian arc extends

* The Gardeners' Chronicle, October 16th, 1875.

over twenty-two degrees, from Formentera in the Balearic Islands, to Saxavord in the Shetland Islands; and may one day stretch ten degrees farther up to the Algerian Sahara. The Russo-Scandinavian arc, of twenty-three degrees, lying between the Icy Sea, near Flammerfest, and Ismail, on the Danube, may receive an addition of eight degrees, up to Cape Matapan, across Turkey and Greece.

Three other small meridian arcs have been measured in Europe: the Hanover arc, of two degrees one minute, between Göttingen and Altona; the Danish arc, of one degree thirty-two minutes, between Lanembourg and Lyssabel; the Prussian arc, of one degree thirty minutes, between Trünz and Memel. To these meridian arcs must be added three parallel arcs: the arc of the mean parallel between the Tour de Cordouan, at the mouth of the Gironde, and Finme, in Illyria; the parallel arc of Paris, from Brest to Strasbourg, prolonged up to Munich and Vienna; finally, the grand parallel arc of fifty-two degrees, undertaken in 1857, thanks to Struve's initiative, with the concurrence of Russian, Prussian, Belgian, and English savants, extending from Orsk, in the Oural, to Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland; and which, doubtless, will be one day carried on to the Pacific Ocean, over a breadth approaching one hundred and eighty degrees. Other measurements have been accomplished, either some time ago or recently, by France in Peru and Lapland, by England at the Cape of Good Hope and in India.

From all these operations, considered as a whole, we are led to the conclusion that the earth is figured with sufficient exactness by a spheroid flattened at the poles. Assuming that this spheroid is an ellipsoid of revolution, Bessel, in 1841, and Airy, in 1848, calculated the elements of this ellipsoid's outline, the amount of its flattening, and its demi-grand axis, or the distance from the centre of the earth to the equator. Bessel based his calculations on the results supplied by ten meridian arcs; Airy on fourteen meridian arcs and four parallel arcs. Both made the amount of flattening very trifling, and all but the same; the difference between the lengths they gave to the equatorial radius is only forty-three toises, or not quite two hundred and seventy-five feet. The agreement of the two results is wonderful, and there is little probability that future measurements will disturb that agreement to any note-

worthy amount. We may therefore admit, within the limits of probable errors of observation, that the earth, as a whole, affects very nearly indeed the form of an ellipsoid of revolution.

But that form, is it regular? And, if it present irregularities, what is their nature and their cause? Such is the second problem, and the most difficult to be solved. Here we have the second step to be made in the scientific study of our globe. Geodesians and astronomers have ascertained that in certain localities on the earth, the plumb-line deviates from the position assigned to it by the theory of the earth's ellipsoidal form. They have thence concluded that the surface of the globe presents depressions and protuberances, which constitute veritable local perturbations.

It is these irregularities which have increased the difficulties of solving the problem of the general form of the earth, by disguising or introducing error into the results furnished by isolated measurements. Sometimes, in fact, they occur at particular spots; sometimes, on the contrary, over tolerably wide areas; and occasionally even over considerable spaces. Thus, in England, the earth appears to be flatter than on the Continent, and the same perhaps is the case in the peninsulas of Sweden, Norway, Italy, and Spain. In the valley of the Po, the plumb-line seems to deviate fifty seconds from the vertical at Turin, and twenty seconds between Milan and Parma. In France, Scotland, and the Hartz Mountains, deviations of from eight to ten seconds have been observed.

At the outset, these anomalies were attributed to the attractions exerted on the plumb-line by the visible mountain masses which stand in high relief above the level of the land. Those attractions would change the direction of the force of gravity, and consequently would alter the inclination of the surface of waters at rest in their neighbourhood. Calculations have even been made of the effect of these attractions within the range of certain mountain masses, whose form and geological composition are well known. But contradictory facts were not slow to declare themselves. Thus, in the Eastern Alps, the deviation from the vertical is greater than it ought to be if mathematicians are to be trusted; on the other hand, at the foot of the enormous mass of the Himalayas, no sensible deviation can be detected. In the environs of Moscow, on a perfect plain

where nothing of the kind would be expected, there is a central point from which, if you recede either towards the north or towards the south, the plumb-line is repulsed. In the Caucasus, the deviation observed to the north of the chain is explained by the attraction of visible masses; but, to the south, the plumb-line is repulsed instead of being attracted by the mountain.

To explain these anomalies, philosophers have been obliged to admit that, in calculating these attractions, they must not merely take into account the matters which rise in relief above the average level of the earth's surface, but that it is necessary to suppose the existence, in the interior of the globe, either of vast subterranean cavities equivalent to a default of matter, or of considerable deposits of metallic masses, more dense and more powerfully attractive. Even vacuities would have their interest; but the next generation will be still more to be congratulated should geodesy reveal to it incalculable treasures of platinum, gold, mercury, or even tin.

The question, it will be seen, thus becomes strangely complicated with the increasing number and precision of the observations made; and the domain of geodesy extends itself beyond the limits which seemed to bound it. If, in fact, it is obliged to inquire of geologists, the nature and distribution of the strata composing the terrestrial crust, it may, in turn, supply geology with incontestable facts, which will prove a valuable source of fresh information and research.

In short, to acquire a more complete knowledge of the exact form of the earth, we must measure fresh meridian and parallel arcs of very considerable amplitude in both hemispheres. In that way we shall ascertain correctly whether the spheroid is, in its general form, a surface of revolution; whether the meridian curve is an ellipse, and if it is symmetrical in respect to the equator. To go still deeper into the matter, we must, moreover, investigate the anomalies which occur in specially interesting regions—that is, in other words, the differences which manifest themselves between the earth's actual surface and the geometrical or ideal surface which makes the nearest approach to identity with it.

Sach, M. Perrier informs us, are the problems whose solutions are incumbent on modern geodesy, and which have called the International Geodesical Association into existence.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER III.
PERSONAL.

"Did anyone call at the bank to-day to ask for Mr. Kinderley's address in London?" I inquired of Griffith, that evening.

"Yes," he replied; "a person—a lady, I suppose I ought to call her. But how did you know?"

"I saw her at Mrs. Kellett's, and she spoke to me."

"Indeed! And what did she say? Tell me as accurately as you can, Audrey."

"Griffith's tone stimulated my curiosity, by revealing his. It was easy enough to tell him exactly what had passed between Mrs. Kellett, the stranger, and myself; but not so easy to find out why he wanted to know."

"I never saw the person—I don't think she was a lady—before. I am sure she is a stranger at Wrottesley."

"Must be, I should say, as she didn't know how to find Beech Lawn. Lester is coming up presently, sir," said Griffith, addressing my father. "I find he's a capital chess-player, and I thought you would like to have a game. You never get a chance now Lady Olive is away."

"A capital chess-player, is he?" said my father. "I have not found that description realised very often. But I shall be very glad to test its applicability to Mr. Lester. Lord Barr was a dead failure."

"Too restless," said Griffith; "his mind was always thousands of miles away, 'among the sharks and whales.'"

"Miss Kinderley seems to have cured him of that for the present," said my father, smiling. "There's the gate swinging. Lester, I suppose."

"It was Mr. Lester. And I may as well mention here that we saw a good deal of Mr. Lester at the Dingle House. I have been so specially warned against digressions in the simple story which I have to tell, that I am quite afraid to turn out of the straight path of my narrative; but I really must, just at this point, in order to explain myself in two respects—the first with respect to Mr. Lester, the second with respect to Griffith. I don't suppose any one who has never tried to write down the incidents of the lives of three or four persons, within a given period of them, can imagine how difficult it is to make the

persons perceptible and consistent; because one only sees a portion of anyone's life, a few phrases of anyone's character. And again, people come in and go out of each other's histories, and mean so much more than they seem to mean; and one cannot make plain these intersecting threads of circumstance.

"By this time, Mr. Lester had become widely and favourably known at Wrottesley. The friendship of Lady Olive Despard was of use to him, even among people who did not know much of her, and the old-established, respected practitioner into whose place he stepped had formed a high opinion of the new candidate for favour and practice in Wrottesley; so that he gave him no merely formal perfunctory introduction, but his 'good-will' in the full old-fashioned sense of the words. Mr. Lester began his career in our town with a presumption in his favour, which he did not fail to justify. Miss Minnie Kellett used to declare that notwithstanding the very pardonable increase of pride among the Lipscott ladies, caused by Miss Lipscott's marriage with 'a captain'—Miss Minnie's belief in the inherent aristocracy of the military officer was firm and untroubled, worthy of the daughter of Allan of the 'better days'—she was certain Mr. Lester would have had a very good chance of being accepted as a husband by either Miss Fanny or Miss Caroline. And she verily believed—a solemn form of expression with Miss Minnie—that Mr. Lipscott would prefer him to the captain himself, though no doubt there would be still greater room in his case for the remark which Mrs. Lipscott had made in that of Captain Simcox: 'Mr. Lipscott would like a little more money.' He was always welcome at their house; indeed, where was not Mrs. Kellett's 'inmate' welcome?

"I don't think anyone ever obtains a sound notion of a face or a figure from a written description; and Mr. Lester was not striking looking; so that one of those descriptions which might suit hundreds of people would do for him. He was not tall, and his figure was well-built; active and strong, though spare. No one called him handsome, and I suppose he was not so; I cannot tell. He had a thoughtful expression, very keen yet kind grey eyes, and a remarkably gay and speaking smile. I don't know how a man would set about describing his character—a man would see so much more of it than could possibly come under my notice; but I may say

and gentle; poor people, sick people, sorrowful people, little children and animals, all liked him. According to Madeleine and me, there was a great deal in the latter particular. An order of merit which dogs and cats bestow is never given wrongfully, is never gained by a sham. That Mr. Lester was a man of ability in his profession, and in many other ways, I heard said on every side; but I was no judge of his talent: that came into evidence among his new friends, and when he talked to clever women—to Lady Olive Despard, for instance. I never had anything to say to him which could test his knowledge, or evoke his cleverness; but I very soon dropped into a pleasant, reliant habit of mind concerning him. If there was anything I wanted to know, no matter on what subject, I had only to make a note of it, and the next time I saw Mr. Lester he would tell me all about it off hand. As other people, who know better than I, told me that he was very clever and highly informed, I had no difficulty in receiving the statement with faith.

"I don't suppose that even the cleverest women, who make a profession of writing stories, really succeed in depicting the characters and describing the lives of men; even when they have great powers of observation, and study their subjects as closely as circumstances will admit of, from the life. Their knowledge must, at the most, be superficial, and their sympathy imperfect; just as men's knowledge of us, and our lives, is superficial, and their sympathy is imperfect. I am quite conscious that I cannot make my brother Griffith visible and interesting to others, as he was to me, because I can at best only sketch him superficially, and as I saw him in our quiet life at home. His friends, his pursuits, his outdoor life, I knew little about; the only person who came much to the Dingle House was Mr. Lester, at this time; and prior to it we saw little of Griffith's associates. I daresay, from only my feeble description of him, people might think that Griffith was of the moping and milksop order; but they would be entirely mistaken if they did think so. He was anything but that; he was very brave and manly, and exceedingly popular in the small circle within which we lived.

"The feeling with which my father regarded Griffith, was one of pride mingled with regret—pride in his dutiful self-denying son; regret for the imprudences and weaknesses of his own past, which had

from what they ought to have been. I do not think he troubled himself about me, in actuality or in retrospect; and indeed why should he do so? Nothing could be safer or happier than my life, in its peaceful monotony, so long as my mind was not disturbed by dreams and fancies beyond its horizon. Little as the women of a family may know of the minds of its men, I think the men ordinarily know much less of the minds of its women; and in my own case I am quite sure my father's notions about me were exceedingly vague. He had, indeed, got beyond the stage of taking for granted that I was occupied with my sampler and my lesson-books; he recognised that I was grown up—recognised it, that is to say, to the extent of understanding that my dress must be expected to cost more money than it had cost formerly, and that people would take notice of me who had previously ignored my existence. But he did not go beyond this moderate concession to the facts of the case; and, especially after Lady Olive Despard and Madeleine Kindersley had gone to London, he occupied himself with me very little.

"I have written this in here, because, although most of what I have to tell has but little direct reference to myself, some of it concerns me nearly, and will be most appropriately related at an interval when the interests of others were temporarily in abeyance.

"We—I mean Griffith and myself—had seen a good deal of Mr. Lester during the winter. The weather had been remarkably 'hard,' much to the discomfiture of the country people, who were addicted to hunting, and naturally hated frosty days; but Wrottesley folk liked it. We did not hunt, but we walked, or skated on the large piece of water in Lady Olive's park. Madeleine and I had become proficient in the art of skating, which was regarded not altogether without alarm by the elder Wrottesley folk, at a time so long before rinks had ever been heard of. Madeleine had learned to skate fearlessly and gracefully much more quickly than I; but I had learned in time, and the frost had come accommodatingly often. It was from Mr. Lester that we learned; and we had many pleasant meetings, walks, and carpet dances at Beech Lawn, arising out of the skating parties, when Mr. Kindersley found that such things gave pleasure to his darling daughter. I could not explain why it was that I had felt a little uncomfortable when Madeleine

praised Mr. Lester so warmly to me, and when I thought of Mr. Lester's emphatic admiration of her, on the memorable occasion of Lady Olive's dinner-party; for I admired Madeleine as much as Mr. Lester or any other person could admire her, and I thought as highly of Mr. Lester as Madeleine or any other person could think of him; but I certainly did feel uncomfortable about both these utterances.

"The sentiment did not last. I never felt it again after Adelaide Lipscomb's wedding-day; and though I did not reason upon it, or understand what it was then; and though I am wiser now, and know quite well what it was, I can safely aver that it had nothing at all to do with the complacency with which I caught at the hint which my father gave me, in his dry, quiet way, when Madeleine happened to say a good deal about Lord Barr in her earlier letters from London.

"Madeleine was my girl-heroine. I suppose all young people make up romances in their imagination, in which, however, they most usually assign the leading parts to themselves. I did not do the latter; my fancy dealt with Madeleine and Griffith chiefly in its flights. I have hinted at my brother's future according to my ordering of it. He was to fall in love with Ida Pemberton, to woo and win her, and to make for himself the name and place in the world to which he was so well entitled. Madeleine's destiny, though always brilliant and happy, had been rather vague, until my father's fortunate remark on her letter set me to weaving my web of fancy definitely, and furnished me with the choicest materials. Miss Austen's 'Emma' never applied herself with more goodwill, and better apparent reason, to arranging the matrimonial destinies of the various couples who refused to sort themselves according to her directions, than did I to the project which seemed to offer such fair promise of fulfilment.

"I walked into the town that afternoon, to see my dressmaker, and to order something at the pastrycook's for a little supper after the chess-party, and I thought I might as well call on Miss Minnie. I found her quite excited about the occurrence of the previous day. She could not bear her poor mother to have her nerves upset; and the short, masterful manner of that strange person had quite put her out. I did not wonder at it; she was a very unpleasant-looking person.

"Miss Minnie was in the little back parlour, busily engaged in sewing some brass

rings on a set of white muslin window-curtains. She went on with her work while we were talking, and explained that the curtains were for the drawing-room, and she was in a hurry to get them ready and hung up before Mr. Lester came in.

"It's a little early in the season for white muslins, and not what we should do for people in general," said Miss Minnie; "but one does not mind straining a point for such an inmate as he is. I assure you ma had the asthma bad last night, and he could hardly be persuaded to leave her; and there's sheets and sheets of touch-paper drying in the kitchen now, which he steeped with his own hands this morning, and she's to have it burned in her room; and so I made up my mind his muslins should go up this very day if it was sunshiny. And that's the last ring on," added Miss Minnie, fastening it off very securely, and breaking her thread with a jerk; "and now, my dear, perhaps you won't mind coming upstairs with me, and seeing me hang them, while we talk, for there's no time to lose. Miss Fanny Lipscomb's music lesson is at five o'clock."

"I did not mind at all, and I carried one pair of curtains, while Miss Minnie took the other, up to the drawing-room. It was a good-sized old-fashioned apartment, with a deep carved wainscot, a lofty chimney-piece, and high narrow windows. The furniture, with the exception of a huge chintz-covered sofa, which was drawn close to the fire, and laden, like the table at its side, with books, was of the spindle-legged order which prevailed downstairs. The room was very tidy for a man's sitting-room, I thought, and, except in Lady Olive Despard's house, I had never seen so many books collected together before. The walls were shelved from top to bottom, and the shelves were filled with books. A huge writing-table stood between the windows, with a range of drawers on either side, and was heaped with books and papers.

"Mr. Lester and Lord Barr put up the shelves themselves," Miss Minnie informed me while she fetched what she called a pair of steps from a hiding-place on the landing, and mounting them nimbly, began to hang up the muslin curtains; "I never saw anybody handier than them two, but in particular Lord Barr. And that humble with it! My dear, you've no notion the odd jobs he did for ma while he was in the house. There's that cross door on the kitchen stairs—I'm sure it's cost us more than a little with the hinges for ever coming loose, and the

handle giving way to rough usage, for girls will be rough. Well, he made it all right in no time, and knocked up an elbow-rest and a footstool for ma out of a bit of board and a bit of baize, quite wonderful, I call it. "I learned to be handy at sea," he used to say; "and now, Mrs. Kellett, if any odd jobs want doing, here's a hammer, a chisel, a box of nails, and an able-bodied workman." Ah, that's what I call a blessed sort of man to have about a house, and not a bit of a molly-coddle, you know, with it all. And ma tells me he's been going about to see the sights with Miss Kindersley. Just steady the steps, will you, my dear, I must get on the top one to knock in a nail."

"Miss Minnie suited the action to the word, and began to apply the hammer to the nail with so much energy that the noise she produced overpowered all nearer sounds; and it was not until she turned her head round, and recognising him with a start which made her nearly drop the hammer, exclaimed:

"La! Mr. Lester, is it you?" that I became aware of the presence of the occupant of Mrs. Kellett's drawing-rooms.

"We were all three equally confused, but Miss Minnie recovered herself first, and stepped circumspectly down from her perch, while she explained that I had called on her, and we had adjourned to the drawing-room because she had no time to lose, and wanted to get his curtains up. I did not attempt to speak, and Mr. Lester did not look at me, for which I thanked him silently. Miss Minnie concluded her explanation by beginning to remove the pair of steps; but Mr. Lester interposed, and carried them out of the room, Miss Minnie and I following, so that we all found ourselves at the top of the stairs, before Mr. Lester and I had exchanged a word. Now we spoke.

"Are you alone, Miss Dwarris?" was his first unmeaning question.

"I said I was, but that I had intended going on to the bank, and waiting there until Griffith and I could walk home together, as it was rather late. I believed we were to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Lester in the evening.

"He assented, and offered, if I would just permit him to get a letter out of his room, to walk round to the bank with me; but I declined this. I had not yet concluded my talk with Miss Minnie. He did not press the matter, and Miss Minnie and I went downstairs.

"That was very awkward," I said to her,

when we were safe in the back parlour. 'I daresay Mr. Lester does not like the notion of people being let into his sitting-room.'

"People! Of course not; but he'd never mind an accident like that. I wonder if it's Lord Barr's letter he's looking for? He had one this morning, I took it out of the letter-box myself, and I saw the big B, and a coronet on the envelope. I daresay that's the letter, and that Lord Barr has told him.'

"Told him what, Miss Minnie?"

"Why about Miss Kindersley, of course. Such friends as they are, there would not be anything one of them would keep from the other; though they do say men don't talk about their sweethearts to one another, as we do.'

"Sweethearts, Miss Minnie! You are getting on fast with your ideas. There's not a word of that kind in the letter I told Mrs. Kellett about, and it only just occurred to me that it might, perhaps—"

"Might, perhaps, come to that in time? To be sure it will. And how very nice it will be for all parties. I'm sure no one could wish Lord Barr a nicer wife, or Miss Kindersley a better husband. It is a little higher, perhaps, than a banker's daughter, even though her mother has been "county," has a right to look; this Minnie said with the funny little air of superior knowledge of the world which I used to believe in, but now laughed at; 'but she's a sweet girl, and no one would grudge it to her.'

"But you really take away my breath, Miss Minnie. Do you mean to say that other people think anything about this?"

"Indeed I do mean to say it. You may not think it, but people notice everything in a place like this. Why, before Miss Kindersley went to London at all, there were some in Wrottesley that said it was all settled, and her ladyship was not doing badly for her brother; for he'll never be rich—not rich, you know, for a nobleman like him; and it is believed that Miss Kindersley will have all her father has to leave, and all her mother's fortune too.'

"How could that be?" said I, very much disgusted to find my timid and romantic imaginings thus put out of countenance by the commonplace and vulgar speculations of the gossips of Wrottesley, and indignant with the anger which comes naturally to the mind which has not learned the full meaning of the saying, 'A cat may look at a king,' at the idea of Lady Olive being thus freely

discussed by people who knew nothing about her. 'How could that be? People who talk in that way about Lady Olive's kindness to Miss Kindersley—just as if it was not perfectly disinterested—forget that Mr. Kindersley has a son.'

"No, they don't," said Miss Minnie sharply; 'but they think Mr. Clement won't live to come in for his share. He's a disgrace to his father, and his sister, and to Wrottesley; and I'm sure I shall be glad, for one, if Miss Kindersley does make a great marriage, that her father may have her to be proud of, to make up for his son.'

"Mr. Kindersley is proud of his daughter as she is," I said. 'He does not want anything to make him prouder of her.'

"Still, you know, it would be so nice for her to be Lady Barr, and, later on, a countess. I do assure you, my dear, it may be a surprise to you, but it's quite expected at Wrottesley.'

"Something hurt me in this, and I put down a great deal more of it than she deserved to poor Miss Minnie, who was only the retailer of the gossip of other people, who, knowing little or nothing of the parties concerned, ought to have known better than to talk about them.

"All I can say is," said I, bringing the subject to an abrupt conclusion, 'is that I don't believe there's a word of truth in any of this gossip, and it would be a horrid world to live in if people were always scheming, or suspecting their neighbours of scheming.'

"Well, I suppose it would," said Miss Minnie; 'but a great many clever people think that is just what it is, and we've got to live in it just the same. However, I think it would be very nice if it did come true, and nobody could make a sweeter countess.'

"I walked round to the bank—it was in the next street—thoroughly out of humour. All the pleasure of my bright idea, and my father's hint, all the romance of my castle in the air had vanished, at the suggestion that this was an arranged thing. With the profound irrationality of my age and turn of mind, I was displeased that all the circumstances and considerations should so perfectly cohere on this occasion as to make the desirability and probability of such a marriage suggest themselves to everyone who should give the subject a thought.

"At all events Madeleine would not marry him if she did not love him, to please anybody, or if he could make her

forty times a countess,' I reflected, in my self-contradictory mood of mind.

"Within a few yards of the bank I met Mr. Lester.

"'I was just going to look for you,' he said; 'your brother sent me, with a message to you. He finds he cannot get away at the usual time. He is obliged to remain, to attend to something of importance, and is going to dine with Mr. Conybeare. He asked me to see you home and take his place to-day, as Mr. Dwarries expects me later. I hope you will allow me to do so?'

"'Oh, by all means,' I replied; 'I am sure papa will be very glad. Is there anything wrong?'

"'Wrong? With your brother? No. What should be wrong?'

"'I did not mean with Griffith. I only thought, perhaps—'

"Then I stopped, awkwardly enough. My mind had recurred to the stranger whom I had seen on the previous day, and also, without any apparently reasonable relation between the two, to the anxiety and uncertainty in everything connected with Clement Kindersley. But I did not know how much or how little Mr. Lester had learned of the state of the case, and at all events I could not talk of it to him.

"With perfect tact he solved the difficulty for me, by going to another subject:

"'I found the letter I came back to look for,' he said; 'it is from Lord Barr, and gives me a very good account of our friends. I suppose nothing in it would be news to you, for no doubt Miss Kindersley keeps you informed of all their doings.'

"'Tolerably,' I replied, feeling that this subject was hardly less embarrassing than the former. We walked on, and I was conscious that he was considering me with curiosity.

"'You are quite right,' I said at last, yielding to an impulse. 'I am vexed, out of temper, if you like to call it so.'

"'Why, I have not said a word of the kind. What do you mean by saying I am quite right?'

"'If you did not say that I am out of temper, you thought it.'

"Mr. Lester laughed.

"'And supposing that I were guilty of that presumption? What then?'

"'Then—and you are, you know—you need not think it is on my own account. Don't you hate gossips? People who always will be beforehand with you about your own and your friends' affairs? I do.'

"'I wonder if I could guess what has vexed you?' he said. 'I wonder if it has anything to do with the news from London?'

"'Yes, it has. It has to do with people talking about things they know nothing about. It is so vulgar. It is so horrid.'

"'And it is so inevitable. Would you think me vulgar, horrid, and a gossip, if I venture to guess at what people have said?'

"'You have heard it; you need not guess.'

"'Indeed, I have not. Very little of the Wrottesley gossip comes my way, I assure you. But, if they have said that Lady Olive Despard has planned to marry Miss Kindersley to Lord Barr, and that the scheme is prospering—ah, I see I am right, that is what they have said—they are quite wrong. Lady Olive Despard entertains no such notion, and Lord Barr will never ask Miss Kindersley to marry him.'

"'Oh, dear!' I exclaimed with inconsiderate frankness, 'I am sorry to hear it. Why not? I am sure he likes her.'

"'So I am; but he will never ask her, because he knows her answer would be "No."'

"'How can he know it? How can you know it?'

"His face grew very serious, as he answered: 'That I cannot explain; even to you.'

"It was a memorable and a happy walk, that of ours, from Wrottesley to the Dingle House, on that bright frosty afternoon in March. Little more was said between us of Madeleine or Lord Barr, and the record of what was said would have no interest for anybody. I found it interesting, however, to think over, as I sat at my work, while my father and Mr. Lester played chess. Griffith came in late, and if he told my father anything about the business which had detained him at the bank, with Mr. Conybeare, he did not do so until I had left them for the night."

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XX. TOM DAWSON.

THAT morning there was shooting for the gentlemen and driving out for the ladies; the host, in his quality of pasha, doing neither, but going about all day in his white hat. One or two of the gentlemen did not go out and shoot, among whom were young Pringle and his father—a pair that were on rather unpaternal and most unfilial terms, the former feeling ashamed of his progenitor's antics, the latter looking on his son as "a puppy" and "stuck-up fellow." He had taken a special dislike to him, since he had noted the preference for Phœbe, and the young lady had tried all her little arts, and exerted herself to propitiate one who she fondly dreamed might be, some day, united to her in a near and dear relation. Phœbe, it will have been seen, was of the most sanguine temperament, and assumed that to propose was to dispose; in the process annihilating time, space, and possibility.

The morning seemed to fly by in a sort of dream. To Phœbe it seemed a few minutes, one of the most entrancing periods she had ever enjoyed. This to other people might seem surprising enough; for, as was before hinted, Mr. Pringle junior was an ordinary young gentleman enough, such as men would pronounce a feeble sort of fellow. But he had a power of words, and an artful vein of compliment; finally, he was bent on pleasing, and delighted in flirtation. Phœbe was a little flower just opening its

warmth of this kind of homage perfectly exquisite; and here she was now ready to give up her whole little heart, overflowing with love and gratitude for the preference, to her admirer. She was so entranced, indeed, that she had forgotten what now seemed a prosy element in the domestic life—viz., the expected arrival of "Tom," her brother; the same with whom she had threatened Dean Drinkwater, and who was due about lunch-hour. A brother now seemed an insipid idea.

At lunch time, when Phœbe, with flushed cheeks, attended by the squire, entered the great dining-room rather behind time—secretly pleased to be able to exhibit her conquest—there was a blunt, well-set, wiry-haired, fair-looking young man, with a terrier-like moustache, already eating his lunch in a sober, steady fashion. His cheeks had each a little pink flush, and his eyes had a slight glare or wateriness; but there was a bluff and solid composure about him that impressed. This was Tom Dawson, who had been in the army, and had "left;" who "had no money," and yet lived "anyhow and everyhow," as he himself frankly said—and did a vast number of other expensive things, which only people who have money do. Such was this eminently good fellow, Tom Dawson, who rode like an Arab, and who had given up a race-meeting somewhere to come and see his Phœbe, on whom he literally doted. Phœbe, in return, loved Tom with her whole heart, and nothing could be done without Tom's aid, or, at least, advice.

Tom's life, as we have said, was almost a mystery. He had not a farthing, having run through a small patrimony of about

he lived like a gentleman—comfortably and luxuriously; kept his horses; went on long visits; shot, hunted, and was always in demand, as a good fellow. The truth was, he earned his living very hardly and laboriously—he was a dead shot at a pigeon; and at Hurlingham and Monaco generally contrived to land a good stake. In all the great races he generally contrived to be “put on” with “the party” at some great house, and, in this way, made money. Should these things fail him, he had plenty of friends, and might end as secretary to a gun club. In short, he had his wits to live upon, and very good wits they were.

Phoebe flew to Tom, and the latter took her in his arms and kissed her heartily before the whole room, as unconcernedly as though he were booking a bet. Phoebe was in great excitement from her morning’s performance, and said eagerly:

“Tom, you must know Mr. Pringle, a friend of ours, that we met——”

“All right,” said Tom, giving the person alluded to a nod; but it was plain that he did not think much of him, deeming him rather “a finical kind of fellow.”

Lord Garterley liked Tom, as being so sagacious in county matters; and often thought what a much better adjutant for the house he would be than the Charles Webbers, who, to say the truth, were now growing rather stale after their ten years’ service. But he dared not discharge those worthy assistants; and he had, besides, some feeling of gratitude towards them, for all their hard and useful toil. They felt their power, and were not to be readily dislodged.

Tom Dawson, still making his lunch the first consideration, was giving out, for the entertainment of the company, an account of some hunt or race, in which he had some hair-breadth’s escape, and which he recounted with a modest indifference that gained him many admirers. Such characters as Tom’s are really more successful than far more pretentious people, possibly on account of the high claims of sporting matters, which seem to level all distinctions, and to be a subject that is a “passe partout.”

Sam Pringle was in a very vicious humour all this morning, having displayed antics at breakfast that drew on him the bitter reproaches of his family. In fact, Mrs. Pringle had announced as an ultimatum that she would leave at once on the next display of anything like what had occurred.

Sam Pringle declared that she “and the ponies” were welcome to set off whenever they pleased, but that he intended remaining, and would find it just as agreeable.

“And when I say ‘just,’ you’ll understand me to mean a good deal more so.”

At dinner the malicious Sam Pringle found an opportunity to revenge himself, and at the first opening perpetrated the following wanton outrage:

“You’d never suppose, Mrs. Trotter, that I was married for my beauty? Then I can tell you that I was. Ask Mrs. P. there. She succumbed to my charms.”

“Now, Mr. Pringle, do please——” began his lady, with an angry frown.

“And more than that. When the bid-dings for me were mounting, and coming in from right and left, sooner than let me go, she made the best offer, and of course—I was knocked down to her.”

“Mr. Pringle!”

“I don’t believe a word of it,” said Mrs. Trotter, bluntly. “That’s your vanity, Mr. Pringle.”

“Ask her. Look at her, and the colour in her cheeks. I was a lady-killer then. I don’t see anything to blush for in proposing for a good-looking young fellow. Aren’t the two ‘ponies’ there the happy result?”

“Come, dears,” said Mrs. Pringle, half rising, “it is time for us to go to our rooms.”

“You are too bad, Pringle,” said old Phipps. “You’ve routed and dispersed your wife and family.”

“I shouldn’t mind dispersing my daughters,” said he, with a grin, “but I’d want some nice young fellow to help me.”

“Really, to say such things!” said Mrs. Trotter. “You’re uncivilised. I know, if it was my case, I’d never open my lips to you again.”

“Oh!” said old Sam, getting up and capering round the back of Mrs. Trotter’s chair; “then, in that case, I’d pine and languish away. Fancy me pining and languishing at your feet!”

“Besides, it’s not true; you know it’s not. And if it were, you ought to be ashamed to say so.” Mrs. Trotter was a rattling, dashing woman, and said what she thought. “Go back to your seat. You really are a great old goose.”

This rebuke had some effect, and old Sam saw that the feeling of the company was against him, and he began to retract.

“Well, when I say that about proposing, you know how friends interfere, to forward

a thing of that kind. Of course the thing was settled much in the usual humdrum, old-fashioned way."

"Of course it was; we knew that. So you'd better say no more about it."

Sam Pringle was more quiet after this "snub." It did him good, everyone said; and he was certainly a little abashed at the reception of his "joke."

Among the new guests on that day appointed to refresh the host were Mr. and Lady Cecilia Shortman—a charmingly sounding combination for Pratt-Hawkins, who, within five minutes of arrival, had got himself introduced, and, by the mention of "the dear duchess," had cemented ties of acquaintanceship with Lady Cecilia. Quite a change came over Pratt-Hawkins in consequence. He had now got the air suitable for his breathing. Lady Cecilia was a person of what might be called rapturous tastes; loving all the arts—poetry, drama, &c.—with a devotion that was exactly in proportion to her deficiency in the actual accomplishments. She worshipped actors, adored singers; and herself, in a private way, "read" and recited at extraordinary lengths. She had been specially invited for that night, as there was to be in the great hall a "penny reading," given for the benefit of the villagers and genteeler rustics—i.e., doctor, solicitor, parsons' wives and daughters, superior farmers, &c., who were collected, as it were, by sound of drum, and ordered to come in, fill the benches, and be amused. The entertainment had been planned by the indefatigable Charles Webbers, with a view to the entertainment of his lordship, and to "keeping everything going." Lord Garterley, as we have said, was an elegant poet of the old school, with a genuine taste for literature. He was much pleased with the notion, and was himself going to take a large share in the entertainment.

CHAPTER XXI. THE PENNY READING.

IN due course the whole distinguished party, after some waiting and much expectation, proceeded to the grand hall, where the rural company were already assembled in a fever of anticipated enjoyment. The entrance of Lord Garterley, when he appeared leading the Diva, was the signal for a round of applause. Pratt-Hawkins again contrived to find the only air that he could breathe, and not only led, but sat beside "Lady Cecilia;" while Phoebe was greatly excited, her eyes and pretty

head in perpetual motion, scattering light and enjoyment. She, however, modestly sought the remoter seats, where the opportunities for seeing and hearing the performance were not so good, but where her swain presently came up softly and established himself, not to be removed or cease whispering during the whole evening. What that entranced pair really heard of the "reading," or saw, in the way of histrionics, from the beginning to the end of the night, it would be hard to say. Such entertainments they sought not, nor did they bewail their deprivation. But here now comes a universal "Hush!" as director Charles Webber comes forward with a pleasant and suitable little speech to set things going.

It began with "Jockie and Jeannie" from those hopeless failures, the doctor and wife, who had been sinking and sinking deeper with every hour. Charles Webber had been obliged to send them away by a regular dismissal; "he feared he would want the rooms." However, this last chance was afforded to them; as they were there, they could fill up a vacant space. Grown desperate and even reckless, and inspired at the prospect of release from the terrible Nessus shirt they had been wearing in agony for several days, encouraged too by the familiar air of the audience, like their own rural one, our doctor and his lady "came out" with a spirit of dramatic effect that astounded everyone, and extorted a burst of applause and irrepressible encore. The good-natured lord leaped forward, as his manner was, wrung both their hands, and declared that "they must not think of going away to-morrow." But the pair had their own pride, and with some stiffness and dignity declared that they must return home.

Next appeared upon the platform, after due whisperings with the Charles Webbers, the grey face of old Phipps, with a roguish twinkle of good-humoured greeting in the corner of his eye. Old Phipps had made vers de société to his mistress's eyebrows, as well as to the eyebrows of those of other persons: and had often written political squibs "in the days of Fonblanque" and Hookham Frere. Some bitter lines on All the Talents, called New Brewings, had gone all over England, and been in everyone's mouth. Alas! the New Brewings had gone to decay and forgetfulness; and here was "old Phipps" left behind like "the mouldy biscuit," overlooked at the bottom of the cask.

However, on this occasion he was spruce in his velvet collar and blue coat; and, coming forward, told his hearers, with a pleasant confidence, that he was going to recite for them a little trifle of his own, made on a person they all knew to be their bitterest enemy, whom they hated with a cordial detestation, and who was the worst of men. He need not describe that person. He referred to their host, Lord Garterley, at which little jest a roar of laughter uprore to the ceiling.

"It was," said old Phipps, "an unpretending parody on our dear old friend, Cock Robin:

"'Who killed dull care?'
'I,' said Lord Garterley,
So kindly and heartily;
'I killed dull care.'
"'Who gives good dinners?'
'I,' says Lord Garterley,
'Weekly and quarterly,
To saints and sinners.'
"'Who sees his neighbours?'
'I,' says Lord Garterley,
'Not grudging nor tartarly,
With pipes and with tabors."

And so on through many verses, which everyone set down as true London wit. Old Phipps, who had no vanity, and only wanted to amuse, retired, having made friends of the whole audience, particularly at the last verse, where he had to refer to his manuscript, and after puzzling over it a moment, declared aloud: "I vow to goodness I can't read my own writing!"

Now is our host bending and bowing before the portly and majestic Diva, who shakes her head amiably, but seems to give a reluctant consent. Then Lord Garterley turns to the audience, and in a loud tone proclaims: "We are favoured to-night by the presence of one of the most consummate artists, who now kindly consents to contribute to the pleasure of the evening, by one of those magnificent performances which have brought kings and emperors to her feet."

The Diva gave him a tap of her fan, and went to the piano, while the crowd applauded rapturously, having never even heard the name of this personage, but being under a general idea that she must be "somebody." She accordingly gave out "Casta Diva," in that horny, rather whooping-cough manner, which retired Divas, who have only their style left, affect. She travelled up and down what are called "runs" with a desperate energy, and wound up with a sort of "cry for help," that in a crowded city would at

least have brought the police, and, possibly, the fire-engines, to her aid. All the time Lord Garterley leant enraptured on the grand piano, and stared, open-mouthed, as though he wished to gulp down the notes themselves. At the close, his "Brava, bravissimas!" and clappings were obstreperous, and the faithful Charles Webbers took care to make the audience understand they must support the applause heartily.

Next came that "comique," young Shakerley, who, strange to say, recognised jester as he was, fell flat. He strained too affectedly at applause; but he afterwards declared that "a more pig-headed audience" it was impossible to find. Then, to the horror and agony of his family, old Sam must step out to buffoon, and what did the man select, but a "Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Candle!" When he capered to the centre, and stood smiling at them, there was a roar of delighted anticipation.

"We all know Mrs. Candle," he began; "every married man of us at least. Now, I think I see some of the young girls in the corner there looking away; but to that complexion, my dears, we must all come sooner or later—at least all of us as have good looks. That's the reason I came to it. Well, now for Mrs. Candle."

And here, amid hardly suppressed laughter from his friends, he read out a portion of one of the most amusing dialogues. Then he stopped.

"Well, that's very funny so far. The best is I can endorse every word of it. True to nature, my lord, and ladies, and gentlemen. Why, I myself have lain there, hearing the hours strike, while on it went nag-nag, nagging." Here the host rose, finding it was time to check this too familiar mimic, and said, "Thank you, Pringle, that will do now. Lady Cecilia Shortman will do us the favour of reciting the Ancient Mariner." And accordingly the Lady Cecilia, "squired" by the assiduous Pratt-Hawkins, who had already secured an invitation to Shortlands, stood forward, and with rolling eyes and the true husky "ossuary" voice, modelled on that of Rachel's, imparted a "creeping" feeling to all listeners. The piece being of great length, and being delivered with a uniform charnel-house manner from beginning to end, much wearied the audience. The lady was then led back to her seat by the host, and finally, to the delight of all, Lord Garterley himself came forward in a dramatic scene, from The Good-natured Man, in which he himself per-

formed Croaker, and Mr. Charles Webber Honeywood. It was done with great naturalness and spirit, and was certainly the most satisfactory and enjoyable event of the evening.

It would have been awkward to have asked the opinion of two of the company in reference to this point. They may have heard, but they certainly heeded not. These were Phoebe and her admirer. It had all come to a point in these few hours. Each was enchanting to the other, and the minutes seemed of gold and silver. The confidence was delicious and increasing every moment. Speeches of the most interesting sort were interchanged. Phoebe seemed to be in Paradise.

It was during these ecstatic proceedings they were rather startled to find the heavy Mr. Sturges beside them, with his smiling, beaming face. Unfortunately, a gentleman who had been sitting next to Phoebe had left his place, and Mr. Sturges installed himself in the vacancy. He did not seem the least jealous, as Phoebe expected he would, but was good-humoured and pleasant. Neither was he a man that could be "snubbed off," or made a butt of, being too grave and weighty for such liberties. Phoebe tossed her head, and was short in her answers, and Mr. Pringle looked sour and important; but nothing could ruffle the intruder.

"I was so glad to see this seat vacant; not because I have been standing most of the night, but because it was beside you."

"Oh, a compliment!" said Phoebe, spitefully. "Listen, Mr. Pringle; he is paying compliments."

"Let him listen," said the other. "Or let us both try and see who can do the best in that line."

"Oh, what nonsense," said Phoebe.

"No, no," said he, significantly; "not a bit. I know what is going on."

Phoebe coloured. Mr. Pringle, who overheard him, was confused.

"I don't understand you," said she.

"Come and have some refreshment," he said, rising. "I shall tell you. I am sure you must be tired."

"Thank you, no," said Phoebe, curtly. "I'd really rather not."

"Do come," said he, in a still more pressing way. "I really wish to speak to you."

Was it to be a proposal? Were it another occasion, Phoebe would have simpered, and tittered, and looked in this and that direction, and finally have taken his

arm and gone off to revel on that most daintiest of dishes to set before a young girl—a proposal of marriage, whether acceptable or not. But now she was full of exultation, and wished to make him feel, not that he was distasteful to her, but that another was preferred to him. So she said, rather pertly:

"Mr. Sturges, I don't want to go with you. Can't you see that I'm engaged?"

He coloured, made a bow, and went his way. Phoebe turned to her neighbour with a look of triumph, as who should say, "I did that for you."

Having thus got rid of the intruder, Phoebe, for whom that garden adventure had all the fascination of a romance, now began to recall it by putting artful questions in self-depreciation as to "What he must have thought of her," and kept still returning to that same fascinating subject of "poor Adelaide's" mistake; though Phoebe was a little surprised to find in what a tone her admirer repeated the words, "poor Adelaide!" with an interest and curiosity that surprised her.

"What has become of her?" he said. "There was something strangely interesting about her. A most curious fascination."

"Oh, you thought so?" said Phoebe, tossing her head. "Of course you must, or you would not have made appointments with her in that way at the gate."

Mr. Pringle coloured. He was such an ingrained philanderer that this view had never occurred to him—viz., that he had been as devoted to Phoebe's predecessor as he was now to herself.

"Oh," he said, with hesitation, "that was only a little adventure. You know she is quite a different sort of person; whereas you——" and he paused.

Phoebe coloured in her turn. Perhaps the crisis was approaching.

"Well," she said, softly, "what am I? You are going to tell me something disagreeable, I know."

The most practised coquette could not have given a more suitable invitation. Yet Phoebe spoke only from nature. There was a real coquette present, but of another sex; though he was for the time as genuine as genial. The luxury of captivating was to him the highest pleasure. It was breaking on him that he had won this little tender heart; but he must play with it a little first. "Why should you be interested," he asked, "or like to know what I think of you?"

Phoebe repeated these words with a flutter of affected surprise. "Oh, I can't say; that is, I don't know——"

"Would you be sorry that I liked any one else?"

"Ye—s, but you do. You know you do. I was your confidante, recollect."

"I don't now," he said, eagerly; "upon my word and honour."

"And I can believe you, really?"

"Really and truly."

"Oh," said Phoebe, obeying an impulse that she could not resist—then, turning away her head, in a low voice, said, "I am so glad to hear it."

All the rest, as might be expected, followed, and by the time the Lady Cecilia had concluded her Ancient Mariner, Phoebe Dawson and Francis Pringle were affianced lovers—he, perhaps, for the third or fourth time in his short life. Alas! with Phoebe it was very different; she had never "thrown" before, and she had now staked her whole little property of affections on the cast. If she lost, she could never throw again; for she had lost all. So far, then, there was the issue of her whole life involved; and here was it to be decided in this trifling, off-hand way—at a penny reading!

ITALIAN ALMANACS.

THE war of independence in Italy brought with it a great shower of almanacs. A free people required a free press, and a free press required almanacs. Not the almanacs of the days of tyranny and foreign inter-ventions—mediæval productions, in which saints' names and church festivals absorbed the calendar—but progressive and patriotic almanacs: books for students as well as books for idlers; books costing a franc and books costing a soldo; some of them devoting themselves to history, and others to science; and others, again, to literature and the fine arts, commerce, agriculture and political economy. The enterprising publishers of Italy have broken loose from the old trammels of the book trade, and are imitating their brothers of England and America—if, indeed, they are not beating them—in the race for cheapness and popularity, combined with excellence. And lo and behold, a land of almanacs! A country in which for a halfpenny you can take peeps into the most abstract studies, and keep pace with the sun and moon, and the world in which you live; and make the mind merry with riddles and

jokes, while preparing to dive into metaphysics and astrology. Do you wish to know when Romulus was born, if born, and when he slew Remus, if slain; and what became of the she-wolf, their foster-mother? Buy an almanac. Do you wish to know when to rear silkworms and plant mulberries; when to bottle your wine, and drink it; and when, not drinking it, to use it as vinegar—or wine for the poor? Buy an almanac. Do you wish to know, or not to know, when to be philanthropical; how to be witty; how to please a lady, without displeasing a gentleman; and how, in case of duels, to give and obtain satisfaction without bloodshed? Buy an almanac; buy several almanacs. Do you wish to know, if a capitalist, how to invest your money; and how, not being a capitalist, to gain money without working for it? Buy an almanac, and consult it as you would an oracle. Do you wish to know the new word for "Open Sesame"—the words which brought good luck to Ali Baba in the story of the Forty Thieves? 'Tis a little word of seven letters—almanac. The almanac will cast your nativity and give you the numbers in the state-lottery, by which, if you play long enough, you will make your fortune; and by which, not playing long enough, you will lose your money. The proper time to play is fifty years. After fifty years you may, in one lucky hit, make amends for the losses of a lifetime, and get back some of the money you have staked in weekly tickets.

I have an almanac before me which gives information about the origin of calendars. I learn in it that calendars are as old as the hills—or nearly so; but that the Arabs, the Chinese, the Japanese, and other "barbarous peoples" know nothing about solar almanacs. This is a mistake so far as the Chinese and Japanese are concerned, for their almanacs, which divide the year into three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, putting the four quarters together every leap year, are the ones now in use in all Christian countries. My author goes on to say that March was the first month in the year in the days of Romulus, and that September, as the word implies, was the seventh month, and December the tenth; but how is it that he says nothing about the year having been at that time divided into ten months, March having thirty-six days, May twenty-two, June thirty-six, August eighteen, September sixteen, October thirty-two, and most of

the others thirty-nine? It was Numa Pompilius who altered all this, and divided the year into twelve parts, placing January at the head of the list.

In another almanac I find accounts of the motive power of steam, the discovery of salt by Taumac-Khan, and the way to make black ink. The combustion of a kilogram of coal would suffice to transport a person, "in an instant, from the lake of Geneva to the summit of Mont Blanc;" but whether dead or alive, or in how many pieces, is not stated. Furthermore, eight hundred and thirty-six hectolitres of coal would suffice to raise, "in an instant," the great pyramid of Egypt, "which weighs six thousand three hundred and eighty millions of kilograms." This marvellous book, which is called the "Almanacco Indispensabile," is nothing if not sententious; and it tells the world, with startling point and freshness, that the "names of Augustus, of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Napoleon Buonaparte are immortal."

One of the most popular almanacs of Italy is the "Amico di Casa," the Household Friend—a book of some hundred and ten pages, costing twenty-five centesimi (two-pence halfpenny), and containing sixteen illustrations. This book is one of the champions of Italian Protestantism, and by means of satirical accounts of saints, attached to the letter-press of each month, aims such blows as it can at the institutions of the Church of Rome. Under the head of January we are told that a peasant-girl named Oringa (born at Santa Croce, on the banks of the Arno, in the year 1240), was tempted by the devil in the shape of an old man, and escaped perdition through the instrumentality of a hare, which showed her the way to escape. February introduces the story of St. Faustino and St. Giovita, who were so virtuous that everyone who came near them hated them and ill-used them, condemning them to be burnt alive—the fire refusing to touch them—and to be devoured by lions and tigers—the lions and tigers fawning at their feet like dogs; until, finally, they perished at the hands of the executioner, A.D. 122. The almanac asks how it is that a sword could be found to cut off the heads of saints, whom fire and wild beasts could not, or would not, injure?

All the months except three have satirical memoirs of this kind, the three exceptions being devoted to saints whom the almanac admits, grudgingly enough, to be genuine. These three saints are

Santa Perpetua, Santa Felicita, and San Giacomo Maggiore. But the almanac is specially eloquent under the heads of June and December; and the lives of San Norberto, and San Tommaso of Canterbury (known in England as Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury), are laid bare with cutting severity. San Norberto, after being a libertine at the court of the Emperor Henry, became a pious man, and finally a priest. He liked to perform mass in lonely places; and one day, while singing hymns, a spider fell into the consecrated glass, polluting the wine which he was presently to drink. He drank it and swallowed the spider, which was venomous as well as filthy. But the saint sneezed, and so escaped a violent death, the spider coming out of his nose! This dénouement puzzles the almanac, and elicits some dignified remarks about the wickedness and folly of inventing false miracles, when so many miracles of a bonâ fide nature are recorded in Christian books.

But the "Amico di Casa" does not confine its attention to religious and anti-religious matters. It talks of natural history, and gives illustrations of birds; it talks of royalty, and gives a portrait of Victor Emmanuel; it talks of art and politics, and gives portraits of Michael Angelo and Prince Bismarck. There are pictures of a shipwreck; of a fat man planting a flower; of a peasant-girl, very pretty, feeding hens; and of a bishop receiving a letter of supplication from an afflicted woman. The whole book is well got up, and the anecdotes, the statistics, the list of reigning sovereigns, and the articles about cookery and farming are worth perusal. It is a pity, perhaps, that so much petty spite is indulged in about local superstitions and abuses, and some of the scriptural quotations, as being out of place, might be struck out with advantage. But the book is no hypocrite; it professes to be a fault-finder. It is an anti-popery almanac with miscellaneous instruction for the million, and, as such, it is a sign of the times.

Not the least popular of the almanacs of Italy is one called "L'Almanacco di Casamia, astrologo e pronostico;" a prophetic almanac in which astrology shines by its absence, and prophecies are, in many instances, read backwards, like a witch's prayer. We are told on the first page that five thousand six hundred and thirty-six years have elapsed since the creation of the world; one thousand four hundred and fifty-three years since the

foundation of Venice; thirty years since the election of Pius the Ninth; and five years since the fall of the temporal power. If these are prophecies, who among us are not prophets? But Casamia goes on to tell us that we shall have a longer year this year than usual, and that February has twenty-nine days. This is a distinct prophecy. So is the following remark about the month of August, if August be this year like other Augusts: "We shall have some remarkably hot weather this month." Highly judicious, too, are the remarks about the winter: "Cold winds may be expected now, and coughs and warm over-coats will prevail." Under the head of July, as an entry for Friday the 21st, we find the following axiom: "Blessed are those who live in exalted places; they will breathe more freely on the mountains than in large cities." Rain is spoken of as likely to fall in August; and in October we are told that hunters "ought to advance bravely to the good work," and present their friends with chaffinches, wrens, and other birds, that they, the birds, may be made into pies. Italians are fond of eating singing birds, and the "brave sportsman" goes home rejoicing when he has quieted for ever the sweet singers of the woods, and vulgarised a lark and the thrush, and, worse still, the robin redbreast, by introducing them into his household, as articles of home consumption. No; let us beg pardon of the birds; he has vulgarised himself. Casamia panders to his own taste by reminding us of the sweetness of thrushes when properly served up in a dish; and for this reason, if for no other, Casamia should be reprimanded: But those who swear by Casamia plead the scarcity of butchers' meat in country places; and what are you to do, says the "brave sportsman," if the bullfinch gives you a song when you want a dinner? Clearly you must shoot it. Birds were made for man, and man was specially created to shoot birds.

I turn from Casamia to "L'Almanacco Imbecile," or Fool's Almanac; and here I find (at page thirty-two) an article about umbrellas. "Man," says the Fool's Almanac, "is a ferocious animal. Put a nightcap in his hand, and he smothers his wife with it: witness Othello. Give him the jaw-bone of an ass, and he kills three hundred Philistines: witness Samson. Present him, finally, with the most prosaic, the most ridiculous of all human implements—an umbrella—and he turns it into a

musket. How so? you ask. By putting a firing apparatus into the handle, and calling it, as per advertisements in the Belgian papers, 'the new Chassepot umbrella for shooting burglars.' The inventor has shot himself."

Further on we find the following: "A priest asked his sacristan one day, why the old gentleman who lived at the corner of the street had not attended mass during the past fortnight. The sacristan looked mysterious. 'What! is it socialism?' asked the priest, somewhat alarmed. 'Worse than that,' replied the sacristan. 'Worse than socialism? Then it is atheism?' 'Worse than that, reverendo! It is rheumatism.' The priest collapsed."

But the Fool's Almanac does not confine itself to anecdotes; it makes prophecies, and gives a list of saints from day to day and from month to month, marking the Sundays off with a cross, as days on which people may take holidays, and dance, and go to the theatre. It will be said that Italy is a very wicked country. But mass cannot be celebrated after twelve o'clock, and vespers are over at six, all the churches being closed at sunset. Almanacs, like straws in the wind, show the current of popular feeling, and popular feeling says, "Theatres on Sunday evening, and dancing and masquerading during the Sundays of the Carnival." The Fool's Almanac rejoices in the fact that the Carnival of 1876 is one of the longest on record, beginning on St. Stephen's-day (Anglice, Boxing-day), and ending on the 29th February.

A very attractive almanac is the one published in Venice with the title of the current year, "Il 1876; lunario per Tutti." This book is poetical, historical, statistical, and comical, and costs ten centesimi. For a penny you have verses for every month in the year, accounts of the pigeons of St. Mark, famous Italian battles, &c., and anecdotes of the Joe Miller species, some of which are warranted to be quite new. The verses are prophetic, like the one introducing April: "The sweet zephyrs of spring will begin now to be felt; the prudent man waits before he puts on his light clothes." And the ones for June and July: "Summer will give us a fiery heat, and if the rain does not fall in bucketsful, you may expect a boiling heat, as in the infernal regions. The appeased heavens will send down rain, but I perceive that the new moon disturbs the hopes we had of copious banquets."

The statistics are simply wonderful. We are told that the world contains fourteen hundred and ninety-one millions of human beings, and thirty over. Who are these thirty over, and where do they live? Europe, says the almanac, contains exactly three hundred and a half millions of inhabitants; so we may conclude that the thirty over do not live in Europe. The cost of governing Italy is counted with apparent precision, but without much accuracy, for we find (at page sixty-two) that no allowance is made for debts and shortcomings in the budget. Italy, says the almanac, costs three millions six hundred thousand francs a day, for three millions six hundred thousand are paid daily in taxes—which makes exactly one hundred and fifty thousand francs a minute. Here is an anecdote: "An old lady died at the age of one hundred and five, leaving an immense fortune. One clause of her will ran as follows: 'I leave to my physician, through whose care I have lived so long and so happily, all the contents of a large trunk which will be found in my dressing-room. The key of the trunk is concealed in the mattress of my bed.' The box was opened, and was found to contain, untouched, all the drugs and potions which the physician had prescribed for the deceased." Here is another anecdote: "An astronomer had a clever man-servant, who, after dusting scientific books for years, imbibed notions of astronomy, and wished to become eminent. 'I have no difficulty,' said he, 'in understanding how you weigh the sun and moon, and calculate the arrival of comets, but the planets puzzle me.' 'Why so?' inquired the sage. 'Because, the moment you look at them with a telescope you find out their names. Are the names printed on the stars? Or do you find them out by electricity?'" Here is an advertisement: "Undertakers' work promptly and securely done. Coffins warranted not to open by inner pressure. Testimonials from customers as to length and comfort." The Lunario winds up with a list of the standing-armies of Europe, showing how Germany and France have an equal number of soldiers—namely, one million seven hundred thousand men; Italy seven hundred and sixty thousand; and England five hundred and thirty-five thousand. The smallest army is that of Greece, which consists of fifty-one thousand men, Denmark having fifty-four thousand, and Portugal seventy-three thousand.

Nearly all the almanacs of Italy devote themselves to instruction in some shape or another, instructing in folly and vanity, if they cannot instruct in wisdom. Many of them are consequently in high favour with ladies, especially the almanacs of the toilette-table and the ball-room, in which pretty girls are taught how to flirt, and ugly ones how to become beautiful. And here is the way to flirt, if you wish to be married. Being a pretty girl, you are sure of a score or two of admirers. Hook the one you like best—or the one you like least, if he is richest—and make a slave of him. Pet him, flatter him; fawn upon him if he is conceited; rave about pictures and statues if he likes art; talk treason if he is a republican, and quote sentences in favour of tyranny and blue blood if he is a royalist. Nothing will please him so much as this pandering to his tastes; and if you can manage to wear the colours he likes, even to the tint of your boots, showing as much as you can of them by way of provocation, you advance your interests. But do not forget the true colour of love—the maiden blush. No colour you can buy in the shop can equal that; and she who, in the certainty of triumph, omits blushing, is as foolish as the girl who cannot laugh, as sad as the girl who cannot weep, as false as the girl who cannot equivocate. Tears, laughter, blushes, and equivocations are the artillery of love. But do not forget the buffer, the make-believe. A time comes when, to secure the man you want, you must pretend to be fascinated by someone else. Do so, but very carefully; and when—poor sensitive soul—you have, dove-like, trembled at the sight of the bird of prey, fly to the nest you have chosen in the arms of the man you love, or don't love, and consummate the union on which you have set your heart.

The way to become beautiful in Italy does not greatly differ from the systems adopted in England and France, and other parts of Europe. It consists in rouging, larding, and pomading yourself till you are beneath contempt, but not beneath the prospect of being poisoned by powders and hair-dyes, the death you meet being more or less of your own choosing. Do you wish to die of some fulminating brain-disease? Put vile concoctions in your hair, and turn it from black to yellow, and from grey to brown, showing how much wiser you are than nature who meant you to be fair or dark, as the case may be, and meant

you to grow old. Buy your hair at the barber's, who had it from a grave or a mad-house; and your extra six inches of height at the bootmaker's—six inches of deformity, for which you will physically suffer—and then blush for it. But buy your blushes where you buy your poisons, and poison yourself and the circle in which you move, by appearing to be what you are not—a painted doll without a doll's merits; a thing that squeaks and jabbars and opens and shuts its eyes, without waiting for its strings to be pulled; a painted woman, the bane and the scandal of our modern civilisation. Yes, reader, this is the way to become beautiful according to the teaching of the almanac, but I have put my own interpretation upon it, and I trust that what I have said—surely in no bad spirit—will reach the eyes of those who want the almanac but have not yet purchased it. May it never fall into their hands!

And now, by way of conclusion, a few extracts from smaller and healthier almanacs, books intended for the masses and not for fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Here is a keen bit of satire, though, it must be said, it is of venerable antiquity. "Some Swiss and Austrian soldiers were at dinner after a truce in olden times. The Austrians maintained that their system of military government was the best; the Swiss contested the point, and both parties waxed angry. Finally, an Austrian declared contemptuously that the Swiss fought for money, whereas they, the Austrians, fought for honour. 'True!' said a Swiss politely, with his hand on his sword; 'we both fight for what we have not got.'" Here is a slap at journalists: "A sub-editor and a reporter were quarrelling one day in the editor's room. 'You are a donkey,' said the sub-editor. 'You are another,' replied the reporter promptly. 'Pooh! pooh!' retorted the sub-editor, 'you are the greatest donkey I know!' 'Gentlemen! gentlemen!' said the editor, looking up from his desk, 'you forget, I think, that I am present!' The sub-editor apologised." Here is a story for the New Year: "A fop, gorgeously dressed, called on a fashionable lady to pay his respects on New Year's-day. 'I trust,' said the fop, taking leave after a protracted visit, 'I trust, madame, that you will allow me to call again?' 'Oh yes!' said the lady, 'certainly—on New-Year's day.'" And here is a story of two brothers: "The mother

of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in a field one morning. 'Which of you two boys am I speaking to?' asked the mother; 'is it you or your brother?' Why do you ask?' inquired the lad prudently. 'Because if it is your brother I will box his ears.' 'It is not my brother, it is I.' 'Then your brother is wearing your coat, for your's had a hole in it.' 'No, mother, I am wearing my own coat.' 'Good heavens!' shrieked the mother, looking at him intently, 'you are your brother after all!'"

The last anecdote with which we have now to do, for much more might be said about Italian almanacs, if space permitted, is one connected with the subject under discussion. It is called the "Wife and the Almanac," and has recently made the tour of the Italian papers:

"The wife of a scientific man, weary of being neglected, and pining for the honeymoon of earlier days, reproved her husband for his industry. 'You do not love me,' said the wife, 'you are always looking at maps and books. Oh, why was I ever married? I wish at least I were an almanac, or something of that kind!' 'I wish you were, my dear!' said the husband, 'I might have a new one every year!'"

ROYAL RACERS.

THE appearance of "Purple body with gold braid, scarlet sleeves, and black velvet cap with gold fringe," in the Racing Calendar as the colours of H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cornwall, &c. &c., is an event which awakes many reminiscences, and suggests many reflections, pleasant and unpleasant, wise and otherwise. The colours are brave enough, and the natural tendency of the horse-loving Briton is to cry "Hurrah!" and wish them often "first past the post." Persons of decidedly sporting proclivities will see in the adhesion of the Prince of Wales a proof that "blood will tell," and that, like his predecessors of the House of Hanover, and for that matter of the House of Stuart also, our future king is above all things an English gentleman to the backbone, and sympathises heartily with the amusements of his class. All this is well enough and pleasant in its way, but unfortunately blood will tell, in more ways than one, and the most fervent aspiration of Englishmen

will be that the turf days of the Prince of Wales may resemble in no possible way those of the royal racers who have preceded him.

Horse-racing, saith the popular clap-trap, is "the sport of kings." To begin with, this is not true—a trifling drawback, I admit, in proverbs or other colloquial stupidities; but as one bishop once said of another bishop's observation in the House of Lords, "it is not only untrue, but the very reverse of the truth." Horse-racing kings and princes have been very rare phenomena, and have left behind them an odour which is hardly that of sanctity. The fact is, that racing without stakes would be a very poor affair to any but the purely stable mind, and that, betting once introduced, the whole catalogue of meannesses, miseries, and mortifications which afflict the gambler, descends upon the wretched racer. But it occurs to me that before proceeding further in this moralising vein, I should do well to quote the words of one competent to speak of racing and other gambling from experience. "Every school-boy" knows the story of the servant, who, on restoring to his master a "fourpenny-bit" he had found in the coalscuttle, was told didactically and pompously, "Very good conduct, James; very honest, my man. Recollect always that honesty is the best policy." "Yes, sir," answered the man; "you say so, but I know it. I've tried both." The virtuous servant was a returned convict. There is nothing like experience, therefore I will ask that hardened sinner who was Clerk of the Council to King Florizel, and racing manager to his brother—who never said "God bless the Regent and the Duke of York" in his life, but put down his private opinion of them in his own secret memorandum-book—to step into the box and give his opinion of the folly of those persons, who, having got everything in the world that other people wear out their lives in acquiring—power, wealth, and honour—yet imperil, and frequently lose, all three, in deference to some diabolical impulse.

"Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts, and renders us unfit for everything else in life. It is hurtful to the mind, and destroys the better feelings; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort; it makes us thoughtful and nervous; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How anyone

can play who is not in want of money, I cannot comprehend; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures. Some, indeed, may have become attached to gaming from habit, and may not wish to throw off the habit from the difficulty of finding fresh employment for the mind at an advanced period of life. Some may be unfitted by nature or taste for society, and for such gaming may have a powerful attraction. The mind is excited; at the gaming-table all men are equal; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability avail here; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockeys, statesmen, and idlers are thrown together in levelling confusion; the only pre-eminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper. But why does a man play who is blessed with fortune, endowed with understanding, and adorned with accomplishments which might ensure his success in any pursuit which taste or fancy might incite him to follow? It is contrary to reason, but we see such instances every day. The passion for play is not artificial; it must have existed in certain minds from the beginning; at least, some must have been so constituted that they yield at once to the attraction, and enter with avidity into a pursuit in which other men can never take the least interest."

It is hardly necessary to remark that this admirable homily was not penned after the victories of Mango and Alarm, but in 1819, and is explained thus: "I have been at Oatlands for the Ascot party. On the course I did nothing. Ever since the Derby ill-fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere."

The atmosphere of royal racing seems to have provoked more reflection than reformation in the case of the gentleman who, when on his travels, vowed a silver horseshoe to the Virgin if his mare should win a certain match, and paid the debt with sporting punctuality, for we find him fourteen years later, just after the Derby of 1833, holding forth in the following strain: "Trouble, excitement, worry! Neither won nor lost. Nothing but the hope of gain would induce me to go through this demoralising drudgery which reduces me to the level of all that is disreputable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Like dram-drinking, having once commenced it I cannot leave it off. Let no man not

obliged to grasp at every chance make a book on the Derby."

Charles Cavendish Greville's moralising was doubtless kept as carefully to himself as his other opinions during his lifetime, for he appears to have pursued not only horse-racing but every other kind of gaming, from whist to macao, and to have fared altogether pretty well—better, by far, than the royal racers among whom he lived and moved, and, in fact, enjoyed a very pleasant time. Those illustrious personages had had but one predecessor on the turf—a right noble exemplar of kingly virtues, and, to use language germane to the matter, "as queer a bred'un as ever trod the turf." "Rowley," whose "mile" has immortalised his name on Newmarket Heath, had but the tiniest cross of the Englishman in him. His unfortunate mother was a Frenchwoman, and a half-bred Italian at that—the daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis—whence, perhaps, the dark complexion and saturnine visage of the Merry Monarch. On his father's side he inherited one single drop of English blood from Lady Margaret of England, daughter of Henry Tudor and Elizabeth of York—from whom sprang, by her union with that King of Scots who fell on the fatal field of Flodden, James the Fifth of Scotland, who married a princess of the House of Lorraine. From this French alliance came Mary Stuart, queen, first of France, and then of Scotland; then, by her marriage with Darnley, James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England—and grandfather of the first royal racer of whom England can boast. King Charles the Second loved Newmarket and its sports heartily, and was never happier than when leading a jovial existence in the old Palace there—built as a hunting-lodge by his grandfather, who loved the chase as much as he hated tobacco. King Jamie was also a great amateur of cocking, and the cockpit formed one of the main attractions of Newmarket Palace. In the troubled times which followed the reign of that sapient monarch, the Palace underwent sundry alterations, and was put to uses, which, to a less thick-skinned ruler than Rowley, would have rendered it abhorrent as a place of sojourn. The Puritans abolished the cockpit, and actually turned the palace into a prison for the "Man of Sin," who was imprisoned there in the dreary days of 1647. Notwithstanding this painful passage in its history, the Palace, soon after the "glorious Restoration,"

became the abode of royal high jinks. It was swept and garnished, and the new king, volatile Buckingham, godless Rochester, "pretty Mistress Nelly," and the rest of the dicing, swearing, be-ribboned and ruddled crowd kept high festival within its walls. The little town was beautified, and even sanitary precautions were not neglected by the founder of the Royal Society, who caused a common sewer—a wonderful thing in those days—to be built. To the horror of the "crop-eared crew," who slunk away into quiet corners and ate their calves-head, with the bottle of claret poured over its neck, in sulky, yet trembling, triumph on the thirtieth of January, the cockpit was restored with increased splendour, and Mistress Nelly abode in the "Nunnery" hard by the Palace, with which it was said to have a subterranean connection. While at Newmarket the king and his court spent their time somewhat in this wise: Cocking in the morning from ten till dinner-time; racing from three to six, and cocking again in the evening. Odds and ends of time were employed in congenial fashion. There was ombre, a Spanish game at cards, popular just then; and basset, another delightful expedient for getting rid of money. That no minute might be wasted, the gay gallants of the time generally had a dice-box and a cast of dice in their pockets. This was convenient in the extreme, as, in the intervals of racing, a main could be thrown, and, when out hunting, a check was looked on with no disfavour by those who treasured every opportunity of "flirting with the elephant's tooth." Many a main was called as the king's great lumbering coach laboured on its road from Whitehall to Newmarket—a road on one notable occasion shadowed with danger, if the story of the Rye House plot be worthy of more credence than that of the many apocryphal plots of an age of conspirators. When the king exchanged racing for hunting, the same merry train followed him to Winchester. In the quaint old Hampshire town the laughter and racket of Newmarket and Whitehall were sadly out of place and sorely vexed the quaint inhabitants of the Cathedral Close. "Madam Carwell," otherwise Louise de Quérouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth, was a prudent woman as well as an avaricious, and provided herself with a handsome house in Winchester, well stored with that rich plate concerning which many ugly stories were bruited abroad. Nell Gwyn, a more

reckless person, left her lodgings to luck, and occasioned thereby a pretty squabble. The "Harbinger," whose duty it was to provide lodgings in a royal progress, duly arrived at Winchester, and marked the prebendal house of Dr. Ken as the abode of Nell. The stout churchman, however, refused to admit her, and she was forced to seek lodgings elsewhere until the complaisant Dean Meggot built her a room at the end of the deanery. Nell sadly regretted her snug "Nunnery" at Newmarket; but her sorrow was unavailing, for after the fire at the Palace the court went no more to the pretty little town. Time has brought about its revenges, and the stern Puritan has outlasted the gallants with their long lovelocks, their "lily hands," "their diamonds and their spades"—and eke the bucks and bloods of the Regency, in their pea-green coats, leathers, and white hats. These are all gone, leaving naught behind save an evil name; but the Puritan is yet to the fore. The site of the old palace of "the ungodly" is principally occupied by an Independent chapel.

Passing over Queen Anne, and other royal personages who may be said to have taken an interest in racing, and patronised it in a mild kind of way, we find the next denizen of the Palace at Newmarket a very big man indeed—a burly gentleman, some six feet in height, and stout out of proportion. Prince of Wales, regent, and full-blown king, this "horsiest" of men was the elder of that pleasant band of brothers, of whom Greville remarks that the Duke of York was the only one who had the feelings of an English gentleman. Not an ill-looking man was George, nor as yet over-bulky, when he went to Newmarket at the age of three-and-twenty, and ran his first horse, Hermit, against Surprise, in a match, and lost it. This was in 1784, and commenced a turf career, which, after many vicissitudes, closed seven years after in a painful manner. During the intervening period all the training boys at Newmarket knew the portly, well-dressed man, whom they, with true Newmarket impudence, dubbed "Fee-fi-fo-fum;" a nickname rescued from oblivion by Byron, who mentions "Fum the Fourth, our royal bird." At the palace the doings of "Rowley" were, if possible, outdone by the prince's friends, the Lakes and other "macaronies," who spent their substance recklessly enough, and in whose jovial society the prince's allowance of fifty thou-

sand a year melted away to nothing. Little glimpses of the style of life at the Palace crop up here and there in the oddest way. Lord Albemarle contributes a story told him by Mr. Richard Tattersall, the grandson and successor of the founder of the famous firm, who remembered seeing, when he was a boy of about nine years, a post-chaise driven furiously up to the door of the palace, with William Windham riding leader, while the Prince of Wales, too full of port to be "in riding or even in sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise." In the lucid intervals of sobriety, there was much horse-racing and more dicing. Once the brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, went on a royal progress to the North, when the doings in the way of eating and drinking, gambling, betting, and racing, were of what the French style "Homeric" character. So far as can be discovered, very few of the worshipful company were ever sober, but the progress was nevertheless a glorious one, for did not the appropriately named "Tot" win the Doncaster Cup, and make such heart as "Fee-fi-fo-fum" was endowed withal, swell within his mighty and well-padded bosom. But this royal racing saturnalia—not without a certain flavour of the Dutch kermess clinging to it, with its odour of maraschino punch, and its perpetual rattle of "the bones"—was doomed to come to a sudden and inglorious conclusion. This came about through the "Escape affair," which brought the Prince of Wales, or rather his jockey, Chifney, into collision with the Jockey Club, who, in spite of the sycophancy of the period, held their own sternly against all the influence that could be brought to bear upon them. Escape was an unhappy beast, destined to bring trouble upon everybody connected with him. In his youth he contrived to embed his fetlock in the wood-work of his box; and the exclamation of the groom, "What an escape!" as he was rescued from his perilous position, gave a name to the ill-omened racer. He was, as sporting people have it, a "rabbit," or an "in-and-out runner." Fit one day to "run for a man's life"—whatever the precise value of a "sporting character's" existence may be—to-day, he was "as slow as a funeral" the day after to-morrow. Hence, when everybody expected him to win the Oatlands, his stable companion Baronet won instead; and he ultimately convinced the Jockey Club that he had been "pulled" by Chifney, either on

his own account, or on that of his employer. What the real merits of the case may have been, it is now impossible to discover. Sporting writers insist in maintaining the unspotted honour of owner and rider, but be the truth what it may, the Jockey Club held an opposite opinion, and his royal highness had no option but to retire from the turf.

The prince shook the dust of the Heath from off his feet, and the Rowley Mile knew "Fee-fi-fo-fum" no more. Sickened of Newmarket, hopelessly in debt, and involved in disreputable alliances of all kinds, Florizel yet could not keep off the turf, and commenced a fresh career at Brighton, where his now unwieldy figure formed the centre around which the sporting world revolved. Raikes gives a life-like picture of him in his green jacket and exquisite "nankeens," the admiration and envy of all but that superb introducer of starched cravats whom Byron returned first in the race of European celebrities, whom he placed in the following order: Brummell first, Napoleon second, Byron third. One Mr. Jerry Cloves was the leviathan bettor round of the days before Gully beat Gregson, and was himself "polished off" by the "Game Chicken;" and looked to that "pale Crichton," Colonel Mellish, as the great backer of horses, whose breath made a favourite. Mellish appears to have been the "viveur pur sang" of the Regency—good at all points, handsome, accomplished, brave, active, and utterly reckless. His fine abilities were once concentrated on the noble task of teaching a pig to run for a wager by making him always feed at a certain trough, and letting him loose at gradually-increasing distances from it. Shortly after achieving this feat, he, having got rid of all his property which was not strictly entailed, retired into private life, married, bred shorthorns, and died either of tranquillity or his previous excesses. Mellish left no successor, and by the time George the Fourth came to wear his crown, he had hardly a friend in the world. For years his life had been passed in selfish seclusion and abandoned to the most scandalous excesses. The fact is not to be denied that the aristocracy of England—a portion of whom had, with disgraceful sycophancy, pretended to believe in the legitimacy of his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert—had at last "cut" him altogether. Many had closed their eyes to the wildness of his youth; but none, except a few toadies,

could endure the deliberate viciousness of his contemptible middle age. A brand-new crown made a difference, of course, and the contest concerning the Queen rallied the staunch Tories to his side—the whole sad and sickening business being conducted more as a party measure than a question in which actual right and wrong were involved. Ascot was a great comfort to the royal sportsman, who would, in spite of his twenty-three stone, ride on to the course every day, the ladies coming in carriages. Established in the royal box in a tightly-buttoned surtout, and adorned with the particular form of hat and wig, to the invention of which he had devoted the whole energy of a mind, unhappily diverted in part from sartorial and tonsorial thoughts by the cares of state, he stood erect and enjoyed the races to his complete satisfaction. In his own way he was a great man. Besides the hat and wig already mentioned, he invented several peculiarly-shaped coats, especially that wonderful surtout of semi-military aspect, in which elderly gentlemen of the last generation but one delighted to button themselves up until their cheeks assumed a purple hue, and their bloodshot old eyes goggled apoplectically at the pretty girls passing by. He invented, moreover, the royal procession up the new mile at Ascot, perhaps one of the most pleasant of royal pageants. He was very anxious to win the Ascot Cup, having almost had time to forget his Derby triumph with Sir Thomas, and on one occasion bought the Colonel—a famous horse, who had run the dead heat with Cadland at Epsom—in order to secure the coveted prize. He was, however, doomed to suffer defeat at the hands of the late Lord Chesterfield—then the dandy of the hour—who won the Cup with Zinganee, the celebrated Gully running second with Mameluke. As the king left the course he was always loudly cheered by the mob, the cheers, however, being now and then tempered by a shout of "Where's the queen?" or "Where's your wife, Georgy?" At the council board itself the horse was ever present to the royal mind. In the words of the critic, who cherished in secret such mighty scorn of him:

"I was standing close to him at the Council, and he put down his head and whispered, 'Which are you for, Cadland or the mare?'—meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam. So I put my head down too, and said, 'The

horse; and then, as we retired, he said to the duke, 'A little bit of Newmarket.'

He had become reconciled to part, at least, of the Jockey Club, for Greville continues:

"Dined yesterday with the king, at St. James's—his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the throne-room, and found him already there, looking very well, and walking about. He soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, 'This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting.' We soon went to dinner, which was in the great supper-room, and very magnificent. He sat in the middle with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table, and recommending all the good things; he made me, after eating a quantity of turtle, eat a dish of crawfish soup; till I thought I should have burst. The Duke of Leeds gave the 'king's health.'" It seems that they got drunk later on, for the king gave the Turf twice, and the Duke of Richmond gave "the king" a second time. This was one of the last of George's junketings. His iron constitution was showing signs of wear and tear at last, and then he nursed himself with childish care. He led an extraordinary life, rising about six in the afternoon. His people came and opened the curtains at six or seven in the morning. He breakfasted in bed, and did "whatever business he could be brought to transact" in bed also. He then read every newspaper quite through, dozed for three or four hours, got up in time for dinner, and returned to bed between ten and eleven. Thus faded out a king who, if he loved anything but himself, certainly loved the turf.

The Duke of York, whose monument at the bottom of Waterloo-place excites the wonder of all foreigners and of some Englishmen, was in appearance a true Guelph, and was "seen to the greatest perfection at the head of a table." He is said to have been the last man who could give the toast of "Cardinal Puff" in perfection. He was every whit as enthusiastic a turfite as his big brother, and won the Derby twice, with Prince Leopold and Moses; but, despite these successes, was always

suffering from the family complaint—impecuniosity. His seat at Oatlands was the worst-managed establishment in England. There were plenty of servants, and nobody to wait on the numerous guests invited to the Ascot gatherings. There was a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive; there was plenty of whist-playing, and sometimes nothing to eat; there was wine in the cellar, but sometimes not a drop of water in the house, the workmen refusing to put the pipes in order without cash down on the spot. The house was in ruins, and there was frequently a grand strike of tradespeople, who refused to furnish a loaf or a joint until their bills were paid. It was a fit kind of household to form the subject of an opera bouffe. Meantime, the duke cracked his little jokes; played his whist; ran his horses; and finally disappeared from this world, owing his jockey, Goodison, three hundred pounds, which George the Fourth never would, but William the Fourth actually did, pay. The latter prince was hardly a royal racer in the strict acceptation of the term. He found a stud ready made, and on being asked which of his horses should run for the Goodwood Cup, replied, "Start the whole fleet," and ran first, second, and third, with Fleur-de-lis, Zinganees, and the Colonel; but he cared little for the sport, and often turned his back on the horses while they were running.

With him died out the royal family of racers—the breeding establishment at Hampton Court being the only racing property of her present majesty. It would be premature to speculate on the possible intention of the Prince of Wales to run horses in his own name and colours, but should that be his decision, most Englishmen will regret that he should have elected to revive the ill-omened "purple and red sleeves," with golden appendages, devised, no doubt, after the severe cogitation the subject merited by his late majesty King George the Fourth.

FISH FARMS.

LOED of the earth, imperious man strove from the very first to assert his dominion over the watery world as well, making river, stream, and sea pay tribute of their finny denizens. The same reasons which turned the hunter into a herdsman must, at a period far beyond the ever-receding dawn of history, have suggested that fish,

like kine and sheep, should be reared and fattened and kept from straying, for the delectation of the palate. That ancient Egypt had fishponds or tanks of considerable extent, fed from the waters of the great river to which the land of the Pharaohs owed everything, we know.

The two mighty Mesopotamian empires had so many mouths to feed, and so many pairs of busy hands at the command of what was at any rate an enlightened despotism, that reservoirs or pools for fish culture are not likely to have been overlooked, whether at Nineveh or at Babylon. But as yet the clay tablet, which shall tell us how the waters of Tigris and Euphrates were led into artificial lakes, whence the scaly spoil could be drawn at will, has not been deciphered. There were fishponds, under Persian rule, in Magnesia, which province was especially assigned to furnish forth the table of the great king, and fishponds in Greece; but these last were in despised Bœotia, the soil and climate of artistic Athens and hardy Sparta being but ill-adapted to such a provision for the future.

To the Roman patrician, whose eclectic appetite impressed into its service all things eatable within the limits of Rome's conquests, fishponds, salt and fresh, were a necessity of life. It was not enough that for him British provincials were scooping up native oysters from what have long been known to us as the Colchester beds; that Africans were spreading fine nets to ensnare the ortolan and beccafico; that Illyrians were pushing the tusky boar from his fastness in the reeds; that Gaul gave him capons, and Corsica pheasants. He must have his preserves of fish as well; the gigantic lampreys swimming slowly round the marble basin in the court, the huge pieces of water laid out by the labour of his slave-gangs, in the Southern Maremma.

Juvenal has left us a description—only too true, it may be—of the anxieties of the poor fisherman who has brought to shore a very large fish of rare flavour, and who trembles lest some prying excise-man or hanger-on of authority should claim the prize as having lately escaped from the imperial vivaria. There is something touching, as well as grotesque, in the poor fellow's breathless eagerness to carry his finny captive to Cæsar's threshold, before the captor is implicated in some charge of constructive petty treason against the august wearer of the purple, the master whose frown is death.

Wherever the Roman went, along with the remains of his stately aqueducts and carved altars, the tessellated pavements of his villas, and the herring-bone pattern of his matchless brickwork, may be found traces of the fishponds, which were a matter-of-course adjunct to the residence of proconsul or procurator fiscal, gold-ringed knight or buskined patrician. Caius loved to see the fat fish flap their lazy tails in the still waters of the tank in his impluvium, just as he liked to watch the plump "porcelli" disporting themselves in piggish happiness outside the door of that kitchen, where knife and spit awaited the swinish innocents.

There is much plausibility in the conjecture that the sacred lamprey itself, the weight of which was among Roman amateurs a subject of boastfulness, was no true lamprey, but the greedy, side-spotted, white-fleshed *Silurus glanis* of the Danube and the Theiss, the Hungarian eel, which our own defunct Acclimatisation Society in vain endeavoured to introduce into British broads and meres; a supple-skinned giant that would devour fish, frog, or wild fowl, and for whose private tooth my lord Caius, of the Claudian or Julian gens, was popularly believed to toss an occasional butler or black page into the deep still pool of the outer atrium.

China, which so oddly anticipated many of the inventions of the perfervid Western mind—which had gunpowder, petards, rockets, and torpedoes when we put our trust in arrows; a compass when we groped our way by help of the stars; and a printing-press when there was immunity for the clerklly culprit who could write his name—was by many centuries beforehand with us in the matter of fish preserves. The carp, which, according to a rhyming legend, came into England along with the hop and the turkey, is, in common with its consins the gold and silver fish, and all the tribe of cypridæ, originally from the Flowery Land. Nor has any country ever possessed such vast reservoirs of fish as those which from time immemorial have existed in creeks and backwaters of the Yellow River, or ornamental lakes so large and well stored as those which surround the rural palaces of mandarin and merchant.

The rapid conversion to Christianity of the immense population of the Roman Empire, stretching, as it did, from the Irish Sea to the Persian frontier, and the

numerous and severe fasts enjoined by the Church, rendered fish an indispensable article of diet. The rivers yielded but a precarious and scanty supply, while of sea-fish, save in cities so exceptionally situated as were London and Constantinople, we hear but little. Every convent, therefore, had its stewponds, wherein eels and bream and roach might remain until wanted for the refectory table; and no mansion was without its broad moat or broader mere, swarming with pike.

The pike, indeed, appears to have been the species of fresh-water fish which, at least in Western Europe, was in mediæval times the most appreciated. He was, indeed, and even when at his biggest and best, a bony and flavourless fish, which it required sauces and stuffing to render palatable; but he often grew to considerable dimensions, and figured at feasts as well as on fast days. Salmon was, like skate, brill, and rock-cod along the seaboard, absurdly cheap beside a salmon river, where its abundance was a matter for endless wrangling between thrifty masters and their servants and 'prentices, and practically unattainable elsewhere. There must be scores of fair-sized towns in England, where, eighty years ago, a sole or a turbot would have been as much a rarity as a sturgeon or a porpoise. The temptation to break through the rules which enjoined, for instance, the long Lenten fast, often grew to be almost irresistible in the case of both clergy and laity. It must be remembered that many articles of food which appear to us as commonplace and necessary, were quite beyond the reach of those who lived in the middle ages. They had, in winter, little butter, and no sugar, save on high-holiday occasions. Their bread was of the coarsest, and their meat inferior in quality; while shell-fish, vegetables, and fruit, were scarce and dear. A few red-finned roach from the pond of the monastery, or a lean pike snared in a creek, made but a sorry dinner for the hungry.

The Reformation produced a curious gastronomic reaction in those countries where the religious strife had been hottest. Fish, for a time, seemed to become unpopular. Ponds were filled up or neglected; to be an ichthyophagist was to incur the suspicion of belonging to the losing-side in polemics. The chroniclers of old banquets—say those at which Edward the Third sat majestic, the new

Garter round his royal leg, or those at which Richard the Second showed his amber-scented ringlets—dwelt lovingly upon the presence of certain sorts of fish. There was the still so-called royal esturgeon, the heavy turbot, the Jean Doré, with his gilded scales and spread of side fin, and the much-vaunted whale, probably a small cetacean of the "bottle-nosed" variety that had been unlucky enough to come within reach of an English harpoon.

But after the middle of the sixteenth century, we seldom find fish mentioned otherwise than with a sneer. Our hardy Cornish and Devon mariners were busy then, as they are now, in catching pilchards to be cured by the thousand hogsheads for the eating of the Spanish enemy; and the same might be said of Spain's other foes, the tough Dutch boatmen who supplied Castile and Andalusia with salted stock fish. But though mackerel and herrings were hawked about the home counties at certain seasons, and immemorial Billingsgate purveyed for the needs of London, fish fell into ill repute even with the half-fed population of rustic England.

Thrifter races than ours first addressed themselves to solve the problem of adding to the national bill of fare, by the systematic cultivation of what may be not inaptly termed tame fish—of fish that should be no longer, like the hare and partridge, *feræ naturæ*, but as completely under the owner's control as fowls in a henyard, or rabbits in a hutch. In Eastern France, and still more in Thuringia and Saxony, the growing of fish has, for many years before the commencement of really scientific fish culture at Huningen, been practised on an extended scale.

The great merit of fish is, that the finny tribes feed themselves. The huge salmon that lies amidst lumps of ice on the marble slab of a West-End fishmonger, is worth as much as a calf, yet he has fattened himself without costing a sixpence of outlay to the Scotch duke who took the trouble to send him to market, and whose rent-roll has been nearly doubled by the harvest of the waters. We cannot all be proprietors of salmon rivers, but a series of fishponds is within the reach of all who own or rent a few acres of land through which the merest brooklet trickles.

A word, in the first place, as to the value of the projected crop. Here the statistics of the Halles of Paris prove that the supply of fresh-water fish has, since

the Revolution, greatly declined. The poor Paris of 1789 consumed fifty per cent. more of such fish than the rich Paris of to-day. The average weight of lake and river produce thus consumed is four hundred tons. Its value, pound for pound, is exactly double that of sea fish, and the demand very much exceeds the supply. In London the principal dealers have been consistently of opinion that, were there but an adequate supply, the sale of fresh-water fish, now miserably small, might be decupled.

The chain of fishponds should consist of three, the upper pond being smallest, the middle one half as large again, and the lowest in level of twice the size of the highest pool. If possible, a stream should furnish a graduated supply of water, but otherwise shallow channels should be cut to carry rainwater to the ponds, which are themselves connected by trenches, each with its sluice, to be closed or open at will. The banks should slope gently towards a central deep of not less than five, or more than eight feet. Not a tree or shrub should be permitted to grow within several yards of the brink, as shade is prejudicial both to the spawn and young fry; but broad-leaved aquatic plants are a real blessing to the fish farmer.

The above arrangements are dictated, not by fancy, but by experience, the experience of hard-handed, hard-headed peasant farmers of North Germany, about as unimaginative and practical a race of men as ever solved the great problem how to grow rich by patient industry. It would be unprofitable to establish fishponds in stiff, cold, tenacious clay, which is far better left to its natural destination as a wheatfield. A light friable sand or loam suits fish, which would starve but for the worms and larvæ which abound in porous soil.

Well-chosen water-weeds do their duty, not merely in sheltering, but in nourishing, the scaly shoal beneath their tough stems and spreading leaves; but fully three-fourths of the nutriment necessary for all fish, whether of the salt or the fresh-water varieties, is derived from the destruction of animal life.

The true pond-fish, the Dorking, so to speak, of the aquatic poultry-yard, is unquestionably the gold-scaled carp, of all fresh-water fish the most prolific. Its lazy, stay-at-home habits combine to make it patient of contracted limits; and whereas trout kept in wells and small cisterns are

well known to live for many years without increasing in weight by a single ounce, the accommodating carp has been known to thrive for months in Holland when hung up in a net, frequently moistened, in a cool cellar, and heedfully fed with barley meal and milk before being replaced in a tub filled with water. The carp is of all his species the tamest; will come to be fed at the ringing of a bell; will eat bread from the fingers that offer it gently by the edge of his sedgy pool; and co-operates in our efforts to fatten him in a manner worthy of even the pig.

It is not, however, expedient that the carp should be turned out alone in a pond. We must give him his doctor, and his tax-gatherer; or, in other words, we must send to keep him company the medicinal tench, and, strange to say, the voracious pike. This latter is required to keep within limits what would else be a too-redundant carp-population; and the toll he levies is amply repaid by the better health and quicker growth of the survivors.

The common carp is inferior to the *spiegel carp*, or *carpe à miroir*, which owes its sobriquet of "looking-glass" to the glitter of its burnished scales, and of which any quantity can be obtained from Hamburg. The amount of little store-fish to be sown, so to speak, in a pond three acres in extent, may be reckoned as six hundred carp, sixty tench, and sixty Lilliputian pike, each fish weighing from one to two ounces, so that the whole contingent would scarcely turn the scale at eighty pounds. In three years—for the owner should grant this amount of grace—the average result would be sufficiently remunerative. Seine and scoop and spoon-net would be filled, again and again, with golden-armoured carp, vermilion-tinted tench, and silvery pike; the entire yield being a ton and a quarter of fish, or two thousand eight hundred pounds weight of carp, tench, and pike, in return for the eighty pounds put in. This produce, at the Paris market price, would sell for two hundred and twenty-four English sovereigns—a tolerable interest for the capital invested.

It is well to keep, for breeding, a few of those gigantic old carp whose life is, like that of the raven and the parrot, sometimes prolonged for almost a century. These patriarchs of the pond are by far more prolific than younger fish, although their flesh, which gradually becomes as tough as leather itself, cannot be eaten.

But at five years of age a carp, like four-year-old mountain mutton, is at its best as to flavour and profit, and with every successive year he increases in weight but slowly. Five years, in a well-selected pond, should bring a "mirror" carp to some eleven pounds in weight, but only if food be plentiful, and over-crowding prevented by the ministry of the pike. His value would then be of at least fifteen shillings, but it would be difficult to calculate the pecuniary worth, as curiosities, of two enormous carp, captured, thirty years ago, in a Saxon pond, and which weighed respectively fifty-five and fifty-nine pounds English.

One word as to the reason for preferring a series of ponds. It is, on account of the advantage of stocking them separately, replenishing each pond with store-fish after drawing. And the pieces of water are of unequal extent because some truants of an elder generation always escape from the higher pools to the lower, and the presence of large fish among the younger ones is injurious to the latter, unless ample range—which for the self-supporting fish means abundant nourishment—is provided.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER IV.
NEWS; AND NO NEWS.

"AMONG the things which have changed since I was young, is the external appearance of banks. I have heard much reputation among elderly shareholders and tranquil-living individuals who inhabit country places, of the splendour and the magnitude, the luxury and the cost of the great London business houses of the present time, and caustic calculations of the amount of dust, which has no connection with gold, thrown into the eyes of the public by the liveried officials, the big swinging glass doors, the marble columns, the decorated walls, the grand staircases, the parade of private rooms, and the general application of prettiness to business which are features of the modern joint-stock financial palaces.

"I am in favour of brightening up the aspect of every place in which men have to pass many laborious hours on every week-day of their lives, especially when their occupation is of a depressing nature, as I humbly conceive the stowing away

and the counting of other people's money, the reckoning up and recording of other people's profits, must be. Without being morbidly cynical, or hard on human nature, I think we may assume that there are grim features in the lives of bankers' clerks, and be glad when they have pleasant places to go through their monotonous grind in.

"Kindersley and Conybeare's was not an unpleasant place, though it was only an unpretending county-town bank, with merely a local reputation to maintain. If you had seen Kindersley and Conybeare's as it was in Griffith's early days there, you would hardly have believed it to be a bank, one of the highest respectability also, and doing a business which many of your fine palaces of finance with their marbles, and gilding, their numerous staff, and their electrical apparatus might envy, though they would affect to despise. The old-fashioned bank enjoyed the confidence of the county, and was regarded as incomparably safer than the rival establishment 'of England' by numbers of substantial farmers, who turned up on market-days, in top-coats which might have emulated the British flag in endurance, to deposit in its keeping the contents of fat leather pocket-books, tied round with many coils of whipcord, or those of stout little canvas bags, like miniature corn sacks. The business transacted by Kindersley and Conybeare enjoyed an enviable tradition of undisturbed solidity, and had ramifications which I do not even now pretend to understand.

"The house was a substantial building of red brick, with white stone edges, parapet, and window-frames. The door, which was of solid mahogany, divided in the middle, and had a grotesque bronze knocker grinning in the centre of each panel. The house spread widely on either side of this highly-respectable portal, and the only business symbol about it was the word 'Bank' painted in letters of sober yellow upon the brown wire blinds, which obscured the lower panes of the windows on the ground-floor. A tall arch of ornate ironwork sprang from the base of the iron railings on either side of the spotless granite steps, and supported a large lamp, which, in the time before gas, had been a public benefit to the street. Kindersley's was in a convenient situation, but the street was a quiet one, and there was not much show of people, in comparison with the business done by the bank, except on market-days. The substantial old house was roomy and

comfortable, and I was not surprised that Mr. Kindersley's partner, Mr. Conybeare, liked to live in it, occupying all the upper portion, in preference to having a cottage of gentility out of the town. Mr. Conybeare was an elderly gentleman, and a 'confirmed bachelor,' people said—some implying that such a state of things was very shocking, others that it was very sensible;—a description to which Madeleine Kindersley would have added that he was also essentially a bear.

"Mr. Conybeare had assented heartily to Mr. Kindersley's wishes with regard to Griffith, and my brother found him a very kind friend. He was not a person likely to win golden opinions from young girls on any grounds, and I do not think I ever knew Madeleine Kindersley to be perfectly unreasonable about anything except her prejudice against Mr. Conybeare. He was over forty, and, of course, seemed dreadfully old to Madeleine and me; but we ought to have recognised that as his misfortune. I said so, once, in an access of candour, but was met by Madeleine with the smart rejoinder that his half-wig and his shoes were his fault at all events. Mr. Conybeare had no relatives that any of us had ever heard of, and he lived a quiet, even lonely life in the handsomely-furnished rooms over the bank offices. There was a general belief, which had been imparted to me by Miss Minnie Kellett, that Mr. Conybeare was the only person who had ever 'managed' the late Mrs. Kindersley, and also that Mr. Kindersley would have done wisely in taking his partner's advice in matters concerning his son; but these considerations did not influence Madeleine and me. When her father was more than usually out of spirits about Clement, we opined that Mr. Conybeare had been making him wretched.

"I know it's wrong to dislike him, Audrey,' Madeleine had admitted to me, 'but I cannot help it; he is so even and so measured in his ways—always right and never fussy, and yet so particular. Of course I know he's very clever, and all that, but he is so very hard and methodical, and such an intense old bachelor.'

"Perhaps he had a disappointment in love,' I suggested.

"Not he. He does not know anything about love—doesn't believe in it, you may be sure. Just look at him, Audrey, the idea is absurd. You couldn't fancy him saying pretty things and giving up his own way, now, could you?'

"I certainly could not,' I replied; 'but I don't know that a man need say pretty things, and give up his own way when he is in love.'

"Oh, don't you? I do,' said Madeleine, with pettish emphasis. 'I think nothing of love unless it is very poetical; and I could not believe in it unless a man would sacrifice his prejudices, and his self-love, and his notions of self-importance, and independence——' Madeleine stopped abruptly, laughed, and said: 'What nonsense I am talking! Neither you nor I know anything about it, thank goodness! There's plenty of time for us to enjoy our lives before that comes.'

"People are generally supposed to enjoy their lives more after it comes, are they not? And I would rather a man had not prejudices, and self-love, and all that, than that he had to get over them for me.'

"Would you? Well, perhaps so. Mr. Conybeare will never get over anything for anybody, that's certain.'

"Of course, Griffith liked Mr. Conybeare, who liked him, and had made the unaccustomed work of his post at the bank easy to him from the first by his painstaking teaching; but we were not influenced by this. Griffith had a natural liking for fogies.

"I remembered how Madeleine and I had talked in this way, as I sat working that evening, while my father and Mr. Lester played at chess. If anything were wrong—and I had only a misgiving, not a reason for thinking so—Mr. Conybeare and Griffith had been talking it over, no doubt. I should tell Madeleine, in my next letter, the little incident of the stranger whom I had seen at Mrs. Kellett's. Anything else? What had recalled that trivial conversation? No; I would not tell her, I would not tell anyone that. I wondered why Mr. Lester felt so very sure about Lord Barr and Madeleine. Was it because he was so clear-sighted and quick in observation generally, or had he regarded Madeleine with a peculiar interest which made him especially discerning in her case. There had been a time when this suggestion would have been painful to me for some reason into which I should not have curiously inquired. It was not so now.

"Nothing came, at the time, of the slight incidents which I have set down in this portion of my story. The spring advanced, and everything was as usual at the Dingle House, and at Kindersley and Conybeare's Bank. Mr. Kindersley re-

turned from London, leaving Madeleine to all the pleasures of her first season there. Only one untoward circumstance occurred; it was the postponement of Lord Barr's voyage to the Arctic regions, in consequence of the illness of the friend who was to have accompanied him. This implied the loss of a year in the fulfilment of his darling project, and was, of course, a disappointment. He took it very well, however, Madeleine said, considering how much his heart had been set upon it. My father smiled at the passage in her letter which dwelt on Lord Barr's resignation to circumstances; and, of course, he set it down to her own influence.

"Lady Olive intended to remain in London until late in June—not until the formal end of the season. Neither she nor Madeleine would have liked to lose more of the beauty of the summer in the country. It was very beautiful, though Wrottesley had no claim to be classed among especially picturesque or typical places. The homely, tranquil, sunny, scented loveliness of meadow and hedge-row, of orchard and winding wood-paths, characterised the country around our quiet midland town. We knew it all so well, and loved it so much. Nothing made Madeleine forgetful of her home or indifferent to it. If one half of her letters was filled with accounts of what she was seeing and doing in the great world of London, the other half was filled with questions, reminiscences, and messages to people at home.

"Clement has not been very attentive to me," she wrote, not very long before her return. 'I'm afraid he has no liking for respectability, and, as he says, cannot stand the dullness of it, though I should think no house in London is less dull than Lady Olive's. I am sorry, for his own sake, that he does not come oftener; but I am glad, for my own, for he has made himself very disagreeable more than once; and I can see he always produces a bad impression. His manners are so familiar and so contemptuous, and he is altogether so "slang"—I believe that is the only word for what I mean—that I am always uncomfortable and ashamed of him. He does not care for anything like good society—calls it a "nuisance," and "all humbug," and seems to me to be more and more unlike a gentleman. Papa is much more strict with him than he used to be, and I think he is advised to this both by Lady Olive and Mr. Conybeare. Now that I

am away from home, my heart softens even towards that old bear; I think indulgently of his wig, and am almost persuaded that shoes are becoming. He has been intervening, in some way, between papa and Clement. I don't know any particulars, but that Clement has had a direct communication from Mr. Conybeare, which never happened before in any quarrel or scrape, and that it has had a very marked effect upon him. He has been obliged to agree to go home when I go, and to stay quietly at Beech Lawn for some time. Of course, money is at the bottom of it. I suppose papa has had to pay some heavy sums for him; and that he has now really made up his mind that this shall be the last time; that, henceforth, Clement must take the consequences of whatever he does. Anyhow, whatever has been said to him, Clement believes it this time, and I conclude that is because it has been said by Mr. Conybeare.

"I confess it is a great drawback to my pleasure in going home that Clement is to be at Beech Lawn. He will make himself odious to papa, and me, and everybody. I wonder why young men are such selfish and unfeeling creatures; I don't mean all young men—but those who have so much to enjoy, and have life made so easy to them? It is horrid to have to feel that one's only brother is the single drawback in one's life. The garden at the Dingle House must be looking lovely. I suppose Agrippa basks in the porch all day. And Mrs. Frost's chickens?—she could sell them well here; but don't tell her I hinted at such a thing. Do you remember Frosty introducing Lord Barr to the basse-cour?

"That's the marchioness with the stuck-up tail, and the duchess is the lame one; but the beauty of the lot is Lady Mary."

"You must be looking for news from Australia soon. Be sure to let me know when it comes."

"It was the first week in June, and my father and Griffith expected that letters from Australia would reach us about that time. They had been somewhat surprised that Mrs. Pemberton had not written sooner to announce her approaching departure, as my uncle's letter had informed my father that he had already disposed of Mount Kiera Lodge (that was the name of his residence), and therefore she would have had no troublesome business matters to detain her. The expected letters arrived; and the packet proved much more voluminous than my father was

prepared for. Again, it seemed mystery was to attend the correspondence from the antipodes. The thick packet was opened by my father at the breakfast-table, and its contents proved to consist of three separate portions; each enclosed in a wrapper, and marked in succession I., II., III.

"My father opened enclosure No. I. It was a letter written by Mrs. Pemberton, dated from Sydney, and it told my father that she had left Mount Kiera Lodge, and was about to sail from Sydney in a ship called the Albatross; accompanied by her step-daughter, two servants, and—an unexpected bit of intelligence this!—her infant son. Mrs. Pemberton added that she had not had the courage to write in the interval, or until she could tell us she was safe, and the child living and well. She wrote very cheerfully, and expressed pleasure in the hope of seeing us, and receiving from us a welcome to England for her husband's sake.

"This letter my father, having glanced over it, read aloud to Griffith and myself.

"We may look for the Albatross in three or four weeks," said Griffith. "She will arrive at Plymouth, I suppose?"

"How delighted Mrs. Pemberton and Ida must be with the baby," was my first comment.

"My father did not make any observation in reply to either of us; he was opening enclosure No. II., which was bulkier than the first, but not so bulky as No. III.

"I had taken up No. I., which my father had laid down on the table, and was looking at the handwriting, but I saw that the packet which he had just opened contained several sheets of paper, and that the first at all events was closely written over. My father read a few lines, and then doubled the sheets, and put them together with No. III., unopened, into the outward cover of all.

"These are merely papers referring to business matters, which Mrs. Pemberton has sent on to me in advance, as a precaution," he remarked, dropping the parcel into the capacious pocket of his dressing-gown.

"I was glad he was not going to wrap himself up in the reading of them just then, for I wanted to talk. This would be a piece of news worth writing to Madeleine. And what a busy and exciting time we should have of it at the end of the month, with all these arrivals. The

Pembertons would reach England just as Lady Olive and Madeleine would be returning to Wrottesley.

"What a difference the baby will make," said I, beginning again with the topic which chiefly interested me.

"Very considerable," said my father, gravely, "and a very desirable one, I should say. Of course your cousin's fortune will be much smaller, which I consider a great advantage, and her position with her step-mother will be pleasanter and more secure."

"I have very dim notions about those long voyages," said Griffith, "but I suppose there's information about them in the Treasury." By this name we called a special little shelf in my father's room where he kept guide books, postal guides, a gazetteer, and other useful but uninteresting literature. "Anyhow, Mr. Conybeare is sure to know. Shall you go to meet Mrs. Pemberton, sir?"

"Meet her? I! I never thought of such a thing! It seems unnecessary, for so short a journey, after so long a voyage. And yet, I suppose it would be kind too."

"The idea was quite startling to me. My father, who hardly ever went as far as Wrottesley, and could not be induced to dine out of his own house, contemplating a journey. I suppose my countenance expressed my surprise, for my father laughed, and said:

"Audrey does not seem to think I should be of much use. I entirely agree with you, my dear. But I don't see why you might not go in my place, Griffith. I suppose you could get leave for a few days for the purpose."

"I have no doubt of it, sir. I will speak to Mr. Conybeare to-day."

"This was all as it should be. The project I had formed would be most fitly initiated by so proper an attention on Griffith's part; and the first face in which she should see, the first voice in which she should hear, a welcome to her father's native land, would have a special charm for Ida Pemberton. In my eager insistence upon having everything my own way, in my youthful sanguineness, I would have been ready to desecrate sound sense in the argument by which Miss Austen's immortal Mrs. Norris sought to persuade the solemn baronet of 'Mansfield Park,' that the most effectual prevention of love between two cousins was to bring them up together; whereas, if they should chance to meet, as strangers, the tender

passion would inevitably spring into spontaneous existence.

"I like to linger in my recollections of the past over this little episode. The time was almost ended during which I had the unhesitating confidence of girlhood in the future, the certainty that whatever I very much and very earnestly wanted to happen inevitably must come to pass; the time was near beginning which should teach me that the least-expected event is the likeliest. I walked into the town with Griffith that morning, and we talked with great animation over the prospect of Mrs. Pemberton's arrival. I quite envied Griffith his projected journey to meet the travellers. I had never been twenty miles beyond Wrottesley in my life, and everything outside that distance was the magnificent unknown.

"Griffith was right. Mr. Conybeare knew all about ships from every part of the globe. We might confidently look for the Albatross at the end of June. And he had received very graciously Griffith's request for a short holiday when that time should have arrived. Of course Griffith must meet his relatives on their landing, he said. The poor widow lady would be forlorn indeed, if there should be no one to hold out a hand to her on this side of the world. And Mr. Conybeare himself would do Griffith's work for him. This was very kind on the part of the bear, and I considered myself bound in fairness to communicate it to Madeleine.

"The lively summer weeks went by. All that the country had to boast of beauty was at its brightest and best. Beech Lawn was all in order to receive its young mistress, and the Dingle House had been smartened up, to the extent of the limited resources at the command of myself and Frosty, in honour of the unknown guests who, my father had decided, must come to us in the first instance at all events. Had my uncle been in the case, things would have been very different, but we could manage for Mrs. Pemberton, Ida, and one maid. My father had given me a few emphatic instructions concerning the arrangements to be made for their reception, but he said little in reference to them; and the enclosures in the packet, which had also contained Mrs. Pemberton's letter, must have been of as private and confidential a nature as poor Mr. Pemberton's only communication to his brother-in-law, for

neither Griffith or I ever saw them after they had disappeared into the pocket of my father's dressing-gown, nor did he make any allusion to them.

"Lady Olive and Madeleine Kindersley were to reach Wrottesley three days before the time when the shipping agents advised Griffith that the Albatross might be looked for. Madeleine had had a great deal of going out and gaiety, and I expected to see her looking tired. Her last letter was full of her satisfaction at getting back to Beech Lawn, and candidly avowed that one element in it was a reprieve about Clement. He was going to Switzerland with a 'safe' friend for six weeks, before coming to Beech Lawn.

"'It might be all a dream,' said Madeleine to me, on the day after her return, when she and I were in my room, in the midst of our first talk, 'and I might never have stirred from this chair, at this window. Only that the trees are all in full dress, and the lawn never looked so lovely, and the roses are perfectly delicious, and it was all bare when I went away. But here we are again, exactly as we were then; and yet, how much has happened in that time.'

"I looked at her curiously. With my first glance at her had come an impression that she was changed. She was handsomer, and more self-possessed, though her old characteristic, ineffable sweetness, was still salient. She had the 'cachet' which only intercourse with society gives. The finished young woman of the great and busy and luxurious world—I had never seen one of the category before, but I knew the specimen when I saw it—must have contrasted strangely with the mere country-girl I was then.

"Yes; she was changed, but only to be beautified with new graces; by the refining, not the hardening, contact of the world. The transparent simplicity of her character was undimmed. I looked at her with such hearty admiration that Madeleine laughed.

"'Your big black eyes lump all the compliments of the season into one; and it is the most acceptable of all,' she said. 'Look, Audrey'—and she pointed towards the walk under the wall—'there's more of it. Lady Olive and your father walking together, just as they did before we went away.'

"I looked out, and there they were. In very serious conversation, too, to judge

by my father's frequent shake of his bended head as he walked by her ladyship's side.

"Madeleine and I soon got on the subject of Lord Barr, and she was as unembarrassed as she was eloquent in his praise. Of course, she was sorry that he had been disappointed about his trip to the Arctic regions; but she was very glad otherwise, because he would be a great deal at Wrottesley during the winter, and he was really delightful.

"And he will like it just as well as travelling in all sorts of outlandish places," said Madeleine; "for, after all, the people he likes best in the world are Lady Olive and Mr. Lester, and, I flatter myself, I come next."

"I was not much wiser in affairs of the heart than when I had told Mrs. Lipscomb that I had never seen anybody who was in love—not much; but I was a little, just sufficiently, wiser, to feel certain that Mr. Lester had been quite right, and that Miss Minnie Kellett would never have an opportunity of seeing Madeleine in the character of a pretty Countess of Linbarr. We got through a great number of topics before we were called down to luncheon; and on our way Madeleine inspected the rooms which had been got ready for Mrs. Pemberton and my cousin Ida.

"I think Madeleine is prettier than ever," I said to Griffith when he came in. "And she is just the same, in other respects, as ever. She is so much interested about the Pembertons. We are to dine at Beech Lawn to-morrow. I am so glad you will see her before you go."

"I have seen her," said Griffith; "she called at the bank to take Mr. Kindersley home."

"And don't you think she is prettier than ever?"

"No," said Griffith, "I do not. Not at all."

"He was always more or less annoying about Madeleine. Just now he was particularly annoying.

"Griffith started on the journey which was quite an event in our quiet lives. Mr. Lester was much amused by the fuss I made about it, and the extraordinary provision of food and clothing which I pro-

posed to make for my brother's comfort on the way.

"Griffith wrote from Plymouth. He had seen the shipping people, and they had told him that the Albatross was a very fine vessel, and remarkably punctual. They had little doubt of her arrival within a day or two. He could pass the time very agreeably in the interval, for to him all was novelty. Two days elapsed, and he wrote again. The ship had not yet arrived; but the weather was delightful; and he had been to Mount Edgecumbe. Two more days, and still the ship had not arrived. Three days, and Griffith wrote to Mr. Conybeare. There was some uneasiness about the ship, and he was obliged to ask for an extension of leave. It was granted; and then there came a few feverish days, when life seemed to be all watching and waiting; when Madeleine and I roamed about together, but very silent; and Lady Olive came and sat or walked with my father; and when we were all together we said very little of the apprehension that was in the minds of each of us.

"At last we had a few lines from Griffith, saying that he would start for home next day. He acknowledged that the gravest apprehensions concerning the fate of the ship prevailed.

"I cannot stay here any longer," he added, "as it may be weeks before the truth will be known, if an accident has occurred. I will make the best arrangement I can in case the ship comes in all right, and settle that I am to be sent for the moment there is any news of her."

"Great consternation fell upon us when this letter came. I never saw my father so much disturbed. Madeleine came to us every day, and Mr. Lester also. From him we learned about the oceans which the Albatross would have to traverse; and when he left us we would conjure up the most harrowing possibilities. So the lovely summer days went by far otherwise than we had dreamed of them. Griffith returned, and we felt a kind of terror when he came back alone, as if he had been seeing ghosts.

"And then—the days grew into weeks; and suspense was unrelieved. No news came to us of the Albatross.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXII. TRUE LOVE RUNNING SMOOTH.

It was wonderful what a change this brought of a sudden. Hitherto all had been airy comedy, life had seemed a jest, with Phoebe. Now, a sense of responsibility and seriousness came upon her. Any shrewd observer, or one not wholly taken up with his own concerns, must have noted the change. She was proud of the conquest—a man's love, all given to her, laid at her feet. She had an idea that she must be the envy of the world—at least, of the little world that was in contact with her; and that the triumph of love was worth all the wealth and jewels in the universe, not merely in her eyes, and that all others must think so too. Accordingly, that night, when she was alone with her mother, she could not refrain from telling her of the grand event.

The latter was in a very ill-humour at the "child's play" Phoebe had been going on with, and the neglect she had shown of a useful and serviceable match.

"I can do nothing with you or for you, wasting your time with that pauper jackanapes! Why didn't you speak to Mr. Sturges?"

"I don't like him, mamma, and never shall," replied Phoebe, ready for battle.

"Don't like him! Are you a fool, child? What are you talking about?"

Phoebe felt herself called upon to be a heroine; to encounter persecution, cruelty, if need be, for the sake of her love. It was grand, noble; and the sooner it began

the better. So she prepared at once to disclose all.

"I did not think it right to encourage him, mamma, because"—she began, in her heroine voice.

"Because what, child? Don't begin any nonsense! We are too poor, in the first place, for that sort of thing."

"Because—I love another," said Phoebe, blurring it out.

"Rubbish," said her mamma. "There, don't let me hear any more about it, you little foolish goose, and—idiot."

Whether this contempt nettled Phoebe, or whether she was annoyed at finding the matter not made so much of (heroically) as she had expected, it stimulated her to a yet bolder display.

"It is no rubbish, mamma, but a life-long engagement, for better or worse. He has pledged himself to me, and I to him. We can't go back, even if we wished it."

"The child is losing her wits. Why, you are only out of the nursery or out of your school—I won't listen to you."

"And yet, ma, you wanted me to marry that Mr. Sturges. But I never will."

"Oh, I see. Very well; I'll soon stop this. We leave this place to-morrow. Not a word more about it. Now, go to your bed, and don't speak to me. I wonder you are not ashamed; disgracing yourself with such a pauper marriage! Just put it out of your head; for it can't be, and it mustn't be, and it shan't be!"

Poor Phoebe, thus harshly addressed, began to play all the great fountains of tears and sobs. But, before she had sent herself to sleep under this process, she had vowed, solemnly, that "no power on earth" should divert her attach-

ment from her "gallant young Pringle." He was hers — she was his — for life and death. What dreams she had that night — the first night of her heroineship! What noble attitudes of giving up friends, relatives, country, all, for him — the man she loved! As can now be seen, Phoebe was the most vehement, impulsive, uncontrollable creature, when her emotions were aroused, that could be conceived. And this did not come, as it does in most cases, from reading romances — with which she was scarcely acquainted — but from her nature and character, and was therefore all the more powerful. As for Mrs. Dawson, she slept the sleep, if not of the just, the satisfactory slumber of the easy-going woman of the world.

With the morning, the matron, who had matured her plans before rising, bade Phoebe not to say any more on the subject, and put the thing out of her head for good and all; an order her daughter received in heroine-like — that is, rebellious — silence.

Mrs. Dawson at once sought the lover. The young man met her with a guilty air. He was really in dread of this plain-spoken lady.

"Come with me into the morning-room," she said. It was like a visit to the dentist. "Sit down in that chair, please." She led the way in silence, and he followed.

The door was closed, and she began: "Now, I must tell you, plainly, that I am totally opposed to this business. Neither of you have a farthing."

"I have my place," he said, eagerly, "and Lord Garterley has promised us——"

"Your place!" said the lady, contemptuously; "why, it would not keep a girl like Phoebe in her winter's dresses; and if you wait for Lord Garterley's promises——"

This was true enough, his lordship being perfectly sincere in his intention at the time of promise, but notorious for failure in performance.

"And I must say," continued the lady, "that I look on it as most unfair of you to have taken such an advantage over a mere child, such as Phoebe is. I had perfect confidence that no one would attempt an underhand proceeding of the kind. However, you will give me your word that this childish business will stop here, or I must take Phoebe away at once."

"Really," said the young man, much embarrassed, "it has gone so far, I can't——"

"I only want to hear what you intend. Yes or no. Then I shall know what course to take."

Again the young man stammered. He knew not what to reply.

"You seem a very undecided sort of person," said the lady, scornfully. "I can only warn you of this: you had better not be found hanging about our premises by my son Tom Dawson. He is not a man to be trifled with. However, I have now told you my opinion plainly, which is, that I will not tolerate this matter for a moment. So you understand." Which interview being ended, she left the lover much in confusion.

A confidential interview with Phoebe followed, delightfully secret and mysterious. She was full of excitement.

"Let us consult Lord Garterley," she said; "he is our friend—I know that he is."

And it was agreed that on the first opportunity the good-natured lord should be told the whole story. But there was very little time to spare. Already Mrs. Dawson had sought him, and announced that they must leave at once, or to-morrow at farthest. He was astonished.

"What! take away Miss Phoebe? Not to be thought of. And the servants' ball coming on? Oh, I won't have it."

Mrs. Dawson, who was an impulsive lady, was soon led on to disclose her reason for this abrupt departure, on which his lordship began to plead gravely for the young pair. But when so much was at stake, Mrs. Dawson was not inclined "to mince matters," and spoke very bluntly indeed.

"It's perfect folly, Lord Garterley, as you'd admit, if you had a child of your own. Where are they to get bread and cheese, I should like to know; and how are they to keep a family on a hundred a-year? Why, it's absurd. I beg, indeed, you'll speak to Phoebe seriously, and get her to put the matter out of her foolish head."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the kind, Mrs. Dawson. The young pair are in love with each other, and I'll not cross them. I give you fair notice, Mrs. D.," he added in his favourite joking way. "You know I'm a poet, and have written love-songs."

Mrs. Dawson was not the best diplomatist in the world, and, as we have seen, acted too much upon impulse. She had great faith in "good letters," as she called them; and felt such satisfaction in this

composition that she was often deluded into confounding this satisfaction with the expected result—the means with the end: the two being very different things. She was accordingly at her desk, writing the following “good letter” to her candidate son-in-law:

“DEAR MR. PRINGLE,—I am sorry to find that you have tried to engage my daughter Phoebe’s affections in a way which I can consider scarcely fair to her or to me. She is quite a child, having only just left school. And I must now tell you plainly that I can never give my consent to such a marriage. I am totally opposed to it on all grounds. ISABELLA DAWSON.”

This letter was despatched to Mr. Pringle’s room by the hands of one of the maids of the household, much to the latter’s astonishment. Mr. Pringle read it, and it was, unhappily, all that was wanting to rouse that rather self-willed tone of his disposition. He was about to tear it up, but, instead, tossed it into his open portmanteau.

Phoebe, who saw his bold defiance of her parent, thought it fine and heroic. The situation was working up rapidly, and was really exciting. But what was it to the sensation in the course of the same day, when Lord Garterley, who had noted Phoebe’s restlessness and depression, drew her aside, and received her version of the highly romantic story? He was really good-natured and fatherly, and comforted her as much as he could.

“Recollect that I am on your side,” he said; “I always am with the young people, so you may depend upon me. Mamma ought to recollect that she was once young herself. Never mind, have hope, and all will turn out well. I like to see a bit of romance. There was plenty of it in my day, though now everybody seems so mercenary, and not to care for it.”

“I fear,” said Phoebe, piteously, “mamma will never consent; and what are we to do then? But I shall never, never give him up.”

“Quite right. I was thinking if it were done at once, without troubling her, there would then be no help for it, and then she would have to consent. You see there’s no time to be lost; she says she will go to-morrow. ‘Pon my word, I believe the only way would be for you both to run off.”

Phoebe started back, and gave a little cry; then laughed.

“What an idea!” she said.

“Not a bad one,” he said. “There’s a registrar in every town. All you have to do is to get your bonnet, some morning before lunch, and walk in and have the business settled. Your mother is angry at first—very angry, of course—but by-and-by comes round.”

To Phoebe this seemed delightfully simple, and removed every difficulty. The idea actually fluttered into her little head, why not at once—that morning even?

“I’ll give you a bit of advice. I tell you what, take your brother Tom into confidence. He’s a ready fellow that can be depended on.”

Phoebe lost no time in seeking Tom. “Tom, dear, you must help us. Tell me what to do.”

“The governess has been talking to me all the morning,” he said, in his stolid way; “and I tell you what, Phib”—such was the pet name he had for his sister—“I go with the mother altogether. That chap is not fit for you.”

“On the contrary, Tom, I am unworthy of him. He is far above me in every way!”

“I don’t know about that,” said Tom, gravely; “but I’d bet five to one that he don’t mean business; not a bit of him.”

Phoebe understood this phrase perfectly.

“Ah! he does, Tom,” she said, eagerly; “you don’t understand.”

“I know that class of chap well,” he went on; “we had plenty of them in the regiment. It was all very well so long as it was love, and devotion, and kissing, and all that—”

“Oh, Tom, you can’t think—”

“But when it came to naming a day, there was no getting the bridle over their heads. He’s not genuine, that fellow, I’d take my oath of it; and, take my advice, have nothing to do with him. Now, Phib, say the word, and I’ll get rid of him in a trice.”

“No, no, Tom, not for the world. You are all wrong. But we want you to help us so, and Lord Garterley says you are the person to do it.” And Phoebe proceeded to unfold the new plan, and then begged of him to manage the whole for them. Who would have thought that this was the gentle, timid Phoebe, now transformed into the bold, eager girl? She was ready to dare anything, to face the world, in behalf of her love. Tom, seeing her bent

on it, like a good fellow as he was, determined that what she wished should be done, and that in the most effectual way. At once he went in search of the lover.

Tom accosted him with due gravity.

"Phib has told me all this, and she seems to have set her heart on it."

"She is charming, and I am most deeply attached to her."

"Oh, of course," said Tom. "It's the same as settled now, in fact—as if the parson had said his say."

"We are not inclined to hurry the matter on," said the other. "I shall have to look about a good deal first. It's a serious thing, you know, marrying."

"Well, but you know," said Tom, gravely, "delay in this case may stop the whole business; in fact, I know it will; and the only chance is to marry right off. Besides, there's no use discussing it, as that's what Phib wishes herself."

"I really fear it would be very difficult—"

"Lord Garterley says you ought both to run off, and that's the only way to cut the knot. I'll settle it all. Both of you put yourselves in my hands. It will have to be done, you know; so the sooner it's done the better. Now I tell you what, you come with me, and we'll both go into the town and make all inquiries, and settle this matter off hand."

There was something very decided in the young man's manner, and unpleasantly decided too; and Mr. Pringle somehow felt that there was no resistance to be made. The other was what is called "looking him through and through," with also something of contempt, which Mr. Pringle did not relish. In fact, Tom did not wait to hear his view, and, assuming the whole matter to be settled, quitted the room, leaving the other rather bewildered. However, as we have seen, he was really fond of Phoebe; and there was something so exciting and dramatic in the situation—something so pleasing to human vanity in this attracting of universal interest—that he was inclined to go forward to the full length.

Accordingly he and Tom Dawson set off on their rather mysterious errand; and Phoebe learned that something not very clearly defined was to depend on their exertions; and that late that night they would return, when all would be settled. Nor was she sorry for the joint expedition, as it would give Tom an opportunity of be-

coming better acquainted with her lover. But it was to be a long weary day for her.

CHAPTER XXIII. GREAT NEWS!

THAT evening there was to be a servants' ball in the great hall. Time was—only twenty-four hours ago—when Phoebe would have looked to this as "the greatest fun in the world," delighting in the prospect of dancing with the great fat butler. Now she was in a sort of dream, grave, sober, and perhaps a little frightened. Everybody remarked it. Poor little soul! she had already found care. Yet she would not have given up her present nervous state of happiness for the world, for happiness it was, enhanced by the delightful element of persecution. Meanwhile, where was Tom? Why had he not returned? He had not been at dinner.

These servants' balls at a great house are always amusing to the spectators—they have something of the air of a theatrical show. Perhaps the best portion is to see the touches of human character, and, perhaps, weaknesses, exhibited, not by the menials, who are generally natural, and comport themselves in a genuine and unaffected way, but by certain of the guests, who perform before the public, and fancy that all are watching them. Hence their airs of overwhelming condescension to the female servants, to whom they plainly convey that they are graciously adapting their conversation and manners to the class with which they are mixing. It was thus with Pratt-Hawkins, who danced with Perkins, one of the ladies'-maids, whom this first-rate toady had discovered to belong to Lady Cecilia. He artfully spoke the whole time of the mistress, whose praises he sang with a view, no doubt, to have them repeated over the hair-dressing that night. But it would not have gratified Pratt-Hawkins to have heard Perkins's report. "He were so redik'lus, mum!" A much more pleasant spectacle was it to see the host figuring away in the good old style with stout Mrs. White, the housekeeper, from whom her partner would set off at full speed to the other end of the room, performing his prancings before another pair, only to return at full speed to meet Mrs. White, who was performing graceful settings like a witch in a pantomime. His white head was all the while busy, turning and searching the room actively to see that all were at work, and that none shirked their

dancing duties. The Charles Webbers performed prodigies, flying about here, there, and everywhere—he with a friendly bonhomie and benevolence performing now with the cook, now with the housemaid; and, indeed, by all below, he was considered a “charmin’, nice-spoken gent.”

Phœbe, in due course, was led out by a grave and almost sad footman, who attracted the ladies’ admiration by the dignified fashion in which he performed his steps. On another occasion Phœbe herself would have found prodigious entertainment in making him speak, and in slyly glancing with malicious eyes at all her friends, as she passed them leaning on her liveried cavalier’s arm. But to-night she was as grave as he was. In truth, she had a weight on her young heart. Her mother’s eye—a stern one—was on her, as indeed were those of all the guests, for by this time every one knew her little love story. Sternly, too, had Mrs. Dawson announced that she had fixed to go away early in the morning, and the modest trunks of the two ladies were already packed. There had, indeed, been a slight disagreement between the noble host and his guest: the latter, who “always spoke her mind,” saying that he hardly acted fairly, and that she believed it was owing to his encouragement that Phœbe was showing such obstinacy. This tone he resented, though he declared that he wished heartily to see the pair united, and that “they were made for each other.” “Made for each other!” repeated she scornfully; “that fribble made for my Phœbe? Wasn’t he after another girl a few months ago? I am surprised, Lord Garterley, to hear you talk in that way—you that have seen so much of the world.”

As was natural, the discussion grew a little acrimonious; but the parties, though speaking thus plainly, were too old friends to quarrel.

Towards midnight the host was suddenly attracted by roars of laughter, proceeding from the part of the room where a crowd was gathered. He soon found his way across, and discovered that the attraction was old Sam Pringle, who, in his most rampant and irrepressible stage of humour, was paying his addresses to Milliss, Mrs. Trotter’s pretty maid; he was carrying on a mock contest with the young lord.

“Go away, sir!” he was saying; “this fair one will have none of you. You won’t,

my dear? Hear me swear to be true to ye.”

“Bravo, Sam!” was the encouragement that met him; while the young maid tittered, and was overcome with confusion.

“I swear that I do love thee!” continued old Sam, standing out in the centre, and gesticulating in the most absurd way. “Perdition catch my soul, an’ I do not, thou matchless creature—thou cynosure! Angels are painted fair to look like thee.”

Here the young lord, who stood a good deal on his dignity, and did not understand these freedoms, said a little pettishly:

“Here, I say, do be quiet. The quadrille’s beginning, and Miss Milliss is engaged to me. Come, Miss—er—Milliss.”

“Not so, good my lord,” went on old Sam, getting between him and the lady’s maid. “I dispute your claim to this lady’s hand. Back, my lord! or draw and defend yourself!” And he put himself into a comically burlesque attitude of fighting. Of course his lady and daughters were looking on during this absurd contest, and felt the accustomed shame and degradation, with the uncomfortable feeling of never knowing to what excess he would next proceed. However, they were destined to see old Sam going to even farther lengths, for he insisted on carrying off the pretty maid, to her own vexation, and promenading with her round and round.

There were many other odd scenes during the course of the night, and diverting humours, and it was decreed to be one of the most delightful nights conceivable. It was drawing on to supper, which the Charles Webbers had spurred away to arrange, and it was just at this point that Tom Dawson entered and made at once for Phœbe.

Our heroine had been expecting him for long: indeed, he was “due” fully a couple of hours before. So, when she saw his welcome face, she flew to meet him.

“Well, Tom! Where is he?”

“Well, Phib; here’s news indeed! He’s not come back with me.”

Phœbe almost gave a cry.

“It’s all right,” he went on; “there is good reason for it. At the hotel we met a lawyer’s clerk coming on here, with a letter for Sam. Their relation, old Joliffe, is dead at last, and they are left everything. So now I think mother can have no further objection. Hasn’t it turned out splendidly?”

Somehow Phœbe's face did not brighten at this wonderful news. Tom found it impossible to draw old Sam aside from his antics, he being now in the full swing of his burlesque.

"I can't attend to you, my good sir. I am at present in Capua—the fair wreathing garlands for my brows," &c. &c.

So Tom went and sought Mrs. Pringle, told her the great news, and gave her the letter.

Her almost delighted scream brought the host to her side. In a moment the intelligence was known. The Pringles had come in for a splendid fortune. Old Joliffe was dead; it seemed by the letter he had "fought" with the Allens but a week before, and in vexatious spite had named the Pringles his heirs, as indeed he had a dozen times before, for the pleasure of annoying these Allens. They were amused, and were biding their time, as they had done before, a change usually taking place within a few days, and the Pringles being disinherited in their turn, when the old testator died suddenly between his two testamentary operations. Fifteen thousand a year, an old mansion, a park, a cellar, pictures, horses, carriages, &c., all for these fortunate Pringles! No more privations; no jogging about in the old vehicles with the hoods; no patching of old dresses. The only letters, indeed, that had followed them from their own house, during this visit, had been that of pressing and threatening duns. No wonder that the poor overworked Mrs. Pringle gave that scream of delight.

Even as it was, it was difficult to get old Sam into a serious mood for reception of the news. He persisted in considering it a joke. It was characteristic, however, that, when he found it was quite true and beyond mistake, his gravity returned; and a sort of arrogant dignity came over him. The pretty maid, to whom he had been so troublesome all the night, and who had been treated with such intimate familiarity, ventured on a little congratulation:

"So glad, sir, I'm sure;" when she was repelled by a prompt

"Ah! you'd like to be remembered, as you call it. I understand you, my dear girl. It won't do, though."

People at once noticed his important strut, and the fussy style in which he announced to his good-natured host that "they must be off the first thing in the morning;" that he must ask for the

carriages to take them to the station. Lord Garterley saw the change at once, and "took him down" a little.

"That will be half-past seven; but I can't let you have the horses at that hour. Except for the Diva, I never take 'em out then; but I'll take care you'll have a chaise from the Bull in good time."

"Well," said Sam, pettishly, "I hope it will be in good time, for it is important."

No wonder, it was said, that old Sam had lost his head already. Bidding good night and good-bye to the guests—it was then close on two o'clock—they came to Mrs. Dawson and Phœbe, and took a care-less leave of them.

"We shall meet again, I suppose, some time or other," said Mrs. Pringle, sweetly.

Those who heard this speech pronounced judgment on poor Phœbe's case—that now there was not a chance of its coming to anything, and that these low people would throw her over the very first thing.

Mrs. Dawson, strange to say, took quite a different view of the matter, and, when closeted with her daughter that night, was in obstreperous spirits.

"What a capital match!" she said. "Now, I can have no objection. The one thing is, we must be a little cautious at first, until we know for certain; they may be setting aside the will—undue influence, and all that. But I think it will all go well, and I congratulate you, you little sly-boots!"

Mrs. Dawson was a very sanguine person, and was readily guided by these sudden impulses, often forming the most brilliant hopes and visions on rather slender foundations, and, on other occasions, being as unreasonably depressed. By degrees she succeeded in imparting her own favourable view of their prospects to her child; and Phœbe went to sleep smiling, and full of hope for the future.

During the days that followed, until their visit was concluded, the same idea was industriously encouraged by everyone in the house; until Phœbe began to smile and simper as a little heroine, the wife-elect, the happy selection of the new heir. Here, too, was romance in abundance; for the story of the proposed elopement had got out, and it was thought highly interesting that both love and "brute wealth" should have been combined in so agreeable a fashion. None of the worldlings present had the heart to cause disillusion; and so, when the party broke up, Phœbe

and her mamma took their way to London with an assured and complacent confidence, and that probably the latter's next visit to Garterley would be in the interesting character of the recently-made bride.

NEW ZEALAND LEGENDS AND PROVERBS.

THE proverbs of these brave and intelligent islanders are full of local allusions, which give them a special and peculiar colour. The animals spoken of are the rat, the moa; the fish, the whale, shark, and crayfish; the trees and plants, the all-important flax and the hinau tree. Club-war and cannibalism are often treated of; the frequent mention of the downy blossoms of the bulrushes, and the rush-tufts of the sloughs, reminds us of the numerous swamps of the country; and the constant allusions to mountains, flax-fields, fishing-stations and canoeing, recall other associations of the strange region.

Many of these proverbs, Sir George Grey, in some of his works on New Zealand traditions, has shown are lines from fables, handed down among the tribes by oral tradition. Of this the following is an example. The Maoris have a saying, "Ah! that's better, for then it will be all whole and no gaps in it." This is a line from the fable we subjoin.

An old man had an only child, a daughter, unmarried—very pretty, smart, and clever; one day her father said to her:

"My dear, your husband shall be so and so; he has good kumara gardens, and we shall have plenty of sweet potatoes to eat."

Then the little maid rocked herself to and fro, laughing, and said to him:

"Oh, father, kumara gardens can only be cultivated in seasons of peace; at other times we shall be in want of food."

Then her father said:

"Well, then, your husband shall be so and so; he has some good eel preserves, and we shall have plenty of eels to eat."

The girl laughed again, and said:

"Oh, papa, eels are only caught when there is a flood; at other times we should want food."

"Well, then," said the pliant father, "he shall be so and so; for he has good fishing-grounds, and then we shall have plenty of fish to eat."

The scornful little maid rolled over on the ground with laughter at her short-sighted father, and said:

"Why, father, people can only fish in calm weather, and in storms we should get none."

So her father said to this pertinacious maiden:

"Well, then, my love, your husband shall be so and so; he's a good, sturdy, industrious fellow, and we shall have, at least, plenty of fern-root to eat."

The little maid leaped up at this and clapped her hands.

"Ah! dad," she cried, "that's better; for there will be no long gaps without food between meals then."

And this wise doctrine of the brown-skinned girl passed into a New Zealand proverb. In a proverb used by the people to express shame at one's own conduct, a story is also embedded. Umuku Kopaki went on a visit from his own place to the mountain range between Taupo and Hawke's Bay. The chief who welcomed him said to Umuku, "Water is the best of all foods that have been sent to support man"—a not very profound and a disputable assertion. Umuku, probably tired and cross with his mountain climb, thought this remark was a preparation for a stingy reception, and replied, "No, water isn't best; potted birds are." The host, feeling the sarcasm, and being annoyed at it, at once ordered his servants to stop up the well and give his guest no water while he remained in the house. They then crammed poor Umuku with so many potted birds that he soon wanted water, and at last nearly died of thirst. Ashamed of his mean and unjust suspicion, he composed the following proverb as he walked home:

"Farewell! I'm going home; you have entertained me; but I'll shut myself up when I get home, and you'll never see me again." It has ever since been used to express deserved mortification.

When a New Zealand master is over-exacting and unreasonable with his servant, the oppressed man uses the old saying:

"Hollo, Kura, do this; hollo, Kura, do that. You don't wait until one job is finished before I have to begin another; you hurried me so that I fell from the tree where I was gathering the fruit you ordered. Oh, I wish I had been killed." Many of the Polynesian proverbs rhyme like the following:

E ma tau ruru,
E ma tau wehe,
E ma tau mutu,
E ma tau kai.

which is a consoling proverb for farmers;

"Two years of parched crops, two seasons of scarcity, two seasons of failure, two seasons of abundance." Here is another of their proverbs, founded on a historical story. When Ruaputhanga ran away from her husband, she at last reached a rock on the west coast of the middle island; and just as the tide rose and barred the passage, her husband arrived in hot pursuit. "You may as well go back again," she cried, tauntingly; "the surf breaks on the cliffs of Raku, where open-eyed sharks look out for their prey. This is an obstacle, my husband, you cannot overcome." Some of these proverbs are very long, and are founded on allusions to some familiar objects, as for instance the following one on the choice of a wife, which is all summed up in four short lines in the native language:

"My son," says the supposititious father, "when you build a store-house do not choose a fine, brand-new post for the centre. Rats, seeing such a post, will climb it and look for food; and you, knowing this, will always be anxious about your provisions. Take, therefore, an old second-rate post, and you will then be easy and secure." The meaning of this is: Do not marry too young and beautiful a wife; for you will be freer from jealousy and happier with one less young and fair.

The plants and animals of New Zealand supply many metaphors for these proverbs. If a man is always complaining of the cold, they say, "Shall I cover you up with a cloak made of green ground parrot skins?" "Her face is as white as the under part of the wharangi-leaf." "Her hair is as long and shining as the rimurehia" (a sort of seaweed, which they make into a jelly). "She is fair as the ivory-shelled cockle;" "smooth as a flax-leaf;" "soft as the upper edge of a canoe;" "beautiful as the belly of the avaa" (a kind of fish). A great traveller is compared to the bounding gar-fish. A large and well-governed tribe is likened to an old tree, with the soft light wood outside and the hard unyielding heart in the centre; the light wood being the young warriors, and the heart of the tree the chief. Cowards are compared to canoes made of the pukuta or kokehoe trees, the wood of which is soft and perishable. A person who deserts his children is compared to the bronze-wing cuckoo.

The New Zealand proverbs contain many allusions to the past wars and history of Polynesia. There is a saying,

referring to a great defeat of the Ngati-Awa tribes of the Waikato, near Otawhao: "This is the first time I have laughed since the battle of Hinga-Kaka." The battle derived its name from a fish-net, for as into a net the conquered men fell that day. And here is another, referring to a famous warrior of old times, the moral being that a brave man never despairs: "Our great ancestor, Rangitihī, when his head was split by an enemy's club, bound it up with a creeper of the woods, called akatea, and rallying his retreated men he led them back to the battle, and won a victory." There is also a proverbial story about the hero Turamgatoa. A young warrior once asked him before a battle began, "I say, Turamgatoa, does a wound hurt much?" The veteran answered, "Wait a little, and you'll see." Soon after the lad was struck with a spear, and the old soldier said, "Ah! you thought what Turamgatoa had had so much of was a trifle, didn't you?" There is another proverb also about this old chief. The lad says to him, "I say, Turamgatoa, what shall we do now, we can't cross here?" The chief replied, "Don't be afraid, every river has its fords." "Eat the little green parrot at once, well done or underdone;" this is a proverb for a war-party, which has no time for elaborate meals. Another bird-proverb is: "Snare the sparrow-hawk, but let the falcon fly." The kingfisher also supplies a proverb: "So you are watching us at our meal to get a bit, are you, like a kingfisher on a high bough watching for its prey?" The New Zealanders believe that the large parrots always carry a small sea-shore pebble in one claw, which they constantly nibble, so the saying to travellers is, "Take no more food with you on your journey than the large parrot carries in his claw." When a chief refrains from his food till his friends begin, the proverb used is, "The white heron examines its food before it eats it."

Now and then one hears in New Zealand a dialogue proverb, such as "The Shark and the Lizard." Says the shark: "Let's be off to sea." Lizard: "You may go to the sea, and become a relish for a basket of cooked vegetables if you like it." Shark: "You can go on shore, and be smothered in the fire of dry fern if you like it." Lizard: "I'll go on shore and frighten people, and then they'll gladly get out of my way."

There are proverbs among the New

Zealanders that are not without pathos, rough and warlike as are the people. An old blear-eyed woman, conscious that she is a tax on her friends, will sometimes say, "Never mind; when man is pressing forward to death, his old eyes ever water." An old man, thinking he is a burden, will say, almost in scriptural language, "Let these few days be for me, for the sun is sinking towards the horizon, for the falling tree will soon be swept away by the floods." A reproachful old wife having words with her husband hurls at him the proverb, "When a fishing-net gets useless it's thrown away on the shore to rot;" or this other proverb: "I'm like a broken cord, no longer of any use. My beauty and my strength to labour are gone, and you no longer love me. As the broken cord lets the canoe sweep down the stream, I no longer retain your affection, and you love a younger wife."

Innumerable New Zealand proverbs refer to eating, and the "sponge" seems a not unknown character in these islands. When a party of chiefs start on a journey the saying is, "Let us go with them that we too may have a share of the feast, and so we shall eat decidedly nice things, like potted birds, and rats, and the kernels of the linan berries;" and the travellers laugh and say, "To get good food follow a shoal of sperm whales, or follow the powerful chief, Wapuka, and you'll eat the nicest things to be found under the heavens;" and when the feast begins, the natives exclaim, with upraised hands, "When his lordship travels a feast is ordered."

One of the New Zealand heroes, frequently mentioned in their proverbs and sayings, is Karewa. To say a chief has "the might of Karewa" is the highest praise possible in Polynesia. It was this old hero who said, Homericly, of his brother-in-law's vaunted fortress, "The realms of death have high fences round them, the realms of life have low walls." Some of the proverbs about food are very characteristic of a warlike people, as for instance, Te Hikaka said, "Cook your meat thoroughly." "Nay," said Kapua, "underdone meat is your own, well-cooked meat often becomes another's;" the meaning of which shrewd observation is that if warriors stop and cook their food thoroughly, visitors will drop in, or they may be surprised by a war-party. Food used to be scarce in New Zealand before Europeans arrived, there being nothing to eat

but fish, birds, and fern-roots, so the saying was: "A beggar could always get clothes, but he could not get meat." If a native is seen throwing away the peel of his sweet potatoes, passers-by cast at him the old proverb, "Oh, if you want to peel your potatoes you should go to Rauwaru, and peel them there." Food was abundant in Rauwaru. When a New Zealander is faint for food, he cries, "Oh, the abundance of food which I left behind me at Pamamaku; would, food, that you had legs so that you could now run to me!" In the same manner, when a native is tormented by the cold, he cries, "Oh, poor skin of mine that so enjoyed the bright matai wood fires in Tapizopa."

In New Zealand, where there is little money, when a man makes a present he expects another in return. A certain loafer, called Tokoahu, was notorious for going about obtaining presents, and giving nothing but promises in return. At last a man implored heaven to send a curse on Tokoahu, and he died from its effects. The proverb about such a man is: "Ever wandering, wandering for food; here are you and your hungry self come back to us again." Even the friends of such a parasite say to him, "Another man's food a man gets so little of, that even after a meal he wants more; but food your own hands have earned you can eat plenty of, and fill your belly." An idle good-for-nothing fellow like this the Maori chiefs compared to a lazy dog, who lies by the wood ashes till he singes his tail; and the proverb flung at a lazy man is therefore, "You will singe your tail." If a Maori eats gluttonously, the ready proverb used is: "A pigeon can bolt big lumps, and a duck gobbles up mud;" but if a man eats slowly and delicately they say, as a compliment, "He nibbles like a parrot." If he eats very little, they say, "He is a descendant of Tahau-manawa-ati," a great warrior, who had no stomach for anything but fighting. At a New Zealand dinner the guests sit in a circle outside the house, with every man his own meal placed before him in a little basket of fresh-woven flax leaves. The greedy ones hurry through their dinner basket, and then "loaf" round the circle, chatting, and taking a mouthful or so from every basket. The saying cast like a cracker at such interlopers is: "Well done, O awhato grub, that nibbles round the edges of leaves." The grub mentioned is one that lives on the leaves of the sweet potato, never touching the centre of a

leaf. There is something very sharp and observant in this sarcastic simile. If a generous man invites a party of passing travellers, and his people grumble at his extravagance, he pushes this proverb at them: "If you throw a spear of wood at me I can parry it, but I cannot parry the darts of your bitter words."

When a Maori dies the watchers of the corpse say to the man's son, to draw his tears freely: "Now, boy, if your father had been a house and had fallen down we could build him up again, and he would be all right; if he had been the moon, which waxed old and died out, then the new moon would have risen in its season."

The complimentary way to speak of an ugly man among the natives is to say: "Oh, his ugliness is only the ugliness of Auripo," a famous chief of old. Of a house the Maoris sometimes say, as of a fine large canoe, "Ah! this is Tane" (the god of forests) "heaped up." If a village is extravagant with its crops, eating when they should store, the proverb that goes out is: "The people of Te Puku have long since eaten all their wild turnips, though the people of Onewa have not yet finished last year's crops." In one part of New Zealand, Tireki, there are no stones to put in the ovens to cook the food; and they say of a barren place: "Why, this is Tireki, where there is nothing, and travellers have to bring stones to cook their food." Orntai is another barren place, and therefore they say of all lean things: "Oh, that's from Orntai." If a man is seen eating dirty food or leavings, the proverb is: "Hey! hand them here for the dusthole." If a labourer is unable to lift a heavy weight, the employer has an old proverb ready for him: "Ah! he's about as strong as a rat." Of a coward or runaway in battle it is said: "The pulp of the tawa berry is easily crushed;" but when a warrior is stubborn with club and spear, his fellows call out, "Well done, O tough stone of the tawa berry." When a man talks fast and tells lies, the Maori proverb is slung at him, "He who talks till he splutters is sure to tell lies." If a chief is too fond of war the proverb to use is: "The warrior often gets but the wanderer's scanty meal; the husbandman eats the full portion of the industrious man."

When a Maori will neither do his fair part in the common work, or fight hard against the common enemy, his friends

say at meal-time, so that he may hear, "It's a waste of victuals to give them to pot-bellied Wata iur;" or some one says to him, face to face, "Why, to judge from your gullet, you can swallow as much as the God Uenaku," the strong god of war; or, "Why, surely, the God Ron-gomai" (the god of vegetable food) "must be in your gullet!"

The Polynesian mythology is as wild and chaotic as might be expected among such an isolated people, with whom flax-growing and war were the only employments for century after century. Rats and fern-roots could not feed very creative or thoughtful brains, though they wired the arm for club fighting and spear throwing. Perhaps of all the wild and curious legends we could select, the most interesting and original is their tradition relating to the origin of the human race. Man, they say, sprang from one pair of ancestors, Rangī and Papa; and heaven and earth were the source from which all things originated. Darkness, in the early days, weighed upon earth and heaven, till they both clave together; and the children who were born wondered what light meant and how it differed from darkness; so the old religions books say: "There was darkness in the first division of time unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth." At last the children of heaven and earth, wearied with the continual darkness, began to rebel against Rangī and Papa, and consulted together, saying, "Shall we slay them or rend them apart?" Then spoke Fuinamenga, the fiercest of those children, and cried, "It is well, let us slay them!" But then rose up Tane-Mahuta, the father of forests, and all that inhabit them, and said, "Nay, not so; it is better to rend them apart, and then the heavens will rise far above us, and the earth will lie under us. Let the sky, brothers, become as a stranger to us, and the earth remain our nursing mother."

The brothers all consented to this decision except Tawhiri-ma-tia, the father of winds and storms, who, fearing that his dominion would now be overthrown, grieved greatly that his parents should be torn apart. Five of the brothers were for separation, but this one refused his consent. Hence the saying in the ancient prayer, "Darkness, darkness; light, light; the seeking, the searching; in chaos, in chaos;" and this refrain signified the long striving for some way that human beings might increase and live, and the debate

whether the children of heaven and earth should slay or not slay their parents.

Separation at last being resolved on, Rongo-ma-tane, the god of the cultivated food of man, rose up to rend apart the heavens and the earth, but he could not rend them. Then came Tangaroo, the god of fishes and reptiles, and he struggled to rend them, but he could not. Then came Haumia-tikitiki, the god of the wild food of man, and he struggled also, but ineffectually. Tu-Matuenga, the father of human beings, also failed. Then, last of all, slowly uprose in his strength and majesty, Tane-Mahuta, god of forests, birds, and insects, and he struggled with his parents, and strove to rend them apart with his giant hands; now he paused, and then, with his head planted on the earth, he rested his feet on his father, the skies, and strained his mighty back with a gigantic and stubborn effort. Then, then indeed, though slowly, Rangi and Papa were torn apart, and cried and shrieked, "Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit so dreadful a crime as this, and rend us apart." But Tane-Mahuta cared not, and slowly, far beneath him, he crushed down the earth; and far, far above him, with outstretched hands, he thrust back the skies.

No sooner had the light been poured on the earth than a multitude of human beings were discovered, the children of Rangi and Papa, who had concealed themselves with their bodies.

But all was not yet peace and light, for it had entered into the mind of the fierce Tawhiri-ma-tia, the father of the winds and storms, to wage war with his brothers, who had rent apart their common parents, and he followed his father to the aerial realms, and hid in the sheltered hollows of the clouds; and he sent forth his children, the winds, to all corners of the world, and with them whirlwinds, and hurricanes, and cloud, and thunder. Then he swept down on the forests of his brother Tane-Mahuta, and tore and ravaged them, and reduced them to desolation. Next he bore down swooping on the seas, and drove before him Tangaroo, his wife, and his two children, Ikatere, the father of fish, and Tuite-weihweni, the father of reptiles. When Tangaroo fled, Ikatere and Tuite-weihweni disputed. The one said, "Let us fly inland;" the other, "Let us fly to sea." No one would obey any orders in their terror, so the-god-of-fishes party took to the sea, and the reptile

party to land. The fishes warned the reptiles that when caught they would be cooked, and their scales singed off with wisps of dry fern; and the reptiles warned the fish that if caught in the sea they would be used as relish for the landsmen's basket of cooked vegetables; but the fish fled to the sea nevertheless, and the reptiles to the forests and the scrubs.

Tangaroo, enraged at the desertion of his children, has ever since made war on his brother Tane and his forests. Tane supplies the children of his brother with canoes, spears, wooden fish-hooks, nets woven from fibrous plants, to destroy the children of Tangaroo; while Tangaroo, with equal alacrity, overwhelms canoes by his surges, and swallows up land, trees, and houses.

Tawhiri-ma-tia then wished to attack his other brothers, the gods of cultivated and wild food; but Papa, to save these, caught them up, and hid them so that the angry god sought for them in vain. Having thus vanquished all his other brothers, the god rushed on Tu-Matuenga, but he could not prevail for a moment. He stood unshaken and erect on the bosom of mother earth, till the god of storms grew tranquil, and his passion began to assuage.

Then Tu-Matuenga, the fierce god, began to rage, and turned to punish his brothers, who had left him to contend alone with the raging Tawhiri-ma-tia. He would first revenge himself on Tane-Mahuta, so he began by twisting leaves of the whanake tree into nooses, and hung them in the forest so that the children of Tane fled before him wherever he came. He then cut leaves from the flax-plant and made nets, with which he hauled ashore all the children of Tangaroo. He then sought for his brothers Rongo-ma-Tane and Haumia-tikitiki. He soon discovered each of their peculiar leaves, he then made a wooden hoe, plaited a basket, and dug up all the plants with edible roots, and threw them to wither in the sun. One brother alone, Tawhiri-ma-tia, he could not vanquish or destroy; so he was left an enemy to man to attack and devour him by storms and hurricanes.

The great fury of this god led to the submerging of a great part of mother earth, but from this time clear light came upon the earth, and all the beings who were hidden between Rangi and Papa multiplied upon the earth. The first children of Rangi and Papa were not

like human beings, and for several generations there was no death in the world.

Up to this time heaven has been ever since separated from earth. Yet their mutual love still continues; and when earth's sighs rise to him from the wooded mountains and valleys, men call them mists; and heaven, as he mourns through the long night, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men, seeing them, call them dewdrops.

Such is the New Zealand Book of Genesis. A barbarous allegory it is, with little or no coherence, still it contains dim shadows of truth. They have retained some memory of the first pair of human beings, and it is probable that some tradition of the Deluge may be concealed in the story of the anger of the storm giant.

But much more curious and amusing than this are the half-mythological legends of the man who caught the sun with a noose, and who fished up the house of one of the sea gods. Of the wonderful deeds of Mani and Tawhaki we may have more to say in a future number.

THE TWO FACES.

BEAUTY and I struck hands and swore
 We would be comrades evermore;
 For what, save her sweet smile, had worth
 On all the else thrice-weary earth?
 We passed together gladsome days
 As fleet as fair, by sunny ways
 Soft shielded from the wind of sighs.
 Through her serene unshadowed eyes
 I saw alone, nor cared to see
 Aught that she made not bright for me.
 Flower, fair face, or fancy wild,
 All dreams of delicate delight
 That come by day or love-lit night
 To brooding passion's child,
 Were my soul's chosen food. The tears
 Of stately woes, the pictured fears
 Of fate-confronted loveliness,
 Strength's Titan throes, the tender stress
 Of Love, thorn-pierced amidst his roses,
 Grief-burdened songs with silver closes;
 All, touched by Beauty, yielded sweets
 Like sad-hued flowers when o'er them fleets
 The fragrance-loosening breath of night.
 So fared we twain, till, lo!
 There fell an hour when Beauty's light,
 Centred in eyes of matchless might,
 Looked forth on me from lids of snow;
 When she, who charm o'er all had thrown,
 Dwelt in those fathomless orbs alone,
 And drew my spirit like a flame
 To rapture, madness, sin, and shame!
 Then Beauty fled. The rose no more
 Told me her haunt. By sea and shore
 I searched in vain her smile to meet,
 In vain gave ear to catch the sweet
 Low music of her falling feet,
 Whose charm had been my chosen dower.
 Ah me! I loathed that one rare flower
 Whose scent most made my pulses stir,
 For that it bare no voice from her,
 But ever with its heavy breath
 Spake of false love, cold shame, and death.

Through a grey world, alone with grief,
 Aimless I fared as some ere leaf
 By autumn's slow and sullen wind
 Swept helplessly; when, lo! a face,
 Wherein my vision found no trace
 Of my lost lady's mystic grace,
 Shaped itself slowly to my mind
 Like dawn from forth the shadows. Stern
 It looked—yet did my spirit yearn
 To search that secret which did seem
 To lurk within, like some lost dream
 Behind night's shrouding mist which morn
 Would pierce, but may not. Less forlorn
 That presence made me, till it drew,
 Like rose-scent from the sullen rue,
 Love from my lips. Then sudden light
 Brake from those calm and conquering eyes,
 A gleam of sweet and subtle might
 Whereat my soul did rise
 Renewed, joy-rapt; for I might see
 Beauty, re-born, look forth and smile on me.

HOPS AND BEER.

It is sad that it should be so, but a profound study of the beverages of the ancients, of the people who flourished, so far as it was possible to flourish, in the dark ages, the middle ages, and other glowing but uncomfortable epochs of the good old times, convinces the careful student that his revered and remote ancestors had nothing fit to drink. The red wine which the "knights drank through the helmet barred"—a feat the writer would like to see done, by-the-way—was poor stuff, acid as vinegar, and rough as a file. The sweet, sulphurous, pitchy-tasting wines of the classic world would find no purchasers to-day. Hock was badly and clumsily made till within the last two hundred years; champagne was only invented in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; and beer, down to a late date, was made almost entirely without hops. Beer, of a sort, appears to have been a favourite beverage in very remote times. The Egyptians, in the intervals of pyramid-building and mummy-preserving, solaced themselves with mighty draughts of beer. The ancient Armenians used a fermented drink made from barley; the Galatians had their "zythus," a similar preparation; Spain and Britain drank beer made from wheat. All these were very "mean drinks," like the barley and millet beers still drunk among the uncivilised nations to whom Bass and Guinness are unknown. It was reserved for the Teutonic mind to make that great step in advance, which separates modern from ancient and barbarous beer. The Germans—the "invicti Germani"—had discovered the art of converting barley into malt, rejoiced in genuine beer, and, as a natural

consequence, made short work of Varus and his legions.

The process of malting is simple enough, but the chemical change produced by it is very great. It consists in exciting the grains of barley to germinate, stopping the germination at a certain stage, and then drying them in a kiln. When a grain of barley is induced to sprout, three very important changes take place in its composition. Two new substances, "diastase" and acetic acid, are developed, and the insoluble starch is converted into "dextrine," a soluble gum. The diastase and acetic acid act upon this dextrine, and cause it to become sweet—in other words, alter it into grape sugar—and thus prepare it for the fermenting process by which it is again changed into alcohol. To malt the barley, it is first steeped in water for about a couple of days, more or less, according to the size and freshness of the grain; it is then spread out on what is called a "couching frame" for twenty-four hours, and is afterwards heaped up on the floor and constantly turned. In about four days a marked change has taken place in the barley, every grain having sprouted. The radicles or rootlets have, at first, the appearance of a white prominence, which soon increases in length, and divides itself into two or more fibrils. The grain is now frequently turned, and if kept at a high temperature will reach the proper stage of development in about fourteen days. About a day after the rootlets appear, the rudiment of the stem becomes perceptible. This is called the "acrosfire," and proceeds from the same end of the seed as the radicles; but instead of piercing the husk, and growing outwards like them, turns round, and proceeds within the husk to the other end of the grain. As it approaches that end its further growth must be arrested, or it would push through the husk and appear externally as a green leaf, when the interior of the grain would become milky, and useless to the brewer. In well-made malt the "acrosfire" has only advanced four-fifths up the side of the grain under the skin, and the radicles have not been allowed to get more than one-and-a-half times as long as the grain itself. By examining the barley in its different stages of germination, it has been ascertained that the conversion of the starch into dextrine and grape sugar exactly keeps pace with the growth of the acrosfire, and advances through the grain

along with it; so that all the portions of the grain which the acrosfire has not reached are still in their starchy state, while all those parts opposite the acrosfire have their starch converted into dextrine and grape sugar. This process having been carried as far as is consistent with safety, the final act of the maltster is to arrest further germination, and dry the grain for storing. This drying is performed in a kiln, and requires considerable nicety. The malt is at first exposed to a temperature of one hundred degrees; but when the moisture is nearly expelled, the heat is raised to one hundred and sixty-five degrees, and is kept at that level until the grain has acquired the proper shade of colour, for there are several malts known in commerce—pale malt, amber malt, brown malt, blown malt, and black or porter malt. Drying completed, the radicles, called "cornings" or "cummings," are broken off, and sifted from the malt. Black or porter malt—the legal colouring-matter used in porter brewing—is simply malt roasted in a cylinder of perforated iron over a fire, like coffee, till the required colour be given.

By some rude process, analogous to that described, the ancient Teuton produced the material for his beer; but whether he used hops in it cannot be ascertained. To the Romans the hop-bine was well known, but simply as a garden vegetable. The noble Roman ate the young, tender shoots of the hop as we eat asparagus, and his example is followed to this day by the country folk of England and of all the beer countries of Europe—including the writer, who can confidently recommend a dish of "hop-tops," as they are called in his neighbourhood, to those readers of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* who are sighing for a new vegetable to experiment upon. Only the very young shoots should be eaten, and they should, after being boiled, be served, either with melted butter, a little gravy, or the plain salad dressing composed of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt. A great recommendation of this agreeable vegetable is that it is not only wholesome and pleasant to eat, but highly ornamental into the bargain. No natural object can be more beautiful than a hop-bine, especially when running over a hedge as it listeth. An American writer describes a curious meal enjoyed by him in Bavaria. "The only drink was beer, while a good part of the food was the materials of which beer is made—barley boiled, and served as a vege-

table, and the young sprouts of the hop, which seemed to be regarded as one of the delicacies of the spring season."

There is an old rhyme embodying the tradition that "hops and turkeys, carp and beer, came into England all in one year;" but this tradition is—like other traditions. Hop gardens existed in France and Germany in the eighth and ninth centuries, and there is little doubt that the plant which grows wild all over Europe was cultivated in England long before the turkey—an American bird, by-the-way—came hither. It is, however, evident that the hop was rather prized for its medicinal properties, than as an ordinary ingredient in beer. In an English manuscript, written in the middle of the eleventh century, it is said of the hop that its good qualities are such that men put it in their usual drinks; and St. Hildegard, a century later, states that the hop is added to beverages, partly for its wholesome bitterness, and partly because it makes them keep. Hops for brewing were among the produce which the tenants of the abbey of St. Germain, in Paris, had to furnish to the monastery in the beginning of the ninth century; yet in the middle of the fourteenth century, beer, without such addition, was still brewed in Paris. It would seem that brewers of the middle ages, like some of their descendants, were staunch conservatives, detesting innovations. The good qualities of hops were known, but their use was furiously denounced. In 1425-26 an information was laid against a person for putting into beer "an unwholesome weed called a hopp;" and in the same reign of Henry the Sixth, Parliament was petitioned against "that wicked weed called hops." In the regulations for the household of Henry the Eighth (1530-31), there is an injunction that the brewer is "not to put any hops or brimstone into the ale;" while in the very same year hundreds of pounds of Flemish hops were purchased for the use of the family of L'Estrange of Hunstanton. For many years after this hops were by no means regarded as an essential in brewing. Gerarde, who died in 1607, speaks of them as used "to season" beer or ale, and explains that notwithstanding their manifold virtues, they "rather make it a physical drinke to keepe the body in health, than an ordinary drinke for the quenching of our thirst." In fact vested interests were long opposed to the general use of the hop; and there is no doubt that the

dealers in ground ivy—otherwise ale-hoof—in alecost, sweet gale, and sage, fought hard against the "weed" which ultimately drove their wares out of the market. At the present moment the hop-crop is one of the most valuable and precarious of agricultural ventures. A little too much wet weather or the ravages of the hop-fly may cause almost ruinous loss. England has now about sixty-three thousand acres of hop-garden, about two-thirds of which are in the county of Kent, the remainder being scattered over Herefordshire, Hampshire, Worcestershire, and Surrey. In Continental Europe, hops are most largely produced in Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Belgium, and France, but in each on a smaller scale than in England. Notwithstanding the extensive production of this country, a large importation of hops takes place annually from the Continent and the United States—the balance between the exports and imports being over a hundred thousand hundred-weight. Hop-culture demands infinite pains and lavish expenditure. There is a world of setting, and tying, and poling to be gone through, before the ticklish crop can be brought to that stage at which a hop-ground excels in beauty all the vineyards in the world. When the hops are ripe for gathering, the rich county of Kent is all at once overrun by an army of strange beings, of uncouth speech and attire. These are the "hop-pickers," who appear to spring out of the earth as the crop puts on a rich golden hue. For a space there is great activity throughout the sunny county—for, once ripe, the hops must be gathered, picked, dried in the kiln, and pressed into bags or "pockets," as they are called, with all reasonable dispatch. When the crop is safely garnered, the gardens are dismal places indeed, with their pyramids of bare poles showing no vestige of their graceful burden. To sell his hops to the best advantage, the cultivator as a rule consigns them to a hop-factor, who acts strictly as his agent, and sells at a fixed rate of commission to the merchants, who, again, sell to the great brewers. The hop-factors mostly live about St. Thomas's-street, not far from the Borough-market; and some of these houses have existed for several generations. Mr. West, of the house of West, Jones, Whithead, and Co., for example, is the seventh in descent from the founder of the house, whose sale-notes are preserved as venerable relics of the ancient gentleman, while his picture, like that of the

primeval Tattersall, smiles benignly on the private counting-house of the firm.

Hops are sold by samples, cut in greenish golden cubes from the pockets in which the fragrant "weed" is tightly pressed. Of these samples, Messrs. West & Co. have often twenty thousand on hand, representing a sum which varies curiously, according to the season and the weather. A pocket of hops weighs about one and three-quarter hundred-weight, but is always sold by weight, and the quotations are at so much per hundred-weight. Sometimes this hundred-weight of hops is worth sixty shillings, sometimes twelve pounds—a margin sufficient to allure the speculative mind into bulling or bearing—buying and selling—not as a mere business transaction, but with a view to future prices, carefully calculated, "from information received." The eye filled with "speculation" is singularly prompt in perceiving opportunities of indulgence. Tallow is not at first sight a commodity to excite the imagination of an Alnaschar, but some pretty round fortunes have "slipped up" on it nevertheless. Opium and indigo, may copper and iron, have brought some great fortunes "by the board," and the "lee scuppers" of cotton ships are red with the blood of slaughtered speculators. So is it with hops, but, as the slang of the day has it, "more so." In the days of the hop-duty, speculation was not confined to strict buying and selling, and transactions were reduced to a noble simplicity. Instead of making contracts to deliver or receive at certain dates, like the "puts" and "calls" of the Stock Exchange, or buying and selling outright to the amount of hundreds of thousands in a single day as is done at present, the hop-merchants and speculators simply betted—made absolute wagers on the amount of the hop-duty that would be paid. This duty commenced in 1714, and ceased in 1861. It amounted to twopence a pound on all the hops grown in England, and by affording a certain index of production told in the unimpeachable language of figures how prices should range. Speculation was therefore simplified by making heavy bets on the gross amount of the hop-duty; and as this rose in good years to twelve times the amount assessed in bad years, there was abundant scope for predictive genius. July was a critical month for the hop-bettors, for there is an old saw to the effect that—

When St. James is come and gone,
There may be hops and may be none.

But it is wonderful to see how surely, when this eventful period was passed, the betting settled into narrow limits, and how closely the experts gauged the amount of production. The abolition of the duty has removed the test of betting, and this curious form of gambling has fallen into desuetude—along with faro, trente-et-quarante, roulette, and that noble game at which the "bucks" and "dandies" of bygone generations were wont to relax the stiffness of their elbows. Hazard and the hop-duty have passed into the limbo of extinct media for speculation, and their place has been filled by foreign loans and "bogns" mines. Whether the world has gained much by the change is a question for political economists; but mere observers of manners may pause to note that as the doors of gaming-houses closed, those of the Stock Exchange opened wider and wider.

But the ultimate destiny of malt and hops is to supply the Briton with that beer which renders him, as the Italian librettist has it, proud. "Che il Britanno rende altier" is a good phrase—almost as good as the "pride in his port, defiance in his eye," of an older and better poet; and this noble independence was once manifested very vigorously, as Marshal Haynau found to his cost, at that famous establishment on Bankside, which is almost within hail of the home of the hop-factors. Few names are more widely known and more fervently worshipped than those of Barclay and Perkins, whose horses, whose beer, and whose draymen are alike celebrated. The site of Barclay and Perkins's brewery is historical. In the good old times Bankside, on the south of the Thames, was as Alsatia on the north; and many a liberal fare was earned by the jolly young watermen of the period, by "translating" the subjects of the king of Alsatia to the domains of the master of the Mint. The thoroughfares between the river and the Mint were of evil odour, inherited from the times of Cardinal Beaufort, who caused to be built on the site of the "stews," or artificial fish-ponds in the park attached to the episcopal palace, the houses which gave the word another signification. Near at hand was the Bear Garden, and on the very spot now occupied by the "Anchor Brewery" was the Globe Theatre, built by Henslowe and his son-in-law Alleyn, and closely associated with William Shakespeare himself—by far the greatest, by no means the only great,

man whose memory is associated with the locality. Of the early days of the "Anchor Brewery" no record exists. Probably the landlord of the Anchor Tavern, commencing by brewing beer to sell retail, gradually extended his operations to wholesale magnitude. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that as early as the reign of Queen Anne, the product of the brewery at Bankside had become famous beyond its immediate neighbourhood. At that period the business was in the hands of a Mr. Halsey, whose beer became so famous for its excellence that large quantities were exported for the use of the English army—then fighting and "swearing terribly" in Flanders, under "Handsome Jack Churchill," otherwise Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Halsey having made an immense fortune, retired from business, bought an estate, and founded a family, like a sensible English gentleman as he was. The purchaser of the brewery was a Mr. Thrale, under whose management its fame was greatly extended. Mr. Thrale, whose country seat and estate were at Streatham, was made high sheriff of Surrey in 1752, and about the same time was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Southwark, which he continued to represent in the House of Commons until his death. At that time Thrale's brewery stood eighth on the list, and produced annually nearly thirty-three thousand barrels of beer. The son of Mr. Thrale—a wild, speculative, and eccentric, but apparently generous and amiable, man—was the friend of Dr. Johnson; and up to the time of the fire in 1832, visitors used to be shown a room, near the entrance gateway of the brewery in Park-street, which the great doctor occupied as his study. Thrale the younger took great pride in the size of his vats, of which he possessed four of the capacity of sixteen hundred barrels each; and was reduced to a wretched state of mind by hearing that Mr. Whitbread had built a larger vat than any of his. Pouring out his woes to Dr. Johnson, he actually applied to himself, in sober seriousness, the saying attributed to Themistocles by Plutarch, "The trophies of Miltiades hinder my sleeping;" and resolved on building another vat, in which Whitbread's should be able to swim about; and was only dissuaded from his resolution by the remonstrances of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Perkins, his manager and brewer. During the Thrale period, and for some time after, there was a mania

among brewers for building large vats. Now the rage for these enormous vessels has died out, and the introduction of improved methods of brewing has done away with much of the necessity for vating, but a hundred years ago every London brewer bragged of his vats. The Great Napoleon of vats was erected at Meux's brewery in 1798. It was sixty feet in diameter, one hundred and twenty-six feet in circumference, and twenty-three feet in height. It cost five thousand pounds building, and would hold from ten to twelve thousand barrels of beer. When it was finished a dinner was given to two hundred people at the bottom, and two hundred more joined in drinking "success to the vat." Ushered into life under happy auspices, this great vat was destined to a dreadful end. In 1814 it burst. Eight persons were drowned outright, and several more had a narrow escape for their lives.

Early in 1781 Mr. Thrale died, and left the brewery mainly to his widow—afterwards Mrs. Piozzi—with smaller shares to the four Misses Thrale, their daughters. His executors determined to sell the brewery if an eligible purchaser could be found. Strangely enough, the executor who protested longest against parting with the business was Dr. Johnson—who, without any experience of business, yet saw more clearly than his colleagues the capabilities and probable extension of the brewery. The doctor was laughed at by the shortsighted, so-called "men of business," who recommended the sale, and Lord Lucan's story of his demeanour while the sale was going forward was considered at the time an exquisite joke. His lordship described him as bustling about with an inkhorn at his button-hole like an exciseman, and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered:

"We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice!"

If Johnson really used the words attributed to him, he never displayed his sound common sense more clearly than on this occasion. He knew that the brewery returned a clear profit of at least fifteen thousand a year; that at one time, Thrale being, in consequence of outside speculations, in debt a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, actually paid it off, without retrenching his personal expen-

diture, in nine years; and he also foresaw what the "practical men" did not foresee, the possibility of unlimited extension of the business. How far Samuel Johnson was right, and the lawyers and "men of the world" wrong, is easily proved by a few figures. As already stated, the annual "output" of the brewery, when young Thrale came into his property, was thirty-three thousand barrels, and the brewery was eighth on the list. In 1793, twelve years after the sale, it was third on the list, with an output of one hundred and five thousand barrels; in 1827, the last year of the beer-tax, it was first on the list, with three hundred and forty-one thousand barrels. At the present moment it produces considerably over half-a-million barrels per annum.

The desired purchaser was found in the person of David Barclay, junior, then the head of the celebrated banking firm of Barclay and Co., now known as Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Twells, and Co. But the circumstances of the sale may best be described in the words of the vendor herself, Mrs. Thrale.

In June, 1781, she writes: "Dear Dr. Johnson was something unwilling—but not much at last—to give up a trade by which in some years fifteen thousand or sixteen thousand pounds had undoubtedly been got, but by which in some years its possessor had suffered agonies of terror and tottered twice upon the verge of bankruptcy. . . . So adieu to brewhouse and borough wintering; adieu to trade and tradesmen's frigid approbation. May virtue and wisdom sanctify our contract, and make buyer and seller happy in the bargain!"

On Thursday, June 16th, 1781, the eventful day on which the transfer was finally effected, Dr. Johnson writes to Langton, "You will perhaps be glad to hear that Mrs. Thrale has disencumbered herself of her brewhouse, and that it seemed to the purchaser so far from an evil that he was content to give for it one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Is the nation ruined?"

Miss Burney was staying at Streatham on the day of the sale, and contrives to give dramatic colour to the scene of which she was a witness. She writes:

"Streatham, Thursday.—This was the great and most important day for all this house, upon which the sale of the brewery was to be decided.

"Mrs. Thrale went early to town to

meet the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker, who was the bidder. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me, if all went well, she would on her return wave a white pocket-handkerchief out of the coach-window.

"Four o'clock came, and dinner was ready, and no Mrs. Thrale. Five o'clock followed, and no Mrs. Thrale.

"Queeny (Miss Thrale) and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered in eager expectation till near six; and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white pocket-handkerchief was waved from it.

"I ran to the door of it to meet her, and she jumped out of it and gave me a thousand embraces, while I gave my congratulations. We went instantly to her dressing-room, where she told me, in brief, that the matter had been transacted, and then we went down to dinner. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley had accompanied her home."

Long afterwards, Mrs. Piozzi published the following account of the transaction, and of the causes that led to the sale:

"On Mr. Thrale's death I kept the counting-house from nine o'clock every morning until five o'clock every evening till June, when God Almighty sent in a knot of rich Quakers who bought the whole, and saved me and my coadjutors from brewing ourselves into another bankruptcy, which hardly could, I think, have been avoided, being as we were five in number, Cator, Crutchley, Johnson, myself, and Mr. Smith, all with equal power, and all incapable of using it without help from Mr. Perkins, who wished to force himself into partnership, though hating the whole lot of us, save only me.

"Upon my promise, however, that if he would find us a purchaser I would present his wife with my dwelling-house at the Borough and all its furniture, he soon brought forward these Quaker Barclays—from Pennsylvania I believe they come, her own relations I have heard—and they obtained the brewhouse, a prodigious bargain; but Miss Thrale was of my mind to part with it . . . and I am sure I never did repent it, as certainly it was best for us five females at the time, although the place has been doubled in value, and although men have almost always spirit to spend, while women have greater resolution to spare.

"Will it surprise you now to hear that among all my fellow-executors, none but Johnson opposed selling the concern?"

"Cator, a rich timber merchant, was afraid of implicating his own credit as a commercial man. Crutchley hated Perkins, and lived on the verge of a quarrel with him every day while they acted together. Smith cursed the whole business, and wondered what his relation Mr. Thrale could mean by leaving him, he said, two hundred pounds with such a burden on his back to bear for it.

"All were well pleased to find themselves secured, and the brewhouse decently, though not very advantageously disposed of, except dear Dr. Johnson, who found some odd pleasure in signing drafts for hundreds and for thousands, to him a new and, as it appeared, delightful occupation. When all was nearly over, however, I cured his honest heart of its incipient passion for trade, by letting him into some, and only some, of its mysteries.

"The plant, as it is called, was sold, and I gave God thanks upon Whit Sunday, 1781, for sparing me of further perplexity, though at the cost of a good house," &c.

The end of Mrs. Thrale is well known. She went to Bath, married a music-master, took to writing, and died at Clifton, at the good old age of eighty-two, in the year 1821—having, like Mrs. Garrick, survived nearly all her contemporaries. The purchaser of the brewery, David Barclay, placed in the firm his nephew, Robert Barclay, who had been some years in America, and with him Mr. Thrale's old manager Perkins—hence the famous firm which subsists even unto this day.

On passing the portals of Barclay and Perkins, one enters a complete beer-world. There are granaries, store-houses, malt-houses, malt-kilns, hop store-houses, steam-engines, and furnaces; wells and pipes to supply the "liquor." He who utters the word "water" in Barclay-and-Perkins-land is fined, not heavily, but inexorably. From the lofty walls project mighty cranes ever at work hoisting in hops and barley; the latter being scarcely allowed to rest before it is steeped, couched, floored, and dried; for the great firm at Bankside are their own maltsters. In the great malt-bins lie stored some fifteen thousand quarters of material for beer making. Before being put into the mash-tuns, the malt is roughly ground, and in these huge vessels is washed free from its saccharine matter, which drains gradually off, and is known as "wort," the washed-out malt becoming "grains." The wort passes into the "underbacks," and

thence into the coppers, where it is boiled with the hops, and then passes into the coolers, where it reposes in great lakes and ponds. After being thoroughly cooled in the refrigerators, the "wort" flows into the fermenting-tuns, and there is converted into beer. It is then conducted into the "squares"—huge tanks wherein the yeast is cleared from it; and then comes the settling, a short period of vatting, and the beer is run into barrels filled from a hose pipe. Messrs. Barclay and Perkins have no vats of the size of that famous one which burst at Menx'a, but they have two of very respectable dimensions. These are porter-vats, as big as the Heidelberg tun, hold three thousand four hundred and fifty barrels each, and are to the ordinary little fellows holding a thousand barrels or so, as the great grandfather bass fiddle is to the sleek violoncello. Rolled quickly away, and labelled "full to the bung," the barrels find their way to the various outlets of the brewery, which covers some twelve acres of ground; and are then piled into the vans and drays, drawn by those magnificent horses with the sight of whom every Londoner is familiar. Nearly two hundred of these splendid animals are kept on the establishment. They are shod at the home-farriery, and have a house surgeon all to themselves, to watch their little ailments. Another interesting sight is the cooperage, where the barrels are made, repaired, cleansed, and examined. This establishment at Bankside is a "big thing," big enough to please even the elastic American mind, and rather more than twice as big as that great Vienna brewery of Herr Anton Dreher, concerning which the good-tempered natives of the Kaiserstadt are apt to give themselves airs.

THE MAN-EATER.

"SORRY for you, Mr. Edwards, but there's no help for it," said the staff-officer in charge. "Here is the lieutenant-governor's despatch—read it, if you like—conveying peremptory orders from Calcutta, in compliance with the desire of the India Office, to stop the works. It is a hard case, I admit, but I have no option. I am to pay up your salary to the date of legal notice, and that is all."

I, Raymond Edwards, was then a surveyor employed in laying out the Raneepore branch of the Carnatic and Malabar Railway, and the sudden decision

of my superiors came upon me with all the startling suddenness of a death-blow. Poor, and encumbered with a sick wife and a child, I could not hope to reach the nearest presidency town, Bombay, on the meagre travelling allowance to which I was entitled. We therefore lingered on, in our hired bungalow, built on one of the lower spurs of the Western Ghats, awaiting the result of an urgent appeal for temporary aid, which I had addressed to a friend, then in high military command in Central India.

Time passed on; the works were suspended, the arrears paid up, the labourers dismissed, and yet perforce we remained residents of the unhealthy station of Chota Mahal, the primeval forests stretching on one side to our very doors, while on the other soared aloft the peaks of the mountain range, rising, a giant wall, between us and more civilised regions.

How often did I upbraid myself for the folly which had induced me, on the strength of a mere temporary engagement, to bring my delicate wife and the boy into a district so unfavourable, now that the cold season was at an end, to health. But hopes had been held out to me of a far better post at Oodeynuggur, and Ernestine had made light of the risks and hardships of the Mofussil, and—and I had been a fool.

Now I was poor, and unemployed, and the small hoard of rupees was lessening fast, for Ernestine required comforts that it was hard to provide in that out-of-the-way corner of Western India. Little Arthur was well as yet, but the sickly heats of a tropical summer were coming on, and—"News, but not good, Edwards," said the kindly doctor, as he came in to pay his daily visit to my ailing wife. "This post brought me a letter from my brother at Jhansi. General Morris—your friend, you know—has started, on sick leave, for England. I am afraid your letter will have to follow him to Cheltenham."

This was bad news indeed. Months must elapse before I could receive a reply. The good-natured doctor, and the other minor officials, were needy men, and unable to lend me the wherewithal to—

"Sahib, another death!" reported a passing policeman, lifting his hand, in salute, to his turban, as he passed my door. "This time, it was a decent man, a shroff from the bazaar, that the man-eater pounced on. That makes nine-and-twenty

deaths that the cunning brute—accursed be his sire and grandmother!—has to answer for. And the reward is to be raised, our lord the magistrate says, to fifteen hundred rupees; not that anyone is likely to venture in upon that four-footed fiend. On Monday last he killed the sixth ferryman at Nagal Jat."

The animal of which the policeman spoke was a famous man-eating tiger that had for months been the terror of the neighbourhood, and that haunted the outskirts of the village, carrying off, now a herdboy, now a girl filling her brass water pitcher beside the tank, and especially molesting the solitary boatman who plied at the Nagal Jat ferry, no fewer than six of these poor fellows having perished in the course of ten weeks through the malice of the man-eater, whose den was believed to be among the caverned rocks near the river. Extra rewards, in addition to the usual head-money granted, had been offered by Government, for the destruction of the beast, but he was too wary to be trapped or poisoned, while the native shikarries did not care to risk their skins on such an errand as tracking the enemy to his lair.

But fifteen hundred rupees! That hundred and fifty pounds meant much to a man in my case—meant Ernestine's safe removal to the breezy seacoast near Bombay, where comfort and change and medical skill would bring back the hue of health to her pale cheek, and escape for little Arthur from a climate unfit for European children. It was a desperate venture, but still the idea of it took hold of my mind, and I resolved to stand the hazard.

There were not, in that station, sportsmen provided with the necessary outfit for tiger-hunting, but, had there been, the country was too rough for the use of elephants and beaters, and craft for craft could alone obtain an advantage over the skulking man-eater. Telling Ernestine that I was obliged to absent myself on business, and might not return till late, I left her under the care of her ayah, and set off for the ferry of Nagal Jat. A wild spot it was, amidst huge trees, and tall grass and bushes, and jutting rocks that overhung the river, where stood the ferryman's lonely cottage. Six of his predecessors had fallen victims to the tiger, and I found the new occupant of the post in somewhat low spirits, but resigned, with the strange fatalism of orientals, to die,

"if it were so written." I could talk fluently in the vernacular, and easily, by the means of a rupee or two and a little persuasion, brought the man to agree to what I proposed.

An hour before sundown there arrived a party of native travellers to be ferried across, all of them with faces blanched by dread of the terrible foe that might take toll of their numbers, and all of them shouting and singing, and clattering their swords and clubs, or beating on gourds and drums, to scare away the monster. With this noisy company I crossed the river, and, when they had departed on their route, prepared to return, alone.

I well remembered that the ferrymen who had been killed by the man-eater had always been assailed on the way homeward from the river bank to the hut where they dwelt. On this fact I had based my simple strategy. Just before sunset, at the hour most propitious for a tiger's attack, I stepped alone into the heavy boat, and, leaving its owner on the bank, grasped the rude oars and rowed lustily towards the other shore. I knew too well the habits of man-eating tigers to be, on this occasion, in European garb. Had I worn my customary attire, it is probable that I might have passed close by the ambush of the striped foe untouched, for a man-eater excels the fox in suspicious caution.

I wore, now, the scanty attire of a native of low rank, and had even taken the precaution to daub my neck and shoulders with the red ochreous clay from the river, lest my white skin should awaken doubts in the mind of the lurking brute. On landing, I made fast the boat, and, selecting the narrowest and least trodden of the paths that led through the bushes and tall jungle grass, advanced with leisurely step towards the hut. As I did so, I passed my hand within the broad cotton girdle that I wore, and beneath which were concealed my weapons—a large-sized Colt's revolver and a heavy hunting-knife. The pistol was cocked and ready for instant use. In such a case as this all depended on the judicious employment of moments.

I had not proceeded far before I felt, as by a curious sort of instinct, that I was not the only occupant of the jungle. I could hear nothing. The velvet feet that regulated their pace by mine were noiseless, nor was there any sound of rustling, though the high grass, which rose above the level of a man's head, waved and bent to the left. I glanced aside, but could see

nothing; yet I divined, as plainly as if my vision had been preternaturally sharpened, that I had been both seen and scented, and that the man-eater was pursuing a parallel course to mine, watching me as if it had been a cat in stealthy chase of a mouse. My heart throbbed wildly, but the memory of Ernestine's pallid face and wistful eyes arose to give me courage. It was too late now to flinch. I must do or die.

All this time my mind was quite clear, and my train of reasoning lucid enough. I had only once before shared in hunting a tiger; but I knew their habits by report, and was careful to keep moving at an even pace, knowing that to run or to halt would be alike certain to precipitate the attack. At length I saw before me an open space where the grass had been mown, probably to feed the goats of the ferrymen, whose thatched roof I could see between the peepul trees. The time for action had come. The grass and boughs to the left were trembling under some pressure. I made one step forth from the screen of tangled vegetation, stood motionless, listening, for an instant, and then fell forward on my hands and knees upon the turf.

Quick as I was, I was but just in time. There was a low hoarse roar, and over my head flew, as if propelled by a catapult, a huge dark shape. The man-eater had made his spring and missed his stroke. Had I chosen, having won this first point in the game, to act a passive part and play for safety, I could probably have come uninjured out of the affray. An unwounded tiger, and especially the cruel and cowardly brute that has acquired a propensity for human flesh, is almost sure to slink off abashed after a failure so signal. This, however, was not in my plan; and, before the baffled tiger could gather himself up, I was on my feet, and had fired three shots at close quarters.

Bang! bang! bang! rang out the sharp reports, as the ounce-bullets sank, with a dull thud, into the soft striped hide; but words are too weak to express the rapidity with which the man-eater turned upon me, or the hate and fury that glistened in those terrible green eyes. Again the tiger lowered his head and arched his back for a spring. With all the coolness that I could muster I took aim at the glaring eyes, but almost as I pulled the trigger I was hurled to the earth with a violence that left me breathless and dizzy on the ground, while across me lay the tiger, its handsome head resting

on a tuft of moss and wild flowers, and the blood welling fast from wounds in its neck and side. Its weight fairly pinioned down my right arm, and, although the revolver, with two chambers yet loaded, lay within reach, I could not make a motion towards it.

The tiger was dying! Of that there was not much doubt. Even the quick heaving of the striped flank told that my bullets had taken fatal effect. But the great cat of India, like his congener the lion, is tenacious of life, and it might well be that the man-eater, before he died, would sate his vengeance on the prostrate foe who seemed so utterly at his mercy. I was, save for a few bruises and a trifling scratch on one shoulder, unhurt, but—

Heavens! The fierce brute had remembered me at last, for he had lifted his head, and his glowing eyes were fixed, with a malignant gaze, on mine. Slowly, and with an effort that was evidently painful, the creature turned its head towards me, and, with blood mingling with the foam on its whiskered lips, crawled forward. As the weight that pressed on my right arm was partially removed, I struggled, and by a great exertion freed my wrist and got hold of the pistol. Through the fast deepening twilight I could see the fierce eyes approach me, and already I seemed to feel the white fangs close on my bare throat. Almost mechanically I fired. There was a snarling cry, and a convulsive movement of the huge limbs, and I think I must have fainted, for the next thing that I remember is that I was being dragged from beneath the dead tiger. The victory was won.

The carcase of the striped monster, tied to bamboos, was carried, with dances and drum, into Chota Mahal by the overjoyed villagers, and the reward for the destruction of this notorious pest enabled me to remove my wife and child to Bombay, where the former, I am thankful to say, was restored to health. Some benefit may accrue, after all, from an interview with a man-eating tiger.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER V.
ENCLOSURE NO. III.

"WHEN I remember how very trying a time of suspense that was to us, whose interest in the passengers by the Albatross was, after all, only moderate, and almost

theoretical, I am led to wonder how such periods are endured by those who have the best-loved objects of their existence at stake; and whether even suspense loses its agony for them by force of duration. The effect on each of us was very depressing; but my father, as was natural, was the most deeply affected. His restlessness and disquiet were very painful to observe, and but for the assiduous kindness of Lady Olive Despard and Mr. Lester, during that long interval, I think his health would have given way. He would walk restlessly about for hours during the time of day which had hitherto been invariably devoted to his books; and when Griffith and I were with him, though we did our best to divert and cheer him, he would fall into fits of abstracted thought.

"Every morning we all looked anxiously for news, but after the breakfast and post-hours, and our common verification of the fact that no news had come, we said no more about the ship, when the first fortnight of hope deferred had gone by. Sometimes I noticed that my father observed Griffith in a peculiar way, as if he were studying him all over again; and, occasionally, after he had been unusually absent and thoughtful, he would begin to talk to us about things he had seen and done in his youth, as if he were determined to distract his mind. And when he talked thus, it seemed to me that he did so no longer in the former tone of regret, which used to pain Griffith when I was still too young to understand it, but as if his son might in time have some of the social opportunities and advantages which he had enjoyed.

"On one occasion this became evident to Griffith himself, and we talked of it—he and I.

"I hope he is not trying to get back any of his lost money by taking shares, or anything," said I. My notions are still vague on such matters, but 'shares' was a word which then, to my mind, simply and easily expressed robbery on the part of the seller, and ruin on the part of the buyer.

"Griffith smiled, rather sadly, as he answered:

"No, I do not think there's any fear of that. It is a long time now since my father told me that he had nothing left to risk."

"Oh dear! Then I suppose you never will be well off?"

"I suppose not, Audrey. There's no gold-mine in my path; but I am quite content."

"And my vision, my charmingly-concocted plan—in which, however, I may fairly claim to have had money in view merely as a subordinate accident (Griffith and Ida were to have married for love in the sublimest sense), I hardly dared to think of it now, when the fair face I had pictured to my imagination was only too probably hidden away for ever in the ocean depths. Some time or other, when all should be known, and suspense ended, I might tell Griffith about my harmless project and fancy; I could not tell him now. My father's remark about the reduction of our cousin Ida's fortune by the birth of her little brother—that it was a great advantage—recurred to my mind. What did he mean by it? I reminded Griffith of it, and asked him.

"His meaning is plain, I think,' he replied. 'It must always be better for a woman not to be rich enough to be sought for her money, or tempted to think that she is sought for it. But, apart from that, it must be easier and less responsible for a woman to manage a small fortune than a large one.'

"I don't think so at all,' said I, impetuously; 'and I am sure there could be nothing so delightful as giving all the money one had to a person one—one cared about.'

"But suppose the person one cared about had nothing at all, neither money nor position—how then? You might like to give him all the wealth you had; but do you think he would like to take it, or that he could be a manly-minded fellow, or a gentleman, if he did?'

"Why of course he would. What possible difference would it make? I'm—I'm talking of love, Griffith, and it seems to me you are talking of pride. If two people are one, how can it matter where the money comes from?'

"That sounds very true, and very sensible; but I'm afraid it's only a girl's way of looking at it.'

"But, as men marry girls, if the girls think this, and they are true and sensible in thinking so, would it not be true and sensible for the man to get into that way of looking at it also?'

"Griffith laughed.

"I cannot make you understand it, I'm afraid,' he said; 'but, rely on it, my father was right.'

"The first break in the silence which had come down upon the topic of so much discussion and interest was a communi-

cation to my father from the shipping agent at Plymouth, to the effect that a quantity of goods had been landed from the ship *Loadstar*, which had sailed from Port Jackson some time after the *Albatross*, and were consigned to him, to be forwarded to Wrottesley. The agent had been instructed by a Mr. Meredith on behalf of Mrs. Pemberton, and now awaited further instructions from Mr. Dwarris. These were forwarded, and now there was an additional element of melancholy added to our suspense, which had almost sunk into hopelessness, concerning the fate of the *Albatross*, in the expectation of the arrival of these effects. My father directed that a room should be cleared out to receive them; and in a few days they arrived, by luggage train, and were transported to the Dingle House in a van which presented a vast and imposing appearance at the little gate. The men carried in a number of large packing-cases, and when they were placed in the room prepared for them, the door was locked and the key taken to my father.

"It feels like a funeral in the house,' said Frosty, addressing herself indifferently to Madeleine and myself as we stood on the lawn, whence we had silently watched the operation of transferring the packing-cases from the van to the house. 'And whatever's to be done with 'em, if the poor dear creatures is really gone where they won't want 'em?'

"We had not the least notion what the packing-cases contained, and we had not spirits to speculate upon the subject.

"But Madeleine said, 'if the ship is really lost, and nobody ever comes to claim these things, what shall you do with them? Whose will they be? There is something awful about the notion of them, isn't there?'

"There certainly was, and I put the question to my father that evening. He did not answer it readily; he said:

"We need not think of anything of that kind at present. If the worst has happened, Mrs. Pemberton's arrangements will be made known in due time.'

"Everything was rendered all the more sad and uncertain by our ignorance concerning Mrs. Pemberton. My father knew nothing about her family, or whether she had any relatives. My uncle had only alluded to his wife's being 'an English lady.'

"The packing-cases remained in the locked room, and I passed the door every

time I went up or down stairs with a strange feeling of avoidance:

"Thus had all the grand and gay projects which I had founded upon my uncle's letter, when Griffith and I first learned about our mother's kin, not yet a brief year ago, vanished into nothingness.

"Did I grieve for them? No. I grieved for the untimely fate which it now seemed certain had befallen my cousin and her step-mother. It was dreadful to think of, and not the less dreadful because my own imagination was my sole guide to the comprehension of the catastrophe. I had no recollection of having ever seen the sea. But I could conjure up its horrors, and the thought was very terrible. My own share in the dispersion of the pleasant dream did not trouble me. I have said before that my story is not much concerned, as to its incidents, with me; but I do come in here and there. The truth is, that first dream had not merely been dispersed, it had given place to another.

"If I find it difficult to write down here the simple, but, to me, ever wonderful story of the love which has made my life blessed far beyond the ordinary lot, it is not because, in the assured and serene happiness of it, its romance and its wonder have passed away. They remain still; they are ever in my heart, and in my memory; the most beautiful love-story that ever was written is tame and dull beside mine; but I could not write it, just because it was, and is, so real—just because it is not a memoir of the past, but a journal of the journey of my life, with something inscribed upon its pages day by day.

"I might write gaily of it; for, indeed, it was a sunny little love tale, though much darkness hung over the scene; and I might write earnestly and solemnly of it; for no more earnest and solemn compact was ever made between two human beings than that which binds my lover and me; but just because it is so infinitely much to me, I think the simplest record of it is the best.

"Very soon after that day when Griffith was detained on business with Mr. Conybeare, and asked Mr. Lester to walk home with me from Wrottesley, I knew that, however beautiful Madeleine Kindersley might be in his eyes, Mr. Lester thought neither of her nor of any other woman as he thought of me. The discovery caused me surprise no less than frankly-admitted joy. Not a touch of mock humility, but the profoundest conviction was in my

knowledge that he was 'so far above me.' I had been very happy at home, but I had not been a spoiled child, and therefore I had the great advantage of a clear perception on that point. I saw how the man who loved me was regarded by the small world in which he worked; I knew that in the large world, outside my ken, he might have filled a distinguished place, with a little help from fortune, but that help was not given him. To me it was more utterly delightful than I could express even to myself, to acknowledge how far beyond my desert was my good fortune. It was not very long after the delightful conviction that he loved me came to me, that Mr. Lester told me so. I could write here every word he said, but it would not interest anyone. Only I do wonder sometimes if ever betrothed lovers in their first love-talk were so solemn and so matter-of-fact as we. We were not at all afraid of my father; he would not refuse his consent to my becoming the wife of a man whom he so highly esteemed, but the prospect of that was a distant one. We should have to wait for the 'better days' which poor Mrs. Kellett used to talk about. We did not mind waiting—what could be happier than to be 'engaged?'—but we could not expect our elders to think us prudent. Individually, I was perfectly contented with the knowledge that he had chosen me, and he was perfectly contented with the knowledge that I looked upon life as paradise from that hour—but we were aware that these were exclusive and privileged points of view.

"It was during Griffith's absence at Plymouth that Mr. Lester and I came to the understanding which I have put into few words, and those, perhaps, unreasonably reasonable. He had not intended to tell me so soon, but the sudden alarm and distress which came upon us, led him to offer me the consolation and support in my first sorrow, which have been mine in every sorrow since. And then it was agreed between us that Mr. Lester should tell Griffith on his arrival, and my father's consent to our engagement should be asked as soon as possible.

"Thus it was that the dispersion of my visions counted not at all in the grief of this time; thus it was that suspense and anxiety held only the outworks of my life; they had no place in its citadel. And yet the inner peace and joy, the pride and serenity of the love which had turned me

of a sudden into a woman and rendered me wise, did but make me pity and mourn for the young girl, about whose image I had woven so many fancies, all the more. Compared with the biasfulness of my own lot, how immeasurably sad and pitiful was Ida Pemberton's early death!

"Griffith was well pleased when Mr. Lester told him; and among my treasures of memory are my brother's words to me. But my father received the communication, which Griffith made me make to him myself, in an odd way. He did not say, like Mr. Lipscott, that he 'wished there was more money;' but he seemed harassed and vexed, and he said that, though he by no means refused his consent, and liked Mr. Lester, he wished this had not happened just then. I daresay he thought us very unfeeling, to be occupied with our own affairs in such a crisis; but, of course, I could not tell him that it was just because Mr. Lester had found me crying my eyes out in the garden, when Griffith's letter had given us the first alarm, that it happened. My father was very gracious to Mr. Lester, however; but so great was his anxiety, and so constant his preoccupation at this time, that he hardly remembered the matter afterwards, until the end of our uncertainty came. But he gave me, at the close of our only conversation on the subject, a strict injunction that it was not to be talked about.

"I should very much dislike anything of the kind being discussed just now," he said. "Circumstances may assume so different an aspect; and, at all events, the gossips will find you out soon enough."

"I did not understand; but I implicitly obeyed him. There was, however, one exception which I permitted myself. It would have been impossible for me to have kept such a secret from Madeleine Kindersley. So I told her, and Madeleine received the news with so much agitation that one might almost have thought her a little foolish. She cried and kissed me, and cried again, and could hardly speak for some time. When she did speak, indeed, her words were not words of wisdom; for she said how delightful it was to think that there was no money to speak of on either side; that no pride or non-sense could come in our way; and that

all the horrid things which make people miserable in this world were impossible in our case. I wondered what she meant by the horrid things that make people miserable in this world; but I supposed she had learned a great deal about them in London.

"For all my father's injunction to me, and the strict observance of it, with just that one exception, I shrewdly suspected some time afterwards that he had broken through his own rule, and told Lady Olive the state of affairs. I thought I could discern her knowledge in her face, and I believed that, though she liked me, she considered Mr. Lester very much too good for me. But in this particular Lady Olive and I were so completely of one mind that I could not be angry with her.

"The silence concerning the fate of the Albatross was unbroken; and it was admitted by the newspapers that it was vain to speculate upon it. One morning Griffith took a note from my father to Mr. Conybeare, and in the afternoon, as I sat working in the porch with Agrippa in his usual basking condition beside me, I beheld Mr. Conybeare, who visited us very seldom, walking softly, in the obnoxious shoes, across the lawn.

"He asked for my father, and I took him to his room. I did not stay a minute with them, but I noticed that my father looked business-like, and that a number of papers were open on his desk.

"A few minutes later, Lady Olive Despard's page brought a note from her to my father, and stated that he was to take back an answer. I crossed the space between the porch and my father's room on the grass, and entered by the open window.

"Papa," I said, "here's a note," and went up to him with it in my hand. But I had already heard him say:

"Then came this, marked, as you see, number three, and it proved to be Mrs. Pemberton's Will."

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No. 389. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXIV. SAM IN HIS NEW CAPACITY.

"OLD JOLIFFE," as he was called, had been a wealthy eccentric old bachelor, of a rather vicious turn, such as those often are who have a vast deal of money to dispose of. He seemed to look on those about him as so many bandits, waiting eagerly to despoil him, and he delighted in giving the various expectants, who were solicitous about his health, sundry coarse checks and repulses; by this means appearing to proclaim his own freedom, and springing many disagreeable surprises on those dependent on him. His way of life was almost penurious. When a young man he had embarrassed himself by his extravagance, and it had taken many years to recover from these difficulties; he had then fallen into the extreme of extravagant saving, and saved everything—saved even his noble pictures, statues, china, and other objects, from being looked at, as though there were some waste or expenditure in the process. Joliffe Court had once been well known as a show place. By the economies of a number of years, a vast sum of ready money had been accumulated; the estate had been improved, while its rental had been screwed up to the highest.

So it had gone on till the time of the Allens, a father and mother and a daughter, who had acquired a most powerful influence over him, which had actually lasted for over twenty years. When it began, Mr. Allen was a man of about five-and-thirty, Mrs. Allen some

years younger, while the little daughter was an interesting, prattling "thing" of eight or ten years old. By the time their servitude ended, Mr. Allen was an elderly man, and the prattling thing had grown up into a handsome woman, whom it was actually believed they intended that old Joliffe should marry.

It may be conceived what was the rage and fury of the disappointed Allens when the trick which the vindictive old testator had played became known. The outlay in money, labour, and time, spread over a period of twenty years, was all lost. Here was a whole life wasted. It was too bad, and certainly a little hard, for literally nothing was left to them. They had staked everything on this long game, and now they had lost everything.

When our friend, Samuel Turner Pringle, no longer "old Sam," had posted to Joliffe's Court for the funeral, it may be conceived what an ecstasy of delight he felt, as he drove up to the handsome castle, along the sweeping avenue. The change from his meagre and really poverty-stricken life seemed like a dream. This change, indeed, had brought with it another change, for Mr. Pringle stepped from his chaise and strode into the hall with a haughty and almost arrogant air.

"I am Mr. Pringle," he said to the old butler, who was looking at him with inquiry—"the—that is—the person to whom it has all been left."

"Mr. Allen would see you in the study, sir."

"Who's Mr. Allen? What have I to do with Mr. Allen? Show me into the library!"

After a few minutes, when Mr. Pringle—*we, however, shall still call him Sam*

Pringle, being too intimate with him to be affected by the change of fortune—was sitting at the fire, the door was opened, and a person entered abruptly, and spoke in a very excited manner.

"Now look here, Mr. Pringle, what are you going to do with me? You don't suppose I am to be disposed of so easily."

"Oh, come," said Sam, "what is all this? Who are you? What does this mean?"

"Who are you, more likely. I'm the proper heir of this place. Don't suppose I'm to be bamboozled—turned out on the roads after my twenty years' slavery. There'll be law—law—law, I tell you, and years of law, too. So you had better mind what you are about."

"Oh, fudge!" said Sam. "You know that won't do here, or with me. Go to my solicitor, if you have anything to say; he'll talk to you."

"Talk to me!" said the other in a rage. "How dare you! Do you attempt to speak to me in that way! Why, you superannuated clown, you——"

Much nettled at this insolent freedom, and at the further insult of being styled a superannuated clown, Sam Pringle rose and tried to assume dignity.

"Leave the room, sir," he said; "and if you do not conduct yourself properly, I'll have you turned out of the house."

"That's good," said the other, "you ordering me out of the house that I have directed for twenty years! You think you are cock-sure of it all. But I tell you you shan't have it without law—long, ruinous law—kept up for years. I have solicitors too."

The person presently retired, and Sam felt very uncomfortable till he had done so. He had a certain idea that this was one of those amazingly vicious natures that know how to make themselves very troublesome. Sam himself was not a little skilled in this art. There was something persevering, something of the bull-dog in the air of the man, and the idea of him and his possible proceedings rather embittered our Sam's triumph. However, Smith, Cooper, and Co., "our family solicitors," had declared that the thing was unassailable, and that he need not give it a thought.

Accordingly, after a few days' interval, there was a handsome funeral, where there was but a slender attendance of mourners, and where Samuel Turner Pringle, Esq., and his son, with the doctor and clergyman, and Messrs. Cooper, Smith, and Co., were distributed through various mourn-

ing-coaches, and where the luckless Allen appeared at the grave, and seemed to glare vindictively at the coffin, as though he would be glad to call up the lifeless tenant to account to him personally for his treachery. Everything went very well indeed. Much deference and respect was paid to Samuel Turner Pringle, Esq., and his son—a very pleasing and unaffected young man—and the obsequies being concluded, the heir felt that he was now fairly in possession.

It was with a curious feeling that he walked over the grounds and surveyed his property for the first time—fine old timber, beautiful gardens, well-stocked green-houses, and long stretches of ripe-red brick-wall covered with pear and plum. Pictures, as we have said, statues, books, and, pleasant to think of for old Sam, a good cellar of old wines. No wonder that his grotesque old soul swelled with delighted anticipation.

His son was with him on this promenade. Being now at a greater height above him than he was before, he regarded him still more in the "puppy" view.

"Don't let me hear a word now, sir, about your foolish philanderings; attracted by every little chit you see. It's mere folly, and can't be."

"I'm afraid it's not to be so easily disposed of as you think. Phoebe has attached herself to me, I can see."

"That's her own affair. You must marry suitably, sir. You don't suppose I'm going to bring paupers into a place like this, or to rear them either. You can have your pick of the Peerage now, if you don't behave like a fool. Otherwise, I cut you off, sir, with a sixpence; and you may go to Australia, you and your Phoebe—a poor little shop-girl, without half an ounce of wit or sense in her noddle. She can just simper and smirk, that's all."

Mr. Pringle junior was silent under this contemptuous description of his lady-love. It was no use, he perhaps felt, arguing on a question of feeling with his arrogant sire.

CHAPTER XXV. GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

WE now change the scene to London. Who could now recognise the "ponies" and their mamma—the plodding, painstaking, long-suffering trio—so amiably obsequious to all, and so anxious to get on in a modest way, and without interfering with any one? They were now insolent, eager, unbounded, almost rampant. They had hurried to town, and

were set up at a great and fashionable hotel, while a suitable house was being looked for. Considering what they had come from so recently, their nicety in suiting themselves was amazing: what would have done for persons of high and accepted fashion would hardly do for them. Though the funeral was scarcely over, here they were, richly appointed and equipped, knocking at the doors of society and demanding admission. Unfortunately, that door is chiefly opened to those who have passed through before, while the menials invariably say "Not at home" to those who come like our postulants.

A lord's mansion was secured for them in Berkeley-square, and from this coign of vantage it was determined to open their "first parallel." Ready money was supplied in abundance; carriages and horses secured from the eminent Mr. Trimbush; and relations of the most costly kind opened with that gracious but still awful Madame Sylvie, whose windows in Regent-street were impenetrably veiled with festoons of costly lace, and whose favour and even civility was not to be purchased by the most lavish orders. Mrs. Pringle, however, whose energy had begun to develop itself in a surprising way with her new position, had secured an introduction from a great lady, to whom she herself "had secured an introduction," and thus obtained a certain deference and civility. She herself, therefore, and her "ponies" were fitted out in suitable style, ready to begin that London struggle to which she was looking forward with such delight. Such were the mere material equipments: but this was as nothing. For there were Peris living in a state of genteel starvation, in meagre rooms in streets of stables, off the square in which our ladies were dwelling—persons on almost a bank-clerk's allowance, who were yet allowed to enter within the magic gate, from which they were turned back disconsolate.

But with such difficulties to face, Mrs. Pringle was not without resources. Her original lever was of course Lord Garterley, always glad to say, when a new undertaking of any kind was on foot, "Leave it to me—I'll manage it for you." With all his bonhomie, he could take a pretty satirical view of human nature, and knew exactly the description of article to suit the lady. This was Lady Juliana Backwoods, a noble but meagre spinster, who starved in lodgings.

To Park-lane there are, as all the world

knows, a number of suckers, which thrive and enjoy a little of its fashionable juices. On these again are grafted some yet more meagre shoots, which stretch past Audley-street, and actually encroach on those streets of mews behind Hill-street and Berkeley-square. More and yet more of these squalid and dilapidated little tenements—more like corner cupboards—are yearly reclaimed by the desperate candidates for the enjoyment of living in a fashionable quarter; even though the next door may be a public-house, or commencement of a line of stables. The tenement is forthwith put in order; glass is let into the hall-door itself, to give a few rays of light to the miserable passage called "the hall;" plate-glass is adopted; a gaudy flower-box hung out of the parlour-window; and the arrangement is complete. The den is fit for the occupation of a genteel family, who, by stretching out of the bed-room windows, can obtain a distant view of the trees of the park.

In one of these noisome places lived Lady Juliana and a powdered footman, who, when he threw open the corner cupboard, produced a surprise akin to that when a change in a pantomime takes place—when, say, a pump opens and discloses an enclosed waterman. This menial, who was always unimpeachably correct, gave the true air to the little mansion. Small as it was, there was a belief that she was merely honorary owner of the house, the parlour and certain other rooms remaining in the possession of the real proprietor, another maiden lady.

"I'll give you a strong letter to old Juliana. You'll find her the most useful creature in the world—if," added Lord Garterley, with a loud laugh, "you take care to be useful to her."

On an early day, accordingly, the new and gorgeous carriage, with its great horses, came rocking and rumbling up to the door of the little house, and the Pringle family came in state to return Lady Juliana Backwoods' visit. That spinster received them with a querulous graciousness, and a sort of peremptoriness that was not very acceptable. She accepted the proposed relation quite as a matter of business.

"Now you must understand," she said, "that this sort of thing is not to be done in a hurry. I will, of course, see that you know a few proper people—relatives and connections of my own—to start you, then

you must make your own way, with occasional lifts. Is that perfectly understood?"

"Oh dear yes, Lady Juliana; so kind of you, Lady Juliana," &c.

"Do, please, attend," said the lady, impatiently, "for it's all in your own interest. That sort of old-fashioned, vulgar taking society by storm, getting introduced right and left, with a 'grande dame' to stand sponsor, is all nonsense nowadays, and wouldn't be endured. It is too gross. When shall I see you again? Shall it be at your house?"

"Oh yes, Lady Juliana; if you would be so kind."

"Let me see. Come here to-morrow, and I can bring you to see one or two. I suppose you have an open barouche? Very well; and then—yes, I'll dine with you on Tuesday. I'll tell you then what can be done."

They were delighted with Lady Juliana. They could not sufficiently overwhelm her with attentions and good things of all kinds. Dinners were as a matter of course, and not, even to her, worthy of thanks. "The carriage" was perpetually swinging and rocking in the direction of Lady Juliana's little house, almost impeding the access to the line of mews, so narrow was the turn at this corner; a service which disgusted the newly-acquired tall menials. The Pringle family, and all that was theirs, became hers, and she used them, and what was theirs, in the most despotic fashion—where, indeed, she showed her wisdom. What she gave in return was served out in a meagre and highly deliberate fashion, with an infinite flourish of caution and preparation. It was thus that she prepared them for the Countess of Baddeley and her ladyship's plain and unmarketable daughters, who had been offered again and again, time out of mind, and were now "remarked in plain figures," and for whom anything in reason would be accepted. It was an exciting day for the Pringle family when Lady Baddeley's chariot drove up, and her ladyship descended and came in. The other lady, having come in charge, determined to assert her merit as introducer.

Lady Baddeley was a grenadier peeress—tall, imperious, and loud speaking; the two daughters, who entered behind her, were as tall and gigantic. The Pringles were enchanted with them and their friendly ways; but, after their departure, the patroness took care to impress them with the importance of the

distinction which she had procured for them; and, on the other hand, they noticed the deference of the introduced parties to their "bringer" (to use an expression known in recruiting), a circumstance which greatly raised their opinion of the latter's importance.

A most delightful intimacy sprang up between the families. Lady Baddeley, soon "dear Lady Baddeley," and the "ponies," and the "dear Lady Emily" Croope, and equally "dear Lady Florence" Croope, became as sisters. The respective fathers soon appeared on the scene, when Lord Baddeley, a grey and paternal old nobleman, was found delightful, and got on so capitally with old Sam Pringle, whose humour and odd manner was pronounced so "fresh and original!" They played cards together, for his lordship liked his game, in the most friendly manner. He agreed to put Sam down at his own club with his own hand, with another lord as seconder, not laying Sam under much of an obligation, as it would be at least ten years before he would come up for election. Everything, in short, was going on delightfully, and in the nicest way. Sometimes, indeed, they showed a little exultation in announcing their progress to their original patroness, who would adroitly bring them down to the proper stage of humility by some depreciation, or else by telling them plainly that "they mustn't run away with the idea that they were established in society because they knew a few people of position. That she was very glad, of course, to have helped them so far, but that Lady Baddeley was a woman of the world, without any heart, and if she (Lady Juliana) did not make it a point with her, it might still turn out very differently. They would find it very uphill work. She herself was very glad to give them a start," and so forth. Being thus brought down to a proper state of deference, the family could only assure their dear Lady Juliana that they knew how much they were indebted to her kindness; and the "ponies" had to go out and select a "little surprise" for her in the shape of a sealskin cloak, or some such trifle, which presents were always accepted with a kind of rebuke or surly displeasure; as thus, "What made you do such a foolish thing? I assure you this sort of thing annoys me. Well, I suppose you must spend your money. So put it down there—put it down there. Well, now about the

Trelawneys. Did they return your call? Yes? You'll find them very useful people."

By-and-by arrived our hero, young Pringle, who, after passing under the hand of the great man of Savile-row, and having been thrust into one or two clubs by the aid of Lord Adolphus Croope—the second son—was received with much satisfaction by the family. It had been settled before his arrival—not in any spirit of sisterly sacrifice, but from the proprieties of their situation—that the younger sister, Lady Florence, should be the official candidate; or, as her brother, after his manner, put it, the family should "declare to win with the most likely horse." This being arranged, the proceedings were conducted with a view to the speedy consummation of the project.

Indeed, everything favoured it. The Pringle family were now living in a sort of delightful whirl. Notwithstanding the discouraging reminders of Lady Juliana, they were in a certain degree getting on very fairly. A rich family, well connected, and not vulgar, though old Sam was eccentric enough, had certain attractions of its own; and there is a particular class ready to come forward with kindly sympathy to lend a helping hand. Here, for instance, was old Phipps, who knew everybody, and who soon made them out, as did also Pratt-Hawkins, as soon as he had learned that they were acquainted with the Baddeleys and Lady Juliana, persons whom he was anxious to know; and it was not difficult to renew relations with dear Lady Cecilia Shortlands and her husband, who fed at everyone's dinner-table but their own, and would dine with anyone. In short, the world of excitement and enjoyments was opening out before them, like the transformation scene of a pantomime; and they had no time to think of the obscure and vulgar past; or, if they did, it was to put it yet farther back with a pitying smile of contempt.

Into the category of associations thus dismissed naturally fell the little Phoebe episode. There was nothing deliberate or heartless in the view which they took of it; it was the fault of the episode itself, which was trifling, and even paltry, especially when viewed through the glare and brilliance which now interposed between it and those comparatively squalid old days. They had really, and without affectation, all but forgotten the transaction. As for the hero himself, the figure and face of Phoebe had gradually grown fainter and fainter. He had no time for

deliberate reminiscences; and though he felt in honour bound, still he had an idea that there was nothing pressing, and that it was one of those little episodes, a little hurried and foolish, which both parties might put aside good-humouredly, and remain the best of friends.

This view was encouraged by the behaviour of Phoebe and her mother, who had only just come to town, to some unpretending rooms at the meaner end of Ebury-street, where the hall exacts the stern necessity of observing precedence, and requires Indian file for visitors. Hitherto, a letter would reach Phoebe, first, on every second day, then on every fourth, and then at longer intervals; each growing shorter and more businesslike, and full of such excuses as "I cannot write more to-day, I am so dreadfully busy," and the like. As a matter of course, Phoebe's sensitiveness noted the very first of these changes, and augured that something was wrong, but her mother, who fancied herself a woman of finesse, had her own plans in view.

"We must not worry him now, as they really must be full of business. Just let us give them time to get settled and accustomed to their new condition. He is a little dazzled at first. It is only natural."

It was in pursuance of this astute policy that Mrs. Dawson and her daughter waited at Brighton, where there was a little gaiety going on, for about a month, and then repaired to London to the Ebury-street lodgings, as aforesaid.

ACROSS SIBERIA.

LONG journeys are the fashion of the day; and the fashion has its consequences. After starting on one's travels, long or short, to turn back is unlucky, and in the strictest sense untoward. But in a very long journey, to go straight on means—the earth being a globe—to go round and round it. One reaches a point, too, from which one gets home sooner by pushing forward than by turning back. People do travel round the world accordingly.

Nor is man the only animal who makes the grand tour by way of pastime. The albatross, without apparent effort, performs the Antarctic circuit on outspread wings; the southern whale—prevented by the impassable barrier of equatorial hot water from visiting his northern brethren—

sculls round the area of the Antarctic Ocean, as easily as a goldfish inspects the circumference of his marble basin. For them, the world, as contracted at the Antarctic circle, with the South Pole for its central axis, is little more than a vast squirrel-cage in which to exercise their superfluous activity.

Without the advantage of being either fish or fowl, a recent traveller* has also selected a short route and a diminished circle, but high up in the northern hemisphere, by which to complete his peregrinations about the upper portions of our planet. M. Victor Meignan, having to make a call at Peking, must needs reach it *viâ* Siberia, Mongolia, and the desert of Gobi, preferring to traverse those regions in winter. He had visited Nubia and the Dead Sea in the dog-days, and he wished to see Siberia wearing its mantle of snow.

His escape from European civilisation was made with all possible despatch. The air and aspect of Berlin were depressing. Bad pavement, filthy gutters, ugly situation, melancholy architecture. You are tempted to say to everybody you meet, "Brother, we must die!" M. Meignan said to himself, "We must take ourselves off!"—the grand resource of travellers at unpleasant places. But one may go farther and fare worse. At the Russian frontier, every article not worn out or in rags was made to pay duty by weight as new, amounting in this case to more than a hundred francs. Second-hand clothes never reached so high a premium. Blank note-books were taxed, because no future impressions were jotted on their pages.

From the frontier to St. Petersburg the landscape is simply melancholy. True, autumn is the least favourable season for visiting Russia; the absence of foliage, sunshine, and snow, brings out all the more its natural physiognomy, characterised by immensity, impenetrability, silence. In autumn, the ground is too muddy for wheel carriages, and sledging has not yet begun. At St. Petersburg, official assistance was readily given to the project, and Moscow was reached at ten in the morning of the 21st of November, with twenty-four degrees below zero, centigrade.

Up to this point, M. Meignan seems to have been provided with every requisite except one for his intended journey—namely, a travelling companion; who,

therefore, became an object of research. On returning to his hotel from a visit to the monastery of Troitsa, near Moscow, he was called on by a young man named Constantine Kokcharof, an inhabitant of Eastern Siberia, yellow-brown complexioned, with high cheek-bones like those of the Mongols; frizzled hair, protruding lips, short stature, but great muscular strength. His genealogical tree would be sure to record the alliance of some ancestor with a worshipper of Brahma and Vishnoo. On entering, he said, "May God bless your journey, monsieur;" he then mentioned his name and offered his hand in Siberian fashion. Even in Russia it is extremely unpolite not to present your hand to the person whose acquaintance you are making.

"Monsieur," continued Constantine, "your friend M. Sabachnikof knows me well. I am returning to Irkoutak (or Yakutak), where my parents reside. You have a letter of introduction to my father, and another to my uncle, both functionaries in Siberia. Will you accept me as your fellow-traveller? I will act as your interpreter; and with me you will have the advantage of travelling as quickly or as slowly as you please, and of following the direction that may suit you best."

The offer was at once accepted; but it gave rise to an extraordinary claim on the part of the hotel interpreter, a Pole, who impudently said, "Monsieur, you owe me a gratification of at least three hundred francs, which I calculate thus: To go to Siberia, you absolutely cannot dispense with a Russian companion. When M. Kokcharof came to inquire for you, I might have answered that I knew nothing about you, and in the course of conversation I should have learnt his address. Then I could have told you, 'I have found up the person you want, but I will not tell you his name unless you give me a thousand francs.' I didn't do that, monsieur, and so I hope you'll remember me accordingly."

This worthy was immediately remembered by being shown the door.

It was the sixth time that Constantine was about to traverse the immense space which lies between Moscow and the river Amoor, and he had performed the journey both in winter and summer. But distances, however great, are no obstacle to the true-bred Russian. At St. Petersburg, a woman said to our author, "You have heard of the cascade of Tchernaiarietchka? I went there the other day, and was charmed with it. I had no idea we had

* De Paris à Pékin par terre: Sibérie—Mongolie. Par Victor Meignan. Paris, E. Plon et Cie., 1876.

anything so beautiful at the gates of our metropolis." On inquiry, it came out that, to reach the cascade, you must pass eight-and-forty hours on the railway and twelve hours in the diligence. Perhaps, when sailors are ordered to join their ships at Nikolæfak, on the Sea of Okhotak, three thousand leagues from the Russian capital, they are considered as sent to the gates of St. Petersburg. Siberians do not hesitate to undertake sledge journeys of fifteen hundred or two thousand leagues, with young children and even infants at the breast. They will remain, sitting or lying in a sledge, forty consecutive days and nights. They will go straight from Moscow to the said Sea of Okhotak. An unhappy military inspector, met with at a relay station or post-horse house, was obliged to travel ten thousand leagues per annum to fulfil his duties properly.

Constantine forthwith informed M. Meignan what fur clothing to purchase, and of what quality. Warmth alone does not suffice; appearance also must be considered. A Russian proverb says, "You receive a man according to his furs; you take leave of him according to his ability;" but, to many Russian minds, furs are still the influential recommendation to a second favourable reception. Certain blue fox pelisses, renowned throughout Russia, made from the paws only of the beast, are valued at thirty-five or forty thousand francs. Next comes beaver; after that, sable. The fourth and the most serviceable of first-class furs is that called *iénotte*, because it is considered elegant and stylish, although the price varies extraordinarily, according to the length and thickness of the hair. *iénotte* pelisses may be had at two hundred and fifty francs, others are valued at twelve thousand. As it requires close inspection to appreciate the difference, a gentleman clad in *iénotte* skins may pass for a dandy, although his pelisse would fetch but a trifle. The least-esteemed and the least-worn fur is *astrakan*. In cities like Moscow or Irkoutak, where fashion is scrupulously respected, he would be a bold man who should venture to present himself, clad with it, in good society. The *astrakan* cap is especially despised; and if certain Russians refuse, on principle, to salute any one they meet in the streets on foot, it is hardly likely that they would deign to know a friend who dared to appear in *astrakan*. Sheep, bear, and elk skins are only wrappers for the vulgar. When wealthy travellers condescend to use them

for warmth, they add collars of blue fox or beaver.

At Nijni-Novgorod, the railway which leads to Siberia comes to an end. Henceforward sledging is the mode of locomotion. Before reaching the Ural Mountains, gusts of wind raised the snow in whirling eddies, which limited the view in all directions to a few hundred yards. To while away the time, Constantine was questioned:

"What is there in summer beneath all this snow?"

"Grass."

"What use is made of it?"

"No use at all."

"Who makes hay of it?"

"Nobody."

"Who cuts the wood in these forests?"

"Nobody."

"But all these lands must belong to somebody?"

"Not always."

"The soil, then, is incapable of producing anything?"

"Quite the contrary; it would be extremely fertile, if cultivated."

"In that case, why has your emperor such a passion for conquest, when he might obtain such vast profits from his own proper territory? Why does he send gold-finders to Transbaikalia, in the valley of the Issoury, and soon, perhaps, as they say he will, to the Corea, when he has at hand much more abundant and more certain sources of wealth? Why do his armies penetrate the burning deserts of Tartary, once called Independent? Why does he spend treasures on the conquest of Khiva, when he might amass them on territory which is really his own?"

Constantine, who stood up for his emperor's glory, disdainfully answered, "I can understand that the French, whose country is smaller than our governmental district of Perm, should be jealous of the immensity of our territory. But you should know, monsieur, that we are on the way to conquer the whole of Asia, the cradle of our race, as well as Constantinople, where our religion had its origin."

Two days after leaving Perm, they reached the boundary which marks the limits of Europe and Asia. It is built of stone, neither large nor handsome, but strikes you merely by its simplicity and isolation. Nature has refused even proofs of her potency to this portion of the Russian empire. Quarters of the world, or even states, are usually limited by imposing frontiers—the sea, lofty moun-

tains, a desert, some broad stream. The Ural is here so low, so incapable of its office, that man is obliged to come and help it. The traveller is informed by a work of human hands, "On this side, is Asia; on that, lies Europe."

In due course of time, after adventures characterised by local colouring (white) and local temperature (from fifty degrees centigrade below zero outdoors to summer sultriness in the stove-heated post-houses), Irkoutsk, the true capital of Siberia, was reached. It is a comfort to stay-at-home people to learn that our traveller, of the same flesh and blood as themselves, was obliged to take rest there, being knocked up with the fatigue of incessant sledging. Here, we can only direct the reader's attention to the strange and unexpected things he saw; but, like the Wandering Jew, he could linger long nowhere. The voice shouted to him, "March! march!" Bidding farewell to Constantine, he pursued his course, over Lake Baikal, still frozen though soon to thaw, onwards, ever onwards—and so must we.

The Russian empire—as is seen from the map—touches in those regions the Chinese empire. On approaching Kiachta, the frontier village, the naked earth, the real earth, which had been hidden by snow all the way from St. Petersburg, became visible at last in places. The soil of Siberia, apparently fat and fertile, was caught sight of just before leaving it.

At the first Chinese town, Maimatchin, the natives soon became aware of the presence of a Sienzy, or man of the extreme West. As the species is rare in Northern China, and the curiosity of all the women in the world does not equal in amount that of one single Chinese, every creature in the town wished to get a peep at the stranger. The windows of his lodging were hermetically closed, in Russian fashion, although frost had almost completely disappeared, but the doors stood wide open. There was therefore no stopping the stream of visitors. As fast as one set went away, others came. There were constantly forty or fifty of them in the three little chambers which he occupied. They noticed his slightest actions; examined every scrap of writing; felt his beard, which they thought a monstrosity, because neither on their own nor on Siberian faces does anything besides moustaches usually grow; and asked him to speak his language. Sometimes, worn out with their persistence, he gave vent to coarse and vulgar ex-

pressions; but they thought them just as harmonious as the rest, and begged their repetition to the new arrivals.

The governor could not resist the force of the current. He came clad in a robe of cloth of gold. An official blue ball surmounted his cap, from which two long peacock's feathers dangled behind. He was accompanied by two Chinese dignitaries and a Mongol prince, whose breast was hidden by a profusion of coral and silver ornaments and amulets. One of Ivan Michaelovitch's cousins acted as interpreter. "Legally," said the governor, "I ought to oppose your entry into China. Russians only have the right of penetrating by land into the Celestial Empire. Nevertheless, I will shut my eyes. But procure from your Russian friends a tea-merchant's passport, in case of difficulties being raised by the authorities along the route." An invitation to dinner was given and accepted, and they parted the best of friends.

Maimatchin is unique perhaps in the world, in being peopled exclusively by men. Not only cannot Chinese women go beyond their own territory, but they are forbidden to pass the great wall of Kalkann and to enter Mongolia. Consequently, the residents in this frontier town are all commercial men, who have been reared, up to manhood, in all their native pride and prejudices. As soon as a sufficient independence is acquired, they return to enjoy family life at their homes in the interior. Ease and comfort are indicated by their habitations, mostly separated from the street by an inner court, which is the playground of those plump little cur-dogs, with big staring eyes, whose acquaintance we make on pottery and screens. Many things which we take for grotesque caricatures, are faithful representations of Chinese objects, with slight errors of perspective and faults of drawing.

The governor's dinner was punctually attended. The guests, including several travelling companions, took their places on a raised floor or platform, squatting in groups of three or four round so many low tables. For each person were laid two chopsticks, a tiny plate, and a microscopic cup. The plate was not for the reception of portions of the dishes served, but to hold hot black vinegar, constantly renewed by the servants; into which, as sauce, every mouthful was dipped after being adroitly seized by the chopsticks, which, when the morsel was conveyed to the mouth, took, right and left, sundry coi-

diments from supplemental saucers surrounding each dish. Those condiments were mostly marine plants, black funguses grown on birch trees, aromatic herbs, eggs pickled in such a way as to turn the whites black, and little reptiles artistically carved in spirals. On another occasion, close to the sea, one of these hors d'œuvres was a bowl of live shrimps, served in a scientific sauce which seasoned without killing them. They were thus eaten really fresh, preference being given to those that skipped the brikest. At this feast, the only beverage served in the thimble-cups was hot rice-brandy. The whole affair, with its finical preparatives, its pretty little utensils, and its variety of unsubstantial messes, was more like children playing at dinner than men enjoying an actual meal, in spite of its procession of five-and-twenty or thirty dishes, all previously cut up into mouthfuls, the last being rice plain-boiled in water, which nobody ever touches. Its signification is, "I have given you all the dainties in my power. Anybody who is still hungry, must satisfy his appetite with ordinary fare."

And so across Mongolia and the Desert of Gobi, imperceptibly but continually mounting until an altitude of four thousand feet above the sea was attained, and then, at the culminating point, a precipitous dip down to the plain of China proper.

Pekin was reached with all the greater satisfaction that there, at the hospitable Légation de France, for the first time since leaving Nijni-Novgorod, the luxury of a bed, a real bed, and of sleeping between sheets, was enjoyed, not to mention French cookery in exchange for frozen sausages. All this and more the reader will learn by-and-by from the translation, whose appearance we predict; the woodcuts and the map need no translation. The author's parting counsel is, "If you think of going to Siberia, don't go." But if you think of reading his narrative instead, then we say, "Do read it."

WHO'S LLOYD?

"Who's Griffiths?"—a question that some time back confronted us everywhere on the dead walls of the metropolis—is, we believe, now answered to the satisfaction of those more immediately interested in it. But people are less prepared to decide "Who's Lloyd?" That remarkable person must be at least two centuries old; for he kept a coffee-house or coffee-shop a hundred

and eighty-eight years ago; and we must credit him with having arrived at years of discretion before he embarked on that venture. That he is still alive is plausibly, if not actually, evident; for Lloyd's Committee meet at Lloyd's Rooms to manage Lloyd's List, Lloyd's Register, and Lloyd's Index, and to do many other things in the name of Lloyd. When Mr. Frederick Martin was collecting materials for his recently published History of Lloyd's, rummaging among huge heaps of old documents and account-books in the vaults beneath the Royal Exchange, he found particulars in great abundance, not hitherto made public.

In the very year when the House of Orange gave a quietus to the House of Stuart, Mr. Edward Lloyd kept a coffee-house in Tower-street, leading into Tower-hill. Such establishments were at that time a recent novelty. Merchants, trading to Turkey, brought back Mocha coffee as an article of import, and sought to encourage in England the use of a beverage prepared from those fragrant berries. The public gradually acquired a liking for the kauphy (as the word was sometimes spelt), and coffee-houses were established in the City as well as in the genteel precincts of the West-end. The rooms became convenient meeting-places for merchants and brokers, shippers and shipowners; and evidence is extant to show that, as early as the time of Charles the Second, much miscellaneous trade was carried on at Hodge's Coffee-house, in Cornhill; Hain's, in Birch-in-lane; Elford's, in Lombard-street; Paynter's, in Cornhill; and Garraway's, in Change-alley. Lloyd's was added to the number somewhat later. Many ships were sold by auction at those places (by "inch of candle," a curious mode adopted in those days of determining the time during which the biddings should continue), as well as commodities of other kinds. The coffee-houses were the first places at which shippers and ship-owners could be certain of meeting with the underwriters or insurers. The latter were capitalists, who contracted to shield the owners of ships and cargoes from loss by sea, on condition of receiving a premium proportionate to the risk; they underwrote or signed their names to the contract of insurance, and were hence known as underwriters.

Our friend Lloyd removed, in 1692, from Tower-street to Lombard-street, where, at the corner of Birch-in-lane, he dispensed

cups of refreshing coffee, furnished accommodation for merchants and brokers, and was an agent for receiving answers to advertisements. Many such advertisements in those times related to runaway slaves. Here is one: "Run away, from Captain John Bradyl, a Tawny Moor, about twenty Years of Age, bow-legged, with a light-coloured coat, a white waste-coat, and a Pair of Shammy Breeches;" apply to Mr. Lloyd, who was authorised to give twenty shillings reward to any person who would capture and bring forward the said Tawny Moor. Shortly after this, just before the century closed, Lloyd started a tiny newspaper, called Lloyd's News; it was a single leaf of two pages, about double the size of the page of ALL THE YEAR ROUND; and gave such scraps of information as he could pick up concerning ships and trade at various ports. He kept copies at his rooms, and sold others at one penny each—the issue being thrice a week. He gave offence to the government, by inserting short bits of political information—a high crime and misdemeanour in days when the newspaper press had not yet become the Fourth Estate.

By the time of George the First, two marine insurance companies, the London and the Royal Exchange, were chartered, for insuring ships and cargoes. The underwriters, small partnerships, and private individuals, resisted this encroachment vehemently; but when resistance was no longer available, they knit themselves into a closer bond at Lloyd's, which became the most important of all the City coffee-houses. Lloyd added one room after another, for the accommodation of his customers. Brokers made it their head-quarters, for sale "by inch of candle" of ships, wine, coffee, sugar, indigo, anatto, salt, brandy, oil, ships' tackle, cocoa-nuts, soap; a farm and a landed estate also; and one day a horse was raffled for. Mr. Lloyd was still the referee in regard to runaway slaves. For example, one young lady found wanting was, "A Negro Maid, aged about sixteen years, named Bess, having on a stript stuff wastecoat and petticoat; deeply pock-marked, and hath lost a piece of her left ear"—not a very comely person, Miss Bess.

In 1726 Mr. Lloyd began Lloyd's List, containing more information about ship arrivals and departures than he had been able to give in his News. As there seems to be no record extant of his death, we

would fain believe that Lloyd is still living, a duocentenarian with venerable white locks. But be this as it may, Lloyd's Coffee-house belonged in 1740 to one Mr. Baker. The List was continued and improved, having shipping news on one side of the leaf, bankers' and Stock Exchange news on the other. The underwriters at Lloyd's had gradually joined more closely together; they employed agents at various foreign ports; and the intelligence brought often outstripped that of the government. From British ports the news lagged terribly, at a period when there were few roads that would bear vehicles of any kind—eleven days from Leith, fifteen days from Glasgow, and so on.

In the early years of George the Third's reign, an extraordinary mania for betting seized upon City speculators. They would bet upon anything—whether John Wilkes would win his election; how long Parliament would sit; when any eminent person, known to be ill, would die; or how soon the government would be turned out. Many of these gamblers met at Lloyd's; they became regarded by degrees as a disreputable set; and the shipowners, merchants, underwriters, shippers, and insurance brokers, as the most effectual way of shunning them, removed to Pope's Head-alley, and there formed a society called "Lloyd's"—clinging fondly to the old designation which they had been familiar with from their youth up. From Pope's Head-alley they removed to the Royal Exchange in 1774; and there they are now in 1876, despite the manifold and marvellous changes which the intervening period of a hundred and two years has witnessed. The members of this society were at first about a hundred in number, mostly underwriters; they paid an entrance fee and an annual subscription; they continued Lloyd's List, and agreed upon a printed form of policy for all marine insurances. One room, the coffee-room, was open to the public generally; the subscribers'-room was for members only. During the wars with Spain and France, in the later years of the century, the trade of Lloyd's Society greatly increased; the premiums charged for the insurance of ships and cargoes were very high (owing to the risk of capture), and many established merchants of high repute became underwriters.

So wealthy had Lloyd's become by the beginning of the present century, that the members subscribed the magnificent sum

of twenty thousand pounds to give a good start to the Patriotic Fund—established for the succour of the families of soldiers and sailors who fell during the wars with Bonaparte. The large profits of underwriting led to schemes for new marine insurance companies; but the opposition was so strong that nothing was definitely effected till 1826, when, chiefly through the exertions of the powerful house of Rothschild, the Alliance Company was sanctioned by Parliament. The underwriters at Lloyd's, nevertheless, continued to retain by far the larger part of the marine insurance business.

Lloyd's Register of Shipping, growing out of the little Lloyd's List, has gradually become one of the most remarkable tabulations known to the commerce of Europe. The underwriters began it by collecting and recording all the information they could obtain of as many ships as possible. The merchants and shipowners afterwards started a similar register on their own account. Jealousy and rivalry were the consequence, resulting, eventually, in the combination of all parties, in 1834, for the maintenance of a thoroughly reliable and comprehensive work. All ships, in order to gain admission to the register, must be surveyed and classed by experienced men employed by Lloyd's; and the shipowner pays a fee, varying according to the size of the vessel, to aid in defraying the cost of the survey. It is understood that the cost exceeds these fees, and that Lloyd's make up their profits from other sources. The rules laid down for surveying and classifying are most minute and detailed. Almost all the components of a ship, whether of wood or metal, are mentioned; and the surveyor has to judge, from a due estimate of quality of material, excellence of workmanship, and present condition, how far the ship is able to bear the bufftings of the sea. In former days the vessels were classed in a somewhat rude way, according to merit; but the classification is now very complete. Wooden ships are separated into five groups, according to quality; and the owner can effect an insurance on more favourable terms if his ships stand high up in the register. This is one reason why owners are so proud of the cabalistic symbol "A 1" belonging to a ship—A possessing more virtue than any later letter in the alphabet, and 1 more than any other numeral. The public, too, are more willing to be passengers in an A 1 ship than in any other. In order to keep a ship on the register, it must be re-sur-

veyed at intervals; time and knocking about may have rendered it no longer worthy of occupying the same high position as before; and Lloyd's will only give it such a character as it actually deserves. No question seems to arise as to the honesty of the survey, or the fairness of the classification. The register belongs to the whole body of members or subscribers; among whom the underwriters are interested in seeing that a vessel is not classed more favourably than it deserves; while the shipowners are equally alert to insist that the standard of classification shall not be lower than fairness calls for. Each party keeps the other party steady, and (as in many scientific matters) the balance of forces brings about equilibrium.

The vexed question of the unseaworthiness of ships, so much discussed within the last two or three years, is submitted to the Board of Trade rather than to Lloyd's; yet the two are connected by many links. There is no compulsion, it appears, on a shipowner to have a place for his ship on Lloyd's register; he can exercise a choice in the matter. There are at the present time about five thousand five hundred wooden ships, and two thousand five hundred iron ships on the register. (We should have explained that iron ships are grouped in these classes according as they are estimated to last twelve, nine, or six years before requiring re-survey and a lower classification.) The register also contains the names of seven thousand vessels which are not at present classed, mostly because they are no longer fitted to occupy a place even at the bottom of the list. It is worthy of note, however, that there are no fewer than thirteen thousand British merchant vessels which entirely ignore Lloyd's register; their names do not appear in it under any form. There is a growing opinion that the owners keep out of the register because their ships are not exactly seaworthy. The register gives, not merely the verdict of Lloyd's as to the class in which a vessel shall be placed, but also the evidence (so to speak) whereon the verdict is founded; that is, the actual condition when last surveyed. This register is almost indispensable to underwriters and marine insurance companies; they rely upon it for determining what rate of premium they shall charge for insuring any particular vessel; while it saves them the trouble and expense of making a separate survey at their own individual cost. Changes are made in the register

incessantly, according as new vessels are entered, old ones removed from the list, or others placed a stage lower in the classification. According to the number of copies subscribed for, and the frequency of delivery, the purchasers pay from three guineas to as much as a hundred guineas per annum for the register.

A busy fellow indeed is Lloyd. He keeps a Captain's Register as well as a Register of Shipping. This may almost be called a concise biographical dictionary (contemporaneous) of twenty-five thousand certificated captains or masters in the mercantile navy. The "life, character, and behaviour" of each man is compressed into a nutshell; and yet the information given is sufficient to guide a shipowner in selecting a captain to command his ship. The details necessary for recording these particulars are furnished expressly to Lloyd's by the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, under instructions from the Board of Trade. There are about seventy thousand jottings added to this register every year—recording deaths among the captains, the admission of new names, the retirement of those who have had enough of sea life, the name of any vessel to which any captain is newly appointed, the time he has served in it, the nature of the trade in which it is engaged, and other particulars. The biography is thoroughly honest and impartial; it jots down events unfavourable as well as favourable; and a captain has good reason to be vexed when the two words "ship lost" occur in connection with his name.

A special Act of Parliament was obtained five years ago, making important changes in the organisation of Lloyd's, and placing it on a higher pinnacle of power and usefulness than ever. For the first time, the society was made a corporate body, having privileges secured to it by statute. It may, in future, if reasons appear to justify such a course, incorporate other and similar companies and societies, for the better development of marine insurance, and the security of British merchant shipping generally. The managing committee consists of not fewer than twelve members, nor more than twenty; three go out every year, but are re-eligible after one year's interval. It is chosen by all the members, according to rules of election clearly prescribed. The members consist of two classes, underwriters and non-underwriters: the latter class comprising shipowners, shippers, insurance brokers, ship brokers,

freight brokers, and merchants. In addition to these regular members there are annual subscribers, admitted by ballot, but not possessing all the privileges of membership; the committee is empowered to decide how many and which of these privileges shall be shared by the subscribers. A further augmentation of members is due to the fact that all members and subscribers may nominate substitutes, to attend at the rooms in their stead, or in addition to them. These substitutes would probably be partners or clerks, competent to conduct the business carried on, whether underwriting or any other. The consent of the committee of Lloyd's is, however, necessary for the admission of substitutes; this being obtained, two or more may be nominated by one principal.

Taken altogether, the number of persons who pay for the privilege of using Lloyd's is large, and the fees and premiums paid by them are large also. The underwriters, who constitute the most important section, are about four hundred and fifty in number; they pay a hundred guineas fee on admission, and an annual subscription of twelve pounds. The non-underwriters, comprising about a hundred and sixty shipowners, merchants, &c., pay twenty-five guineas admission fee, and five pounds a year; and when a non-underwriting member becomes an underwriter, he pays a special extra fee of seventy-five guineas. The subscribers (non-members) pay simply five pounds a year, without any fee. All alike—underwriters, non-underwriters, and subscribers—pay five pounds a year for every substitute they appoint. The annual subscribers, about six hundred and seventy, are more numerous than all the members taken together; while the substitutes are about three hundred and thirty. In accordance with one of the stringent rules of the society, no non-underwriting member, no annual subscriber, is permitted to engage in underwriting, either at Lloyd's rooms or in any other part of London. Altogether, Lloyd's receives the good round sum of about fifty thousand pounds a year for these fees and subscriptions.

Lloyd's Intelligence Department, in close relation to Lloyd's Register and Lloyd's List, is one of the most wonderful organisations known to the commercial world. In twelve hundred different parts of the globe—on the margin of every ocean, sea, and great river—are stationed Lloyd's agents, instructed to forward

to London succinct but accurate information concerning the arrivals and departures of ships, together with wrecks and casualties which have happened to shipping; they are to send promptly, and by the quickest available route—whether it be by cable, wire, rail, steam, or sail. These agents, mostly merchants resident at the several ports, are selected and appointed by a special committee at Lloyd's. It is not found necessary to pay them any considerable sum by way of fee or salary; it is deemed an honourable position to be a Lloyd's agent; and merchants of good standing seek for the office as an advantage to them in many ways. Day and night, Sunday and week-day, all the year round, and year after year, intelligence is arriving at Lloyd's from some or other of these agents, at a heavy cost for post-letters, telegrams, foreign newspapers, &c.; and the information thus obtained is made available as quickly as possible, by successive issues of Lloyd's List, for underwriters, marine insurance companies, ship-owners, ship brokers, insurance brokers, freight brokers, importers, exporters, merchant captains, and all interested in maritime trade.

Lloyd's Index is another remarkable product of the ingenuity and untiring exertions of this ubiquitous Lloyd. It is a huge work, in many folio volumes, giving the veritable biography of sixty thousand ships of all nations. Each is entered in the alphabetical order of its name, and is also identified by the official number which it bears in the maritime commercial code-book now adopted in most European countries. Every fact relating to any one of these ships, as reported by Lloyd's agents, or by any other reliable sources of information, is jotted down at once in this index, opposite the name of the ship itself. Arrivals and departures, "spoken with" at sea, detentions and disablings, wreckings and casualties—all are here noted.

The Index enables Lloyd's to render to the public an amount of kindly service which ought to be recorded to the honour of this great society. An "inquiry-room" is every day open at the Royal Exchange, where persons of any grade, rich or poor, can obtain information concerning the whereabouts of ships. If the White Squall went out to Brazil some months ago, and if Nancy Brown, the wife of one of the sailors on board, is becoming anxious about his welfare, Lloyd's clerks (a few

specially set apart for this duty) will examine the Index under White Squall, and tell her all that Lloyd at present knows about the movements of the vessel. If there are many ships of the same name (our merchant navy includes no fewer than two hundred vessels that answer to the name of Mary Anne), there may be some difficulty in ascertaining, from the many, the precise White Squall in which Nancy's husband sailed. But Lloyd does not grudge trouble in the matter; if he can give the information he will.

TWO DANISH BALLADS.

THE DAY IN THE EAST IS BREAKING.

"THE day in the East is breaking,
Its light comes widening on;
How little knows my dearest
Where I must now be gone—
How little knows my dearest.

"Were I by friends surrounded,
Nor foe-girl every hand,
How I'd rejoice, my darling,
With you to push from land—
How glad were I, my darling."

"And where then should we hurry,
My brave and gentle knight?
To sleep beside my true love
I surely have the right—
To sleep beside my true love."

"With him you think you're sleeping,
'Tis but a dream and vain;
Go, look beneath the linden,
For there he lieth slain—
Go, look beneath the linden."

The lady took her mantle
And through the wild wood sped,
And there, beneath the linden,
She found her lover dead—
Beneath the blossomed linden.

His helm was off and cloven,
His sword snapped in his hand;
Blood wet the ferns wept over,
Red was the trampled sand—
Blood drops the fern shed over.

"And here thou liest, darling,
Bathed in your own brave blood;
So life and hope are ended
In this wolf-den of a wood—
In this at last have ended.

"The mist is on your armour,
Alas! and wels away;
And I'm left sad and friendless
To mourn you many a day—
Left all so sad and friendless."

The lady took her mantle
And sped back through the wood,
Her father's door was open,
And, weeping, there she stood—
Her father's door was open.

"Oh, is there none among you,
Not one of gentle birth,
Will kindly come and help me
To lay him in his earth?—
Will kindly come and help me?"

SIR SUNO AND THE MERMAID.

SIR SUNO he built a ship so grand
As never was seen on sea or land—
They gather gold in Greenland.

'Twas gilt all over from stern to prow,
The name of the Virgin on either bow—
They gather gold in Greenland.

'Twas gilt all over from keel to floor,
Its blazon the name of Jesus bore—
They gather gold in Greenland.

The sails were silk, all bright and new,
The misson was yellow, the main was blue—
They gather gold in Greenland.

The yards they all with silver shone,
The mainmast-top a gold cap had on—
They gather gold in Greenland.

Sir Suno pointed, they drove to shore,
The anchor ready and every oar—
They gather gold in Greenland.

As steered Sir Suno across the sea,
A mermaid met him and wrath was she—
They gather gold in Greenland.

"Hark thee, Sir Suno, and turn thee back,
Or riven and rent thy ship I'll wrack"—
They gather gold in Greenland.

"Foul witch, if fifty years you live,
I'll never place to a mermaid give"—
They gather gold in Greenland.

The very first wave the mermaid cast,
Away went sail and away went mast—
They gather gold in Greenland.

The very next wave that the mermaid threw,
Every sail into finders flew—
They gather gold in Greenland.

Said the steersman trembling, "Has none the skill
With runes this mermaid's wrath to still"—
They gather gold in Greenland.

Up spoke Sir Suno, that stalwart knight,
"Runes, myself, I have learned to write"—
They gather gold in Greenland.

On staff so slender he wrote the rhyme,
And bound the mermaid for endless time—
They gather gold in Greenland.

He wrote the rune on a twig so small,
Yet it bound her fast to a rock withal—
They gather gold in Greenland.

"Sir Suno, Sir Suno, O set me free,
Seven tons of silver I'll give to thee—
They gather gold in Greenland.

"Seven tons of silver and eight of gold;
Have mercy, Sir Suno, and loose thy hold"—
They gather gold in Greenland.

"Cling to thy rock in cold and pain,
The spell I never will loose again—
They gather gold in Greenland.

"Sit there, and to all who sail near thee, tell
Of the binding power of Sir Suno's spell"—
They gather gold in Greenland.

Sir Suno is home to Greenland ground,
But the mermaid is still to the stone reef bound.

FOUR CHAPTERS ON LACE.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE starting on our trip through Laceland, and discoursing of the clouds which encircle it, a few minutes may, perhaps, be advantageously employed in defining the precise position of the feathery realm, and in acquiring, as Lord Bacon hath it, "some entry into its language." A few, a very few, technical terms must be explained, as without these both students

and guides might go floundering about in the intricate meshes of lace-topography until, like ill-assorted travelling companions, they quarrelled and parted to speak together no more. This is the more necessary as the constitutional inaccuracy of the human mind has led to the formation of pitfalls and traps around Laceland, calculated to engulf the explorer before he passes the threshold of that airy region. The term "point-lace," for instance, is constantly used both in this country and in France, without the slightest reference to its real meaning; and the wanderer on the borders of Laceland is still more confused when he finds that the cities and provinces of that country are confounded together with utter recklessness. A great collector of historical portraits tells me that the only way to get at the truth respecting them, is to at once dismiss from the mind any idea that the portrait offered for sale is that of the person whose name it bears. This act of firmness once performed, there is some chance that the real original may be discovered. Mary Queen of Scots may be cited as the most famous example of a name to hang a portrait upon. Judging from the hundreds of pictures of this clever but unlucky queen, she was at once blonde and brunette, plump and slender, tall and short, rosy and sickly-looking. As every portrait of a lady of the latter part of the sixteenth century is christened Mary Stuart, so is lace of all kinds called "point," and "point" not of the country in which it was made, but of that through which it last passed. Thus, as a Chinese root was called Russian or Turkey rhubarb, as it reached Europe through either of those countries—as the "dinde," or "coq d'Inde," of the French became the "Turkey" in England because the American bird was brought hither from the peninsula by Turkey merchants—as the first porcelain ever imported into France was "porcelaine de Perse" because it was shipped from Persia—so the magnificent Italian laces rent from the Spanish monasteries, where it had been treasured up for generations, was dubbed "point d'Espagne;" and the pillow-lace of Flanders—imported into France during the wars in the Low Countries through English merchants, remains to this day "point d'Angleterre"—a superb misnomer, as, first, it was not point-lace at all; secondly, it was not made in England; and, thirdly, no point-lace good for anything ever was made in this tight little island. Equal confusion is

occasioned by the absurd term "bone-point," which means worse than nothing. Pillow-lace was made with bone bobbins; but the magnificent Italian point in high relief which is called "bone-point," and is really a work of art, was made with a needle point, every atom of it.

To prevent the evil effect of all this blundering nomenclature, we will understand at once that, apart from the varieties of *passementerie* and *guipure*—cut and drawn work—real lace, ancient and modern, may be divided into three kinds. First, point-lace proper, made with the point of the needle; secondly, bobbin-lace, made on a cushion; and, thirdly, that made by the two processes combined. The technical terms used in speaking of lace are neither long nor numerous. "Bride" signifies the small strip or connection of threads overcast with button-hole stitches, or of twisted or plaited threads, which lashes, so to speak, the heavy flowers together in "rose-point," and supplies the place of a groundwork of net. When the groundwork is closer and finer, being made of small, regular meshes—as in one variety of Venetian lace, in "point d'Alençon," and in the modern Brussels "point-gaze"—it is called the "réseau," as distinguished from the pattern. The "cordonet" is the outline of ornamental forms, and may consist of a single thread, of several threads, or, as in the case of point d'Alençon, of a horse-hair overcast with stitches. There are many other technical terms used in lace-making; but they may be more conveniently picked up as reader and writer jog along through Laceland together. It is neither a very large nor a very ancient empire; but it has, nevertheless, its principalities and powers, its history, its legends, its myths, and its superstitions. There are lace stories as there are wine stories—of equal credibility. There are legends of pious nuns poring over precious lacework till their dim eyes refused to labour more. There is a startling story about the lace worn by Charles the Rash at the battle of Granson—several years before lace was invented, by-the-way. Queen Elizabeth, who lived just before the great lace-period, has been credited with the possession of many tons of lace; and the Trianon could hardly have held all the choice specimens "once the property of Marie Antoinette," and now in the hands of enthusiastic or speculative collectors. Laceland has also its commercial as well as its artistic side; its solid return of profits, taxes, and duties; its manufactures and its smugglers; its

age of glory, its period of decadence and revival. In endeavouring to unravel the early history of lace, we are not—Heaven be praised!—compelled to trace it from the East. Truth to tell, the present writer having had nearly enough of the East—loves Laceland mainly because it is a Western country, and its productions, comparatively speaking, new. Its precise boundaries are not easy to define without a map, but it may be said, roughly, that it extends from Malta on the south, to Buckinghamshire in the north; and from Venice on the East, to Alençon in the west. A few odd corners may project here and there beyond the lines thus laid down, but their produce is of slight importance. It must, in candour, be admitted that the antiquity of lace has its lovers and strenuous supporters.

Those historians who insist on tracing everything to the Greeks and the Romans—when they spare us the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Egyptians—find that the Latin word "*lacinia*" must mean lace; and that therefore lace must have existed in remote periods. This fallacy arises partially from confusion. Lace, in the sense of gold and silver, and coloured silk, or woollen trimming, and fringe, was undoubtedly in use at a very early period; but it is absurd to assign any high antiquity to lace properly so called—that is, an ornamental fabric made of fine white linen thread, with the needle-point or bobbins. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, MacCulloch talked loosely about "*lacinia*," and theorised concerning the antiquity of lace without sufficient warrant; therein merely following the writers who preceded him, without undertaking any original researches. Like other histories, that of the lace manufacture has been debauched by the admission of traditions which have their usual purpose of misleading the too-credulous historian. There is a tradition, for instance, which attributes the establishment of the English cloth manufacture to the workmen of Ghent and Brabant who were driven from their own country in 1420; a most excellent tradition until we recollect that the men of Ghent, and the Flemings generally, did not feel the heavy hand of the Duke of Alba, and flee from the fires of the Inquisition, till more than a hundred years later than the date assigned. This example shows how necessary it is for the historian of Laceland and other kingdoms to keep perpetually on his guard against these pretended traditions; and shows how little authority should be accorded to

anything which has not been written, day by day, by actual witnesses who have had the opportunity of registering, as it were, the facts as they occurred. When proper checks are applied to a tradition, it almost invariably vanishes into thin air. It is a story gathered from that respectable individual the oldest inhabitant, who, being at least as vain as he is ignorant, is enraptured when he can seize on a patient victim to his twaddle. Some fine day the ancient man pours his store into the ear of a credulous writer, who prints it. Once sanctified by printing-ink, the wondrous tale is repeated and re-edited over and over again, becoming at last a mighty stumbling-block in the way of the seeker for truth. Sham citations from imaginary treaties are quoted to prove the antiquity of lace. It is boldly asserted to have been worn in France under Charles the Fifth—1364-1380—according to another authority it was brought from the East by the Crusaders. The oriental hypothesis requires no discussion. If the Orientals had made lace in the times of the Crusaders, they would be making it now in precisely the same way. They are good conservatives in the East, and would have presented the Prince of Wales with a piece of lace, of exactly the same pattern, and made in precisely the same manner, as the specimen presented to Richard of the Lion Heart by the accomplished Saladin. To put the question in a stronger way, they would not have left off making lace just as a demand sprang up for it in the Western world. That from the moment of its invention it has been treasured and prized by persons of taste and condition, there is no shadow of doubt; how is it, then, that no sign of lace appears on monuments and portraits older than the sixteenth century; while, in those of the seventeenth, it is the particular favourite both of sitters and painters? So great are the pains expended by many of the greatest portrait painters whom the world has seen, upon the lace ruffs and falling collars of their models, that it is possible to distinguish, exactly, the particular kind of lace of which they were constructed, and to refer it at once to its particular school. In fact it was a new and a choice thing—a mark of taste, rank, and wealth—the last and most beautiful decoration for the human form, and prized accordingly. It was the dainty product of that mighty period of the Renaissance when the human mind, bursting from the fetters of a thousand unprofitable years, leaped with

the joy of youth renewed, and, revelling in exuberant strength, poured out thoughts and things of beauty with the recklessness of a prodigal. Architecture and sculpture, poetry and painting, filled the world with their glory; while long-stified science lifted her head once more and asked the reason why—in tones whose echo still rings in our ears, and will not be hushed.

Almost up to the date at which the old world may be said to have melted into the new, there are not the slightest indications of the existence of lace; of its popularity, when once invented, there can be no question, for it was adopted equally by both sexes. Yet we find that when Rabelais wrote his *Gargantua*, and shook in his shoes as he clung tightly to the Cardinal du Bellay's robe, while the faggots crackled threateningly in his ears, the "first king of France who burned heretics" had not a lace collar to his royal neck. The two portraits of Francis the First in the Louvre, the magnificent picture of the same monarch by Janet, in the possession of Mr. Alfred Morrison, and no single historical portrait of the Franciscan period, either in the Louvre or in the Versailles galleries, afford the slightest evidence of the existence of lace; the earliest authentic picture in which it is found being a portrait of Henry the Second at Versailles, evidently painted not long before he fell under the lance of Montgommery. His collar is embroidered in colours and edged with lace of a simple and modest pattern. From that date onward lace occurs in many historical portraits, male and female—the magnificent "point-coupé," or Gothic pattern (also called "point de Gènes"), being distinctly discernible in the picture of Margaret of Navarre, painted by Thomas de Leu, in 1572. In the same artist's portrait of Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchess de Beaufort, the lace edging of her ruff is of a very simple pattern, the ruff itself being sufficiently formidable to explain the use of the long-handled spoons then used at dinner. For a long while the fluted ruff, introduced by Catherine de Medicis, rather impeded than assisted the development of a taste for lace, its place being supplied by "frilling" and "quilling"—one of the French kings, Henry the Third, being very fond of giving his ruff the final touch of the Italian iron himself. His brothers, Francis the Second and Charles the Ninth, both appear in frills without any suspicion of lace; but the pretty wife of the latter

king, Elizabeth of Austria, and her father, the Emperor Maximilian the Second, both wear ruffs with a narrow lace edging. Louise de Vaudemont-Lorraine, wife of Henry the Second, wears a large quantity of lace, as does Marie de Medicis, second wife of Henry the Fourth. Another quarter of a century, and lace appears in the greatest profusion—the heavy Gothic style, called here “Vandyke,” being still the rage. It is not till the reign of Louis the Fourteenth that the lighter kinds of lace “à réseau” came into fashion, as is seen in the lappets worn by a nobleman in a picture by Vander-Meulen, dated 1670. The grand old Gothic—now absurdly called Greek—lace appears to have gone out of fashion with the Elizabethan and Vandyke periods, the richer and more elegant “rose-point,” as it is called, having superseded it. Many lovers of lace prefer this rose, or, more correctly, “raised,” point to every other kind; but the fine ladies and gentlemen of Louis the Fourteenth’s court threw it aside for the thinner and lighter kinds of lace “à réseau—that is to say, not kept together by “brides,” but by an exquisitely fine groundwork of meshes, like modern Brussels “point-gaze.” Venice, again, supplied the material prized in the sumptuous period referred to; but the far-seeing Colbert established the lace manufacture in France, and had the satisfaction of beholding “point d’Alençon” first rival, then surpass, the far-famed “point de Venise.” As lace became more and more profusely worn, the still lighter kinds, made on a pillow, came into demand with the final effect of degrading lace from its high position as an art-product. The “mesh,” or “réseau,” became the principal thing desired, and, by degrees, elbowed the pattern away into a narrow and insignificant edging. This is the kind of lace worn in the time of Louis the Sixteenth—a poor period for art of all kinds, saving only the Ceramic.

The comparative antiquity of point and pillow-lace have, like other affairs of Lacedland, occasioned violent discussion; the conclusion now arrived at being that they were developed from two inferior arts. The ancestor of point was undoubtedly the ancient “laciis,” cut or drawn work of the kind recently revived as a drawing-room pastime.

This is merely one instance of that instinct of mankind for getting pleasing effects out of intersecting lines, of which

the chess-board is perhaps the most familiar example. The primeval savage plait his basket or his mat, and perceives that the open spaces form a kind of pleasant pattern, although they let the water through. To prevent this he smears his basket with gum, or his wattle-and-dab hut with clay, and produces yet another kind of pattern; the progenitor of diaper work. The original chequered design arises simply from spaces unavoidably left vacant; but when man advances to that stage of civilisation which is represented by weaving a closer fabric, he misses the variety of the older kind of work, and his eye revolts against the plain square of white linen cloth. He unravels the edge into fringe, and embroiders the middle or borders with coloured grasses, porcupine quills, threads of gold and silver, or human hair. One day, while producing a fringe by the simple process of unravelling the edges of a coarse fabric, the worker detects that if a thread be drawn out lengthwise and another crosswise, an open space will be left, and experience soon teaches an easy method of producing a pattern. By continuing to draw out threads all kinds of effects are produced, and the weakening of the fabric in the parts most severely drawn upon is compensated by fastening the loosened threads together with a needle. This is the drawn or cut work, the “laciis” of olden times, the favourite employment of noble dames and demoiselles. A particular kind of cloth was formerly made at Quintin, in Brittany, especially for the purpose of being drawn and otherwise tortured into patterns, the mangled fabric being held together by a button-hole stitch. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, this work was much used for altar-cloths and ecclesiastical vestments, and great ingenuity was exhibited in working out heraldic and devotional designs. Perhaps the great secret of the attraction of needlework for noble ladies arose from their not quite knowing what to do with themselves. The châtelaine of the olden days must have had a dull time of it. Her lord, when not away at the wars or engaged in personal attendance on the king, was generally out hunting, or at home drinking; so that his society could not be counted upon as any great help in getting through the day. There were no rinks in those days; cricket, lawn-tennis, and croquet were as yet uninvented; and young ladies who swam, went out rowing, and practised the trapeze in private, were

censured by their elders as unmaidenly. It was "slow," no doubt; the natural energy of womankind demanded some outlet; and large quantities of "lacies" were produced. How great was the demand for working patterns is proved by the numerous books of them now extant, spreading over the entire sixteenth century. In those last produced are patterns both for "lacies" and point-lace, the one art having apparently developed into the other in the first half of the sixteenth century.

Excellent artists thought it no disgrace to publish books of designs for lace. A heap of these quaint little volumes lies before the writer. Here is the work of Ser Giovanni Andrea Vavassore containing designs of rare beauty, intermingled with others which recall, in the most striking manner, the Japanese variations on the so-called Greek fret. More ancient in date, and confined more rigidly to "lacies" and embroidery, is the German "Modelbuch," printed at "Franckfurt-am-Mayn" in 1521. On the frontispiece of the "Ornamente delle belle et Virtuose Donne" is depicted a beautiful and virtuous dame, instructing her handmaids in the art of making "punti-tagliati;" Messer Matthio Pagani, in "Lhonesto Esempio," goes a step farther, and teaches the mystery of the "punti tagliati a fogliami," or "raised" point; Herr Georg Strueber, of St. Gall, also publishes a volume on "point coupé" in 1593; and the Seigneur Federic Vinciolo, a Venetian, produces his great work at Lyons in 1592. This edition is probably not the earliest issued of Vinciolo's book, for his designs were very popular and much sought after by French ladies about the year 1585, when he "is said" to have been appointed by Catherine de Medicis to be the principal purveyor of the "collerettes gaudronnées," or plaited collars, which succeeded the "fraises" or ruffs already alluded to. His book shows, in the most admirable manner, the way in which "lacies" became supplanted by true lace; and a famous work, made from his designs, exhibits the two methods of working side by side on the same piece. This work, which was brought over to England some time since, and now serves as an altar-cloth in a small Norman parish church, is about eight feet by five, and is almost as perfect as on the day when it was completed by the industrious Suzanne Lescalex. It includes all the best-known designs by Vinciolo, representing the months, the seasons, the gods and god-

esses, interspersed with squares of delicate Italian ornament, and various emblems, such as that friend of youth, the pelican of the wilderness, engaged in its well-known pious task of phlebotomy. The border is composed of "points coupés," each of a different pattern. At one end is worked in square letters and figures "Suzanne Lescalex, 1595;" and at the other, "Louant Dieu j'ai fini mon ouvrage." It is to be regretted that there is no photograph of this remarkable work, which exhibits the period of transition from the employment of a subsidiary fabric in the "lacies," or "punto a maglia," of the Italians, to the grand freedom of true lace made on parchment with a needle, without the aid of any groundwork. All this work, as well as rose-point, is classed by the French as "guipure à brides," because the pattern or guipure is held together by tiny tendrils, and the boldness of the design is weakened by no fragment of "réseau." A little distinction, however, must be made between its varieties. The first true lace was made in Italy—probably at Venice—and was called "reticella," a favourite material for the ruffs then in fashion, and worn of an extravagant size by the Henry the Third of France, already mentioned as a good hand at the Italian iron. All king of France that he was, the vain fribble could not escape the ridicule of the students at the fair of St. Germain in 1579. In the effervescent spirit of youth, these young gentlemen dressed themselves out in large paper ruffs, which unmistakably represented those worn by the king and his minions; and also bore a close resemblance to the paper decorations used to cover up the ends of joints of meat, and calves' heads. On meeting the king they cried out: "By the collar you know the calf." The ribald young men were sent to prison, but the laugh went against the ruff, and that exceedingly comforting article of dress went out of fashion. The "reticella" was followed by the "punto tagliato," or "point-coupé" of the Gothic or Vandyke design already mentioned, which again gave place to the "punto in aria," a more luxuriant and less angular style, destined to be superseded by the rich-flowing "rose" point, again thrown aside for the flatter and lighter "point de Venise à réseau." The transition from the stiffer Gothic into the flowing flowery style of "rose" point is said to have been occasioned in this wise:—A young Venetian sailor,

voyaging in the Southern Seas, preserved a beautiful specimen of the coralline known as "mermaid's lace," and on his return gave this trophy to his lady-love. Now this damsel was a maker of lace after the antique fashion, and was much struck by the refined, wavy, wandering, patternless beauty wrought by Nature herself. Setting to work to imitate the coralline, she succeeded beyond her wildest hopes, and created a superb fabric, the like of which had never been seen. There is something disquieting about this story. It would tell better if the coralline were not called "mermaid's lace;" but, as it stands, it reads as if the story were made for the coral. Moreover, patterns for "rose-point" are in the work of Vinciolo, and, taken altogether, the story must, alas! be put down as a tradition.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER VI.
THE END OF AN EPOCH.

"MRS. PEMBERTON'S will. It was in my father's possession then, and he had known, all this time, the answer to the questions I had asked him, and he had said nothing. Would he be angry with me that I had overheard what he said? He was so intent on the business in hand that he did not heed my entrance; I might have stepped back unseen, and unheard, only for Mr. Conybeare, who said hastily:

"Miss Dwarris."

"I handed Lady Olive Despard's note to my father, telling him that her page was waiting for a reply. He read the few words which the paper contained, and desired me to write to Lady Olive, that he should be very glad if she would come to us that evening. I withdrew, and wrote the note. Then I returned to the porch and resumed my work. My thoughts were very busy, and my mind was troubled. Ought I to let my father know that I had heard his words, and could not avoid comparing them with what he had previously said? or ought I to keep absolute silence concerning the knowledge thus accidentally obtained? I decided on the latter course from the consideration that I, at least, knew for certain that my father did not wish at present to give us any information, and that by silence I should best meet his wish. I thought it was not a breach of honour to say nothing to him, provided I did not im-

part the information which had reached me to any other person. But I could not repress great curiosity about it all. How came my father to be the person entrusted with Mrs. Pemberton's will? Why had she sent it on beforehand? Such an act of trust and dependence was strange, considering how little she knew of him, even by report. But then I remembered that my father had said Mrs. Pemberton's will was 'Enclosure No. III.,' and we knew only about Enclosure No. I. No doubt there was a full explanation in Enclosure No. II., of which he had made no mention. I jumped to this conclusion without much pondering, and it made my curiosity still stronger; but I was readily consoled by the reflection that we must soon know all about it, as it was now plain to me that my father would have to see to the carrying out of the provisions of Mrs. Pemberton's will, and had consulted Mr. Conybeare on the subject.

"The consultation in my father's room lasted a long time, and I still sat working in the porch, where, after some time, I was joined by Mr. Lester. He rarely came to the Dingle House before evening, but he explained that he had a little more leisure that day than usual.

"Have you seen Miss Kindersley today?" was one of his first questions.

"No, not for two days. I expected her this morning, but she has neither come nor written."

"Then I can tell you a bit of news.' He had taken Agrippa on his knees, as usual, and withdrawn my work from my hands, also as usual. 'Clement Kindersley has arrived, and brought a friend with him.'

"Indeed! Who is it?"

"I don't know; I conclude nobody knows. I have not seen him, but I have heard his name—a Mr. George Durant."

"Who told you?"

"Miss Minnie told me. There's nothing surprising in that, because Miss Minnie always knows the news sooner than anybody else; but in this instance she had a personal interest in the news. For, you must know, Clement Kindersley stopped at Wrottesley before going on to Beech Lawn, and engaged Mrs. Kellett's second-floor for a month, for the use of his friend."

"How very odd that he should not take his friend to Beech Lawn! Don't you think so?"

"No, Audrey, I don't. I fancy the terms Clement Kindersley is on with his father would not justify his taking any

one to Beech Lawn without asking his father's permission, and it is clear he has not done that, or Miss Kindersley would certainly have told you. It was rather amusing to observe the anxious scruples of Mrs. Kellett on the subject of the second-floor. I was summoned to a solemn audience of the old lady, and she propounded to me that she had had a visit from Mr. Clement Kindersley, and that its purport was to engage the second-floor for this Mr. Durant. "But," said the good old lady, "as you are a permanent inmate, Mr. Lester"—in which she is much too right—"we should not think of letting, especially for so short a time—it is only a month certain—if it would be any way disagreeable to you." Of course it did not matter in the least to me, if the temporary inmate were a respectable sort of fellow; and I felt as anxious on that point for Mrs. Kellett's sake as for my own, and told her so. I did not say that I was not by any means certain that Clement Kindersley's recommendation was a safe one on which to take an "inmate," as she laid great stress on her anxiety to oblige anybody belonging to the family at Beech Lawn; but I did advise her to see the gentleman, who was to come last night, before she promised for more than a week. I should not have been surprised if an individual in corduroys, with a Belcher neckerchief and a bull-terrier, had presented himself as Mr. Clement Kindersley's friend. However, it appears I was altogether out in my reckoning, and a "real gentleman," as Mrs. Kellett assured me, arrived at the house last evening, while I was here, and made so favourable an impression upon Miss Minnie and "ma," that he was empowered to remove his luggage from The Castle this morning, and when I went in to look after my midday letters, somebody was walking up and down, just over my head, with a quarter-deck regularity. I stepped into the back-parlour and asked Mrs. Kellett if it were the said inmate, and was favoured with the eulogium of him which I have repeated to you.

"I wonder where Clement Kindersley picked up Mr. Durant? He must be an enthusiastic friend to come for a month to Wrottesley in order to enjoy Clement's delightful society. I could understand it if he had been invited to Beech Lawn. I suppose you are sure to see him?"

"Of course. I should see him under any circumstances, as we live in the same house; but we shall meet independently of that, no doubt."

"Perhaps Madeleine knows this Mr. Durant? He may have been among the better class of Clement's friends in London. But, in that case, she would have known he was coming. I don't think she expected Clement so soon, and Griffith knew nothing of his return."

"Our talk then turned on subjects much more interesting to ourselves, and was prolonged until the conference in my father's room broke up. Mr. Conybeare and my father made their appearance on the lawn, and presently they approached the porch. I was rather embarrassed; it was the first time Mr. Conybeare had seen me and Mr. Lester, except in a mixed company, since our strictly confidential engagement, and I had an idea that the bear had a penetrating eye. I had no idea, however, until that day, that the bear had an exceedingly droll expression of face at his command, nor that he could regard two foolish young people, of whom it was quite clear that he had his suspicions, with a countenance in which benevolent interest was plainly to be read. He stayed talking with us for a short time, and then went away, Mr. Lester walking with him into the town.

"I was adorning the tea-table, which was set out for the occasion on the lawn, between two fine beech-trees, with a bowl full of rich red roses, for the special pleasure of Lady Olive Despard, whose favourite flowers they were, and beginning to look for her arrival, when I heard the latch of the gate clink, and, turning, saw Madeleine Kindersley, who came towards me, smiling at my surprise:

"I have invited myself to tea," she said. "Papa has gone to dine with Sir John Armytage, and I came as far as the turn in the carriage. I thought I might come to tea."

"You knew you might, you mean. I have been wondering what had become of you. Lady Olive will be here presently, so it is quite a party, you see."

"Oh, what lovely roses!" Madeleine bent her face to the flowers, a white rose caressing her gorgeous, queenly sisters.

"Lady Olive likes them, and there are no roses at Despard Court like ours. There, that will do."

"Madeleine looked very lovely on that delicious summer evening in her pretty white muslin gown and white chip-hat with a long soft ostrich feather, which was the fashion that season. She was very animated too, and she asked me several questions about Mr. Lester and myself, and talked so much that I hardly had time

to ask her about her brother, when Lady Olive Despard, escorted by Griffith, who had gone to meet her, made her appearance.

"Oh yes; he has come home, and brought a friend with him—a Mr. Durant—and he's lodging at Mrs. Kellett's. I have not seen him yet, and no doubt he's odious."

"No, he isn't," I began. "Mr. Lester hears from Mrs. Kellett that he is quite a gentleman."

"But Madeleine was not attending to me; she had seen Lady Olive before I perceived her, and the same moment was explaining her uninvited presence to her."

"We had a very pleasant evening. It would have been quite delightful to me if one other person had been added to the party, but even without that addition I enjoyed the balmy air, the flowers, the twilight, the presence of those whom I loved. The suspense and distress of the weeks of watching were at an end, and I was too young, and on my own selfish account too happy, to be long depressed by the certainty at which we had arrived. After tea, my father and Lady Olive sat under the beech-trees and talked, and Griffith, Madeleine, and I strolled about. I have no notion what we talked about; it does not matter. There was a return to our former gaiety, and I had never heard Griffith talk so freely, or so pleasantly, with Madeleine. By degrees, I left the two to themselves; I had my own topics to think over, and for once they seemed so well pleased to be together that I felt myself free. The picture was a pretty one, formed by the lawn in its rich summer garb of flowers and greenery, still and darkening; the stars were beginning to peep out of the sky. The figures of my father and Lady Olive were framed by the dark spreading trees behind them, and those of Griffith and Madeleine only faintly and fitfully seen, as they walked slowly side by side on the distant edge of the green space, under the ivy-grown wall. I had withdrawn, I really believe unperceived, into my favourite corner of the porch, and sat there, idly looking out, sometimes catching the faint sound of voices, and ever and anon noting the gleam of Madeleine's white gown between the trees.

"I suppose it has come to everyone to feel, at some time or other of their lives, what I felt then as that summer evening faded into night—the sense of an imminent, indefinable change. As a fact, that was the last evening of that special phase of my life. I was very happy; love, peace, and hope were all mine—

the blessed fortune of my favoured girlhood. But there came over my soul a thrill—not of fear, not of any sentiment which I could define, that I had ever felt before; a solemn whisper seemed to reach me gently, yet with a faintly chilling effect, in the sweet summer air—a whisper of change. So strongly came the impression over my mind that I gazed at the scene around me, at the figures—even the two which were near me on the lawn were growing dim now, and the other two were quite shadowy in the distance—and at the trees and the sky; then stepped out of the porch and looked up at the dear old house, half hidden in greenery, with the intentness with which one endeavours to fix something on one's mind with photographic accuracy, for reproduction by memory in the widely-different time to come.

"Again the same nameless thrill came and passed, and I roused myself to perceive that the air was not so warm as it had been, and to consider whether I had not better inform Lady Olive and my father of the fact. As I advanced towards them, however, they rose and joined me, and we three went into the house; but, when I had settled them in the drawing-room with lights and a chess-board, I went out again, intending to join Madeleine and Griffith. I do not know why I did not do so; I could still see them in the distance, though I could not catch any sound of their voices. There was some fatigue over my brain and my spirits, and I once more seated myself in the porch, and this time I must have fallen asleep. I was aroused by a touch on my arm, and saw Madeleine standing by me. It was Griffith who had touched me, and who spoke:

"The carriage has come for Miss Kindersley," he said.

"Yes, Audrey," said Madeleine, "I must go; there's a cloak in the cottage; I don't want anything more—and—and will you say "Good night" for me to Lady Olive and Mr. Dwarris? I will not disturb them."

"She put her arms round me, and kissed me in a strange emotional sort of way, and, to my astonishment, I felt that her face, which I could but dimly see, was wet with tears.

"Madeleine! what?—" I began, but she stopped me by an urgent pressure of the hand, and whispered:

"Don't say anything. You shall know to-morrow."

"The next moment she had placed her hand on my brother's arm, and he was taking her to the carriage.

"Presently Griffith came back to me, and before I could ask him what this meant, he said :

"Go and put on a warm shawl, and let us have a talk under the trees."

"I was very quick about getting the shawl and rejoining him.

"'Audrey,' said my brother, when we had crossed the lawn, and were in the deep shadow, 'you had better learn from me than—than from her, what has happened. You have had an idea that I did not appreciate—did not like Madeleine Kindersley.'

"'I certainly thought so until lately—Well?'

"'You were wrong. I love her—I have loved her from the first; and I have broken all my resolutions, and let her find it out to-night.'

"'Griffith! can it be possible? How blind I have been.'

"'No blinder than I tried to keep you and her.'

"'But why? Oh, Griffith, does she—does she care for you?'

"I asked the question breathlessly—the vision which his words had summoned up was so delightful, I hardly dared to believe in it. His reply was like a blow :

"'I fear—I fear she does.'

"'You fear! What do you mean?'

"'I fear it, Audrey; I fear that which, under other circumstances, would be my dearest hope and brightest dream. For, if it be so, she will have to suffer also—not so much as I, indeed, for she could have no feeling for me like mine for her, and I shall never love any but her. You know what it means now, Audrey; you have the key to my feelings, in your own. You and I are more and nearer to each other than ever. I would rather you should thoroughly understand all about it, and be able to comfort her if she wants comfort, when I am gone away.'

"'Gone away!' I repeated his words in an agony. 'Why should you go away? I understand nothing. You love Madeleine, and you are afraid she loves you; afraid of the best and happiest of all things. You frighten me, Griffith, by such words as "going away."'

"'You must understand, if you will only think,' said my brother, very gently, 'it is impossible that Mr. Kindersley should consent to Madeleine's marrying me. I have let her see that I would ask her if there could be a chance for me; and it is my duty to go away from temptation and suffering which I could not bear.'

"'And why is it impossible? Is it because her father is a rich man, and our father a poor man. I think Mr. Kindersley is above that sort of thing.'

"'No, Audrey, you are wrong; and I am sure Madeleine sees the truth as plainly as I do. It is not only a question of money; I am in a subordinate position in her father's employment—placed in it by her father's kindness when my father's ruin was almost complete. It could not be. Madeleine's responsibility towards her father is the more binding because of the baseness and ingratitude of Clement. I daresay you are surprised that I am so cold and calm about it, but I am only outwardly so, and I have been thinking over this, and what must come of it for a long time.'

"'Since before Madeleine went to London?'

"'Long before then. Do you remember when you read out her first letter, and my father said something about Lord Barr?'

"'I do, perfectly, and you seemed as if you had not heard a word of it!'

"'I listened, though; and I tried to hope my father might be right; or to believe that I tried. I need not say I did not succeed. Then I thought of getting away before she came back; but the expectation of the Pembertons' coming made that impossible. I could not have left all that upon my father, and parting with me in addition.'

"'But where would you go to? What would you do? Oh, Griffith, for mercy's sake, don't do such a dreadful thing to us all. It cannot be necessary, and what should we do without you?'

"'It will be necessary, dear, and you and Lester must make up to my father for my absence as well as you can. I have been consulting Mr. Conybeare; I have not told him my motive, but I should not be surprised if he guessed it. The old bear, as you and she call him, has a kind heart and quick sympathies, and if he does guess, as he approves of my wish to go abroad, and is trying to get me a three years' appointment in a Russian house, it is clear that he knows the case must be hopeless. No one can know Mr. Kindersley more thoroughly than he does. We could not blame him for objecting to his daughter's marrying—well, not beneath her, in one sense, but beneath his expectations for her.'

"'Beneath her! No, indeed, I should think not. The idea of your being beneath anyone whom Madeleine could possibly marry!'

"'Even so,' he said, 'everyone does not see with your eyes, or hers; and, in a matter of this kind, her father, and her relatives in general, would not think about me at all—I would mean little, if anything, and everything else would tell against me.'

"'Oh, it is all misery!' I exclaimed, 'and so incomprehensible; and only a few minutes ago I was so happy. If you leave us, Griffith, I cannot think what will become of papa. We are nothing to him, compared with you. And why—why need it be? I suppose I must submit to your better knowledge of the world, which I shall never understand.'

"'I don't know much about the world either, but my common sense guides me here.'

"'Oh, why did you let Madeleine know? If she had not found it out, we might all have gone on as usual.'

"'No; there you are unreasonable, Audrey. I could not have promised such self-restraint. And, as it has happened, it is best. Something must have come of what we were both feeling, and if I had gone away without any explanation it would have been much worse for us both. Now, she will get over it, and I will live it down.'

"'But why not try, at all events. Madeleine could only be refused by her father. I am not so wise as you, but it seems to me you might fairly give yourselves the chance.' I had a daring consciousness, while I was speaking, that this time common sense was on my side. 'If you did not know—for, though you only say you fear, you are quite sure that she cares for you—it would be different. But, Griffith, ought not she to have a chance with him?'

"'She has not given me any right to take that view of it,' he answered, very gravely, 'and I do not think she would, or could. The explanation, such as it was, arose out of a conversation about her father and her brother; and she could do nothing to add to the existing trouble. Things are very bad; I cannot tell you how bad. I do not think they have come to the bottom of Clement's misdoings even yet, though enough has been discovered, heaven knows! Clement is keeping quiet down here now, only because he is under Mr. Conybears's thumb, in consequence of something he has discovered; for the old bear is very compassionate to his partner, and would save him all he could; but it is in vain, he cannot be saved from the full misery which such a son must bring upon him.'

"'All the more reason why he should

have the consolation of such a son as you,' said I, obstinately, sticking to my point with increasing conviction.

"'At that moment I heard my name called from the porch.

"'Papa is calling me,' I said; and answered: 'We are here; we are coming in.'

"'We must have our talk afterwards,' I said, as Griffith and I walked quietly across the lawn. 'I suppose Lady Olive is going now, and you must take her home. How sorry she will be, if you go away.' He made no answer, and we went in.

"'The light room was quite dazzling after the darkness. I had not seen Griffith's face until now, and I glanced furtively at him, fearing it might be self-betraying; but he was only a little paler than usual.

"'Did you want me, papa?' I asked, seating myself by Lady Olive's side.

"'Yes, my dear. I did not know Miss Kindersley was gone.'

"'The carriage came for her rather early, and she desired me to say she would not disturb you from your chess.'

"'Griffith was standing by the chimney-piece, with his elbow resting upon it; the most awkward and absent-minded of attitudes when there is no fire. I caught a look of Lady Olive's directed towards him—an inquiring look—and then her eyes turned away from him with a distinct inexplicable smile.

"'She never was in the way here before,' said my father; 'but, just this one evening, I wish she had stayed away, for I wanted to hold a family council under,' he added smiling, 'the presidency of our dear friend here. Sit here, Griffith'—he pointed to a place by his side—'and we will hold it now.'

"'Lady Olive softly took my hand in hers. I looked from her to my father and Griffith. Something like fear came over me. The day had had a good deal of agitation in it, for one whose ordinary life was so quiet as mine. Was there more coming? What was it? Could there be news of the ship? No; that would have been told at once, and with no drawback in Madeleine's presence. Those thoughts passed swiftly through my mind in the brief interval before my father spoke again.

"'I consulted Mr. Conybears to-day, as to whether, the time being past in which we might have reasonable hope of the safety of the Albatross, it has become my duty to act according to the instructions which were forwarded to me by Mrs. Pemberton. Her letters contained two enclosures, to which I have made no reference hitherto in your presence,' turning to Griffith, 'or

in Audrey's. To one of them I never need recur—all its meaning has passed away with the lives of Mrs. Pemberton and her children. The other is of great importance to us, for it is Mrs. Pemberton's will.'

"I felt my cheeks burn as the words met my ears for the second time that day. My father's glance fell upon me:

"'Do you guess what it is, Audrey?' he said. 'And yet I hardly think you can. Your uncle revoked on his death-bed the will which he had made, and left all his property of every kind unreservedly to his wife, and at her absolute disposal.'

"'Was that just, sir?' Griffith spoke for the first time.

"'Quite just, under the circumstances. He could perfectly trust his wife to allot things fairly between his two children; and he had neither time nor strength for more than a general disposition. Mrs. Pemberton made her will and forwarded it, as I have already said, to my keeping. It appoints me guardian to your cousins, between whom their father's property is equally divided, with a bequest to me of five thousand pounds.'

"'Oh, papa, how delightful!' I exclaimed.

"'That is good news, sir,' said Griffith. 'It will make things easier for you.'

"Again Lady Olive looked at Griffith with an inexplicable smile.

"'The entire property was to have gone to the survivor in the case of the death of Ida or the infant,' continued my father. 'They are both dead, we are unhappily forced to believe. Mrs. Pemberton provided for this contingency also.' He paused here for a moment.

"'How, do you suppose?' Then he continued, hurriedly, 'By bequeathing the whole of the property unreservedly to me!'

"'To you, father?'

"I said not a word; and Lady Olive pressed my hand more firmly.

"'Yes, Griffith, to me. Mr. Conybeare and I went over the papers to-day. Everything is clearly specified, and the result is that I am a richer man, as the result of this terrible calamity, than I was in the past, before my follies and their penalty.'

"'And you have known this all along, sir?'

"'I have known it all along. It will change many things, of course. There is one thing it cannot affect'—my father put out his hand and closed it upon Griffith's—'the dutifulness of my children.'

"Tears were falling from my eyes, but I could not speak.

"'I agreed with Mr. Conybeare that I would tell you this to-night,' my father continued; 'because, before anything about it is known, I wish to have a search made for Mrs. Pemberton's relations, whom I intend to benefit to a certain extent, should their condition in life render it advisable, and this search you must undertake. Mr. Conybeare will give you leave, and instructions how to set about your mission to-morrow.'

"My father rose. He was as pale as Griffith, and evidently much moved.

"'That is all that need be said to-night,' he continued. 'This is great good fortune, very sadly come by, so sadly that we must take it very soberly. I have only a word more to say; it is that I am thankful that I shall see my son in the position which my lack of wisdom forfeited for him.'

"He shook hands with Griffith, kissed me, bade Lady Olive 'Good night,' and left the room. Not a sound broke the stillness for several moments. Griffith, his elbow resting on the table, had covered his face with his hands, and Lady Olive was looking at him with the smile which was less inexplicable now. At length she rose, went over to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"'Suppose we leave Audrey to her dreams,' she said, 'and you take me home?'

"Thus the change defined itself, which had warned me of its approach. Thus the epoch of my quiet life, which I have feebly described, came to an end."

Madeleine Kindersley to Audrey Dwarris. Written at noon on the following day:—

"Do come to me. I must see you, I cannot explain, and I cannot go to the Dingle House to-day. Clement came to breakfast this morning, and brought his friend. I never was so surprised. Mr. Durant might be your brother's brother; he is more than like him; he is his very 'double,' as the Germans say."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVI. A MORNING CALL.

It was with some trepidation that she found herself at the door of the Pringle mansion, confronted by a row of powdered menials, and was conducted to the presence of Mrs. Pringle. That lady had already gained the affable hauteur of the "grande dame," and received her guest with tranquil cordiality. As we have said, the incident with which the visitor was connected had, by force of contrast with her present splendid condition, already faded into a trivial indistinctness. So the visit brought no uneasiness. It must be added also that she felt that she was "secured" by yet another resource, which, in case of pressure, would conclude the matter in their favour. But Mrs. Dawson, seeing in a moment how the matter was to be ignored, at once collected herself for business, and felt that she must strike there and then for her Phoebe, or the day would be lost.

"And how," she is asked, "is Mr. Pringle, and, above all, Mr. Francis? I shall have to bring back the fullest news about him. Of course you know why?" she added, with a forced smile.

"Oh," said Mrs. Pringle, also smiling, "you are surely not going back to that little foolish business—"

"Foolish business!" repeated Mrs. Dawson; "your son asked my daughter to marry him, and she consented. Surely you don't call that a trifle, or foolish—at least for her?"

"There are often misunderstandings about these things; young men say such

things to every girl they meet. But, however," she added, carelessly, "I will say nothing on the point. It may be as you say. It does not concern me, of course; it rests with the young man himself. He can do as he pleases, and is quite independent of us."

This was something gained. So Mrs. Dawson glided away from the rather hostile tone she had taken up. "That is, of course, the way to look at it," she said; "we leave it to the young people themselves."

"But how odd—forgive me for saying it—that all this time you should not have mentioned it. It is more than a month now since we were at Garterley, and no communication has been made to us on so important a matter."

Mrs. Dawson felt a pang as this result of her generalship was brought home to her.

"We did not like to trouble you when we knew you were so taken up."

"Well, as I say, it rests with Francis himself. He is five-and-twenty, and we can neither restrain him, nor hinder him from taking any step he may fancy."

Here entered Sam Pringle with papers in his hands, and with a bustling pomposness. He gave a careless nod. "See," he went on, "Baddeley"—and he added, "Lord Baddeley," to let the visitor know the quality of the person he was speaking of—"has sent about those invitations—"

"Never mind them now, Samuel," his lady said, sweetly; "Mrs. Dawson has been saying something about her daughter and Francis, and a proposal of marriage. I really know nothing of it."

"Oh, my good lady, that's all rubbish."
"No, no. Not at all! As I say, it is a

matter for Francis himself. I suppose he will act according to his discretion. By-the-way, you did not let us know that you were in town, so we could not send to you; but we are having some friends to-morrow night. You and Miss Dawson had better come: it's very short notice, I know—"

"A few friends indeed," said old Sam. "You mean a big ball, and can't you say so? This is by way of fine ladyism, I suppose; never giving things right names."

There was something so secure and even careless in Mrs. Pringle's proposal, that her visitor felt a sort of chill, as though she was already worsted. She was tempted haughtily to decline this invitation: but she thought it might throw away poor Phoebe's chance. Accordingly, putting on a beaming face, she said they would be "delighted;" and thus the ladies left the unpleasant subject, and entered upon more indifferent topics. Mrs. Dawson was astonished at the change in this nouvelle riche—the dowdy, subservient agent's wife, was transferred into the grand patronising lady, with a tranquil and assured air of superiority. It was with serious misgivings, and with a sad heart, that she returned home. She determined, however, to say not a word of what had taken place to Phoebe: it would only reduce her to despair, and unfit her for the part she intended her to play on the morrow night. "I'll beat them yet," said the mother. "I have a trick or two worth all theirs."

Phoebe had been waiting anxiously to hear the news.

"All right, dear," said the mother, whose theory it was that the code of morality might always be suspended when the occasion needed. "Nothing could be better. They are giving a ball to-morrow night where you are to be the belle; so come off with me till I choose you a dress."

"And did you see—him?" asked Phoebe anxiously.

"Oh no, but you shall see him to-morrow-night, when you will eclipse them all. Come with me now."

This filling Phoebe's little soul with a whirl of anticipated delights, the prudent mother thought would be the best course. She knew Phoebe's character well: that if she entered the field with a knowledge that there was danger to be faced, or a battle to be fought, her heart would sink, and she would be without spirit

or energy. With feelings, therefore, of joy and anticipation Phoebe was taken off to choose dresses and flowers—always a delightful occupation, especially when the eminent mistress of robes graciously promised to make the fly-wheels and pistons of the millinery work at extra pressure, for the time was short. At such an hour it was to be "blocked out" on the young lady's own person; at another hour formally tried on; while the finishing touches were to be applied at another period.

During these two eventful days Phoebe's eyes sparkled tenfold more brightly, and there was a flush in her cheeks. It was all an era of anticipation, though still it was a little surprising that he did not come. Still, the great and dramatic night would settle all happily, just as that other great and delightful night at Garterley had begun it all. She had no misgivings; all was certainty, exactly as her mother intended that it should be.

The Sam Pringles' ball was, indeed, to be a remarkable event from another point of view. No one could conceive the vast amount of labour, anxiety, and expense that had been invested in the enterprise. By the exertions of the Baddeleys much had been done, those ladies exerting themselves seriously and heartily, on the ground that the two families were to be so intimately connected; though the Baddeleys themselves had hardly the pure guinea-stamp of fashion. Still, they did very well for beginners like the Sam Pringles. The worst was the uncertainty—the torturing anxiety—for, to the last day or two, none of the great persons who had been invited had declared whether they would attend or not; and the "nice men," who were, all in all, the spine or backbone of the party, were specially exasperating. The faces of the Pringle family grew perceptibly worn and anxious under the strain. Still there was every reason to believe it would be successful. On the other hand, it was astonishing to find that various noble persons were actually asking for invitations through male friends—Pratt-Hawkins, in particular, having come especially to convey a desire that they should invite Lady Mary Somebody, on which one of the "ponies" flew to the desk, and filled up a card, which the visitor carried off in his pocket. In other matters, the expense and magnificence were enormous. Indeed, so eager were they to expend any amount of treasure, that, had someone

offered to contract to supply noble guests at (say) twenty pounds a head, they might not have been disinclined to close with the arrangement. One great work had been undertaken, namely, the enclosing nearly the whole garden as a kind of Eastern ball-room—lit with a vast number of lamps—with a raised orchestra at one end; while new doors were broken in the walls to suit this arrangement. Flowers, in enormous profusion and at a cost as enormous, had arrived from—what the Court paper described as—the “premier” florist; while, as a matter of course, Tootle and Binney’s orchestra were to furnish the music.

The “notice” had been long enough, and Mrs. Pringle had selected the date after anxious consultations with the Baddeleys, who had promised in the kindest way to find out, if there was another “fixture,” as racing men call it, for that night. The distance was so great that there was really no need for such investigation. But rights of previous occupation or seizure are held as nothing in such cases. On the high seas of fashion the right of the strongest prevails, and the great arroyo often takes from the smaller and helpless vessel what it has seized on for itself. Thus Lady Colley, of Leighton, when she determined on her “first dance,” took no more account of “those people” than if they were non-existent, but seized on their night as the most convenient one. It was destruction to the Sam Pringles, as they believed, for on the same evening there were grand concerts of various other great ladies. The matter was really not so important, but for the agonies, and fuss, and “worry,” which the juvenile candidates for the fashionable Degree displayed. An injudicious friend having unfortunately told them that the Baddeleys were “bosom friends” of the great lady, they were to learn in addition something of the faithlessness that reigns in society. They further discovered that the Baddeleys were to attend the rival ball, though they had never alluded to either of these circumstances. Mrs. Pringle, in her desperation, was, however, foolish enough to catch at the notion that the Baddeleys might prevail on the great lady to put off her performance!—an instance of simplicity that caused Lady Baddeley a genuine fit of laughter.

“My dear!” was her candid answer, “she does not know of your existence.

Such a thing was never heard of. When you have lived a little longer in town, you will see the ludicrousness of the idea. Oh no! Beginners are always liable to little failures of this kind. But you will do very well.”

Thus the baited and harried family spent those days of torment and anxiety, until the night came found.

It was a great moment when, the lamps being all lighted, and the last touches given, Mrs. Pringle took up her position at the drawing-room door, the “ponies” a little behind, with Sam Pringle, alas! in one of his most jocose veins; though his family implored him piteously, for once, to have some restraint. Already she felt an awe, as the house was in possession of an enormous band of strangers—men in white ties—to whom she felt she could give no directions, being helplessly ignorant, and who, indeed, with a smile of compassion, persisted in putting aside any feeble instructions that were offered. Old Sam had, of course, placed himself on an odious footing of familiarity with the whole party; proposing already that they should have drink, which, however, those blasé attendants put aside as inopportune at that stage. One of the “ponies” had, indeed, heard their open ridicule of the master of the house, which took the shape of:

“Did you ever meet such a rum old card!”

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

MOST of us have heard the oft-repeated saying, that “one half the world does not know how the other half lives;” but it is only after a more or less long sojourn in India that we can realise the fact, that less than half the people in the world do not understand how the rest of their fellow-creatures travel. A journey by rail in Europe, and the same mode of progression in the East, may sound very much one and the same thing; but the river in Macedon and the river in Monmouth are not more different. It is true that railway travelling in Bombay, Bengal, and Madras is still in its infancy. Men, now barely past middle age, remember the day when there was not a mile of rail open throughout our Eastern Empire; and it is not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years since the iron horse was first seen by the wondering natives of Western India. Unless our memory betrays us, the

siege of Sebastopol had commenced, and the battle of Balaklava had been fought, when the thirty miles of railway between Bombay and Tanna was opened, in the presence of the late Lord Elphinstone, then governor of that Presidency. This first instalment of thirty miles of rail now extends in the direction of Madras to Raichoor, a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, and in another to Jubbulpoor, which is upwards of six hundred miles from Bombay. And this, be it remembered, only make up the extent of one line, viz., that of the Great Indian Peninsular, better known throughout India as the G. I. P. Railway.

In the letters from special correspondents with the Prince of Wales, we have occasionally read of his royal highness and suite going from Madura to Madras, or from Calcutta to Lucknow, or from Delhi to Lahore. And we are apt to look upon these journeys much the same as we would one from London to Brighton, from Preston to Perth, or from Carlisle to Inverness. But in reality it is far otherwise. The distances which have to be traversed in India by rail are something enormous. An individual going to spend a few days in the neighbourhood of Inverness, leaves London by the limited mail-train at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening. He breakfasts comfortably at Perth; reaches Inverness in time for a late lunch at forty-five minutes past two in the afternoon, and even should he have a dozen or twenty miles to drive to his destination, is there in plenty of time to dress comfortably before a seven o'clock dinner. But it is quite otherwise in India. Take, for instance, a trip from Bombay to Calcutta. The traveller leaves the former place at six o'clock in the evening—he is all that night, the whole of the following day, a second night, and a large portion of the third day, in the train; and may consider himself very fortunate if, having left the Byculla station in Bombay on Monday evening, he is in his hotel in Calcutta by mid-day on Thursday. Nor is this by any means the longest trip he will undertake during a sojourn in the East. On one occasion the special correspondents with the Prince saw his royal highness embark at Madras for Calcutta. Not being able to proceed with the fleet, they had to go round overland. They left Madras by the mail-train, as it were, on Monday evening, and it was nearly mid-day on Saturday before they reached the City of Palaces. There were no stoppages to speak of on the road; they did not break

their journey from end to end; the trains kept up a fair pace the whole way; and yet it took them five nights and four and a half days to reach their destination.

But great as the distances are in India, and exhausting as it must be to the nervous system to have to travel so far at a stretch, this is not the most disagreeable feature connected with railway locomotion in that country. Curious to say, the natives of all classes, castes, and creeds, who as a rule are the most difficult people in the world to adopt any novelty, have taken to railway travelling as readily as if they had been born in a land where the steam-whistle had been heard for half a century. Wherever there is a line of rail the natives now travel by it, and by no other means. As a matter of course, even the richest among them select the cheapest mode of transit—they would not be Orientals if they did otherwise. The first and second-class passenger traffic is almost abandoned; in fact, the carriages of the latter are rarely, if ever, occupied save by European officials, or officers, or others of the white governing class. To save a few rupees even a well-to-do native will always travel third class; and what the third-class carriages are must be seen to be believed. In the tightest packed compartment of the South Western Railway on the day of the boat-race there is ease, luxury, and comfort, compared to what the third-class carriages in India are, for perhaps hundreds of miles. To make matters more pleasant, the native travellers strip themselves to the waist. They perspire freely; and the result is, to put it in the mildest form, an effluvium which is very much the reverse of pleasant. As a rule, the natives of India, and more particularly the lower classes, have no more idea of time than a negro in tropical Africa has of skating. Thus, for instance, a native wants to proceed, let us say, from Baroda to Surat. He learns that the train will start at ten o'clock in the morning; but to him ten o'clock in the morning is like every hour, except sunrise and sunset—an unknown quantity. He has, however, nothing particular to do, and so, determined to be in time, he arrives at the station about six o'clock in the morning. If it is summer time he, more than likely, arrives an hour or two earlier. He has with him, perhaps, his wife and two or three children to see him off, and to bid him God-speed on the route; or he is accompanied to the station by a dozen or more neighbours or friends.

If he is a rich man these friends may number thirty, forty, or fifty. Should he be going a considerable distance, say to Bombay, a hundred or more of his fellow-townsmen will come to see him depart. And be it remembered that he is by no means a solitary instance of a traveller whose acquaintances come to see him start. There are, perhaps, three hundred, five hundred, or seven hundred going in the same train; and each of these individuals makes a point of coming to the station three or four hours before the train starts, and is accompanied by a score or more friends. Of course they are not admitted on to the platform, or even into the station, so long before the proper time; therefore they sit on their hams outside, chewing sugar-cane, eating sweetmeats, and chattering away to each other like so many overgrown children. The noise, the confusion, and the stench of this assembled multitude can hardly be imagined by those who have not seen a similar assemblage. The patience and good nature exhibited towards them by the English railway officials is not the least surprising part of the whole affair. But the orders from high quarters in this respect are very peremptory. It is the third-class passenger traffic that pays the railway companies in India best, and therefore it is the third class to which almost every other traffic has to give way. Not the least ludicrous of native travellers' peculiarities is the enormous quantity of luggage, or rather of belongings, that they bring with them. It is no uncommon thing to see a family, consisting of one man, his wife, and child, take to the railway a large charpoy, or native bed, a bundle of sugar-cane about half-a-donkey load in size, a dozen or more copper pots for cooking, a huge bag full of rice, an equal quantity of flour, and perhaps twenty or thirty pounds of ghee or clarified butter in which to cook their food. How all this is packed away, or how, at the journey's end, each traveller gets his own property—for it must be remembered none of it is marked—are problems difficult, if not impossible, to solve. As the time for the departure of the train draws near, the confusion becomes greater and greater, and achieves its climax when the ticket-office is opened. In England, as we all know, the delivery of a passenger ticket barely takes up thirty seconds. The traveller states his destination, and the class he wishes to travel by; he pays his money; the clerk clips the ticket in a machine;

delivers it over, and the transaction is at an end. But it is very different in India. The native fights his way to the window. The clerk tells him, let us say, that one rupee six annas is the fare. But the native has all his life been accustomed to have been asked one price, and pay another, for what he wants. He cannot see why he should not, at any rate, try to cheapen his railway ticket as well as anything else. He first, perhaps, asks whether the clerk would not take one rupee two annas. The clerk, as a matter of course, says no, and not unfrequently uses a certain amount of bad language. He then proposes one rupee four annas; and it is only when the policeman outside the ticket-window threatens to put him away altogether, that he takes out his money-bag and pays out the coin as slowly and with as much apparent pain as if someone were drawing his teeth. Nor does the transaction come to an end then. To recoup himself in some slight manner, he tries hard to pass off upon the ticket-clerk one or more worthless coins, and as they are refused he gesticulates, screams, swears, and laments in a most heartbroken manner. But let us not be too hard upon him. His love of money is his second nature. He may be a Moslem, a Parsee, a Hindoo, or a Jew; a Brahmin, a Rajpote, or a Paria; the rupee is his god, and the only god which he worships. Let us imagine four or five hundred natives about to take their departure by the train, and we shall have some faint idea what a ticket-clerk in India has to go through in the performance of his duty.

But even when our dusky friend has got his passenger ticket delivered to him, the infliction he entails upon the railway establishment is only half over. He has to go to a Baboo, or native writer, to have his luggage weighed, registered, and to pay for the excess in weight. If parting with coin for his railway ticket brought upon him pains of purgatory, the agonies he has now to go through may be called infernal. He is, perhaps, bound for Bombay, and has heard at the bazaar that rice and flour are so much a maund dearer in that town than in his native place. He therefore determines to take with him a supply of food for the eight or ten days he purposes staying at the Presidency. But, like many a wiser man, he reckons without his host—or rather without the freight he will have to pay by railway. He sees in a moment that

even the small tax he has to pay on these articles will entirely defeat his economical projects. But what is to be done? He has brought the flour, the rice, and the ghee all the way from his home, which is, perhaps, miles off. He cannot leave them behind, for that indeed would be throwing good money after bad, so his only resource is to try and save something by cheating the railway clerk. And so, never for a moment seeming to think but what he can beat down the price of the freight, he sets to work to bargain as he did for his railway ticket, but ends by having to pay the full demand. The scene inside the railway station about this time fairly baffles description. Hundreds are fighting and bargaining for their tickets, scores are doing the same for the freight of their baggage. The railway whistles sound, the station bell rings, but all to no purpose. It is rare, indeed, except in the large Presidential towns, that a train ever starts within half an hour of the time advertised. At last, slowly and by degrees, the third-class carriages begin to fill. For every native traveller who goes on the platform, a dozen or more go to see him off, as we have already remarked. The platform is consequently as crowded as if ten trains were about to start. When any native present wants to find a friend, he does not look for him or even call him in a moderate tone of voice, but screams at the utmost power of his lungs, repeating the name of the person sought for again and again. When several score of persons indulge in this performance, the effect can be imagined.

Although very few in number, there are always some first and second class carriages attached to each train. In the second class those who travel are generally English soldiers, going from one station to another with free tickets, or half-caste government clerks, or the native servants of those who go in the first class. Occasionally, although rarely, a native of respectability and wealth has a second-class carriage reserved for himself and the women of his family. In the first class travel almost exclusively military and civil officers, merchants, and other Englishmen. These carriages are really comfortable, each passenger having room to lie down all night; and there are rarely more than four or five in each compartment. To the first-class carriages there is also a small washing closet attached, with water laid on from a tank in the roof of the

carriage. But when the Prince was in India the other day, the crowd and crush of Europeans was almost as bad, though in a different degree, to that of the natives. Everybody wanted either to precede, to join, or follow the Prince and his party. The consequence was that the first-class accommodation in each train was an illustration of the old joke, about three beds for four men, and each man to have a bed for himself. Happy were those travellers who, through interest with the railway officials, could obtain a reserved carriage between two or three. If lying-down room can be obtained, those who are fortunate enough to secure it do not suffer half the fatigue that they do when sitting up all night. For instance, when the present writer went from Madras to Calcutta—a journey, as we have said before, which occupies four days and five nights—he and two others were fortunate enough to secure a reserved compartment for themselves. They turned in as if they were going to bed regularly every evening between nine and ten o'clock, and enjoyed a sound sleep until daybreak. The consequence of their getting this rest was, that upon their arrival in Calcutta, on the forenoon of the fifth day, they were fresh and ready for anything. On the other hand, in a journey from Lahore to Agra, when the train was so full that no lying-down room could possibly be procured, the same party were utterly prostrate and worn out when they arrived at their destination, notwithstanding the fact that they were only one night en route, and the whole journey lasted rather less than twenty-seven hours.

Any new arrival in India must be somewhat astonished at seeing the preparations which an habitué in the country makes, when night approaches, so as to sleep comfortably in the train. The experienced traveller sets to work deliberately to undress; coat, waistcoat, and trousers are taken off, and stowed away till the morrow. He then clothes himself in a very loose flannel-jacket and a pair of still looser pyjamas, or sleeping-drawers, and makes ready the couch allotted to him on which to sleep. Strapped up with his overcoats and rugs, he is certain to have a couple of small handy pillows, and a rassai, or quilted cotton bed-cover. The pillows he places at the head of his sofa or bench, adjusts the rassai as a mattress on which to sleep; covers himself with any rug or ulster he may have handy; takes a final "peg," as the tumbler of soda and

brandy is called in India; lights a final cheroot or cigarette; and the chances are, before the latter is smoked out, he has penetrated far into the Land of Nod.

As an almost universal rule, Anglo-Indians, when in the East, keep very early hours. The custom of rising at the first peep of day, in order to get a constitutional ride or walk in the cool of the morning, entails upon them the habit of eating what is called the chota-hazare, literally the small breakfast, or breakfast number one. Mindful of this, the railway officials so arrange that every train shall stop about daybreak, so as to allow the European passengers to partake of this preliminary meal. After a night in an Indian railway-carriage this custom is most opportune. The moment the train stops, the comparatively few English passengers are seen rushing in every kind of eccentric night costume, to the room where tea, coffee, boiled eggs, and bread and butter await them. Nor are the ladies behindhand in coming forth for refreshment. They manage somehow to stow away their hair, to don a waterproof cloak, ulster, or shawl, and put in an appearance, looking as fresh as if they had just come out of an English dressing-room. The scene in the eating-room is a busy one. Two cups of tea, a couple of boiled eggs, and a proportionate allowance of bread and butter, is not considered a large quantity for a healthy Anglo-Indian to consume at this his number-one breakfast. Those who provide the refreshments are also fully equal to the occasion. If they provide enough in quantity, they take care to make profit both in charges and in the quality of the tea or coffee. The solids are generally excellent, but the liquids worse than anything that can be conceived by those who have not tasted them. The native travellers also turn out of their various compartments, and after their own custom refresh themselves with a little water, a few sweetmeats, some fruit, and a general scratching of themselves all over the body. In ten minutes the bell rings. A rupee (two shillings) is hastily collected from each passenger who has partaken of the refreshment, and the train is once more en route for its destination. Now comes the time of dressing and preparing for the day. An unwritten law makes it quite admissible for pyjamas and night-jackets to be worn at the chota-hazare station. But later on in the day it would be deemed an outrage on social etiquette to

dress differently than travellers do in other parts of the world. During the ten minutes' halt the first-class carriages are generally swept out and cleaned; and as soon as the train gets under way, beds are rolled up, pillows and night-costumes put aside, travelling bags opened; hair brushes, towels, and even razors got out; each passenger takes his turn in the washing compartment, and in half an hour the first-class carriages contain no more sleepers, but gentlemen and ladies dressed much the same as if they were travelling from London to Brighton. Of ladies, be it understood, there are generally but few to be met with in India, and those who travel in that country are either invariably in a compartment by themselves, or else accompanied by their husbands, fathers, or brothers.

As the day goes on, travellers may be seen lying at full length in their compartments, and the chances are that nine out of ten are occupied in perusing cheap railway novels. It is wonderful how this category of literature has increased in India. Five or six years ago these cheap reprints of standard authors could only be procured at the Presidency towns, and even there only to a limited extent. But now at every railway station where there is a refreshment-room, you can get them in as great plenty as they are procurable at the Paddington, the South Western, or the London and Brighton stations.

The first two or three hours after passengers dress and make themselves comfortable for the day are, by many degrees, the most enjoyable in Indian railway travelling. But after that—after the dew of the night has been dried up by the sun—the demon of dust takes possession of the carriages and all they contain. Railway dust in India has peculiarities which are not found in any other dust in the world. It is not very fine, in fact it is more like grit than dust; it is black in colour, and seems to penetrate everywhere. It invades the hair, it fills the eyes, it gets into the nose, it is found in the ears, it does not respect your mouth, and your very skin takes it in at the pores. In no part of the world was there ever dust like this dust. After an hour or two's exposure to its annoyance the best-tempered man gets cross, the healthiest people become feverish, and the mildest-spoken amongst us is apt to use the worst of bad language. When the train stops for breakfast, as it usually does about ten o'clock, a second wash of the

hands and face is absolutely necessary before you can sit down in any comfort to the meal provided. Not that the said meal, as a rule, has any peculiar attractions. There are plenty of dishes to select from, but all so greasy, and the meat so tough that the very best of appetites get disgusted long before they are satisfied. The price charged is, however, of the most liberal kind—that is to say, liberal to those who have to receive the money. For a tough mutton-chop and an uneatable curry, and a pint of sour claret, the tariff is generally about two-and-a-half rupees—five shillings. The train again moves on, and passengers once more betake themselves to the recumbent position and to railway novels. In about four hours—that is to say, about two o'clock—there is a stoppage of half an hour for tiffin, or luncheon. This meal is generally but a repetition of the breakfast, the only difference being that you are generally charged a little higher than at the former repast. Then comes the afternoon with more dust than ever, and a generally successful attempt on the part of the passengers to get an hour or two's sleep. At seven, or half-past, you stop for dinner, and partake of another meal, very like the two preceding, save that the addition of soup causes an increase in charge, generally amounting to one rupee—two shillings. For dinner the train generally stops an hour or so. When it gets under way once more, passengers begin to put on their night-gear, and prepare for sleeping during the dark hours. Thus the day ends only to be repeated on the morrow, and again on the next day, until the journey happily comes to an end.

Railways in India are divided into two classes, those called the Guaranteed Lines and those which are entitled State Railways. The former have all been built by joint-stock companies, the Government guaranteeing the shareholders a dividend of not less than five per cent. The State Railways are built by the State and managed by engineers and officials appointed by Government. Of recent years all the new lines belong to the latter category, as the Indian Government finds it cheaper to borrow money at four per cent. and build their own, than to guarantee five per cent. to shareholders of other lines. The immense changes that railways have worked in India are only known to those who were acquainted with the country before the snort of the iron horse was heard, and have since travelled over parts of that

great empire. For instance, fifteen or twenty years ago, any person going from Bombay to Calcutta took at least twelve or fifteen days if he went by sea, and a couple of months if he proceeded by land; but he can now get over the journey in three nights and three days by rail. Before, and for some years after the great mutiny, troops proceeding from England to India took three and a half or four months to reach Calcutta, and had then a three months' march before them before they arrived at our frontier stations in the north-west. But now, thanks to the Suez Canal and the continuous line of railways, a regiment may embark on the first of the month at Portsmouth, and by the fifth of the following month be safely housed at the barracks of Rawal Pindi or Peshawur. In short, India is fast becoming, if indeed it has not already become, as small as the rest of the world. The inhabitants of the Punjab and the citizens of Bombay are no longer strangers to each other. A military officer, quartered in Madras, may pay a visit to a friend in the Deccan, remain with him two or three weeks, and rejoin his corps within a month after he left it. Merchandise and produce which formerly were hardly worth buying or selling—the inland carriage being so very expensive—are now transferred from the farthest countries of our eastern territories to the sea-ports in the south or west of India with the utmost facility. In no country in the world has the iron rail worked so many changes as it has in India, and in no country is it likely to work greater. Travelling in Hindostan is certainly hotter, more dilatory, and more uncomfortable than travelling in Europe; but nowhere are the facilities of locomotion on the lines more thoroughly appreciated than they are in that great eastern land.

HYGIENIC PRECEPTS.

MAXIMS are like pills. To do any good, two or three at a time, two or three times a day, are a sufficient dose. More would disorder the mental functions. If, on the present occasion, a larger number are offered to choose from, they can be treated like the medicines in a druggist's window—i.e., looked at now, and appropriated at discretion.

The consequence of this enforced moderation is, that many people have their

favourite maxim, exactly as they have their favourite pill. Nor is the analogy weakened by the fact that samples of each article exist, possessing discrepant tendencies and qualities. Some are tonic, others relaxing; some urge enterprise—"Nothing venture, nothing have;" others inculcate prudence—"Festina lente," "Slow and steady wins the race," "Look before you leap," and "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." Some may be taken without inconvenience while travelling—"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;" others require the patient to remain snug and warm at home—"The rolling stone gathers no moss."

We often find maxims interspersed in books, whence we cull them, as children pick out plums from pudding; which shows that the human race has an instinctive craving after maxims. Collections of maxims, of sufficient merit, are almost sure to take their place in a literature as standard works, from the Wise Man's Book of Proverbs, to the printed slashes of Rochefoucauld's dissecting-knife. America now presents her contribution, in *How to Live Long; or, Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral*. By W. W. Hall, A.M., M.D.—an inexpensive little book, which is well worth buying. The author has the wisdom not to recommend that his advice should be taken in all at once. He only attempts to communicate general principles, in short phrase, few words, and disconnected sentences, to be taken up and laid down at a moment's notice, on steamship, tramway, packet, or rail-car, at such odds and ends of time as fall to the lot of travellers and others. Many who would not give up the time needful to hear a lecture or read a book, are thus enticed to peruse a paragraph now and then in reference to the care of the body—and of the mind also—which, being put into practice, may have an important bearing. Dr. Hall hopes, in the prolongation of the reader's life. Amen; so may it be. The present writer desires nothing better, especially as the doctor's maxim-pills are for the most part excellent, although—which is no wonder, seeing that there are fourteen hundred and eight of them—a few may be looked at twice before swallowing.

It is delightful to find a maxim-maker or collector stopping up the wheelrut of long-used and antiquated prejudice. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," is a bitter pill to many. We don't like it, but we dare not say a

word against it. We take it only when imperious necessity forces it down our throats. Getting up in the cold by candle-light has caused as many wry faces as Epsom salts. Ugh! If it must be, here goes then! Off fly the bedclothes! Down goes the dose! When you really are in for a thing, it is no use shirking or trying to do it by halves. Quick! Bring the hot cup of tea or coffee, to wash away all matutinal disagreeables.

Relief from this ugly quarter of an hour is offered by our American mentor. If we believe him—and grateful thousands will; ever since I have read his book, my hot water has been brought up three-quarters of an hour later—"Early to rise" is all error and nonsense. It is not healthy, we are told, in any country, at any season of the year, or at any time of life, to get up early habitually; the old are better rested by lying late, even if not asleep, while the young require all the sleep they can get. In all latitudes, in warm weather, the morning air, although feeling cool and fresh, is laden with the pestiferous miasma. In winter the atmosphere, before breakfast, is so cold and chilly and searching, that it fairly shrivels up man and beast, chilling to the very marrow sometimes. Hence, the average duration of human life would be increased, and the amount of sickness largely diminished, by late, rather than early rising, as all the older nations full well know and practise.

After this, it is a necessary consequence that "the last thing a man should sell is his bedstead;" but in reality it is considered by the ignorant and unfortunate poor as the most dispensable thing in the house. Hence, sickness is soon added to their poverty—"a most unhappy combination." The reason for not parting with one's bedstead is, that the carbonic acid gas, expired at each breath and combined with moisture, is heavier than common air, and settles near the floor. Moral: never sleep on a shake-down—unless on a table, dresser, sofa, shelf, or other raised support—if you can help it, especially when several sleepers are crowded in the same dormitory.

Our author would forgive the sluggish, whom Dr. Watts heard complain, "You have waked me too soon; let me slumber again." He never tires of bestowing hard knocks on early rising. It is a great mistake to get up two or three hours earlier than usual, to do "a good day's work," as it is called; because sleep, which is the foundation of strength to work, being out

short that much, there is no more strength to be used during the day, and not as much as if the full amount of sleep had been gotten. Again: said the author of *Ten Years in Eastern Lands* to his Chinese servant, "Did you ever see the sun-rise?" "No, sir; nor have I ever known a man who did." The nations of the Old World, from centuries of observation, have learned that it is better not to rise very early, and to eat something before they go out to work. Besides urging us to take a liberal allowance of rest, the doctor tells us how to sleep, with such full directions and explanations as to deserve from all good sleepers, his admiring disciples, the presentation of a testimonial, in the shape of a model bedstead and fittings.

Health and wealth are coupled together, by reason as well as by rhyme. Dr. Hall proves it logically, and he is supported by other experts. "The mental states," he says, "have a more controlling influence over the bodily condition than most persons imagine." Now a well-known ditty, made up of truisms, sings, or sighs, "Want of moneymakes us sad." Ergo, incoming money rejoices us, beneficially affects our mental state, and improves our health. According to our aphorist, of two persons taking exercise for the health—one walking five miles to a post, and then walking back again, another receiving an encouraging remuneration for the same—the latter would derive many-fold more benefit. If my expenses are paid to South America and back, with a handsome honorarium besides for every article describing it, the voyage is much more beneficial than if travel were its own reward, and I had simply the satisfaction of ascertaining whether the Patagonians were coffee-coloured, chocolate, or cocoa. Has not ALL THE YEAR ROUND told us that a Billingsgate salesman is consoled, for being called a "bummaree," by earning ten or fifteen pounds of a morning, before most West-enders are out of bed? Would he get up at four in the morning, to be called a bummaree, and act as such, for the mere pleasure of early rising? Could he do it?

Dr. Hall holds that there are not a few maladies of mind and body which would rapidly disappear on embarking in a successful pecuniary enterprise, or on being promoted to a position of ease, distinction, and power. All ranks, professions, and conditions of men and women experience the exhilarating effects of cash. A Parisian

actress, oppressed by low spirits, wrote to a friend for a little money. He sent her a bank-note in a billet-doux, stating, "Herewith are inclosed a thousand francs, and ten thousand compliments." With polite promptness she answered, "Thank you for both. They have done me good. Nevertheless, I should have preferred a thousand compliments and ten thousand francs."

Dr. Foisson reminds us that, according to the alchemists, gold has the property of restoring youth, and prolonging life indefinitely. Avicenna recommended it for affections of the heart, weakness of sight, and mental prostration; Hahnemann for hypochondria and melancholy, but in infinitesimal doses, whereas, to do any good, it should be administered in considerable quantities. Thus Bouvard cured an unhappy wretch who, after a series of losses, had fallen into a low state of mind, with a decidedly suicidal tendency, by the simplest of prescriptions—namely, a cheque for thirty thousand francs. This is only a confirmation of the transatlantic notion that legitimate money-making, by any congenial employment which is encouragingly remunerative, is a most efficient medicine. It inspires a man with higher self-respect, enlivens the spirits, invigorates the circulation, and wakes up the whole man to a new energy, adding a lease to life of at least ten per cent. It gives more fire to his eye, more animation to his face, a firmer tread, a more elastic step, and a happier heart.

Therefore, my son, make money; honestly, if you can.

Keep your mouth shut. This is not meant to intimate that, if speech may be silver, silence is gold; nor that the sage turns his tongue seven times in his mouth before he utters a word. Still less is it intended to contradict the advice to open your mouth and shut your eyes, whenever good things are falling from the skies. By no means. The eyes may be kept open as much as you please; one eye even during sleep. It is a purely literal and material injunction to keep the mouth shut and the nostrils open, for the benefit solely of the throat and lungs, though teeth inclined to ache may profit by the precaution. Marx, one hundred and twenty-fifth informs you that at all times, seasons, and places, it is better to cultivate the habit of keeping the mouth shut, and breathing through the nose exclusively. This tempers the air in its passage through the head to the lungs, develops the chest, and keeps bugs, flies,

and worms from crawling down the throat into the stomach during sleep.

You ask what you are to do if suffering from a bad cold in the head; or if an enthusiastic and impassioned snuff-taker; or if deaf, and unable to hear distinctly sounds which do not strike the palate. You inquire in vain; the inflexible rule is that every person should be his own respirator. For keeping the mouth shut saves strength in walking; modifies excessive perspiration in sleep; prevents the vacant appearance so observable in country people when they come to the city; supplies the lungs more regularly with air; tempers a cold atmosphere in its passage to the lungs through the circuit of the head; and tends, by the deeper breathing, to the greater development of the breathing organs. We bow acquiescence in these weighty reasons, simply stipulating for liberty to open the mouth at meal-times. Dr. Hall permits, and even inculcates, the practice. Life, he says, is warmth, growth, repair, and power to labour; and all these are derived from the food we eat and the fluids we drink—and these should be good. Moreover, the best protection against sickness and pestilential maladies is good living; which means an abundant supply of nutritious food well prepared. Nevertheless, eating and drinking, to benefit, must be rationally conducted. Never eat or drink a new or rare thing late in the day, or just before going to church, or on a journey; it may disturb the system inconveniently. To eat long, eat slow; rapid eaters die early. Irrational eating is only another form of poisoning oneself. A little miss in Western Pennsylvania, just entering her teens, ate twelve saucerfuls of ice-cream, and died in two hours. From which Dr. Hall deduces the inference that a person may have too much of a good thing, and that it would be rather better not to eat twelve ice-creams at a single sitting. A hearty meal, taken while excessively fatigued, has often destroyed life. A talented editor of a popular magazine rode all day, some ten years ago, eating nothing since breakfast, taking a very hearty dinner late in the night, when hungry and fatigued. Soon after he went to bed, and has not yet got up. So if you want to get up perfectly well any morning, do not eat a hearty supper late at night when weak, tired, and exhausted.

But it is not only what goes into the mouth that kills, but often what comes

out of it. Scolding wives are particularly unhealthy; so are incessantly fault-finding husbands. A snappish son will shorten his mother's life, and a perpetually pert and unkind daughter will plant a deadly thorn in her father's heart. A sour look, an impatient gesture, a cross word at the breakfast-table, is enough to make the best food indigestible and spoil a day. And what is the most frequent excitant of all those evil influences—in America, at least? The answer is, that many a household, once happy, has become a very pandemonium—the husband a tyrant, the wife a virago, an unendurable shrew—from the influence which a dyspeptic stomach has on the mind, the temper, and the heart. In dyspepsia, the whole character of the individual gradually changes for the worse. The most placid man grows petulant and irritable; the loving heart becomes estranged by groundless suspicions; the cheery face wears an expressive sadness; while all that was once joyous, and hopeful, and glad, goes out at length into the night of settled melancholy, confirmed madness, or terrible suicide.

Who, then, would not strive to escape the horrors threatened by dyspepsia, whose almost universal cause is eating too fast, too often, and too much? No medicine ever cured, or can cure, dyspepsia. The infallible remedy is to eat plain, nourishing food regularly, and to live out of doors, industrially. A good laugh is anti-dyspeptic. A light heart insures a good digestion. Nature's instincts are often a better guide for food than reason; as she craves that, the distinctive elements of which are needed in the system. No man's likes or dislikes for a particular article of food should be made a rule for another. Sameness of food is a great drawback to the health, for Nature demands a variety of elements. Never persuade a child to eat, or compel him to eat, what he does not like; it is an unreasonable tyranny. To take a meal in silence at the family table is unphilosophical, and hurtful both to the stomach and the heart. Encourage laughing and talking among children at the table; it promotes circulation of the blood, and prevents fast and over-eating. The noisiest children are generally the healthiest. It is better to hear a boisterous laugh than a pitiful moan. Perhaps this dread of, and these warnings against, the national disease dyspepsia, which crop up unexpectedly on distant pages, to make sure that the reader shall

not forget them, are the result of our preceptor's observation of American habits especially. Not a few maxims are plainly stamped with the mark of their transatlantic origin, which is not in the least disavowed, and which does not render them less valuable. We can honour the independent and adventurous spirit which maintains that the first step towards an unsuccessful life is to accept a salaried office; for you sell your independence to the appointing power, and cease to be a man. The fascination of salaried positions is but too often the fascination of a serpent which beguiles but to destroy. Be your own master and master of your calling, and you will soon become the master of others. The principle is insisted on, even to harshness. The business of the world could not be carried on without subordinates—assistants, clerks—who must be paid by salaries, unless they are made partners. The men of the United Kingdom can hardly be reproached with slavishness, and therefore need not take offence—the cap does not fit them; but there are innumerable employes, in the highly-centralised governments of the Continent, who might wince a little, if told that, to be content to live on a salary, and thus be dependent for a living on the whim or caprice of another, is the mark of an ignoble mind; for it implies a want of proper self-respect and of an independent spirit, and its tendency is to induce a fawning, cringing, and subservient disposition. So much for the receivers of salaries. Payers of the same are advised never to begrudge a liberal salary to an able clergyman, to a competent teacher, or a good cook. But if all the world in America refused remuneration by salary, there would exist there neither clergymen, teachers, nor cooks.

In a country where "helps" are scarce, it is a good thing to be able to help oneself. Therefore to know how to keep a tidy house and well-aired apartments, to know how to select the best kinds of food, to know how to prepare them in the best manner—these are good things, and every daughter should learn them before marriage. The young lady who can make a boast of her ignorance of all household duties, should be allowed to become an old maid. That a good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings, is doubly true if a man is what his wife makes him. Make marriage, therefore, a matter of moral judgment. Marry in your own religion, but marry into a different blood

and temperament from your own. Never both of you be angry at once; never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire. Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

A frank confession is pleasant, to light upon. It is not a Britisher who considers it no wonder that most Americans who have lived awhile abroad, have an ever-present desire, and pleasantly cherish the hope, that they may be able to go back again. It is because there is a quiet and a composure there to which, at home, they are strangers. Taking Great Britain and France and Germany together, there is more enjoyment, more that is pleasurable in domestic and social life, than there is in the United States, because there the masses merely aim to maintain their place. Americans are constantly striving, with all the energies of their nature, to get up higher. They may be at a disadvantage in foreign lands, and yet there is a kind of fascination to many in living abroad, because the money has been provided before they left home, and they are relieved from the details of business and housekeeping. They are more retired, because those around them do not feel sufficient interest in them to notice them very particularly; and they are treated with more deference, it being taken for granted that they have plenty of money. And then, again, they escape that dreadful hurry and drive, and that unceasing striving to keep up appearances and to rise, which is the bane of American life, and is not unknown to English life.

Dr. Hall, in reference to this restless incapacity for repose and quiet, opines that much that is mischievous has been written about improving every moment and the criminality of wasting time. The Almighty "rested" in His work of creation, and so must the creature man. A great college don used to urge from the pulpit the advantage of saving spare moments, by always having a book at hand to read, while waiting for a vehicle or visitor, or at table. He died early and demented. The safest and best remedies in the world are rest, abstinence, and warmth.

Cold is the greatest enemy of old age. Warmth is the heaven of threescore years and ten; it gives life to the blood, activity to the circulation, and vigour to the whole frame. Even for threescore, abundant and uninterrupted warmth is the best insurer against sudden death. The late Duke of Wellington, we are told, at fourscore, kept

such huge fires burning in his apartments that those who came to visit him were compelled to leave in a very few moments. But he kept up only that amount of heat which was comfortable to himself; and so should all the old, all invalids, and those of frail constitution. This one precaution by such would be a very great protection to health and life.

To the young, warmth is of not less vital importance. Whenever a lady feels that a shawl is comfortable in her house, then she may be sure that there should be a good fire somewhere. Putting out house-fires too early in the spring, and deferring their kindling too long in the fall—cause many a tedious illness, many a premature death. The former gives rise to spring fevers, which are the reaction of a cold or a chill; the latter to colds or agues, which are to worry and annoy all winter. Ventilation is a good thing, yet many persons are ventilation mad. To enter a public vehicle when heated by a previous walk, and to open a window because the air feels close, is to invite death. It is less dangerous to faint in an impure warm air, than to risk an attack of inflammation of the lungs by a draught of cold pure air. Whatever causes a chill, can cause inflammation of the lungs, which never comes on without a chill.

Avoid a chill, whersver you be,
For getting a chill was the death of me.

So we will maintain good fires, bundle up well before going outdoors, keep our mouths closed against frosty air, eat three meals a day and not an atom more, reading now and then, and digesting a bit of How to Live Long, in which it would be unkind to point out a few flaws and errors, when there is so much that is good.

ETON.

To begin with the beginning, Eton, as "every schoolboy" knows, was founded in 1440 by Henry the Sixth, and its constitution comprised, in the first instance, besides the school, a provost and fellows, with sundry clerks, choristers, and almoners. It was, in fact, until 1870—when its collegiate character was practically abolished by the absorption of the provost and fellows into a governing body—not only a school, but a college. Indeed, for a very long time, public attention was more concerned with the rich emoluments enjoyed by the provosts and

fellows of Eton, than with the working of the school. These offices, which soon fell to the disposal of the ruling power in the State—whether the sovereign or his ministers—were much sought after; and Eton can count among her provosts many men of high ability and fame. Of these may be mentioned William Waynflete, Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Henry Savile, Sir Henry Wotton, Francis Rous (Speaker of the "Barebones" Parliament), and others whose names, though high among their contemporaries, have since been almost forgotten. An amusing story is told of one of them, Richard Allestree, who held office in 1665-80, and is said to have owed his appointment to his ugliness. Some cavaliers, says tradition, were discussing the personal appearance of Lauderdale, when the Merry Monarch challenged any one of them to produce an uglier man in half an hour. Lord Rochester accepted the challenge, went out, and presently returned with Allestree, whom he had met in the street, just as he was despairing of success in his search. The king owned himself beaten; and then, turning to Allestree, apologised for his rudeness, and made him a promise of preferment, which was not forgotten when the provostship of Eton fell vacant. Bacon tried for this post after his disgrace, but without success.

Henry's foundation provided for seventy scholars; but he doubtless expected that many boys of independent means would also seek their education at Eton; and soon after the dissolution of the monasteries we find mention of them in considerable numbers. At the present time these boys, called the "oppidans," form by far the greatest part of the school, the scholars, or "collegers," being still only seventy in number.

The early records of the school are scanty. The earliest letter from an Eton boy extant is that written in 1479 by Master William Paston to his brother, and included in the famous Paston Letters. This document does not throw much light on the condition of Eton, being, indeed, much the sort of letter that any schoolboy might write now. He acknowledges money received; speaks expectantly of some figs and raisins which his brother tells him are on the road; and in a later letter hints that a further supply of money might be acceptable. He must have been rather a precocious youth though, for he had fallen in love, and enters into a full and grave account of the young gentlewoman's

person and prospects. We hear of Eton boys at this time being amused by the king's minstrels, who performed in the college hall. Of their studies the earliest record is a book of exercises, compiled by Horman, who was master about 1487. Some of the sentences, intended for translation into Latin, throw light on the manners and opinions of the time—such as “children do lerne to swymme leaning upon the rynde of a tree or corke.” “It is the custom that every yere we shal have a May-kyng.” “There be a smal cloekis for a chambre to wake a man out of his slepe.” “London speche and rayment is far fynner than Yorke.”

When we reach 1560, we for the first time get a complete picture of Eton life, in the form of a consuetudinarium, or description of customs, drawn up by William Malim, the head-master. From this we learn that the boys rose at five, made their own beds, and then descended to the college pump to wash. Thence they proceeded to the school-room. Breakfast was at nine, dinner at eleven, supper at five, bed at eight; the intervals between the meals being occupied in school-work, with only an hour's play-time, between three and four. They had nominal holidays three times a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Ascensiontide; but they were not allowed to go home except at the latter time, and then only for three weeks. Much of their leisure time at Christmas and Easter was spent in writing-lessons, and in making Latin verses. Many curious customs were kept on various festivals throughout the year. In January took place the procession which afterwards, under the name of Montem, became such a famous institution. On Shrove Monday the boys had to write verses in honour of Bacchus. This custom was continued into the present century, the verses being still called Bacchus verses, though the subject soon ceased to be confined to the laudation of the god of wine and merriment. Samuel Pepys, who visited Eton in 1665, found the boys making verses about the plague. On Shrove Tuesday, at Eton, as elsewhere, a live bird was tormented for the pleasure and profit of the religious bystanders. On May-day some of the boys rose at four, and after receiving a caution from the head-master against getting their feet wet, went out into the country to pick branches of May, wherewith to decorate their dormitory. In later years Long Chamber

was similarly decorated with boughs at Electiontide—that is at the end of July. On a certain day in September the boys went out nutting in procession, having first made verses in honour of apple-bearing autumn, and in deprecation of the approaching winter. “Thus,” says Malim, “learning from childhood the vicissitude of all things, they ‘leave their nuts’ (noces) as the proverb has it, i.e., laying aside the pursuits and trifles of childhood, they turn to graver and more serious subjects.” We learn from other sources that, before Malim's time, a Bishop of Nothingness was chosen from among the boys on the feast of St. Hugh. The founder also provided, in the original statutes, for the election of a Boy-Bishop on the feast of St. Nicholas, whose authority on that day was absolute. This mannery was common elsewhere; and at St. Paul's School, under Dean Colet, we even hear of one of these boy-prelates preaching a sermon to his comrades on Childermas-day.

We get no exact account of Eton ways after this till we reach the eighteenth century. A document of the same kind as Malim's was drawn up about 1770, and in it we notice not only a great change from the customs mentioned above, but many points of resemblance to the system in vogue now, or at least a few years ago. Discipline, on the whole, was much milder. There was a great increase in the number of holidays, there being, indeed, considerably more than at present. Even in a regular week Tuesday was a whole holiday, Thursday and Saturday half-holidays; while, not only as now was every saint's day a holiday, but its vigil was a half-holiday. There were besides founder's days and court days, many of which are no longer observed. Beyond this the general tendency of society towards later hours for rising, and for going to bed, had duly affected Eton. We find the boys getting up about seven instead of at five; and though the collegers were locked up for the night at eight, it does not appear that they went to bed at that hour. The system of præpostors, one to each form, whose duty is to see that none of the boys are away from school, or from call-over (at Eton known as “absence”), and to procure excuses from the house-masters in case of such delinquency, was much the same a hundred years ago as it is now. The præpostors of Malim's time were eighteen in number, and performed very various duties. Four only

reported absentees from the school-rooms, four held sway in the dormitory, four in the playing-fields, two in the church, and one in the hall; two were responsible for the oppidans, while the eighteenth had to enforce cleanliness among the boys. To return to the eighteenth century, there is also extant a MS. list of the games then played in the school, some of which might astonish an Eton boy of to-day. The following are named among others: cricket, fives, bally-cally, battle-dores, peg-top, hopscotch, hoops, marbles, puss-in-the-corner, starecaps, hurtlecaps, and steal baggage. Of these some are now quite unintelligible, while only the first two would be countenanced by the stern public opinion of modern Eton; though we can well believe that many of the younger boys, if left to themselves, would gladly amuse their leisure hours with hoops, peg-tops, or marbles. But public opinion relegates all games less dignified than cricket, football, boating, fives, and racquets, to the private school, the village green, or the London gutter. Riding appears to have been allowed, or at least practised, a century back, but any boy who was absent from the school precincts beyond a reasonable time was liable to be brought ignominiously back by Jack Cutler, the "pursuivant of runaways," or one of his four assistants, who ranked with the college gardener, the clock-winder, and the rod-maker.

We have passed over the seventeenth century in silence, in order to compare together the two documents which throw light on Eton life in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. But there are one or two facts worth noting about Eton between these two periods. Between 1620 and 1640 Eton scholarships were in very great demand. Sir Henry Wotton, then provost, speaks of one election, the most distracted, he believed, "since this nurse first gave milk," when he received four recommendatory and one mandatory letter from the king, besides intercessions and messengers from divers great personages for boys both in and out, "enough to make us think ourselves shortly electors of the empire if it hold on." People must have considered a position on the foundation at Eton a great privilege in those days, because the collegers certainly can have led no easy life then, considering that, even in 1834, it could be stated in the public prints that the inmates of a work-house or gaol were better fed and lodged

than the scholars of Eton. Probably the almost certain succession to a rich scholarship and possibly a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, formed a great part of the attraction. The earliest school list extant is for the year 1678, and gives the names of two hundred and seven boys. An old writer was of opinion that under Rosewell, who was head-master at this time, was laid the foundation of Eton's grandeur.

In the reign of Charles the Second, when the plague was very severe in England, the Eton boys were ordered to smoke in school daily, tobacco being considered a great preservative against infection. One of these boys has left on record that he was never so much whipped in his life as he was one morning for not smoking. We hear first in 1687 of a barbarous custom which lasted till far into the eighteenth century. At election-time a ram was provided by the college butcher, to be hunted and killed by the scholars. A special charge for a "ram club" occurs in some school bills which have been preserved. The chase was sometimes so severe that in later years, to save the boys' legs, the poor victim was hamstringed and deliberately beaten to death in cold blood. The utter barbarity of this practice led to its abolition in 1747; but as late as 1760 a ram was served up in pasties at the high table in hall on Election Monday.

Dr. George, appointed head-master in 1728, numbered among his pupils many of the most distinguished men of letters and statesmen of the time; such as Jacob Bryant, the mythologist, who, according to his own account, won especial fame at Eton for his skill in breaking heads; Horace Walpole, Gray, George Montague, and many others. Sir Robert Walpole, himself an Etonian, was a constant patron of Eton men and Kingsmen. A fellow of Eton, who probably had no great liking for the minister, in recording a visit paid by Sir Robert to the college, with the young Duke of Cumberland, when high honour was done to the distinguished guests, added, "'Tis to be wished that these Performances may be lost and forgott, that Posterity may not see how abandoned this place was to flattery when Dr. Bland was Provost, and when Sir Robert was first minister." He complains that the fellows were not presented to the duke, and had to walk about as strangers within their own walls. Dr. Barnard,

appointed in 1754, was a most successful head-master, and raised the school to the unprecedented number of five hundred boys. His successor, John Foster, though a good scholar, was a cantankerous man, and during his reign occurred, in 1768, the greatest rebellion that Eton has ever seen. He contrived to quarrel with the præceptors on some point of discipline, and they, enraged, threw up their office, and marched off in a body, followed by many of their schoolfellows, as far as Slough. The master was obstinate, and the boys gained nothing by their somewhat extravagant resistance, for the ring-leaders were expelled, and the rest had to submit; but there is no doubt that a little tact on the part of Dr. Foster would have avoided such an outburst altogether. In 1778, a distinguished company, including the king and queen, came to hear the speeches on Election Saturday. Lord Wellesley was one of the orators, and his delivery of Lord Stratford's last speech drew tears from the whole audience. David Garrick saw him in the afternoon of the same day, and said, "Your lordship has done what I could never accomplish—made the king weep." "That," replied the hero of the morning, "is because you never spoke before him in the character of a fallen favourite." Lord Wellesley's younger brother, Arthur, thrashed "Bobus" Smith in a fight, but otherwise did not make much impression on his school-fellows.

From its neighbourhood to Windsor Castle, Eton has always enjoyed a considerable share of royal favour; but no monarch ever took so much interest in the school as George the Third, whose knowledge of its ways was as thorough as if he had himself been educated there. He used to stop and talk to the boys in the street, ask them up to the castle, taking care not to include the masters in the invitation; and when he heard that young De Quincey was going to Eton, he said to him, "All people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton. Your mother does right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires, the more she will be satisfied, that I can answer for."

Probably no Eton name is more familiar to the outside world than that of John Keate, head-master from 1809 to 1834, whose personal characteristics and peculiarities found so humorous and so accurate a chronicler in the author of *Eothen*. Keate had a great belief in the

efficacy, and indeed necessity, of flogging as an instrument of education, and many are the stories told of his exploits with the birch. On one occasion he flogged eighty boys in succession, sending for them in batches when they had retired to bed in the happy belief that they had escaped their fate; and he once mistook a list of names sent in to him as candidates for confirmation for a similar list which he was in the habit of receiving of candidates for the block, and was only the more angry when the victims attempted to escape, by setting up a plea which he considered at once false and irreverent. Keate's dress was so peculiar that it was not difficult to personate him, especially at night. One of the boys was in the habit of equipping himself and prowling about after dark, to the terror of any of his schoolfellows who happened to be about. One night he took a pot of red paint and painted the door of one of the masters, no one daring to interfere, and on another occasion he even went and called absence at one of the dames' houses. Keate disliked ridicule, and once bought up a whole tray of plaster casts of himself from an Italian in the street, though he neglected to get the mould destroyed also. However, Keate, in spite of his severity, was a most efficient head-master, and made himself very popular among his pupils before his resignation in 1834. Dr. Hawtrey, his successor, did a great deal towards improving the system of education, especially in the way of breaking up the boys into smaller classes. In Keate's time the head-master had sometimes as many as one hundred and seventy boys in his own form. Hawtrey, however, had a strong tinge of conservatism about him, and the real regeneration of Eton did not begin till the appointment of Provost Hodgson in 1840. The condition of the collegers had long been a source of complaint against Eton, and this the new provost set himself at once to amend. The seventy scholars lived in those days in four dormitories, of which the largest, Long Chamber, was one hundred and seventy-two feet long, twenty-seven wide, and fifteen high. The boys had no furniture but beds and bureaus; only one servant to look after the beds and fires; no supply of water; and every night at nine they were locked up and left to themselves. It may be imagined that in such a state of things the life of the younger boys especially was a rough one. At the instance of the provost, money was

collected in 1844 for the erection of a new block of buildings in which good accommodation was provided for forty-nine boys, while half of Long Chamber was cut up into separate rooms for the sixth form, and the rest divided off by partitions into cubicles, or, as they are called, stalls, for the younger boys. A master also was told off to live in college and look to the welfare and discipline of its inmates. Since then the life of the collegers has, on the whole, been little less easy than that of their school-fellows. The college being, as it were, the original nucleus round which the school has formed, it is there we must look for observances and traditions peculiar to Eton. These are now fast dying out under the light of new ideas, but it may be as well to note a few of them here. During the week before Election Saturday, the oak floor of Long Chamber used to be subjected to a system of polishing, known as "rug riding." Rugs were taken from the beds, and made, with a few bolsters, into a sort of sledge on which an upper boy was dragged swiftly up and down by a team of others yoked to a rope. Both Long Chamber and Lower School were decorated at this time with boughs, the seats of the masters being made into bowers, in the construction of which popularity or otherwise was marked respectively by leafy boughs and dry sticks. Till five years ago every new colleger had to drink, or at least sip, a glass of salted beer in hall, as an initiatory rite, on the first day of his admission. There was also a ceremony known as the Hunt for Chamber Scissors. Some boy already initiated used to climb up the wooden partitions in chamber and affect to deposit a pair of scissors on the ledge of a small window above the door. Then the whole body of new boys, from eight to ten in number, were set to scramble after this trophy; each in turn to descend dusty and disappointed, seeing that the scissors were not and never had been on the ledge in question. We are unable to account at all for this apparently meaningless farce, nor have we any clue to its antiquity; but that it was solemnly gone through seven years ago the present writer can testify from personal experience.

But the most remarkable and the most famous of Eton customs was the annual procession to Salt Hill, near Slough, popularly known as Eton Montem. The earliest notice of this ceremony occurs in Malim's account of Eton in the sixteenth

century, from which we have already quoted. We are there told that about the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the boys used to go to the hill in procession, and there initiate the freshmen or novices, by sprinkling them with salt, and describing them in Latin epigrams with all the wit (sales) that they could muster. Finally they bedewed their faces with salt tears, and so, being admitted into full fellowship with their comrades, they marched home in triumph. Salt was always a prominent feature in the ceremony, and, even late on in the eighteenth century, a pinch of salt was given to every stranger who contributed towards the expenses of the day. From this comparatively simple origin Montem developed into a grand and sumptuous festival. On the morning of the eventual day, which, in later years, was Whitsun Tuesday, twelve boys, called servitors or runners, chosen from the college sixth form, and dressed in fancy costume, started off to their stations on the different high roads of Buckinghamshire. They carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and exacted money from every person they met, giving in receipt printed tickets bearing the date of the year and a motto—"Mos pro lege," and "Pro more et monte," being used at alternate celebrations of the festival. Each of these "runners" was attended by a hired, and frequently armed follower. The two salt bearers proper, a sixth form colleger and the captain of the oppidans, collected money in and about Eton; especially receiving liberal contributions from the royal family. George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave fifty guineas apiece. The salt bearers exacted tribute from every one without distinction. They stopped the carriage of William the Third on one occasion, when only the king's prompt interference saved them from being cut down by the Dutch guards, who did not quite understand the audacity of these youthful highwaymen. All the money collected, sometimes as much as a thousand pounds, went to the captain of the school to help him in his university career; but as he had to bear the whole expenses of the day, only a small proportion of the sum found its way into his pocket. The captain was never quite sure of his captaincy till within twenty days of Montem Day, being always liable to receive a summons to fill any sudden vacancy at King's College, in which case his office would fall to the boy next in succession. On the

night of the critical day all the collegers sat up, awaiting the possible arrival of a messenger from Cambridge. Just before midnight some raised the ends of the beds in air, while others stood by the wooden shutters, and then, as the last stroke of twelve was heard, down fell the beds with a crash, the shutters were slammed, and a deafening cry of "Montem, sare," announced that the right of being "Captain of Montem" was vested absolutely in the senior colleger. Besides the captain all the other boys bore military rank according to their position in school. The next six collegers were respectively salt-bearer, marshal, ensign, lieutenant, sergeant-major, and steward. The oppidan sixth form ranked as sergeants, and the fifth form as corporals. The rest of the school wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waist-coats and trousers, silk stockings and pumps, and carried thin white poles. After absence had been called, the boys marched in procession twice round the school-yard, and thence into Weston's-yard, where the ensign waved the great flag, and the corporals drew their swords and cut the staves of the pole-bearers asunder. The whole body then marched through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill, followed by the numerous visitors, who used to flock from all parts to see the show. On reaching the hill the ensign again waved the flag at the top, and this, after 1778, ended the ceremony. In earlier times one of the collegers dressed as a parson and another as a clerk used to gabble mock prayers in Latin, after which the clerk was solemnly kicked down the hill by his ecclesiastical superior. After the ceremony there was a dinner given by the captain, in later years at his own expense, at the inn close by the hill, and then the procession returned to Eton. An "ode" was composed on Montem Day, containing a caricature description, in doggerel rhyme, of the chief personages in the procession. This ode, though really the work of some wags in the school, was attributed to a worthy known as the "Montem Poet," who was dressed up in comical costume, and sent about reciting the ode, and offering copies of it to the bystanders. Montem was originally an annual festival, but after 1775 was only celebrated once in every three years. It was finally abolished in 1847 on the reasonable ground that it interfered greatly with school work, and also because, after the opening of the railway, the crowds of sight-

seers became intolerable. The great day in the Eton year now is the 4th of June, when speeches are recited in the upper school, and a grand procession of boats, followed by a brilliant display of fireworks, attracts crowds of visitors to the college.

Oratory has always been held in high estimation at Eton, and a good many debating societies have existed there at different times, but none so long-lived or so flourishing as that which now exists, and which, perhaps, owes its prosperity in a great measure to the fact that it is a social club quite as much as a debating society. The "Eton Society," more familiarly known as "Pop," because, say the etymologists, its meetings were first held over a cook-shop (Latin, *popina*), dates from the year 1811, and, to all appearances, is likely to last as long as the school itself. It consists of twenty-eight members; and to be in "Pop" is considered one of the highest privileges to which an Etonian can aspire. Debates are held once a week on topics of general interest. In former times modern politics were excluded; but now scarcely a term passes without a hot discussion on some party question. The meetings are held in a comfortable room, which is also used as a reading-room and lounge for the members.

Dramatic performances were common at Eton in old days, and, indeed, were at one time directly encouraged and superintended by the authorities. In the college audit-books, as early as 1525, we find entries for "players' clothes," which were kept in a box in the master's room. Nicholas Udall, master at that time, wrote, apparently for his scholars, a piece called *Ralph Roister Doister*, which is the earliest English comedy extant. Malim mentions that in his time plays were regularly performed by the boys at Christmas time, and defends the apparent levity of such proceedings, on the ground that nothing was more conducive to fluency of expression and graceful deportment. All such frivolities were rigorously put down during Puritan sway; but we find them again encouraged after the Restoration. But the most famous company was that formed, without the cognisance and in defiance of Dr. Keate, in 1818, by John Moultrie, Praed, Howard (afterwards Lord Carlisle), Robert Crawford, and others. All of these boys had considerable dramatic powers, and their performances, held in a hired room in Datchet-lane, attracted many spectators, including even the masters' wives. Keate, however, put a summary

and to the proceedings, telling the managers that they had been sent to Eton to become scholars, not actors. A subsequent attempt was nipped in the bud by Keate getting hold of a playbill, and calling up the dramatic personæ in school, beginning with the ladies. Since that time there have been authorised performances from time to time as late as the year 1870, but they have been generally found to interfere a good deal with school work, and just now there is nothing of the kind heard of at Eton. Literature has found expression at Eton in various forms, and at different times. The three most famous periodicals are the *Microcosm*, started by Canning and Hookham Frere in 1786, which lived for about half a year, and was reprinted as late as 1825; the *Miniature*, conducted by Stratford Canning, and others, which ran through thirty-four numbers in 1804, and which, being afterwards reprinted by John Murray, then of Fleet-street, is said to have been to some extent the cause of that eminent publisher's success, inasmuch as it brought him into contact with Canning, and helped him to widen his connection; but the most famous of all was the *Etonian*, started in 1820 by Praed and Moultrie, which may be said to have gained a place in English literature. This also only lived during the school-days of its principal contributors. Since that time, perhaps, the most ambitious effort has been the *Adventurer*, which carried on a fitful existence from 1867 to 1872. At present, literature at Eton is represented by the *Eton College Chronicle*, which, as its name implies, is a mere record of facts and incidents of school life.

Those of our readers who wish to know more about Eton we must refer to Mr. Maxwell Lyte's admirable *History of Eton College*, which has formed the basis of this paper, and which will be found full of matter, interesting and amusing, both to Etonians and to general readers.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHIEL HOYE,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER I. A LOOKER-ON AT THE GAME.

"It has happened to me more than once in my life to be the looker-on who proverbially sees most of the game. When I went to live at Despard Court, as the widow of its late owner, who had passed a very short time there, and had known

next to nothing of the places and the people in the neighbourhood, I had assumed the attitude of a looker-on. I had been left by my husband a considerable, though not a great, fortune; I had no children, and nobody in the world to care for particularly, except Barr, my only brother. When Barr was quite a child, he had declared his intention of being a traveller, incited thereto, I suppose, by Robinson Crusoe and Sindbad the Sailor; and when he reached manhood he persevered in his intention. My father and Barr never understood one another very well, though there was no division between them. That his only son should be totally indifferent to the delights of farming, rearing stock, and hunting after an unpretending fashion with a pack of harriers, was incomprehensible to my father, who had a horror of absenteeism, and hoped Barr would at least get over his roaming before he should be called to fill his—my father's—place, and settle down to do his duty as a landlord and a neighbour. Barr, on the contrary, was never quite happy until he had passed beyond the boundaries of civilisation; had no notion of farming, no taste for hunting any animal nearer home than a bison; and he did not like our stepmother. My father and Lady Linbarr lived completely for each other, and, after Colonel Despard's death, Barr and I counted ourselves alone in the world.

I found much to interest and occupy me at Despard Court, but not many strong attractions outside it. Happily, in my nearest neighbours, I found my best resource. An old tie of friendship bound together my big and solemn mansion, Despard Court, and the Dingle House, the picturesque, comfortable small dwelling which nestled in a pretty little nook, just beyond the confines of the park; Mr. Dwarris, his son, and his daughter, all interested me, each in a different way, and I soon found myself on a footing of easy intimacy with the father and the son. Mr. Dwarris answers more completely than anyone I know to the description, "a perfect gentleman." I think, even if I had not soon won his confidence and been honoured with his friendship, I should have readily guessed him to be a man who had failed, on the whole. There was an air of renunciation, of acquiescence, about him; he had evidently laid down arms, not with the least taint of cowardice in the relinquishment, but with a quiet conviction that success was not to be his, though

content might be. His affection for his son, his pride in him, his confident approval of him, struck me very early in our acquaintance. But the outward expression, the demonstration of the father's feelings was checked, as I soon perceived, by the abiding sense that, as good fortune and ruin are estimated by the world, he had brought ruin upon his son. Griffith Dwarris ought to have inherited a fair estate and a good position in society. When I came to Despard Court, the young man had long settled down to a post in Kindersley and Conybeare's bank, and the narrowest and most monotonous of lives seemed to be the only one within his reach. The position had certain exceptional features, derived from the long-existing friendship between Mr. Dwarris and Mr. Kindersley, the head partner in the bank, and also from the fact that Griffith Dwarris had on a certain occasion rendered a great service to Mr. Kindersley and his son, no less indeed than saving the latter from drowning. These things made Griffith's standing with his employers better than in ordinary cases, and in the small and quiet world in which they lived, the family at the Dingle House held a much-respected place.

"There speedily arose between Griffith Dwarris and myself a friendship of the kind which not unfrequently subsists between a young man and a woman who is not too old to be sympathetic, but who is sufficiently his senior to be removed from the "dangerous" category. Griffith Dwarris was a great reader, of the omnivorous species (like myself), and a delightful singer (unlike myself), for I love music with only an ignorant love, which is, perhaps, none the less fervid for that; and he soon became the pleasantest companion within my reach. The girl, Audrey, attracted me last, and least, and was by no means so cordial towards me in the early days of our acquaintance, as her father and brother. I fancy she felt the very natural dread of a girl who had never had the only legitimate female authority, that of a mother, over her, of some usurpation of power, some attempted interference on my part. Discerning this, I made only cautious advances to her, but studied her character and disposition attentively. Audrey Dwarris and I are the best of friends now; and though I cannot say that it was altogether without regret that I perceived Frank Lester falling in love with her, I

have long since reconciled myself to the prospect of their marriage, seeing that, however strange his choice may seem to myself and Barr, knowing as we do how highly intellectual and cultivated his tastes are, Audrey and he are admirably suited in temper and disposition; and Audrey is developing tastes and capacity for which I never gave her credit hitherto.

"Frank Lester is Barr's most intimate friend. They became acquainted on one of Barr's 'expeditions,' when he went as one of a party to outlandish places in North America, and Lester, who was a young medical practitioner, and a favourite with the richest man of the party, accompanied them in the capacity of doctor. Since then he and Barr have been very much together, and my brother was very sorry when Frank Lester, representing that he had neither time nor money at his disposal, but must "buy a practice" with the very limited private means which he possessed, set about to find a suitable locality. I happened to know that there was an opening at Wrottesley—which is said to be a 'rising' place, though, sooth to say, the symptoms tarry—and the matter was speedily arranged. Not, indeed, much more speedily than the other and more important affair which Frank Lester and Audrey Dwarris have arranged for themselves, with the charming imprudence which still lingers, from the old Arcadian days, in nooks and crannies of this pushing, striving, calculating world.

"Audrey, perhaps because she has been brought up with her father and brother, and feminine influences have been only indirectly brought to bear upon her, is exceedingly frank, loyal, truthful, and downright. Barr, who likes her immensely, nevertheless says she belongs to 'the safely commonplace, the refined ordinary,' order of women, who are always, when they marry suitably, respectable, happy, useful, and beloved; and although, perhaps, I rank Audrey a little bit higher than that, there is a great deal of truth in what Barr says. I had a reason for observing with interest, not of a painful or doubting kind, the progress of that calm and uneventful love story, and my reason bears upon the very different events to which I shall presently have to allude.

"In certain respects, Mr. Dwarris's life has been a lonely one. Early misfortunes—of his own creating mostly—and the death of his wife, drove him into retirement. Sorrow, memory, and the fact that the

sharers of his home were two mere children, induced silence, reserve, and the recluse-like order of things, which he broke through in my favour only, and after long years. He took me into his confidence on one occasion, when, for the first time, an interruption occurred in the even tenor of his quiet life; when the echo of the past came to him, and possibilities of a future far different from that which he believed to be in store for his children, unfolded themselves. His brother-in-law, Mr. Pemberton, was coming home from New South Wales, in possession of considerable wealth, in the advantages of which he intended his nephew and niece to share; and he confided to Mr. Dwarris his private hopes and plans for the furtherance of this object in a letter, which Mr. Dwarris placed in my hands. I need not repeat the words of this letter. Its substance was as follows: Mr. Pemberton was not ambitious for his only child—a daughter. He had been deeply attached to his sister, the wife of Mr. Dwarris, and he felt a strong interest in her children. He hoped that bringing the cousins together might prove a means of strengthening the family tie, by the mutual attachment of his daughter Ida and her cousin Griffith Dwarris, and their marriage. Having some knowledge of the 'contrariness' inherent in young men and maidens when they suspect that there is any scheme on hand to influence or persuade them in matters matrimonial, Mr. Pemberton sagely admonished the silentest of men to keep his own counsel, so that the young people might meet without any embarrassment or prejudice, either of prepossession or of dislike. Mr. Pemberton, like a wise man, provided in advance for the possible miscarriage of his projects, by assuring his brother-in-law that Griffith Dwarris, of whose actual lot in life he knew nothing, should have a share of his uncle's wealth, even though he and Ida should not be so accommodating as to fall in love with each other. This letter effected a quiet revolution in Mr. Dwarris's mind. He put it away and said not a word, except to me; but to me he talked with an entirely new freedom and expansiveness of the errors of his past, his sufferings from self-reproach, his just pride in Griffith's dutifulness, courage, and general worth, and the serene pleasure with which he looked forward to the change in the fortunes of his only son. 'Though,' as he said, 'no

doubt, one effect of that change would be to part them, for Griffith would naturally lay out his life on new lines. He dwelt but little upon the marriage project—that might or might not be; he did not think Griffith had ever admired any girl, indeed he saw very few girls—and Mr. Dwarris sagely opined that he was not likely to be much impressed by any of those whom he did see. 'Very ordinary young persons, so far as I know,' said Mr. Dwarris, marching solemnly by my side up and down the gravel walk, in his dressing-gown, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent; 'with no manners in particular, and I should think the very smallest shreds of mind distributed among them.' It was very pleasant to see the eager interest which the expectation of the arrival of their unknown relatives aroused in Griffith and Audrey, and to observe its entire disinterestedness. Audrey talked of seeing London—she had never been there—with her cousin, and laid many girlish plans; but no deeper calculations ever occurred to her, or to her brother. During the interval which elapsed before the news came which dashed all these projects to the ground, I was a good deal at the Dingle House, and in my capacity of looker-on I saw the playing of more than one game. With respect to Frank Lester and Audrey Dwarris, I was given a hint by Barr at an early stage of the affair, and before I had any reason to regard it otherwise than a preposterous imprudence. 'It's the worst kind of case,' Barr said, with that comic wisdom of his which is always at the service of his friends, 'taken at first sight, and everything against it.' But, before the love, which it needed no conjurer to detect on either side, had found words, an event occurred which once more changed the state of affairs at the Dingle House. Mr. Dwarris received intelligence of the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Pemberton. He was deeply grieved for the young widow, the orphan girl, and the sudden quenching of all the hope and expectation with which, after long years, the prosperous gentleman had looked forward to seeing his native land again. And he was profoundly thankful that he had not been tempted to divulge to his son any portion of the projects in his favour, which Mr. Pemberton had entertained. Everything of the sort was at an end now, and happily no one but Mr. Dwarris himself had anything to suffer. It was shortly after the news

of Mr. Pemberton's death reached Mr. Dwarris, that the formerly existing restraint and coldness towards me on Audrey's part gave way to a kinder and more confidential feeling. She was unconsciously influenced, no doubt, by the growth of the sentiment which does away with childish things, with pettish sensibility, and small pre-occupations, and she had come to believe in my simple good will. About this time there occurred a wedding at Wrottesley, which, though without any significance for me at the time, I mention here, in its place, on account of its future influence on some individuals with whom my story is concerned. Miss Lipscomb, the eldest daughter of a land-agent resident at Wrottesley, married a Captain Simcox—who had been the object of admiration and attention by all the Wrottesley young ladies—and accompanied him to Ireland. Very shortly afterwards I went up to London for the season, taking with me Madeleine Kindersley. I had not had any intention of making such an innovation on my customary method of life as a long sojourn in London, but Barr had been seized with one of his restless fits, premonitory symptoms of an 'expedition' some time before, and had set up a partnership in a yacht, which was to be specially constructed in some wonderful way for an Arctic cruise with a friend. He wanted me in London while he should be there on and off, and I found I could do a great kindness to Mr. Kindersley, an old friend of all my husband's family, and whom I also had come to like and pity equally, by taking his only daughter under my charge. At this point of my story I had better 'make a clean breast' of a scheme which was quite unsuccessful, but for which many excellent people would blame me severely.

"I have already said that I dearly loved my brother. I do not think I over-rated his worth, and I can affirm with a safe conscience that I firmly believed the happiest lot that could befall any woman would be that of Barr's wife. I do not, however, pretend to say that the conviction justified my planning to procure for Madeleine Kindersley that favoured lot; though I strongly suspect the great majority of my fellow-women would have done the same thing; and stoutly maintain that there are cases in which the generally odious art of match-making may be practised without either folly or wickedness.

"I know no better test to apply to the fascinating qualities of Madeleine Kindersley than that which consists in the fact that she was supremely delightful to persons so different from each other as Mr. Dwarris, Audrey, and myself. She charmed everybody, yet she excited no jealousies. Mr. Dwarris took more notice of her than he ever took of Audrey—talked more freely to her; yet Audrey never resented the seeming preference—being, indeed, marvellously little afflicted with the smaller vices of self-love and jealousy—but worshipped Madeleine with the thorough old-fashioned devotion of girl-friendship, which is generally unreasonable, but sometimes beautiful. I never was much given to romance and enthusiasm, and had outlived even their mild forms; but they revived to animate my feelings towards Madeleine. No wonder that I should want her for my brother. She was the fairest, the truest, the sweetest, and the best specimen of girlhood within my knowledge, and I always wanted the best for Barr. He abhorred fashionable life, and would rather have looked for a wife in a wigwam than in its select circles. Here was a girl absolutely untainted by the world's foul breath; pure and true, sweet and simple; God fearing, home loving; the gentlest of creatures, yet firm as a rock to do the right; with high courage and meek modesty; full of mirth and brightness, but of a serious mind and steadfast nature, in whose companionship a man might find both strength and rest; exquisitely lovely, with the pure and peaceful beauty which our fancy lends the angels who have kept their sinless place, and perfectly fit to adorn the most fastidious social sphere. What wonder, I ask again, was it that I should have wanted her for Barr?

"My project was never realised, my hopes came to nothing. She never cared for him; and if he ever cared for her, he got the better of the feeling with the first perception of its hopelessness, which came to him before my brilliant air-castle vanished away.

"I ought to have been disheartened by perceiving that Madeleine and Barr were such thoroughly good friends; their unembarrassed cordiality would have settled the hopes of a more experienced schemer than myself. As it was, I cherished them until my brother quietly put an end to them. He had been, I fondly fancied, less eager about his Arctic voyage than at

first, and he took the occurrence (of no moment to my story), which made it impossible for it to take place that year, with so little vexation that I suppose I betrayed my joyful suspicion of the source of his resignation. He looked at me, over the letter he was reading for the second time, put it down, and said, in his own cheery way:

"Oh, that's it, is it? And you are no wiser than the rest of the world. You are all wrong, Olive; there's no such luck for me.' I tried to say something of a disclaiming nature, but he only laughed at me.

"I like her immensely, and she likes me, not as a brother—for her notion of brothers is decidedly unpleasant—but very much indeed; next to yourself and Audrey Dwarris, I believe; and I can tell you I appreciate the position very highly. But there's no love in the question, and there never will be.'

"Well, well, more's the pity,' I said, giving free vent to my disappointment; 'for there couldn't have been anything better or happier for you both. But it is always so; the perversity of you young people is astonishing. You won't marry those you ought to marry, and you persist in marrying—'

"I stopped, arrested by a sudden remembrance, and by my brother's face, in which I read that he too remembered.

"So my first and last little scheme for the disposal of two lives according to my own private views of what would be best for them went the way of many schemes.

"We had a very pleasant time of it in London, and Barr made himself even more delightful than I had previously believed him to be. He was determined that Madeleine should see London in an exhaustive way—which would have surprised the grand folks to whom London means the squirrel's-cage round of fashion—and she saw it after that manner. She was as happy as it was in her nature to be, while any sorrow or anxiety was troubling her father's peace; and this was perpetually the case with respect to her brother. Clement Kindersley had rooms near us, where, I daresay, he was seldom to be found. We did not see much of him, and I was glad of it, for Madeleine was always uneasy and ashamed in his presence.

"During our stay in London, I learned, through my own and Madeleine's correspondence with Wrottesley, that Mr. Dwarris had received a letter after a con-

siderable interval from Mrs. Pemberton, conveying the surprising intelligence of the birth of a son; and announcing the speedy departure of the family from Sydney. They were to sail in the *Albatross*, and their arrival was looked for in June. Here was another important change in the aspect of affairs. The future of *Ida Pemberton* was, of course, affected by the birth of the posthumous child. Mr. Dwarris wrote to me, but very briefly and vaguely, and I knew that I should be more fully informed on our return to Wrottesley, which would nearly coincide with the arrival of the *Albatross* at Plymouth.

"We reached Wrottesley at the appointed time, and I was speedily put in possession of the information which had reached Mr. Dwarris from his sister-in-law. It was contained in a letter, which formed a portion of the contents of the large packet which had reached him. Of the other portions he had as yet acquired no knowledge. He told me this, as he and I walked on the lawn, while Madeleine and Audrey, in all the delight of their meeting, talked over the weeks, whose real eventfulness they so little comprehended, in Audrey's room.

"On opening the enclosure marked II,' said Mr. Dwarris, 'I read a few sentences, the commencement of a narrative, in Mrs. Pemberton's handwriting, before my attention was caught by some lines on the inner side of the wrapper. They were as follows: "As a last reflection, before closing and despatching this, I would request that Mr. Dwarris should read at first only the letter which goes with these enclosures. Should the arrival of the *Albatross* be delayed beyond a reasonable time, so that she may be supposed to be lost, then Mr. Dwarris is earnestly requested to read the enclosures, and act upon the directions in No. III. Should the ship arrive safely, but without bringing me, so that my children shall be entirely dependent on the protection of Mr. Dwarris, he is earnestly requested to read both enclosures within an hour after he shall have been informed of my death."

"I immediately closed up the packet,' continued Mr. Dwarris, 'and put it carefully away. And now, it may be, that I shall never learn the nature of its contents. It must depend upon Mrs. Pemberton herself, and on how we get on together, whether she feels disposed to place the confidence in me which she then contemplated.'

"Immediately after this, Griffith Dwarris went to Plymouth to await the arrival of the Albatross. Vainly, as we soon learned. He returned, and a long suspense set in. On the day when it was admitted officially that little hope was felt about the ship, Mr. Dwarris opened and read the enclosure in Mrs. Pemberton's packet, marked III.

"I ascertained afterwards that he remained alone for some hours on that day, and late in the afternoon went out by himself to the beautiful churchyard where his wife's grave is made under the ivy-grown wall of a village church which was old in Queen Elizabeth's time. Hardly twice a year did he turn his steps in that direction. 'Papa feels the fear about the ship very much,' Audrey told me, almost apprehensively. And, indeed, he did. With an awful added solemnity, too, because of what had been revealed to him by the document he had just read. If, indeed, the Albatross with her passengers were lost, then he was the sole heir to his brother-in-law's wealth.

"About this time Frank Lester committed the charming imprudence of proposing to Audrey Dwarris, who promptly accepted him. Her father sanctioned an engagement between them to the infinite delight and relief of the suitor, who was fully aware of the precarious and modest nature of the prospects he had to offer to a wife who must come to him absolutely dowressless.

"'He is a very fine fellow,' said Mr. Dwarris to me, 'and Audrey would be safe with him under any circumstances. I do not think I could have said "No," even if no fairy-tale development of the story were possible—even if it may not prove that Lester marries a fortune.'

"Time passed, suspense became certainty, and the Albatross was erased by the customary announcement from the list of existing ships, as men are erased from the list of the living by one line in a journal. Then, on a fine summer evening, when I had made a discovery concerning Madeleine Kindersley which cleared up the mystery of the defeat of my little scheme for Barr, and which I must have made long before only for the blindness that results from a preconceived idea, Mr. Dwarris told me that he was about to tell his son and daughter the truth. The time had come for doing

this; it would be necessary to act upon Mrs. Pemberton's will, and he wished me to be present. By what appeared to be an unfortunate accident, Madeleine Kindersley came to the Dingle House unexpectedly, and the disclosure had to be postponed until after she had left. I believe that Madeleine Kindersley and Griffith Dwarris will always remember that accident gratefully, for without it something must have been wanting to their knowledge of each other. Mr. Dwarris told his son and daughter that he was the inheritor of their uncle's wealth, and they received the intelligence as I would have had them receive it. An intuition revealed to me the full meaning of the fact to Griffith Dwarris—revealed to me that it meant release, joy, hope, love, and all enhanced by the sense of honourable self-denial and self-sacrifice. Had I interpreted his feelings rightly? I should soon know, for Griffith was to take me home, and I saw in his face that he would speak to me.

"Long and earnestly had Mrs. Pemberton's will, her fate, and the contingencies arising from them been discussed between Mr. Dwarris and myself, while the young people were telling each other their respective stories on the lawn that summer night, when the hedges were set with glow-worms, like starry gems, and the air was heavy with the latest-breathed perfumes of the gorgeous flower children of closing summer. He spoke to me of the other enclosure—that marked II.—and asked me what I thought he ought to do with respect to it? If the general belief was justified by facts, the contingency in which he was to read this document—that of the survival of Ida Pemberton and the infant—could not arise. The mother, the girl, and the baby were alike lost, and the confidence which the dead woman had wished to repose in him ought to be buried with them. Did I not think so? I could not make up my mind on this point; there might be something touching the home she had left for ever; there might be some clue to her own relatives, which would aid Griffith in the search his father was about to commission him to make; it would be better to wait awhile.

"'I will wait,' said Mr. Dwarris, 'and if the time comes when you think well of it, we will read No. II. together.'"

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PHEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE GREAT NIGHT.

Now the company began to arrive. As their coming had been so long delayed, that the unhappy hostess began to think that no one would arrive, so now she began to think she would be overwhelmed in the band that came pouring in altogether. She did not know a single face, but she, with her family, smiled and made attempts at shaking hands which old Sam afterwards described as "misfires." During these uncomfortable hours she learned many wholesome as well as unwholesome things; as when the young lords defiled, past; sometimes giving her a supercilious nod, but more frequently failing to see the nervous and smiling hostess; and passed on eagerly into the room. It was more trying still as some of the greater guns came slowly into action, far into the night—imperious dames of the highest quality, whose coming dared scarcely be looked for, but who came after all! With practice, however, this ceremony grew to be delightful enough; and when some of the ambassadors of the third and fourth ranks—always accessible enough—began to arrive, and actually made some remarks, a film of joy came before her eyes.

It was delightful to see our Phoebe, whom the new "robe" became admirably, and who was at first delighted with all she saw. For it was properly her first ball. Fairyland hardly came up to it. But presently her face began to assume a wistful gaze, questing for some-

thing. After a long delay Mr. Pringle had come up with a needlessly empressé manner, and this speech: "Oh, you have come! How d'ye like our ball?"

Phoebe was enchanted with it, and infinitely comforted by this light address. Still more so when he added, "You're not engaged, I hope. We must have a dance together before the end of the night." Phoebe was very grateful for this kindness, and much relieved.

"Oh, now!" she said, "any dance! Nobody has asked me, and I don't think they will."

"Oh, dear," said he, gravely, "that's not the case with me. I have to do all the work, to-night at least."

"To be sure," said Phoebe, deferentially, "I quite understand. Then don't mind me." The wistfulness with which this was spoken must have touched anyone, for poor Phoebe was not the pert, lively, rallying, bright little creature she had been. She had a presentiment that something was in the balance that night. It must be said, too, that there was an air of rusticity, a want of "point" about her, which contrasted with the fine, haughty, well-bred, and matchlessly-dressed young ladies who were sweeping by.

Suddenly, in the midst of one of his already halting sentences, he started and flew across to a party close by who had been beckoning. Phoebe stretched her head over, in a highly countrified way, to see. It was a party of large and overflowing women—overflowing in person, and dress, and volubility. He was clearly of them; they were so familiar, talking all together, so eager, that Phoebe wondered who they could be? Again she had a fresh presentiment, and the poor little

child's face grew more wistful and distressed. Her mother was out of humour with her and with the ball. "What are you about?—Don't look so sulky. You'd repel anybody." But now came something that really made Phoebe smile. And this was "old Sam" (who had not noticed her the whole night) dancing a quadrille with one of the Ladies Croope—shuffling and capering, and setting to his partner after the elaborate principles that were in vogue in the days of the minuet de cour. Again it was hopeless to think of getting into society, for there were spectators standing in rows looking on—the young man (of high birth) actually laughing heartily, while Sam grinned and added to the entertainment by talking loud :

"Now, my dear, there's the line of grace and beauty for you! We'd make a very pretty couple." To this ordeal his partner submitted with a calm, unruffled serenity—born of devotion to the good cause. Then, seeing the young swells standing together and looking on and laughing, he would skip over to them with: "Now, why don't you go and dance? Look at all these young beauties, waiting to pick and choose from. A garden of girls, as the poet says! Come with me, my dear boys; I'll set you going."

"No, upon my word; much obliged—rather not," would be the reply.

"What, can you resist that music? Did you ever hear such ravishing tootling as that. That gentleman ought to be at the opera. Come, do try for once—you or you? It's all shyness, I know."

It was no wonder that the young fellows found a sort of contemptuous amusement in their host, and, gathering round him, proceeded to draw him out with a question or two. This old Sam took for a genuine interest in himself, and became vastly familiar and communicative. No wonder they declared carelessly, as they sauntered away, that this was the oddest old fellow that had turned up in the century. Certainly he threw a grotesque air over the whole performance, as indeed he generally contrived to do over everything in which he was concerned.

Again, we turn and see Phoebe's wistful face stretching forward, looking for some one to come; looking, too, after two figures in which she was interested. Young Pringle—and others than Phoebe had now begun to notice it—was "devoted," as it is called, to a young lady of more than medium height, robust, good-humoured-

looking, and with her dress and appointments filling much cubic space. At times they disappeared, then reappeared in the dance—now a valse, now a lancera, now an ordinary quadrille. Phoebe herself knew no one, and sat through many dances, until Lord Garterley espied her, and leaped forward with delight to greet her.

"Come with me," he said; "I want to talk to you. Stay, you are not dancing. I'll introduce someone. I know numbers of the young fellows."

"No, no," said Phoebe, eagerly. "I don't care about that. I'd rather not, indeed. No."

He was struck by her wistful, dejected air.

"Come with me, then," he said. "We'll go and inspect the flowers and the supper-room."

"Who—who," asked Phoebe, abruptly, "is that—you can tell me—that tall young lady, dancing there?"

"Oh, there; with our friend Pringle? Oh, that's one of the Baddeley girls—Lady Florence Croope."

A chill struck on Phoebe's heart. She had a glimmer of what was coming.

"Yes," said Lord Garterley, gravely, "it is very natural they should run after a young man of fortune, as Pringle now turns out to be. You are very young, my dear child," he said, kindly; "you do not know what the world is yet. I am an old fellow, and thought to have had its share of good things; and yet, if I were asked what was my experience of it, I would say it was made up of disappointments."

Phoebe wondered to hear this; and yet felt it was in some way intended for her. He went on:

"You know that I have never married; and yet that was my great disappointment, for I was then, though a young man, double your age. We must all, every one of us, without exception, suffer from them—but if they come at your age, my dear child, they are only to be smiled at."

In this fashion the friendly nobleman wandered through the rooms with his companion, who felt as though some sad piece of news was being broken to her. They saw all the grand display in the supper-rooms, the Ottoman tent, the flowers. But on Phoebe it made no impression, beyond that of a blaze of light and colours. Her eyes were dazed. Every moment she began to understand better.

Suddenly she saw Francis Pringle standing before her. He was eager and excited.

"Oh," said he, "I have been looking for you. Will you come now, for this dance?"

All was forgotten. Phoebe, as it were, flew to his arms; she would go with him anywhere—to the world's end.

"I thought," she said, in a tone of inexpressible delight and tenderness, "that you had really forgotten me; but now I see you have not. It's very good of you, on such a night——"

"Oh no," said he, with great constraint, "of course not. You see, I am in such a position here; I can do nothing that I would wish. Now that our fortunes have changed, I am obliged to act in a different way, you know. You see that."

"Of course," said Phoebe, eagerly; "I understand it perfectly. I am so glad that you are rich and have all this money, though you did leave me without saying 'Good-bye.'"

"How could I help that?" he said, shortly.

"No, no," said Phoebe, alarmed; "of course not. You will come and see us, won't you? To-morrow? I'll wait at home all day; I am longing to talk with you—to hear everything."

"Oh, I am afraid I can't, indeed; I fear I shall be going away——"

"Going away?" repeated Phoebe, almost coming round to look into his face. "Where? when?"

"Oh, you don't know how much I have to do. I have really no time, you know. Indeed, I wish you would—if you only knew how I am situated—but it's not my fault——"

What disclosure this ominous preface was leading to, Phoebe was not destined to learn, for a fan was now playfully tapping his arm, and the abundant proportions of Lady Baddeley were beside him. The wary dowager had scented this danger of confidences. Indeed, she had an instinct as to Phoebe's relation with the Pringles, and, with an effusion of smiles, declared that "she was dying" for something to eat, and that he must forthwith take her below, or she would faint. For this stalwart dame, to ask was to command, and to command to be obeyed; and, after a few hurried words of excuse to Phoebe, he was taken away. What a pang shot through that young breast! What a dimness seemed to settle upon her eyes! Considering her exhausted state, a surprisingly

small amount of nutriment restored the "dying" and "fainting" lady, who had presently brought him to her daughter, and bade him, in a tone maternal, take her upstairs. Instead of making for the ball-room, the candidate chose to encamp in a little alcove off the stairs; and then it was that the hapless Phoebe saw the pair valse, galop, and valse again; for it was within the small hours, when the greedy, fast dancers allow no chance to the sober quadrillers. Yet, all through they sat and danced on, Phoebe's wistful face looking out. Then she noticed they came rather hurriedly to the grenadier mamma, and there was much simpering and whispering, and an indescribable, conscious smirking, more easy to recognise than describe.

"What does it mean, mamma?" whispered Phoebe. "Why do we stay here so long?"

Her mother had also seen, and knew for a certainty. She was biting her lips, and could scarcely restrain the word, "infamous!" She rose.

"Yes, my dear; let us go home! It is the best thing we can do."

Going out, they passed close by the hostess, whose face and figure were literally eddying in delicious ripples of happiness. How she bent and floated in ecstatic gratitude as the customary departing compliments were given. "So pleasant," &c. In her eyes everybody was charming and nice, and had behaved with such a kindly sympathy. The ambassadors were the most unassuming, agreeable, humble beings of all. The Persian envoy, in what Sam Pringle described as "the glazed calico hat," was as simple and unaffected as a parson in the country, and had sat on the sofa by her for a long time. So with the Indian old man in jewels and turban, and the young boy with him, also in jewels, "Muley Moloch," as Sam insisted on calling him. These persons all behaved like old friends, and went away in an effusion of gratitude, though they did not recollect her at the next party.

Passing by with the rest, Mrs. Dawson forced her features into a ball-room smile, and said, as lightly as she could:

"Went off admirably. By-the-way, you must let me come and see you in the morning."

Mrs. Pringle smiled down on her from Elysium; she was on such terms with the whole human family, she could have agreed to anything. Phoebe, too, she was

almost inclined to kiss. She had quite forgotten that trifling matter.

And so down the departing guests passed to the door, opening every instant to let in searching consumptive blasts, and to the rude, hoarse link-men, who were presently bellowing for "Mrs. Dawson's carriage," a hired brougham, into which the most desponding, despairing pair of the whole party were assisted, and drove away.

Lady Baddeley's carriage came up and came up again; but the truth was that the august grenadiers were confidentially detained till "all the rest had gone," when there was to be a little supper, limited chiefly to the family, in which the Baddeleys only were included; and, when chairs were brought in, and the son of the house and Lady Florence sat together, the most ecstatic confidences were interchanged between the parents, accompanied with delighted smiles and squeezing of hands. Nothing was said aloud or very distinctly; it was as though all were too happy to talk. But every one affected to look away from the happy pair, who were eating jelly together.

There would have been a curious contrast could anyone, Asmodeus-like, have flown to the house where Phoebe was tossing, hot and feverish, in her small bed, not able even to sob herself to sleep. Her mother, when returning home, had burst into an uncontrolled state of fury, which was not a little increased by the desperate character of the situation, for which she saw clearly there was no remedy. In her room she threatened openly that "she would take an action against them—the vile old schemers!" but she knew perfectly that this step would be fatal, and, indeed, was not to be thought of. But she still craftily, and to Phoebe's infinite relief, excepted the lover from these thoughts of revenge, declaring that "the young man, she could see, meant well, and that it was only the low, scheming parents of his that were interfering with his inclinations." Phoebe was grateful for this bit of comfort, and clung to it against all hope, her inclination rather than her reason prompting her. Before she fell asleep that night, an inspiration, or, rather, a recollection, flashed upon the anxious mother, which gave her a gleam of substantial hope. It was wonderful, she thought, how she could have forgotten that resource. How stupid of her not to have made use of it in that visit where she

now saw that she had been too forbearing! However, on the morrow she would strike boldly and fearlessly. She fancied they were people that might be intimidated; and thus the sanguine lady went off to sleep pretty hopefully.

AN ODD IMPRESARIO.

THERE are certain ways of life which no man would seem to enter upon, without having previously made some one or two false starts, as it were, in other directions. The pages of any biographical dictionary will abundantly demonstrate that, in regard to the choice of a profession, fathers and children are seldom of one mind for any length of time. The sire looks to his son's becoming an ornament of the Church, let us say, a servant of the Crown, a professor of medicine, or of law. For a while the son accepts this idea of his destiny, possibly because he cannot well do otherwise; and then, presently, we find him aiming at distinction by quite other means. We read of this personage: "He was originally intended for the Church, but was afterwards articulated to a solicitor. At the age of nineteen he exhibited a talent for acting, and made his first appearance on the stage," &c. &c.; or of that: "He was educated for the medical profession, but subsequently abandoned studies he found uncongenial and devoted himself to the fine arts." And so on. Professions adopted in this wise, as a matter of afterthought, are probably always considered from the parental, and, indeed, from the general point of view, to be of a somewhat desperate character—almost the forlorn hopes of industry. No fond father, inspecting his cradled infant, can ever to himself have said: "What a great painter, or, what an eminent author, or, what a famous actor this child will be some five-and-twenty years hence!" The painter, the author, or the actor, does not even advance this of his own offspring, but looks to the son's winning subsistence in a more regular and recognised way than that followed by the father. That he should become a prosperous man of business, a follower of fortune upon beaten tracks, however overthronged—that is the kind of future the father desires for his bantling. And it can hardly be otherwise, for surely the most doting of parents will shrink from affirming absolutely beforehand that his callow descendant is possessed of the

especial qualities necessary to success in what may be called the æsthetic professions. Prosperous plain-sailing, average good fortune to be obtained by the exercise of average abilities—what more can be reasonably expected for the immature creature? Start him fairly, therefore; bid him go on and prosper; but if the step prove a false one, for good or ill, don't be so very much astonished or distressed. There is very much work in this world that has to be done over again, beside the work of starting children in life.

And there are employments, the preparation and education for which must be wholly of an accidental kind. How, for instance, is a theatrical manager to be reared? When may his gifts as an impresario be expected to stir within him, and develop themselves? Possibly, with the poet, he is to be viewed as born, not made. Yet we may be sure that he did not figure as a manager, before making some other essays in the art of earning a living. A manager of some fame in his day, concerning whom we propose to narrate some few particulars, began life as a clerk in a bank. How did that early occupation qualify him for his later duties? It is hard to say; unless, perhaps, he acquired a special callousness in regard to the parting with bank-notes; a certain facile way of permitting numberless gold coins to slip through his fingers. Such acts may have been of some small service to him; for lavish expenditure was an important part of his system of management. Possibly he was also possessed of an inherent taste for speculation of a hazardous kind. This too was likely to be useful to him, for the task he undertook had something desperate about it. He was proprietor and manager of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket—the Italian Opera House—from 1782 to 1813. Now, from the time of Handel until quite recently, operatic efforts in England have brought about much disaster, involving very many people in ruin, and making bankrupts and insolvents quite in a wholesale way.

Mr. William Taylor had been a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Snow & Co.; but he described the air of that establishment as "too cold for his complexion." His biographer observes thereupon that he got rid of this complaint very completely by becoming manager of the Opera House, which was "hot-water to him for the rest of his life." Further, he is said to have been distinguished by "all Sheridan's

deficiency of financial arrangement without that extraordinary man's resources." However, he was assuredly most successful in borrowing money. Capital of his own he did not possess, but he obtained very large advances from his friends and supporters. And it would seem that, so long as his prosperity endured, he was not unwilling to meet the claims of his creditors and to repay the loans he had been favoured with. Moreover, he is said to have been ingenious and adroit, although afflicted with an unfortunate obstinacy of disposition, together with "a total want of all conduct and foresight."

Of Taylor's management, it may be said that it produced returns of very large amount, but that it resulted nevertheless in severe loss. Meanwhile, however, the manager lived well, and was far from unhappy. Under any circumstances he was disposed to make the best of things and to enjoy life. But gradually he was compelled to part with his property after a piecemeal fashion. In 1803 he sold to Mr. Francis Goold, a gentleman of family and fortune, one-third of his property in the Opera for a sum of thirteen thousand guineas. Goold thus became a partner in the speculation, and, by-and-by, in right of the many advances he had made, occupied almost the position of sole proprietor. At any rate, he was mortgagee of such share in the undertaking as still belonged to Taylor; and for some time he alone conducted the Opera, his death, in 1807, being ascribed to the trouble and anxiety he had thereby incurred. Upon Goold's demise the management devolved upon Taylor, who thereupon entered into a long course of litigation with Mr. Waters, the executor of his late partner. Mr. Taylor refused to submit to the interference which Mr. Waters, as the representative of Goold, considered himself entitled to exercise. Many meetings were held between the disputants and their friends, at one of which "Mr. Taylor somewhat unceremoniously devoted the whole company to the infernal gods, and withdrew." Forthwith a bill in Chancery was filed against Mr. Taylor. No real change took place in the management, however, previous to the year 1813. Taylor borrowed large sums from Mr. Ebers, who, as agent of many lessees of boxes, and a large dealer in opera tickets, felt himself bound to keep up the character of the establishment, and to assist its manager in every possible way. But, as Mr. Ebers has related in his Seven

Years of the King's Theatre, Taylor was a hopelessly unpractical person. Nothing could be done with him or for him. It was his delight to involve himself and to perplex others. "He quarrelled with everybody, ridiculed everybody, and hoaxed everybody." In 1807 his interest in the theatre had been seized under legal process, and his personal liberty restricted. Indeed, for the remainder of his life Taylor was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; but under the system then prevailing, of "living within the rules," Taylor's movements were still unfettered, and he continued his management or mismanagement of the Opera House. Then, as though he had not troubles enough, he quarrelled with his subscribers. By way of raising supplies he increased the rate of subscription, nearly doubling, indeed, the cost of admission to the theatre. The subscribers held something of an indignation meeting, and determined to resist the proposed change. Taylor threatened to close their boxes, and shut them out of the theatre. Certain of the subscribers, enraged at the arrogant and despotic conduct of the manager, endeavoured to establish a rival opera house at the Pantheon, under the direction of one Caldas, a Portuguese wine merchant. At the Pantheon, however, failing a complete licence from the Lord Chamberlain, the performances could only be of a meagre description. Ultimately, the subscribers were reconciled to Taylor upon his making them certain concessions; and they returned to the King's Theatre. The Pantheon was abandoned, and Caldas was left to take care of himself. Speedily he found bankruptcy the result of his turning from wine dealing to music.

But now further difficulty arose. Waters, the executor of Goold, still proceeding against Taylor in Chancery, obtained a decree that dissolved their partnership, ordered accounts to be taken between them, and the Opera House to be sold. Meantime, performances were to cease altogether, and the theatre to be closed.

The subscribers and the world of fashion were much dismayed. A petition, signed by many noble and distinguished personages, was presented to the Prince of Wales, imploring the exercise of his influence to restore to society its most delightful amusement. A truce was patched up between the combatants, and operatic performances were resumed. Taylor had been thinking of following the example

set him by his own subscribers, and of opening the Pantheon once more as a rival to the King's Theatre. It was only with very great difficulty that terms of compromise could be arranged. An utter dissimilarity of disposition subsisted between the opponent parties. Waters was a man of decorous life, sober, staid, and Sabbatarian. Taylor, reckless and profligate, wild of speech as of conduct, would only appear on Sunday, when he knew himself safe from the service of writs. For a long while he did nothing but shock his adversary, widening the division between them. When, at last, in 1814, the time arrived for the opening of the theatre, under the management of Waters, he was refused admittance by Mr. Taylor's people, who still retained possession of the establishment. Angry words were interchanged, and even blows. The Waters party retreated for a while, but only to return with reinforcements, and finally succeeded in their turn in expelling their rivals. Again the arbitration of the Chancellor was invoked, Mr. Waters's title established, and possession of the premises secured to him. For now the house, under the decree of the court, was sold to him absolutely, at the price of thirty-five thousand pounds. Mr. Waters enjoyed some seasons of success; the year of the Peace especially crowded London with princes, ambassadors, and grandees of various kinds; but ruin in due course fell upon him as upon the other managers. He fled from his creditors, and ended his days at Calais. Taylor, precluded all further share in the concerns of the theatre by the decree of the Chancellor, died in the Queen's Bench prison.

Mr. Ebers has described Taylor as "one of the most singular of mankind." In the last century a somewhat unreasonable value was set upon persons called "humorists." Taylor was a "humorist," such as his contemporaries highly prized. He was greatly addicted to hoaxing and practical jokes. His facetiousness was of that rough kind which delights in pulling away the chair that is about to be sat upon, or in pinning a lady's skirts to a gentleman's coat-tails. But pranks of this character won much admiration from a past generation. It is related of Taylor that, having invited a number of friends to breakfast, he somehow induced them to believe that, as a matter of joke, empty plates only were to be set before them. Moreover, by means of anonymous letters,

he counselled his guests to be even with their host, and to put him to shame by bringing with them a sufficient store of provisions, so that the breakfast might duly take place. Everyone invited took, therefore, or sent to Taylor's house, articles of food of various kinds, insomuch that the manager found his room filled with the game and meats provided by his friends. But the breakfast-table had been handsomely furnished for the occasion, and the laugh was on Taylor's side, when he ordered into his own larder and wine-cellar these materials for a second breakfast. No doubt the guests professed themselves to be very much amused, but surely it must have occurred to some that the joke was not so very brilliant after all. If any so thought, they must have been confirmed in their opinion when Taylor proceeded to lock them up in his dining-room, with a placard on the door announcing that an exhibition of fourteen full-grown jackals, or "lions' providers," all living together in one den, in perfect amity, was to be seen within.

It was part of Taylor's humour, also, possibly that he might avenge himself, after a fashion, for his exclusion from management, to vex his successor, Waters, and Mr. Chambers, the banker, to whom Waters was becoming heavily indebted for advances, by means of anonymous letters and false reports of various kinds. He especially delighted in prophesying the ruin of Waters, and in such wise the loss of large sums by Chambers. Mr. Ebers publishes the following letter, received from Taylor, as a specimen of that "humorist's" love of hoaxing: "If Waters is with you at Brompton, as reported, for God's sake send him away instantly as you get this, for the bailiffs (alias bloodhounds) are out after him in all directions; and tell Chambers not to let him stay at Enfield, for that is a suspected place, and so is Lee's, in York-street, Westminster, and Giovanni's, in Smith-street, and Reed's in Flask-lane, both in Chelsea. It is reported that he was seen in the lane near your house an evening or two ago, with his face blackened, and in the great coat and hat of a Chelsea pensioner. How could he venture to come back, in a manner, into the lion's jaws? They say there are thirty writs out against him." The contents of this note were, of course, wholly fictitious, although Taylor's prophecies concerning the ruin of Waters came true eventually.

But in those days it needed no conjurer to prophesy that, sooner or later, the impresario of the Opera House would arrive at bankruptcy.

At another time Mr. Chambers was informed that Michael Kelly, the singer and composer, was at Brighton, lying there at an hotel on the point of death, and most desirous, while he yet lived, to communicate to the banker some important particulars respecting Waters. Chambers, holding a mortgage of the property of Waters, took alarm at this strange piece of news, and forthwith, in a postchaise and four, hurried to Brighton, dreading greatly lest he should arrive too late. He arrived at Brighton, however, only to find Kelly sitting in the balcony of his hotel, enjoying himself extremely, with a pineapple and a bottle of claret before him.

Although nominally, for very many years of his life, a prisoner in the Bench, Mr. Taylor did not permit his condition to impede his flow of spirits, or to hinder his liberty of action in any important degree. He consumed wine in great abundance, and freely boasted that captivity was especially to be desired by an impresario. A friend inquired of him one day, "How can you possibly continue the management of the King's Theatre, while perpetually in durance as you are?" "My dear fellow," he replied, "how could I possibly do it if I were at liberty? I should be eaten up, sir, devoured. Here comes a dancer—'Mr. Taylor, I want such and such a dress;' another, 'Mr. Taylor, I want such and such ornaments.' One singer demands a part not allotted to him; another requires an addition to his salary. No, let me be shut up, and they go to Masterson (Taylor's secretary); he, they are aware, cannot go beyond his line; but if they get at me—pshaw! No man at large can manage that theatre; and, in faith," he added, "no man that undertakes it ought to go at large."

Imprisonment for debt, however, as it was understood in Mr. Taylor's time, was very much of a mockery, as far as those were concerned who were possessed of money. The rich prisoner was not really a captive; he obtained what was called "the liberty of the rules," and lived very much as he pleased. The system would seem to have been instituted expressly to defeat the very object for which imprisonment had been provided by the Legislature, while it further was a means of enriching, by bribery and corrup-

tion, the "marshal" or governor, who was charged with the custody of the prisoners. The "rules," topographically, were the precincts of the prison, and a considerable distance beyond—including all the adjoining streets, great part of the Borough, and of the parish of Lambeth, the road from the Elephant and Castle to the Surrey Theatre, the Westminster-road, and part of the district now occupied by the Waterloo Bridge-road. Here flourished the prisoners who could afford to pay large fees, and to give security to the marshal that they would not pass the prescribed boundaries. The district was a modern Alsatia, haunted by the idle, the profligate, and the dishonest, who spent freely the money that was really due to their creditors. Taverns and theatres they were forbidden to enter, under the terms of their compact with the marshal. This restriction was said to have been imposed by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, indignant at the misdeeds of certain "rulers," who, on their way to Epsom races, had seriously injured his pleasure-grounds and plantations. But a special public-house, known as "Lowthorpe's," had been assigned to their use, and had thriven under their patronage. The establishment stood in front of the Asylum for the Blind, near the Obelisk, in St. George's-road, Lambeth.

The marshal was, of course, answerable to the creditors if a "ruler" escaped, or was not forthcoming after a notice to produce him in twenty-four hours. The "ruler" could in this way always avail himself of liberty for twenty-four hours, and having shown himself to the marshal and the creditor, renew his freedom for twenty-four hours more, and so proceed day after day. Practically, the marshal was but rarely called upon to produce a prisoner. The creditors were perfectly aware of the uselessness of such a demand, and except under very special circumstances, the marshal and the "ruler" were undisturbed by inquiries, and the "ruler" could freely enjoy himself, and even, if he so pleased, extend his wanderings with impunity to all parts of England. It must be remembered that at this time no such institution had been founded as the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. When it became necessary to clear out overcrowded debtors' prisons, special Acts were passed to discharge unfortunate insolvents, and what was known as the Lords' Act helped to prevent the congregation of such prisoners. In its palmy days the

Bench could boast very nearly a thousand captives as its inhabitants.

Mr. Taylor took a very liberal view of his state as a "ruler." He was in the habit of stealing off into the country and enjoying several days' fishing, a pastime to which he was greatly devoted. Mr. Ebers relates that, while still a prisoner, Taylor somehow became possessed of a considerable sum of money, which he expended, not in satisfying the just claims of his creditors, but in the purchase of an estate in a county affording opportunities for his favourite pursuit. In this retreat he remained secluded for some months, eating, drinking, fishing, and altogether enjoying himself exceedingly, until at length the officers of the law, discovering his hiding-place, conveyed him back to durance, exhibiting the warrant of the marshal, or what was known as his "invitation to re-enter the gates." It seems, too, that Taylor on one occasion quitted the district of the "rules" and journeyed to Hull, at the time of an election, and offered himself as candidate for that borough. He was not returned, however, or, as one of his biographers has related, he was returned to prison after an absence of some weeks. It may be noted that Mr. Parke, in his Musical Memoirs, describes Taylor as member for Leominster. If he enjoyed the honour of a seat in Parliament, it was probably before his creditors had fairly risen against him and consigned him to the Bench.

Probably Taylor's exuberances as a "ruler" led to his closer imprisonment during the closing years of his life. Still, it has been affirmed that loss of liberty was not felt by him as at all a privation of importance; while in prison he found many companions of habits and dispositions congenial with his own. Sir John Lade, it seems, an eccentric baronet, who had dabbled in theatrical speculations and lost money on that account, was long his fellow-captive and friend. "I have often met," writes Mr. Ebers, "when visiting Taylor, Sir John and his lady, as well as Lady Hamilton; a coterie being then formed which, in point of vivacity and zest, could not be exceeded. At these meetings Taylor would not unfrequently become exceedingly elevated with wine, and be guilty of the greatest extravagances. One evening he so broke through all restraint that Lady Lade found it expedient to empty the boiling contents of the kettle on him, an operation which had

the somewhat paradoxical effect of completely cooling him."

Altogether, Mr. Taylor, whether viewed as a "humorist" or a "ruler," does not seem to be entitled to very respectful consideration. As a manager, however, it should be said that he won a fair measure of esteem, his quarrels with his patrons and subscribers notwithstanding, if he won nothing else—if indeed he lost everything else. At this time it is difficult to decide how far Taylor really governed the opera, and what share in its proceedings he may claim to be credited with. But at least during his years of management there occurred many memorable events in the history of Italian opera in this country. Of the vocalists contained in his troupe, the names of few are now known to fame, for of necessity the repute of singers, however famous in their day, cannot be long-lived. Still some vitality remains in the names of Mara, Billington, Storace, Banti, Michael Kelly, and Braham, and these were among Mr. Taylor's artists. His leaders of the band were Cramer, Viotti, and Salamon. His repertory seems now of a very faded kind—to belong almost altogether to the past, to contain no work known to modern audiences, unless it be the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, or the *Orfeo* of Gluck. There is a *Barbiere* in the list, but it is the work of Paesiello; there is a *Semiramide*, but it is Bianchi's, not Rossini's. It must not be supposed, however, that the works performed have lost all interest. The great Mr. Handel was still valued among composers of opera, although the opera of *Giulio Cesare* in *Egitto*, bearing his name, seems to have been a pasticcio of airs from various of his works, selected and arranged by Dr. Arnold. Then other operas by Cimarosa were occasionally presented—*Giannina Berdoni*, *La Locandiera*, *Gli Orazi e Curiazi*, and *I due Baroni*; and other operas by Paesiello—I *Zingari* in *Fiera*, and *Gli Schiavi per Amore*. Of many works, it must be admitted that they have fallen into a very complete and well-deserved oblivion, from which it would be hopeless to think of rescuing them. They sleep soundly, and their composers with them. Let no opera-goer indulge in dreams of the revival of such works as the *Didone Abandonata* and *Il Trionso d'Arania* of Anfossi, *La Morte de Mitridate* and *Merope e Polifante* of Nasolini, *La Cosa Rara* of Martini, the *Armide* of Sacchini, the *Demofonte* of Bertoni, the *Rivali*

Delusi of Sarti, or *La Principessa Filiosa* of Andreozzi. Three other works, popular in Mr. Taylor's time, deserve more respectful notice—the *Calypso* of Winter, the *Zemira e Azor* of Gretry, produced for the first appearance of Braham at the King's Theatre, and the noble *Iphigenia in Aulide* of Gluck.

FOUR CHAPTERS ON LACE.

CHAPTER II.

THE physical geography of Laceland, its geological structure, and its gradual evolution from the rags and tatters of older empires, having been disposed of in the first chapter of the present series, the writer now feels the necessity of coming to the "point." The invention of the beautiful fabrics known as *point-coupé* and *point de Venise* is undoubtedly due to Italy; and it was from that country that the French nobles procured the magnificent lace so profusely worn in the Louis the Thirteenth, or, as English people would say, "Vandyke," period. First in order came the *punto-tagliato*, or cut-point, perfectly flat, with the thicker portions joined together by the "brides" previously referred to. This is the lace which is met with in portraits by Vandyke, Velasquez, and Rubens. Margaret of Valois, the first wife of Henry the Fourth of France, delighted greatly in cut-point, a taste which excited little sympathy on the part of her husband, who endeavoured, but in vain, to introduce a simple style of dress. Wrazall, on the contrary, says he saw exhibited, at a booth on the Boulevard de Bondy, the shirt worn by Henry when he fell under the knife of Ravallac. "It is ornamented," he writes, "with a broad lace round the collar and breast. The two wounds inflicted by the assassin's knife are plainly visible. This shirt is well attested. It became the perquisite of the king's first valet-de-chambre. At the extinction of his descendants it was exposed for sale." Unfortunately, a rival shirt turned up a few years ago at Madame Tussaud's, with the "real blood" still visible. Monsieur Curtius, uncle of Madame Tussaud, purchased it at an auction of effects once the property of Cardinal Mazarin. Charles the Tenth offered two hundred guineas for it. This is an awkward circumstance, but not unusual in the history of relics. At the duels so frequent in the reign of the first Bourbon king of France, it was considered good style to appear in a shirt richly

adorned with lace—a practice which may account for the number of perforated shirts in the market. Throughout this period the lace of the beautiful “Vandyke” style prevailed. The ruff having given place to the falling collar, favoured the employment of lace, which extended to the wristbands and to the tops of the funnel-shaped boots then in fashion. When Cinq-Mars, that favourite of Louis whom not even the king himself could shield from the long arm of Richelieu, bowed his handsome head on the block, he died the possessor of three hundred pairs of lace-trimmed boots, and an enormous collection of Italian point-lace cuffs and collars!

On full-dress occasions the boots were dispensed with, and low shoes with immense lace rosettes were worn; the garters being, also, of the richest point. With Marie de Medicis, Richelieu, and Louis the Thirteenth, the grand, early period of point-lace came to an end in favour of a rich and florid style of work, which supplanted the ancient Gothic designs with great rapidity. The “Venetian,” “rose,” “Spanish,” or “bone-point,” as it is called, is the “punto tagliato a fogliami” of the Italians, and its peculiarity consists in its high relief. The pattern is of flowers and scroll-work, admirably designed and raised high above the level of the “brides,” which keep the whole together. Sumptuously beautiful, the Venetian point defies imitation in any other material, the most delicate ivory carving failing to convey a correct idea of its combined lightness and richness of effect. The relief is produced by a button-hole stitch, with very slight variations. This beautiful rose-point was all the rage under the regency of Anne of Austria, and during the early part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. Ladies wore wristbands of three or four tiers of point-lace, and the immensely wide boot-tops, worn by the sterner sex, were literally filled up with lace. The eccentricity which marked the fashion of the young king’s court was the “canon,” a species of skirt or frill descending from the garter to half way down the calf of the leg. There were single, double, and triple “canons,” some of which cost as much as seven thousand livres the pair. Satirists—Molière among them—attacked these “canons,” but in vain; the fashion lasted for about twenty years, and then went out as suddenly as it had come in. During this

twenty years the “Vandyke” point disappeared entirely, its place being usurped by the new rose-point; the latter being in turn supplanted by French point, the famous point d’Alençon and d’Argentan, both of which were simply imitations, first of Venice rose-point, and afterwards of the “point de Venise à réseau,” as Brussels needle-point is an imitation of point d’Alençon. The Venise point “à réseau” marks a change in the taste for lace, which went on in the same direction for at least a century. In the early lace period the design or pattern—Gothic or florid, flat or raised—was the principal object, and the “brides,” or connecting links, comparatively unimportant, the effect aimed at being the contrast between rich masses of needle-work and the material over which they were displayed, and which appeared through the wide intervening spaces. By degrees the connecting links fell into a sort of pattern of their own, and from being entirely subsidiary in character grew into a kind of importance. Little by little, the raised flowers and scrolls were flattened, and the “brides” multiplied into a regular ground-work, until the “point de Venise à réseau” was produced. The main features of this elegant lace were the conventional treatment of the flowers and other ornaments, the general flat look of the work, the extreme fineness of the stitches, the outlining thread or “cordonnnet,” stitched to the edges of the patterns and worked in flatly, and the square and excessively fine meshes of the “réseau” or ground-work itself. This was the lace, par excellence, of the Regency and the earlier part of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth.

Colbert imported the manufacture into France through the agency, it is said, of a certain Madame Gilbert, a native of Alençon. Not only is the identity of the lady doubtful, but clouds hang over the following story: “In a short time Madame Gilbert arrived at Paris with the first specimens of her work; the king, inspired by Colbert with a desire to see it—during a supper at Versailles—announced to his courtiers that he had just established a manufacture of point more beautiful than that of Venice, and appointed a day when he would inspect the specimens. The laces were artistically arranged over the walls of a room, hung with crimson damask. The king expressed himself delighted. He ordered a large sum to be given to Madame Gilbert, and desired that no other lace should appear at court except the new fabric, upon which he

bestowed the name of 'point de France.' It is needless to say that the royal manufacture became the fashion. The ladies of the royal household could henceforth only appear in trimmings and head-dresses, the gentlemen in cuffs and cravats, of point de France. All this is pleasant to write, and easy to repeat, but it is odd that Madame Gilbert's name does not occur in any of the State papers now extant, and that the names of other persons occur very frequently. It would seem that, as a matter of fact, a local historian either found a tradition of the apocryphal Madame Gilbert, or invented that lady altogether. What is clear is, that under Colbert the lace manufacture of Alençon was either launched with great success, or, as is more probable, was developed from an earlier industry. The great minister established a lucrative manufacture, which brought large sums of money into the kingdom, and justified him in his favourite remark that "Fashion was to France what the mines of Peru were to Spain." Favoured not only by fashion but by prohibitive laws, the "point de France" speedily supplanted that of Venice; but its high price confined its use to the rich—persons of moderate means contenting themselves with the cheaper pillow-lace. Pictures and engravings of the time of Louis the Fourteenth bear witness to the profuse employment of lace. It decorated the Church and its ministers. Ladies gave "tours de chaire" of French point to the parish church; albs and altar-cloths, of point d'Argentan—a variety of Alençon—appear in the church registers. At the marriage of Mademoiselle de Blois, the toilette presented by the king was "so trimmed with French point, that the stuff could not be seen." The valance and coverlet of the bed were of the same material. It was the custom, on the birth of a Dauphin, for the papal nuncio to go to the palace and present to the new-born child a consecrated "layette" of baby-linen, on behalf of the pope. The shirts, handkerchiefs, and other linen were in half-dozens, and trimmed with the richest point. At the audience given by the Dauphiness to the Siamese ambassadors, she received them in a bed almost covered with superb point, and the king, proud of his manufacture, presented the astonished yellow men with cravats and raffles of the finest work. Perhaps, however, the ambassadors understood those costly presents better than the less well-informed of the French court imagined, for there were odd rumours about the

Siamese ambassadors, the keenest observers putting them down as "bogus" envoys, dressed up to please the fancy of the king by his too obsequious courtiers. In 1679 the king gave a fête at Marly to his brilliant court. When, at sunset, the ladies retired to repair their toilettes, each found in her room a fresh toilette of exquisite point-lace. Everybody—of rank, that is—wore lace in profusion. The statue of Louvois, by Girardon, represents him in a muslin cravat with falling lace ends of a bold and handsome pattern; the Princess de Soubise, a predecessor of the lady who preserved the name of Soubise for ever in onion sauce, appears, in an engraving in the Bonnard collection, almost covered with lace. The head-dress of fine "guipure de Valenciennes" towers aloft, à la Maintenon—whose couplets also are celebrated. The body of the dress is very low, with a gorget and edging of quilled "point d'Angleterre;" and the train of rich brocade discovers in front a petticoat of French point; the shoulders are covered with a *mantelet* in double flounces of English (i.e., Flemish) lace. In another contemporary engraving appears the dressing-room of a lady of quality, with a washstand completely covered with flounce upon flounce of the richest needle-point; on the dressing-table is a looking-glass, draped with curtains of heavy guipure. Again, we see a lady of quality in "bathing dress." The wrapper—entirely of guipure, flowered with Valenciennes, low-necked and open in front to the waist—is trimmed towards the top and down to the bottom of the opening with point-lace; while the short sleeves, and the bottom of the *peignoir*, are also of rich point. The same rich trimming hangs around the bath itself. Even the domestics of the court of Louis the Fourteenth were dressed in sumptuous lace. In the collection just referred to, may be seen the four women in waiting on the baby Duc d'Anjou: the rocker, the nurse, the holder, and the promenader are all covered with rich lace. The nurse and the rocker of the Duc de Bourgoyne are in very low dresses, with bodies and petticoats trimmed with needle-point. The cradle and the clothes of the prince are covered with lace.

Madame de Maintenon wore magnificent lace, as did the fair Fontanges, who, by tying a lace handkerchief round her head to confine her hair while hunting, produced the famous coiffure which bears her name even unto this day. Lace was still considered the common property of

both sexes. Dainty damsels decked themselves in clouds of Alençon and Valenciennes; but doughty warriors loved lace no less. There was once (in 1690) terrible consternation because the French army had run short of lace—the officers were literally in rags—till the courtesy of the enemy presented them with a supply. One famous necktie owed its existence to the battle of Steinkirk, fought by Marshal Luxembourg against William of Orange. The young French princes of the blood were suddenly ordered into action. Hastily twisting their lace cravats, instead of going through the laborious process of tying them, they rushed to the charge, and gained the day. In honour of this event both ladies and gentlemen wore their cravats twisted carelessly for years, and, oddly enough, the style became as popular in England as in France. About this period ladies began to wear the “engaging” ruffle, depending in a double or treble tier from a short sleeve. Something of the same kind, only in inferior material, was worn a few years ago. In the picture of Madame Palatine—the out-spoken mother of the regent, Philip of Orleans, and the patroness of John Law—the forearm is half-concealed by a flood of the richest lace. The “bath equipage” of needle-point continued to be an article of fashionable luxury. Madame de Maintenon presented Madame de Chevreuse with a magnificent set of bathing lace. In these days this luxury seems misplaced, but only when the customs of the past are forgotten. French ladies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries admitted their intimate friends, male as well as female, not only to the “ruelle”—or alley by the bedside—but also to the bathroom. In the latter case the bath was “au lait,” i.e., rendered opaque and milky by the mixture of some essence. So late as 1802, Mr. Holcroft, when in Paris, received a polite note from a lady at whose house he visited, requesting to see him. He went, and was informed by her maid that the lady was in her warm bath, but that she would announce his arrival. She returned, and led him to a kind of closet, where her mistress was up to her chin in water!

In speaking of the fashion of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the famous dolls must not be forgotten. The custom of dressing up these dolls prevailed at that haunt of the blue stockings, the Hôtel Rumbouillet, where one, termed “la grande Pandore,” at each change of fashion was exhibited in full dress; and a second,

or little Pandora, in morning costume. These dolls were sent to Vienna and Italy, to Moscow and Constantinople, loaded with the finest laces France could produce. Even when English ports were closed in war-time, a special permission was given for the entry of a large alabaster doll, four feet high, the Grand Courier de la Mode. In the war of the First Empire, this privilege was denied to Englishwomen, who then began to dress badly. The practice of sending dolls, instead of fashion plates, appears to be ancient. M. Ladorne asserts that, in the royal expenses for 1391, figure so many livres for a doll sent to the Queen of England; in 1496 another was sent to the Queen of Spain; and in 1571 a third to the Duchess of Bavaria. Henry the Fourth writes, in 1600, before his marriage to Marie de Medicis: “Frontenac tells me that you desire patterns of our fashion in dress. I send you, therefore, some model dolls.” Perhaps the custom was borrowed from Venice, where, at the annual fair held in the Piazza of St. Mark on the Day of the Ascension (a fair which dates from 1180), a rag doll was exposed in the most conspicuous place, and served as a model for the fashion of the year.

With Louis the Fourteenth disappeared the richest period of lace. From the Vandyke collars of his father's reign, lace had, under the Grand Monarque, become hardly less artistic, if lighter and more conventional in its style; but the day was approaching when mere texture was to supersede design. Weeping ruffles, and the jabot, or breast frill, came into fashion. Ruffles, like all new fashions, were laughed at by the satirists, who explained that they were worn by sharpers to facilitate the manipulation of cards and dice, and pretended that many wearers of gay ruffles were actually shirtless. There appears to have been some foundation for the latter sneer. The Maréchal de Richelieu—who, all warrior, astronomer, and lady-killer as he was, could not spell—thus wittily explained his mental condition: “They supplied me with no shirts; but I have bought me some ruffles.” There were various kinds of ruffles for grande and demi toilette for night and day, and many of them cost large sums. The Archbishop of Cambrai possessed four dozen pairs of the costliest kind, and poor Louis the Sixteenth, the year before his death by the guillotine, owned fifty-nine pairs—twenty-eight of point, twenty-one

of Valenciennes, and ten described as "Angleterre." Everybody had ruffles—nobles, sharpers, and lackeys—even "Monsieur de Paris," the executioner, mounted the scaffold in a velvet suit provided with point-lace "jabot" and ruffles. Madame de Créquy, describing her visit to the Dowager Duchess de la Ferté, says that when that lady received her, she was lying in a state bed under a coverlet of Venice point made in one piece. "I am persuaded," she adds, "that the trimmings of her sheets, which were of point d'Argentan, were worth at least forty thousand crowns." To such a pitch had the taste for lace-trimmed linen reached, that, in 1739, when the eldest daughter of Louis the Fifteenth was married to the Prince of Spain, the bill for these articles alone amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, to the horror of Cardinal Fleury. Nearly half a century later Swinburne writes from Paris: "The trousseau of Mademoiselle de Matignon will cost a hundred thousand crowns. The expense here of rigging out a bride is equal to a handsome portion in England. Five thousand pounds' worth of lace, linen, &c., is a common thing among them."

Towards the latter part of the reign of Louis the Well-beloved, French point was rivalled by the Flemish laces, generically termed "Angleterre" in France, and "Mechlin" in England. Argentan and Alençon were pronounced winter laces, the lighter pillow-lace being deemed more appropriate for hot weather. Madame Dubarry's lace accounts give a grand idea of her consumption of "Angleterre" and "Malines." When the star of Marie Antoinette rose on the murky atmosphere of the French court, a tremendous reaction set in in favour of simplicity. Indian muslin supplanted the fine point of the old school, and the lace makers of Alençon actually set themselves to work to imitate the inferior laces made on the pillow. At this period the rich garnitures shrank to narrow edgings—"semé de pois;" the only article of lace which escaped degradation being the "lappets," worn on occasions of ceremony. Whether of point or pillow lace, these were always rich and handsome, and their arrangement was rigidly prescribed by the etiquette for various occasions.

During the French Revolution, the French lace manufacture was suspended—the finest of all, that of Argentan, for ever

—but the favour of the Great Napoleon, who desired to "bring luxury back again," restored Alençon to life. Meanwhile, Brussels point appeared as a serious rival, as it still remains, to the more ancient manufacture. In 1801 we hear of the Princess Caroline Murat, in her white mantelet of Brussels needle-point; and the appearance of Madame Récamier, when she received her guests reclining in her bed, has been recorded in enthusiastic terms. The bed-curtains were of the finest Brussels lace, bordered with garlands of honeysuckle, and lined with satin of the palest rose. The "couvrepied" was of the same material, and from the pillow of embroidered cambric fell cascades of Valenciennes. It has been estimated that to reproduce now the laces made for the marriage of Marie Louise would cost a million of francs; but although the emperor strove to drive taste in the direction of the national manufacture, fashion was too strong to be controlled, and took more kindly to the light than to the heavier and better class of laces. We find the Princess Pauline refusing to take a quantity of lace she had ordered, and leaving the emperor to buy it, and give it away. In every description of the toilette of a lady of fashion, we find her in Indian muslin, trimmed with "Angleterre." Indian muslin of excessive fineness was greatly in request for the famous "toilettes diaphanes," and appears in all the portraits and fashion plates of the period. The Duchess d'Abrantes gives a minute account of her trousseau. There was plenty of Indian muslin, embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes, Malines, and Angleterre; but the "garnitures" in needle-point were of Brussels, not of French, manufacture. At the civil marriage, before the mayor, the bride wore "a dress of Indian muslin" (fearfully scanty, we must recollect), "embroidered with the needle, in openwork, as was then the fashion. This dress had a train, was high at the neck, and with long sleeves—the front breadth embroidered all over, as well as the body and the bottom of the sleeves—then called 'amadis.' The ruff was in magnificent needle-point, and upon my head I had a cap of Brussels point. To the top of the cap was attached a little crown of orange flowers, from which hung a long veil of 'point d'Angleterre,' which fell down to my feet, and in which I could almost enfold myself. . . . This profusion of rich laces, so fine and soft, seemed

like a cloudy shell of network round my face, waving about in the curls of my hair."

The Emperor Louis Napoleon, following the traditions of his uncle, strove to revive the drooping glories of Alençon. In 1856 the most magnificent orders were given for the imperial layette, a full description of which appeared in the illustrated papers of the time; but the most expensive piece of work ever turned out of the ancient city was a dress, valued at two hundred thousand francs, exhibited in 1859. It was purchased by the emperor for the empress, who, it is said, afterwards presented it to the Pope as a trimming for his rochet. The great costliness of this beautiful fabric is easily understood when the process of manufacture is known. Point d'Alençon is made entirely by hand, with a fine needle upon a parchment pattern, in small pieces, afterwards united by invisible seams. Each part is executed by a special workwoman. Formerly it required eighteen different hands to complete a piece of lace; the number is now reduced to twelve. The design, engraved upon a copper plate, is printed off in divisions upon pieces of parchment ten inches long, each numbered according to their order. Green parchment is now used, as being a good colour for the eyes, and as enabling the workwomen to detect faults easily. The pattern is next pricked upon the parchment, which is stitched to a piece of very coarse linen, folded double. The outline of the pattern is then formed by two flat threads, which are guided along the edge by the thumb of the left hand, and fixed by minute stitches, passed, with another thread and needle, through the holes in the parchment. When the outline is finished the work is given over to the "réseuse," to make the ground, which may be of two kinds, "bride" and "réseau," as previously explained. The ground-work having been put in, the flower-worker supplies herself with a long needle and a fine thread; with these she works a button-hole stitch from left to right, and, when arrived at the end of the flower, the thread is thrown back from the point of departure, and she works again from left to right over the thread. This gives a closeness and evenness to the work unequalled in any other point. Then follow the "modes" or small ornaments, and various other operations, which being completed, the threads which unite parchment, lace, and linen together, are cut with a sharp razor between the two folds of

linen; any little defects are repaired, and then remains the great work of uniting all the pieces imperceptibly together. This devolves upon the head of the workshop, and requires the greatest nicety. An ordinary pair of men's ruffles would be divided into ten pieces; but, when the order must be executed quickly, the subdivisions are even greater. The stitch by which these sections are worked together is termed "assemblage." When finished, a steel instrument, called "aficot," is passed into each flower, to polish it and remove any irregularities in its surface. Excepting the introduction of horse-hair into the "cordonnnet," the method of producing Brussels point is identical with that pursued at Alençon. The younger lace, however, light and beautiful as it is, hardly shows to advantage by the side of the genuine French point.

SATISFIED.

AFTER the toil and turmoil,
And the anguish of trust belied;
After the burthen of weary cares,
Beflled longings, ungranted prayers;
After the passion, and fever, and fret,
After the aching of vain regret,
After the hurry and heat of strife,
The yearning and teasing that men call "Life;"
Faith that mocks, and fair hopes denied,
We—shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken,
At the sunny fountain side;
When the turf lies green and cold above
Wrong, and sorrow, and loss, and love;
When the great dumb walls of silence stand
At the doors of the undiscovered land;
When all we have left in our olden place
Is an empty chair and a pictured face;
When the prayer is prayed, and the sigh is sighed,
We—shall be satisfied.

What does it boot to question,
When answer is eye denied?
Better to listen the Psalmist's rede,
And gather the comfort of his creed;
And in peace and patience possess our souls,
While the wheel of fate in its orbit rolls,
Knowing that sadness and gladness pass
Like morning dews from the summer grass,
And, when once we win to the further side,
We—shall be satisfied.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I WONDER what those admirable artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough—who were glad to get their fifty guineas, or less, for the portraits which now fetch their thousands and tens of thousands, would think of that "Academy fever" which affects London at the end of the Easter holidays. Symptoms of the disease set in at an earlier date. Art-critics are not averse to giving the public

hints of the work going forward in various studios, and sometimes let them know after "View Sunday," pretty clearly, what they may expect to see on the first Monday in May. Every fragment of art-gossip is eagerly devoured; for by an extraordinary metamorphosis, brought about within the last quarter of a century, we have become an art-loving as well as a science-dabbling people. We not only read about science and art, but try our own hand at practical work. Having burnt holes in carpets and clothes, and completely destroyed the appearance of our hands, by early experiments in chemistry, we begin to study art in earnest. Every school-girl is now taught to draw from the object, instead of feebly copying the eternal cottages and trees depicted in the drawing-books of a past generation. Not satisfied with drawing from the antique, and eke from the nude, we model in clay on our own account, achieve extraordinary busts of long-suffering friends, and test the obedience of our pet dogs by making those unfortunate animals sit up in an erect position at all times and seasons, to the end that our terra-cotta statuettes of Fido and Pincher may acquire vitality and vigour. We disdain to confine our drawings to water-colours, and smear away furiously in oils; nay, oftentimes go a step farther and devote ourselves to Ceramic art—with the effect of making good useful plates and dishes horrific with our conceptions of "decorative art," agreeably distorted by the action of the furnace. Our intense artistic feeling converts our houses into abodes of gloom. The light and cheerful effect once prized is now accounted garish and vulgar, so we have our artistic being in apartments properly toned down with dingy brown and dull green, until they become bilious-looking dens. It is true that we relieve them with a little gilding, if we are able to afford it, and enliven them with a multitude of more or less—generally less—authentic specimens of Gubbio and other majolica ware; with grinning kylins and other sacred animals of the East, hideous to look upon; with old blue and white plates and punch-bowls, not unsuggestive of the traditional willow pattern; with sham Sèvres carefully doctored for us by astute dealers; with "bogus" Lowestoft ware, manufactured at the Staffordshire potteries; with reproductions of Palissy ware, with gruesome reptiles crawling over it; with sky-blue dogs,

bright yellow cats, and other pleasing objects calculated to encourage a love of colour; but for all this, our elders are heard to declare that our neat little villas are like almshouses outside, and curiosity shops within. We do not care about the opinion of our elders. They were born in the pre-artistic period, and therefore look with unappreciative eyes upon our choice majolica, made at Naples, and our old Chinese celadon vases, manufactured by an eminent Paris house; they are blind to the beauty of sea-green dining-rooms and coffee-coloured drawing-rooms; they laugh at our wives and daughters—who attire themselves artistically—as limp "guys" and "rag-dolls"—but of what value is the opinion of Philistines, in whose soul the divine harmonies of art awake no responsive echo?

To a generation thoroughly saturated with art, the great event of the year is the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I am aware that within the art-world exists a little band of high-priests who think and speak foul scorn of Burlington House, and would no more think of submitting their productions to the judgment of the "Forty" than to a committee of Red Indians. But whatever opinions these gentlemen may hold of their own merits, the great public choose to regard the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy as the true expression of English art, and look forward anxiously towards the day when they shall be admitted to view the work of the past twelve months. Long before the opening of the Exhibition little plots are laid to obtain, on some pretext, admission on "varnishing-day," and above all, on the day of the "private view," so carefully guarded from the crowd of the profane. The critics have a day to themselves on the Wednesday preceding the "private" Friday, when it is really possible to see the pictures, a feat by no means easy of achievement on subsequent occasions. Not more than a hundred and thirty or forty persons are privileged to enter on the pre-private day, when much actual hard work is diversified by pleasant snatches of art-gossip. The rooms are cool and free from dust, and the eye of the critic is not distracted from the study of the portraits on the walls by the presence of the fair originals in the room. Armed with his broad-margined catalogue, he can work his way leisurely around, knowing that he has two clear days to write his first notice in—as it is a condition

of admittance, that no articles shall appear until after the grand private view on Friday. The first impression produced by the Wednesday view is that the Beautiful is mainly represented by the pictures, for the critics themselves are hardly a "repose to the eyes of beholders." Most of these great men are old, grey of beard, and tender of toe. Worse than this, they are fat, and rejoice in raiment which conveys the impression that it was made for somebody else. But, unabashed by their own ungraceful and inartistic exterior, they draw their pencils, and go to work with eyes sharpened by long practice. The art-critic is rarely an accomplished draughtsman, or a cunning colourist; for no man would be such a fool as to write articles if he could paint pictures—the rates of remuneration for the two classes of work being too utterly disproportionate to admit of comparison. He is more frequently one who has commenced life with art as other journalists have with law, and has drifted by degrees into the Fourth Estate; but he possesses certain advantages over genuine experts, in his freedom from the cliqueism of artist life, and a long experience and study of English and foreign art. He has a terrible memory, and has, stored away in the pigeon-holes of his brain, accurate impressions of the great works of the Renaissance and of modern times. Let a genuine academic painter of the first rank fall into what is euphuistically called "eclecticism," i.e., the mistaking of memory for inspiration, and your art-critic will pick the offending figure out of a crowd, and refer it at once to its proper place in the Sistine Chapel, or in the Loggie of the Vatican. The drapery may be differently disposed and differently coloured, but he recognises his old friend in an instant, and dashes at him with zest. But he is of a kindly nature in the main, and while unsparing in his condemnation of academicians' "pot-boilers," is on the alert to discover merit in a comparatively obscure artist, and never rejoices more heartily than when he has found a "new man."

The eventful Wednesday over, the Royal Academy is swept and garnished, erimson cloth is spread over the staircases, and a second private view is not vouchsafed, but invited, on the Thursday. Not that the public—critical, appreciative, or acquisitive—is invited; for, far from this, neither the nose of a possible buyer, nor the "acumen" of a critic is permitted to enter the Exhibition. For the day is sacred to Royalty, to

Imperialty, to Royal and Imperial Altitudes, to Serene Transparencies. On that quiet afternoon the profane are excluded, and illustrious personages deign to inspect the pictures which a word of theirs, given perhaps inadvertently, but with genial good nature, may endow with the renown which brings fortune to the feet of a hitherto obscure painter. Imperial Altitudes and Serene Transparencies "partake" of tea in the galleries, and, loving art sincerely enough, doubtless enjoy themselves nearly as much as the critics. On the following day the "public-private view" takes place, and great is the scurrying to and fro to obtain admission. There are ladies and gentlemen rich in the world's goods and in society of the first water—people acquainted with others who are supposed to have "influence" with the Press—friends of artists who infest the studios of those patient, mild, and inoffensive men who have striven year after year to get that "private view," but in vain. The power of sublime Royal Academicians is limited; artists whose works are "hung" are still weaker vessels; the newspaper people want to go themselves; and thus it is a much simpler matter to be presented at the Court of St. James's than to secure one of those tinted cards which admit the bearer to the privilege of the "first bite" at the pictures. It is true that money, if not worth, will tell in this case as in all others. That some-day-to-be-a-rising artist, Jack Ochre, remote cousin, humble admirer and imitator of the great Mr. Mediocre, R.A., must wait till Monday if he have not succeeded in slinking in on "varnishing-day;" but old Wallsend, the successful coalowner; Mr. Doublewarp, of Leeds, whose trade-mark is known wherever shoddy finds a market; Mr. Rottenhull, the great shipowner, whose collection of sea-pieces will sell one of these days for a huge sum of money; and Mr. Mount, the wealthy tailor, who understands pictures, at least as well as he does coats, find their way in. Of course, a Royal Academy exhibition without these excellent people would be like a market without buyers, and it might be long before the red stars which mark a picture as "sold" would appear on the margin. Art patronage has—luckily for artists—passed in our generation almost entirely away from the great, the very great people who once exercised it in a high and mighty style, carrying very little money with it. While the privileged classes alone encouraged art the painter was a poor man. As a rising artist he

was compelled to paint innumerable "pot-boilers," and when he produced a great picture ran a great risk of having to keep it in his studio till he loathed the sight of it, and felt only too glad to get a dealer to give him a hundred or two, and remove the hated object. Turner, when painting in his best and most characteristic manner, sent pictures to the Royal Academy, and asked for them barely as many hundreds as they would have fetched thousands after his death; but at that time the period of the noble patron had hardly died out, and that of the iron and cotton men was but just coming in. Since the days of Etty and Turner, iron, cotton, and woollens have absorbed a vast majority of the best pictures, for it has reached the brain of their hard-headed rulers that there is no better investment than new pictures. These clever investors care nothing for the old masters, and gaze with half-closed, contemptuous eyes on Madonnas and Holy Families, and turn up their noses at the grilling of St. Lawrence, the flaying of St. Marsyas, the stoning of St. Stephen, and other cheerful subjects of a devotional or mythological type. They prefer living art, knowing that it is a growing, vigorous thing, likely to realise ultimately a handsome profit. And it is hardly too much to say, that so far as material benefit is concerned, they have done collectively far more for art than all the Medicis that ever lived. I like to see Mr. Huckaback at the private view. He cares not a whit for the pretty faces come to look at their counterfeit presentments on the walls. He recks little of the sumptuous trains, the rich furs, and the Gainsborough hats, which contest his claim to a position before the picture of an artist whom he cherishes. He plunges his hands far into those well-lined pockets of his, and gazes intently on a "nice bit of colour." Huckaback's version of the English language is not remarkable for purity; he laughs with a sharp metallic laugh, like the chink of sovereigns, at the Pall-Mall drawl which filters into his enormous ears. He knows as little of drawing as of grammar, but he is sound on arithmetic. He has watched the career of the man who produces "nice bits of colour," and can assess the present value of those gems to a five-pound note. He has a certain line—cut to its proper length and thoroughly dried—and never soars beyond it, into classic and academic art. A good landscape, or a little bit of home-life, are the

things he comes to seek. But he is not a dilettante connoisseur. He means business. What he likes he buys at a price—and no price is too high for Huckaback, if he really fancies a picture or a painter. Let a new portrait painter arise, or let a great painter forsake his own walk of art for portraiture, and Huckaback has his eye upon him. His own picture is painted, of course. Elias Huckaback, Esq., of The Clinkers, Cokeborough, by a great R.A., or an incipient A.R.A., shines on the walls of the Academy, the artist having, in despair of making Huckaback a thing of beauty, painted him in his native ugliness. The same treatment will hardly do for the lady whom he designates Mrs. H.; but she is handed over to another R.A., who, by infinite dexterity, dissimulates her snub nose and enormous mouth, that she may appear a comely English matron. Mrs. Huckaback is not quite happy about her portrait. She thinks, good soul, in her innocence, that the satin for which she paid a guinea a yard (cash) is hardly done justice to by the great man, who cares nothing for general accessories; but is somewhat consoled by the "real" appearance of her peacock fan. Her daughters, however, are specially treated. Minnie, having red hair and green eyes, is depicted holding a basket of flowers, under the title of "Early Violets;" and Alice, whose squint and stubby locks have driven her mother to despair, appears in a charming profile, painted from the best side, as "Waiting for Papa." While Huckaback enjoys the prospect of what he has bought, and intends to buy, the critical but moneyless ineffables cluster round him, and utter with unnecessary candour their opinions on the various pictures. Lady Aloys Fitzbenzoin, who cares for nothing but high art, sneers at the bourgeois subjects. Everyday life has—at least on canvas—no charms for her. She lingers lovingly over Leighton, and puts up those glasses which her violet eyes scarcely need, to scan the proportions of magnificent Atalanta. Hector Scrawley, of the Foreign Office, bewails the decline of the devotional feeling in art. "Feeling" is a good word, because it involves no knowledge of technicalities, and young Scrawley sticks to it manfully. He would like to see our Royal Academicians hard at work on triptychs and angular saints; and in default of these, rejoices when he finds a picture of a superlatively ugly woman looking for the man, who, for obvious reasons, keeps aloof. Those high-bred

dames, Lady Rougemere and Mrs. Powderham, glance superciliously at the nude figures, and suggest, in a stage whisper, that a little more drapery would be becoming; but they take an intense interest in the portraits. They cannot divine why Lady Doveton should have selected such an unbecoming dress, "and so young, too, for a woman of her years." They fall in love with the picture of that dear Lord Franceton, in pink and pickle-jars, with horses and hounds grouped around him, they turn up their noses at the too numerous pictures of other people's children, and feel much aggrieved that Huckleback, and "that sort of people," should be allowed to appear on the walls of the Academy at all. They don't patronise art very much in a practical way—those great ladies. They like many things better; the opera, for instance, especially on a grand night, when their dresses will be properly appreciated; and wonder at the earnestness of Mr. Douceleigh, the curate of St. Peregrine's, who really understands the Italian school, and has been so often to Rome that he is likely to go there for good. Taken altogether, the private view is a great sight; but whether for the sake of the people or the pictures it is, perhaps, bootless to inquire.

On the long-looked-for Monday, the general public is largely leavened with artists and friends of artists—people who know, more or less, what they are looking at and talking about. Long before the hour of opening, the exterior of Burlington House is besieged by early and eager visitors, who have read every line of the critical notices in Saturday's papers. This practice of mastering every morsel of printed matter, on any given subject, before daring to have an opinion of one's own, is, doubtless, modest and respectful to those rarely-endowed beings whose mission it is to direct popular taste; but, as has been said of the practice of reading altogether, it detracts wofully from originality of thought. But, perhaps, originality taken "in the loomp," as Mr. Tennyson has it, is not good for much; and in an age when leisure is contemned and everybody works hard, either for pence or praise, it saves unnecessary mental labour to take opinions at second hand. That the great majority of people do so, is clear to anyone who has passed a long Monday at the Royal Academy. Excepting only the few transcendental heretics already alluded to, the public look out for the pictures already

noticed to Royal and Imperial Altitudes at a glance, transparencies. On that ground still and an profane are excluded.

Not so the sign to the Dorothy Picklethorpe. Those est. ra. but mature maiden ladies have come up to London from Dustley, under the wing of the excellent rector, who would not miss the May meetings for the world, and they prepare themselves for the Academy in a serious and earnest fashion. They try first of all to secure, if possible, from a gifted London friend, his catalogue marked with the crosses, dashes, ticks, notes of interrogation and exclamation, sarcastic notes and sketches which that sportive young gentleman has decorated the margin withal. But they only accept his opinions with a certain reservation. They—heroic spinsters as they are—go honestly through the entire Exhibition, from number one in the catalogue to number one thousand five hundred and twenty-two, portraits, landscapes, water-colours, sculpture, etchings and all. They are never tired—country people never are tired when they come to London. At home they go to bed early, and have their steady old pony pulled out to draw them half-a-mile, but when their spirits are brightened by the London air they know neither sleep nor fatigue. To do them justice, they take care of themselves, and trouble their London friends very little, except in the way of tickets and free admissions to places of amusement, which they imagine are to be had in shoals by residents who know everybody, and therefore must be able to do everything. It is great fun to watch the worthy old damsels at the Academy. There is a care and deliberation, a thoroughness of purpose, about their proceedings from which such mere worldlings as Lady Rougemere are entirely free. The only objectionable part of their programme is their indisposition to "move on." They will stand right in front of one of Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures, for instance, for a quarter of an hour at a stretch; not engrossed in that fine work of art by any means, but in endeavouring to spell out the meaning of Smudgeleigh's last bit of incomprehensibility, which hangs above it, or of Scumbleton's girl at window, entitled, "Willie's Awa'." They do not mind the crowd a bit, for their turned silks are too short to be trodden upon, and their broad feet are encased in good solid boots. They enjoy themselves enormously, knowing all

the time that they are laying in a conversational stock-in-trade to last them for months, and to put the artistic tea-tables of Dustley at their mercy.

Very different in bearing are the artists' friends and friends' friends. They have one bright particular star in their little hemisphere, and that star is McStippler. On the merits of that gifted being they are never silent, and they elevate him to the clouds by the simple process of depreciating everybody else. "Leighton," saith Bodger—whose uncle sells artists' materials, and who, therefore, feels half an artist himself—"pah! Cannot endure that 'flat style.' Poynter, bah! Look at his Atlanta; a gawk, sir! a gawk! Armitage, the author of the Great Unclothed. Don't talk to me about those people when McStippler's sublime picture—worthy of Titian, sir—is hung where nobody can see it. Scandalous, sir, scandalous!" Thus far, Bodger, whose pleasant sallies penetrate the ears as a certain odour as of strong waters attacks the noses of the crowded spectators. It is a rough day—the great opening Monday—fuller of human nature than all the "private" days put together; but it has its drawbacks. It is impossible to see the pictures, except by fits and starts, and it is too possible to hear the remarks of Bodger and his kind. But the day is a day of mark, for it is the true commencement of the London season—of that great festival which endures till the white-winged yachts gather in the Solent, and the first crack of the central-fire wakes the echoes of the purple Highlands.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHIEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.

CHAPTER II. ALNASOHAR.

"My expectation that Griffith Dwarriis would speak out his mind to me was realised. As I laid my hand upon his arm at the door, I felt that he was trembling slightly; and when we had gained the lane, which formed a private road and a short cut between the Dingle House and Despard Court, I spoke first:

"This is strange news; and makes a wonderful difference in your life."

"Wonderful, indeed. Your imagination has seized on many points of the change, Lady Olive—it has had longer to work than ours—but there are some beyond it."

"Probably, but not those you are thinking of. I have seen all the relief to your father; all the soothing of his wounded pride, and anxious mortified affection; all the fulfilment of former hopes, which he has long buried out of sight; all the anticipations for Audrey's future which have arisen out of this strange concurrence of sad circumstances; and I have seen how it will affect you in a matter that he knows nothing of, as yet."

"Lady Olive, what is that? Can you have guessed what I was going to tell you?"

"I think I have guessed it. I suspected it, when she was with me in London, and I confess it troubled me very much. Madeleine and you are betrothed lovers."

"I could not resist the pleasure of seeing how Griffith would stand the test."

"No, indeed. I love her, I have loved her from the first, but I never hoped—I may say "hoped" now—a few hours earlier to-night I said "feared"—that she loved me, until a few days ago. All the time she was in London, I was trying to give her up—in my own heart and mind, I mean—trying to think that I could bear that it should be as you all wished it to be; but when she returned I saw at once it was not so."

"I let him go on, uninterrupted; but I was amused to discover how clear-sighted Barr had been, in a matter in which women are generally supposed to be lynx-eyed and men purblind. For I understood now why Barr had checked himself on the brink of a warmer feeling than admiration for Madeleine."

"I saw it," he continued, "and then I knew what I should have to do. While I only should have had to suffer, I could have stuck to my post, and gone on suffering, but when she had to be taken into account, that could not be."

"Do you mean that you intended to go away from Wrottesley?"

"Yes, I made up my mind to that. I could not expect that I should be regarded by her father as anything but ungrateful and presumptuous. I could not ask her to disobey him; his misfortunes render him additionally sacred in his daughter's eyes, and neither he nor she knows their full weight."

"You know, and Mr. Conybeare?"

"Yes," he replied, reluctantly.

"I never intended to have any explanation with her. I hoped that she would soon "get over it," as people say about

the things which are the most real, and most worth thinking about in our lives, only the accident of her coming here this evening, unexpectedly, and something—I don't know what—which turned up in conversation between us, when you and my father and Audrey left us together, made me break through my resolution.'

"And will make the news you have heard to-night a thousand-fold more welcome. I saw what had happened, in your face, when your father told you—though I did not know you had come to so severe a resolution—and as I had found out Madeleine's secret only a little while before, I was not ill-pleased to discover yours.'

"Ah, yes; but then you knew that the case was not hopeless.'

"True, I had my usual advantage as a looker-on; and it told in two ways. It made my mind easy about the result; and it enabled me to enjoy, without any counterbalancing feeling, the pleasure of seeing you act in the way I should have expected from you.'

"You are very kind, Lady Olive, and you do me a great deal of honour.'

"I do you simple justice. When I asked you just now if you and Madeleine were betrothed lovers, I only did it to introduce the subject, and because the question cannot pain you for the future. I cannot help envying her a little, envying any human being who has before her such happiness as Madeleine will experience to-morrow, when you tell her that the sacrifice which you both contemplated is unnecessary.'

"Then you think it will be so; that there will be no other objection?'

"I am sure of it. I know how highly her father thinks of you, and though I don't believe he would have consented—'

"I should never have asked him,' said Griffith, quickly.

"Not even for her sake, and if she had not had courage to face such a sacrifice? Well, well, that is man-like, and a not improper pride after all. But, fortunately, this great news enables us to look to much happier things.'

"You have known it from the first?'

"No, not quite—only since I perceived that there was an unexplained element in the great solicitude with which your father awaited the news of the ship, and that he felt a strange strain of responsibility, which in some way involved you. Then he told me, and it has been a curious study to me since to observe his absolute

sincerity and disinterestedness; for it is a singular position in which he has been standing for some time—a great strain on a man's moral nature.'

"An ordinary man's; I think not on my father's. And to us, to Audrey and myself, even in the face of the great change it must make to us both, it is very sad also. How well I remember, Lady Olive, it was after we dined with you for the first time that my father told us about our poor uncle's first, indeed his only, letter.'

"And how much all these poor people have been in our thoughts and discussions since then. How real they all became to us; I am sure Audrey and Madeleine talked about Ida Pemberton as if they had known her for years; and they are all to be mere phantoms of fancy!'

"With what a melancholy vanishing!'

"It may be so, who can tell? I do not think these sudden great calamities are always so dreadful as they seem. Many a heart, for which its load is too heavy, may have gone to a welcome rest with the Albatross. To young people like you, death always, and naturally, seems the worst that can happen.'

"But surely, to a young girl like Ida, a young woman like Mrs. Pemberton—?'

"I grant you Ida, but remember what Mrs. Pemberton left in the past—husband, home, happiness. No, I cannot think she demands our pity.'

"I felt certain on this point, merely from the tone of John Pemberton's letter, so thoroughly did it convey household happiness and the fulness of conjugal love. The story of my own past had not been such as to include me in the category of really disconsolate widows, but I knew what that state of mind might be.

"We'—Griffith Dwaris meant Madeleine and himself—were talking about poor Ida this evening. It was a solemn thing to us to think of the fate of one so young. It will be a solemn feeling to us both that we shall owe our happiness, if it comes, to so sad a source.'

"True; and I should not like to see a young girl feel it otherwise. But all in this world is but the succession of the living to the dead, and it cannot do you any discredit, or those who are gone any dishonour, that you rejoice. How doubly happy your father will be when he knows how it is between you and Madeleine.'

"He likes her, I know.'

"Indeed he does. She suits him so admirably; but then, whom does not

Madeleine suit? The secret of her adaptability is in her absolute unselfishness. The secret of her power is sympathy.'

"I said more which I need not repeat here. I had a listener, not only patient but delighted, and to me it was very pleasant to dwell upon the qualities of the beautiful girl, whom I knew better than even the young man who loved her with a loyal and lofty love worthy of her. We had reached, and passed, the entrance to Despard Court; but the night was calm and beautiful, the moon was sailing high up in the sky; our subject engrossed us, and I had no remorse about keeping Audrey waiting for her brother. She too had golden dreams to while away the time withal.

"During that walk I learned more of the mind of Griffith Dwarris than I had ever before known; of his aspirations; his disappointments; his comprehension of his father's marred and narrowed life; and the filial affection and duty which, in the fear that he should seem to blame his father, had hitherto made him seem to me strangely, supine, considering the estimate I had formed of his character. I could not help thinking that our talk that night would have formed a useful essay on the power of money; its real, not its exaggerated importance; and how it occasionally acts as the magician's wand which waves away the cave of darkness into oblivion, and conjures up the realm of delights.

"We talked of the day which was to come after this never-to-be-forgotten night. Ought Griffith to see Madeleine before speaking to his father; before he should make Mr. Dwarris understand the full meaning of the revelation which he had made to his son? I thought the decision of that point must depend on the exact terms on which he and Madeleine had parted. With a little hesitation, for which I liked him better than ever, Griffith told me that Madeleine had not denied her love, but with her characteristic, frank, and sweet simplicity had vowed that he was right, when he put it before her that he would have no right to ask her father for her. She told him how angry she had once felt when the cold, formal restrictions of the world and the views of society had been borne in upon her comprehension, and how eagerly she had advocated the other side; the view of 'all for love, or the world well lost.' But her sense of what was due to Griffith, his dignity and propriety

of conduct, her keen appreciation of the claim of her father on the forbearance and self-denial of both, had prevailed over the girlish notions of a time, which, though really recent, seemed to her, in the sudden womanhood which comes with serious and strong feeling, very long ago. They had not parted in despair—who ever despairs in youth?—but with the knowledge that the realisation of their hopes could come only through some wonderful change on which they could not speculate or calculate.

"And the change had come; was present even while they were making their sweet youthful confessions, and giving utterance to their fears and troubles. The wonder had been worked, the magician's wand had been waved.

"Of course they had indulged in the usual dream. They were to be the best of friends, and it was to make no difference in their respective bearing towards the outward world. But Griffith knew better than this, and though he had parted with Madeleine on this impossible understanding, he had fully made up his mind as to what he had to do. Little as he knew of life, he was not quite ignorant of his own heart; and he felt that he must go.

"It would be difficult to imagine a more complete revolution than the disclosure made by his father had wrought in the feelings, the intentions, the prospects of Griffith Dwarris. Even while we were discussing its nature and its extent, we felt that we could not realise it.

"It is like Bulwer's novel, *Night and Morning*, turned upside down, is it not?' said Griffith, when he had talked off his agitation, and was merely happy. 'But you are right, Lady Olive; I must not tell my father anything until I have seen Madeleine.' Such was the advice I had given him. 'It would be a little presumptuous.'

"I could not see his face, but I was sure that he was smiling; the tone of his voice told me so much. And now, as we had walked nearly as far on the other side of Despard Court as the way thither from the Dingle House, and again found ourselves at the door, and it was quite scandalously late, I made him leave me. I stood awhile listening to his light, eager footsteps, as he walked rapidly away, and I enjoyed one of the rarest of pleasures—the contemplation of the cloudless happiness of a friend.

"This, at least, is one of those un-

common cases in which everything is exactly what one would wish, if one had the prearranging of it all,' I thought; 'nothing could be more ingeniously devised. And the briefness of the trial is the best part of it—enough to prove the worth of both, to give those who love them the best possible guarantee for their future happiness, and to cause them only just sufficient suffering to enhance the good fortune which has befallen them.'

"The following morning was a busy one with me, being devoted to household accounts. To my very great satisfaction Audrey Dwarrior came in before my task was completed. I was always glad when she sought me spontaneously, and on this occasion she was as affectionate and as confidential as Madeleine herself could have been.

"It's all very wonderful,' she said, 'and my mind seems out in two, and thrown on different sides about it. I am so happy, and I am so sorry.' Her bright eyes filled with tears, while she was speaking with a smile. 'I need not tell you why I am so sorry.'

"No, my dear, I know, and we are all sorry. And you must not tell me why you are so happy, for I know that too, though I shall be very glad to hear all you have to say about it, and especially what Mr. Lester says to the news.'

"Oh, Lady Olive, he knows nothing about it. It is only twelve, and, of course, I have not seen him, and—"

"And you and I will go and see him presently, Audrey, for I have something very particular to say to him about old Anne at the north lodge. But you know that Griffith has told me about his particular share in this good fortune.'

"Yes, of course I understood in a minute what it would mean to him, and that he would tell you. How very, very delightful! Griffith kept from going away, and everything that has happened made up to papa, and no reason now why Mr. Kindersley should not think Griffith good enough for Madeleine! It is altogether too wonderful, and too good, and—and too sorrowful.'

"And your own share in it, Audrey? Have you yet reflected that when your father said "yes" to Mr. Lester—you see I know all about it—he knew that there was at least every probability that he would be marrying well in another sense of the word besides his and yours?"

"No, indeed, I haven't thought about that at all,' answered Audrey, with prompt frankness, 'and I'm sure papa hasn't either,

for he was talking to me this morning—do you know he actually came out on the lawn with me when I was watering the flower-beds—and he never said a word about me. It was all Griffith with him, and all Griffith with me too; and I think he was glad, for the first time in his life, to be alone with me.'

"Where was Griffith then?"

"He breakfasted alone, and went out early.'

"Audrey! You did not tell your father anything about Madeleine?"

"Indeed I did not,' Audrey answered me almost indignantly; 'and I am sure he has not the slightest suspicion. What a delightful surprise it will be to him; he likes Madeleine so much—next best to you, I think, and, in one sense, ever so much better than me.'

"My dear!"

"Oh yes, he does, and I'm not in the least jealous. I was, perhaps, just a little bit, but—"

"Something has cured you of jealousy. I daresay your father did not talk to you about yourself, and the difference this strange news must make to you, just because he was happy to see that you did not think about yourself: that your mind was full of your brother. That would be pleasant to your father, Audrey.'

"Why, what else should my mind be full of? Has not my father's mind always been full of him, ever since I have been able to read it, more clearly than anyone thought, I daresay? It means everything to Griffith, everything. My life, you know, must be perfectly happy anyhow—quite independent of all this—if, no such thing had ever happened; for it is to be passed with Frank.'

"I had never seen Audrey look so nearly pretty as she looked when she said these words, with bright, shy, downcast eyes, and a soft swift colour just passing over her face. I could not have said one word in mitigation of the unbounded trust, the beautiful youthful belief in that utter impossibility—a 'perfectly happy' future; I could not have interposed with a sentence of wisdom or of warning, any more than I could have snatched a rose from its stem, or struck down a lark as it soared, singing.

"So I really had no excuse for thinking about myself,' she continued, adding in the most inconsequent way:

"Do you know when papa is to begin to be rich?"

"I laughed. 'I suppose at once. Why?"

"'It's a question of drawing-room curtains,' she replied, with a grave nod of her head. 'Carpet and curtains, indeed. Oh dear, how nice it will be to stop Frosty's mouth with French chintz and Kidderminster.'

"'Brussels, child! Brussels!'

"'What? Are we to be so rich as all that? Brussels, then, by all means. You don't know how she has gone on ever since the Lipscotts' drawing-room was refurbished, and she unfortunately went to tea with the servants; of course pretending to them to despise all the grandeur. It would not have been Frosty otherwise. Lady Olive, I have an idea of getting the chintz and Brussels on credit!'

"'And I should encourage the idea, only that—who knows? Perhaps your father may not remain at the Dingle House.'

"'Audrey's smile faded, and her gladness vanished. Not remain at the Dingle House! In the rapid survey her fancy had made, such a contingency as this had no place. She loved her home dearly, and all the more since 'the greatest enchantment,' as Calderon calls it, had taken up its abode there. I saw the effect of my inconsiderate words, that they had gone nigh to switching the head off the rose, to striking down the lark as he soared, singing, and I hastened to repair it.

"'But,' I said, 'it is quite too soon to discuss a matter of this kind; and if there be anything we may be certain of, it is that your father will do nothing but what will make you and Griffith happy. Run away, dear, and see after the pony-carriage, while I finish these accounts for Shand.'

"'She left the room, I concluded my task, and Audrey and I were shortly driving into the town together.

"'I am to see or hear from Madeleine to-day,' Audrey said, just as we passed the bank; 'but it may not be until late, as she has Lady Boscawen to lunch at Beech Lawn. Why, there's Griffith, walking with Clement Kindersley. How comes he to be out at this hour, and on market-day too?'

"'The young men were coming towards us, and Clement Kindersley was the first to see us. They were walking arm-in-arm, and he stopped his companion, as my pony-carriage neared them, and raised his hat. His companion did the same, but with a distant air, and something so unfamiliar in the action that it gave me an odd, almost a nervous sensation. I checked my pony when we came alongside of the two young men, and Clement Kindersley

stepped forward. It was all so instantaneous that I cannot describe how it was that I saw, in what seemed like only a comprehensive glance, that Audrey, who had turned very pale, was looking strangely at Clement Kindersley's companion, and that the individual in question was not Griffith Dwarris.

"'How do you do, Lady Olive? How do you do, Miss Dwarris?' Clement greeted us, and came round to Audrey's side of the pony-carriage. 'I am fortunate in meeting you; it gets me out of a scrape. Madeleine entrusted me with a letter for you this morning, Miss Dwarris, immensely important, no doubt, like all young ladies' letters, and I entirely forgot to drop it at the Dingle House.'

"'He produced the document, as he spoke, in a crumpled condition, from his waistcoat pocket, and Audrey took it from his hand, but as if she hardly knew what she was doing.

"'Hope you're quite well, Lady Olive,' continued Clement Kindersley, who, if he had had no greater fault than his odious familiar manner, and his shifty, uneasy glance, would still, in virtue of those, have been my favourite aversion. 'Bob is in splendid condition;' here he bestowed a sounding slap upon my shining dark-bay favourite, who was totally unused to have liberties taken with him. 'Very different from Madeleine's soft, lazy brute.'

"'During these few moments, Clement Kindersley's companion stood, not at all awkwardly, on the pavement, and Audrey and I simply stared at him. It was a case which put politeness entirely out of court. Audrey did not utter a word, and I merely made some trivial answer to Clement's speech, and added:

"'We really thought Mr. Griffith Dwarris was with you.'

"'Ah, yes, did you indeed? Well, I'm not surprised. May I introduce my friend? Mr. George Durant, Lady Olive Despard, and Miss Dwarris;' the stranger stepped forward and bowed. 'There is a wonderful likeness, you see, Durant; every one notices it.'

"'To Miss Dwarris's brother, I believe,' said the stranger, with another bow to Audrey, and a smile which, just a little, but hardly perceptibly, decreased his resemblance to Griffith, which was quite the most remarkable accidental likeness I have ever seen. 'I suppose it must be the case, since so many people say so; but I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Dwarris.'

“We are going to the bank now,” said Clement; and then I droye on, the two young men going on their way, and we in the opposite direction.

“Audrey, who held Madeleine’s letter in her hand, unopened, was the first to speak.

“What an extraordinary likeness! Did you ever see anything like it, Lady Olive?”

“She seemed almost frightened; certainly discomposed by it.

“It is very remarkable, indeed; and it extends, as I have generally observed that strong resemblances do, to the voice as well.”

“Yes, I felt that too. I seemed to hear Griffith as well as to see him. Lady Olive, I don’t like it at all; I feel superstitious about it.”

“Nonsense, my dear! This Mr. Durant is all the more likely to be a charming man, because he is so like your brother.”

“A charming man, and Clement Kindersley’s friend!”

“And pray, is not, or rather was not, Griffith himself Clement Kindersley’s friend? You cannot justify your prejudice on that ground. But you have not read Madeleine’s note; just see what she says.”

“Audrey read the few lines, of which the note consisted, aloud. They were chiefly of comment upon the extraordinary likeness, which she also had been struck with, between her brother’s friend and Griffith. Clement had introduced Mr. Durant to her at breakfast at Beech Lawn that morning, and she did not regard the resemblance with the same displeasure which it aroused in Audrey. Her little letter was cheerful, and Audrey wondered that it should be so, considering that she knew nothing yet of the light that had shone upon the future prospects of the Dingle House. It did not surprise me. I understood that, to a nature like Madeleine’s, there would come deep peace in the assurance that she was beloved by the man whom she loved, and in a clear and unerring perception of the line of her duty.

“I found Mr. Lester, as I expected, at the Almshouses; and, when I had transacted my business with him, I invited him to lunch at Despard Court, and gave him the back seat in the pony-carriage. It

had been agreed that Audrey should not tell Mr. Lester the news until we had reached home again, and she did not; but she looked so unmistakably significant of having something to tell, that when Mr. Lester asked, surprised, was anything the matter? I replied that Audrey had been almost startled, and anything but pleased, by the apparition of Mr. Durant.

“He is so extraordinarily like Griffith,” I said, “and we all know that Audrey could only consider it the height of presumption for anyone to be exactly like Griffith.”

“Oh, that’s it, is it?” said Frank Lester, smiling; “the likeness is quite the closest I ever saw. In fact, I slapped the stranger on the shoulder last night and cheerfully accosted him as “Griffith,” to his amazement. It perfectly bewilders poor Mrs. Kellett; but Miss Minnie says he isn’t so very like, if you only look at him long enough and “just think of Mr. Griffith Dwarris’s dear, near-sighted eyes!” She’s right enough, I daresay, only, I need hardly say, after making such an absurd mistake, I did not look at the new inmate very long. He and Clement are not monotonously harmonious, it seems. Miss Minnie, who knows, sees, guesses, and overhears everything, tells me, just as if she were talking of a young couple, that they’ve “had words already.” If they go on having words, I shall advise a change of residence, for Mrs. Kellett’s nerves are “on the go,” as she told me this morning.”

“He could not give us much time at Despard Court, so, as soon as we were alone with him, we told him what had happened. I should have been disappointed in Frank Lester, if the information had affected him otherwise than as it did. His notions about it were as like Audrey’s as if their two minds had been moved by one spring. The results to Mr. Dwarris and Griffith occupied him wholly. When, at length, his fancy turned in the direction of himself and Audrey, he amused me exceedingly.

“But,” he said, with a comic look, and tone, and apprehension, “this is very serious, you know. What should we do if Mr. Dwarris were to say “No,” now that this has come out?”

“Remind him,” I answered, “that he said “Yes” when only he knew all about it.”

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII. BATTLE ROYAL.

ABOUT noon the following day Mrs. Dawson made her way with difficulty to the scene of the last night's revel, which had the air as if a general "sack" had taken place. The contents of the supper-rooms seemed to have become mixed up with those of the drawing-room; there were ladders, girandoles being taken down, green baize, glass on the floor, and vans at the door.

It was in this curious scene that Mrs. Dawson insisted on seeing the lady owner of the house, who was in a sort of dreamy rapture and good humour with all the world. Mrs. Dawson was in a very different vein—decided, stern, and business-like.

"I have only a few words to say," she said, coming to the point, "and I must ask a decided answer. I suppose we are to understand, from what took place last night, that your son does not accept my statement of his engagement to my daughter Phoebe?"

"I said it was a misunderstanding, recollect," replied Mrs. Pringle, with a kind of benevolent smile.

"That Phoebe had mistaken him: and his behaviour?"

"I really think it must be something of the kind. That dear girl of yours was much admired last night. Lady St. Maurice asked who she was."

"You were saying—?" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, impatiently.

"Well, I believe it is so. And Francis, I believe, thinks so also."

"Ah! how fortunate," cried Mrs. Dawson; "here he is, himself. Now we can hear it from his own lips."

The young man was crossing the hall with a smile upon his lips, fresh from a visit to his Baddeleys.

Mrs. Pringle was uncomfortable, for a moment only. After all, it would settle the matter decisively. He would have to repudiate in plain terms.

He himself was much confused. His mother, already showing signs of capacity for society and its devices, anticipated the others.

"I am glad, Francis, that you are here, as you will be able to convince Mrs. Dawson of her curious misapprehension. I know that you admired Miss Dawson, and that you may have used some expressions that may have been construed into a proposal; but I am sure you never contemplated a serious engagement?"

"No, no," said the young man, eagerly; "I may have said a few hasty words after a dance, but I never intended——"

"I see," said Mrs. Dawson, deliberately; "nothing more than a sudden impulse—nothing serious intended."

"Yes, that was it," he said, still more eagerly; "and I did not think that Miss Dawson took it for more."

"Now, you see," said the happy mother with much satisfaction, "we are arriving at an agreement."

"Let me read you this," said Mrs. Dawson, taking a letter from her pocket. Mr. Pringle turned pale. He recognised the document as being one of his letters to Phoebe, although, until he heard them declaimed in Mrs. Dawson's unrelenting voice, he had no recollection of having committed himself to such compromising sentiments.

Mrs. Pringle darted an angry look at her son; then her whole manner changed. She became dejected, hurrying her steps as usual.

"It is no matter," she said; "the whole thing is unsuited, and can't be! We reject it altogether. There's an end of it."

Mrs. Dawson made a great effort to be calm.

"It is not to be so easily disposed of," she said. "Do you," she added, turning to young Pringle, "reject your solemn engagement in this way? Recollect, you will kill Phoebe—break her heart!"

"What am I to do?" he said. "It was very hasty, and—we did not know our own minds—"

"Phoebe knew hers. I nearly wish for a simple answer—'yes' or 'no.' Do you refuse to carry out your engagement?"

"There is no engagement. The proof is, that at this moment he is engaged to be married to another person."

Mrs. Dawson recoiled under this fresh blow. She was being beaten all along the line. She knew not what to do; how to save her poor, luckless Phoebe. Yet the first thought was the discredit, the mortification of being thrown over in this coarse, cruel, and unceremonious way. At once all her restraint gave way.

"Very well," she said; "now I understand at last. But don't imagine that this disgraceful business shall stop here. You shall be exposed, depend upon it. Every one of you!"

"Oh, now, please!" said Mrs. Pringle. "Such threats! Pray don't; not here, at least."

"You little know whom you have to deal with," went on Mrs. Dawson. "Because you have got money you think you can treat us in this fashion; but take care. And as for you, sir, only that my poor child would suffer, and has given her heart, I would think it the greatest misfortune to give her to you. Her heart will break under this; but that I suppose you will think a fresh triumph. You are a poor, unmanly fellow."

The young man coloured. He did feel some pangs of self-reproach as he thought of the poor child he had deserted.

"Indeed," he began, "I do not wish to— But what am I to do? It is too late now."

His mother came to the rescue.

"We cannot have this sort of language. You must see it is quite unbecoming. In fact, if this tone is to be taken, we had

better leave it to Messrs. Cooper, our family solicitors. They will arrange it all; but you must see that—really—we cannot—"

And she smiled off the subject and the visitor without another word. Mrs. Dawson withdrew, and went home in a state almost approaching to despair. The wistful face of Phoebe met her, eagerly looking for good news. Still, the mother could not find it in her heart to tell her the worst. She forced her face into an encouraging expression, and told her that all was going on very well; that the family were, of course, rather against it for the present, but that in a short time, &c. "But he—was he coming?" asked Phoebe. "She was not to be in a hurry," her mother said; and then went up to her room to take off her "things," but, in reality, to think.

What on earth were they to do? She felt at the end of her resources. It was too plain that nothing could be done. How was a wealthy, influential family to be compelled to do justice by a poor feeble widow and her daughter? There was Tom, indeed. But what could Tom—a wild, flighty fellow—do? They would only laugh at him.

Still, such as Tom was, it was proper that he should know how things were. So, getting into a cab, she drove off to his various haunts—to this queer club which was open all night, to those strange, out-of-the-way lodgings where he was to be found occasionally. No one knew where he was, until at last she recollected an hotel where he stopped now and then, and where she was told he was at that present time at Monaco, shooting pigeons. He would not be back for a fortnight or three weeks. She wrote to him, but it was uncertain whether the letter would even find him; and, if it did, Tom had a fashion of leaving his family letters unopened.

Those three weeks were slow and painful ones for the widow and her daughter. In the Court Journal or Morning Post was to be read the announcement of the marriage "in high life" which had been arranged between Mr. Francis Pringle, only son of Samuel Turner Pringle, Esq., of Joliffe Court, Hants, and Lady Florence Croope, second daughter of the Earl of Baddeley. This with infinite difficulty was kept out of the way of Phoebe, who was a diligent reader of these elegant chronicles. A fortnight later, however, the house which the noble family occupied

had its shutters closed, and Mrs. Dawson learned the good news that they had gone abroad. Could it be that what is called "a hitch" had occurred? The Pringles were still in town at their mansion in Berkeley-square. It was not improbable, perhaps, the affair had "gone off" on the money question; which was not unlikely, for the Baddleys were known to be greedy of cash. Things were brightening, and matters looked still brighter, when, at last, one evening, Tom presented himself.

He looked eagerly at Phoebe, on whom anxiety had told severely, but, as was agreed on, made no allusion to the matter in question. He was very amusing with his account of his adventures, showed with triumph a prize of one hundred and fifty pounds, which he had won by his shooting, as well as an "object of art," which he declared he would sell for any reasonable sum. What had he to do with objects of art, or still more, they with him? Fifty pounds he generously put into Phoebe's hand, and, to his mother's amazement and anger, said:

"It will come in nicely for the wedding, Phib."

Phib coloured, and, drawing a deep sigh, put it back. Mrs. Dawson frowned, and telegraphed to him.

"I say it will come in nicely for the wedding-dress. You had better take it, for I won't have a halfpenny of it by the morning." And not sorry to make a pretence of yielding to this artful argument, Mrs. Dawson put out her hand and took charge of the cash.

When they were alone she said:

"I am astonished at you, Tom!"

"Why!" he answered. "Didn't the fellow engage himself?"

"Yes, of course; but——"

"And did Phib agree to take him?"

"Yes, she did; but——"

"Play or pay, and no mistake?"

"Yes," said his mother again, perfectly understanding him.

"Very well, then, it must come off. And there's an end of it. I'll see about it to-morrow."

"Now, now, I entreat of you, Tom, none of your wild, harum-scarum doings. It will be no use, you know——"

Tom said again, very confidently, "Leave it to me," and so departed.

On the next evening he was with her again, to report.

"I hardly understand what it means," he said, "but you will. I had it all from

a fellow at the club! The Baddleys are in Paris, Hôtel Bristol. And the daughter, he said, was going to be married, and at the Embassy, he believed. Does that help you?"

Mrs. Dawson almost gave a bound from her chair.

"I see it now," she said. "That explains it. Afraid of any annoyance here—get it over quietly—and out of the country. That cat of a Mrs. Pringle—just like her."

"So the blackguard's going to throw over Phib. I see it now," said Tom, whose ideas moved rather slowly, though surely. "I think it's all for the best."

"All for the best! Is that the way you take it?"

"Yes. Would you have her tied to a mean cur of that kind, who would only make her wretched?"

"Well, after that!" said his mother, in genuine astonishment. "I really thought you had spirit."

"Oh, fudge, mother," said the dutiful son. "Where's Phib herself? If she wants the man, of course that's another thing. It's her own look out, you know."

"Of course she does. Don't you see her looks? Why the poor little thing is quite changed within these few weeks."

Again the idea had come slowly to Tom.

"The rascal! the cur! How dare he! Where is he? Why, I'll drag him here and make him beg pardon on his knees. I took his measure the first day; he began his shirking, even then. But when I fixed my eye on him—he—well, he didn't quite like it. Come, let me only get at him."

"Now, Tom. I beg, do take care."

But the mother's heart was secretly delighted. Even if nothing came of it, it would be a real satisfaction if Tom could deal with him as the wretch deserved—if he was but made contemptible in the eyes of his new and noble bride.

Tom went his way, and returned that night about eight o'clock. He came in a hansom, with his portmanteau perched on the top, and all his rugs, &c., of which he required a plentiful supply.

"No go," he said. "My lad is off! What do you say to this—they say that the wedding's actually fixed at the Embassy; and the whole Pringle family started yesterday, bag and baggage."

"Well?" said his mother anxiously.

"Well, of course, I'm off too. What do you bet that no wedding takes place at the Embassy, or elsewhere? A fiver? Come, for the luck of the thing."

"More power, Tom," said the eager mother. "God bless you! Five—ten if you like."

"Fiver be it," said Tom. "Not a word to Phib, mind. Hush! here she is. Just off, Phib, to the Grand National; will be back in a day or two; keep up, my pet, all will go well yet!"

And Tom leaped into his cab and clattered away to the station.

CHAPTER XXIX. IN PARIS.

WE must now take a glimpse at the Baddeley family, as they are engaged with all their preparations for the coming event. Instead of the jubilee and excitement which reigned in the Pringle household, there was here uncertainty, with some disappointment, greed, and a host of minor passions. Lady Baddeley was a woman of the world, as it is indulgently called; that is to say, in all that regarded the advancing of her family, about as unscrupulous as a bookmaker on the turf. She only accepted the morality laid down by the code of fashion, just as the latter accepts the rules of the betting-ring, through the wholesome fear that, if he transgress them, he will not be allowed to pursue his calling. All her life, therefore, she had been looking out for husbands for her daughters, much as she looked out for a house when she came to town for the season. As for those views which more vulgar persons sometimes seek in marriages, such as "a suitable partner," "compatibility of tastes and tempers," such language, it might be said with perfect truth, "was Hebrew to her."

"What was the man talking about?" she was once heard to remark after a fashionable canon, who was in the habit of preaching at court, had made a remark of the kind, during a visit. "Isn't the young man Lord Bangington's eldest son? Surely nothing could be more suitable or compatible, as he calls it!"

Always insatiable then, and eager to seek something better, the woman of the world had entertained admirers, as they might by courtesy be called, for the more promising of her daughters. She was, indeed, remarkably clever, though she wanted genius—the genius that knows how to give the finishing stroke: alas! all that is so often wanted to complete the work. It was curious that there should have been a relation of Lord Garterley's—the actual heir to the title, though at some removes, two elderly and sonless brothers

being between—a sober, serious young man, who had an admiration for the stalwart proportions of the Lady Florence; and this promising and desirable gentleman Lady Baddeley had nearly secured. It was during this negotiation that the lady was betrayed into the most unfortunate false step of her life. Some friend had told the young man that the object of his attachment had been already engaged to another person. The incident had, indeed, occurred to her several times; but the news caused the lover a shock, as he was of a sensitive turn. Lady Baddeley, with an excessively candid manner, which she knew how to assume with all young men, laughed off the notion, and declared "that there was not a word of truth in it," a declaration which he repeated triumphantly to Lord Garterley. The latter, from a sort of fancy, took the trouble to investigate the matter, discovered the falsehood, peremptorily interposed and forbade the banns. The affair was talked about, and was excessively damaging to the family, who went abroad for a short time, to return in a couple of years, when the affair had "blown over." Everything blows over within that period.

Still, with the sanguineness that had been chastened by frequent defeat, the family had still clung to the hope of securing this prize, particularly as the young man still remained single. When the Pringle alliance was projected, it was firmly believed that one of its effects would be to stimulate the lagging affections of the young man; and it was prosecuted with a publicity and éclat that it was hoped would reach him. No result, however, followed, owing really to Lord Garterley, who took a pleasure in exposing these subtleties. It was even conveyed to the lover that "darling Florence" was suffering cruelly, and that her inclinations were being in a manner "forced," and her heart was still fondly turned back to its old love. This, too, was of no avail; and, in sheer desperation, the family had to set out for Paris, still clinging to the hope that, even at fifty-five minutes past the eleventh hour—the time at which matters now had reached—something would turn up.

Tom had a pleasant journey, having found some "good fellows" as co-travelers, with whom he smoked, and drank, and betted all the night. He put up at one of the monster hotels, went to bed, had his breakfast, met friends in the courtyard of the great hotel, and

did some business on "the Guinea," the race that was then at hand. It was about three o'clock when he found himself free, and, perhaps, in condition, as he would consider it, to attend to Phib's affair. He was strolling down the Italian Boulevard—that gay and glittering promenade—looking in at the shop-windows, when he actually saw the person he was in search of coming towards him, with a friend, whom he knew also, the young lord, Mr. Pringle's future brother-in-law. Mr. Pringle was in high spirits, and with his face all smiles and good humour, but it became blank as Tom presented himself. Never was there so awkward a position: he felt in a second that Tom had been sent for pursuit or recapture.

But Tom greeted both with that warmth and freedom which such easy young fellows affect, and turned back with them. The young lord had a high respect for Phib's brother, and for his judgment in the matter of a horse, or shooting, and was, in fact, glad to see him, as he was bored with his expected connection. Being of the usual thoughtless pattern, he even did not associate Tom in any way with an opposition to his sister's pretensions, nor would it, had he thought of such a thing, have made much difference. Tom walked about with the pair for some hours, introduced the young lord to one of the French betting-rooms—it was the days of the Oller Agency and "Paris Mutuels"—where he "put him up" to a good thing or two, and introduced him to one of the French racing Counts. The French racing Count asked both to dinner that day, overlooking Mr. Pringle, to the latter's infinite mortification—an invitation which Tom declined, and the young lord accepted with delight. Then Tom went away with his friend Mr. Pringle, who, indeed, made some excuses, and talked of "having an engagement," to which his companion listened without taking notice of it.

"We will take a cab," he said abruptly; "I always find that as good as a private room when I have something to say to a man. Get in." Mr. Pringle made feeble protest; but there was something decided in Tom's manner which it was impossible to oppose. "Bois de Boulogne," Tom said, with a laugh; "only, of course, for a drive!" Mr. Pringle did not understand this allusion.

"Now," said Tom, in another tone, "see here, I have come specially from

London after you. You are going to be married?—that is so, isn't it?"

The other did not answer. "Well, no matter," said Tom; "the end of it is, that it can't, or shan't, come off. You are engaged to our Phoebe, you know?"

"Oh, come," said Mr. Pringle, in a blustering way, "I can't enter on that now. It's all too late. Besides, it was all a mistake. Really, to be pursued in this way by you, and before by your mother—"

"Won't do," said Tom coolly. "Don't let me have to tell you what I think of you. But, you see, the time is running out, and I must act. The poor little thing will break her heart—will die, I really believe. She is in love with you."

"Oh, well, I am not accountable; that is, I can't help that," said the badgered Pringle.

"Why, you——" said Tom, fiercely. Then added gently, "Now, don't talk in that way if you want me to keep my hands—well, my temper, old boy."

"You had better not try that," said Mr. Pringle, desperately.

"Now, listen to me," said Tom, interrupting him; "I want to settle this quietly between you and me, and without any fuss or scandal. Recollect, I am only speaking as a matter of business—not by way of threatening, or anything of the sort. You must hold by your bargain, that's the first thing; then you must break off with these people. I'll show you how to do it cleverly. I'll make it easy," he went on. "The son shall back you up. You'll get into no scrape, that I promise you. Come, I say, you're an honourable fellow, and want to be thought so; you don't wish to worry and torture that poor little soul at home, do you?"

The other was beginning to think of the awkwardness of his position, and saw that he could not give way in either direction without disgrace. But he had, as it were, his back to the wall, and must fight.

"It is too late now, Dawson, to think of all that. Quite out of the question."

"Well, then," said Tom, slowly, "you must be prepared for the consequences. You'll have me to deal with."

"What?"

"Oh yes. You know we are in a country where the police do not interfere between gentlemen of honour. When you get to England, I shall have to deal with you in rougher style. I am not threatening, but only stating what must happen. Take my word for it, you will have to get out of this marriage."

"Oh, I can't have this!" said Mr. Pringle, in dreadful embarrassment. "I shall get down. I don't want to listen to any more of this. Here, coachman, stop, let me out."

"By all means," said Tom, gaily; "better let me bring you back, if you are tired. But I would recommend you to think over what I have said, and carefully too, or you may find things turn out very inconveniently."

"I suppose I am to take this, that you are threatening me?" said Pringle, nervously. "I can't put up with that, you know. I can protect myself, and, if not, there is the police."

"Oh, I am glad you have mentioned that," said Tom, "for now I can explain myself. I shall have to insult you, Pringle—I shall, indeed—and publicly too; and insulting is a very mild word for what I must do. You drive me to it."

"We'll see," said Pringle, in a fury. "Just try it."

"I shall," said the other. "You know people don't swear the peace and all that sort of thing as they do in England. There'd be the—well—the thrashing first, coram publico; and then my friend, Viscount Galons, of the Jockey Club, will have to wait on you, and settle time and place. You see, what with your intended connection with an English earl, and all that, you couldn't shirk it. Now, understand me, I don't mean to be offensive to you, but only to state a programme, the 'correct card,' and all that. After all," said Tom, whom the thought of Phoebe caused to change his tone again, "you know, you are a pledged man; pledged to as nice and charming a little thing as ever stepped. Surely you can't compare that long girl to her; you have more taste than that! And mind this, above all; if you'll do the honourable thing, I'll manage that it will be done comfortably, and that you'll be saved."

These were Tom's words as he parted with his friend.

Mr. Pringle returned to his hotel in a state of considerable agitation. Tom, while stating the serious consequences, had really struck on the difficulty of the case—viz., how he was to withdraw from the new engagement. The fact was, this inconstant youth had no sooner pledged himself to his new engagement than his wild fancy began to stray back to his old flame. The "long girl," so loud of voice and vigorous of manner,

grew more distasteful to him every hour; there was something, too, rather despotic and mistrustful in her manner and tone, which did not bode well. The rest of the family, too, now that the matter was concluded, took the same tone, and were scarcely as deferential as when the arrangement was in petto. Again, he also felt often that he had behaved with cruelty. And this growing distaste to the new alliance came in aid of the old predilection.

Tom, who, for all his wildness, had a "downrightness" and purpose that helped him to know human nature and character, was certain that he should succeed in what he desired—in fact had determined that it should be. Accordingly he left his remarks to germinate, and then set about his own business. He looked up some more of his French sporting friends; indeed, English sporting men are always received abroad with a feeling that reaches almost to reverence. He laid down the law on this and that horse, in his own tongue, allowing his listeners to find such broken English, or to understand him as they could; and received many deferential invitations to dine. In short, he spent a very satisfactory day in the French capital.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

ARTISTS.

HOGARTH, that sturdy and honest satirist of the Georgian era, was no great letter-writer; his thoughts not flowing with rapidity, and his spelling being deficient. Yet, nevertheless, several strong and well-expressed letters of his do exist, and they show the pugnacious and downright character of the man even better than could be expected.

In 1760, on the accession of George the Third to the English throne, the establishment of a Royal Academy began to be a topic of the day. Upon this occasion Hogarth wrote to the Earl of Bute a letter opposing the plan, and suggesting another of his own.

The painter begins: "Much has been said about the immense benefit likely to result from the establishment of an academy in this country; but, as I do not see it in the same light as many of my contemporaries, I shall take the freedom of making my objections." Hogarth then goes on to sketch the origin of academies in England, the first being one in Queen-street, started by some "gentlemen painters of the first rank," about 1700. The plan

was taken from France, and the business conducted "with far less fuss and solemnity;" nevertheless, it soon became an object of ridicule, and a caricature procession of the president and his adherents was chalked round the walls. Upon this the angry amateurs clapped a padlock on the door, and the subscribers put another; and so ended the first English academy in spite, wrangling, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

Sir James Thornhill, one of the seceders (Hogarth's father-in-law), then set up an academy in a room he built at the back of his house (now the playhouse), and furnished tickets gratis to all who requested admission; but very few caring to incur this obligation, the scheme soon fell to decay. Mr. Vanderbank headed the rebellious party, and converted an old Presbyterian meeting-house, in St. Martin's-lane, into an academy. This lasted a few years, till the treasurer sinking the subscription-money, the lamp, stove, &c., were seized for rent, and academy number two dropped.

"Sir James dying," says Hogarth, "I became possessed of his old academy apparatus; and thinking such a place, on proper and moderate principles, was useful, I proposed that a number of artists should subscribe and hire a room in St. Martin's-lane, where thirty or forty people could meet and draw the naked figure. I lent them the old furniture, and attributing the failure of the two former academies to the leading members assuming a superiority which their fellow-students would not brook, I proposed that every member should contribute an equal sum to the establishment, and have an equal right to vote in every question relative to the society. As to electing presidents, directors, professors, &c., I considered it a ridiculous imitation of the foolish parade of the French Academy, by the establishment of which Louis the Fourteenth got a large portion of fame and flattery on very easy terms. But I could never learn that the arts were benefited, or that members acquired any other advantage than what arose to a few leaders from their paltry salaries—not more, I am told, than fifty pounds a year—which, as must always be the case, were engrossed by those who had most influence without any regard to their relative merits!"

Hogarth then adduces Voltaire's opinion of the failure of the Royal Academy of Paris, and complains of a meeting of

artists at the Turk's Head in Gerrard-street, Soho, to propose a ridiculous address to king, lords, and commons in favour of a new academy, that they should have founded themselves. "Thus," says Hogarth, "to poster the three great estates of the empire about twenty or thirty students drawing a man or a horse, appears, as it must be acknowledged, foolish enough; but the real motive is that a few bustling characters who have access to people of rank, think that they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places, and have salaries, as in France, for telling a lad when an arm or a leg is too long or too short." The next sentence is William Hogarth's altogether. "Not approving of their plan, I opposed it; and, having refused to assign to the society the property which I before had lent them, I am accused of acrimony, ill-nature, and spleen, and held forth as an enemy to the arts and artists. How far their mighty project will succeed I neither know nor care; certain I am it deserves to be laughed at, and laughed at it has been."

Hogarth then goes on to strongly recommend the young king to furnish his own gallery with one picture from each of the most eminent painters in England. This, he says, would set an example to a few of the opulent nobility, though he feared that even then there never would be a market sufficient in this country for the number of lads who turned artists.

"France," says Hogarth, bitterly, "had in art assumed a foppish kind of splendour, and drew vast sums of money from England." To vie with the Italian and French theatres of art was impossible; but he adds, severely, "We are a commercial people, and can purchase their curiosities ready made—as, in fact, we do—and thereby prevent their thriving in our native clime."

Then comes a sharp stroke. "In Holland selfishness is the ruling passion; in England vanity is united with it. Portrait-painting, therefore, has, and ever will, succeed better in this country than in any other, and upon the whole it must be acknowledged that the artists of the age are fitted for each other. If, hereafter, the times alter, the arts, like water, will find their level."

Hogarth ends his honest growl by enumerating the reasons that kept back art in England. First, our religion, forbidding images for worship or pictures to rouse veneration; second, that trade is pre-

ferred to painting and sculpture. At the close of the letter Hogarth opposed the sending young men abroad to study the antique. Such study might improve an exalted genius, but it could not create it. Everything necessary for sculpture or painting could, he said, be found in London. Then he finishes with a shot at Kent, who had travelled with but very indifferent results. "Neither England nor Italy," he says, "ever produced a more contemptible dauber than the late Mr. Kent; and yet he gained the prize in Rome; in England had the first people as his patrons; and, to crown the whole, was painter to the king."

Hogarth, though a member of the Society of Arts that first met at Rathwell's Coffee-house, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, used to fear it might originate too many artists, some of whom would regret in after life that they had not learned to make a shoe, rather than have devoted themselves to the polite arts.

Constable's letters are very fresh and natural, and show a quiet, enthusiastic, domestic man, who was never so happy as when thoughtfully painting by the side of a Suffolk water-mill. This artist was the son of a well-to-do miller who lived at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, a pretty place overlooking the river Stour, which separates the county from Essex. The gentle declivities, says Leslie—its luxuriant meadows, sprinkled with flocks and herds; its well-cultivated uplands; its woods and rivers, scattered villages and churches; its farms and picturesque cottages—made Constable a painter, and he never forsook the local deity for any other worship. He was as a child fond of painting, and when a lad a plumber and glazier near his father's house taught him to paint landscapes. He was intended for the Church, but was brought up as a miller, till his craving for art drove him to the studio. This artist's first landscape appeared at the Royal Academy in 1802. He began to make sketching tours in the north, but he had no relish for solitary mountains, and sighed for villages, churches, mills, farms, and cottages where he had first seen happiness.

There is a delightful freshness, honesty, and enthusiasm about Constable's letters, and they show the exquisite pleasure that he drew from nature, and how reverently he viewed it. In one of his letters he speaks of a Nicholas Poussin landscape, now in the National Gallery: "Large um-

brageous trees, and a man washing his feet at a fountain near them—a solemn, deep, still, summer's noon. Through the breaks in the trees are mountains, and the clouds are collecting about them with the most enchanting effects possible." "It cannot be too much to say," writes Constable, "that this landscape is full of religious and moral feeling."

In 1821 the critic had been denouncing his skies as obtrusive, and quoted Reynolds, who, talking of Titian's landscapes, says: "Even their skies seem to sympathise with their subjects. I have been often advised to consider my sky as a white sheet thrown behind the objects." Against this conventional dogma Constable flew with clenched teeth. He writes with great good sense and earnestness to his friend Fisher: "It will be difficult to name a class of landscapes in which the sky is not the keynote, the standard of scale, and the chief organ of sentiment. . . . The sky is the source of light in nature, and governs everything, even our common observations on the weather of every day are altogether suggested by it." Skies are so difficult in composition and execution, Constable contended, because, with all this brilliancy and inner light, they must not be brought forward; but this, he contended strongly, did not apply to phenomena or accidental effects of sky, such as those stormy sea-views he was fond of painting, because they always attract the eye especially.

In a letter of the same year he says: "How much I wish I had been with you on your fishing excursion in the New Forest" (what river can it be?). "But the sound of water escaping from mill-dams and willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts and brickwork—I love such things. Shakespeare could make everything poetical; he tells us of poor Tom's haunts among 'sheep-cotes and mills.' As long as I do paint I shall never cease to paint such places" (the picture he was painting on the day he died was a mill). "They have always been my delight; and still I should paint my own places best. Painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my 'careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. Those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful that I had often thought of pictures of them before I ever touched a pencil. . . . Does not the Cathedral (Salisbury) look beautiful among the golden foliage? Its solitary grey must sparkle in it."

Constable, who spent half his happy life under the mill-side willows, took an innocent delight in observing facts in nature, that, though simple and obvious, escape ordinary people. In a picture of Salisbury Cathedral, seen from the bishop's grounds, he makes a point of the "master cow," or leader of the herd, drinking first; and, as usual, he makes his cows of his own Suffolk breed—without horns. He was delighted when Sam Strowger, the well-known porter and model of the academy, and also a Suffolk man, praised his picture of The Cornfield, because "the lord," or leading reaper was well in advance of his fellows. Constable was very indignant at any imitations of the old masters, and especially of their brown foliage. When Matthews wrote his pleasant Diary of an Invalid, and asserted that Gaspar Poussin's "green landscapes" were detestable, and that "the delightful green of nature could not be represented in a picture," Constable expressed great indignation.

Wherever Constable went with an easel under his arm and his colours in his pocket, he made first to the village mill, so powerful is the magic of early memories. In a letter of 1825 he again mentions his favourite haunt, and speaks of riding out of the white atmosphere of Bath to the green village of Bath-Easton, and, finding himself as if by instinct at the mill, "surrounded by weirs, back-waters, nets, and willows, with a smell of weeds, flowing water, and flour in my nostrils."

Constable was a very generous praiser of other men's works. He saw at Lady Dyart's a fine Cuypp, which he thus graphically sketches, and like a true artist: "Still and tranquil the town of Dort is seen, with its tower and windmills under the insidious gleam of a faint watery sun, while a horrid rent in the sky almost frightens one, and the lightning descends to the earth over some poor cottages."

Constable's notices of his friends and contemporaries are always just, generous, and free from malice or envy. He says in one place, "Turner's light, whether it emanates from sun or moon, is exquisite." "Turner never gave me so much pleasure, or so much pain, before. Collins's skies and shores are true, and his horizons always pretty. Calcott has a fine picture of a picturesque boat driven before the wind on a stormy sea; it is simple, grand, and affecting." He says of a Watteau, "It seems painted in honey—so mellow, so tender, so soft, and so delicious;" and again, of

Turner, "Turner has some golden visions, glorious and beautiful. They are only visions, but still they are art, and one could live and die with such pictures."

The letters of Haydon are very characteristic of the man—passionate, impulsive, and egotistic. The two volumes recently published by his son, F. W. Haydon, and which sum up the life of an unhappy genius, supply us with many of these. The old story is told again in these volumes with the fullest detail, and no corner of this extraordinary man's career is now left dark. Haydon, born in 1786, was the son of a Plymouth printer. From a child he took to drawing, and never rested till, in 1804, he obtained his father's reluctant leave to go to London and study at the Royal Academy. For six months he worked alone, day and night drawing the cast and studying Albinus's Anatomy. He entered the Academy almost at the same time with Wilkie, who was described to Haydon as a "raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman," and they soon became friends. Wilkie's success with his Village Politicians, for which Lord Mansfield gave him thirty guineas, encouraged Haydon to paint a large picture, Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt, which Fuseli, who had taken a fancy to the impetuous lad, hung on the line, Mr. Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, purchasing it for one hundred guineas. In 1808 he commenced his great picture of Dentatus for Lord Mulgrave; but in the midst of this work a visit to the Elgin Marbles left him in despair with his picture, and, to use his own words, "he dashed out the abominable mass." The Dentatus was exhibited in 1809. The picture was cruelly hung in the dark Octagon-room, and its chances of celebrity lost for the time.

Haydon now entered his name with Wilkie for election at the Academy as associate. Wilkie got in, but Haydon was rejected for a third-class man. Thus began the bitterness of this contentious man's life. A commission for a scene from Macbeth for Sir George Beaumont Haydon lost by insisting on painting it life-size. In 1810 he gained a prize of one hundred guineas for his Dentatus in a competition at the British Gallery, and the same year had a small cabinet picture of Romeo and Juliet thrust into the same dark room that had spoiled its predecessor. Haydon, in an irrepressible rage, at once took down the picture and carried it home

with him in a hackney-coach. And from this time till sixteen years after he sent in no picture to the Academy exhibitions. How far West and Northcote showed jealousy, and how far all this arose from the uncontrollable temper and conceit of the man, it is now difficult to say.

Haydon's celebrated *Three Letters in the Examiner* in 1812 declared him at once an open enemy of the Academy. He was at once deserted and slandered. But there was no taming such a Minotaur as this. Owing six hundred pounds, and without a shilling in his pocket, he began his greatest picture, *The Judgment of Solomon*. At the Water Colour Society in Spring-gardens this picture proved a great success, and sold for seven hundred guineas. The Royal Academy came round, and wished to elect him. It was while painting this picture that poor Haydon's eyes began to go, a misfortune that we think latterly materially affected his art. He was partially blind, and wore, says his last biographer, two or three pairs of large round concave spectacles. There is a doubt if he ever saw an object in its natural size and shape.

Haydon's next picture, *The Entry into Jerusalem*, painted in his state of half blindness, drew thirty thousand persons to see it in one season; but it led to no commissions. With all his fame he was surrounded by duns, and half starving.

Overwhelmed with debt, and frequently arrested, Haydon, in 1822, completed his picture of *Lazarus*, one of the finest of his works. It was exhibited; all London crowded to see it; and the receipts soon mounted to two hundred pounds a week. An angry and neglected creditor, indignant at the sum Haydon was making, suddenly put in an execution; the *Lazarus* was seized. Haydon was sent to prison, his newly-married wife was turned out, and all the property sold.

Yet still he went on full of hope, defying his enemies. The *Mock Election*, a scene he had witnessed in the Bench, was purchased by George the Fourth for five hundred guineas. For Sir Robert Peel he painted *Napoleon Musing at St. Helena*, for which he received only one hundred and thirty guineas. More lecturing, more reviling of real and imaginary enemies, and the end came. His *Aristides and Nero*, when exhibited, did not draw, and then he closed his exhibition, which had been eclipsed by the fame of Tom Thumb next door, with a loss of one hundred and eleven

pounds. One June morning he shot himself before his easel. In his journal was found the following entry:

God forgive me. Amen!
Stretch me no longer on this tough world.—LEAK.

It is in Haydon's letters, after all, that you best see the man. The fiery energy with which he threw himself into the study of the *Elgin Marbles*, for instance, is perfectly shown in the following passage from a letter to the President of the Imperial Academy, St. Petersburg.

"In the Neptune's breast," he says, "you will observe a most astonishing instance of the union of a simple fact of nature with the highest abstracted form. Under the left armpit you will see a wrinkle of skin, which must be so in consequence of the arm being down; and thus, the space to contain the same quantity of skin not being so great as when the arm is up, the skin, of course, must wrinkle. In the other arm, which is elevated, the space from the side to the arm being greater, the skin, of course, must be stretched, and there is no wrinkle. In the fragment of the Negro's chest which I sent you, under the left armpit you will see the wrinkle of skin. It is for this reason I cast the Negro, because in the movement of his body he developed the principles of the *Elgin Marbles*. Now, sir, how simple is this! Yet what other artist but Phidias would have ventured to put the wrinkle of human skin in the form of a God! On the sides of the ribs of the same fragment you will also find the veins marked, which Winkelmann and other theorists have ever considered as incompatible with the form of a divinity."

The following letter to Mrs. Siddons, on her admiration of the *Elgin Marbles*, is amusing for its high-flown style and profound gallantry:

"MADAM,—I hope I may be pardoned for venturing to express again my gratitude for your unhesitating decision on Saturday.

"I have ever estimated you, madam, as the great high priestess at the shrine of Nature; as the only being living who had ever been, or who was worthy to be, admitted within the veil of her temple; as one whose immortality was long since decided. You will then judge of my feelings at having been so fortunate as to touch the sensibility of so gifted a being. The whole evening I could not avoid

believing I had held converse with a spirit of my own imagination, whom for years I had pictured in solitude as the organ of Nature herself, in whose immediate impressions I would place more confidence, and bow to them with more deference, than to the united reasoning of the rest of the world."

While writing of the faults and egotisms of this unhappy man, we should not forget that it is to him, his far sight and broad views, we owe the starting of the English schools of design, one of the most useful movements of the present century, and the full fruits of which another half century only will fully show. The following, from a letter of Haydon to Lord Melbourne, will show how carefully he followed the progress of the schools:

"Believe me, my dear lord, the cause of the superiority of France and Italy in their design is in their union of artist and mechanic. This union is in force in Scotland, and one result at this moment is, that a certain house in Manchester, which manufactures an article of unequalled material, is obliged to send eleven thousand dozens annually to Edinburgh to have the pattern designed!"

And in the following letter to his wife, in 1838, he renews the subject, showing how the Italian and Grecian workmen studied by the side of the artist:

"These official men do not know and cannot be brought to understand that, at first, all academies of art were schools with teachers, schools where the artist and mechanic, the painter and the upholsterer, the decorator and the mechanic, the saddler, the carver, the sculptor, and worker in metals, all met together, and learned under the same teachers, the great artists of the period, so that each got their knowledge from the highest source. This is the reason why the Greeks, and Italians, and French so far excel us in their beauty of design. When I told them at my last lecture that it was from the union which formerly existed between the artist and the mechanic in Italy and in Greece, that their metal, and leather, and wood-work, their vases, and candlesticks, and lamps, and saddles, &c., were so superior, the audience cheered me heartily. They saw and appreciated the value of the principle. Oh, be assured my principles will take root in the understanding of intelligent men, and will yet save Old England from being eclipsed by her rivals abroad. I may not live to see it, but if

the mechanics of this country will only master the principles of art, before fifty years are over, we shall be far beyond the foreigner. If they do not, we shall be as far below him."

One very amusing part of these newly-collected letters is the jealousy shown by Haydon (particularly about 1842) of German art. Herbert and Dyce, thorough Germans, according to Haydon, had got on the Council of the School of Design, through Eastlake, who was also German, and Haydon writes to every one in horror and alarm. "The French," he says, "make all mechanics draw and paint the figure first, and then go to ornament. The Germans begin with ornament, and then go to the figure. The French is the sound code. The Germans," he writes, to Eastlake, "speak with contempt of English art because they want a bit of English cake. Did you ever know a German, from prince to peasant, who did not? If Cornelius can persuade the travelling English that we British painters are now capable of decorating our own Houses of Parliament, they may succeed in getting a slice."

DERBY SCENES.

As the "blue fever" heralds the approach of the London season, so does the "Derby fever" mark its apogee. For a couple of weeks before the great event, it supplies the staple of conversation to that large section of the great world which depends for ideas upon current topics. For the rest of the year, the sporting world has its talk very much to itself. The lesser leviathans who bet their thousands, and those greater creatures who bet their tens of thousands, enjoy their calculations, lay their money out to greater or lesser advantage, get through their settlements, and drink their dry champagne with what appetite they may; but the general public cares for none of these things—at least, there is no outward and visible sign of the sympathy of society with horse-racing. It is true that there are disquieting rumours abroad. It is said that lords temporal—some irreverent chatterboxes add spiritual—bet on commission. Respectable fathers, who are outwardly known only to their families and their offices, are also reported to "do a little on the quiet;" and clerks in the Blue Tape Office are credited with a special tout to every room, whose duty it is to keep his patrons well informed as

to the result of private trials, and other pitfalls for the unwary. But these bettors breathe no word of their doings to their intimate friends. Still less to their domestic circle do they hint that the high-mettled racer occupies the smallest corner of their thoughts. It is only during the bright mornings of the latter end of May that betting-books appear as openly as buttercups; and simple, good-natured people, who know not one end of a horse from the other, discourse learnedly on the shape and make of the favourites for the great race. Clutterby, C.B., who reads the sporting columns of the daily papers regularly, knows Hotspur, Meteor, and Bleya, by sight, and keeps the last edition of Buff's Guide to the Turf locked up in a private despatch-box, feels his tongue—tied fast for the rest of the year—all at once let loose at the approach of the Derby. Taking his stand in the club smoking-room, he pours out treasures of racing lore, to the astonishment of those who have hitherto known him only as the energetic vice-president of the Society for the Diffusion of Algebra among the Digger Indians. He suddenly displays a curious acquaintance with the peculiar arithmetic of betting-books. He descants upon the effect of certain strains of blood. He can tell you off-hand the pedigree of at least a dozen winners of the Derby, and is prepared to demonstrate how the union of the Sweetmeat and Pantaloon blood assured the victory of Maccaroni, and how the want of staying power in "the King Toms" has prevented many of those beautiful animals from "getting home" on Epsom Downs. Clutterby tells you, with an air of superiority, that the centenary of the Derby will "come off" in four years from the present date, and refers to the victory of Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed in the year of the Gordon Riots, as if it were a thing of yesterday. To do Clutterby justice, his financial speculations take hardly so wide a range as his verbal observations, his investments being confined to a single share in the club sweep, in which an outside friend—a desperate fellow, who risks at least ten pounds every year on the Derby—"stands in." But, in spite of the slenderness of his monetary interest, Clutterby talks about the Derby as if his fortune depended on it. Little Scatterleigh, far down in the ranks of Clutterby's office, and who always speaks of the C.B. as his great chief, is also an oracle in his little way at the club to which he belongs.

Scatterleigh makes a "gentleman's book" on the Derby, and lays the odds—one point beneath those quoted in the newspapers—to those among his sporting friends whom he thinks sure to settle on Black Monday. He is great at making cross bets, and hedging his little book, displaying an industry in that congenial pursuit which, if devoted to the service of Her Majesty, would speedily advance his worldly prospects. He is not so clever with the stud-book as Clutterby, but knows every winner of the Derby from 1780 down to 1875. He likes to speak of the year 1801, as Eleanor's year—memorable for the Derby and Oaks being won by the same animal—a feat repeated by the famous Blink Bonny fifty-six years later. He does not know much about the famous Waxy blood, but he can tell you in an instant the year in which that noble son of Pot8os carried off the Epsom prize, and the dates of the victories of his children, Pope and Whalebone, Blucher and Whisker. He is prepared to lay odds he names the first horse in any past year, and to take them that he places the first three any time within a quarter of a century. He will make bets as to the number of times it has snowed on the Derby Day, and will take a hundred to one it snows on the next anniversary. His eldest son, born in 1856, was christened Ellington, in honour of that fortunate animal; his "second string," as he loves to call him, Caractus, after the winner of 1862; and his "two-year-old" is of course George Frederick. Scatterleigh lives in the past of the great race, but he is by no means a trustworthy guide for the future, and came in the other day for a notable rebuke from Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant Jack Tattenham of the Horse Guards Green. Scatterleigh had been talking and arguing everybody stupid about the dark ages of the Derby, when the gallant officer turned upon and extinguished him by the following pertinent question: "What the doose is the good of fellows bothering their brains over the Derby of 1786? What I want to talk about is the Derby of 1876. Will you lay me six ponies to four I don't know more about that little joker than you do, my old guide to the turf? Hey!"

Clutterby and Scatterleigh both go to the Derby by rail, lunch at a friend's drag, and leave immediately after the great race—to the end that they may pass the evening at the Literary Fund

Dinner, so fond are they of books and book-makers of all kinds. It is, perhaps, just a little dull after the scene of the morning, and a few unholy yearnings glide—only for an instant—into poor little Scatterleigh's bourgeois bosom. He smiggers, and mentions something in an undertone to his "great chief." That potentate smiles a pitying and benevolent smile, and gently rebukes his reckless subordinate. "My poor Scatterleigh," he says, in his richest and softest tones, "the air has been too much for you. It is, indeed, a Bohemian breeze that blows over Epsom Downs. You are infected, my good fellow, or your thoughts would never wander Chelseaward to-night. Better come on to the cosy smoking-room of the 'Chit-Chat,' and take a final tumbler there." The flash of Bohemian fire that gleamed for an instant in Scatterleigh's rather weak eyes dies out, and he obeys the mandate of his admired superior. Perhaps his speech is a little thick when he arrives home; but no matter, he has not broken that cardinal rule of his farthing-candle existence—never to drink too much but in unexceptionable company.

If everybody at Epsom conducted himself after the manner of Clutterby and Scatterleigh, the Derby Day would be a credit to England, and perhaps be a trifle duller than an Illinois camp-meeting—in fact, many would take the camp-meeting "for choice." But it requires worlds unknown to those highly-respectable members of society to make up, what sporting writers call with equal appropriateness, the Epsom Carnival, and the Saturnalia on the Downs. The leviathans of the ring—skilful wielders of the pencil—have been engaged for days past in the arduous work of comparing bets and squaring their books by the mysterious processes of "getting out" and "getting round." The great army of infatuated backers of horses have also been busy in hedging and making cross-bets with those among their friends who have drawn a favourite in a club sweepstakes. Mighty preparations have been going on in the way of organising parties for the Derby Day. Every known kind of vehicle has been hired, from a four-in-hand drag to the antediluvian "one-horse shay;" and the stock of pigeon-pie baked for the great occasion must have thinned the blue-rock race. Of the fluids provided for the solace of the noble sportsmen for that

day only, it would be unprofitable to discourse; and speculation on the views of Professor Wanklyn, Mr. Thudicum, and Mr. Henry Vizetelly concerning "Derby Champagne" may well be withheld until those learned authorities have quite made up their minds as to its composition. But two things are certain: vast quantities of it are taken down to Epsom, and none is ever brought home.

The regular bookmakers, and those odd persons who choose to pass their lives on a race-course, backing horses, make but a very small proportion of the immense concourse on the downs on the Derby Day. Of those interested in the great event, one of the earliest to rise on the Derby morning is young Doubleshift, of the great house of Allwork, Doubleshift, and Co., Stock-brokers. Young Doubleshift, who, not daring to speculate through his own house, "sells a bear" occasionally through another, has had a very good time of late, and has invested a portion of his winnings in a Derby book, according to the columns of which he stands to lose heavily by the favourites, and to win by everything else. He is going down in a barouche and four, with a couple of kindred spirits, who, finding—like arithmetical Alexanders, as they are—the world of the Stock Exchange too small for their great ambition, sigh for the excitement and glories of the turf; for what is the profit derived from a successful "bear," compared with the delight of "skinning the lamb?" Old Slaughter, the butcher, drives down "the missus" in his trap, and has taken several shares in various Derby sweeps in his wife's name, for Slaughter never made a bet in his life—openly. That well-informed person, the "Man in the Street," however, maintains that appearances go for naught, and that Slaughter is the real backbone of the great Derby book made by Scalesby, of Billingsgate, whose "The field a monkey; twice, my lord" is a well-known phrase in the betting-ring. But Slaughter keeps his counsel right well; and when the number goes up—indicating the winner—is ready to welcome his old friend Scalesby to luncheon, whatever their joint luck may have been. Wigram, the sporting barber, also goes down the road in great state, but is not quite so easy in his mind as the great capitalists, Scalesby and Slaughter. He has "put the pot on" in a mild way, and stands to lose a matter of twenty or thirty

pounds on the race. He is therefore all hurry and flurry to hedge his bets as he goes down, and pesters everybody to "take his money" to a few sovereigns. If the race turn out awkwardly there will be a flutter among the pomatum-pots on Thursday, for he has issued a "tip" to his customers, with the horses he thinks will be placed first, second, and third duly depicted thereon in their racing colours; and should Wiggin's "tip" turn out as tips often do, he will be smothered in chaff by his better-informed customers. Bungley, the landlord of the ancient "Cat and Pepper Box"—recently dubbed anew the "Alexandra Tavern"—is heavily involved, and looks anxiously forward to the Derby to pull off some of his mortgages; but is nervous and shaky this morning, on account of his standing heavily against a prominent favourite, and, being unable to "get out," except at a frightful sacrifice. If the "dead-un" should win, it will be all up with Bungley, and the "Alexandra Tavern"—late "Cat and Pepper Box"—into the bargain. On the road these intrepid speculators catch a glimpse of the regimental drag carrying the fortunes and the very elegant person of the Honourable Thomas Harkaway, who has been betting right and left since "the Guineas." No person, however, wears a calmer visage than Mr. Harkaway, who bets quietly enough all the way down the road, and looks as composed as if a solitary "fiver" would acquit him of every responsibility. Down the road they all drive—merrily enough—cheek by jowl, with Jack Ashleaf, the greengrocer, who is concerned in a booth on the course; with Jimmy Lye, the husband of Mr. Harkaway's laundress, who intends to do a good stroke of business in gingerbeer and other equally light and wholesome refreshments; with Mr. Blackmore, Ramoneur to Her Majesty, and his great rival, Ebenezer Roker, who sweeps chimneys on scientific principles. Down they all go, past the sweet-smelling hawthorn hedges, and fields glowing with green and gold, bound on the common errand—to do or to be done. Dusty and thirsty in spite of a halt at the Spring at Ewell, or the Cock at Sutton, they work their way on to the course, amid a din as of Babel let loose, and find themselves there late enough, for many of the best places have been taken up by the happy know-nothings to whom the race and the horses are unknown quantities, and the odds but as cuneiform inscriptions.

They are eating already, these good folks—not from any idea that their appetites will be spoilt by the result of the race, but on the good old English idea of laying a foundation for the festive superstructure to be piled up after the race. While these simple folk are engaged in no more dangerous work than the infliction of serious injury on their digestive organs, the ring is a cloud of dust, a very pandemonium of shouts and yells. Fresh books are opened; fresher and heavier bets are laid; and, as the satin-coated heroes of the day are led into the paddock, the odds chop and change about in bewildering fashion. While Wiggin is rushing about to "get out" of a sovereign or two, Lord Ironleigh steps into the ring, and, after a brief colloquy with the Sheffield or the Croydon levistha, backs a couple against the field for a level five thousand or so, or lays the odds on them as he can well afford to do. Roaring and pencilling go on apace; the course is cleared; and then, after the center, the noise redoubles as the favourite is observed to go "like a bird," or "a lion," to step along with sweeping stride, or to go "short and stilty." The Honourable Thomas Harkaway's book closes with a sudden snap, and that gentleman betakes himself to his place in his box. Murmurs, shouts, and deep-drawn breaths proclaim the various false starts until the flag drops, the bell rings, and eyes—some bright enough, others reddened with excitement—watch the turn into the great light-green riband which stretches from Tattenham Corner to the winning-post. Then the shouts recommence, never to cease until the mighty steeds, "clothed in thunder," pass the winning-post. Then hats fly high in air, and everybody drinks, and drinks deeply—the winners for joy, the losers to drown their grief. Mr. Harkaway does not drink. He steps quietly down from his box, lights an immense cigar, and a few minutes later strides across the downs to catch the train—for the revelry on the regimental drag is not to his taste, and he wishes, as he says, to get back to his own comfortable outlet in his own home, out of the noise and racket of the vulgar. The latter section of humanity then begin to enjoy themselves in earnest. Lobsters, chickens, and pigeon-pies disappear with fearful rapidity; champagne-corks fly aloft; and the gathering puts on the appearance of a gigantic picnic, continued with intervals of "Aunt Sally," three sticks a penny, and other amusements proper to the hour, till the

last race is run and holiday London streams back to its bed.

Thus far all has gone merrily enough. The national holiday (save the mark) has been a great success. Money-making and losing, eating and drinking—especially drinking, have occupied at least a quarter of a million people from early morning till far into the night. Perhaps it is as well not to remain on the course till the last of the fashed and excited crowd have driven toward, and left the downs to the nomad population, whose tents are pitched there for the nonce, for the spectacle then presented is apt to awaken other emotions than those of joy. As the moon rises over the grand stand—staring over the deserted race-course with its empty boxes, like the ghosts of departed fortunes—queer sights may be seen on the downs. Out of the drinking-booths, towards the waggons and the tent carts posted in the neighbourhood, reel strange figures, caricatures of humanity, hiccuping snatches of the ribald songs which have shocked ears polite during the day. Like the spoilers of the slain on the battle-field, hover other loathsome objects picking up eagerly the waifs and strays, the crumbs which have dropped from the Derby luncheon. The policeman's lantern turned on hedge and ditch, reveals shapeless masses of presumed human origin, crouched down in drunken sleep. It is dreary work wandering among the empty lobster shells and broken bottles, but the dreariness outside is gay when compared with the scenes inside the places devoted to the entertainment of man and—*and* beast. It is better, perhaps, not to see the last of the Derby. Let us, therefore, hie back to town in spite of the dust and noise, and observe the "fun of the road." Is it funny to mark the faces pale with fatigue, or flushed with strong drink? Is there anything particularly sportive and light-hearted in the practice of flinging dolls and pin-cushions, bags of flour, rotten eggs, or china dogs, at one another? Perhaps it is, if the spectator have taken care to drink himself up or down to the Derby level; but otherwise the scene is as coarse and uninviting as a Dutch fair—a fit theme for Teniers or Jan Steen. It is not wise to tarry by the wayside. The "fun of the road," if not ready, is rough enough in all conscience, but it is edifying when compared with the scenes in tavern-gardens by the road. As night creeps on, the most riotous members of the long procession to London wax

tired of shouting and yelling, the last bottle of champagne is drunk, and the cold butt-end of the last cigar drops from parched lips into the dust of the road, unheeded by the bloodshot eyes now closed in feverish slumber. A few case-hardened roysterers, those who have done their spiriting gently, in the earlier part of the day, "stay" better, and wake the echoes of the quiet streets, as they drive homewards, after a last halt at Cremorne, with shouts of laughter, and snatches of "Tommy make room for your uncle."

As they roll past a little house in the most aristocratic quarter of Belgravia, a man who has been to the Derby, but returned hours ago, sits alone before his writing-table. A bottle of liqueur is before him, a pen is in his hand, but the Honourable Tom Harkaway shows none of his usual aptitude for composition. The phrases do not "come" somehow, and the fireplace is covered with half-burnt fragments marked with his handwriting. His task is no easy one. Away, in a quiet town of Brittany, sits his wife, with her children around her, anxiously awaiting the intelligence of that last "really good thing," on which depends, not only the very slight wrecks of her husband's fortune, but more than she dreams of, for Tom Harkaway has to-day played his last card, and seen the last trick taken, and turned, against him. His credit, carefully nursed to the last moment, had placed it in his power to tempt fortune once more—in vain. Carefully pushed aside from day to day, reality now stares him in the face. The hands of the clock move on and on, and its monotonous ticking is only broken now and then by the hoarse yell of returning revellers, but still the letter advances but slowly. Tom Harkaway sits among his playthings—the toys on which he has spent a gay youth and careless, cynical manhood. They are all present in his quiet snuggerly—cards and dice; a billiard cue, the trophy of a great match; the betting-book, and the metallic pencil, and a gold pen with a broad nib, the most treacherous toy of them all. For years the Honourable Tom has been lucky with his toys, but of late they have gone askew, like the seventh bullet in Der Freischütz. Most askew of all has gone that golden toy, which now refuses to move. Three months ago it not only signed its master's name in his usual dashing handwriting, but turned oddly round on the outer edge, and wrote a

little niggling "Darlingford," a name "as good as the Bank of England," across a bit of stamped paper. To-morrow that piece of paper will be presented at the Duke of Darlingford's bankers, and Tom Harkaway, with all his cynicism, cannot face that eventuality. Hence the letter which gives so much trouble. At last it is finished, and sealed with the arms of the Harkaways. As Tom directs it with unshaking fingers, his eye glances keenly at another plaything which lies handy. It is the last and most curious of his collection of toys. It has cost much money, and is brilliant with silver—a marvel of cunning workmanship. It is the masterpiece of a celebrated toy-maker, whose name is Colt!

MY ZULU CHAWLES.

He was the best "boy" on the diamond-fields in my time. Whether for appearance, demeanour, or utility, Chawles had no rival. A chief he was, the son and grandson of chiefs. Kaffir dignities are hereditary so far alone as the heir can keep them, and three generations of sovereignty make an honourable boast among Zulus. Chawles came to the diamond-fields with Paddy Rolleston, who first discovered our mines, to speak strictly. Before his time they had picked up gems on the surface, at Oawood's Hope, Pniel, and other spots, but they had not thought of digging. When Rolleston called for volunteers in Natal, his invitation had been heard by Chawles's father, then upon the point of "treking," or migrating, into Nomansland, the waste country bordering upon Kaffraria. This young chief and a score of comrades boldly followed Rolleston across the Boer country, and, as is known by all who care for the history of our fields, they dug for him half a pint of gems. He refused twenty thousand pounds for them at Capetown, but was glad to accept four thousand in England. At his leaving, the Zulus scattered, and, after many adventures, Chawles drifted into my service.

For a chief he was the most ragged rascal to be found in camp, the blackest and the biggest-mouthed. It was awful to see Chawles grin. He threw his head well back as a preparation, and his sooty face opened right across like a trap, showing an ivory set of dominoes, clean-ranged in a pink-silk case. From the cavern thus yawning issued a series of fine bass notes, ringing, sonorous, joined each to the last

by a chuckle. Chawles resembled the conventional negro only in his face. His character was grave and severe. The unaccountable ways of white men made him laugh, but I never saw his famous grin provoked by any other experience.

He was very ragged, as I have said, but the mere fact of wearing clothes was a distinction. No other Zulu about the camp sported anything more serious, in my time, than a smile and a jackal's brush. Chawles wore a flannel shirt, out at elbow, and a pair of trowsers, out at knee. But he kept my tent in such fashion as made the neighbours envy me—always grave, always on hand, always so neatly black. Chawles was the only chief of their people for many hundred miles about, and he ruled all Zulus in camp. Within hearing of my call he held his state, and pronounced ponderous discourses half an hour long. The strangest speech in the world is Kaffir. Its peculiarity lies in the "clicks." Before beginning to talk you must press the tongue to the palate; then twist your mouth awry, and let the air in sharply, as old-fashioned people do when they urge a horse. The result is "click," or something that approaches that sound. Repeat the operation quickly on the other side, and you get "clack;" draw back the tongue from the teeth, and you have the sound "tza." "Click, clack, tza" has a very tremendous significance in South Africa, if you intersperse a few syllables of "baby talk." Seriously speaking, the "clicks" in some Kaffir tongues are the very strangest accompaniment of speech to which travel has introduced me. In one language there are no less than thirty-two, all different, all indispensable for sense. Put a click where a clack should be, or a clack for a cluck, and the consequences may be most disastrous. This difficulty it is, as I am told, which has routed our missionaries.

Chawles had means of communication with his home, and from time to time he told me scraps of news. They generally related to successful raids upon Adam Kok's people. That chieftain had led his tribe of Griquas into Nomansland, just about the time of the Zulu migration. The Capetown government strongly represented to Kok the madness of carrying his flocks and herds outside of civilized jurisdiction, but the old chief persisted. Of course the wild Kaffirs and broken tribes of Nomansland robbed the Griquas with a high hand. I have forgotten how

many hundred head of cattle Chawles boasted his own people to have lifted, but it was enormous. I asked him once if the victims offered no resistance? He laughed scornfully. When could a score of Bastard Hottentots stand against a single Kaffir?

One day Chawles came to me with the very longest face that ever Zulu showed. Said he—to translate his amazing lingo—“I must go home, baas. My second wife’s dead!”

I didn’t know he had even a first, and said so. “I think I had five wives,” he answered. “The last three I’ve never seen, but this woman was married to me before I left Natal.”

I didn’t want to lose him, and replied, “I’m very sorry, Chawles, but if she’s dead there’s an end of that wife. You can’t have seen her for three years, and you’ve still got four wives left.”

“But I must go to the burying,” he said; “I am a chief with my people, and they expect me.” I saw it was a question of setting a good example, and yielded. You can’t argue a point of etiquette, savage or civilised. Besides, I knew my man. Chawles went, and he was away six months. One night, returning to my tent, which had improved itself into a frame-house of canvas by that time, there stood my Zulu boy, the palest nigger, the most woe-begone in camp. His flannel-shirt was a mere memorial of grandeur departed; his trowsers all one hole. On his stalwart right arm was an enormous scar, fast healing, but ugly to behold. He said, with the ghost of his monstrous grin, “I come back, baas!”

“And I’m very glad to see you, Chawles! Come in!”

He came in, fetched me the brandy, made tea, and went about his duties as usual. After casting up the day’s notes, I called him to hear his adventures, with especial relation to the scar. He told me all, leaning against a chair, with a half-pint of neat spirits before him, which he gulped like water, and was none the worse. I shall not try to render the story in his own language, for the good fellow’s English would be almost as difficult to set down as the clicks of his native Kaffir. In plain words the narrative ran as follows, for I thought it worth noting at the time. Confirmation will be found in government reports.

He walked all the way from Griqualand to Nomansland, crossing the tail of the

Drakenberg mountains. I have mentioned that the Zulu kraals under his father’s sovereignty had treked thither, into the immediate neighbourhood of Adam Kok’s pastures. All the “bad Kaffirs,” as Chawles called them, had been attracted thither by the appearance of the Griquas, a wealthy people, semi-civilised, belonging to those Bastard Hottentot tribes whom the Kaffirs look on as their natural prey. Rich immigrants who can’t fight have a bad time of it in all countries, but old Kok was simply mad, as the government told him, to carry his flocks and herds into the wolf’s very den. Besides, he himself weighed twenty stone or so, and he got drunk before he left his bed. Things went as everybody foresaw. Kaffirs stole the Griqua cattle and beat their herdsmen. They ruined all attempts at cultivation, and carried off the little Griquas for slaves.

Chawles knew very well where to find his father’s settlement, and in six weeks he reached the place described. Traversing a mountain spur, well wooded, he expected to see the Zulu kraals from the edge of it; but on emerging from the trees no such sight was visible. Chawles looked round. Smoke hung over all the plain, rising here and there as from a chimney. Far away, through the mist, he thought to see a moving cloud of dust, such as cattle-lifters raise on their hurried march. But there was nothing alive where his home should have been.

Chawles felt very sad—“much sick,” as he expressed it; but such a sudden desolation did not strike him, a savage, as it would have struck us. Grieved he was, and surprised, but not dumfounded, as would have been an Englishman, finding a smoky desert where his home had lain. If a tribe live by plunder, by plunder it may expect to die; and this rudimentary principle is understood, if not honoured, amongst the Kaffirs. Stealing carefully along, Chawles reached the largest kraal, a heap of smouldering ashes. Some dead lay around, both men and women; a horrid smell hung on the air. Whilst turning the corpses over, recognising one familiar face at least, he became aware of a movement on the lonely plain. Chawles looked up and saw a group of horsemen galloping towards the spot. A mile behind lay the wood, crowning a slope; a mile to left a timbered creek. For this shelter he made at topmost pace, throwing away the good rifle I had given him, and all that could impede his running. The

horsemen pursued, shouting. They began to fire long before he reached the trees, their bullets spattering all round amongst the dust. Not a moment to spare had Chawles, when, panting and almost beat, he gained the cover. By their shouts, their clothes, and their burly forms, he recognised the race of his pursuers. On the diamond-fields we knew very well, and respected, the Bastard Hottentots, though—or because—they retain little of their ancestors, not even their language. Chawles, a Zulu chief, could hardly believe that Griquas should be actually chasing him; but the amazing truth grew visible—tangible almost. They even left their horses and entered the wood after him, but there Chawles was at home. He hid himself easily enough, and after awhile they gave up the pursuit.

My boy wandered on, more sick than ever, and perplexed by these awful signs. What might not happen when Hottentots followed after Kaffirs, and Kaffirs ran? Without food, and in great tribulation, he dragged along, in hopes to find some fugitive from the ruined kraals. But such signal shouts as Chawles ventured to raise echoed through the woods without reply. At length, when dark settled down, he hit upon a cave and took refuge in it. With nothing to eat, and afraid to light a fire, Chawles sat and mourned his tribe until sleep overpowered him. So miserable he grew, and so daunted by the perils round, that pride of birth and pride of his Zulu race were all forgotten. He wished himself back upon the diamond-fields, in my menial but comfortable service. I have Chawles's word for it.

May one single moral be permitted to a traveller who has dwelt in very far countries, has lived very hard, and who has worn out his fancies as his prejudices? I will put what I have to say in one sentence: Nowhere are the joys of savage life more apparent than among Zulus; nowhere are the savage virtues more prominent. But give the Zulu man a taste of civilisation, of law and settled order, and he is foremost to uphold a system he can scarcely comprehend, and to abandon the delights of independent action. It is not true that any savage race or people of the world have a love of fighting for fighting's sake—observe that I say people, not class, for I am acquainted with the Malay pirates. Show them means of getting a livelihood peacefully, they would be pleased to take it. Sometimes other causes intervene, as in America. A thousand tribes of savages

pursue the antique system of theft and murder for their wants, but be sure they do not like it—not, that is, when peril attends the venture. Love of danger for danger's sake is quite a modern and civilised fancy. No savage ever so much as conceived it.

So Chawles, hungry and tired, thought wistfully of the Elysian fields, and the police thereon, till he fell asleep. With a start he awoke, when two persons were entering the cave. Their bare limbs, shining in the moonlight, showed him they were Kaffirs, and a glance told them to be women. Softly he uttered the call of his tribe, but at the sound they ran away moaning. He shouted after them, and named himself by his own "strong names," which enemies would not repeat. After awhile, two girls came out from the dark bush furtively. At a distance they examined Chawles; then, running up, they threw themselves on his big chest and piteously cried. The last survivors of that Zulu clan were two half-sisters of Chawles, whom he had left as children. They had been washing by the stream when the Griquas came down.

Such a story was that the girls told that we diggers could hardly believe it afterwards. As for Chawles, he thought the world at an end. But official reports confirm the tale. Adam Kok and his Griquas had endured theft and outrage for years, petitioning the English government, which could not attempt to protect them, and complaining to the Kaffir chiefs. At length, one day, old Kok kept sober, and he called his clan around him. "The Kaffirs have left us nothing but our lives and our horses," he said; "let us mount and die!" The Griquas were desperate. Ten years' life among wars and rumours of wars had probably stirred the savage "old man" within them. They numbered several who had served in the frontier police, and these drilled the others. Next time a party of Kaffirs came down to harry their few cattle remaining, the Griquas pursued, routed their foe, re-took the herds, and killed the raiders. The Kaffirs—they were Basutos—went to avenge their friends, and suffered an overwhelming defeat. A great discovery that was for Adam Kok and his people! They found that Bastard Hottentots could meet Kaffirs in the field, and beat them. Some wished to rest upon their laurels, but old Kok felt a late prompting of ambition. He invaded the Basuto kraals, killed two hundred warriors in pitched battle, took all their herds, burnt their villages, and perceived a great

future. This extraordinary old man did not ride, since no horse could carry him, but from a litter he marshalled his troops. The broken Kaffir tribes of Nomansland he met, defeated, and exterminated, one after another. His Griquas caught their leader's spirit. Tough fights they had; but the immense advantage horsemen enjoy upon a country like that, when the foe, undisciplined and undrilled, has only muzzle-loading arms, gave them certain victory. Plenty of Kaffirs there are, even in Nomansland, who ride superbly, but they made a small proportion; nor were any of them used to fight on horseback. Adam Kok, the drunken old Griqua chief, whom all despised, showed amazing talent for war. Up and down, on every side, he marched his cavalry, killing all before him, till Nomansland threatened to become a desert. Meanwhile, the Griqua kraals were filled with slaves, and beef was a drug amongst them.

The Zulus of Chawles's clan watched this astonishing revolution with curiosity. Zulus regard themselves as the supreme effort of the Creator. Scarcely will they admit the white man their superior in war, for they have never met him. Looking down from this lordly level, they fail to see much difference between a Griqua and a Basuto, a Coranna and a Fingo. To your Zulu, other Kaffirs and Bastard Hottentots are all alike beneath notice. It seems that they paid actually no attention, except of curiosity, when Adam Kok was over-running all the territories round them. That he should think of attacking themselves seemed an idea too wild for aught but laughter. It is even stated by English commissioners sent up, that Zulus joined the Griqua regiments with the full approval of their chiefs. But old Adam Kok ceased to drink. He had found another stimulant, much more exciting than rum. After laying waste and exterminating every other clan around, he looked at the Zulus, who had been bitterest of all against his people. The fighting instinct, too, had begun to move his warriors. Old Kok states to the Capetown government that he could not resist his brigadiers and colonels, so mad they grew under the war-fever. A month of unbroken triumph had thus changed the people whom their missionaries had declared with enthusiasm to be thoroughly Christianised! An attack on the Zulus was determined, and it broke out two days before Chawles marched home.

In such warfare the beginning has a form invariable. The Griquas trooped out and

seized their enemy's cattle, driving off two thousand head, and killing the herdsmen who showed fight. So ended the first day. There was rage and madness in the kraal! But no one supposed that Kok would wish to go further. Five hundred Zulus went upon the war-trail to recover their cattle, and to take as many of the enemy's as might be. So the homesteads were left almost defenceless. In the heat of the next day, five hundred Griquas at the least debouched from the woods around, and made a dash. Few there were to receive them, and those unprepared. Defenders and fugitives, men, women, and children, all were killed, not without fight, but almost helplessly. Only these two girls escaped, as I have said. Then the kraals were plundered and burnt to the ground.

Such the story Chawles heard. He listened to it in amazement and indignation beyond speech to express. When it was borne in upon him that a band of Bastard Hottentots had actually crushed a Zulu clan, that his father and mother were killed, and all his male relatives, except two brothers who had led the five hundred on their cattle-raiding expedition, my boy's first thought was of revenge. The panic-stricken girls could tell him but vaguely where the warriors of the tribe had gone; but he left them at midnight, in the cave, and followed. No doubt but Kaffir women would find food in roots and weeds to last till he came back.

Leaving the wood, though it was full moon, he travelled toward Adam Kok's pastures. All the long valley was bathed in light. He saw the faint smoke curling above his home, and the deserted meadows which had been full of cattle. All round the pale-grey sea of grass rose misty hills and woods. One red fire, at a distance, told that the Griquas had not all departed. Very lonely Chawles felt on the plain, as he hurried along at the Kaffir trot towards the grey slope ahead. At length he breasted it, and down the other side, across more plains, through woods and creeks, until, at dawn, the homesteads of the Griquas lay before him. But the moon had long since vanished, and such mists had risen that he could not see a yard before him. The marvellous instinct of the savage had guided him true, but now it failed him. He could do nothing until daylight had dispelled the fog. He followed the lay of the land, and found timber as expected. Under that cover Chawles lay down and slept as a nigger only sleeps.

Two hours after, the tumult of a great

fight roused him—crack of rifles, shout of men, and ponderous thud of horses galloping. He ran into the open. Some score of Zulus came fleeing past, mounted Griquas in pursuit. All up the valley, half a mile that he could see, corpses lay thickly, all Zulu. Chawles was brawnier than most of his tribe, and he wore clothes like a Griqua. A fugitive, in passing, threw his last assegai, and ripped my boy's arm from shoulder to elbow. Another instant and he was run down. Not a man reached the timber. All were overtaken and killed. Before Chawles could utter one defiant versicle of his Zulu war-song, he had to run for life back into the wood.

Such was the story he told me. The fine fellow had led his sisters bravely through a thousand perils, and had regained my tent. He brought them in, two superb specimens of young savage beauty. In an hour's time I had found ladies pleased to take charge of them, and before two months were out they had both married Griquas. Not of Adam Kok's tribe, however!

As for Chawles, he remained with me until I left the fields. So improbable his story was considered that the poor fellow obtained credence from no one until we had it on official authority that the government found itself obliged to interfere in Nomansland. Adam Kok developed into a great conqueror, and the proud Kafirs abjectly prayed for British officers to restrain him. Never was there stronger instance to prove that "a worm will turn," and that you "should not push your enemy against a wall."

NOTE.—This story may explain to a puzzled public why the death of Adam Kok was announced in such big type some weeks ago by all the papers. He had made himself not famous alone, but actually a "question."

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER III. THE FATE OF ALNASCHAR'S BASKET.

"I WAS very happy about my friends; and my imagination, which was not generally lively, was much occupied with these strange matters, so that the following morning I found it a pleasant task to write to my brother a full narrative of the occurrences at the Dingle House. I did not expect to see anything of the young people that day; they would be quite sufficiently engaged in their own plans and prospects, but I could form a pretty

accurate notion of how they would act. Griffith would have seen Madeleine, and received her authorisation to inform his father of their mutual love, with its brief episode of hopelessness and self-renunciation, and its present exceeding blissfulness. How and when a similar communication would be made to Mr. Kindersley, I did not know, but I had no doubt of the spirit in which it would be received.

"In my practical way, I pleased myself with speculations about the amount of Mr. Dwarris's newly-acquired fortune, and the proportions in which he would divide it between his son and daughter, the manner in which their future lives would be arranged, and the shifting of scenes which would become immediately imminent. I thought of what Audrey had said about the Dingle House with pleasure. The love of old associations is a respectable note of character, and I was glad to see that no sudden impulse to change the old life for new ways had come to the girl. Griffith and his wife would doubtless take wing, and make a new home among other scenes and surroundings; but Audrey and her husband would, I hoped, remain with Mr. Dwarris at the Dingle House. If ever a man existed in whose case such an arrangement might be expected to work well, Frank Lester was that man.

"I had been occupied for a long time with my letter to my brother, and had congratulated him frankly upon the clear-sightedness which he had shown with respect to Madeleine, and myself upon the fact that he had resisted my well-meant persuasion to fall in love with her, and was about to turn my mind from the subject, and settle down to a long day's solitary reading, when a verbal message from Mr. Dwarris was brought to me. It was to ask whether I should be at home and disengaged during the afternoon. I replied in the affirmative, and felt rather at a loss to account for this derangement of my notions of exactly how things were to fall out, during the twenty-four hours which had elapsed since Audrey had left me on the previous day. That Griffith had seen Madeleine and told all to his father, I felt assured; and my expectation had been that an invitation to go to the Dingle House in the evening would have reached me. Mr. Dwarris's message, on the contrary, implied a visit from himself, and it puzzled me. Perhaps the two couples of betrothed lovers were going to Beech Lawn for the evening, and Mr. Dwarris, in the unusual elation of his

spirits, felt inclined for the slight innovation upon his habits implied in coming to Despard Court after his early dinner. I would coax him into a quiet evening of tea and chess.

"The time passed pleasantly, as I read and thought by turns, and it was six o'clock before Mr. Dwarris arrived. My first glance at his face gave me a start. I had often seen pain in it before. The refined features and pensive eyes were very expressive; but I had never before seen struggle; I had never before seen such strong emotion as one almost ceases to regard as being possible to the old. But struggle and strong emotion were there now; and I could not disguise that I saw them.

"Mr. Dwarris,' I said, 'there's something wrong?'

"No—no, indeed; there is nothing wrong—only it has upset me a little. There is news of the ship!"

"I sat down again in the chair from which I had just risen, my mind in a turmoil which rendered me speechless. Like a flash of lightning revealing every accident of a landscape, the announcement laid bare before me the reverse of the hopes which for a few hours had shone so brightly. When I heard all that Mr. Dwarris could tell me, I had not a more perfect understanding of the whole case than the instant after he uttered the words: 'There is news of the ship!'

"What news? Of its safety?"

"No, unhappily," replied Mr. Dwarris, 'there is not unalloyed good in the intelligence. The ship was burnt at sea, at no very great distance from the Falkland Isles; but one boatful of passengers was saved by a passing ship.'

"He paused.

"And your friends?"

"Mrs. Pemberton was not among the saved. Ida was—— But you shall read the letter I have received.'

"It came this morning?"

"Yes."

"Do they know?"

"Audrey and Griffith? They do not. I happened to be on the lawn when the postman came; there was no other letter. I read it in my own room, and said nothing of it. I wished to see you first.'

"Have you had any particular conversation with Griffith?" I asked the question inconsiderately, and was sorry for it the instant the words had passed my lips, but he did not notice them particularly.

"No," he said, absently looking at the letter in his hand. 'Griffith and Audrey dined at Beech Lawn; an unexpected affair. Madeleine sent for Audrey after she left you yesterday. I was glad to have the evening to myself; there was so much I wanted to think over, and I had several letters to write. Happily, they are only written, not despatched.'

"There was a kind of terror over me. I longed to see the letter, I hesitated to ask him for it. He roused himself: 'Of course, you know,' he said, 'that the only thing which causes me the smallest regret—of a personal kind, I mean: there is plenty to regret otherwise—is that I had told them. If I had kept silence a little longer, they need never have been exposed to the trial, which, while human nature is human, this must be to them.'

"He handed me the letter.

"It was directed in a woman's hand, rather neat and precise, but, to accustomed eyes, easily to be recognised as not that of a lady. Mr. Dwarris stood on the hearth-rug with folded arms, while I was reading the following lines, which were dated from a hotel at Plymouth:

"SIR,—I am directed by Miss Ida Pemberton to write to you, as she is at present unable to do so. She thinks it probable that you have for some time believed her to have been lost in the ship Albatross, by which she sailed from Sydney, New South Wales; and which was burnt, at some distance from the Falkland Isles, after a prosperous voyage so far. Miss Pemberton, the infant son of Mrs. Pemberton and myself, were saved, of our party, but the child did not survive. He died on the fifteenth day after we were landed at West Falkland, where we were most kindly received by the authorities. We had escaped from the ship in the only boat which kept afloat, and were speedily picked up by an outward-bound vessel, the Labrador, going to Valparaiso. The captain consented to steer for the Falkland Islands, and landed us all there. We had witnessed the total destruction of the Albatross, and there could not be any hope for those who remained on board. Miss Pemberton was very ill during the time that we were at the Falkland Islands, waiting for a ship to bring us home; the death of her infant brother affected her extremely; and she had not regained her strength when the Collingwood, homeward bound, arrived at the island. She, however, preferred sailing in the Collingwood to being detained longer. Captain Telbin, of the Colling-

wood, would have written to you on our arrival, but Miss Pemberton was anxious that the first intelligence of her safety should reach you from herself. She has suffered a good deal during the voyage, and is weak and unable to write; but she has dictated this letter to me, and she desires me to add that she is most anxious to hear from you. She would have gone on at once to Wrottesley, in pursuance of what she knows would have been Mrs. Pemberton's wish, but that she feels unequal, just yet, to the journey, and prefers to await your instructions. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
BESSY WEST.

"I read this document twice through, before I made any comment upon it. It thoroughly displeased me.

"A most extraordinary letter, I think," I then observed; "so cold, measured, and constrained."

"It is dictated, you must remember."

"Yes, but she might have dictated something more expansive and spontaneous. Not a mention of her cousins; not a word like feeling that she is coming home; not even an emphatic allusion to her life being saved! I certainly should have liked this good news to have come in another form. But good news it is, and must be received as such."

"I do not think I said these words with all my heart, but at least I tried so to say them."

"And for the sad part of the letter—the confirmation of Mrs. Pemberton's death—perhaps that is not so very sad. The little child indeed!"

"Ah yes," said Mr. Dwarris, mournfully, "that is sad indeed. It would have been such an interest, such a delight for Ida; and it is so unfortunate that it has not lived, for other reasons. She will be much too well off."

"I thought of that other brother and sister whose respective shares in that very fortune I had been settling so much to my own satisfaction so short a time ago; and the thought had a very keen pang in it. Was he thinking of them also? I felt sure he was, and I traced the course and force of the mental struggle which his face betrayed."

"Neither of us spoke for a little while. At length, Mr. Dwarris extended his hand for the letter, and, glancing over it, said:

"Lady Olive, I want your advice. What is to be done?"

"About telling Griffith and Audrey what has happened?"

"No, not that, exactly. I should shrink

from that if I could have any doubt of how they will feel. But I have none. They will be as unfeignedly rejoiced as they would have been at any moment before they knew anything about Mrs. Pemberton's will. I am sorry to have led them for even a few hours into a fool's paradise; but I am not afraid of my children. They will never disappoint me. They shall know to-night. But I want to advise with you about what is to be done with respect to Ida's journey hither. It will not do to send Griffith to bring her home, now that she must come alone, poor child; and I am too much of a recluse to undertake the arrangements for the journey of a young lady who is also an invalid. Besides, she may not be able to leave Plymouth for some days yet; but whoever is to go to her ought to be sent off without delay. Though her cold letter does not look like it, she is probably very nervous and anxious to find herself with her own kinsfolk, and she must not be kept in suspense. Would it be well that Audrey and Griffith should both go to her?"

"I think not. You must not be left alone, especially for an uncertain time, and Audrey would not know what to do. I will solve the difficulty, if you will let me. I will go to Plymouth, and bring your niece back with me. Griffith shall escort me, of course, and, as we are all equally strangers to Miss Pemberton, it will not make any difference to her that she is first greeted by one stranger rather than another."

"With the habitual straightforwardness of his character, Mr. Dwarris, while assuring me that he never could have expected such an offer on my part, and that it was an immense relief to him, accepted it at once, and it was agreed that he should write to his niece, and announce the arrival of myself and Griffith for three days hence. I was very glad to undertake this office for my kind and dear old friend; to whom it had become difficult of late to realise that anybody could be so constituted as to find travelling a considerable distance at short notice no trouble or inconvenience at all; and it was all the less troublesome to me that Barr was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Plymouth just then. I was not quite sure where he was; Barr was the vaguest of mortals, and meandered in the strangest way; but I could find out, and he might be able to join me at Plymouth."

"Our arrangements made, we fell to talking quite frankly of the brief past,

during which it had seemed that fortune was smiling on Mr. Dwarris.

"It was very unlucky," he said, "because Griffith has no doubt been making plans for his future—there is plenty of time to do a great deal of castle building in a day, at his age. But he is brave and simple, and the disappointment will not be deep. The strife in my own mind—of course for their sake—has ceased since I have been talking to you. Thank God, I can feel as grateful for the one that is left, as sorry for those who are gone—for poor John Pemberton's wife and child—as if the event had not involved any personal consequences whatever to myself. The very precipitancy I have to regret has an element of good in it, in the light it will shed on the characters of my son and daughter."

"Griffith had not told his father anything about Madeleine—thus ran my thoughts while Mr. Dwarris was speaking. What if he should not tell him now? What if Mr. Dwarris were never to be aware of the depth and bitterness of his son's disappointment. What if his father should be unable to see in all its brightness the light which these occurrences shed upon the character of his son?"

"I have thought more, since this morning, than I had ever thought before," said Mr. Dwarris, "about poor John Pemberton's notion."

"Of a marriage between the cousins? I remember it well. But I must say I do not think it will be."

"I was not about to forestall Griffith's confidence, if indeed he should now disclose the truth to his father; I was about to divert Mr. Dwarris from the idea that this solution was probable, by a different process."

"And why, Lady Olive?"

"For a reason which is in itself a disappointment. Because I do not think the girl who dictated such a letter as the one we have just been considering, under the circumstances, can be a girl likely to attract Griffith. She must be very unlike her cousins, or her letter must be very unlike herself."

"Mr. Dwarris looked troubled; as he rose and paced the room in his customary attitude, with his head bent, and his arms behind his back.

"I asked you why you looked upon the realisation of Mr. Pemberton's project as so improbable, because I did not know how you were regarding it. I was about

of its vanity, by the revival of the meaning and importance of Mrs. Pemberton's letter to me, which you have not seen. Lady Olive, the charge of my niece will be a more serious responsibility than it seems."

"Indeed. Does the letter—the enclosure marked No. II., which you speak of, lead you to expect that?"

"It makes it quite plain. You will have to help me, my good friend, more than ever you help me now in everything. I wonder whether the responsibility of looking after a young girl's welfare, and securing her future, was ever confided to hands more incompetent than mine?"

"And Audrey, whom you have had just such a charge of—what about your incompetency there?"

"Audrey is my own child, and neither a beauty nor an heiress. In her life there has not been, and in all human probability there never will be, what people call "a story." Her simple and quiet life is like her simple and quiet mind; but this young girl who is coming home to us is evidently of quite another disposition, and has already known much of the tragedy of life. You must feel that mine is a difficult task, at least that I cannot anticipate it without some mingiving."

"Naturally; but you will be helped."

"At this moment, Frank Lester was announced."

"I came on here," he said, "from the Dingle House, hoping to find you, sir; feeling sure you had not seen this, as Griffith and I saw it only an hour ago. There is news of the ship!"

"He held out a newspaper to Mr. Dwarris, indicating a short paragraph, in which it was announced that the fears entertained for the safety of the Albatross were confirmed by the arrival at Plymouth of the Collingwood, with a small number of the passengers by the ill-fated Albatross on board. The names were given, and it was briefly stated that the Albatross had been burned at sea.

"This is good news, sir," he continued; "though only one remains; still, in comparison with what we believed until yesterday—Poor girl, what must she not have gone through!"

"Thank you for coming, Lester," said Mr. Dwarris. "I had heard of this, but wanted to consult Lady Olive. And you say Griffith has seen this?"

"Yes, and he is delighted of course. He and I and Mr. Conybeare and Audrey, all know the news; and Audrey was so

immediately to Beech Lawn, to tell Miss Kindersley. And indeed that is part of my business here, to tell you that she will probably stay there, as Mr. Kindersley dines out—so one of the innumerable notes from Miss Kindersley informs her—and that, if she does, Griffith and I are to go and fetch her.

“He looked at me while he said this, and I understood the look. These good children, who were fully justifying their father’s belief in their integrity of heart and conduct, were doing more than he knew or dreamed of. They had resolved to conceal from him the extent of the overthrow of the brief hopes which had been raised by his disclosure. I recalled Griffith’s words to me, spoken so lately, with a great pang of grief for him.

“‘That will do very well,’ said Mr. Dwarris.

“‘You say you knew this already, sir?’

“Yes, I received this letter, this morning.’

“Mr. Dwarris gave the letter to Frank Lester, and there was silence while he read it, and I watched his face for the impression which I felt convinced it would produce upon him. It did produce exactly the impression I expected, but he kept it to himself.

“‘Poor girl,’ he said; ‘what a terrible experience, and what a sad coming home! And now, what’s to be done?’

“‘That is what I came to consult Lady Olive upon.’

“I knew Mr. Dwarris so well, that I was perfectly aware that he had marked Frank Lester’s manner, tone, and look, and that he recognised his entire frankness and genuineness. Not a word was said between the old man and the young one concerning the difference which this intelligence had made in an hour; but Frank Lester knew well why the father had hesitated to tell the children, and how effectually every cause of hesitation had been removed. Beyond the few words, of course, when Frank Lester came into the room, I had not said anything, and I now explained to him what Mr. Dwarris and I had arranged.

“‘A capital plan,’ he said, when he had heard me to the end, ‘and eminently satisfactory to Lord Barr. I can tell you exactly where he is, if he has not written

to you for a few days, for I heard from him this morning.’

“Then Frank Lester went away, and Mr. Dwarris and I resumed our conversation.

“‘It is a relief that they know the news,’ said Mr. Dwarris, ‘without my having to tell it them.’

“‘Audrey has, no doubt, already resumed all her plans for the welcoming of her cousin. Of course, as she comes alone, the poor girl will live at the Dingle House for good?’

“‘If she were a poor girl, in the ordinary sense of the word, there would be no difficulty in answering your question; but as she is a rich girl, it is not easy. Time must settle that and other matters.’

“Notwithstanding the deep shade of anxiety which occasionally crossed his face, Mr. Dwarris was cheerful all the evening, and played several games of chess with his usual skill. I took the task of replying to his niece’s letter upon myself, and wrote a few lines of congratulation and welcome, bidding her look for the arrival of her cousin, accompanied by myself in the capacity of an intimate friend of the family. When Mr. Dwarris left me, he had more visibly than ever to my mind the stamp of failure upon his face and figure. I learned long afterwards that Audrey, whom I should not have credited with such keenness of observation, had always been impressed by that sense with regard to her father, and how much it had aided to endear him to his children.

“I had written to Ida Pemberton herself, and it was not until after Mr. Dwarris had left me that it occurred to me that it did not clearly appear who Bessy West, who wrote by her desire and dictation, was. A passenger by the Albacross, and not a lady; these were the two facts which her letter revealed. She was probably a personal attendant of Miss Pemberton’s; this, which was the correct, was my ultimate, conclusion. So the night came and found me thinking of my friends. The night before had found me thinking of them. But with a difference as great as that between Alnaschar when he leaned against the wall with his basket of glass at his foot, and Alnaschar when the contents of the basket lay shattered on the ground.”

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXX. PHOEBE FINDS A FRIEND.

TOWARDS evening, as Tom Dawson was sauntering towards his hotel, he came upon that pleasant nobleman, Lord Garterley, who often "ran over," at a day's notice, to have a week's enjoyment. Here, again, he was pressed to join a "little dinner," which, however, he declined, as he honestly declared later to a friend that "it was absurd going abroad to dine with people whom you could dine with at home any day." He, however, gave Lord Garterley his arm "for half a boulevard or so," during which time, in answer to the friendly question of "How is our little bit of Chelsea at home getting on?" he was able to tell him how matters stood.

"It can't be, and shan't be," said Tom, "and there's an end of it. If it's not given up I'll put it into Viscount Galons' hands, and make it a small-sword business. Men can't shirk out of these things here the way they do in England."

Lord Garterley listened with much interest, and declared that he would do his best to co-operate. "I am staying at the Bristol also," he said, "and can put in my word."

On parting, however, with his friend, Lord Garterley grew thoughtful, and a smile came upon his large mouth. He was rather a humorous old nobleman, and loved what he called a bit of comedy for its own sake. He had nothing to do at that time, and he could not resist carrying out a little scheme that had come into his head.

That very evening Lord Garterley talked

to Mr. Pringle, whom he found in the most desponding state, and with whom he condoled.

"I confess," he said, artfully, "I did not expect that you would behave in this way to our Phoebe—a charming little creature that might be a duke's wife. You were pledged to her in the most solemn way, and if she withers and pines, and perhaps dies, you will feel—well—more than uncomfortable. It seems like a moral murder."

"But what am I to do?" said the other, piteously. "Every one wants to force me into this business; my own people—and this—this—"

"This tremendous family, you would say, who are not to be trifled with physically? I must say people rather wonder at your taste. This woman—for she is no girl—who has been offered to half a hundred men, would throw you over to-morrow if something better offered. In fact, I believe at this moment they would be glad to put you aside for another person, whom I know pretty well."

Mr. Pringle listened eagerly, and with some wonder, at these promptings. Again he asked what was he to do? how was a man to act, worried and persecuted in this way on all sides?

"Do?" said Lord Garterley; "why, are you not pledged to this young girl? You must do the right thing, of course. I will be glad to help you if I can."

The good-natured old lord had taken a prodigious fancy to Phoebe, and had actually formed a hazy notion of putting her down in his will for a small legacy—a plan he was always forming with respect to his temporary favourites, and which amused him: so after walking about

the gay streets for some time with a smile, he came to a certain resolution. In his early days he had been an *attaché* in this very city, and had acquired a taste for treating ordinary social matters with a diplomatic finesse; and now he was not disinclined to see if his old talent had rusted. "I'll try it," he said to himself as he entered the Bristol, and, to the amazement of the Baddeleys, with whom he had been on the coldest terms, paid them a visit. There was a twinkle in his eye that might have been taken to mean mischief.

He was received with genuine welcome, for he was associated with a cherished pursuit. Without much preface, he entered on the subject of the marriage, in a gay, good-humoured way that hovered between jest and earnest. He was full of compliments to the bride.

"Ah!" he said suddenly, "what an inconstant young lady. My poor nephew—no one thinks what is become of him. But I suppose that is an old story now."

The future bride cast down her eyes and tried to look embarrassed.

The mother shook her head; then added, in a mysterious half-whisper, "The poor child," she said; "it was a great, a terrible struggle."

Lady Baddeley here worked the portable signal-post with which she communicated with her daughters in presence of company, and the young ladies retired.

"Poor Jack will take it to heart, I am sure," he said. "You know I always opposed the matter for reasons of my own. But now that the thing is settled I may say I admired his constancy, and I declare I don't know but that in time he might have softened me."

Lady Baddeley started, and felt a sort of pang at her heart. She then began to be very confidential with her visitor—there was a time when she used to call him "my dear creature"—and with an overpowering confidence began to pour out all her difficulties and distresses, saying that poor Florence was distracted and scarcely got any sleep of nights, that she was being sacrificed, that poor girls must be married, and were not entitled to have any feelings. Then she went off into some artful inquiries as to the lover: where was he? what was he doing? &c. But the old peer could not be got to say more than that it was a pity that young people could not be happy in their own way; and that he didn't know but that in

time he might have been glad to see any young folks made happy.

When the lover arrived on his "parade" visit he was astonished to find the results of this call exhibited a little curiously. The family were rather silent. The effect of his own difficulties had been to make him moody and "put him out." He was, in fact, all the time casting about in his mind for some opportunity of expressing discontent with things in general. Indeed, as we have seen, the family, once the matter had been finally arranged, began to treat him with a friendly brusqueness and lack of ceremony which he did not relish. Lady Baddeley had at once proceeded, with the slang phrase of her own son, "to come the mother-in-law," which she did with a power that there was no resisting. She quite put him aside, and outside of her arrangements.

On this occasion the floor of the saloon at the Bristol was covered with open trunks, from which materials of dresses overflowed. One of Mr. Wörth's agents had just gone away, and indeed the family were embarked on the anxieties and troubles of ordering a complete trousseau from that artist. The cost of this luxury the Baddeley family would be quite unequal to discharging; but the lady had required that a large sum in hand, under the denomination of outfit, should be handed over to the young people. After they were once married, as Lady Baddeley remarked, it did not much matter, as of course the young man must pay for them, if the account was not discharged before.

"Now, my good friend," said her ladyship, "what do you want? Don't you see we are up to our eyes in work? You are only in the way here."

In his present mood he did not relish this tone, and answered, "When these things will have to be paid for, you will be perhaps glad that I should be in the way."

The answer was an amused stare.

"Why, of course. I suppose you would wish your wife to be properly dressed? By the way," and Lady Baddeley only thought of the idea that instant, "we may have to put off the wedding. Nothing is ready, and it will take weeks to get things into order."

Here was a reprieve. But he was in ill-humour. This was a cavalier mode of doing things without consulting him, as though he were a mere cipher.

"You seem to settle all these things any way you like," he said. "All my

arrangements are made; I cannot be running about the Continent this way, backwards and forwards. It's really most——"

"It can't be helped," said the lady, shortly. "You mustn't lose your temper about trifles, or you will make Florence's life unhappy. But, at any rate, that's settled, and you must not worry us now."

When Mr. Pringle was alone, and in the street, the sense of his indignities worked on him; and in the evening he made his appearance again, having prepared some speeches of the most cutting description, this contemptuous setting him aside rankling very deep in his breast. But at the same time it suddenly dawned on him that here was a prospect of release from all his embarrassments. Thus the subject of his wrongs might be fairly developed into a coolness or quarrel; and he might be so much hurt and offended, as to find sufficient ground for withdrawing altogether. Flashed with this idea, he returned.

"I have come," he said, "to say that I don't understand all this chopping and changing about. It's really not respectful to me. It would really be better, if you are not satisfied with the affair, to——"

"To what?" said Lady Baddeley, turning the full grenadier front upon him, and fixing him with her eye of battle.

Mr. Pringle did not relish the challenge, so he shaped his phrase, "Oh, to settle it one way or the other."

The lady looked at him as though he were a child, and then said, soothingly, "Now don't talk nonsense, but go and take Florence for a walk."

That lady had a very disagreeable pronenade. The fact was, at that moment, a letter was being written to a confidential agent in town, who was to seek out, and sound the former pretendant; and thus something tangible might be arranged. But the lady who was conducting the intrigue knew too well the comparative value of lovers in the hand, as compared with those in the bush; and from previous skirmishes, in which she had had the worst, she also knew that Lord Garterley could be as diplomatic as herself. She was determined that there should be no rupture of the present arrangement until the new one was perfected. Nothing, however, could be done with Lord Garterley, and nothing more decisive extracted from him than what he had said on the first visit. Yet nothing could induce her to commit herself, as he wished her to

do, by declaring that she would break off, or wished to break off, with the Pringles. The whole was certainly a rather cynical specimen of the principles that directed this family.

Meanwhile matters were to be very much complicated by the sudden arrival of the old lover, a Mr. Melville, who, to the great embarrassment of the family, flew to the Bristol Hotel, and was there discovered by the regular fiancé on one of his parade visits. It would require something approaching to genius to keep two salmon in play without breaking one line at least; and this was akin to the feat that Lady Baddeley was called on to perform. The poor, devoted Phoebe, far away in her lonely London rooms, little imagined of what a tangled intrigue she was the centre.

When the new-comer had gone, Mr. Pringle testily asked who he was, and, with some infatuation, the too crafty lady, taken by surprise, declared "that it was only an old friend." He was somewhat pertinacious, when he was answered, "Really, you are very curious. One of the girls' partners—there." Unfortunately he met Lord Garterley within an hour or two, to whom he mentioned that he had left Mr. Melville with them.

"What!" cried the peer, in genuine astonishment, "they have got him over, have they? Well, I declare, after that!"

He then asked the young man, "Was it possible he did not know of the transaction?" and with much enjoyment proceeded to put him in possession of all the facts of the curious incident.

Mr. Pringle hurried back, burning with eagerness to test or catch the family in a trap, for his, as will have been long since seen, was a mind of a very petty description. There was something malicious in his eyes that might have warned the party that mischief was coming. He brought the subject about again in a rather clumsy fashion that might have warned them of the danger.

"Your friend," he asked, "what has become of him?"

It was seen that he was suspicious, and the junior ladies fell eagerly to soothing him.

"I see," he said, artfully smiling, "a partner at the balls."

"Exactly," said the youngest, who had latterly grown alarmed at certain symptoms of instability she had observed, "only a ball-room acquaintance—there."

"I see," he said; "so that's the story, is it? I'm to be humbugged and hoodwinked in this style. But I know more than you think I do."

"Oh!" said the eldest, desperately trying to repair the situation, "he means Mr. Melville—your old beau, Florence."

"That won't do," he said, scornfully, "though very clever, as you think. I have no confidence in what you say. It's most disrespectful to treat me in that style."

At this juncture arrived Lady Baddeley, as it were charging to restore the day so hopelessly compromised by her girls.

"Oh! what nonsense you go on with!" she cried; "we are not going back into all that. What if he were an old lover?"

"What! You suppressed all that from me?"

"Florence, darling, he is jealous already! You ought to be flattered, darling."

"Oh! that is very clever, but it won't do. You are now trying to catch him, and keep me on at the same time."

"Keep you on? Sir, are you not the affianced husband of my daughter?"

"But I give it up. I break it all off now. After being deceived in this way, I would not wish to be connected with you. Mind, it is all at an end now, I give you notice."

Lady Baddeley actually laughed. "This is very droll," she said, "but in very bad taste. It won't succeed. Though you may not know your own mind with other people, that won't do with our family."

But he had his back to the wall, as it were, and could be defiant.

"But it must do!" he said. "I have made up my mind. You deceived me, and did not tell the truth when I asked you; and now you are trying to keep me and this other man on together. I know the game."

Lady Baddeley turned pale—the first time for many years.

"Leave our room, sir!" she said. "This is now become a matter for my lord to deal with."

Mr. Pringle had thus burned his boats; and, packing up his things, fled, rather ignominiously, it must be said, from Paris.

CHAPTER XXXI. "HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.

WITHIN a week the fashionable newspapers had the story—mysteriously veiled, as is their wont, though everyone could understand. Everyone agreed that the Baddeleys had been "infamously treated," though everyone seemed to find more amusement

than sympathy in this adventure. Many thought it "uncommon good," and really enjoyed the fact that the family should have met with such a repulse. Nothing indeed more awkward could be imagined, or more damaging to the prospects of the girls, whose remaining chances, like the Sibyls' books, became more precious in an increasing ratio as the preceding ones were destroyed, and as the time for action grew shorter.

Now the rescued Mr. Pringle was back in London—free, emancipated. Yet such was his fitfulness and uncertainty, that he almost at once began to doubt whether he had not been too hasty. The advantages began to present themselves in a very tempting way. There was the connection—an earl's son-in-law. The good society and the dignity of the wife—Mr. and Lady Florence Pringle sounded very melodiously. In fact he was the most purposeless, irresolute, undisciplined of beings; a perfect creature of impulse, a miracle of helpless indecision. Nearly everyone, however, after balancing between two courses, always reverts with regret to the one rejected as being, after all, the most advantageous. In the same degree, too, as he thought of the flattering intimacy with the Baddeleys thus rudely terminated, Phoebe and her surroundings seemed to become invested with a certain homeliness and even squalor. In short he was wretched again, and did not know what to do.

But when he arrived at the Berkeley-square mansion, and had to confront his family, the scene was of the most stormy description. All the worst passions were roused, and Sam Pringle's rage was beyond bounds. "Our hound, low puppy," were the epithets launched at the head of his son; for Sam had grown insolent with the possession of money and estate, and tyrannised over all about him, save, perhaps, the butler (from Lord Mount St. Michael's) and the housekeeper. Their presence, economy of words, and, perhaps, contemptuous indifference, awed him.

The son bore these attacks sulkily, with such answers as that he "was old enough to do as he liked."

"Then you may get as old as you like, and do as you like, you low whelp, you! But you shan't have my money or estates to do as you like with. You like to grovel in the mud. You were always low. I'll be respected. I'll have my wishes carried out. Breeding up paupers, indeed!" Then in a low, soft voice, "What is it, Batta?"

The butler from Lord Mount St. Michael's was standing at the door, not apparently listening; though, as it were, accidentally present at this unbecoming scene.

"About the dinner to-day, sir," said Batts, respectfully.

"Yes, Batts, by-and-by. There, I dare say Batts, who has lived with the best families, has never heard of such a thing in all his experience—eh, Batts?"

"Oh, I say, I don't want the opinion of a fellow like that," said the young man, angrily.

The butler from Lord Mount St. Michael's was in an awkward position between the compliment on one side and the insult on the other. But he disposed of the matter with dignity:

"I ain't in your service, sir," he replied, "so take no notice of the remark. By-and-by you will learn to be less free with your 'fellers.' Ten or twelve to dinner, sir?" He then retired.

"Now look here, sir," said Sam Pringle, "if there be any of the old game with that woman Dawson and her chit of a girl, I'll make an example of you. You may both go begging, or sing ballads about the streets, before you get a farthing from me. You shall do as I like, or——"

The young man dutifully said that he would do as he liked. And thus the edifying controversy went on, old Sam Pringle being one of those weak but noisy persons who think that to have the last word, or to cause their guns to make more noise than those of the enemy, amounts to victory.

All this time Mr. Pringle kept putting off that visit to Phoebe, which he felt that he ought to make. It was certainly awkward, as he hardly knew what to say. That little heroine had now become associated with all that was disagreeable and annoying. He vowed to himself that, if he ever were extricated from his amatory difficulties, he would keep clear of flirtation for the future.

During these days Phoebe had been hoping, wondering, and, it must be said, beginning to pine, for the conviction was coming home to her that she had been deserted and forgotten. Her mother's collection of artifices and excuses had been exhausted day by day, as no news came from Tom, who never wrote to his relations; and the poor child was now so agitated and flurried, that she determined for once to act independently, and discover for herself the true state of things. It was with this view that she began to send

out and purchase those papers of fashion to which her mother had purposely discontinued subscribing, and began to search those abundantly-communicative chronicles for what would be interesting to her.

Her mother was lying down in the room next the drawing-room, taking her fore-dinner nap, when she was aroused by a cry, and, rushing in, found her daughter with the fatal newspaper in her hand which announced the arrival of the Baddeley family at the Bristol for the purpose of celebrating the marriage of the Lady Florence Croope with Alfred Pringle, Esq., &c. For the next week or two broughams dark and shining were drawn up in front of the house, Mrs. Dawson, when her child was concerned, always turning on the medical relief in gushing streams, as it were.

The illness was not of a serious kind; it was the shock that affected the slight and tender Phoebe. It was as though she had received some knock-down blow; and, when she began to recover, she felt like one stunned. Her anxious mother, who was as impulsive as one of the lower Celts in the great cities, did not think so much of the child's illness as of vengeance against the cause of it, and filled the air with angry denunciations. In vain she despatched telegrams and letters to Paris, imploring for some information. The letters were unopened, for Tom, knowing the "governess's" handwriting, as usual, putting off perusal. The telegrams, too, which he expected were on racing matters; when the name of Phoebe met his eye, he assumed them to be "more of the governess's bothering;" and they met the same treatment. When Tom, therefore, returned at his own time, he was met with a tearful and reproachful greeting.

"Why didn't you come? Why didn't you write? Poor, darling Phoebe has been at death's door."

"How was I to know?" was Tom's plain answer. "But it's all right. The match is off."

"What!" cried the delighted parent. "Do you mean with the Baddeleys?"

She knew enough of Tom's rather incoherent way of mixing up sporting matters with other subjects to put this question.

"Yes," said her son; "I told you I'd do it. So out with your fiver."

"God bless you, Tom! What news! But we must be cautious in telling her. And how did you manage it?"

"But hasn't the fellow been here?" said Tom. "I hope he's not still shirking. No matter, I'll send him up."

Then Tom proceeded to unfold what had occurred—very modestly, too—as though it were merely the result of natural causes; and he wound up with the declaration:

"I declare, I wouldn't have him at any price; for of all the poor, pitiful curs I ever met with, he's one. He don't know his own mind for two minutes together. You can turn and drive him like a spaniel."

"That's no matter," said the delighted mother; "you're the cleverest fellow in the world, Tom, and I'm proud of you."

The matron, later on, proceeded to the delicate task of breaking the news to Phoebe, which she did with much skill—throwing a sort of hasiness over the Baddeley engagement, as though it had been all the time something unfinished and incomplete; bursting into praises of the young man whose constancy had been invincible, and who had, at last, when driven to the wall, as it were, burst loose and set father, mother, and all the Baddeleys at defiance. Here he was now, returned, and ready to cast himself at her feet. What loving girl could resist this picture! The colour came back to Phoebe's cheeks even as her mother talked. In the familiar phrase, all was forgotten and forgiven.

The lover, to use a title of pure courtesy, was, as we have seen, not exactly in a mood that corresponded with these sentiments. He was being goaded to distraction by the reproaches of his parents and the coarse vituperation of old Sam. His mother, however, who had prudence, had now reached the stage when she began to think whether the mischief could not be repaired to some extent. After all, the Baddeleys were sensible people, and would do anything to repair a scandal, and patch up the damage which the family's social reputation had sustained. She therefore began to think whether negotiations could not be opened with this view—even a rush to Paris by that night's express was in her mind. But in the midst of the debate the distracted young man found the inflexible Tom beside him, whom he had now begun to regard with the feeling which Frankenstein entertained towards the monster he had created—it really approached hatred.

"What do you want with me now?" he cried impatiently; "I can't see you."

Tom put his arm in his, and called a hansom cab.

"You have not been to see Phoebe," he said, "and you here so long! Why, what a weathercock you are."

"Oh! I am no child or schoolboy to be lectured and bullied in this way," he said.

"Do you suppose I can put up with this?"

"The poor child has been near dying," said Tom, gravely, "owing to your behaviour. That's not like a child or schoolboy. Come, I don't want to bully you, as you call it. But you shall come off and see her."

"I can't now," said the other, doggedly.

"Now look here," said Tom, slowly, "do you see those two men there, Hodgkinson and Pratt-Hawkins?—if you don't come, they'll have a story to tell that will be all over the clubs before two hours." There was a pause. "Come, my dear fellow. Get in, there's a good lad. It's only a visit of charity."

Thus pressed, Mr. Pringle did get in, and the hansom cab drove off.

Tom was an invaluable brother, and it was a pity that the Baddeley girls had not such a relative to protect and forward their interests; but, unfortunately, with all his sagacity, he did not stop to reflect that a man thus "driven" was not likely to prove the most amiable of companions to the person who was forced to accept him. He made no account of the humiliation and mortification which this compulsion would inflict on the victim of it, and on the danger to which it hereafter exposed the poor and helpless Phoebe. As it was, Mr. Pringle could only look for satisfaction to the future time, and might have used an expression of Molière's, "You would have it, George Dandin," though he was not familiar with the writings of the great humorist. With a person of resolute will able to do battle for herself, this would have made little difference, but with one like Phoebe the prospect was of the most disheartening kind. Luckily that gay and careless nature did not forecast any such trouble.

FOUR CHAPTERS ON LACE.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORIANS and bibliographers—the romancists and Dry-as-Dusts of Laceland—have had many a hard fight over the comparative antiquity of needle-point and pillow-lace. The slender texture of actual fact has been filled in with flowers of con-

jecture, until the seeker for truth stands aghast at the mass of conflicting testimony. So far as can be ascertained, the origin of the two manufactures—destined to become closely united—was quite independent. Point sprang from the "laciis," and was simply a development of early needlework, while pillow-lace grew from the old art of "passementerie"—the art and mystery of making edgings and trimmings of woollen and silk, gold and silver, linen and cotton—surviving to our own day in the form of gold and silver lace, and the curious worsted trimming which adorns the coat of "Jeames" and the hammer-cloth of his master's carriage. In Italy and France one of the principal ingredients of trimming, like the haberdashery or curtain laces of the present day, was the "guipure," or gimp, defined as a cord, or thread, of gold, silver, or woollen, strengthened and stiffened by another thread wound tightly over it. From this manufacture arose that of the pillow or bobbin-lace, carried to high perfection in Flanders and Italy, and imitated in other countries with greater or less success. The enormous cost of needle-point lace has, in all times, restricted its use to the very rich; while the pillow-lace, from its more rapid manufacture, has been spread over a far wider area. The method of making bobbin, or pillow-lace, is so well known that it hardly needs description. On a revolving cylinder, forming part of a cushion, the pattern is pricked out with innumerable pins, around which the workwomen twist the threads rolled upon the bobbins. These bobbins were originally sometimes of bone, whence the absurd term "bone-point," applied to raised Venetian and Spanish lace; but latterly they have been almost invariably made of wood.

Wherever the art of making bobbin-lace was invented, Flanders is unquestionably the country where it has reached the highest perfection. The old Flemish pillow-laces are of great beauty. One description, with a ground-work like the famous "réseau rosacé" of Alençon, is called Trolle Kant, a name rendered in our lace counties as Trolly. It has already been mentioned that in French works the term "Angleterre," as applied to lace, signifies the beautiful products of Brabant. Its application came about in this wise: In 1662 the English Parliament—like Colbert at a later date in France—became alarmed at the sums of money spent on foreign lace, and, desirous to protect the

English lace manufacture, passed an Act prohibiting its importation. In those days the science of political economy did not exist, and politicians groaned over money "going out of the country." This appeared an unmixed evil to Colbert, who established prohibitive duties and created a new industry to prevent it; and we find comparatively recent writers complaining that, in 1768, England received from Flanders lace-work to the value of a quarter of a million sterling, to her "great disadvantage." Now the court of the Merry Monarch required fine lace, much finer than that produced in England, and a difficulty arose as to the supply. To meet it the English lace-merchants invited Flemish lace-makers to settle in this country, and there establish their manufactures. Not being "nursed" by royal hands, like the Alençon venture, the English scheme proved unsuccessful. England did not produce the necessary flax, and the lace made was of an inferior quality. This was unfortunate; for Rochester and Buckingham, Killigrew and handsome Jack Churchill, not to mention my Lady Castlemaine, absolutely required lace. When people like Lady Castlemaine want anything their wants are generally supplied, and so it fell out in the case under consideration. Lace must be had; but how? The mercantile mind was equal to the emergency. English gold purchased the choicest laces in the Brussels market, which were then smuggled over to England, sold under the name of "point d'Angleterre," and re-smuggled into France. That the business was pretty extensive may be gathered from the account of the seizure made by the Marquis de Nesmond of a vessel laden with Flanders lace, bound for England, in 1678. The cargo comprised three-quarters of a million ells of lace, without enumerating handkerchiefs, collars, fichus, aprons, petticoats, fans, gloves, &c., all of the same material. At a later period much lace was smuggled into France directly from Belgium by means of dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home; fed on the fat of the land; and then, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half-starved, and ill-treated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, the intervening space being filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge. These journeys were re-

peated till the French custom-house officers, getting scent of the traffic, brought it to an end. Between 1820-36 no fewer than forty thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dogs were destroyed, a reward of three francs being given for each. These dogs were of large size—great poodles, for instance—and able to carry from twenty to twenty-six pounds. They also conveyed tobacco, as the Swiss dogs are said to smuggle watches.

The finest Brussels lace is made in the town itself. The productions of Antwerp, Ghent, and other localities are very inferior, excepting only the little town of Binche. Within the last quarter of a century the manufacturers of Brussels have set themselves seriously to work to imitate "point d'Alençon," and their efforts have been crowned with such success as to threaten the parent industry with extinction. "Point gaze," nearly but not quite identical in appearance with its French progenitor, can be produced at about two-fifths of the price. For example, the finest Brussels point, made entirely by hand, and therefore by no means a cheap production, may be worth six pounds per yard, while Alençon of the same width and workmanship would cost fifteen. Brussels point has attained extraordinary perfection in raised flowers with loose petals, and in butterflies, whose wings, being almost detached, add greatly to the beauty and curiosity of the work. No horsehair is used in "point gaze"—an advantage so far as wear and tear is concerned, as it often shrinks in washing; but for all this the same effect is produced as by the Alençon method—that is to say, the same effect at a distance of three feet from the eye; but very close inspection fails not to reveal the greater fineness and more minute finish of Alençon work. Something might—not long since—have also been said as to the superior elegance of the French designs, but this advantage is now hotly contested by the adventurous Belgians, who employ designers without regard to cost.

The workers are women and children, from the age of seven upwards. A large number of nuns follow this delicate industry, the "output" of fine lace from the Belgian convents being very large. It may be imagined that—as it would take one person between thirty or forty years, or about an average working lifetime, to make a complete "garniture"—this costly lace is made in small pieces divided among a number of workers. Both flowers and

ground are produced by hand. The flowers are done in plain clothing and Brussels stitches, one part of the leaves being executed in close, and the other part in more open, tissue. By thus nicely graduating the density of the fabric the pattern is brought into relief, and by skilful arrangement of airy tissues, effects of singular boldness may be produced. The sections of work are now joined together by a skilful hand. Three lace-makers are required to make "point gaze"—the "gazeuse" to make the flowers and the groundwork, simultaneous operations; the "brodeuse" to fix the "cordonnet" for the relief-work; and the "fonneuse" to make the stitches for the open-work. These workwomen earn from a shilling to half-a-crown a day, and it takes a squad of three nearly a month to make a yard of "point gaze" two inches in width.

A superb example of this choice work gained the first prize at the Vienna Exhibition. It is a complete "garniture," consisting of a large half-shawl, seven yards of flouncing eighteen inches wide, a berthe, lappets, parasol cover, fan, and handkerchief. The "garniture" occupied a dozen skilled lace-makers for three entire years, and cost forty thousand francs. The design and execution are of extraordinary beauty. Bold groupings of flowers are executed with marvellous delicacy of shading; but perhaps the most remarkable feature of this fine work is the raised or double work shown in the roses. The petals are partially detached from the body of the work, and give a startling verisimilitude to the hand-made flower.

Other Brussels laces are of mixed manufacture—that is to say, the flowers are made on the pillow, and then incorporated in a groundwork made by the needle. Of this mixture of "point" and "plat," the "point de Medici" is a very successful example. The laces called "point de Flandre," "point duchesse," and "point de Paris" are really not "point" at all, being made on the pillow. Another inferior kind of lace is that known as "point appliqué," which is purely and simply a cheap imitation of a superior class of work.

The thread used in Brussels lace is of extraordinary fineness. It is made of flax grown in Brabant, at Hal and Rebecq-Rognon. Flax is also cultivated solely for lace and cambric thread at St. Nicholas, Tournay, and Cambrai. The process of steeping principally takes place at Contrai, the clearness of the water of the Lys rendering it peculiarly fit for that purpose.

The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. It is so fine as almost to escape the sight, and the feel of it as it passes through the fingers is the surest guide. The spinner closely examines every inch of the thread, and when any inequality occurs, stops her wheel to repair the mischief. Every artificial help is given to the eye. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work. The life of a Flemish thread-spinner is unhealthy, and her work requires the greatest skill; her wages are therefore proportionably high.

As in the case of other laces, two sorts of ground are found in old Brussels lace, the "bride" and the "réseau;" but the "bride" was discontinued as much as a century ago, and was then only made to order. Sometimes the two grounds were mixed, as were needle-work and bobbin-work, on the same piece of lace. The "réseau" was made either by hand or on the pillow. The needle-ground is superior to that made on the pillow; it is worked in small strips of an inch in width, joined together by the "assemblage" stitch, long known only to the workers of Alençon and Brussels. Since machine-made net has come into use, the needle-ground is rarely made except for royal trousseaux. The tulle or Brussels net is made of Scotch cotton thread, as are now all but the very finest laces. The needle-ground is three times as expensive as the pillow, but it is stronger and less apt to unravel when broken, because the needle is passed four times into each mesh, whereas in the pillow-ground it is not passed at all. The needle-ground is easily repaired—the pillow is difficult, and always shows the join. There are two kinds of flowers—those made with the needle and those made on the pillow. The best flowers are made in Brussels itself, where they have attained a perfection in the relief (*point brodé*) unequalled by those made in the surrounding villages and in Hainault.

Second only to Brussels as a city of Laceland, is, or rather was, Malines or Mechlin. The lace made under the shadow of the great cathedral with the musical carillon is not grand, it is not ambitious in design, but it is the "prettiest" of all laces, deliciously delicate, transparent, and effective. The flower is formed by a flat thread, which gives it the character of

embroidery on a transparent ground. Unfortunately for the prosperity of its native place, Mechlin is of all laces the easiest to copy in machine-made lace, and, since the introduction of bobbin-net, has almost disappeared. A slight revival, however, in favour of "right Mechlin," has taken place quite recently. Its great merit is its lightness and adaptability to the requirement of the dressmaker. It was never at any period accepted as a "serious" lace, as a "*dentelle de grande toilette*," but its delicacy was excellently suited for ruffles, cravat, and jabot, and the thousand-and-one applications of "quilling," now known as "*plissés*," to the feminine toilette. In 1699, when the prohibitive law of 1662 was removed, Mechlin lace became the rage in England. Queen Mary had worn it for years before, and Queen Anne followed her example by laying in a tremendous stock. George the First wore a Mechlin cravat, and the Regent Orleans and his *roués* indulged in a profusion of the airy fabric. Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote:

With eager beat his Mechlin cravat moves—
He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves!

Somewhat akin in style to Mechlin is that very beautiful and singularly durable pillow-lace, known as Valenciennes, the manufacture of which has curiously enough been, during the present century, transferred from France to Belgium—the former country being the largest purchaser of the imitations of her own ancient manufacture. The peculiarity of the fine old Valenciennes is the startling solidity with which the pattern of flowers and scrolls, in the style of the Renaissance, comes out from the clear ground. In the first three-quarters of the last century, the lace trade of Valenciennes employed many thousands of people, but when lace ruffles and monarchy went out of fashion together, the ancient city of French Flanders declined until, in 1851, only two members were extant of the old lace-making population. Like Malines, Valenciennes is entirely made upon the pillow, but differs from it in being composed of one kind of thread for the pattern and the ground. The city-made Valenciennes was remarkable for its solidity. Beautiful and everlasting pieces of Valenciennes became heirlooms in great families, and represented very considerable sums. Arthur Young tells us that, in 1788, "Lace of thirty or forty lines breadth, for gentle-

men's ruffles, is nine guineas an ell." The quantity required for a lady's head-dress might cost any price, from a hundred to a thousand guineas. The lace-makers were mostly young girls, for the very simple reason that their sight began to fail at about thirty, and they were perforce compelled to give up an industry which brought them the magnificent remuneration of twenty or thirty sous a day. The labour of making "vraie Valenciennes" was so great, that while the Lille lace-makers could produce from three to five ells a day, those of Valenciennes could not complete more than an inch and a half in the same time. Some lace-workers only made half an ell in a year; and it took ten months, working fifteen hours a day, to finish a pair of men's ruffles—hence the costliness of the lace. The old Valenciennes of 1780 was of a quality far superior to any made in the present century. Not only the rich, but the comparatively poor, were great customers for Valenciennes. The peasants of the surrounding districts, and of distant Normandy, laid by their earnings for years to purchase a real Valenciennes cap, which, of course, would last for life.

The laces of Lille and Arras, pretty as they are, found little favour among the great ladies of olden times, who classed them contemptuously as mock Valenciennes, and the fabric of Bailleul came under the same category. Formerly a great deal of black lace was made at Lille, but in recent times the productions of Chantilly and Bayeux have taken the lead in this important industry.

Of the early lace manufacture of England but little is known. Shakespeare, in *Twelfth Night*, alludes to bobbin-lace thus:

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bone.

Again, Mopsa, in the *Winter's Tale*, says:

You promised me a tawdry lace;

and Spenser, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, has:

Bind your fillets faste,
And girde in your waste,
For more fineness with a tawdry lace.

The last quotation seems to indicate that the word lace, in connection with tawdry, signifies a string to lace up the bodice, which had been blessed at the shrine of Saint Etheldreda, whose name is said to

be the derivation of tawdry. Southey wrote, "It was formerly the custom in England for women to wear a necklace of fine silk, called tawdry lace, from St. Audrey (Etheldreda). She had in her youth been used to wear carcanets of jewels, and being afterwards tormented with violent pains in the neck, was wont to say that Heaven in its mercy had thus punished her for her love of vanity. She died of a swelling in her neck. Audrey was daughter of King Anna, who founded the Abbey of Ely."

Either this is fanciful, or Spenser did not know what he was talking about, a point which may be left to the decision of the reader. Queen Elizabeth owned far more cut work than lace, properly so called, which only came into fashion towards the end of her reign. The portentous ruff worn by that great queen was a development of the small plain Spanish ruff introduced into England in the reign of Philip and Mary. The art of starching, though known in Flanders, did not reach England till 1564, when the queen first set up a coach. Her coachman, one Gwyllam Boemen, a Dutchman, had a wife, a priceless creature, who understood the art of starching, of which the queen availed herself, until the arrival some time after of Madame Dinghen van der Plasse, who, with her husband, came from Flanders "for their better safeties," and set up as a clear starcher in London. "The most curious wives," continues Stowe, "now made themselves ruffs of cambric and sent them to Madame Dinghen to be starched, who charged high prices. After a time they made themselves ruffs of lawn, and thereupon arose a general-scoff or by-word that shortly they would make their ruffs of spiders' webs." Mrs. Dinghen took pupils, charging them four or five pounds for teaching them to starch, and one pound for the art of seething starch. The nobility patronised the Dutchwoman, but the commoners looked askant at her, and called her famous liquid "devil's broth." The explanation of the eagerness with which Queen Elizabeth adopted the ruff, and increased its size, is not far to seek. Her majesty, alack! had a "yellow throat," and was determined that the white throats of fairer dames should be carefully concealed. Although she wore a three-piled ruff herself, and compelled the ladies of her court to do the same, she by no means extended the privilege to her meaner subjects. On the contrary, she selected grave citizens,

and placed them at every gate of the city, to cut down all ruffs which exceeded a certain prescribed width. Her own ruffs were made of cut work, gold, silver, and precious stones. The author of the *Anatomie of Abuses* was furious against ruffs. "They are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk laces of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sunne, the moone, the starres, and many other antiques strange to behold. Some are wrought with open worke donne to the midst of the ruff, and, further, some with close worke, some with purled lace so closed and other gew-gaws so pestered, as the ruffe is the leest parte of itself." He points out the dangers to which the wearers were subjected: "If Eolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazie barke of their brused ruffs, then they go flip-flap in the wind like ragges that lie abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dish-clout of a slut. But wot ye what? The devill, as he, in the fulnesse of his malice, first invented these greate ruffes," and so on. A more gentle satirist—Taylor, the water poet—says:

Now up aloft I mount unto the ruffe,
Which into foolish mortals pride doth puffe.

And Dekker protests against "Your treble-quadruple Dædalian ruffs, or your stifnecked Rebatoes, that have more arches for pride to row under than can stand under five London Bridges." During the reign of James the First bishops thundered against the ruff, but in vain; for we see them of the finest Gothic-patterned lace in every picture and on every monument. "Fashion," preached John King, Bishop of London, "has brought in deep ruffs and shallow ruffs, thick ruffs and thin ruffs, double ruffs and no ruffs. When the Judge of quick and dead shall appear, He will not know those who have so defaced the fashion He hath created." It is not quite clear what the bishop meant by this; but there is no mistake about the sermon of the Bishop of Exeter, Joseph Hall, who, little thinking that lace-making would find employment for the women of his diocese, thundered against the new abomination in this style: "But, if none of our persuasions can prevail, hear this, ye garish popinjays of our time! If ye will not be ashamed to clothe yourselves after this shameless fashion, Heaven shall clothe you with shame and confusion. Hear this, ye

plaister-faced Jezebels! If ye will not leave your daubs and your washes, Heaven will, one day, wash them off with fire and brimstone." These ruffs must have been very costly, for twenty-five yards of "fine bone-lace" were required to edge a ruff, without counting the ground, composed either of lace squares or cut-work. The yellow starch, introduced by Mrs. Turner, to give—like the coffee-grounds of a later period—a rich hue to the lace and cut-work of which ruffs were built, scandalised the clergy terribly. The Dean of Westminster went so far as to order that no lady or gentleman, wearing a yellow ruff, should be admitted into any pew in his church; but, finding this "ill-taken" and the king "moved in it," he backed out of an awkward position, and ate his own words handsomely. The satirists fired their shots at the yellow ruffs, both in England and in France. Here it was objected that the price of eggs would be raised, as "ten or twenty eggs will hardly suffice to starch one of those yellow bandes;" and in France, that the new English fashion would make saffron so dear that the Bretons and the Poitevins would be obliged to eat their butter white instead of yellow, according to custom. The idea that the Overbury murder and the hanging of Mrs. Turner at Tyburn, put an end to the fashion of yellow ruffs is erroneous. It depends solely on a passage in Howell's Letters, which is a mere "shot" at random. In actual fact, yellow ruffs and bands were worn and preached against for at least ten years after Mrs. Turner was executed. This is demonstrated by the frequent allusions to the yellow bands worn by English folk up to 1625—the falling band itself not having come into wear till 1623, whereas Mrs. Turner was hanged in 1615. The ruff went quite out soon after the death of James the First in 1625. His son is represented on the coins of the first two years of his reign in a stiff-starched ruff, but in the fourth and fifth, the ruff is unstarched, falling loosely on his shoulder, and was soon replaced by the falling band. Probably the ruff was retained by the king on state occasions for some years after the gallants had deserted it—for the judges wore it as a mark of dignity, until it was superseded by the wig. The noblest kind of lace was worn during the reign of Charles the First, but suffered an eclipse during the Puritan period, so far as the male sex was concerned. The sour-visaged

saints wore only a "plain band," but their sponges were not quite so simple in their tastes, and scrupled not to wear "lace to their smocks." Ladies wore, in place of the ruff, a "whisk" or gorget of the richest lace. Gentlemen soon forsook the falling band—entirely too graceful and rational to last long in fashion. As the great perukes of Charles the Second's time fell over the shoulders, the collar was first hidden and then transmuted into a cravat, the long ends of which could be seen hanging down in front. As in France, so in England lace was profusely worn. Queen Mary favoured the introduction of the high Fontanges head-dress, with its piled tiers of lace and ribbon, and the long hanging "pinners" celebrated by Prior in his Tale of the Widow and her Cat.

He scratch'd the maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best laced pinner.

The head-dress of the next reign is excellently described by Farquhar. Parley says: "Oh, sir, there is the prettiest fashion lately come over! so airy, so French and all that! The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve plaits of a side, and open all from the face; the hair is frizzled up all round the head, and stands as stiff as a bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the temple with a languishing lock in the middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet raised very high, and all the lappets behind."

The Flanders lace-heads the "engaging" sleeves or ruffles, and a dress frilled and flounced all over, caused a lady, in the language of the Spectator, to "resemble a Friesland hen." Lace was then, as always, costly. Queen Mary's lace bill for the year 1694, signed by Lady Derby, Mistress of the Robes, amounted to nineteen hundred and eighteen pounds. In the following year her husband's account was even larger, exceeding two thousand four hundred pounds.

REST.

Love, give me one of thy dear hands to hold,
Take thou my tired head upon thy breast;
Then sing me that sweet song we loved of old,
The dear, soft song about our little nest.
We knew the song before the nest was ours;
We sang the song when first the nest we found;
We loved the song in happy after-hours,
When peace came to us, and content profound.
Then sing that olden song to me to-night,
While I, reclining on thy faithful breast,
See happy visions in the fair firelight,
And my whole soul is satisfied with rest.
Better than all our bygone dreams of bliss,
Are deep content and rest secure as this.

What though we missed love's golden summer time,
His autumn fruits were ripe when we had leave
To enter joy's wide vineyard in our prime,
Good guardon for our waiting to receive.
Love gave us no frail pledge of summer flowers,
But side by side we reaped the harvest-field;
Now side by side we pass the winter hours,
And day by day new blessings are revealed.
The heyday of our youth, its roseate glow,
Its high desires and cravings manifold,
The raptures and delights of long ago,
Have passed; but we have truer joys to hold.
Sing me the dear, old song about the nest,
Our blessed home, our little ark of rest.

SOLDIERING IN INDIA.

SOLDIERING in India and soldiering in England are very different matters. It is true that the objects of keeping up an army are the same in Asia as they are in Europe. To repress foes, internal as well as external, and to preserve peace by being prepared for war, are the reasons why armies exist in every part of the world. But it is the inner life of the soldier himself which is so very different in the East to what we are accustomed to in the West. Of late years immense care has been bestowed upon the health of the soldier, and the authorities study the best way of keeping him out of mischief. There was a time—not so very distant: we speak of some ten or fifteen years ago—when both the soldier's going to India, his first sojourn there, his subsequent march up-country, and his after residence with his regiment, were, one and all, left almost to chance. He was usually embarked at Gravesend or Queenstown; the ship in which he went to India was a sailing-vessel, and took from ninety to a hundred and twenty days to reach Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta. When the troops reached the port of destination and were disembarked, little or no control was put upon them. They were left to roam in the native bazaars as much as they liked; their heads were no more protected from the sun than they would be in England; and, what between the heat, the arrack they drank, and the unwholesome fruit they ate, a detachment was considered lucky if, after a fortnight's sojourn in one of the Presidency towns, it did not leave, at least, ten per cent. of its number in the hospital, and three or four per cent. in the graveyard. The march up-country was conducted on very much the same principle. The men had to toil on foot some ten or fifteen miles a day; had to take their chance of healthy or unhealthy country; were always able to procure unhealthy fruit, and still more un-

healthy spirits; and the consequence was that the great main routes in India, over which European troops marched, were marked at every halting-place by a very large collection of soldiers' tombs.

All this is now changed, and changed immensely for the better. Troops going to India now, all embark at Portsmouth. The five or six troopships destined for the service are some of the finest vessels in the Royal Navy. They are manned, officered, and commanded in the same way as any ship of war. They are lofty between decks, very roomy as to accommodation, and nothing that can possibly conduce to the comfort and health of the troops on board is omitted in their construction and management. Instead of proceeding by sail round the Cape of Good Hope, they go direct by steam through the Suez Canal to Bombay. No matter for what part of India they are destined, the troopships never go to Madras or Calcutta. At the former place the landing is dangerous, and the latter is considered unhealthy for new arrivals from Europe. The troopships proceed up the harbour of Bombay, but the troops are not allowed to land in that town. They are landed close to the railway station, and taken at once up the Ghauts, by rail, to a place called Deodally, which is some six hours distant from the capital of the western presidency. At Deodally the climate is as healthy as in England, the site being some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The new barracks built there are spacious and lofty, and here the men lately arrived from England are left to repose themselves for a time, after the fatigues of the voyage. They are then sent on to their several regiments; or, if a new regiment has landed in the country, it is sent up to the north-west, where the climate is less severe than in other parts of India. It is only after two or three years' residence in the East that they are quartered in the more unhealthy stations; and, even including these, the deaths among our English troops in India are fifty per cent. less than they were some twelve years ago. A very great deal of this has been caused by beneficial changes—common-sense alterations, suitable to the country—in the clothing of our troops in India. Flannel shirts; flannel girths; warm clothing for the cool of the morning, and the damps of the evening; and white jackets for the heat of the day, have done much to effect this good. But most of

all has the white pith helmet—now universally worn by every English soldier in India, no matter to what arm of the service he may belong, or no matter what his rank—worked for good in the sanitary condition of the troops. In fact, so great has been the change, so few the cases of sunstroke, since this head-dress has been adopted, that we almost wonder why it was that the change from the shako did not take place many years ago. Experiments have been tried by exposing one of the white helmets, now worn by the troops in India, as well as one of the shakos which were formerly the regulation, to the full glare of a midday sun, and placing a thermometer under each; and the difference between the two has been, that the thermometer under the helmet was nearly ten degrees lower than that under the shako. It follows, then, that for upwards of a hundred years, in India, we were actually exposing our men to ten more degrees of heat on the brain than we need do. After this, let us not laugh at the blunders committed in clothing by any other nation in the world.

But dress has not been the only cause of the immensely improved state of health now prevalent among our troops in India. The better style of barrack which they now inhabit has also had a great deal to do with it. Formerly, barracks in India were hot-beds of sickness. They had no upper story, were badly drained, and so low in the roof that, after thirty or forty men had slept in one of the rooms all night, the air became simply pestilential. Add to this the effect of bad drains, or, rather, of no drainage at all; of an utter want of amusement or occupation during the long hot hours of the day, when the men were unable to go out; and a free access, for such as had money, to the deleterious native liquors sold in the bazaars; and it is not to be wondered at if our European garrisons in the East were as if instituted solely for the purpose of filling the burial-ground. At many of the stations, where European troops have been, it is pitiable to count the gravestones indicating the number of some regiment that lies buried there. Thus at Kaira, not far from Baroda, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, now the Seventeenth Lancers, buried, in the course of about twenty years, upwards of a thousand men, the number of men in the regiment at no time being more than twelve hundred. At Meerut, in the north-west provinces, if the dead

of the Third Buffs and the Eleventh Dragoons could rise from their graves, there would be an increase of some eight or nine hundred to the strength of the army. And yet neither of these regiments were quartered more than ten years in the place; nor should it be forgotten that this has ever been one of the most healthy stations in India. At Kurnaul, too, a station some hundred and twenty miles to the north-west of Meerut, the Third Dragoons and the Thirteenth Light Infantry lie in their graves by hundreds; and at Surat, during the first two decades of the present century, the Fifty-fifth Regiment must have buried itself nearly twice over. In short, go where we will among the old stations of India, we find the same testimony borne to the immense number of men we lost, until we were sensible enough to discover that prevention was better than cure, and to act upon the discovery.

Amusement, education, and occupation have also had a vast deal to do with this improvement. In every station there are rooms where the soldiers can assemble to read the papers and books, play chess, draughts, or dominoes, and amuse themselves like rational beings. Gymnastics are greatly encouraged. Prizes are given for the best runners, the best jumpers, and those who can throw the heaviest weights. Education, so far as reading and writing are concerned, is compulsory; and every recruit who joins ignorant of this preliminary teaching has to go to school. The men are also very much more temperate than they used to be; and when they do partake of any stimulants, it is wholesome, sound liquor, furnished by the canteen contractors at a reasonable price, and not the abominable, unwholesome rubbish commonly called native liquor. The white helmets, of which we have spoken before, protect the soldiers' heads greatly from the sun, and therefore admit of the men taking exercise, and being out under the sun at hours when it would not have been possible to do so a few years ago. As an almost universal rule, the man who takes exercise in India has good health, while he who remains at home becomes, by degrees, sickly in mind and in body. Hitherto, or at least until this new head-dress was invented, the soldier serving in India was, from soon after sunrise to near the time of sunset, a prisoner in his barrack-room. If he went outside and faced the glare and

heat of the day, he was pretty sure to be struck down by the sun, and pass a month or more in hospital, with a tolerable chance of either being sent home to England as an invalid, or of having the Dead March in Saul played before him as he was carried a corpse to the graveyard. Like the solving of the problem of how eggs are made to stand on end, the solution of this difficulty was excessively simple. For nearly a century Anglo-Indians wondered why it was that the European officer or civilian, who was out all day in the sun, and who passed the hottest months of the year in tiger-shooting or hog-hunting, always enjoyed the best of health; whereas, English soldiers, if detained half an hour longer than usual on morning parade, or called out an hour earlier in the afternoon, were certain to send a large percentage of their number into hospital. At last, some official who was cleverer than his fellows, bethought himself of the head-dress. An officer, it was urged, who would go into the jungle with a black or dark-coloured cap, or whose covering for the head was not made so as to protect the forehead, the temples, and the nape of the neck from the sun, would have been looked upon as a maniac, and probably restrained as such, if he had not previously fallen ill from brain-fever or sunstroke. Some still wiser man then came to the conclusion that what was good for gentlemen who hunted or shot, could not be bad for their more humble fellow-countrymen. Thus it was that the white helmet was adopted, and that, since then, European soldiers may be employed in India at all hours with almost as great impunity as in England.

It is, however, a strange fact that in England, or in our English dependencies, we seldom improve in one respect without deteriorating in another. As we have already shown, from the time an English soldier leaves Portsmouth until he arrives at his station in the far-off north-west of India, nothing can be better or more judicious than his treatment in every way. But with all this the English army in India, and, for that matter, the native troops also, are less efficient than they used to be some years ago. The reason is simple enough. We have increased the number of regiments in the East, and we pay far more attention than we did to the health and well-being of the men; but we have so diminished the numerical strength of each corps, both as to officers and men, that it would almost seem as if our army

in the East were intended for show, and not for use. Formerly, an English cavalry regiment in India consisted of two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, eight captains (besides one captain of the *depôt* in England), sixteen lieutenants, eight cornets, besides paymaster, quartermaster, and medical officers, with seven hundred non-commissioned officers and privates. At the present day the officers of a cavalry regiment serving in that country are one lieutenant-colonel, one major, six captains, ten lieutenants, and two or three sub-lieutenants. In other words, a dragoon corps in India, when mustered on parade a few years ago, turned out eight strong troops, or four strong squadrons, fully officered; but it can now only muster six weak troops, or three very feeble squadrons, and has rarely three officers per squadron. Of the great blunder committed by this change, there is but one opinion from Calcutta to Peshawar. Formerly, no matter what casualties occurred, whether there was sickness or not in the corps, or whether it had gone through a couple of years' campaigning, there was always a large margin from which to supply officers, men, and horses. At present it is not so, or rather it would not be so if ever we took the field. Nor is it anything but the plain truth to assert that this weakening of the numbers in each corps has caused an immense deal of discontent throughout our English troops in India. Officers cannot get leave of absence as they did formerly, and the men have at least two days' guard, or other duties to perform every week more than they had under the old régime. In the infantry it is much the same; nay, in some instances, as regards garrison guards and so forth, they have nearly double the work of former days. Thus much for the men; for the credit of our arms it would be much different and far more injurious should we ever take the field. It is all very well in healthy quarters — and, comparatively speaking, all quarters in India are now pretty healthy—but what of an unhealthy campaign, or of a period when there were many casualties? The Crimean war taught us a lesson which it would seem we are now beginning to forget—namely, that regiments, weak in numbers, become utterly useless before the enemy after they have been a short time in camp. With that army were sent out certain cavalry regiments, numbering barely two hundred and fifty or three hundred sabres

each. At the battle of Balaklava there was not a regiment present that mustered more than a squadron of a French or Prussian corps would have done; and before the following winter was over, more than one of these regiments could not have mustered a properly mounted sergeant's guard. In fact, in one hussar regiment, it is said that there were more officers than soldiers fit to take the field. But this ever has, and we suspect it ever will be, our crying military sin. We are very wise as to our pennies, but more than foolish as to our pounds. It would seem as if we—or at least those who rule over us—never can see the truth of that wise saying which tells us that to preserve peace we ought always to be prepared for war. Anyone who has been recently in India, and who knows the numerical shortcomings of our troops in that country, must stare at the panegyrics of our Indian army, which appear from time to time in the English press. But it would appear that English journalists, as a rule, have a distaste for figures. Were it otherwise, the real facts concerning the parade before the Prince of Wales at Delhi, in January last, ought to have opened their eyes. To bring men to this display of our army, the greater part of the Punjaub and the whole of the north-west provinces were denuded of troops. Nominally, the numbers present were very large; but in reality, as the official returns of the day showed, we mustered not more than seventeen thousand five hundred men; and this in spite of the fact that there were present four regiments of hussars, eight or ten batteries of artillery, some fifteen or sixteen regiments of European infantry, and two score corps of native cavalry and infantry. In short, the parade at Delhi, which was looked upon as the parade of the whole English army, actually mustered fewer men in the ranks than an individual French or German corps *d'armée* would have done!

Nor should it be forgotten that, in India, war and rumours of war are by no means unknown, more especially at the present day. Small campaigns with native chiefs and refractory *rajahs* appear, so far as it is possible to judge, to have come to an end. A battalion or two at Baroda, a couple of brigades at Hyderabad, and about the same number of troops at Lucknow, are all that appears to be required to keep refractory native states in order. But if we read between the lines

of almost every official document that appears in India, or if we interpret all those documents by the movements of troops, the construction of military railways, and every kind of preparation for the future, we cannot but be of opinion that there is a cloud of gloom on our north-west frontier, of which the authorities are not a little afraid. In other words, men don't talk of the fact that, year by year, Russia is creeping nearer and nearer towards British India, but they think of it, and think of it with serious anxiety. Very few years hence, even if we are not actually at war, our forces will be so divided in watching an enemy from without and in guarding ourselves from an enemy that is within—an enemy that would take advantage of our exterior embarrassments as surely as the sparks fly upwards—that we shall need every soldier, every rifle, and every sabre we can muster in India. Surely, then, it is not merely worth while to increase our army to an efficient standard while we are at peace, but it is our absolute duty to do so. It is the simple and plain truth to say that, so far as regards numbers, our Indian army, English as well as native, is utterly unfit for the defence of our Eastern empire. Nor ought we to omit a very significant fact—namely, that the natives of India, and particularly those who inhabit the Punjab and the north-west, some few years ago, regarded any chance of a Russian invasion as an utter myth. But of late years they have, to a man, changed their opinion, and look forward to the advance of that enemy on our frontier as merely a question of time. Surely it behoves us to take as much advantage as we can of the time we have still before us.

PRISON-BREAKING.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, when appointed four years ago Deputy Governor of Millbank Prison, was placed in possession of the official records of that establishment. Among those records are accounts of certain remarkable escapes, which he has incorporated in his recent history of the building. Millbank Prison, as most of us know, stands on what used to be the dismal marshy Tothill-fields, near the Westminster end of Vauxhall-bridge. It was for thirty years a penitentiary; but

during a later period of about equal length it has been a veritable prison, generally containing many clever rascals up to all the dodges of possible escaping.

One night, the rooms of three of the officials were found to be stripped of a quantity of wearing apparel. A patrol, going his rounds, saw two men getting over the garden wall, by the help of a white rope made of yarn used in some of the working rooms. He shook the rope; the men fell, but quickly rose again, knocked him down, and ran off in the opposite direction. The alarm being given, governor, chaplain, surgeon, steward, and helpers hastened to the spot. They found, not only the white rope, fastened to the top of the wall by a large iron rake twisted into a hook, but also another rope depending from one of the loopholes at the top of the C tower. The prison consists of several five-sided buildings, surrounding an open court, and having a sort of garden outside them, bounded by a lofty wall; every angle of each building is strengthened with a tower or turret. A hammer, a chisel, other tools, and a large poker were also found. Several bricks had been removed from one side of the loophole, leaving a space wide enough for one person to creep through. Some prison clothing lay hard by. A skeleton key, made of pewter, was found to open many of the officers' bedroom doors; while other false keys had been used to open the prisoners' cell doors. The rogues were recaptured in the garden.

A prisoner named Cummings one night broke through the ceiling of his cell, and traversed the roof along one side of his pentagon or block of buildings. He was not so crafty as most of his fellows, for he had provided no means of descent.

More expert were seven prisoners, who, through some gross mismanagement, had been placed in a large room having no bars to the windows. They cut up their blankets into strips, made ladders of them, climbed out upon the roof, descended to the garden, and raised a heavy ladder against the outer wall. All escaped—though only to be recaptured afterwards.

Three men, confined in one cell, made a large aperture in its floor, concealing the gap during the daytime by a covering of pasteboard. The cell was on the ground floor; and the men, night after night, descended through the aperture into a vault beneath, where they worked away against the wall of the building. They

also, at other hours of candlelight, prepared three suits of clothes from their towels, made a rope ladder, and improvised tools of various kinds. But their ingenuity was frustrated by detection, when they had pierced about three-fourths through.

Three prisoners, located on the ground-floor of one of the pentagons, gradually and cautiously removed the ventilating-plate which communicated with an air-shaft; they descended through the shaft into a cellar, where there was a party-wall pierced with openings barred by iron gratings. They removed these gratings, and issued out into the garden, where, as it was summer-time, thick vegetation afforded them shelter for awhile. In the evening a gentleman gave an alarm that he had seen two men climbing over the boundary wall. The birds had really emerged from their cage, and had flown.

Pickard Smith was the most troublesome inmate ever honoured with a residence in Millbank prison, in the old days when it was a penitentiary. He defied and derided everybody, from the governor and chaplain down to the keepers and patrols. He was in the place over and over again, the result of new committals for new crimes. One morning his cell was found empty; and inside the door was chalked this doggerel rhyme:

London is the place where I was born;
Newgate has been too often my situation;
The Penitentiary has been too often my dwelling-
place;
And New South Wales is my expectation!

(Botany Bay penal settlement was one of the institutions of those days.) When the circumstances came to be closely inquired into, it was found that "The mode of escape was most ingenious, daring, and masterly, though the prisoner was only eighteen years of age; there was a combination of sagacity, courage, and ready resource, indicating extraordinary powers both mental and bodily." Smith had secreted an iron pin used for turning the handle of the stove-ventilator (the handle not being wanted or used in summer-time), and with this he made a hole in the brick arch which formed the roof of his cell, scraping and loosening until the hole became large enough to admit his body. The pin, a hook, and a short ladder made of shreds of cotton and coarse thread, enabled him to climb through the hole he had made in the roof or arched ceiling of his cell; he crept along the space between the cell-roof and the outer

slated roof; then, finding a place where the battens were sufficiently wide apart to admit his body, he broke away a few slates, and emerged on the top of the building. Then came the descent, for which he had made ingenious preparations. The prisoners received their clean clothes on Saturday evenings, and the warders were late in entering the cells on Sunday mornings; he selected his time accordingly, especially as the dirty clothes were not taken away till Monday morning. One Saturday night, when his store at hand comprised two shirts, two pairs of stockings, two handkerchiefs, a round towel, blankets, and rugs, he attired himself in a clean shirt, and cut up all the other articles into strips, which he tied or sewed end to end. Thus provided, he made his way out upon the roof, through the openings he had made, fastened one end of his patchwork rope to a rafter, slung himself down to the sill of the attic window; and so, stage by stage, to the second story, first story, and terra firmâ. His rope was not in one long piece, but in four sections for the four stages of his descent, fastening them in succession to the bars of the windows. His difficulties were not yet over; he had still to scale the boundary wall. Much rebuilding and repairing were going on in the garden, and much building material was lying about. First he removed a long and heavy ladder from the scaffolding, and dragged it to the iron fence of a small burial-ground separated from the garden. Finding he could not raise it to the full height of the boundary wall, he availed himself of two planks, lashed them firmly together with a piece of rope he espied near at hand, made an inclined plane up which he walked or crawled to the top of the wall, drew up his double plank after him, and by its aid made his final escape down the outside of the wall.

A few words more concerning this clever scamp. A bribe from the police tempted some of his "pals" to betray Pickard Smith, and he was once again made an inmate of Millbank. Once again did he become a torment to everybody. If he were kept with other prisoners, he taught them to be as insubordinate as himself; if he were kept by himself, he planned schemes for another escape. After some time, this reckless specimen of a bad lot (nearly all his relations had, one time or other, been transported) was detected just on the eve of another evasion. The screws

in the windows of his cell were found to have been taken out; his rug and blankets had been torn up into strips of such width as would be strong enough for a descending rope; and between his stockings and the soles of his feet were pieces of flannel, in one of which was a small piece of iron, taken from one side of his cell window, ingeniously formed into a kind of pick-lock. In what way these articles were to be used, timely frustration prevented him from showing. The governor recorded in his official book that flogging had been useless with this incorrigible fellow; handcuffing led to such a clattering of iron against wood and stone as to disturb the quietude of the whole place; while expostulation and threat were equally without effect. The governor went so far as to beg the Secretary of State to take Smith away, as being better fitted for a sternly-guarded prison than a mildly-governed penitentiary. "As to corporal punishment, he has already experienced it very severely, without any beneficial effect. His knowledge of the localities, and the present unsafe condition of the premises, will breed perpetual attempts, however unsuccessful, to escape." This desperate character eventually came to a bad end, as may reasonably be supposed.

Although Pickard Smith was the *bête noir*, the most bewildering and troublesome of all the prisoners the place has ever had, the hero of Millbank, it appears, was "Punch" Howard, who effected his escape in a manner to this day almost inexplicable. This man was a criminal of a deep dye, who had escaped from Newgate and from Horse-monger-lane. Millbank was to be a place of temporary incarceration to him, preparatory to transportation. He was placed in a cell at the top of a part of the building then used as an infirmary, but nowadays known as the E Ward. The window of this room was long and narrow, the lengthwise horizontal. Three feet of length or width had nothing special about it; but a height of only six and a half inches was, as we shall presently see, the great marvel of the enterprise. The window revolved on a horizontal bar as an axis, riveted into the stone-work at the jambs. Howard managed to secrete one of the dinner-knives with which the prisoners were in those days supplied, and to convert the blade into a rude saw by hammering the edge on the corner of his iron bedstead. That he could secrete a dinner-knife at all, and keep on this hammering without being

detected, shows how ill-organised must have been the establishment at that time.

And now let us accompany Punch Howard in his marvellous escape. How a full-grown man contrived to wriggle himself out of such an opening is so inexplicable that we prefer to narrate it in Captain Griffiths' own words. We may premise, however, that this feat and the Davenport rope-trick may, perhaps, throw some light upon each other, as showing how remarkably the human frame may be temporarily contracted in some parts by the exercise of certain muscles. "As soon as the warders went off duty, and the pentagon left to one single officer or patrol, Howard set to work. Hoisting himself up to the window, by hanging his blanket on a hammock-hook in the wall just beneath, he removed the window bodily; one rivet having been sawn through, the other soon gave way. The way of egress, such as it was, was now open—a narrow slit, three feet by six inches and a half. Howard was a stoutly-built man, with by no means a small head; yet he managed to get his head through the opening. Having accomplished this, no doubt after tremendous pressure and much pain to himself, he turned so as to lie on his back, and worked out his shoulders and arms. He had previously put the window with its central iron bar half in and half out of the opening, meaning to use it as a platform to stand on—the weight of his body pressing down one end, while the other caught against the roof of the opening, and so giving him a firm foot-hold. He had also torn up his blankets and sheets in strips, and tied them together to form a long rope, one end of which was fastened to his legs. He was now half way out of the window, lying in a horizontal position, with his arms free, his body nipped about the centre by the narrow opening, his legs still inside his cell. It was not difficult for him now to draw out the rest of his body; and as soon as he had length enough, he threw himself up and caught the coping-stone of the roof above. All this took place on the top story, at a height of some thirty-five feet from the ground. He was now outside the wall, and standing on the outer end of the window-bar. To draw out the whole length of blanket and sheeting-rope, throw them on to the roof, and clamber after, were his next exploits."

Punch Howard is now on the roof of one of the pentagon blocks of building;

but he does not remain there long, his plan having been already arranged for a descent into the garden. "This garden was patrolled by six sentries, who divided the whole circuit between them. He could see them as he stood on the roof. He took the descent by degrees, lowering himself from the roof to a third-floor window, from third floor to second, from second to first, and from the first to the ground itself. The back of the nearest patrol was just then turned, and Howard's descent to terra firma was unobserved. Next moment he was seen standing in his white shirt, but otherwise naked, among the tombstones of the Penitentiary graveyard, which is just at this point. Concluding he was a ghost, the sentry (as he afterwards admitted), turned tail and ran, leaving the coast quite clear. Howard was not slow to profit by the chance. Some planks lay close by, one of which he raised against the boundary wall, and walked up the incline thus formed. Next moment he dropped down on the far side, and was free. His friends lived close by the prison, in Pye-street; and within a minute or two he was in his mother's house, got food and clothing, and again made off for the country."

All his marvellous ingenuity, however, was of little avail to Punch Howard; he was recaptured by a man as clever as himself, although in a different kind of cleverness. As a specimen of hunting the hare, we will briefly describe the exploit.

On the morning when Howard's escape was discovered, Dennis Power, a warder in that part of the building, recollected that Howard, when brought to Millbank, had been accompanied by a companion criminal named Jerry Simcox. Going into the cell where Simcox was located, Power cautiously opened his eyes and ears to any facts that might furnish a clue. Simcox, after declaring admiringly that Howard could get out of any prison in England, unguardedly let drop the information that the hero had an uncle working in some brickfields at West Drayton, near Uxbridge. Quickly obtaining ample authority and money from the authorities, Power started off without an hour's delay. Arrived at West Drayton, he bought a suit of navy's clothes from the ostler of an inn, shouldered a spade, went to the side of the brickfield, and entered a small frowsy alehouse hard by. He asked a woman at the bar whether she thought hands were wanted. She looked hard at

him, and told him plainly that he was not what he pretended to be. He took some ale, paid for it, and was then surprised by her saying suddenly, "I'll help you to cop young Punch." She stated that for a long series of years she had been ill-treated by Dan Crockett (Howard's uncle), with whom she had lived as wife or no wife; that he had deserted her for a younger woman; and that she was willing to revenge herself either on uncle or nephew. She warned Power that he must not attempt a capture by daylight, or the reckless brickmakers would pretty nearly "do for him." She pointed out Punch Howard among the men in the field, and Power recognised him in spite of his change of dress. She advised him to come again at night, when most of the men (it being summer weather) slept out upon and among the bricks; to bring some "Bobbies" with him, and capture his prey while asleep. An attempt was made at night to carry out this plan, but Howard could not be identified in the dark without disturbing the rest. Power, therefore, concocted a new scheme. On the next day he hired a good horse and trap at the inn, changed his dress again, and drove to the office of the foreman of the brickfield. The foreman had been a pensioned-off sergeant of police, and, when informed of the facts, readily agreed to assist Power. A lad was sent to ask Dan Crockett whether his nephew would like to earn twelve shillings a week at screening coal-dust. Dan at once sent Punch Howard to the manager's office. The warder, a strong, powerful man, boldly seized him, handcuffed him, lifted him bodily into the trap, mounted himself, and drove off as rapidly as a narrow road would permit. He had enough to occupy every thought and every muscle; for he had the reins and whip in his right hand, his left arm tightly clasped round Howard's neck, and his left hand gagging the criminal's mouth as well as he could. But the gagging was incomplete; Howard shouted and roared; the brickmakers heard him, left their work, and ran up by a diagonal route to intercept the trap as it turned a corner. It was a close shave; that might have been perilous to Power; for the brickmakers were two or three hundred in number; but he had just a minute of time ahead, and reached Uxbridge, where other aid was at hand. The thing was so smartly done, that Dennis Power obtained reward and promotion; until at length he became "Mr. Power,

chief warden of Millbank," at the time when Captain Griffiths wrote his book.

Two remarks suggest themselves in connection with these escapes. One is that we must all regret to see so much misapplied ingenuity. Pickard Smith, Punch Howard, and the like, had had little or no chance of becoming honest men. Born and bred among thieves and rogues, they had been almost as familiar with crime as with their daily food. At war with society, yet were they full of tact and shrewdness that might have benefited themselves and others if properly directed. Another remark is that, on the authority of Captain Griffiths, such escapes are now almost impossible from our well-conducted prisons; moreover, it is noticeable that, even in the past days of Millbank, every one of the escaped prisoners was recaptured sooner or later.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER IV. RAILWAY READING.

"I ANTICIPATED with pain my next meeting with Griffith Dwarris. His conduct, as I divined that conduct to have been, under the crushing disappointment which had come when hope was so justly high, had increased my good opinion of him, and deepened my pity for him. In all my experience of life there was nothing more rare than for young people to put effectual restraint upon themselves, their wishes, feelings, and impulses, out of consideration for the peace and welfare of their elders, but this rare thing Griffith Dwarris had done. Would he come and tell me about it?"

"The morning brought me no communication from him, and when I went to the Dingle House in the afternoon to see Audrey and arrange about my journey, I found that Madeline Kindersley had not been there. She had written the sweetest little letter to Mr. Dwarris to congratulate him on the joyful news of his niece's safety, but I daresay the letter to Audrey in which it was enclosed was a sad enough document, for Audrey's eyes bore traces of tears. But she said nothing to me, however, except in reference to her cousin's coming, and the preparations which she had already set about.

"They don't include the "best Brussels,"

Lady Olive,' Audrey said, with a smile; 'and I fear dimity must be substituted for chintz. Wasn't it lucky you did not succeed in inspiring me with an ambition above Kidderminster?'

"She took me to inspect the preparations for her young guest, and I quickly noted that among the small decorations of the pretty room over the porch, with windows framed in greenery, were all the choicest of Audrey's own possessions. Her own pet bookcase, and her own little table, with its quaint bow legs and brass locks and keys—an ancient piece of furniture, black with age, and shiny with rubbing—and a few delicate bits of old china, which had been the pride and glory of her own mantelshelf, were disposed to the best advantage for the beautifying of the room which was to receive the orphan girl. A safe and pleasant haven for the ocean waif would be this simple and pretty room, which had 'home' in its aspect. Would Ida Pemberton appreciate it? Would she discern the care and thoughtfulness, the sympathy and the delicacy which had prompted its arrangements? I thought of the letter which she had dictated, and had my doubts. I feared that the stranger whom these kind people were about to take to their warm and simple hearts was of the cold and hard order.

"We have been obliged to remove the boxes,' said Audrey, 'and to have them stored away in the loft—you remember our wondering what was to be done about them?—because the room they were in must be got ready for Ida's maid.'

"She is bringing a maid, then? How do you know that? Have you heard again?"

"Not at all. Papa concludes that she will do so, or that, if she do not, we must find one for her. And there's trouble in store for me on that score with Frosty. She was exceedingly "sniffy," as Miss Minnie says, about the maid, and uttered many dismal prophecies concerning the mischief-making we may expect. It seems that Frosty holds "uprightness" to be inherent in maids, but my real belief is that the dear old woman is extremely jealous because my cousin is what she calls "grander" than I am.'

"I think it is more than likely Bessy West is her maid, and will come with her.'

"We were standing at the window, and we heard the latch of the gate click. Audrey looked out.

"Oh,' she said, 'there's Clement Kindersley and that horrid man, Mr. Durant.

And they see me; they're raising their hats. I must go down now.'

"Then I will go to your father's room. But why do you call Mr. Durant a "horrid man?"

"I don't know," answered Audrey, petulantly; 'I don't like him to be such an image of Griffith. It annoys me when people tell me of it.'

"Griffith sees the likeness himself, I suppose?"

"Yes. They met for the first time yesterday, and Griffith was amused; but it is a bore.'

"We had come downstairs; the two young men were in the drawing-room. I was about to pass on to the adjoining room, but Audrey, whose face lacked its customary brightness, begged me to come in with her.

"I hope they will only stay a few minutes," she said. 'I never know how to talk to Clement Kindersley, and I think he has a wholesome dread of you.'

"And so you've heard of your cousin, Miss Dwarris," began Clement Kindersley. 'I thought I would come and congratulate you. Wonderful piece of luck, really! Madeleine did not seem to know much about it, however—I mean beyond the fact that the ship was burnt, and that your cousin was saved in one of the boats.'

"There is not much more to be known," said Audrey, with steady gravity; 'and we have to lament the loss of Mrs. Pemberton and her little son.'

"Ah yes, Madeleine said something about it. Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry; but everybody can't escape, you know, and it's only fair the young ones should have the chance. Horrible thing, a voyage, I should say; I should hate it myself; shouldn't you, Miss Dwarris?"

"While Clement Kindersley, who looked more than usually pasty-faced, dull-eyed, and ill at ease in the presence of ladies, was talking to Audrey, after this elegant and engaging fashion, I was exchanging a few words with Mr. Durant. I could hardly exaggerate the closeness of his resemblance to Griffith Dwarris; and it had a puzzling sort of effect on me, especially there, in the place where I was accustomed to see Griffith. He was a gentlemanly person, surprisingly so for a friend of poor Clement Kindersley's later choosing, with something in his look and manner suggestive of watchfulness, or perhaps I ought rather to say of observation, not, after all, unnatural or unbe-

coming in a visitor to a strange place. He, in common with everybody in Wrottesley, was acquainted with the matter in which the Dwarrises were at present so deeply interested, and he asked a few pertinent, permissible questions, and would then have dismissed the subject, but Clement Kindersley kept it up. He wanted to know what Miss Pemberton was like, and who her step-mother had been? whether Audrey did not think it was a very good thing the baby did not live, and that all babies were bores? Audrey grew positively nervous under this unpleasant cross-examination, and once or twice Mr. Durant interposed, and tried almost to wrench the conversation in another direction. In vain; his companion would, and did, talk about the Albatross and Ida Pemberton in spite of him.

"I suppose your cousin writes in great spirits?" was one of his questions; at which Mr. Durant looked undisguisedly vexed.

"My cousin does not write at all," said Audrey, shortly; 'she is too ill to write.'

"Ah, yes; by-the-bye, Madeleine said something about her getting someone else to write. A fellow-passenger, I suppose?"

"We really do not know."

"But you could easily tell, by the list of the saved passengers. There's a list in yesterday's paper. Haven't you seen it?"

"No. We knew who had been saved, and who had been lost, of those we cared for, and we looked no farther."

"Here it is," said Clement, officiously pulling out his pocket-book, and taking from it a slip of printed paper, 'and you can find out in a minute who it was that wrote the letter to you. Tell me the name and I'll find it for you.'

"The name is Bessy West."

"No such name among the passengers. Here's your cousin's, "Miss Pemberton and maid." The maid's name is Bessy West! There, Miss Dwarris, don't you think I should have made a good detective?"

"I caught a look in Mr. Durant's face, which persuaded me that there was an instantaneous harmony of thought between us, when the notion occurred to me that Clement Kindersley was rather of the material which furnishes employment for detectives. The next moment Mr. Durant glanced at the clock on the mantelshelf and rose.

"I beg your pardon, Kindersley," he

said, 'but I must remind you of our appointment.'

"He then took leave of us, with a manner as unembarrassed as Clement's was awkward, and when the door closed on them, Audrey remarked that it gave her satisfaction to observe that Clement Kindersley's new friend possessed the useful art of snubbing him.

"Griffith and I were to leave Wrottesley for London by the mail-train, and on the following day we were to start on our journey to Plymouth. During that journey we should have plenty of time to talk over all that had happened. It was better that I should see neither Madeleine nor Griffith in the meantime, and I felt sure that Audrey's silence was enjoined by either or both of them.

"We could not fix any day on which my return might be looked for; all that must depend on how I found Ida Pemberton, and on her fitness for a journey. If the illness from which she was suffering should prove to be nothing more than nervous depression and debility, my experience told me that she would speedily rally under the influence of kindness and care, and the sense that she was going home. It was arranged that Griffith should join me at the railway station; and, as I returned to Despard Court, I reflected on the oddity of the situation. He and I had parted with words full of the hope, whose dispersion into thin air was assured by the object of the journey we were about to undertake.

"When I arrived at the Wrottesley railway station, accompanied by my maid, and so moderate a supply of luggage, that any man accustomed to travel with ladies would have felt that Griffith was to be envied, I was surprised to find that my journey was regarded as a kind of event. It seemed to be pretty widely known, thanks chiefly to the gossip of Miss Minnie Kellett, that I was about to do this very simple act of neighbourly kindness to my good friends at the Dingle House, and there was a plentiful attendance of gobemouches on the occasion.

"I expected to find Audrey with her brother, but I was unprepared for the apparition of Mr. Dwarris, waiting to hand me out of the carriage. Griffith, I concluded, was taking the tickets, as I did not see him for a moment; then I perceived him on the platform, and very lightly dressed, as I thought, for a journey. But it was not Griffith, Audrey explained, with voluble vexation, it was

that hateful Mr. Durant; and she wondered what brought him prowling about there with Clement Kindersley. In another minute Griffith came up to us. His colour changed as his eyes met mine, and he spoke in a hurried voice the ordinary nothings of the occasion.

"We were soon in our places; and Mr. Dwarris, who had previously given me a small packet, which I placed in my travelling-bag, bade me farewell. The train moved out of the station, and we lost sight of Mr. Dwarris and Audrey, but had a later glimpse of Clement Kindersley, who stood at the end of the platform with a vacant grin upon his face, and by his side Mr. Durant. They raised their hats to me as the train glided by the edge of the platform, and Griffith said:

"Madeleine calls Clement's new friend my "double." I suppose he has taken a fancy to him, on the principle of the lady who said she really could not resist running away with an admirer, because he was so like her husband in his best days.'

"The likeness is curious, but not so strong when one sees both at the same time. Where did Clement Kindersley pick up Mr. Durant?'

"In London, I believe. I don't know much about him; but, I believe, the likeness led to the acquaintance. Clement's story is that he saw me, as he supposed, in the Strand; and that he slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Hollo! Griffith, what brings you here, old fellow?'" Whereupon the recipient of his greeting looked at him not over kindly, and informed him that he was mistaken. Explanations and acquaintance followed, and, I presume, each found a congenial spirit in the other.'

"What is Mr. Durant doing at Wrottesley?'

"Nothing, I believe. Clement talks very big about him as a young man of fashion and leisure, with a taste for fishing; and that is, literally, all I have heard.'

"Our talk on this indifferent subject had disposed of the first minutes of our journey, and the unsettled sensations which attend a start. My companion had provided for my comfort with all due care. My wraps were carefully disposed, my book and paper-knife at hand; but I had no intention of reading. We were virtually alone, for my maid neither understood nor spoke English, and was already exercising the most powerful gift of sleep

with which I have ever known anyone to be endowed.

"Come," I said, "you know I am most anxious to know how things are. Tell me all about it."

"I will indeed," he replied. "I am sure you know I have only been waiting until the turn of things to be done should be over. It has been "a pull," as Traddles says, for us all—for Madeleine, and Audrey, and myself."

"You have borne it bravely, and Audrey too. So much as that I can see. Tell me about Madeleine."

"He told me. I must not repeat the details of the homely story of hope, disappointment, courage, patience, and true love, the love which might trust and be trusted in the future, because it had been proved to have its roots in honesty and duty in the present. Somehow, I felt, it would come right, it must come right; I could not see how, but I had the strongest faith in the future for these brave young hearts, in their constancy and its reward. It had all happened as I had pictured it to myself. Griffith had gone to Madeleine with the intelligence of his father's accession to fortune, the news which changed the scene for them as effectually as sunrise changes night into day, and she had given him joyful permission to reveal the delightful truth of their mutual love to his father. Mr. Kindersley was not at home that evening, or Griffith thought Madeleine might have been unable to conceal from her father that something of great importance to her had occurred.

"We were spared that, however," he said, "and it is a great deal spared. It was arranged between us that my father was to ask his old friend for his daughter for me. There was no need for me to ask my father what he intended to do for me. The new fortunes and the old would be all alike in that respect. And I was to have seen my father and got him to go to Mr. Kindersley yesterday, and to have seen Madeleine in the evening—you may fancy what castles we had built the evening before—but Mr. Conybeare sent for me early on business (before my father was out of his room), and when I got to the bank, he showed me the paragraph in the newspaper about the Collingwood's having brought passengers saved from the *Albatross* into Plymouth. Lady Olive, I don't quite know what I felt at first—it was a kind of confusion—the clearest sense in it being that there was something I must

do immediately, and something I must prevent; the clearest feeling in it being one of great thankfulness that my father should not know that the news he had told us, and its reversal, had any extra importance for me."

"He passed his hand wearily across his forehead, and sighed.

"I hope you don't blame me very severely because this was the first effect the intelligence produced on me. In a very short time I was able to rejoice in the safety of my cousin, and to discard the selfish impulse of regret that I had had a vision of fortune for a few hours."

"Had Mr. Conybeare any notion of all this?"

"Not the slightest. My father, as you know, had told him, and consulted him about Mrs. Pemberton's will, and he was much distressed about the unfortunate 'disappointment,' as he called it. I sent a line to Frank Lester, and got him to take a letter to Madeleine for me, for I could not leave the bank when business hours had begun. Frank went round to the Dingle House in the afternoon, told Audrey, who behaved like the good little girl that she is, and found that my father had gone to Despard Court. Frank and Audrey then arranged that Frank should follow him, and set his mind at rest by letting him know that we were aware of the news that had reached him. You know the rest."

"Not all the rest, Griffith. You saw Madeleine that evening; while your father was with me. You and Frank Lester went to Beech Lawn. How was it with her?"

"How is it with the angels, Lady Olive? I believe she is as like one of them as any human creature ever was; I believe they are indeed "her high-born kinsmen." She had no room in her mind for any thoughts but of the rescued girl, no room in her heart for any feeling but joy. She made me feel unutterably ashamed of my want of courage. "Wait and hope" is to be her motto and mine henceforth. When things are all quiet and settled at home, I shall go away somewhere, and seek my fortune; and Madeleine will stay at home and wait for me."

"I could not help thinking, as I listened to Griffith's cheerful and brave words, that Mr. Kindersley would do a wise thing if he disregarded every consideration of interest, and the world's opinion, and gave his daughter without more ado to a

young man who might so well be trusted with her happiness. I thought this quite dispassionately, for in general I am by no means a person disposed to set aside conventional rules, or to advocate exceptional courses. I think society is mostly justified in its demands, and that in the vast majority of cases the world's opinion is right.

"I have been talking things over with Lester," Griffith went on to say; "and he knows a good deal about the outside world, which is so strange to me. The only thing I cannot stand, and must not try, for her sake and mine, is remaining at Wrottesley, in the bank as I am. I have a notion that Audrey and Lester will marry sooner than we hoped. I think that will come out of all these changes; and that I shall be able to reconcile my father to my trying some quite new line, on the natural plea of feeling unsettled."

"And that ever-vexed question—money?"

"That will be easier than it ever has been. Mrs. Pemberton's will confirms my uncle's legacy to my father, and makes a liberal provision for my cousin's expenses until her majority, on the supposition that she will reside with my father."

"Have you any intention, any precise notion, of what you want to do?"

"I am afraid not." For the first time Griffith's face assumed a dreary look. "There is a great restlessness over me. I have begun to feel my captivity, and the narrowness of my cage, and the longing to stretch my wings even for a little."

"Then I will tell you what it is best to do. Let us consult my brother. We shall probably see him at Plymouth; but if not, I will get him to come to Despard Court for a few days. Barr is practical, if desultory, and what he puts his mind to he generally accomplishes."

"It would be very kind of him to interest himself for me."

"He will certainly do so, for my sake, and for your own, and, indeed, for Madeleine's."

"I remembered my own imperfectly-formed schemes for my brother, and thought of the bootless expenditure of poor Mr. Pemberton's ingenuity on a similar project, and took in a fresh lesson upon the contrariness of human destinies."

"Do you know," said Griffith, with a

slightly confused laugh, "I thought at one time that you would have been glad if—"

"If Barr had liked Madeleine, and she had liked him? You were quite right. But it did not come to pass, or only half of it came to pass, and that in a very safe degree. Can you guess why? Because Barr discovered what I had not suspected, that Madeleine's heart was not hers to give."

"I did not know it then. We both learned the truth during that absence."

"And then Griffith and I talked of Madeleine until we tired of talking, and resorted to our respective books."

"The train stopped at a station within an hour of London, and when we reached it I insisted on Griffith's changing his place for one in a smoking-carriage. When the train moved on again I took out of my travelling-bag the packet which Mr. Dwarris had given me at Wrottesley station."

"It consisted of a thick blue envelope, containing a second, on which was written, in Mr. Dwarris's hand:

"Enclosure No. II., contained in Mrs. Pemberton's letter."

"Read that," Mr. Dwarris had said to me, "and thoroughly master its contents; so that when you return you can advise me in my line of conduct from the beginning. It is better that you should completely understand the position before you see the girl."

"I drew out of the second envelope several sheets of letter paper, closely written over in a distinct and careful hand, and numbered. I settled myself into the corner, adjusted my travelling-lamp, and prepared to read the voluminous document. I was naturally interested in it; the circumstances under which it had been written, the terrible fate of the writer, the purpose of my present journey, all invested it with a solemn importance, which, however, had no conceivable reference to myself. Intimately associated with the circumstances in which my friends were placed, I was absolutely dissociated from them in every personal respect."

"What, therefore, was my astonishment, when, in the course of my perusal of Mrs. Pemberton's confidential communication to Mr. Dwarris, I discovered that I was reading a long missing chapter in the story of my own life."

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

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"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 394. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE TRUANT'S RETURN.

THUS stimulated, Mr. Pringle at last found his way to the Dawson family, where Mrs. Dawson welcomed him with an "Oh, you naughty boy!" He was then conducted with some solemnity to see Phœbe; and when the poor little thing—eager, panting, and agreeable—tried to flutter over to him like some wounded dove, our hero felt a pang of remorse; and the spectacle of such affection roused in him all the old sympathy and interest, which he had before felt on those nights at the garden-gate.

Yet between these two scenes there was a surprising difference; for then there was the bright little maid full of piquancy, the romance of excitement, the scenic air of the situation where all was love and adventure, grace and beauty, without that prosaic element of responsibility and trouble. But here was the whole translated into prose—the rather mean lodgings, the worry and anxiety of real life, and an invalid girl rising from a sofa, with little to distinguish her from the crowd of sober and unromantic beings that walk the boards of life. However, as we say, pure was the feeling of pity, even tender interest, in our hero's heart; and with a sigh he owned to himself that reparation was due to this injured little maid, for whose sore case he was accountable.

"What a pitiable creature!" will perhaps be the reflection, as this gentleman's proceedings are followed. But it is probable that this flux and reflux of indecision lives

in many persons' breasts, who, however, are lucky enough to have sufficient sense to prevent them allowing the inward impression to direct outward action; and in this way they appear to the world consistent persons enough.

However this may be, we have now this wavering being restored to his Phœbe, who was prattling away in the delight of her soul, while Mr. Pringle, desperately setting anxieties and difficulties behind him for the time, lent himself to the pleasant enchantment, and fancied he was performing a very chivalrous and noble act of devotion and self-sacrifice.

The prudent mother did not let the opportunity go by without profit, and assuming that there was but one aim now, which was to get matters brought to a happy conclusion as speedily as possible, said, "Now, my dears, the thing is to have you married at once. I think you couldn't do better than put yourselves into Tom's hands."

That night, accordingly, Tom was called in, and cheerfully undertook all the arrangements.

But before this chapter of troubles was to conclude, there was to be one more rather trying situation. A few days before the time fixed, the Pringle carriage drove up, and Sam descended. He had come on what he purposed should be a diplomatic mission, but which he conducted in the most undiplomatic fashion that could be conceived. This was only what might be expected. Happily Phœbe had gone out for a drive with Tom; otherwise the spectacle of her future father, bursting in violently, and conducting himself outrageously, would have discomposed her.

"I tell you what, ma'am," he said,

"you have behaved disreputably and disgracefully. My son has been entrapped among you; yes, entrapped, ma'am!"

Mrs. Dawson repudiated this charge with dignity.

"I make every allowance for your feelings, Mr. Pringle——"

"I want none of your speeches, ma'am," he said; "I want to come to business. It is simply ridiculous, the whole affair, and if you have any sense left, you'll join with me in stopping it."

Mrs. Dawson smiled. "It is too late now," she said.

"Not a bit. I tell you what. Can't you go away—take her away—out of the country? Of course it's a sacrifice, the girl's feelings and all that; but, really—I don't know how to put it—but my men of business, Messrs. Cooper and Co.——"

"Now—now, really," said Mrs. Dawson, rising, "don't go further, I beg. Pray spare yourself and your own dignity, if not me."

"Fudge!" said old Sam, beside himself with rage, "how squeamish we are. I tell you—any substantial amount—Cooper and Co. have my directions——"

"This is most ungentlemanly," said Mrs. Dawson, going to the door. "If I were to refer you to my son, Tom Dawson, as you do me to your 'Cooper and Co.,' you would not make such a proposal a second time."

"Very well, very well, ma'am; mind, I came to give you one last chance. Let the thing go on. Mind, I tell you not a sixpence shall the fellow have, or the scheming chit he chooses to marry. They may both starve for what I care. A pretty pair of paupers! And he's not able to do a thing for his livelihood—the fellow couldn't earn a copper at a street crossing! By all that's holy, ma'am, I'll make him smart!"

When old Sam had departed in this rage he left the lady not a little alarmed at the prospect he had held out. She knew that he was a vindictive, malevolent old man, who would find a welcome pleasure in gratifying himself in the fashion he had held out. She had always considered that there would be a "fuss" at first, and that then the usual reconciliation would follow. But she had taken no account of this element of revenge, which so often obtains in low natures, and particularly in the case of those paupers who, according to the proverb, unaccustomed to horse exercise, take their gallops in the most extravagant fashion.

It might possibly turn out as old Sam had determined it would, and then the result would be disastrous indeed. Mrs. Dawson became very thoughtful.

It was now too late—nothing could be done—and, rather ruefully, she turned to make such preparations for her Phoebe's wedding as she could contrive. These were on the simplest and most economic scale; and, indeed, the contrast struck the bridegroom, between the elaborate and magnificent toilettes which he had so lately seen Mr. Wörth's agents at work upon, and that "had-in" dressmaker, who attended at the Ebury-street rooms, to construct poor Phoebe's slender trousseau. A dismal weight seemed to oppress the whole party. Mr. Pringle, indeed, talked of the objections of his family as a matter to be removed by time, and was always alluding confidently to a period when "the governor would come round." Then they would live under the same roof-tree, and Phoebe vowed in her pretty way that she would do everything to make herself welcome to the forgiving father and mother, and consult even their slightest wish. Mr. Pringle, however, was not always in these sanguine moods; at times the disagreeable nature of his situation came back upon him with all its "horrors." Here he was, a young man of fashion and wealth, turned into a sort of Pariah; his father and mother "not speaking to him," his prospects of the most dismal kind, he himself harried and worried; and then—what he never could bear to think of an instant without a flash coming to his cheeks—that pressure which had been put upon him in Paris: the threats by which he had been compelled to take his present course. At the name of Tom his brows lowered, his mouth assumed the "sulky" look, and the shape his thoughts took was, "No matter; as they have forced me into it, they shall pay for it one day," poor Phoebe being, possibly, included in the "they."

Mrs. Dawson was skilful enough to note these signs and tokens, and bade Tom keep out of the way; also hinting to her daughter that, for good reasons, it were better not to be bringing in his name so often—advice which Phoebe followed, not without a little wonder. As the day drew near, these moods of Mr. Pringle came on more frequently, and he would have given anything that something would have "broken it all off." But Fate, taking the shape of Tom, was there inexorable; while

Phoebe, to whose slender frame joy had restored health and strength, found herself full of her old gaiety and spirits.

In this pleasant opposition of views as to so important an event, the morning of Phoebe's marriage came round. The ceremonial was a sad contrast to what it might have been under happier circumstances. There was none of the usual excitement and bustle which lend a festive air to the street itself to which the event belongs. There was no arrival of confectioners' vans, with mysterious descent of block-tin ice-pails. There were no bouquets and favours. A single carriage took them all. Breakfast speechifying there was none. And was this the vision that had been so often before Phoebe's eyes—which she had acted at the school with the girls—which she had rehearsed for herself privately when the ceremonies precedent on marriage appeared to her, as they do to every girl, the most delightful "transformation scene" in the world!

The day, too, was a gloomy one; the rain pouring down in sheets and streams. The whole party was depressed; the bridegroom could not even assume the conventional air of enjoyment. It was only the day before that he had found courage to announce the matter to his parents, with the result of a scene that was almost indecent, if not appalling; old Sam delivering what would have been a sort of malediction had it been more in form, and not helped out with so many oaths. But there was a spite and venom in his denunciations, with a "Wait and see!" added, which, for the first time, gave Mr. Pringle serious forebodings. But the watchful Tom was at hand, like the warder who never lets the tenant of the condemned cell out of his sight. To the last the faithful brother performed his duty, and when, as the phrase goes, the knot was tied, he had a word of friendly advice, rather awkwardly compounded with warning:

"Now, Pringle, our little Phoebe is yours! Take care of her, and remember this, my dear fellow, Tom Dawson will always be her brother."

Such was Phoebe's wedding-day.

There was one warm friend, however, present to see Phoebe married who had not been asked to come—they were not in heart exactly to bid guests; but when the marriage service was beginning, the white head and open mouth of Lord Garterley was seen in a pew, from which he emerged

to stand beside Phoebe. This apparition was of immense comfort to all concerned; even the bridegroom felt he was not wholly deserted. Lord Garterley saw Phoebe through it all; gave her a paternal kiss and a fervent "God bless you;" and, on parting with her at the door, pressed something into her hand which Phoebe scarcely felt, and which the watchful mother noting, and fearful lest she should lose, took charge of. On a hasty glance she saw that it was a bank-note for one hundred pounds, which she privately restored to her daughter, with the advice:

"Lock it up in your dressing-case, my pet, and say nothing to *him* about it."

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE PRINGLES AT HOMBURG.

THE mishap that had befallen the two families caused a good deal of talk and even amusement; and the manner in which Lady Baddeley had fallen between the two stools, and thus crowned a life of blunders, was particularly relished. She struck out wildly and blindly, and almost attempted to seize on the young man with violence, "Her darling Florence being even brought to death's door," great doctors attending; but nothing could be done with the pitiless Lord Garterley.

The woman of the world was baffled, and the grenadier had to score one more defeat.

Nor were the Pringles less mortified. Everything, from the beginning down to the ball, had been going on so well, and had promised even better, that they were admitted to have made a very good "start" in fashionable life. Then came this disastrous catastrophe, which was really equivalent to a civil death. An opulent family without an heir to give in marriage, was as a Samson without his locks. The great action the public looked for from them was the hope that a husband could be here supplied for a genteel though portionless daughter. Now a sort of obloquy and contempt was spent upon them, and they were set down as low, pushing persons.

After the first shock of the marriage, they made some desperate efforts to retrieve the position. Sam attempted to give some "state dinners," as he called them, asking numbers whom he had had at his house, or to whom, by some "labours of Hercules," he had contrived an introduction. These persons were confounded by the vast card which was sure to be "served" on them within a day or two, begging the honour of their attendance at a dinner-party.

This casting of the net, however, was most disheartening—no one accepting, or, if they accepted, not coming, or, as a third course—as in the case of the young men—not replying in any shape, unless the remark to a friend, "What do these people mean by asking me?" be taken as a reply.

The unhappy family were, therefore, reduced to calling in the old elements at the last moment—Lady Juliana; Mr. and Lady Cecilia Shortlands; Pratt-Hawkins—in short, some of those regulars, who are like the "orders" at theatres, to whom the manager sends tickets at the last moment when there is prospect of a thin house.

A series of these mortifications had disheartened the Samuel Pringles, and as the season was now at an end, they determined to go abroad. Lady Juliana had announced that she had no objection to be carried to Homburg, for the waters as well as for amusement; and though the Sam Pringles had shown symptoms of wishing to cast aside the crutch on which they had tottered into society, still, recent events had shown them that they were not independent of her assistance. Accordingly, preparations on a grand scale were set on foot; and with new luggage, new dresses, and new servants, mamma, papa, and the ponies started on what was for them "the grand tour." They had made some attempts to travel in a fashionable way: that is, to find out some of the great personages who were bound for the same point. But this broke down, though one of the ponies discovered that Lord and Lady Kington, who "had been at their ball," were actually in the train. How the family conspired and contrived during the journey—what little arts they adopted to put themselves in the way of the unconscious aristocrats—how they hovered about them with a retiring and beseeching obsequiousness, willing to accost and yet afraid to strike—made a very amusing chapter in the little history of the journey. Of course a large party thus advancing and retreating in this fashion, must have at last attracted attention; and the noble persons now on board the Calais steamer began to be mystified at the proceedings of the rather grotesque group that so dogged them. Such a number of imploring eyes watching them with smiles of tender interest made them most uncomfortable, especially when, in the ladies' cabin, Mrs. Pringle and her ponies had again established a sort of blockade—while on deck, old Sam had,

in his own phrase, "got alongside" of the gentleman. When the noble lady in the cabin, as the sea grew rough, asked the steward near to send her maid, Mrs. Pringle fancied that the opening was given, and in wistful fashion faltered: "My maid is here, Lady Kington; and I am sure I shall be delighted. You recollect—at our house, you know—pleasure of——" This declaration was met by a cold stare, and a colder "No, thanks." On deck, Sam, more bold, accosted the lord: "Saw you at our house, my lord, when I and Mrs. Pringle gave our ball;" which was acknowledged by a companion stare to that of the lady below, and a matter of fact "Mistake, I think; someone else." "No, dear no," said Sam, eagerly; and proceeded to give details in proof. "Well! Perhaps so," said the other, and walked towards the paddle-box. This was not very encouraging. The family had only the consolation left of discovering—the news being ascertained through the servants—that the lord and lady were also bound for Homburg.

The family travelled in a sort of state, and at due expense. Mr. Batts, the butler, of whom Mrs. Pringle stood in awe, and whom she wished to discharge on leaving, had declined to accept that view, old Sam, in a monkeyish spirit, declaring that he should be kept. "Mr. Batts," he would say before him, "is a man of the world, not to be unceremoniously treated. Is not that so, Mr. Batts?" a compliment that menial would accept with a smile of indulgence. Two footmen were also of the party, with luggage that would have almost filled a fourgon. Family plate was taken, as it had been gathered that Pratt-Hawkins and some of the supernumeraries would attend at Homburg, and opportunities for dinner-parties might arise.

Their progress was of course slow. There were halts at Brussels, Cologne, and even at Frankfurt; while handsome apartments in one of the leading streets were got ready. At these chambers Lady Juliana had her maid and baggage, and it must be said that that lady of quality showed herself very peevish and even snappish while travelling. She said more disagreeable things than they had yet heard from her, and Mrs. Pringle, who knew enough of "society" to have learnt to kick away any rickety step-ladder by which she had mounted, would not have been disinclined to have got rid of the chaperon. But in old Sam, Lady Juliana found a backer, as she had contrived to lend him her moral

support in family disputes, and declared that "Mr. Pringle was a man of the world," with other compliments. In this way it was that this disagreeable personage came to be of the party, and it was understood that she was "on a visit to the Pringles," the visit dating from the time of arrival at the Victoria Station to the period of return to the same point; though even there a little fiction of taking Lady Juliana's through ticket "for her" was carried out, the lady affecting to have been caught napping, her coupons being secured, as it were, behind her back—a proceeding that she was a little indignant at.

Homburg, as all the world knows, is a very pleasant background for social recreation, the air being delightful, the amusements abundant, and the company numerous and varied. In this respect it has this peculiar feature, that it offers English liquor in a foreign bottle, and somehow everybody of note contrives to find their way there. We are now speaking of days after that period of happy memory—the suppression of the gamblers, their cards and wheels—when the place offered its own unassisted charms.

The apartments taken by the family belonged to a German baroness, who happened to be an acquaintance of Lady Juliana's, and through that lady's agency were let to the family at an enormous rent, a transaction acceptable to Mrs. Pringle only on the grounds of saving the anxieties and responsibilities of looking out for suitable accommodation, and also because it might possibly turn out to be a lever for introductions. "The baroness's apartments" would sound handsomely.

CHAPTER XXXIV. MISS LACROIX.

THE family entered Homburg with a cortège like that of a small circus, and the following morning there appeared at the springs Sam, in a grey hat and light shooting suit, which displayed his rotund figure to extraordinary disadvantage. Like new-comers in such places, they were enchanted with everything, and displayed in their faces that peculiar sort of tourist elation as though inviting all beholders to join in their pleasurable emotions, and congratulate them on having come so far. The crowds of figures, the novelty of everything, really delighted them; and the ponies were particularly pleased with the number of "gentlemen" to be seen walking about, with the charming unconstraint, that contrasted so favourably

with that stiffness and comparative weariness which distinguished the sex at home. Here must, indeed, be the happy hunting-grounds for spinsters! "Mamma, mamma!" they called together, "do you see—there's Mr. Pratt-Hawkins! and see, there's Mr. Phipps!" and the family sprang forward to meet their dear friends. But Pratt-Hawkins was engaged taking two or three turns with a marquis, a triumph which had cost him a fortnight's assiduous labour to secure, and his hard-won position might be imperilled by "these people;" so they received no more than the meagre greeting of a stiff removal of Mr. Pratt-Hawkins's hat, and were coldly repelled. A little later appeared in sight the lord and lady of the journey, who glanced at them with an uncomfortable shiver, and drew closer as if fearful of an attack. But the Pringles had received a lesson, though they directed a glance to them, half reproachful, half appealing.

Still it was very delightful, and the day went by very pleasantly, though their imposed companion, Lady Juliana, was now grown sensitive, and even quarrelsome, as she saw that her "protégées"—"ungrateful pack," as she called them—were worshipping no longer. She, however, was very careless as to how they behaved, as she was likely to make out friends of her own, and, being secured now, could afford to neglect them in her turn. But still she enacted a ceremonial of respect, making them wait for her when they had to proceed to the table d'hôte or to the rooms, when, leaning on her crutch-handled stick, she was accompanied as by a retinue.

At this table d'hôte—they attended at the Victoria—old Sam, carried away by his spirits (the family at times wished heartily that this was no metaphor, and that the spirits could operate physically), commenced that fatal "clowning" which he had been conjured to leave at home. The family sat together, as is the custom, and some remark of Sam's to the effect that "the chairs seemed about as tight as the beds," having caused a smile, Sam was launched on his career of buffoonery. A young girl next to him tittered, and actually "suffocated with laughter," on the invitation and encouragement of Sam. Everyone on both sides of the long table were stretching out their heads to see who was the "droll old fellow." As it was his first visit to foreign countries, his enjoyment of all that was novel to him

was genuine — the want of salt-spoons, the German wines, &c. ; and he persisted in calling for the "kellner." "He's an Irishman," he said; "Kelly's his name, depend upon it." In short, Sam was in his highest schoolboy, or rather mudlark, spirits, "turning wheels" for the company.

What a delightful surprise when, on the next morning, down at the fountains, were revealed yet more friends! Here were the Charles Webbers, always sure to be found at the proper place—that is, where all the proper people were to be found; though they had to pinch and make sore sacrifice to accomplish so costly a journey. If by such straining the ends could not be forced to meet, they were content to forego the enjoyment altogether. Mr. Webber, resplendent in a juvenile suit of gay colours, was eminently suited to this pleasant place. Knowing everybody—and where he had been ignorant, taking care to know everybody — he was pronounced agreeable, what he said being always of a certain cheerfulness, with suitableness to the moment and to his company. Old Phipps, too, he reported, was now due, and would arrive by-and-by. In short, the Pringles, though somewhat down during the journey and on their arrival, were now quite in spirits at the prospect, and declared again and again "that Homburg was a most delightful place." They had apartments in a house which Sam said was the colour of blotting-paper, towards the middle of the fashionable Kieseloff-street; the royal duke, as Pratt-Hawkins told them, lodging only a few doors lower down; while actually, on the floor underneath, were Sir John and Lady Minerer, with Miss Lacroix, who was staying with them.

Sir John was a thin, mild husband, while his lady was a portly, shrewish personage, who said and did what she thought. Having "taken in" or captured Sir John on the high seas of flirtation, and not being "exactly, you know" of the same position, she was not comfortable among persons of the same rank, though extremely so in the company of those of lower degree. She was a loud-voiced, noisy lady, and if it were not disrespectful to say so, might be called a sort of genteel fishwoman as regards her language. She was always engaged in disputes with "the people of the house" on small matters of domestic economy, into which Sir John, a small spare being, quite unsuited to such conflicts, was drawn.

Of course such contiguity was a per-

petual challenge to acquaintance for the Pringles. Mrs. Pringle had used, and used in vain, the shrinking, timorous device, the accidental meeting on the stairs, when, with reverential and smiling lips that formed visual though inarticulate words, she seemed to invite intercourse. The stout Lady Minerer, who was gouty, and walked with labour, was too much engrossed in getting herself into her rooms. It was reserved for Sam to break the ice, as it is called. Sam had taken due notice of "the fine girl that was below," and when he found the opportunity, conveyed his admiration in sundry ogles. One evening a number of substantial bouquets, ordered by the Pringle family for the decoration of the room—they had seen the same in the rooms of a lady of rank—were left in the hall, and attracted Lady Minerer's admiration. She was very fond of flowers, and entered into conversation with Mr. Batts, who was about to convey them upstairs. She had a sort of respect for this official and his reserved manner, and often thus commended with him. She had just exclaimed that "they were lovely, and that she wished that she could get them to send her some"—which they never would, her ladyship being excessively stingy in the matter of price—when the voice of Sam was heard behind, subdued to a rich emolliency: "Am sure, Lady Minerer, delighted—if you'd 'low me to offer 'em at your shrine. Let me have 'em taken in to your room! Or would you—" and he put one into the hand of Lady Minerer, the other in that of Miss Lacroix. There was an old-fashioned gallantry in the operation with which her ladyship was pleased. Sam was invited in, carrying, as he entered, the rest of the flowers, and was found amusing enough, his vein and her ladyship's being of about equal coarseness. Need we say that Sam was not found fault with for his purchase of this acquaintance, at so comparatively small an outlay; and that from that day forth the new relationship was fortified by a shower of choice floral offerings, Mr. Batts usually appearing in charge of the nose-gays, with many a "Mrs. Pringle's compliments, my lady, with these flowers, and hopes you'd do her the honour to accept of 'em." Mrs. Pringle and the ponies were presently introduced, on the stairs, and Lady Minerer received them into the number of her dependents with as much graciousness as she could put on.

From that time the intimacy was firmly cemented, and became even violent, the ponies waiting on Lady Minerer like two handmaidens, and the whole family attending, when she went forth at the fashionable hours to hear the music. When this retinue appeared on the terrace in front of the Cure House, there was excitement; in other words, they disturbed a great many persons, in selecting a suitable spot for encampment, while Sir John and Sam went to collect chairs. Then there followed coffee; while Sam, whose patent of appointment as jester in ordinary to Homburg was by this time regularly made out, gave due license to his vein, and attracted all ears within the area to which the human voice can carry, by his loud laugh and noisy buffooneries.

Mention has been made of the lady, Miss Lacroix, who was set down as "the personal attendant" of the great lady, though indeed her relation to her seemed not a little mysterious. Her quiet independence of manner, and the assured character of her position, was inconsistent with the idea of a "dame de compagnie," Lady Minerer herself saying that Miss Lacroix was travelling with them. There was something, too, in her that made every one look two or three times at her. She had one of those smooth, well-shaped heads, her hair fitting tight like a cap, though not thin, but certainly contrasting with the "rich matted tresses" which are ordinarily ranked among the glories of the sex. People remarked in her face a very thoughtful, inquiring look, which was really habitual with her, and which seemed to be excited by every remark that was made to her. Her own speeches were of a piquant, half-satirical kind, that attracted. Her face was not handsome, nor even pretty, but exceedingly intelligent. She gave the idea of wishing to please; she said nothing that was ill-natured; yet the gentlemen felt a little reserve in her presence, and the ladies not the usual cordiality with which they accepted persons of their own sex. This, no doubt, owing to an idea that "her papers seemed hardly en règle"—as, indeed, is more or less the case with those who embark alone on the waters of society, sculling their little skiffs alone, themselves the only crew. It seems strange that people should be inquisitive in the case of such navigation, asking how and when the rower got on board; where she is going; and, in fact, why she was thus engaged at all—whereas even a "pair-

oared" boat, pulled by, say, a mother and daughter, a husband and wife, should be accepted. But this serious and unreasonable disability undoubtedly obtains, and was in force even at such a place as Homburg. Miss Lacroix, however, enjoyed all that was going on very much, and contributed to the pastime of the agreeable Capua where she was. The Pringles soon discovered that Lady Minerer found her account in this companionship; many elderly ladies of fashion being pleased to have an attractive aide-de-camp at their side. So do the wary moneylenders insist on their young client taking, as part of the proceeds of a bill, a parcel of undrinkable wine, an old picture, or still older gig, as makeweight to the more acceptable cash. In this case Miss Adelaide Lacroix may be presumed to be the cash.

SPIELBAD-SUPER-MARE.

Is it really my deliberate opinion that there is money to be made at "the tables?" It is. Then why do I not go and make it? Ah! that is exactly the question I have been asking myself just now—not for the first time—all the way home.

Why the smell of a kidney sauté au vin de Madère should carry me, as on Shacabac's carpet, straight away to Spielbad-super-Mare I cannot say. But so it is. As I walked home just now, I passed by an open window. It was a real English spring evening. The thermometer—to judge from one's feelings—must have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of zero. But it was not exactly freezing. The wet was coming down in little wriggling lumps. But you couldn't quite say it was snowing. The brown gas-jets gloomed at you through a layer of thicker brownness, which perhaps you would hardly be justified in dignifying with the name of fog. At the window stood what seemed the ghost of a pale stout man, dressed, as ghosts should be, all in white, and called over its shoulder to a fellow ghost to "Behold then a dog of weather! sacred blue! but a dog!" Then, with a shudder, he, or it, slammed down the window, and returned to his steaming casseroles. But even as he did so, the fragrance of a "jumped kidney" came leaping out, and in a moment I was a thousand miles away.

Spielbad-super-Mare. At Christmas time. But with much less suggestion of "Christmas" about it than about that Lon-

don spring evening under which I was cultivating the rheumatics a second or two ago. There is a freshness in the air; but it is the freshness of June, not of December. The blue sea glitters oily, with scarce a ripple even around the very edge of the warm red rocks. The big mountains behind me tower into the heavens, but there is no more hint of snow on the loftiest of their bald crowns than in the clear blue sky itself. Ripe yellow oranges and lemons are piled up all around, not in mouldy Covent-garden baskets, but on the green boughs of their own native trees. Over my head a feathery palm is already beginning to thrust out those quaint little unconnected strings of dates which are by-and-by to redeem its character in utilitarian eyes. The marble terrace is ablaze with huge masses of scarlet geranium, and fragrant with heliotrope and rose. In the garden beyond the prickly pears attitudinise pre-Raffaellitically, spreading out their broad fat paws to the sun; which luminary himself has clearly no idea of indulging in any Christmas holiday, and is flaming away as if it were midsummer.

It is three in the afternoon, and, from the open windows of the concert-room, the strains of the Kursaal band come floating out upon the scented air. By-and-by the marble terrace will be gayer than ever, with rainbow silks and sheeny satins, and glittering miles upon miles of the gold and silver lace, with which it seems to be de rigueur just now that some part at least of every lady's dress shall gleam and glare. But for the moment everyone not wedged into one or other of the five closely-packed little crowds which surround the tables, is in the concert-room listening to the music; and, with one exception, Count Carambole and I have the marble terrace to ourselves.

A Russian princess? Well, I think so. I don't know whether you have observed it, but to me it always seems as though the nature and amount of people's "wraps" depended a good deal more upon the climate they have left, than upon that they may at the time be in. An Englishman will as soon part from his chimney-pot hat and his great-coat and his railway rug, as a snail from its shell, or a War-office clerk from his umbrella. Your Italian or your Spaniard will bury his muzzle in his cloak at sunset, in Leicester-square, just as he has been accustomed to bury it in Seville or in Naples, where sunset was an appreciable event. Your mild Hindoo will glide

half-naked through a northern January, shivering but satisfied. I don't remember ever to have met an Esquimaux in Madras or Trincomalee, but if I were to meet one in either of those places, I should be much surprised not to find him swaddled to the eyebrows in fur. The tall young woman with golden hair, leaning pensively against the marble balustrade is certainly not an Esquimaux. But she might almost be one from a furry point of view. The sweeping cream-white silk which trails along the terrace a yard or two behind her, is trimmed with sable eighteen inches deep. The delicately-gloved hands peep out from their sable cuffs, only to bury themselves in the inmost recesses of a coquettish little sable muff. A sable boa encircles closely the "round white pillar of her throat." The golden locks are crowned with a maddening little sable "pork pie." There is sable on the very parasol, whose turquoise-studded handle matches gorgeously the great brooch which just peeps out from under the fur, and the golden bands that clasp the ivory wrists and slender waist. Altogether the lady by the balustrade must carry, as Count Carambole phrases it, for something like two or three thousand louis of turquoises and fur. And for that which concerns the fur and the turquoises, as he informs me, my conjecture is perfectly correct. They are all that there is of most Russian, as Prince Asteriskokoff can bear witness; or, for the matter of that, the Princess Asteriskokoff either, who has made him more than one scene, my dear, in that regard. But for the Dame aux Turquoises! The count shakes his head and smiles. A Russian? She? But yes—of the Bréda quarter. A princess of the gallant Bohemia. There are a good many princesses of that stock at Spielbad-super-Mare. This one has been here a month now; in effect ever since—but no matter. He has ranged himself, that poor prince, and all is finished. And for mademoiselle, she has not made her brain leap, as thou seest, and she has played—ah! my faith, but played!

In effect the count is of opinion that, before many days are out, the turquoises and sables of Princess Asteriskokoff will be in the market once more. Perhaps she is at this moment making up her mind to the sacrifice. Perhaps she is only meditating some fresh combination; some coup more infallible than ever, by which the one five-hundred-franc note which is still left her, and which certainly would not go far

towards liquidating her bill at the grand hotel of Lutetia over the way, may yet be made to retrieve her fortunes. It looks, indeed, as though the latter were the case, for the solitary note is taken out and opened, and folded up again and opened again, only to be again refolded in slightly different fashion. And then, as for the third time she smoothes it out upon the marble balustrade, there comes fluttering down upon it from the vase of geraniums at her elbow a little scarlet leaf.

It requires but a very superficial acquaintance with the manners and customs of Bohemian princesses at Spielbad-super-Mare to penetrate the meaning of the sudden air of decision with which the solitary note is now refolded for the last time, or to guess in what direction its fair owner's steps will at once be turned, or with what intent. In five minutes more she is at the table of the trente-et-quarante, and the five-hundred-franc note is lying on the very centre of the little red lozenge from around which the croupier's rake has just swept a goodly sheaf of others like it. "Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus. Quatre—deux. Rouge gagne et couleur." The augury holds good so far at all events, and Count Carambole opines that the little one is entering upon a vein, and gives me, sotto voce, a long list of similar happy inspirations which have occurred to himself. Your true punter is always a firm believer in inspirations of this kind. I have known men play the number of "little breads" sent up to them at breakfast; the "odd or even" of the pieces in the little pile of change remaining from their bill; the colour of the magnificent scarlet jacket which dazzled them, on the shoulders of a lady they have seen in the railway carriage. In the good old days, before the sensitive virtue of victorious Berlin decreed that, from a roulette or trente-et-quarante point of view, the Rhineland cakes and ales should be no more, there was a story current at my favourite little gambling-place, Sitzbad-bei-die-Saltzbrunnen. As a rule, it was popularly supposed that no one ever lost at Sitzbad but the bank. However, one unlucky punter at least had managed on this occasion to break through the tradition, and had lost, with the exception of a solitary frederick, every farthing he owned. That he should carry this solitary frederick fairly away was, of course, not to be imagined. Our friend had left the table with that intention, however, and had got

as far as the hall. There he was seen suddenly to stop. It was a wet day, and the gorgeously-liveried footmen of the establishment were hiding the light of their silken calves under the bushel of their drab gaiters. Upon one of these the unlucky one was observed to fix his eyes; then turning on his heel he strode swiftly back to the table, and, as the very words "Rien ne va plus" came from the croupier's lips, slapped down his last louis on the fourteen. For another instant or two the little ball hopped hesitatingly from stud to stud; then, settled in its selected cell, was duly proclaimed, in good Rhineland French, as "Gadorze. Rouge, bair et manque." But our friend's faith in the augury, whatever it might be, was not satisfied with so small a triumph; and this time, as he is playing, as the saying goes, with the bank's own money, he can afford to "plunge" a little. So he draws off only four-and-twenty of his little pile of louis, and leaves the maximum on the table. "Gadorze!" again, and his louis has become four hundred and twenty-one louis. A third trial produces a similar result, and a conviction is fast spreading that he has only to leave his eleven louis there to ensure a series of "gadorzes" for the rest of the afternoon, or at all events till the bank shall break. There is quite a murmur of reprobation when he is seen to be seized with a sudden fit of prudence. But our friend has been fascinated by the symmetry of the round eight hundred louis, and persists in staking only the odd half-dozen. So "of course" the luck changes, and "drente-cinq, noir, imbair et basse" sweeps the timid six louis back into the bank again. However, six hundred and forty pounds is not a bad profit to realise in about two minutes and a half upon a capital of sixteen shillings, and there is a natural desire to learn the inspiration on which it has been achieved. Nothing loath the triumphant winner proudly explains. His downcast eye had been, it appears, suddenly struck by the bright buttons upon the footman's gaiters. In pure absence of mind he began to count them. Fourteen. And there you are.

My Bohemio-Russian princess does not seem disposed to balk her luck by any means. "Over a hundred and twenty thousand francs!" whispers one British matron at my elbow to another, who shakes her head in virtuous reprobation, frowning majestically at Count Carambole, as she hastily pops back into her pocket the five-franc piece

with which she has been fidgeting these ten minutes, and to which, with a malicious grin, the wicked count has just directed my attention. For a moment the grin widens, then disappears with pantomimic suddenness as he follows the British matron's example, and draws hastily back the little handful of louis, with which he was about once more to back the luck of the fair adventuress. Another whisper has just come round—a fatal whisper. The princess has named the sum at which she means to stop. She will win back her hundred and fifty thousand francs, and go away. My faith! that suffices. The count's interest in the affair is over.

When I bring out my great work *On the Morbid Anatomy of the Prophetic Function*, I mean to devote a chapter to the superstitions of Spielbad; and it will not be the shortest chapter of that invaluable work, nor the least curious. In this particular superstition I have myself the profoundest faith: and not without reason. I had a venerable relation once, as excellent a man as ever worshipped at the shrine of the great goddess Fortune, and with a pleasant habit of changing the subject when the goddess had frowned upon his offering, and enriching my balance at Messrs. Pennywise and Shovelout's with a large proportion of the golden results of her smiles. To him occurred one day the idea of making up a little sum of five hundred pounds, to be placed to my account with Messrs. P. and S., as a pleasant surprise for Christmas. And a more admirable idea it would, perhaps, be difficult to conceive, or one more worthy of being successfully carried out. But alas! it had one flaw. It fixed beforehand the point at which the goddess's favour would cease to be courted. And the goddess was a feminine goddess, and wouldn't stand that. For more than seven weeks my good old friend played on splendidly. He had already "rolled up" something over four hundred and eighty-five pounds. Another day, and the thing would be done. Would it? Had he haunted the temple so long only to suppose that the goddess would stand being deliberately flirted with in that way? The last day came, and turned out a last day with a vengeance. Instead of winning he began to lose. But that was nothing, for of course one must lose sometimes. The mischief of it was that now he went on losing. First fifty louis, then a hundred, then a hundred more, then his temper, then his head; then the

whole of the famous four hundred and eighty-five pounds, then about two hundred and fifty pounds of his own to the back of it; then—well, then luckily his account with the local bankers dried up, and he had himself to write to Messrs. Pennywise and Shovelout for fresh supplies. Not that the local bankers would not gladly have advanced him any amount he liked to name. But he had promised himself, years ago, never to borrow, and he wouldn't break his word, even to himself, and when he was in a passion. So he went home and had a fit of the gout, which kept him fully occupied till the fresh remittances came, and for some days after. And by the time it passed, he had recovered his head and his temper, and took soberly to playing silver again, and to winning, as, when he played silver, he always did; as surely as he always lost when he played gold. My own firm conviction is, that if he had always played silver, and left off for the day the moment he lost his first gold piece, he would have doubled his income easily.

When to leave off? Aye, there's the rub. You would know well enough? Of course you would, my dear sir. I never yet knew anyone sit down to play who didn't know it; any more than I ever knew one who, when the "déveine" had once fairly set in, had the faintest idea of putting that piece of exceedingly useful knowledge into practice. My friend, the high and well-born young Baron von K——, knew when to stop, for I told him, when he persuaded me—me!—to let him join forces in one of my earliest campaigns, a year or two before the war. He was an officer of Prussian artillery was the Baron von K——, son of another high and well-born baron, high up in the Prussian diplomatic service; and he had been flinging his money about the table right and left, and winning wherever he flung it. Presently the déveine came, and our baron lost as usual, not only all his winnings, but the greater part of his own private supplies, which, as he was under engagement to proceed to England on very interesting business, was rather a serious matter. I had been playing my quiet jog-trot game the while, and had put together a pretty little packet of some seven or eight thousand franc notes; and having taken a sort of liking for the young baron, who, for a Prussian, was really rather a pleasant fellow, consented readily enough to his proposal. So the bargain was struck. The two capitals

were to be joined. The high and well-born one pledged himself to play only in strict accordance with my instructions, and we were to share our winnings in due proportion. Our winnings! Ha, ha! The very next morning I took my turn, played till the run was exhausted, and there was nothing to do but wait till another opening offered, and left my high and well-born one in possession of the field. He was to do nothing till a certain combination arose, then to put on one florin, then two, and so on. Privately, I did not think it likely that such a combination would arise for some time. I took my walk—a short one, for I was not easy in my mind—and returned: to find the high and well-born one very serious, and a little white about the gills, pushing on to the table a handful of golden fredericks. And then I knew what had happened. I was too late to save another dozen or so of fredericks from following their companions into the bank; but, before a third batch could be imperilled, I had succeeded in withdrawing my faithful colleague from the table, and in extracting from him the painfully superfluous explanation of what had come to pass. He was very sorry. He really had not had patience to wait any longer, and—he had lost it all. I was very young then for my years, and for some time I cherished the idea that when the high and well-born one came to think over the transaction, he would, perhaps, be moved to make some restitution. Ha, ha! once more.

After the tragedy, the farce. One would think that if anyone would know when to stop it would be "old Blong"—I think my compatriots generally know him as "old Blong"—himself. Did you ever hear how that famous brown silk parasol of Madame Blong's came to cost him eight hundred pounds? It was not a very valuable one, as you will guess, when I tell you that at Madame Requin's, of Rouletten-bad, they only asked three louis for it; and it is rarely indeed, as all the world knows, that Madame Requin condescends to sell anything under five. However, M. Blong thought three louis too much to give for half a yard of brown silk on a plain lance-wood handle, merely because madame had left her own parasol at home. So, like a prudent man, he strolled into the Kursaal—not to play, of course—merely to extract from the bank of the opposition establishment the sixty francs required to meet this unlooked-for expense. This was about three o'clock in the after-

noon, and he had only twenty thousand francs about him: but it was nearly dinner-time before he had lost it all.

And in spite of all this, I still maintain that there is money to be made at the tables? Precisely so. In spite of all that, and a great deal more than all that, I still maintain that there is a good deal of money to be made at the tables. Not large fortunes. Not colossal coups, such as we hear of every now and again. Not such a return by any means as would satisfy, or would have satisfied in the palmy days a year or two ago, a City financier, or a launcher of foreign loans. Not any return at all upon a big capital. M. Blong's maximum guards him against that. Simply a few modest hundreds per cent. upon a modest little capital well short of "four figures." Can I show you how to do it? No. I don't suppose I can, as you will see by-and-by. But I can tell you my reasons, which are twofold.

First, theoretical. The chances in favour of the bank, on any single coup, are something less than three per cent. One point in thirty-six. There is the maximum of course, which, as I have already said, is an effective bar against scientific operations on a large scale. But that is all, and to set against this you have the power of adapting your stake, within the prescribed limits, to the circumstances of the game, and the absolute liberty either of selecting the special chance on which you will risk it, or of refraining, when for the time fortune declares against you, from risking any more. I believe that power—if you exercise it, as of course you don't, and won't, and couldn't if you would—I believe that power, I say, to be worth more than three per cent.; and I am confirmed in my belief by my second reason, which is practical. I have studied the tables now closely for a good many seasons. For three of them I played pretty regularly; on an average, I should say, at least five days in the week, realising each season a handsome ultimate profit. During the others I have not played, but I have amused myself constantly by noting the play, and always with the same result.

Then why, you ask again, do I not "go in and win." I'll tell you. For precisely the same reason which, when I do go in, results in my winning. I have an insuperable dislike to gambling. Conscientious? Not in the least. A question of temperament pure and simple. One hears people

constantly saying: "Oh! I don't care to play high, you know, but one must have something on, just to give it an interest." Now with me it is precisely the reverse. I have played "for love" at euchre, that most gambling of all games not purely of chance, from six o'clock one evening to two o'clock the next afternoon; and I flatter myself my friend and I considerably astonished the two "Western men," who had begun by being so amused at the audacity of a New Yorker and a Britisher setting up to play euchre. But the moment I have a penny piece upon a game, all pleasure in it is lost. I am not a "screw." I can spend my money—when I have any—as freely as most men. In proportion to my opportunities, I have wasted—so my friends say—rather more than most. I can even give, sometimes, without an absolute pang. And as for lending—well, despite the good advice of old Polonius, I suppose most of us, could they only get in once more one half the bread they have cast upon the waters of friendship in that way, would have but little need of the baker for many days to come. But for risking anything—a kreutzer or a centime or a rei—I have a constitutional aversion, which several seasons' experience of the tables has not lessened but confirmed. Perhaps if I had "luck"—if I could do, for instance, as a young friend of mine did the other day—it might be otherwise. When he arrived at Spielbad he had never seen a roulette-table in his life. It was quite early in the season, and there were scarcely any players or even spectators at the solitary table where the little ball was already running merrily round, as he walked quickly up to the centre of it, and laid down his louis on the nearest number; which happened to be the three. "Combiang je gainerai," he demanded of the presiding flamen, who glanced at him, then at the square to which he was pointing, and on which gleamed the solitary golden offering on the table, and replied, all in a breath, and in that slightly melancholy monotone in which the perennial matins and evensong of that popular culte is commonly celebrated, "Vous êtes en plein, monsieur? Le trois? Vous gagnerez trente-cinq louis. Rien ne va plus. Trois. Rouge, impair et manque. Vous avez gagné, monsieur. Trente-cinq louis. Messieurs, faites le jeu." But that kind of luck is not my kind of luck at all. Very much otherwise. So I have no overweening anticipation of winning

to prick the flagging sides of my intent, and my natural antipathy to gambling has it all its own way. During those first three seasons, my good old friend, under whose hospitable roof they were passed, and who—not being by any means of a similar temperament—could not bear to see anyone within reach of the tables and not playing, would push me over a handful of louis from his own winnings with a half impatient: "Here, man alive! go and play these for me." "And suppose I lose them?" "All right, then I must win them back again. Besides, they aren't mine, you know. I've only borrowed them of old Blong"—which, no doubt, was perfectly true. And on those terms I would play them boldly enough. But my good old friend has played his own last stake now some years since, and my gambling days are over.

So there you have the secret at last, and much satisfaction may it give you. If you have the smallest liking for play you may reckon with tolerable certainty upon sooner or later losing—whatever you have got to lose. If you have not, you may with a good system, a large stock of patience and a strong self-control, reckon, as I believe, with almost equal certainty on doubling it, say once in a month or six weeks. As for the system itself, most systems are good, more or less, for a time. No system which pretends to more, or which does not include as one of its own most essential features, an inexorable provision for early collapse, is worth the card upon which it is pricked. Of course the first system which suggests itself to the beginner is that obviously "infallible" method of the martingale pure and simple—the just doubling your stake every time till you win. Of course, also, it is precisely the system most effectively combining the minimum of profit with the maximum of risk.

Still, it is on a modification of this system that the bank wins three hundred and sixty-four days in every year; in leap-year three hundred and sixty-five. And it is on a modification of this system that my own is constructed. Will I tell you what it is? No, gentle reader, I will not. You would only go and lose your money, and then turn round and abuse me for having led you astray. Besides, if you have not laid to heart all that I have told you already, you do not deserve that I should tell you any more. If you have, you will have already learned two things. First, that it is not the system that wins, but the person who

works it. Second, that if you were one of those persons by whom it could be worked with success, you would not care to know anything about it. However, I will tell you the very simple principles on which it is based, and you can then construct a system for yourself—always supposing that you have wit enough for the operation, and not too much to engage in it.

First, then, you may be quite sure that, by the inexorable laws of chances, every chance on either table will, in the long run, duly turn up its proportionate number of times. Secondly, you may be equally sure that, in the short run, they will do nothing of the kind. Practically you will find that they, one and all, advance and retire in little irregular tides. Now one will be in vogue for a time—a short time or a long, an hour perhaps, or a day, or a week; now it will retire into obscurity again, and its opposite neighbours will make the running, and recover the lost ground. Your system, then, must have two qualifications. The first, to turn to the best advantage the particular current which may be at the moment affecting the particular chance you may have selected for experiment. The second, to tumble to pieces of its own accord, the moment the current has fairly turned. The cunningest modification of the martingale makes its gains slowly and small; rolls up its losses like a snowball on a hill-side. Its value will be in exact proportion to its power, not of winning, but of cutting short a loss.

A third requirement can be supplied only by yourself. It is that of recognising and accommodating yourself to those far more difficult, as well as more dangerous, tides which affect the fortunes, not of individual chances, but of banks and of men. Laugh if you like; but there are, none the less, days in the life of every man in which—play what he please—he cannot win. As surely as there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, a time to be born and a time to die, so, also, is there a time to win and a time to lose all that you have won, and probably a good deal more. What it is that governs those times I can no more tell you than I can tell you what it is which to-day makes the red turn up eight times out of twelve, or to-morrow will give you a whole day's play without a zero from noon to midnight. But, whatever it may or may not depend upon, you may, at all events, thoroughly depend upon it; for so it is. And the bank has its days of "déveine" too—days when everybody wins and in-

spectors' faces lengthen, and silk-calved footmen have to be despatched to the disgusted treasury for fresh supplies; but there is this difference between the *déveine* of the bank and the *déveine* of the punter. The former gets noised abroad, and everybody rushes to avail himself of it, arriving, of course, when the *déveine* is over, just in time to swell the stakes, out of which the recovered fortune of the bank is to recoup itself, half-a-dozen-fold, for all its losses. If your punter would select the day after his ill luck is over, he might "plunge" to some good end. But then he would not be a punter.

Finally, if, when your system shall have been duly and scientifically elaborated, and have borne the test of any amount of calculation in pen and ink, you feel quite sure that you would rather go on plodding up your little yearly hundreds from among your briefs, or your prescriptions, or your leading articles, than incur the worry of turning them into thousands by its use, you may have, if you like, the satisfaction of knowing that, on condition of so feeling, such a transmutation is most probably quite within your power. If, on the other hand, you really do feel a strong inclination to subject your newly-constructed system to the actual practical test of silver and gold, your best plan of proceeding is unquestionably this. Convert the whole of whatever sum you intend to devote to the purpose, with as much more as you can at the moment lay your hands on, into notes—English bank-notes are the best, but London and Westminster circulars, or, indeed, any kind of good paper, will answer the purpose. Take a careful list of dates and numbers. Put your initials, if you like, as an additional security, in the right-hand top-corner of each. Then fold the whole, lightly, twice across; put them, list and all, into the fire, or the Emma Mine, or any other investment of that kind, from which they are quite certain never to re-emerge, and thank your stars, and me, for having saved you the pang of seeing them raked in, one by one, across the treacherous green tables of beautiful Spielbad-super-Mare.

LILIES.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE west has lost its golden glow,
The tall white lilacs stand arow
Behind the beds of musk;
The woodbine climbs the garden rail,
And in the copse the nightingale
Is singing through the dusk.

We stand beside the cedar tree,
We mark, as far as eyes can see,
Our garden's utmost bound;
The level lawn, the beds of bloom,
The elms beyond the hedge of broom,
And all is hallowed ground.

We pace the bordered garden walk,
Where best she loved to play and talk
About the bees and flowers;
Among the lilies she would flit,
Or, lily-like, beside them sit
The long sunshiny hours.

Full oft we wove them for a crown
To deck the ringlets, chestnut-brown,
That on her shoulders strayed.
Ah, Heaven! how fond, how blind we were,
We thought her more than earthly fair,
And yet were not afraid.

We might have known a soul so white
Was God's, was Heaven's, by holy right,
And never could be ours;
We might have known we could not keep
The child whose thoughts were grave and deep,
And pure as lily flowers.

Too good, too fair, too pure for us,
But when keen anguish pierces thus,
The bleeding heart will faint;
And we must madly wish awhile
That she could barter for our smile
The palm-branch of the saint.

We cannot say we feel it best
That she was taken from our breast,
While such hot pulses stir;
And thinking of the new-turned sod,
We cannot, all at once, thank God,
That he has gathered her.

We can but look with bitter tears
Backward and forward o'er the years.
God's will our life has crossed!
We can but let that will be done,
We can but pray that she has won
Far more than we have lost.

God may be good to us, and give
Such comfort as will let us live
In peace from day to day;
But joy will only dawn that hour
Wherein we see our lily flower
In regions far away.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THERE is great virtue in—some—initial letters. They are brief; they are expressive; they prevent an immensity of vocal syllabic expenditure, and have, in course of time, saved the "setting up" of many a thousand miles of every variety of type. What is in a name? is a question that has, more than once, been put. There should be very little in it, for a certainty, if it is to be spoken or written very frequently; and this shall be our excuse for abbreviating the name of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the initials of R. S. P. C. A. throughout the present review of its aims and proceedings.

It is pleasant to be able to record, at the very onset, that the abnormal length

of its name is the only fault we have to find with this very humane society. Its scope, its aims, its endeavours, its genuine life and performances—far too little comprehended by the general public—are so admirable, that they will give, on nearer acquaintance, the warmest satisfaction, and a considerable amount of interest and surprise.

It is, indeed, only necessary to enter the spacious and well-ordered board-room of the institution building to be interested in the work of the society, and in its method of setting about it. The eye is at once caught by a series of specimen handbills, spread upon a narrow counter or table that surrounds the room; and as these handbills form as efficient a catalogue as need be of the doings (in one department) of the society, a few items from them shall be quoted. "To Cat Worriers," reads one, in large blue letters; and it sets forth how a man had two months' hard labour in prison for setting a bull-dog at a cat to torture and worry her. "Poisoning Sundry Cats," is another bill, calling vigorously for attention. Others attack the acts of bleeding calves; laming cows by stick; furiously beating animals in stables; ill-treating saddle-donkeys; cruelty at cattle-markets; driving oxen unfit to travel; over-riding goats and ponies; working infirm and worn-out horses; working horses bearing old wounds; shearing sheep too soon or too near the skin; overloading vans, so that it is agony to horses to draw them; using stick, prod, knife, whip, rope,—anything, to cause mental or bodily torture, anywhere. Another bill hopes "that the public will co-operate with the society to obtain a kind consideration for the dumb creatures who faithfully minister to man's wants and comforts." And others are: "It hoped the public will co-operate with the society in suppressing offences;" "Persons witnessing acts of cruelty are requested to report the same;" "The public are earnestly invited to forward information to the Secretary of all offences, when advice and assistance will be given;" "The public are earnestly invited to refuse to ride in any carriage drawn by a horse in an unfit condition;" "It is hoped that drovers, railway servants, husbandmen, drivers, and all who have the care of animals, will perform their duties with self-control, patience, and a kind consideration;" and "The undersigned"—John Colam, Secretary—"in publishing to all whom it may con-

cern the duty which statutory provisions impose upon him, would earnestly appeal to the humanity of consignors, carriers, and consignees, or other persons, to make needful and effectual arrangements in the conduct of their businesses, so that the transit of animals by railway, steamboat, and road may no longer be a reproach to those engaged therein, and that it may be unnecessary to put into operation "any penal Act of Parliament, prosecution, punishment, pain, penalty, hithertofore by cruelty, thoughtlessness, and ignorance required. Now, this moving, this strenuous, this incessant appeal to the mercy, the pity, the whole of the better feelings of humanity, is the noblest and the proudest work the society can ever hope to get done. It is no triumph to the committee of management—men of large heart and open and ready ear—to prosecute; it is no congratulatory matter to them that so many cowardly assaulter and maltreaters have been taken red-handed, and sentenced to the proper penalty for their sin. The work the committee wish to do, the work to which their most constant efforts are bent, is that all ill-treatment, all suffering by neglect, shall be for evermore prevented.

The R.S.P.C.A., however, exists in no Utopia; and it knows it.

Turning to the opposite side of the Jermyn-street board-room, acquaintance may be made with a second vast and important domain in which the society is successfully working. Slaughter may be the broad name given to this—slaughter, the mode of it, and the implements by which it is to be carried out. Killing must be done, R.S.P.C.A., of course, acknowledges; flinging mandlin sentimentality to the winds, and accepting fact freely and without hesitation. Animal food is essential to the proper sustenance of man, whatever vegetarians may say; life must be taken for the animal food to be obtained. This is a firm and solid truth; and the society looks into its face, and takes note of all the conditions of it, as solidly and firmly as the truth of it itself. The killing has to be. But let there be heed that, in the killing, there be no agony; no wanton prolongation; no brutal, merciless cruelty and torture.

This is noble ground for the committee to occupy. It is a noble banner to raise; the more so as it entails visits, surveillance,

neighbourhood inquiries, personal inspection, witnessing and testimony, that must be revolting to men who have at heart the prevention of cruelty at all, and that must disclose scenes and circumstances from which even ordinary minds would shrink. But though there must be recoil here, to their work the committee bravely stand. On their shelves lie specimens of pole-axes that are bad for use, and pole-axes that are good. The desiderata are that an implement should kill its victim at one blow; that this one blow should stun—should be, in effect, an anæsthetic, preventing consciousness or pain; and the weapon the society can best approve is a steel tube, the length of a finger, the circumference of a shilling, that is hit at once into the poor beast's brain by means of a heavy mallet and a spring. This pole-axe is known as Wackett's; and the spring to it is an invention to secure, and that does secure, precision of aim. There is proof of this lying on the shelf by its side. A board has fixed to it a row of perforated skulls—just a section of the skulls, being a sawn piece, a small finger's-breadth, out of the very centre of the victims' foreheads. These skulls display the one clean hole that had thrust out life, verily as a spark, and felled the animal dead. The society wishes for something more, however, than this rapid and merciful despatch. It wants to save the terror of the victim on being led into the sight and smell of the shambles; to which end it has appointed a small committee of gentlemen, to visit slaughter-houses, and be present at slaughterings, that they may report upon them, and know from experience what it is best to suggest. A custom prevails in France of blindfolding the oxen, so that they may see neither place nor executioner. It is done by a large black leather mask—the society has a sample—to be strapped and buckled tightly on, and which has the spring pole-axe already attached, requiring only the mallet to give the coup de grâce. Unluckily, the terror of the mask is as great to an English ox as the terror the society is labouring to avoid. It was at first thought this might be due to the delay of fastening the straps; and Mr. Baxter invented his improved mask—also in the society's room—to be clapped suddenly upon the face, and kept there with powerful side-springs. There was the same difficulty to get at the ox, and to seize him in the exact attitude that the mask would fit. At last the fact was discovered

to be that the English oxen are not like their oxen cousins across the Channel. These cousins (German and otherwise) are accustomed to harness; they toil on in front of the plough, the cart, the harrow, as their solid inheritance; to them it is nothing to have the Hans or the Pierre of their acquaintance approach them with a leathern accoutrement, and come closely up. With the English oxen, all this is changed; and the society had to lay the mask aside. They have a short thick dagger, with which death could be dealt in an instant, supposing the right spot could be hit. The dagger has had to share the fate of the mask, though; since the chances were all against hitting the right spot, and to a helter-skelter slaughter, five or six stabs in succession, the society could never give its sanction.

Spring-traps are other implements, specimens of which are lying beside the pole-axes in the Jermyn-street board-room. In these, with apparent barbarity, but with most real consistency, the R.S.P.C.A. seek for slaughter, where gamekeepers and landlords only try to maim. Invent a trap that shall kill at once, is the demand issuing from Jermyn-street. Do not use spring-traps that shall only catch a bird, or a fox, or a hare, or a rabbit, and that shall leave it there broken-limbed, to struggle and suffer, and finally to starve. The orders given to gamekeepers are, truly, that a visit be paid to all the traps every morning, and that then all the wounded captives shall be killed; in the press of work, however, in the miles that would want traversing, these orders are not strictly obeyed, and two days, and even three days, pass, with the animals slowly starving, yet not starving quickly enough to quickly die. Therefore the society offers a fee of fifty pounds for the trap that shall kill upon the moment, and leave only dead vermin for the game-keepers to clear away from among the thorns and ferns. Three several exhibitions of competing traps have the society held; three times have the judges weighed the important points of power and practicability. Traps—to the number of nearly five hundred—were sent in, that held a looking-glass to decoy; that were covered at the teeth with india-rubber gum; that tried, in other ways, to step up to the requirements; but up to the present time it has not been possible to arrive at any decision. There

some of the traps lie, with their jagged teeth, with their iron embrace, horrible looking enough. Side by side with them are some other instruments of torture—a whip, for instance, made of dromedary-hide, the cut from which is simply flaying, and the use of which the committee sternly forbid; and a series of horses' bits, seized by the society's officers in the very act of use, each one being a memento of detection and apprehension, and punishment earned and obtained.

Sheep, too, are among the clients of the R.S.P.C.A. Sheep ought not to be sheared too early in the season; sheep ought not to be sheared heedlessly, savagely, too near the skin. To prevent this last, the society shows specimens of shears under which it is impossible; the instrument has an under-blade, or tablet, to rest upon the skin, which protects it safely. To prevent the too-early shearing, the society can show nothing. In the variable climate of the British Isles, no British law could lay down rigidly in which week, or even which month, shearing could be quite harmless. Is there anything left, then, but the society's appeal to farmers, drovers, salesmen, husbandmen—everybody—to carry on their trade with as much mercy and consideration as possible?

Dogs are not likely to be forgotten in any thought about animals, and they are not forgotten in Jermyn-street. Light wire muzzles are shown upon the shelves, shaped—in the mode that skeleton dress-holders are in drapers' windows—to the form of the dogs' heads they are to muzzle; and they are lying there, Newfoundlanda, greyhounds, spaniels, toys, in excellent resemblance. These are an invention to render biting impossible, and yet to allow the animal to breathe and drink without the least restraint; and they are of Swiss birth, seen by a lady, Miss Suckling, in Geneva, and sent over by her to the society to aid its benevolent efforts. Birds' nests lie beside them—or, rather, Edelsten's rustic-looking erections, the size of a cigar-box about—that shall serve as localities in which the saddened songsters of town gardens and squares may insert the nests they would much rather build themselves. Then there are saddle-chains, with wheels in the links, to let them shift with the horses' movements, and make no gall; there are traction-springs, to go between the shafts of a vehicle and the horse's collar, and thus to yield when the

horse makes a vigorous drawing effort, instead of forcing him to endure the counter-pull of the collar as well; there are spring appliances by which a fallen horse can be released from the shafts immediately; there are models of railway-trucks, for humanely conveying cattle, sent in as competition for the three-hundred-pound prize the society has offered; there are clippers to clip horses' hair with the best safety; there is a horse-collar, light, slender, elastic. There are some fifty horse-shoes exhibited, comprising every variety nearly, between the heavy north-country shoe, heavily calked for frostwork, and Charlier's, the lightest yet known; and including a shoe of buffalo-hide that is hoped to adjust itself more readily than iron can to the shape of the foot. Frost nails, and attachments of other sorts to ease labour, are to be found; indeed, the society is open to suggestions and specimens of any kind. All are laid before the committee; all get patient investigation; and if anything is found good, no effort is spared to endeavour to get it brought into use.

Around the society's board-room walls are other matters from which hints can be obtained of the society's work. There are the names, in gilt letters on tablets, of the most active promoters and original donors; there is the portrait of the still living friend who gave the ground on which the building stands; there are engravings, some of Landseer's, some of more ordinary production, inculcating kindness to animals, and the knowledge of their habits and attachments; there is the letter, from Buckingham Palace, dated 1840, giving consent to the society taking the prefix Royal; there is a notice to visitors not to detain the officials too long; there are foreign diplomas—one is in Russian—notifying the height of estimation in which the society is held abroad. The society, in fact, enters into another branch of its labours, when it endeavours to establish fellow-societies and fellow-workers everywhere. In France there is no statutory law for enforcing humanity, as there is, happily, in England; the means there are, in consequence, limited to promoting it, by individual effort, by publications, by gifts of medals and diplomas. In Switzerland the matter is in full power; a serial, *L'Ami des Animaux*, is sent in proof of it. In Italy and Spain, the society itself has to strive after its objects by translating the English laws, and getting

them published in the form of little books' to be distributed by Italian and Spanish friends working with one accord; in Germany the friends are fervid and numerous; in Russia the adhesion amounts almost to enthusiasm—a valuable mark of which was the presence of Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, at the society's jubilee; and from every country, when the delegates assembled at the jubilee, came warm assurances that England was acknowledged as the leader of the whole, that it was England's society, in the words of the speaker from Frankfort (Herr Revenstein), that "first taught that a child should learn kindness to animals, in order that the grown-up child should shrink from cruelty." In Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the provinces, the society has its channels and tributaries in full flow. It has eyes and hearts open, on official or merely humane watch, in hundreds of towns in the United Kingdom; and it will be sufficient to allude to the branch and sister societies in the colonies and elsewhere, by notifying that correspondence is kept up with such places as Boston, California, Calcutta, Guernsey, Melbourne, Quebec, Trieste, Vienna, Moscow, Odessa. Under the earth, too, to subterranean cities, does the society desire to go. These are the coal-mines, where many horses and ponies, to use the words on page twenty-six of the fifty-first report, "pass their entire lives in the bowels of the earth, from the day they enter the pit, until their toil and suffering are ended by death. Concealed from the observation of humane persons, these wretched creatures are compelled to labour on, with saddle and collar galls, while emaciated by debility, and tortured beyond conception." Let it be marked, too, that "officers of the society cannot descend to these scenes of cruelty without permission." There is no government or police inspection of the mines, that is the reason; on which account is it that the committee urge parliamentary interference, to get mine matters, in this way, welded in with their own. Into an infinity of sideways, and cuttings, and junctions, has the R.S.P.C.A. run, during the fifty-one years of its existence. It had once to step in, not long since, when an attempt was made to add a Spanish bull-fight to the London exhibitions. One of the weapons in actual use is amongst its treasured trophies; it is a wooden wand, three feet long possibly, ending

with a sharp iron probe, that could go an inch full into the bulls' bodies; and when the animals were all forfeited and killed, their skins were found to be riddled with holes, exactly as if they had been targets. The society has its attention fixed upon the new mode of shooting pigeons; upon polo; upon slaughter-houses; upon gag-reins; upon asphalt pavements; upon cattle water-troughs—at some of which twelve hundred horses drink daily, besides oxen, sheep, and dogs, and some of which cost each, for water only, thirty pounds a year—upon the transit of animals by land and sea; upon, most strenuously, the horrors of vivisection. In its early life, the society set its foot upon, and crushed, bull-baiting, bull-running, cock-fighting, badger-baiting, dog-draught; it is still obtaining convictions—two thousand is about the annual number—for an infinite variety of acts of cruelty; and the committee are little likely to abate their labours when they have to deal with the appalling fact of new modes of animal torture, albeit they may be for surgical purposes, and under the sanction of men of education. They are right to make the most vigorous and persistent protest that they can. From the stolid drover, screwing round with an oath the tails of the poor beasts in his charge, to the lively student, coolly removing a dog's bile-duct to see how its functions would get on without it, every act of cruelty is an act of cruelty; every act done leaves its doer the worse for it, keeps the nation stained and fettered with savage tendencies and habits, that, coming to light at first on animals, are sure to find some expression on fellow-creatures, and to leave the character marred and warped for life.

In this last fact lies the kernel of the R.S.P.C.A.'s growing scope and duties; of the reason why it must ever grow; of the reason why its exertions should be the exertions of every heart that beats. It is impossible to sectionise and subdivide cruelty, and to say such and such is a cruelty that will stop short at pulling a fly limb from limb, and shall never go on to plucking a live fowl, or dragging about a wife by a handful of her hair. Cruelty rarely has any resting-places of the kind; but, keeping the feelings blunted, leaves them at last with no idea or calculation of the sufferings of others. What is the action of the R.S.P.C.A., then, when this truth has thrust itself forward on every

investigation, and at last has fairly compelled recognition? It has simply entered upon a large new section of work—the last there is any need here to mention—meeting the truth once more face to face; and, seeing the advantage, too, of a fresh power to reach more widely than it could, otherwise, ever hope to reach, it has called a ladies' committee to take special action, and give the new aid required. This committee have for their president the Baroness Burdett Coutts, a lady whose name is sufficient guarantee for high aims and a noble way of attaining them, and a lady whose interest in this especial society was manifested, at the erection of the present building, by her kindness in laying the foundation-stone. The labours of this committee are, as may be expected, educational. They are aware that (mostly) a cruel child will be a cruel man; and their endeavour is to eradicate all semblance of cruelty, and to foster any and every expression of sympathy and kindness, so that savagery and brutality of all kinds shall be exterminated, and the laws of humanity everywhere be followed in their place. To this end, although the ladies have only been acting about four years, they have "transmitted suitable addresses and copies of *The Animal World*, the society's illustrated publication, to the many thousand schoolmasters and mistresses of the United Kingdom and English-speaking colonies." "They have promoted the preparation of essays on kindness to animals, written by children in many hundreds of schools; and they have, on several occasions, presented premiums to the best writers. They have endeavoured to encourage drovers, cabmen, and costermongers, by holding public meetings, and distributing rewards to several deserving men of their order. They have circulated leaflets, tracts, pamphlets, and other literature, broadcast; such being designed to inculcate humane principles; and, lastly, they have caused numerous popular lectures to be given to working-men, and in schools, on the wonders of the animal kingdom, and the claims which animals have upon man for humane treatment." No exposition of the ladies' work can be better than this extract from the ladies' own report; and to it not a syllable shall be added.

To come to statistics. The convictions of the society in the year 1835 were eighty; in the year 1845, two hundred

and fifty; in the year 1855, five hundred and twenty-five; in the year 1865, six hundred and sixty-seven; and in the year 1875, nineteen hundred and ninety-seven. This is a multiplication that does not mean, for a surety, that England is growing more cruel; it is an indication that the public are more alive to cruelty, and have risen to protest that they will have none of it. For, let it be understood, the crimes that have been punished by the R.S.P.C.A. have not all been detected by the paid officials of the R.S.P.C.A. The fullest encouragement is given by the society to all humane individuals, to keep watch and ward over all dumb creatures as earnest and searching as its own. Information has only to be given at the office—only the information must be full, special, authenticated; capable of the strictest investigation; or, it is manifest, law expenses would be incurred, no conviction could be obtained, and the society would be thought impertinently interfering, and would fall under derision—and then very little trouble, and not a shilling of expense, will rest upon the informer, who, indeed, is a benefactor to the society as well as to mankind, by doing an official's business without an official's fee. As a point of fact, in the year when nineteen hundred and ninety-seven convictions took place, four hundred and three were by means of private persons; the same being four times the amount of the total convictions obtained in a year, a quarter of a century ago. Going into finance, it shall just be stated that these nineteen hundred and ninety-seven convictions cost as many pounds (within a few shillings); that, to obtain them, veterinary surgeons were paid two hundred and one pounds, solicitors and counsel one hundred and sixteen pounds. Gratuities and rewards too—to such correspondents as were in circumstances seeming to require it—were made to the amount of two hundred and eight pounds seventeen shillings and elevenpence. This last item, no friend of the society would grudge. It is the poor who are most open to seeing cruelty in its various forms, in by-ways and neglected places; it is the poor who are least able to afford the loss of even an hour's pay whilst they cease work to give the information. Yet it is amongst the poor that cruelty should be most anxiously and emphatically stopped; for the poor are many, and the rich are few.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASSELL BONY,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER V. A CLOSED BOOK.

"THE days of my girlhood were passed at my father's place in the Irish county of Sligo. Swanlinbarr was situated in a wild and beautiful part of the country, and we had few neighbours of any, none of our own, rank. I have already said enough about Barr and myself to show that we were good friends and companions, and about my father, to make it evident that our way of life bore but little resemblance to that of most people of our class. We were happy and free, a good deal spoiled by the flattery of servants, and of the poor people on and in the vicinity of my father's estate, and naturally ignorant of the ways of the world in which we did not live. My father was a very good man, but slow of perception, indolent-minded, and difficult to rouse to any appreciation of tastes, feelings, difficulties, impulses, or trials of which he had had no personal experience. My brother and myself were well cared for in every material respect, and left to ourselves and to chance in all respects other than material. On the whole, chance favoured us. My father looks upon Barr as a failure. I, on the contrary, regard him as a success, of an unusually brilliant kind, considering that he was born and reared under the trying and disadvantageous conditions of not being positively obliged to work either for himself or for others. Our moral education was of a rather negative and self-acquired kind; and if I had been of a fanciful turn of mind, gifted with superabundant sensibility and vivid imagination, I might have indulged in a great deal of very dangerous folly, for our surroundings were highly romantic.

"I was not romantic, happily—chiefly, I suppose, because I was not handsome, and knew it. The fact did not distress me, as it might have done had I lived in a wider sphere. Still, it would have been pleasanter to have been pretty—a fact which I perceived with increasing distinctness when 'the family' came to visit us at Swanlinbarr in batches, and I had an opportunity of comparing my cousins as they changed from childhood to girlhood. I had three sets of consins, and they were all better-looking than I. It came

to pass that one of these pretty girls, who was a few years older than myself, 'made a conquest'—as it was the fashion of those days to say of the affairs of the heart, which are much more simply described in modern parlance—of a very dashing young dragoon indeed, who had a good old name and a comfortable fortune to lay at the feet of his fair victor.

"Aunt Mysie, as we called my father's sister, Lady Margaret Deane, was moved by her satisfaction at this pleasant matrimonial prospect for her daughter, to extend a hospitality to myself and Barr, which she had never previously exercised. She invited us up to Dublin for the wedding, and I got my first sight of the Irish metropolis.

"Aunt Mysie's husband is a clergyman of what was then the established Church of Ireland, a clever, eccentric man, untidy in his dress, desultory in his ways, and of unpopular, because liberal, opinions. Aunt Mysie suited him to perfection; she, too, was untidy in her dress, and desultory in her ways, but she had no opinions, except upon the advisability of early marriages, and the absolute necessity of 'parties' for making things pleasant to the young people. So the big house in an old-fashioned quarter, called Rutland-square, was one of the pleasantest in Dublin. The Reverend Decimus Deane was 'unattached' so long as I can remember, and there was plenty of money to keep things going in a style which was very agreeable without grandeur.

"I thought it all delightful, indeed, though the coming and going, and the number of people in the house confused and flurried me for a while, and the stirring scene outside contrasted strangely with the wild beauties of lonely nature amid which I had hitherto lived. Everything was very easy, very genial, and very much as everybody liked; and except that I found myself of considerably less importance among my cousins in Dublin than I had been at Swanlinbarr, I heartily enjoyed the oddity and the liberty of my novel experience.

"I found that a programme of gaieties altogether astounding to me was laid out for the fortnight preceding my cousin Gertrude's marriage; and that she and the bridegroom elect, Herbert Ellerton, entirely approved of this method of approaching the most solemn period of their existence. I wondered a little, but I joined in all that was going on with the

zest of youth, health, and unspoiled simplicity. I saw new faces and made new acquaintances every day.

The wedding-day was less than a week distant, when we all went to a large party at the house of an eminent barrister, whose wife, huge and hospitable, was said to have supplied Charles Lever, in her youth, with one of his charming portraits of a bouncing, cheery, merry, simple-hearted Irish girl. She had bouncing girls of her own now, and was beloved by all the mothers and daughters in Dublin for her liberal interpretation of the social duty of party-giving. Mrs. Jarvis had large rooms and a heart to match; and no stingy limitations, about the number of daughters or young friends to be taken to her parties, ever contradicted the instincts of her heart in the interests of her rooms. So we all went—a merry, happy party; and perhaps I was the happiest, because the most absolutely careless of the group. We were accustomed to parade before Mr. Deane on occasions of this kind, when he would criticise us with lazy good-humour, but not without discrimination. He said of me that night—'Pon my word, Olive, you're improving. I never saw you look so nice before, and that's a very tidy frock you've got on.' From Mr. Deane, who would have found no more eloquent phrase than 'a very tidy frock' to describe the most sublime achievement of the art of millinery, this was enthusiastic praise, and it pleased me.

"Mrs. Jarvis's rooms were not overcrowded, and the party was an exceedingly pleasant one. I was speedily engaged for several dances, and had nearly got through my list, when Mrs. Jarvis introduced to me a young man whom I had noticed a good deal previously during the evening, and whom I did not remember to have seen on any former occasion. She named him to me as Mr. Edward Randall, and during the dance which he asked me for, I found that he was related, or known to—I was not sure which—some connections of my father's. The particulars are of no consequence, but the link of association was just enough to justify a recognition beyond that of the hour of a ball-room acquaintance, who was not one of our own set, for we had 'sets,' though they were not so strictly defined then as they are now.

"Edward Randall was handsome, manly, refined, and intelligent. My eyes and ears told me these facts, and a secret conscious-

ness, delicious and soon acknowledged, told me that he admired me in a way to which I was unaccustomed. I danced with him twice, and he observed me closely, though not obtrusively, when I danced with others. Somehow this party seemed to me unlike any that had preceded it, and I returned from it in a mood of mind which I had never before experienced. My cousins had plenty to say about Edward Randall next morning; for Herbert Ellerton knew him; and before the day closed his name was a household word among us. For before the day closed he had saved my life. The incident may be very briefly narrated; and the accident was the result of my own rashness, in undertaking to ride a horse with whose temper and ways I was unfamiliar. I had to learn that what I might do with impunity in Sligo, I could not do with impunity among a crowd of equestrians in the close-timbered Phoenix Park. My horse ran away with me, dashed in among the trees, and was stopped, I could not tell how, after I had had more than one narrow escape of a terrible death, or at least terrible injuries. When I could see and hear, I found that it was Edward Randall who had saved me, and the first page of the romance of my life was turned.

"I was weak and nervous after this for some time, and the wedding came off without my presence. But I did not keep my room, and my cousins were determined that things should not be dull either for me or for themselves; so that the afternoons were enlivened by many visitors, and among them came Edward Randall frequently. He was much liked, and though, perhaps, people would have said, if they were seriously asked, that they did not know much about him, he floated easily among the pleasure-loving society of Dublin at the time, and nobody was asked seriously any question concerning him. I heard it said of him sometimes in the horrid slang which is so dangerous a palliation of fatal truths, that he 'knew a thing or two,' that he had 'lived fast,' and so on; but I had not the remotest notion of what these expressions signified or implied, and I gave myself up to the influence which he exercised over me implicitly. I loved him—this utter stranger, this handsome, unknown young man, with the melancholy grey eyes and the care-lined temples, the soft voice, and the quiet manner which never failed to make me understand that in any presence and under all circumstances he was observing and intent upon me only.

"It is only an old story after all, but each one of us who might be made to tell it, could tell it with some variation unlike any that has ever been in any other life. They say no two leaves of all the trees of all the forests are absolutely similar, and no two human faces among all the multitudes of men; so no two human hearts have ever had precisely the same history. That of mine was brief and sad enough.

"I loved him, with all my heart, and all my fancy, and all my ignorance. I believed in him with all my girlish faith, and thought it a fine thing to trust so implicitly with so little knowledge. He was everything to me; his past, his prospects, his circumstances were nothing! How much the people who regard Lady Olive Despard as a rock of sense and far-sightedness and the least impulsive of mortals, would be astonished if they could have a vision of Lady Olive Barr! When Edward Randall told me that he loved me, and asked me to plight my troth to him, secretly for a time—to take him on trust, and wait until he should be able to make explanations which would enable him to claim me openly—I was wildly, intensely, entirely happy. It was a kind of happiness which I had never dreamed of, and which was untroubled by a single misgiving.

"'I will ask you of your father when the time comes,' he said, 'now I ask you only of yourself. Surely only we ourselves have the right to dispose of our lives.'

"'You saved mine, and it is yours,' was my reply. I can set all this down calmly now, and my life has not been his, but the suffering is real and enduring for all that, and in its innermost essence the promise I made to Edward Randall—and to myself—I have kept. I loved him, I have never loved any other but him.

"We parted, secretly betrothed lovers; and when my conscience reproached me, I silenced it by the reflection that it would have been very different if I had had a mother. Of course, I would not have concealed anything from her. I was to be in Dublin again in the spring, and then Edward Randall would come to Ireland, with 'something settled about the future'—this was his vague way of alluding to his position—and with this I was perfectly satisfied. He had made a half-jesting allusion to his having tried one or two 'professions,' but discovered he had no taste in those special directions; but it had all fallen unheeded on my 'charm'd ears.' I returned to my wild and lonely

home, and found it full of enchantment, the magic of love and hope. My lover wrote to me, and his letters were more delightful than even his spoken words. They came to me directed in a handwriting like a woman's, but it was his; and this necessity, as he assured me it was, and the facility with which he used it, made me wince. I posted my letters to him—those foolish, fervent, and, oh! how fondly sincere letters, with their silly signature, an etched olive-twigg—myself; this was easily done in my long, lonely rides.

"When Barr left home on his first foreign expedition, I went up to Dublin with him, and he left me at Aunt Mysie's house. My hidden happiness was a little troubled at last by the vagueness of the future, and Mr. Deane's first remark, on seeing me, was :

"What on earth is the matter with you, Olive? You don't look half the girl you did when you left us."

"At the time he had led me to expect him, Edward Randall came to Dublin, and we met. He had not any decided good news to tell me—he had achieved nothing to lessen the distance between us. My father's retired life and absolute indifference to the ideas and rules which ordinarily governed the existence of people of our class, would have entitled me to hope that he would not measure the social inequality between me and the man I loved very rigidly, and that my happiness would be his first consideration. Still, I must be able to tell him something definite—I must be able to tell him who and what Edward Randall was. These questions were getting asked, too, among the people in Dublin, where society is not sufficiently comprehensive to admit of the unexplained items which pass current in larger circles, and one of the persons who asked them was Mr. Deane. Answers were not readily forthcoming; and Herbert Ellerton, my cousin's husband, had nothing clearer to say on the subject of his knowledge of Edward Randall than, 'I met him a good deal about, you know.' It was unmistakable that there was a growing coldness towards him. Opportunities for our meeting did not present themselves so easily or so frequently as we had expected, and the happiness of my hidden love-story was changing into restless anxiety, self-reproach, and vain dread. This could not go on; I must tell my father. I would be firm to my plighted word and constant to my love through any

number of years; but it must no longer be concealed. Any girl would have experienced the same difficulty as that which beset me with regard to questioning my lover, whose love I had accepted without question or demur.

"I made up my mind that I would tell him my resolve—that my father must be informed of the truth, and that I was prepared to meet all opposition with persistence, and any delay with patience—at a certain ball, the last of the season, which was to be given by the officers of a popular regiment, on the eve of their departure from Dublin. The ball was a brilliant affair, and it afforded the seclusion of a great crowd. We had danced together after supper, and I knew Aunt Mysie would not remain much longer; I felt that what I had resolved to say must be said then, and I said it. We were alone, for a few minutes, on a balcony which had been converted into a tent; and, while I spoke with great difficulty the few words I had prepared, Edward Randall pushed aside a fold of the canvas screen with my fan, and looked out moodily through the aperture, and his face looked pale and worn in it.

"It can't be." In such curt and decisive words he answered me.

"Can't be?" I repeated; 'but it must be. I must tell my father. I can bear anything but this.'

"I tell you, Olive, it can't be." He struck the fragile sandal-wood fan upon the iron ledge of the balcony, and it broke into several pieces, which, not seeming to know what he was doing, he picked up and thrust into his pocket. 'It is impossible. You have trusted me so far; trust me farther. Give me time. Oh, no, no; it will be useless; I cannot hope to make any acceptable figure in your father's eyes. There is another way; there is a way by which we may escape suspense and secure happiness.'

"He drew me close to him; and, while the music crashed and the dancers whirled, he persuaded me, with all the eloquence and eagerness of love and pleading, to take my fate into my own hands, or, rather, to place it in his, by consenting to an elopement. My brain grew dizzy and my heart grew sick, as I listened to him while he drew pictures of our future life of love and freedom. He could arrange, he said, for our immediate marriage in England. I

don't know what I said; I was frightened, not only by such a proposal, but by the vague sense that there must be something very wrong to induce him to make it. He wrung from me a promise to consider the matter, and to meet him early in the already-dawning day in the gardens close by my aunt's house.

"My good angel," he whispered, as our brief solitude was invaded by dispersed dancers, 'consent, and you will have saved me.'

'There was a mirror on the wall opposite to the balcony; and, as I joined the crowd in the ball-room, I saw my own white face, and knew it could not pass unnoticed. I joined Lady Margaret Deane at once, pleaded fatigue, and in a few minutes was on my way home.

"I kept my appointment with Edward Randall; and he again used every possible argument to induce me to consent to go away with him. I was very young, very ignorant of life, very much in love with him. I consented. I need not recapitulate here what our plans and arrangements were. We parted at the gate of the gardens; he stood there and watched me until the door of Mr. Deane's house was closed upon me.

"Mr. Deane's study door was open, and he was standing in the aperture.

"Come in here, Olive," he said; 'I want to speak to you.'

"I obeyed him, and as I entered the room, and he carefully shut the door, my eye fell upon a long letter which lay upon his writing-table; but I had no notion that it could concern me.

"My dear," said Mr. Deane, 'I want you to answer me some questions, quietly, you know, without flurrying yourself, and believing that I am your very true friend. I need not remind you that I represent your father just now.' He paused for a moment, laid his big hand very gently on my head, and added:

"Did you go out this morning to meet Mr. Randall?"

"I shrank and shivered, but I told the truth. 'Yes, uncle, I did.'

"Ah! I thought so. And how much do you know of Mr. Randall, Olive? What is he? Who is he? What is his character? What has he persuaded you to consent to? Why is there a secret understanding between you and him? Don't be afraid to tell me everything, and remember this is only known to you and me.'

"How did you know?"

"I first suspected, and then I observed. Answer my first questions.'

"I cannot, uncle; I don't know much. I—oh, uncle, he loves me, and I love him!"

"Poor child!" He walked about the room, muttering to himself disjointed phrases of pity, and then saying aloud, 'It must be done,' he seated himself opposite to me, and took up the letter I had observed. It was from Herbert Ellerton, and its first lines contained a caution against permitting Edward Randall to be received at my uncle's house. This caution was followed by very plain and full statements, which made out the man I loved to be an adventurer, a gambler, and one to whose hands no woman could confide her peace and happiness with any reasonable hope or security. I denied these things; I fought against conviction; I would not listen to my uncle's argument that Edward Randall's very conduct, with regard to myself, bore out the view of his character which Herbert Ellerton had set before him—I fought, as young creatures will fight, for life, for happiness, for joy, and I had no cruel antagonist.

"Mr. Deane passed lightly over my shortcomings, and told me he would only exact from me that I should give Edward Randall up on proof of the truth of Herbert Ellerton's discoveries. If my confidence were indeed well founded this was asking nothing. If it were not? Even so! I caught at the recollection of the words he had said: 'My guardian angel, you will be my salvation!'

"And you would marry a man to reform him, Olive?" my uncle asked me with a great sadness in his face and voice. 'You would undertake the most hopeless of tasks from the most disadvantageous of standpoints? And you would commence the task with a false oath?'

"What do you mean?"

"By swearing to honour and obey a man whom you could not honour, and dare not even intend to obey, or follow in his course of life, or thought, or opinion. My child, if ever there was evil out of which no good can come, it is the evil which a woman does with such a wild and baseless purpose as that before her.'

"I heeded his words little then—I was in agony too keen and new; but I never forgot them; and they have served me with others since. After a long interview my uncle sent me away to my room, where I should be privileged to remain. I had not told him of the foolish and

wicked plan to which I had that morning consented; it had vanished into impossibility with almost his first words.

"Write to Mr. Randall," he said, "and give me your letter. I will deliver it to him myself, and tell him plainly all that has occurred. If he can clear himself from these charges, I promise you that I will not hinder your views. If your marrying him should involve mere obscurity and the lack of wealth, well and good. A Christian woman may sacrifice this world's good things to love; but she may not sacrifice God's law, or a single dictate of her conscience."

"I left him, and I wrote the letter. I passed the day and night in a state of suffering which my aunt and cousins imputed to bodily illness. On the following day my uncle told me that he had seen Edward Randall, that it was all true, and that he had given me up! He told me very tenderly and with great compassion, and he put into my hands the answer to my letter. It was an acknowledgment that he had been mercifully dealt with, and a farewell. I believe he thought I would have sacrificed everything for him even then, even when I knew that I had been worshipping a dream-god; and that he would not let me. I shall always believe that in this instance he acted well, and, conquering temptation, defended me against myself; I shall always believe it because I knew—and why should not he divine?—how extreme was my own weakness.

"I had a long illness, a low, nervous fever, which hung about me for weeks. I knew from my uncle that Edward Randall had left Ireland, and after some time Mr. Deane told me that he had declared his intention of going to one of the colonies. The whole matter remained a secret between my uncle and me. They sent me home, and I grew stronger in the wild and lonely country. Once I received a newspaper with a marked paragraph—it was a list of passengers by some ship to Melbourne. His name was on the list. I got through it somehow, as one gets through everything, but much in the fashion that one may get through a quickset hedge—with lasting bruises and scratches.

"Four years later, my cousin, Colonel Despard, came home from India, and after

a brief delay, came to Swanwick. It was not very long before he asked me to marry him. In this case at least I should take no false oath; I could honestly swear to honour and obey that upright, brave, honourable gentleman. But the other vow, could I take that? If to love him must mean to feel what I had felt for Edward Randall, no. I told him the whole truth, and placed my doubt before him. He was satisfied with such love as I could give him. 'It will grow,' he said, 'because it has roots.' The old love had been dead, though not forgotten, for many a day. Colonel Despard was right; we were happy in a quiet way during our short married life, and his death was terrible to me.

"I had never heard of Edward Randall since, until I read his name in Mrs. Pemberton's letter. He was dead; he had died in her house, and the shelter she gave him cost her husband's life. All this I read in the paper which not my wildest fancy could have imagined to have any link of connection with me and my past life. The missing chapter is added to my story, but I read between its lines something more. The woman who paid with all her earthly happiness for the good deed she did to him, is the woman whom he wronged for me. I feel it; an instinct tells me that is the meaning of the allusion, and the reservation, she makes respecting some communication to her husband. The farewell message which she undertook to deliver was a message for me—the sea holds the secreta of her life and of mine. But something remains. The enemy whom this woman dreaded, the man against whom she warns Mr. Dwarris, is Edward Randall's enemy, is the man who robbed him when he was dying; and the living link which survives all this dead-and-gone coincidence is that it will be for me, the unknown inheritor of her task, to save Ida Pemberton from herself and from Geoffrey Dale."

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PHEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PHOENIX FITZGERALD,
AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE HUMOURS OF HOMBURG.

IN no spot do the pleasant days seem to canter by so jocosely, as in the agreeable playground known as Homburg. It seems a general holiday for all—the elderly, the ill-humoured, the cantankerous, all assuming good spirits, and even a theatrical jollity; for everyone has that relation to home and its cares such as the old debtor enjoyed, when Sunday intervened to shelter him from the law's process. The work-a-day world, as it were, had stopped short, and would only begin to revolve when the season for return arrived. Perhaps an exception was to be made in the case of Pratt-Hawkins, with whom it was a season of even extra toil; for the opportunities were too precious to be foregone. The place was a sort of pot-au-feu of dukes and lords, who at this time were peculiarly accessible; and he could not afford to throw away the chances. Accordingly, at early morn, down at the Springs he contrived to have his "turn or two" with the lord or lady, tumbler in hand; or, at noon, he would have the happiness of giving his Times to some political peer, thus doing him a welcome service. Pratt-Hawkins, though of small means, subscribed to the leading journal; not for his own private reading, but for the special purpose of lending it to persons of distinction. Later, he sat to hear the music; and there was nothing to prevent his fixing his chair within fair skirmishing range.

agreeable Pratt-Hawkins generally being asked to sit beside some family of good degree. But choicest of all was it, when the old London soldier—who acted for the royal duke, and had to exert his wits to give a variety to each day's performance—cast his eyes on Pratt-Hawkins and asked him to make one at the "Dook's" table. On that night he enjoyed the sweetest sleep he had known for years.

To the Pringles he was friendly and accommodating, on this one general principle, that they did not interfere with the really important ends of his life. Miss Lacroix, who was seen often sitting with the family—and they had all taken a prodigious fancy to her from different motives—he affected to overlook, and was scarcely courteous to her, having in his old heart no such useless elements as sympathy, love, or good-nature—things which were not to be discounted, or which, at least, he did not know how to discount, in the world of rank and titles. Perhaps, too, he had never forgiven a little speech which she made at his expense on a public occasion. It was, indeed, a comedy to watch the unblushing way in which this gentleman followed his profession. He was always seen resplendent in his white waistcoat and crimson tie, and elegantly-sinuous "Lincoln and Bennett," which glistened, snake-like; for Pratt-Hawkins always dressed as though for afternoon Pall-mall.

The little incident which might be said to have caused Miss Lacroix's début at Homburg was the following. Pratt-Hawkins was sitting with the Pringles and Lady Cecilia Shortlands, and was fluently describing some dinner-party at which he

from his mouth, much as a conjurer appears to draw endless yards of ribbon. In the middle of a sentence, intended as an answer to questions put by one of the ladies, he started suddenly from his chair, nearly upsetting the little table, and brushed past one of the ladies, who was in his way, and whose dress he all but tore in his eagerness. He was presently seen standing talking to a marquis, who had been observed to beckon to him. The marquis, it appeared, only wanted "to see the Times," some one having said to him, "Oh, there's Pratt-Hawkins, always carries one, like his pocket-handkerchief." It was when he returned slowly to his place, smiling to himself in a fit of complacent abstraction—the Pringles being inclined reverentially to wait his awakened attention—that Miss Lacroix said, quietly:

"Mr. Pratt-Hawkins, you are like the cat in the fairy tale."

The ponies tittered at this odd speech, while the person to whom it was addressed looked at her with astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean the cat that was changed into a lady, and behaved decorously during dinner, until a mouse happened to appear, when she flew from her seat, nearly dragging everything off the table."

"I don't follow," said he.

"You will forgive us for wishing that you did not—at least, so impetuously; our dresses have suffered seriously——"

"Oh, very smart! uncommon smart!" said he. "You are quite witty."

"And, after all, you don't seem to have caught your mouse as the lady did," went on Miss Lacroix.

This was considered a capital lesson for Pratt-Hawkins, was told that day at the "Dook's" dinner; and that illustrious person had the young lady pointed out to him—there were always attendant jackals to do these things at the Springs. It is easy to become a celebrity, or, rather, a notability at a place of this kind, there being always a dead level of travelling mediocrity. Hence it became at once understood that the young lady had wit and satire; and those articles might be expected from her on proper provocation. And thus people began to ask about Miss Lacroix, and to say she was so clever; but Pratt-Hawkins, who had something of the malice of the ape in him, never forgave her, and kept asking, insidiously, Who was she? Where did she come from? and was

determined to do her an ill turn, in his own small way, if he could. There was a calm coldness in the young face which might have warned him of the danger. He might have gathered the information he required from Miss Lacroix herself, who was ready to give the fullest account of her history, and, in fact, told how she had been taken abroad by a maiden lady, who had taken a fancy to her, but who had died rather suddenly at Aix-les-Bains. The Minerers were in the same hotel, they had been kind to her, perhaps found her useful, and had asked her "to stay with them." This was the phrase always used by Miss Lacroix, to prevent any misconception. She was independent to a certain degree, her friend having left her a trifle, the rest going, in Swift's words, "to endow a college or a cat." The question, however, that interested most people was not the past, but the future; and a little mild speculation was sometimes set on foot, as to what was to become of the young lady, when her visit to the Minerers should terminate. Her parents were dead; she had, indeed, a clergyman, or a clergyman's wife, for a relation; but they were poor struggling people, encumbered with children, unencumbered with resources; or, as one of the watering-place wits would put it, un-incomed altogether. Miss Lacroix, however, seemed quite tranquil as to the future, and seemed to convey that events might be trusted to provide for her.

Among her fastest friends was Sam Pringle, who exhibited for her something that amounted to a "tendresse," and which did not in the least disturb his lady's peace of mind. Indeed, anything of a softening kind, or that would, in plain language, "keep him quiet," was really welcomed by his family. Observers were not a little amused at the symptoms of the change thus produced in him. He might be said, literally, to "dance attendance" on her, for he performed a succession of his most favourite antics about her, and at the balls which were given at the Cure House, he amazed the French and German gentlemen with his movements, which, like a late Premier's description of English prosperity, was marked by "leaps and bounds." Under this treatment Miss Lacroix was always good-humoured, and tolerated him. "I am her slave, you know," he would say; "her mameluke," or mammy-look, as he pronounced it; and he glared defiantly at any young fellow

who ventured to interfere with his pretensions.

Apropos of young gentlemen, there now appeared on the scene a young fellow who had come to join his parents for a long holiday. This was the son and heir of Sir John and Lady Minerer, Mr. Horace. He was a fair, natural, off-hand fellow, always in roars of laughter at some joke of his own, and ready for "fun" of any kind. People liked him on account of this perpetual cheerfulness which he diffused about. He had got leave from his ship, being a lieutenant in the navy, and had come to see his relatives and enjoy himself. Nobody, nothing could resist him; and he had that "royal" way with him, both of spending money, as well as of greeting and treating friends and acquaintances, which is so attractive to strangers, but which to those who have to furnish the cost is often inconvenient.

He was, of course, at once absorbed into the shifting, glittering coterie of the place, and in a day or two was quite at home among them all, enjoying himself thoroughly, and every day starting something new, which caused people to talk, and also laugh. Who does not envy this curious gift of thus being liked, impassively, as it were, without care or exertion, and of filling the public mind, while others sacrifice time and enormous labour to get any particular act, or even themselves, in any shape recognised?

The place by this time was full of the usual typical characters. There was that strange Lady Castlefirt, who was there sans husband, and, indeed, as some said, sans restraint of any kind, and whom the more charitable would have set down as eccentric, had she not been a countess. This personage was always surrounded by those curious beings whose position is undefined, and who have a certain fascination, perhaps, for the first week of acquaintance, but no longer; men and women that sing, have been taught abroad, prefer to speak Italian, and stand with one foot in the professional, the other in the amateur country. Sometimes they have actually been on the operatic stage, in some foreign land, and give out that they are to be enlisted by the English impresario of Her Majesty's Theatre. Her ladyship was always attended by one or two of these pseudo clever persons, and it need hardly be said that Pratt-Hawkins asserted a place in the favoured band. She had a daughter, Lady Victoria Tufton, for whose

sister, by the aid of tulle, white veils, and gossamer hats, she strove to pass; and there were choice little dinners or expeditions, organised by Giulio Egerton—such was the name of the existing amateur professional, or professional amateur—at a quiet hotel, to which only the select were admitted. Pratt-Hawkins, a couple of lively girls, young Minerer, with a colonel or captain of harmonious "fastness," together with a lively bachelor judge, generally made the party.

With a sort of infatuation, of course, our friends the Pringles must be eager to get within this charmed circle. They worried Pratt-Hawkins to secure an introduction to the æsthetic countess, with whom they were about as likely to mingle as water is with oil. When this blessing was secured, they did not know how to turn it to account, or what to do with it; for, after the first simperings and timorous approaches which attended the ceremony, the intercourse, as it were, hung fire; their eagerness naturally leading the introducer to suppose that there was some object in view, or some communication to be made. Lady Castlefirt was, however, a person to whom the words of promise, "We hope, on your return to London, to see you at our house," were not inviting; and then something was murmured of "Dine with us—meet the Baddeleys—"

"An inducement, indeed!" replied the fast countess, with a loud laugh and toss of her head. "Were they not shamefully treated by people in the country, that came in for some money? Serve them right, too. No, I thank you; pray don't go to the trouble of inviting them for me."

The family looked helplessly one at the other; the fast countess waited for the expected communication, but in vain, then turned away impatiently.

CHAPTER XXXVI. MISS LACROIX'S FIRST SKIRMISH.

AT one of the countess's dinners, Horace Minerer had announced that the cleverest girl in the place was living with his mother, and retailed, in presence of the gentleman who had so suffered, the pleasant "hit" she had given to Pratt-Hawkins. The fast countess immediately determined to know Miss Lacroix, and absorb her into her set, and, indeed, had been rather taken with her appearance. The acquaintance was made at once. Lady Castlefirt "took her up" with violence, and insisted on enrolling her in her retinue; at least, whenever she

saw her seated on the terrace, would have her chair brought up beside her. The fact was, she was so clever, and the countess adored cleverness.

It was curious to see how Miss Lacroix behaved under this popularity. She was not in the least moved from her habitual calm. She accepted but did not seek. Lady Minerer, a person of ill-controlled passions, and who got into furies with her footmen and maids—such as, if exhibited in any public place by persons of lower degree, would entail the interference of the police—was, it was evident, with difficulty restraining herself. Whether she was held in awe or fear of the cold gaze of this young lady, or whether the latter had some secret power, it was hard to say. It was certain that Miss Lacroix joined her new friends with impunity, and came and went as it suited her. She had at the same time an extraordinary offensive and defensive ally in young Minerer, who showed his admiration in many ways.

What was this charm, if it might so be called, in Miss Lacroix? It was not that "sweetness of manner" which opens to some the iron gates of exclusive society; nor was it any remarkable cleverness of observation, or depth of knowledge. It was a certain air of power, akin to that by which a man raises himself to be a minister—an air which showed that she could do what she chose to have done.

It had been noticed how effectually Miss Lacroix had quelled any attempt at rioting on the part of her patroness. Those chilling eyes of hers were invaluable; and, indeed, it was worth while seeing her at the junketings described, and with which she would be scarcely thought to harmonise. Under their glance Mr. Pratt-Hawkins felt most uncomfortable; and not a little of the entertainment of the party was in seeing him "roasted" by the lady. Sometimes these little expeditions were to a small inn half-a-dozen miles away, which, someone had discovered, had the art of preparing a particular dish in a particular way; and this, and the comparative rudeness of the surroundings, made the attraction.

During the course of these incidents, it began to be noted that the young sailor was not in such good spirits as before, or that he had grown silent and seemed pre-occupied by his own thoughts. There was a term to his jests and boisterous practical joking, and very soon the plain-speaking persons of the coterie had discovered the reason. He was in love with the curious

young lady who was insensibly becoming the centre of attraction in the place. There had been a sort of friendly confidence established between the pair from the beginning, and, indeed, they had met before. The young fellow's ship had been off one of the French ports for some weeks, when Miss Lacroix and her patroness were staying there. From some stray allusions which Lady Minerer had let fall when she was irritated, it came out that young Mr. Minerer had suddenly come to Homburg against his parents' wishes; and, putting these various matters together, it was easy to see that the situation would soon be considerably "strained." Lady Minerer—one of those persons who take "the man in the street" into their confidence, or, in preference, the woman—began now to discharge, on her new friends and co-lodgers the Pringles, her opinions of Miss Lacroix; and these, too, couched in terms of extraordinary vigour and even abuse. On one occasion the family were seated round her, listening with that devout and obsequious veneration which was now becoming habitual to them.

"I could tell you things about her that would astonish you. She's an artful, designing person. Who is she, I should like to know? Where does she come from? Has she ever given an account of herself? People that drop from the clouds in this way are always suspicious characters."

Then, conscious that her own intimacy with a person of such doubtful character required explanation, she continued:

"As for us, she imposed on us; made herself useful when I was ill; and got that foolish Sir John to ask her to stay with us for six months. Now she affects to say that this arrangement was of our making, and that she holds us to it. Did you ever hear of such a thing! She's no lady. And, by-the-way, I must caution you. I don't like to see the way you and your foolish husband are taking her up. Better give it up; it's not proper, you know."

Now this diatribe was delivered in Lady Minerer's accustomed style—viz., in loud, unmeasured tones, as if from her stall in the market-place, not caring, as she often repeated, who heard her. In her room, however, were those thin folding-doors usual in foreign apartments, which seem rather screens than doors. She certainly would have cared that the person who now opened this slight partition, and entered, had not overheard her. Miss Lacroix entered calmly, greeted the Pringles warmly, and sat down.

"Why, why," said the confounded Lady Minerer, pausing in her knitting, of which she did an enormous amount in the year, useful to no member of the human family, "you said you had gone out with those people."

"I have returned, and have been in there for the last ten minutes."

"Oh, I see. Listening! Come, that's ladylike."

"I should not have alluded to it. But I am glad that it is you that have mentioned it. Let me appeal to your justice and candour, and ask you—have you been telling the truth about me to these ladies?"

Lady Minerer flung her worsted balls, needles, &c., into a great basket at her feet, much as a waggoner would strip off his jacket for "a round or two," and got ready for the fray.

"What do you mean by such impertinent questions?"

"I merely ask—is the account that you have just given of me a correct one; is it not rather a very unjust, unfair, and cruel one? Have you not suppressed something?"

"Oh, I can't listen to this—in my own rooms. Go away. Go away, at once."

"Why did you not tell them the real reason of my coming on a visit to you? That your son had offered secretly to marry me; that I had declined, and communicated the matter to you; and that, out of gratitude, and seeing that I was alone and friendless, my only friend having just died, you had insisted on my coming to stay with you? Is not this true?"

"Oh yes! You took care to make a good bargain for yourself."

"You see, Mrs. Pringle, she admits that I have told the truth."

"Yes; but who brought him here again? And are not you now beginning your tricks—trying to entangle the poor boy, for he is only a boy?"

"Nothing of the kind. You can see by his changed manner that I am, as they say in the novels, pitiless."

"Yes, novels; exactly. You know plenty about them. That's your line; you are busy writing one, I suppose."

"That does not affect the matter in hand. If I were as artful as you say, I might show you, before twelve hours were over, something substantial to support your insinuations."

Here Lady Minerer turned pale and trembled with rage.

"And," went on Miss Lacroix, "since I am exposed to these unjust and most ungenerous attacks, after behaving in the most honourable way, I do not see why I should not resume my independence. It will put us on a straightforward footing. Why should I, out of compliment, be protecting your son for you? Many persons in my position—I am a lady born—would have no scruple in accepting what was thus fortunately thrown in their way. I considered that your hospitality was a fitting acknowledgment of my having acted generously. What if I were now to let matters take their course, and give over a forbearance which many a fashionable lady with daughters to provide for might think Quixotic? You don't quite like that idea, and very naturally."

This little scene at once revealed the curious relations that existed between the Minerers and their guest. The logic of the situation and the threat used was quite intelligible to all present; and it was plain that Lady Minerer, like all violent persons who have driven matters to extremity, would be herself driven back to extremity instead of the matters in question.

The Pringles listened with their usual simpering wonder, agreeing and sympathising according as they were required to do. On the next day, to their astonishment, Lady Minerer appeared in the walk as usual, with Miss Lacroix in her retinue.

THE POETICAL SIDE OF JAPANESE LIFE.

ROMANCE, it is universally acknowledged, is gradually being edged out of the world by the march of modern civilisation, and the practical tendencies of this iron age. It may be found scattered here and there amongst the vine-clad hills of Southern France, hidden in the mountain fastnesses of the Tyrol, or in Italian towns as yet unexplored by the modern tourist. Occasionally it is met with in comparatively unknown Spain; and amongst the peoples of pure Scandinavian origin it undoubtedly exists in a crude and rugged form. The Indians of North America, the Hindoos, and the Chinese, cling to its remnants with a certain degree of fondness; but nowhere has it been so little changed by the hand of time as in the distant, sunny islands of Japan; and here, even, we must enjoy it whilst we may, for reform and progress are cutting it away piecemeal, and Japan

must sooner or later take her place amongst the common-place, practical nations of the world.

Between the inhabitants of Southern Europe—the most romantic people of our Western world—and the Japanese, there is great similarity of character. Both are essentially people who live for the present; both prefer the bright side of the mirror of life to the duller but truer; both are epicurean in their tastes, habits, and customs; to both is luxury delightful, and exertion detestable. Without being slothful, as the Italians, the Japanese are remarkably wanting in that cold, stern energy so characteristic of Northern nations; without being violently excitable, as the Spaniards, they are easily moved to mirth and tears, and extremely sensitive to ridicule and shame; and, without carrying their patriotism to the frantic extreme of the Marseillais and Bordelais, they have a profound veneration for their native land, and everything pertaining to it; and, with the Chinese, share the singularity of being one of the last nations of the globe to throw off an old civilisation for a new.

Again, they have the chivalrous politeness and courtesy of the French of a past generation, the warm feelings of the Spaniards, and the adoration for nature and art of the Italians. Hence the English traveller in Japan cannot fail to remark that, whilst the inhabitants have an intense awe and respect for us, their personal feelings bind them far closer to the nations which resemble them most in manners and customs.

One must not look for the poetry and romance of Japan in the treaty ports, or in the towns accessible to foreign influences. Yedo, or, as it is called, Tokio, though never a beautiful city, was once the centre of all that gave character to the inhabitants of the land. Every scholar, poet, or artist of note spent, at least, some portion of his life there. In Yedo the national legends and traditions were held in the highest esteem; and, above all, it was the hotbed of disaffection towards foreign civilisation and reform. Now that it has been thrown open to foreigners, it has become the dullest, most commonplace town imaginable. Artillery—during the civil war of 1868, which dethroned the Shogun, and placed the Mikado in power—destroyed much that was historical and legendary; but the present mania for reconstructing the city on the European

model has swept away still more. Nothing is now safe from the engineer and contractor. If a new street is to be built, down come old temples, hallowed by the memories of ages; groves of trees are converted into planking and firewood; quaint old palaces of once noble princes are levelled with the ground; heroes are tumbled from their tombs; and a white, rigid line of flimsily-stuccoed houses, in imitation of the foreign style, takes their place. Undeniably, in some cases, these innovations may be improvements; but, to the romantic eye, they are sad triumphs of Vandalism.

With the character of their town the character of the Yedo people has changed. Civility and courtesy are to be universally met with in the country; but in Yedo, now that every other man has his hair cropped in the foreign style, wears European clothes, travels by railway, and smokes cigars, insolence and independence are painfully prevalent. Having leaped over five hundred years in as many days, the Yedo citizen of to-day considers himself, not only equal to his foreign model, but immeasurably superior. In the public offices this is especially to be noticed. Anyone who has had any dealings with the foreign-office clerks or custom-house employes in Yedo will recognise the truth of this statement.

Away from Yedo and the treaty ports all is changed. From the world of new-fangled ideas, apish imitation, and conceit, one emerges into a beautiful, and as yet unsullied sphere of poetry and romance.

Enthusiastic in their reverence for the mythology, songs, and legends of their forefathers, the simple rustics still plod in their harmless groove of life. Into hundreds of little towns and villages, away from the great highways, foreign innovations have failed yet to penetrate; old customs and habits still obtain, and the poetry of the old world life of Japan still exists, although the circle of the new life is spreading wider and wider, and bids fair, in very few years, totally to supplant its rival.

The mythology of a country is a very fair criterion of the character of its inhabitants. Belonging, as it does, to a nation eminently skilful in the art of war, the Japanese mythology is throughout redolent of violence and bloodshed; but an under-stratum of softer and more beautiful stories exists, unsurpassed even by the fables of ancient Greece. The sun,

the moon, the stars, all have their poems; every one of the several hundred gods has his legend; every beautiful and historical spot its tale. Prominent amongst these are the stories of the creation of Japan; of the loves of Izanagi and Izanami, the Adam and Eve of the popular belief; of the formation of the island of Inoshima, so well known to Yokohama tourists; of the deeds of the Kami, or first rulers of the land; of the old court life at Kioto and Kamakoura; of Taico-Sama; of the loves of the Prince of Sendai; and the ballad of Takasago. Every Japanese child learns to lisp these and a hundred other fanciful tales on its mother's knee, as every English child learns the stories of Jack the Giant-Killer and Cinderella. Many of these stories bear striking resemblance to the old Greek legends; in others we are reminded of the Scandinavian folk-lore, and the deeds of our own King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. But in telling our tales we have nothing approaching belief. The Japanese places as strict a faith in the authenticity of his, as does a Catholic in the virtues of St. Januarius. To inform a Japanese of the old school that the beautiful island of Inoshima was formed in the ordinary course of nature, and not from drops of water fallen from the sword of a god, would be to insult his creed and his prejudices. The birth-places and graves of mythical heroes and heroines are still revered by the country folk; even in iconoclastic Yedo, the burial-places of the forty-seven Hônins, and of Kompachi and Komurasaki—personages of comparatively recent celebrity—are carefully kept in order by priests, are annually the scenes of great commemorative festivals, and are daily the resort of many pilgrims.

The country is dotted with shrines and spots celebrated in the historical and legendary annals of the country. At Kamakoura, fifteen miles from Yokohama, —better known to foreigners from the proximity of the colossal bronze statue of Buddha, than from any historical associations—is the scene of action of half the romantic and heroic histories of the country. Huge temples, broad avenues, vast flights of steps, and stately groves of trees, still mark the site of the ancient capital of Japan, are still relics of the days when heroism and chivalry went hand in hand, and when Dai-Nippon, "Peerless Japan," as her sons still love to call her, was alone

in her majesty, and unknown to the world of "outer barbarians." North of Yedo lies Nikko, the lovely burial-place of Iye Yas, founder of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns—a veritable "piece of heaven dropped on earth," a cluster of fairy temples set in a framework of some of the finest woodland scenery of the country. Away north again are the famous shrines of Isé, to which every Japanese who can do so makes a pilgrimage at least once in his lifetime. But all the pride and reverence of the Japanese is centred in the great mountain Fuji-Yama. The glory of the regular, pure-white cone, rising from the plain, and towering king-like over the petty hills scattered to the right and left, has been sung by Japanese poets, and limned by Japanese artists, from time immemorial. Well-omened is the house so situated as to command a view of the mountain; fortunate the man who can show, amongst his household treasures, the duly-signed certificate of his having made its arduous ascent. Scarcely a screen, or a tray, or a lacquered bowl exists, on which the well-known shape of the mountain is not portrayed. Ignorant rustics cannot be convinced that there are spots in the world from whence the cone cannot be descried. To the citizen of Yedo it is a barometer, a protective genius, a sight to amaze the foreign visitor; to the peasant it is a something so sublime and grand as not to be spoken of without reverence.

Next in importance to Fuji, as a fountain of poetic fable, are the sky and the heavenly bodies. The moon, with the Japanese, is a god; the sun, a goddess; the stars are the spirits of the great and mighty of old days. In Japanese works of art, and in the fanciful literature, Fuji-Yama and the moon are generally, so to speak, in conjunction, the sun apparently playing a far less important part; a strange fact, when we remember that one of the most elaborate epithets bestowed on their country by the Japanese, is the "Land of the Rising Sun." About the moon-god and the stars, there are innumerable pretty stories and ballads; temples to the former are common, and are generally in solitary neighbourhoods, and always on the summits of hills. Strange to say, with all their keen appreciation of the charms and wonders of nature, the Japanese have never invested the ocean with any of the attributes so common amongst the poets of Western nations. Although it is the chief source of their

daily food, there is very little evidence to show that they regard it with any poetic fervour or love. To them it is rather an object of dread and awe, a fearful unknown power sleeping under the guise of silvery stillness, to be awakened occasionally into frantic fits of destruction and harm-doing. Hence, with their vivid imagination and power of fanciful creation, it may be easily understood that the Japanese are a people keenly susceptible to superstitious influences. The rise and fall of the tides, the aspect of Fuji, the clearness or obscurity of the heavens on certain days and certain hours, are carefully watched as omens of coming good or evil. The bull worship of the Egyptians finds its parallel in the fox worship of the Japanese; dogs are protected from harm by public edict in Yedo as in Constantinople; to kill a stork is as great a crime in the eyes of a Japanese as to kill an albatross in the eyes of an English sailor. Night has peculiar horrors for the country people. Then, it is supposed, the restless spirits of those who have led wicked lives perform their penance by wandering abroad on the earth; the "pixies" of Devonshire, and the "brownies" of Scotland, are represented in Japan by elves and sprites, who do good offices for worthy households, and commit all kinds of vagaries on the premises of loose-livers and evil-doers. The sound of a cock crowing at night is held to be a sure presage of coming pestilence or fire; a lantern blown out portends, not irrationally, a violent storm; travelling after sunset is carefully avoided, not only for fear of dangers of the road, but in the dread of intruding on the sphere of the spirits; long circuits are made by travellers to avoid haunted spots or places of evil repute, such as execution-grounds or scenes of past murder and bloodshed. Clerical influence has much to do with this. A superstitious people is generally priest-ridden, and Japan is no exception to the rule. Till the late reforms in the spiritual government of the country were effected, the priests had—under the great lords—absolute power of life and death over the masses of the people. The state of the country resembled very much that of our own, before the suppression of the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Much good in the way of benevolence and relief of the poor was done by the religious communities, but with it much evil was disseminated. Hard-earned money was showered into the

temple coffers, and this probably accounts for the existence of so many vast and beautiful shrines throughout the country. Austere and strict lives were enjoined on all who embraced the priesthood, but it is notable that, in all the records of civil wars and disturbances, of wholesale slaughter and general devastation, the temples and the priests invariably come out scathless.

In great essential points, the romance of the Japanese differs from that of Western nations—notably, in the predominance given to man over woman. The noblest profession in the estimation of the Japanese is that of arms. The commonest soldier holds a loftier position than the wealthiest merchant; although with the destruction of the power of the old Daimios, and the consequent reform of the national army on the European model, much of this spirit has died out. Every young Samurai, or man of birth, learnt the use of the sword as soon as he could walk; and it was held as essential for a Japanese gentleman to know how to give and receive blows, as it is for an English gentleman to read and write. The sword was then all-powerful in the land; and many a bloody tale bears testimony to the abuses which sprang up from an almost universal habit of wearing it, and wielding it on very trifling provocation. It is now as much the exception to see a two-sworded swaggerer as it was once the rule. The men of Bizen and Satsuma, stern upholders of the old state of affairs, still affect the obsolete custom; but in Yedo or Yokohama, a man with his swords is stared at by foreigners, and laughed at by natives, as a man afraid to go abroad without them.

Hence, at an age when heroic deeds and chivalrous actions were the pride of the nation, the softer art of love became a matter of very secondary importance, and not, as with us, the keystone of poetry and romance. Love stories and songs are of course innumerable in Japanese literature; but every story and song is so framed as to bring out in striking relief, not the woman, but the man. There is an utter absence of that spirit of knight-errantry which makes our mediæval literature so charming. Japanese heroes would perform prodigies of valour in defence of a clan or a family; but, in the cause of woman, never. Take the well-known story of Kompachi and Komurasaki, so delightfully told by Mr. Mitford in his Tales of Old Japan. According to our ideas, Komurasaki, the woman, faithful

and true to her lover in all his misfortunes, and dying on his grave, is the fine, pure character of the tale; but to a Japanese reader, Kompachi, the robber and murderer, the cold and heartless villain, is the claimant for admiration and sympathy.

Woman—with the Japanese as with the Chinese, as with, indeed, most Oriental nations—is very far from sharing the importance of man in human creation. Newly-married couples pray for male offspring; and though it is admitted that woman is necessary in the formation of society, she is regarded rather as a privileged slave than as an equal—much less as invested with the attributes of superiority lavished on her by Western romance writers. So subordinate a part, indeed, does woman take in the every-day affairs of life, that till quite lately—till 1875—women were never allowed to appear on the theatrical stage, and men invariably played the female parts. The great difference, then, between the poetry and romance of the Japanese, as compared with our own, is that whilst our creations treat generally of love, chivalry, and the human sentiments, the Japanese devote themselves to the worship of nature and the supernatural. A reason for this may be found in the fact that Japanese life is altogether of an out-of-door character. To them the word “home”—or the nearest approach to it in their language—conveys none of the simple poetry so touching to Englishmen. There is nothing homely in a Japanese house. By the shifting of a few shutters it can be thrown open to the four winds of heaven; and although the greatest care is taken to keep the wood-work and matting spotlessly clean, a man is far prouder of the possession of a few square yards of garden, than of the noblest palatial residence without a tree or a shrub. Of snugness, cosiness, the charm of family meetings round a common board, they have no idea. A Japanese household is conducted in an irregular, disjointed style, very contrary to our notions of what a happy, comfortable home should be. Men and women eat when they are hungry, sleep when they are tired; if, after the labour of the day, the goodman goes out and stops away all night, there is no anxiety on his behalf; and the same independence of action characterises the life of the women. As for the children, Japan is a very paradise. They are suffered to tumble and wander about without any restriction from the apron-string and perambulator machinery, which makes the lives of many

poor little wretches in England a purgatory. In this absence of any sentiment of attachment to home, as we understand the word, the Japanese resemble the French; but by the poetry with which they invest everything beyond the walls of their houses they amply atone for the want. The average Englishman, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, is perfectly contented to accept the pleasures of home and little else. For the lower classes, four or five holidays a year are amply sufficient to soften the monotony of daily toil; by the classes just above these, more than the statute holidays, with a fortnight or so in the summer, is never demanded. English Sundays we can hardly introduce into the category of holidays. With the Japanese, on the contrary, in addition to the innumerable festivals of which their religion commands the observance, every sixth day is given up to perfect rest from labour, whilst the imagination is ever fertile in inventing excuses for additions to the holiday list. The innate feeling of poetry in the nation is well shown at these holiday makings. We in England are said, too truly, to take our pleasures sadly, and the recollections of Whit Mondays, Boxing Days, and statute holidays, as celebrated by our masses, is coloured with a tint doubly funereal when we call to mind the simple, pleasant town and village festivals of the Japanese. In this faculty of completely throwing aside all worldly cares and considerations in the pursuit of pleasure, they resemble, closely, the French; and but for the costume, the mummers of the New Year's fêtes in Yedo might be of the same race as the “mirliton” players of the Fair of St. Cloud.

The influence of this constant intercourse with the world of nature is plainly visible in the manners, customs, and habits of the Japanese people. The sougning of the wind through the pine trees, the roaring of the mountain torrent, the song of the bird, they weave into the thread of every-day life by a thousand pretty conceits. For a single poetical expression, used by an Englishman in the course of ordinary conversation, the Japanese will employ twenty. The names of their women, their villages, their tea-houses, are redolent of country life; and to the foreigner, well acquainted with the language, nothing can be prettier than the way in which Japanese of all classes clothe the most ordinary common-places in a garb of picturesque epithet and simile.

The traveller in Japan cannot fail to remark the way in which the inhabitants take advantage of every pretty spot, or bit of striking scenery, to embellish it by art. The results are generally very happy. On the continent of Europe we should run up a huge hotel, and placard the beauties of a waterfall or valley to the world by advertisements. Consequently the most lovely scenes of Europe have lost a great deal of their romance; they are annually infested by crowds of tourists; the one hotel expands into several; lime-lighting and midnight parties reduce the special feature of the place to a peep-show and a centre of attraction for the votaries of gaiety and fashion. The era of spas and watering-places has probably to come in Japan; Biarritz, Monaco, and Brighton may be imitated in miniature on the shores of the Gulf of Yedo; but as yet nature is suffered to remain undisturbed. A beautiful view may be enjoyed from the turf seat of a modest tea-booth; the climb up an especially picturesque hill is generally rewarded by rest in a quaint old temple; cherry-gardens and waterfalls have generally their little circle of tea-houses; but nothing offensive to the eye or taste is ever introduced to destroy the harmonies of nature. As the Japanese wishes to realise during life the idea of travelling through a pleasant garden, so does he delight to invest death with as much poetry as possible. In China the coffins and graves studded about every hill and field are repulsive in the highest degree; in Japan one is never in the presence of death, or reminded at the turn of every corner of our inevitable end. The graveyards are invariably hidden in groves of bamboo and cryptomeria away from the high roads, silent and peaceful in solitude and calm. Even in the midst of the great busy capital, there are dotted about picturesque burial-grounds, beneath the shade of brown old temple eaves or solemn elm trees, which would remain unnoticed by the traveller unadvised how and where to look for them.

One cannot help regretting that modern civilisation will not run hand in hand with poetry and romance; that the path of improvement and reform must be cleared of all obstructions in the shape of old world customs and habits; and that innovation demands the utter extirpation of what it replaces. It is absurd, of course, to wish that a country should never advance, that for the sake of a sentiment it should rot away in its own world of backwardness

and abuses; but, in viewing Japan as the last stronghold of romance, the feeling is difficult to repress. The country is too deeply saturated with old world habits and prejudices to be transformed in a short time; but the influences of the nineteenth century are hard at work, and even now we must travel far into the country to have our love of the romantic and poetic gratified. When the country is entirely thrown open to the world, then we may look for the transformation, but not till then. Wherever foreign influence has been allowed a foothold it has left an indelible mark; but its base of operation in Japan is as yet extremely limited; and to the thousands who have ideas of Western civilisation, there are tens of thousands in complete ignorance even of its meaning, and other tens of thousands who, although they have an imperfect conception of it, are determined to resist its spread to the last.

THE BALL AT THE GUILDHALL.

THINGS WHICH THE REPORTERS DID NOT TELL US.

I MAY say at once that I was present at the ball given by the city of London to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and that I was present as an invited guest. I read the accounts of that ball in the daily papers on the following morning. Previous to that time I had entertained a respect for the press; I had read newspaper accounts of balls and festivities, with the belief that, next to going to these things, the best thing was to study the accounts of our special reporters. After reading the accounts in question, these ideas were dissipated. The description of the decorations, and the general aspect of the place, were correct enough. But these are the dry bones of the ball; of the flesh, the human nature of the affair, there is, in the reports, not a shred. I think it as well that the world at large should know something beyond the carpentry and upholstery of an occasion like this; and as reporters, although no doubt estimable persons in their way, and able to take down speeches by the yard, have no—what I may call—soul, I sit down to let the public know what a ball at the Guildhall really is.

I was not at the dinner. My father, an alderman of his ward, was there; I had tickets for the ball. I may say that with me went my father's sister—that is, of course, my aunt—whom I shall

call—for I do not wish the authorship of this article to be traced—Aunt Euphrosyne, and a lady—as I am concealing her name and mine, I may state the truth—to whom I was engaged, and whom I will call Phillis. We, that is my aunt and I, called in the neighbourhood of Bryanston-square for the third person of our trio, at half-past eight o'clock. My father, as I thought at the time, and have since told him, was thoughtless enough to take our carriage and pair, and we had hired a neat brougham. The third person of the trio was—and I mention this fact to show that she is no ordinary person—ready when we called, and we proceeded on our Eastward journey without impediment or delay until we had crossed Holborn Viaduct. Here we fell into the line, and were three-quarters of an hour traversing the short half mile to the Guildhall. That three-quarters of an hour have altered the future of my existence. I entered upon the passage a happy man, my sole care, my sole anxiety being a tendency, a slight tendency, upon the part of my figure towards corpulency. Personally, I think that a certain fulness of form adds to a man's dignity, and that slight curves are more graceful than angles. I object, only to the tendency, because men who call themselves your friends are constantly making coarse and silly jokes upon the subject, in which an absence of wit and of good breeding are equally manifest.

From the commencement of Newgate-street, until turning up King-street, the streets were crowded with people, who, for the most part, appeared to consider us, shut up as we were in the carriage, and stationary sometimes for five minutes at a time, as placed there for their special amusement and delectation, and as being as open to remark and comment as if we had been dummies in a hairdresser's shop. I have travelled a good deal, for my father's house has correspondents in most large towns of Europe; and I can safely say that the vulgarity, the impudence, the insolence of that crowd could not have been equalled in Europe. I should analyse that crowd as composed of one quarter of young roughs, of from sixteen to twenty years old; of a third of shop and warehouse girls; of one twelfth of quiet and respectable people, who kept upon the pavement and behaved themselves; and of another third of young men from shops, warehouses, and wharf-

ingers' offices. Until we arrived at the entrance to Cheapside, there were no policemen whatever present—at any rate I did not see one in Newgate-street—and beyond this there were so few that they could not interfere to protect us from insult. I remember once, when I was a little boy, sitting on what was called a stool of penitence, and hearing the nasty things which a number of other little boys and girls, with an almost diabolical frankness, said about me; but that was as nothing to that passage to the ball at the Guildhall. In Newgate-street girls constituted the largest portion of the crowd. They came up to the side of the carriage, put their faces against the windows, laughed and nodded to us freely, and were, I thought—although I am bound to say that neither Phillis nor my aunt agreed with me—really rather good fun than otherwise. When, however, we got into Cheapside, and the throng was composed chiefly of men and boys, things became more unpleasant. "Hollo, here's a hired trap!" shouted one. "Oh, I say," said another, with his face pressed hard against the window, "this ain't fair, two to one, you know." "Fatty is heavy enough for the two of 'em," said a third. "If I was that nice-looking gal, I wouldn't put up with such a duffer as that, not for a moment." "Oh, I say, look at the old 'un in the corner." This was my aunt. "Ain't she been a painting of herself up." "She means to captivate the prince, she does." "I expect the prince would rather dance with the young 'un." "You oughter be ashamed of yourself at your age, and with shoulder-bones like them to be in a low dress." "Call the police!" gasped my aunt. I opened the window and looked out; there were policemen scattered along the line ahead, but not sufficient to keep off the crowd, who were saluting the occupants of all the carriages with chaff similar to that which was greeting us. "My dear, I blow a kiss to you," said one to Phillis. This was too much. "Henry James, are you going to get out to that fellow?" Phillis said—she had kept herself in up till now, but she blazed out like a spitfire. "Get out to him, Phillis! What for?" "To knock him down—to thrash him," she said. "Are you going to listen to two ladies being insulted like this, and say nothing? I do believe you are a coward, Henry James." "Oh, come, nonsense; that's too much, Phillis. If I were to get out and hit one of them, I should have a hundred pitch into me; and, bless

me! I should get a black eye, and shouldn't be able to show myself." "Show yourself!" she says, with a sort of scornful tone that made my clothes feel too large for me—"show yourself! What does it matter about your showing yourself? Here you are with two ladies; you hear them insulted by this low set of blackguards——" "Blackguards!" repeated I in astonishment at hearing such a word in a lady's mouth. "Yes, sir, blackguards!" she went on, all on fire; "and you talk about showing yourself. The City is to blame, in the first place, for inviting ladies to come to their ball, and then taking no steps to prevent their being insulted. But that does not excuse you; you have shown you are a coward, Henry James, and from this moment I have nothing whatever to do with you." Nothing can describe the rest of that journey. Phillis leant back in one corner of the carriage, obstinately silent. My Aunt Euphrosyne leant back in the other and cried quietly, and the tears made two long streaks through the pearl powder on her face, and made her an object for the rest of the evening. There being nothing to say, I sat stoically, while I was called "fatty," and "dough face," and "the claimant," and a dozen other names; and did not even pull up the window, for fear of exciting even more remarks, until the ruffians who had us at their mercy began to squirt at us with the abominable engines which have become of late fashionable in ruffianly circles, and which are called, I am given to understand, "tormentors."

When we turned into King-street our sufferings came to an end—the public were kept out here—and we drove unmolested up to the entrance. I got out first, and offered my arm to the ladies. Neither of them took it. Both got out without assistance. We went in at the door without speaking, and just as we got inside there was young Gubbins, the tea-taster, a fellow I have always hated; and as he came up to speak to us, Phillis walked up to him and said, "Mr. Gubbins, I'll take your arm, if you please; it is awkward being here without a man;" and off she walked, as if I wasn't in the world at all. Now, considering that Phillis will have thirty thousand pounds on the day she marries, that was nice for me, wasn't it? "Well, aunt," says I, "perhaps you'd like to run away too." "I don't see anyone to run with," she said, "else I don't know what I might do. However, it does not

matter; when it comes to being insulted for an hour, and your own flesh and blood sitting by quiet, and just nodding at hussies outside the window, it is about time I were gone. There, you need not say anything. I will sit down here while you take my cloak to the cloak-room, and bring me a ticket for it." I took the cloak; I made my way up to a sort of counter, and, after waiting ten minutes, handed over my own coat and hat and the cloak to one of the attendants. He took the hat and coat and returned the cloak, saying, "Ladies' room next door." I tried to get into the ladies' room with the cloak, and was repulsed by an attendant; and I then returned to my aunt, who was even more angry than before at this delay of a quarter of an hour. She was really terrible to see when she found I had brought the cloak back again, though she said nothing, but walked off with it with a sort of stage appearance which spoke volumes. If I had heard slow music play as she disappeared, I shouldn't have been the least surprised. When she came back she took my arm, and we went up, without speaking a single word, into the dancing-room over the entrance; and here, by the greatest good-luck, she came across my father, and I saw no more of her. I was not in much of a humour to enjoy myself, especially when I saw Phillis waltzing away with that young Gubbins. I had made up my mind that I should have to dance, although I have doubts whether dancing shows off my figure to advantage, and am inclined to think that a dignified pose is more in keeping with it. However, I was now free to do as I chose—to look on at the humour of the scene, as the poet calls it—and to criticise, from a serene mental elevation, the behaviour of all around. It is entirely owing to the close and critical examination that I made during the evening, that I am able to supplement so exhaustively the superficial observation of the reporters of the press.

I do not know that it ever struck me before, that at City balls you do see more strange-looking people, and more extraordinary dancing than at any other place in the world. Having danced at the Kursaals of Baden and Homburg, the hotel balls at Scarborough, and the assembly balls at Dieppe, Havre, Ostend, and other places, I think that I can speak with authority upon this point. In the first place, age appears at the City to be no obstacle whatever to dancing. Else-

where, people, when they pass middle age, retire from dancing, and take to cards or scandal. Not so in the City. In the quadrilles, you see couples whose united ages would far exceed a century, going through the figures with an accuracy of step which would delight a dancing mistress. In fact, the assumption is overwhelming that their dancing was altogether neglected in youth, and that it was only after attaining to mature age that they placed themselves in the hands of some professor of the dance. The steps they go through are wonderful; the way they pironette, bring up one foot to the heel of the other, and point their toes, is a thing to see. Not that the performance appears to give them the smallest satisfaction or pleasure. Their faces are set and anxious; not the ghost of a smile ever flits across them; they eschew talk, and give their whole attention to the work in hand. The style of dancing of the younger men and women may be described as bouncing. They bounce across and round; they consider it absolutely *de rigneur* to turn their partners round twice, instead of once, upon every occasion. Altogether, they impress you with the idea that, after all, a little of the stiffness and precision of the elders, of whom I have spoken, would not altogether come amiss in their case. But the square dances were as nothing in comparison with the round. This was not my first impression, but it grew upon me gradually as I went from ball-room to ball-room, and looked on at the gyrations of the dancers. In galops they got on fairly; in polkas they were stiff and awkward; but in waltzing they were—well, they really were—wonderful. To say that one in twenty had the faintest idea of dancing a *trois temps* in time, would be going well within the margin; and the faces of anxiety, of labour, of painstaking care on the part of the males, of simple anguish on that of the females, during the performance of the waltzes, were enough to give a philosopher cause to meditate upon the why and the wherefore people should voluntarily suffer martyrdom in essaying an exercise, of the nature of which they are absolutely ignorant. Then, again, I was led to wonder as to men's clothes. There are no end of fellows I know by sight in the markets, and generally in the City, who look natural enough on ordinary occasions, but who here certainly would have im-

pressed any stranger with the idea that they had never been in evening dress before. Of course, they get their clothes in the West End; but why do not their clothes look the same on them that they do on West-End people? Somehow there was a want of ease and comfort, which was only the more marked when covered by an assumption of a loud, hearty manner and a boisterous jollity. This observation does not apply to women. They somehow seem always at home in fine garments, however unaccustomed to them. The chief point observable about ladies' attire was the extreme variety of dress. Some were magnificently dressed, with diamonds equal to any which would be seen West; some were in half-high dinner dresses; and there were some in simple high dresses, which would not have been out of place at a Quaker meeting. Were I to give you one tithe, or, indeed, a hundredth part of the remarks which I heard made by ladies upon other ladies' dress as I wandered about, I should be considered as libelling human nature. The most offensive feature in the evening—you will understand the word offensive here is not my own, but that of a gentleman in a deputy-lieutenant's uniform, who, after struggling with great perseverance, could not get near enough to see what was going on inside the charmed circle, was the rush to see the Prince and Princess dance their first quadrille after entering the Guildhall. The crush was tremendous, and people stood twenty deep around the barrier. Of course, only the first few ranks could see; but the curiosity of the rest was somewhat satisfied by the information retailed by a number of ill-bred people—please observe that again the word is not my own—who were mounted on chairs and benches in the middle of the hall, and who retailed the result of their observations to the less fortunate crowd below. "There, the dear Princess is talking with the Lord Mayor." "The Prince has just said something to the Duke of Edinburgh." "There, the Duke of Cambridge is crossing now." "How pretty she looks." "Yes; her dress becomes her admirably." And so on. Soothing as was the receipt of all this information, some ill-conditioned people—again the word is not my own—were not satisfied. One lady, and a pretty heavy one too, lifted herself above the crowd by placing her hands on two gentlemen's shoulders, while they fairly hoisted her up. In

another case, a gentleman—a young husband, I imagine—kneeled on one knee, while his wife stood on the other. Some ladies contented themselves with occasional jumps; as, however, nature has not intended the human eye for the “instantaneous process,” they gained little except silent objugation from those on whose toes they alighted. I could write a great deal more, but I have written enough to show how ridiculously great are the shortcomings of reporters of the press. Not one of the papers said a word about these things. I am told that the ladies’ cloak-room was a scene of the wildest confusion, and that finally almost everyone took anything they could get. My Aunt Euphrosyne, whose cloak was a new one, spent three hours in that room in search of it. She failed, and came home in tears with my father. They arrived at half-past five, three hours after I had gone to sleep. My father rose in a very bad temper next day, and blamed me because aunt fastened herself, in her rage, upon him—just as if I could help it! I hear rumours of Phillis being engaged to that young Gubbins; as I said before, I always did hate that fellow. My aunt sent for her solicitor the very morning after the ball, and made a new will. I have not heard its exact contents, but I am sure that it is to my disadvantage. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that I shall not go to any more balls at the Guildhall.

LITTLE WILLIE.

SUCH a day to leave him, laid in his lonely grave;
Hark how the north wind whistles through the
thunder of the wave!
Such a day to leave him, where the wild blast sweeps
and swirls,
With the cold rains plashing over him, and the sods
on his golden curls!
Just a short week since we watched him, down on
the sunny shore,
And smiled to hear his ringing laugh blend with the
breakers’ roar;
Just one short week—a start, a cry, a crash from the
falling cliff—
Ah, pretty lips closed dumb and dead; light feet
laid still and stiff!
Such a day to leave him! How his blue eyes danced
and shone,
And the colour glowed in his round cool cheek but
one brief week ago!
Hard he fared, and cold he slept, yet his little life
was joy;
Sea, sand, and sunshine Nature gave to bless our
bonnie boy.
Such a day to leave him! What though the parson blest
The black earth where we put him down, what does
the child with rest?
He loved his life, and light, and play—they were all
the boon he had;
Yet few the tears he ever shed, the bold and blithe-
some lad.

It had not been so hard perhaps the narrow grave to
make,
If the seagulls had been floating where the waves
showed like a lake;
If the daisies had been springing, and the kindly sun-
light warm,
And the green grass waiting for him like a mother’s
sheltering arm.
But while the whole air thrills and throbs with the
great sea’s angry thunder,
And the Churchyard Head looks grimly on the white
surf boiling under,
With the pale rank grasses shivering ‘neath stinging
hail and snow,
Our joyous, happy darling—it is hard to leave him
so.
Well, God took him in his merriment, our God whose
ways are wise;
He is safe from cold and hunger, in his home there
in the skies;
But, oh! that the wild winds and waves would hush
them for an hour,
While up upon the Head we leave our early-gathered
flower.

FOUR CHAPTERS ON LACE.

CHAPTER IV.

THOSE curious visitors to Westminster Abbey who succeed in seeing the waxen effigies in the little room filled with those ghastly relics, will remark the rich quality of the lace which adorns them. The lace tucker and double sleeves (“engaging” sleeves) of Queen Mary are of Venice raised point, and King William wears a rich lace cravat and ruffles. There is some fine lace on the figure of Charles the Second, and also on that of the Duchess of Buckingham—the “mad” duchess, daughter of James the Second.* Least muscular Christians—heroes of peaceful contests on Cam and Isis, at Lord’s or Prince’s—should think a taste for lace an indication of effeminacy, it may be well to show that, as King William was to Queen Mary in devotion to Venice point and “right Mechlin,” so were the soldiers of Marlborough to civilians. It has already been told how the French army was on one occasion brought to a standstill for want of lace; and a very slight acquaintance with the literature of the Queen Anne period will suffice to convince the student that Jack Churchill himself, the fire-eating Cutts, and other gallant officers, whose names are written large in the history of England, were every whit as much addicted to costly “steinkirks” as their Gallic enemies. Their successors, too, kept up the character of the army for wearing

* As these waxwork effigies, which formed part of every state funeral of olden times, are not shown along with the other sights in the Abbey, readers of ALL THE YEAR ROUND are informed that admission may be obtained on application by letter to “the Canon in Residence, Westminster.”

costly lace, until the ungraceful stock replaced the rich cravat and "jabot." In the "Volunteers, or the Stock-Jobbers," occurs this remarkable passage:

"SIR NICHOLAS. I must make great haste; I shall ne'er get my Points and Laces done up time enough.

"MAJOR-GENERAL B. What say'st, young fellow? Points and Laces for camps?

"SIR NICHOLAS. Yes; Points and Laces. Why, I carry two laundresses on purpose. . . . Would you have a gentleman go undressed in a camp? Do you think I would see a camp, if there were no dressing? Why, I have two campaign suits, one trimmed with Flanders Lace, and the other with rich Point!"

The "World," to which the elegant Lord Chesterfield was a contributor, improved the occasion with a little cheap moralising and an impudent plagiarism. "Nor can I behold the lace and the waste of finery in their clothing, but in the same light as the silver plates and ornaments on a coffin. Indeed, I am apt to impute their going to battle so trimmed and adorned, to the same reason a once fine lady painted her cheeks just before she expired, that she might not look frightful when she was dead."

To war the troops advance,
Adorned and trim like females for the dance;
Down sinks Lothario, sent by one dire blow,
A well-dress'd hero to the shades below.

Even so late as Sheridan's time, this military dandyism had not departed from us. The justice's daughter says to her mamma, in "St. Patrick's Day": "Dear, to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles."

In Queen Anne's time, ladies' head-dresses of lace were called, shortly, "heads," and were used to decorate the high "Fontanges" or "commode" rising on the female head "like Bow steeple." Before the close of the reign, the lofty "commode" or "fal-lal," as it was sometimes called, suddenly collapsed. It had shot up to an extravagant height, "In-somuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. We appeared," says the Spectator, "as grass-hoppers before them."

The cost of a lace head was high: a Brussels head is put down at forty pounds, and a French point head and ruffles at double the money; but these articles would last a lifetime, and half-a-dozen heads were considered an ample supply for a princess—as a couple of

Mechlin cravats supplied the wardrobe of a fine gentleman. Addison did not fail to make fun of the sudden rage for china at the expense of lace, and accuses the women of exchanging "their Flanders point for punchbowls and mandarins, thus picking their husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a huge china vase when he fancies that he is buying a fine head for his wife." Lace was a favourite lover's bribe to an Abigail. Silvio, in the bill of costs he sends in to the widow Zelinda, at the termination of his unsuccessful suit, makes a charge for a "piece of Flanders lace" to her waiting-woman. Swift addresses a "young lady," in his peculiar strain: "And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you entertain yourself with the price and choice of lace, and apply your hands to each other's lappets and ruffles, as if the whole business of life and the public concern depended on the cut of your petticoats."

Not satisfied with lace when alive, both men and women craved for it as a decoration for their grave-clothes. In Malta, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, the practice of burying people in lace has acquired an unsavoury reputation, on account of the custom of rifling the tombs and selling the lace—often in a filthy condition—in the market. At Palermo, the mummies in the catacombs of the Capuchin Convent are adorned with lace; and in northern and middle Europe this fashion prevailed for a long period. In the church of Revel lies the Duc de Croÿ, a general of Charles the Twelfth, in full costume, with a rich flowing tie of fine guipure. He was never buried, by-the-way, his corpse having been arrested for debt; so that he remains, Mahomet-like, suspended between earth and sky. The Duke of Alva—not the great duke, but one who died in Paris in 1789—was, by his own direction, interred in a shirt of the finest Holland, trimmed with new point-lace; a new coat, embroidered in silver; a new wig; his cane on the right, his sword on the left, of his coffin. The beautiful Aurora Königsmarek lies buried at Quedlinburg amid a mass of the richest Angleterre, Malins, and guipure; and the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield "was laid in her coffin in a very fine Brussels lace head; a Holland shift, with a tucker of double ruffles; and a pair of new kid gloves." In her lifetime she had been a great judge of lace, and treasured a statuette of the Earl of Strafford, finely

carved in ivory by Grinling Gibbons, entirely for the beauty of its "Vandyke" lace collar. The lines of Pope have immortalised the story of Mrs. Oldfield's death. A ridiculous enactment had been made commanding English people to be buried in woollen :

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke).
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

All this seems ridiculous and melancholy enough at first sight; but yet Mrs. Oldfield had a method in her madness. Her solicitude as to her appearance is explained by the fact that, previous to her interment in Westminster Abbey, she was to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber.

The opinion of Dr. Johnson on lace is worth quoting as an admirable specimen of the style of the learned doctor, when plunging, like a bull into a china-shop, at a subject of which he was utterly incompetent to judge. The fine meshes of point-lace were not strong enough to hold the lover of veal-pie with plums in it. "A Brussels trimming," he thundered to Mrs. Piozzi, "is like bread-sauce; it takes away the glow of colour from the gown, and gives you nothing instead of it; but sauce was invented to heighten the flavour of our food, and trimming is an ornament to the manteau, or it is nothing."

After the Johnsonian period point-lace went so completely out of fashion in England, that it remained buried for years in old wardrobes and chests. In the beginning of the present century, the taste for massive garnitures of ancient point had so completely vanished, that in many families collections of lace of great value were, at the death of their owners, handed over as rubbish to the waiting-maid. Mrs. Bury Palliser tells two capital lace stories, "in this connection." A lady, who had very fine old lace, bequeathed her "wardrobe and lace" to some young friends, who, going after her death to take possession of their legacy, were surprised to find nothing but new lace. The old faithful Scotch servant (oh, those "faithful retainers!"), on being asked what had become of the old needle-points, said, "Deed it's a' there, 'cept a wheen auld dudds, black and ragged I flingit on the fire." Another collection met with an equally melancholy fate. The maid, not liking to give it over to the legatees in its coffee-coloured hue, sewed it care-

fully together, and put in a strong soap lye on the fire to simmer all night. When she took it out in the morning, it was reduced to a jelly. Much fine lace also came to an end in the hands of children. Many old ladies recollect having, in their childhood, dressed out their dolls in the finest point d'Alençon, so little was that magnificent lace valued at that time.

Meanwhile, lace-making of a kind went on in England as in other countries. It is discouraging to be unable to say very much in favour of the lace manufacture of England. Time out of mind attempts have been made to import lace-making into this country, but the lace hitherto produced has mostly been inferior to Continental work. Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Northamptonshire have long been the seat of lace manufacture—when and by whom established there is no evidence to show. Concerning Bedfordshire, there is, of course, a "tradition," or rather two—a Catholic and a Protestant tradition. The latter has it that lace-making was brought over by the Flemings, who fled from the Alva persecutions—the former ascribes its introduction to the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. "Thei seyn"—as Sir John Maundevile put it—that when Katharine of Aragon retired for two years to her manor of Ampthill, while her appeal to Rome was yet pending, she took care that the art of lace-making should be imparted to the peasantry of Bedfordshire, as a means of subsistence. As usual in these cases, there was a local custom which supported the legend with its authority, such as it was. Until recently, the lace-makers held "Cattern's Day," the 25th November (the Feast of St. Katharine), as a high festival, into which entered tea and cake—called "Cattern cake"—music, dancing, and a supper of boiled rabbits smothered in onions. 1531 is rather an early date for the introduction of lace-work into England—but who could be critical when rabbits smothered in onions formed part of the festival? The lace and lace schools of Buckinghamshire have received frequent mention. Great Marlow, Olney, Stoney Stratford, Aylesbury, and Newport Pagnel were all famous for lace of a fair description, but much inferior to that produced in Flanders. The best feature of the Midland laces was their beautiful hexagonal mesh, like the "réseau" of point d'Alençon. A good deal of lace was also made in Dorsetshire and Wilt-

shire. Defoe, in the excess of his patriotism, makes a tremendous fuss about Blandford, and declares the lace made there "so exquisitely fine, as I think I never saw better in Flanders, France, or Italy." Such specimens of Blandford lace as have survived to modern times, entirely fail to support the opinion of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*; but perhaps he spoke according to his lights after all. A more important county, and a longer lived, so far as lace manufacture is concerned, is Devonshire, famous for "bone-lace and cyder." From time to time very fair lace has been made at Honiton. Fuller is very enthusiastic on the subject of bone-lace, as it was absurdly called. "Much of this is made in and about Honyton, and weekly returned to London. Modern is the use thereof in England, and not exceeding the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Let it not be condemned for a superfluous wearing—because it doth neither hide nor heat—seeing it doth adorn. Besides, though private persons pay for it, it stands the state in nothing; not expensive of bullion like other lace, costing nothing save a little thread, descanted on with art and industry. Hereby, many children who otherwise would be burthensome to the parish, prove beneficial to their parents. Yea, many lame in their limbs, and impotent in their arms, if able in their fingers, gain a livelihood thereby; not to say that it saveth some thousands of pounds yearly, formerly sent over seas to fetch lace from Flanders."

Honiton lace is without doubt the best ever made in England. Its method of manufacture is that of second or third rate Brussels; and as an appliqué lace it is, perhaps, doubtful whether it deserves to be mentioned in the same paper with really artistic work. Honiton was famous for its "sprigs" sewn on to the ground, both sprigs and ground being made on the pillow.

Enormous prices were paid by the Honiton lace-makers for Flemish thread, rising, it is said, to a hundred guineas the pound during the war with France. The workwomen were also well paid, their wages being calculated in this wise: the lace ground was spread out on the counter, and the worker herself desired to cover it with shillings; and as many coins as found place on her work she carried away as the fruit of her labour. Real Honiton ground went out of date with the invention of

bobbin-net, on which the sprigs were "applied," until that form of lace went out of date altogether, being superseded by the modern guipure—the Honiton of to-day—which composed the bridal dresses of the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Princess Louis of Hesse, and the Princess of Wales.

Modern guipure is almost a reversal of the old style of "application." The sprigs, after being made on the pillow, are sewed upon a piece of blue paper, and then united either on the pillow by "cutworks" or "purlings," or else joined with the needle with various stitches—lacet-point, réseau, cutwork, button-hole stitch (the most effective of all), and purling, which is made by the yard. It has long been a reproach to the Devonshire lace-makers that they invent nothing—originate nothing—their happiest efforts being merely imitations of Flemish models. The Honiton lace at the International Exhibition of 1862 could ill bear comparison with the fabrics of France and Belgium. The designs were crowded and spiritless; heavy medallions, and clumsy arabesques, encircled with bouquets of flowers—poor imitations of nature.

A great deal of trouble has been experienced in persuading the lace-workers of Devonshire to adopt newer and better designs. For a long while they insisted on sticking to their old patterns, but at last some impression has been made on them by the authorities of South Kensington, who have recently supplied them with a large number of beautiful designs.

One effect of the gradual degradation of taste which led to the fineness of the réseau being ultimately considered of more importance than the beauty of the pattern, was one of those determinations of the human intellect in one direction, which rarely fail to achieve success in the end. After innumerable failures, bobbin-net was at last made by Heathcote's machine, and the value of the "clear ground" was gone for ever. Bobbin-net machines were not only set up in England, but in Brussels, for the purpose of making the double and triple twisted net, upon which the pillow flowers are sewed, to produce the so-called "point appliqué." This extra fine Brussels net has become deservedly celebrated, and consumes a large quantity of Scotch cotton thread annually. Soon after the triumph of England with bobbin-net, the Jacquard system was tried at Lyons for making lace by machinery, and no sooner were

the experiments successful, than Nottingham began the manufacture of machine lace on a large scale. At the International Exhibition of 1862, Nottingham exhibited Spanish laces, most faithful copies of the costly-pillow-made Barcelona; imitations of Mechlin, the brodé and picot executed by hand; Brussels needle-point; Caen blondes and Valenciennes, rivalling those of Calais; also the black laces of Chantilly and Mirecourt. Machine lace has had a curious effect. It has almost exterminated the inferior kinds of hand-made lace, but it has not diminished the demand for the finer fabrics of the pillow and the needle. On the contrary, the finest work of Alençon and Brussels has been sought more eagerly than ever by the rich, since machinery has brought the wearing of lace within the reach of all classes.

It is true that for a while it seemed as if choice lace were to become a thing of the past, but with the success of the romantic school in painting, and in the drama, came a reaction in favour of everything mediæval, or "thereabouts." In dress, too, the classical style went out, and mediæval customs were eagerly studied, as being likely to supply ideas for the modern romantic style.

Thus, after an eclipse of some thirty or forty years, the taste for old lace shone out again as part of that passion for ancient furniture, gold and silver work, and crockery, which endures even to this day. Old chests were raked out; the stock of convents was eagerly bought up; theatrical wardrobes and masquerade shops were sifted thoroughly to supply a sudden mania for magnificent "garnitures" of Alençon or guipure. Sydney Lady Morgan and Lady Stepney quarrelled weekly over the respective value and richness of their points; and Lady Blessington left at her death several chests filled with antique lace. Both in England and France lace was the rage; but the ignorance of the wearers led to some ludicrous effects. Knowing nothing of the various schools of lace, enthusiasts covered themselves with odds and ends of all sorts, no matter what, so long as it was old. An English lady once appeared at a ball given by the French Embassy at Rome, and actually boasted that she wore, on the apron of her dress, every known description of lace, from cut work of the fifteenth to point d'Alençon of the eighteenth century. As the subject became better understood, and costumes were arranged with some

regard to coherence, a race of collectors sprang up, who accumulated magnificent stores of the best examples of every school. Mrs. Bury Palliser, Mrs. Alfred Morrison, the late Mrs. MacCallum, Mrs. Bolokow, and Mrs. Austen formed cabinets of lace; and finally the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 organised a loan exhibition of lace three years ago. Since that time the passion for collecting lace has increased, and the typical pieces at the South Kensington Museum have become the object of much zealous study; but while lace-making is studied as an art, it is undeniable that the fashion for wearing the finest kind of point has, except in the case of the "lappets" worn with court-dress, almost vanished. Possibly this change in fashion is due to the vulgarising influence of the cheap imitations of the old guipure known as Cluny, Yak, and Ecru—the latter of which are tinted to resemble the old laces stained with coffee-grounds. Other ancient laces are imitated with considerable success, so far as general effect is concerned, but, of course, appear rough and clumsy when contrasted with the genuine old work. By the fashion of to-day the opportunities for displaying grand pieces of lace have been much reduced. Lace "berthes" and flounces are articles that no lady, who respects her reputation as a woman of fashion, would dream of putting on.

At the moment of writing taste runs on the soft, the yielding, the clinging, and the vaporous—and old needle-point retires for the nonce into the cabinets of the curious. Modern Valenciennes, made in Belgium, is all the rage, being used in enormous quantities for "plissés" or quilling, for fichus, and other purposes. The simpler kinds of Valenciennes are those now preferred—a comparatively straight edge being the most effective for the fashionable quilling made of muslin and edged with narrow lace of the softer kinds. Rich passementerie is also much used, made up on black tulle, and enriched with gold, silver, and straw. The "serious" laces are crowded out by the lighter and—artistically considered—inferior kinds, but, like all good art, must again come to the front in time, and will then have the immeasurable advantage of being properly understood. In other departments of needlework the stiff old samplers, the fluffy dogs, and the Berlin wool shepherds have been exchanged for designs by excellent artists, and there is little doubt that elaborate lace-

work will, before long, resume its proper position as a decorative art. In the meanwhile the capacity of lace can best be studied from old models, of which there is great abundance scattered over England and the Continent. The purpose of the present series of papers has been to conduct the reader of ALL THE YEAR ROUND over the boundaries of Laoceland, and the writer must now bid her farewell with the recommendation—if she wish to know fair Laoceland aright—to devote her attention to the excellent and concise volume on Ancient Needle-point and Pillow Lace, written by Mr. Alan G. Cole; the comprehensive *La Dentelle*, of Monsieur Joseph Seguin; the delightful *History of Lace*, by Mrs. Bury Palliser; and the typical collection of lace in the South Kensington Museum—catalogued and described by that learned and pleasant author.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER VI. IDA.

"I WAS but a sorry travelling companion for Griffith during our long journey to Plymouth on the following day; but he, too, had matter enough in his thoughts to occupy him, and render him indifferent to my unsocial preoccupation. I lived all my life over again in those hours. It seemed to me that my memory took hold of me, like a powerful, live being, and dragged me along with it in a strong, relentless grasp, hurrying me through the rough ways, and up the steep paths, and past the gloomy defiles, breathless, weary, but constrained to follow. How horribly painful is the waking up of the past all but unimpressionable natures must know, or those people whose lives have been all even, temperate, wisely-graduated prosperity; pattern people, who have never attempted to rough-hew the ends of destiny for themselves, but have had them gracefully shaped by a propitious divinity. This awakening of the past was horribly painful to me, but not exclusively painful; it was deeply interesting, too, and it filled me with a great longing to know all that could be learned about the place at which Edward Randall had died, and the people who had witnessed and tended his last hours. I did not grieve for him; the separation between us had

been so total, and the epoch in my life which he had filled was so far away, that there was not in the knowledge of his death the pang of hopeless parting. Providence had been merciful to the wanderer, whose lot was of his own wilful making; he had found a peaceful refuge at the last. And 'room for repentance?' I believed that, too; feeling, by an instinct, that the woman whom he had wronged more deeply than he had wronged me—to whom he was mysteriously destined to bring utter misery and, ultimately, death in one of its most terrible forms—had been a ministering spirit to him. My mind busied itself in countless conjectures concerning the details of this strangely-revealed story, and the actors in it. What manner of woman was she whose history had touched mine at one single point years ago, though we had never seen each other's faces, into whose confidence I had thus unconsciously intruded? That I could never know; but from what her step-daughter would tell me, in time I should be able to construct an image of her in my fancy. It should be a fair and gracious image, to be a true one, I felt sure.

"The task which Mrs. Pemberton's prevision—verified so differently from her idea of what might be—had set Mr. Dwarris was, indeed, a difficult one; and he the last person in the world calculated to fulfil such a task. I followed out the complications of it with many a question to which time only could bring an answer, and with many baseless conjectures. Had this Mr. Dale, against whom Mrs. Pemberton warned Mr. Dwarris, returned to England? Had he, too, learned the fate of the Albatross; the death of the woman who suspected him; the death of the child, whom he would have regarded as an unwelcome intruder; and the rescue of Ida? It was almost certain that he was informed of these circumstances, and that if Mrs. Pemberton's theory was in all respects correct, he would before long present himself upon the scene. Then the thought came to me, and startled me: What if he had appeared upon it already; what if, on arriving at Plymouth, I should find Mr. Dale there? It would not be unlikely, under the circumstances, that Ida should have communicated with him first, and if she really had done so, and he suspected a probable antagonist, already forewarned against him, in Mr. Dwarris, he would have induced her to be cold and reserved in her first communication with

her relatives. I know how easily one may be led astray, in calculating the tactics of another person, by making a mistake as to the amount of knowledge or ignorance of that person; and I did not take it for granted that Mr. Dale had any knowledge of Mrs. Pemberton's proceedings. But the shrewd and unscrupulous man whom she indicated would, I imagined, have been tolerably certain to prejudice the girl's mind against any possibly antagonistic influence, however short the time in which he had had an opportunity of doing so. Perhaps Mr. Dale had not come to England, or had gone away again, in the belief that the Albatross was lost with all on board, and that the golden prize was no longer to be won.

"The hours flew by while I remembered, mused, and speculated; and at last we reached Plymouth, where the first object I beheld on the railway-platform was Barr. He opened the carriage-door, greeted us warmly, and said he had just come from the George Hotel, where he had been making inquiries for Miss Pemberton, who was reported to be much better, and anxiously expecting her cousin and myself. Barr is one of the most quietly-useful persons in the world, and he instantly communicates to one a pleasant sense that one needs not take any more trouble about anything.

"'It's all right about rooms, and I've ordered dinner,' he remarked, in as business-like a tone as if it had been understood that he was to be there, and I had sent him directions. 'Very nice, snug old place, all solid mahogany, and slippery black horsehair, and marine emblems; silver anchors under glass shades; big humming shells on the chimney-pieces, and Admiral Lord Nelson keeping the old king company in the hall. Are you all right, Olive? George Hotel!'

"Talking thus, Barr packed up our party in a cavernous hackney-carriage, and we were presently driving through the old seaport town. It was already late, and immediately on our arrival at the hotel I sent word to Miss Pemberton that we were there.

"The chambermaid returned to my room accompanied by Miss Pemberton's maid. This person was a very handsome young woman, with regular features, a fine figure, and self-possessed manners. She was dressed in deep mourning, which probably added to her naturally ladylike appearance. Miss Pemberton begged me to go to her at

once; she would prefer to see Mr. Griffith Dwarris a little later. I at once went with the young woman to Miss Pemberton's room, and before I reached the far end of the interminable corridor in which the dingy door lurked, I had satisfied myself on one point. Miss Pemberton's maid was her amanuensis, Bessy West.

"I entered a square low room, lighted by tall wax candles, and furnished in the style which Barr had described—the style which affected heavy mahogany and slippery black horsehair—and crouching in a corner of a huge sofa, covered with the latter uncongenial material, I saw a slight figure in a black gown, a pale, timid face with brown hair lying in short curls above the forehead, and brown eyes with a look of sadness in them which touched my heart.

"Ida Pemberton rose quickly to her feet, stood hesitating for a moment; but the next I had both her hands in mine, and was kissing her 'as if she belonged to me,' as the Irish people say.

"She was quite 'at home' with me in a few minutes, and my first clear impression about her was that my fancy had never been farther from the truth in my life than when it had pictured Ida Pemberton as a cold, hard, unapproachable, selfish young person, who would be unresponsive to kindness and indifferent to affection. She quivered with agitation when I told her of the warm welcome which awaited her at the Dingle House; her pale face flushed when I spoke of the earnest desire of all concerned to compensate to her, as far as might be possible, for the terrible loss she had sustained; and large slow tears gathered in her eyes and rolled over the cheeks which were sadly wanting in youthful plumpness when I touched, very lightly, on her loneliness of her second voyage, and the danger and rescue of the first. She said little, beyond:

"'You are very, very kind. How good of you to come to me. I do so want to get to Wrottesley.'

"'My dear,' I said, 'try to say, and to think, that you want to get home. Home is the right word henceforth.'

"'I will, indeed I will—indeed I do, since I have seen you.'

"I was called away to dinner, and it was settled that I should bring Griffith to see her afterwards. I left her to the perusal of a letter from Audrey with which I had been charged at the last moment, and returned to my two companions, who were

very curious to hear my report of the interview.

"I consider it a horrid shame that I am not to see her to-night," said Barr. "It could not possibly make any difference, because Dwarris is just as much of a stranger as I am, and I shouldn't frighten her a bit more than he."

"Griffith, however, frightened Ida more than I liked to see. It bespoke great nervous weakness that, after she had got over seeing me, she should start violently and utter a gasping cry, when her cousin advanced to take her hand. She said some word which we did not catch, and sank down upon the sofa, pressing one hand over her eyes, and clenching the other above her heart. Her maid, who was in the room, was evidently alarmed by her emotion, for when I called her she drew near with a white face and trembling hands, and looked at Griffith with no friendly expression. Ida did not recover composure for some moments, and during them her maid's demeanour attracted my attention. It was strangely unsympathetic, notwithstanding her paleness and trembling; and as she held a glass of water to her mistress's lips, she smiled, a slow, slight, but distinctly contemptuous smile.

"She is better now," said Griffith, who was distressed and puzzled by Ida's nervousness, and had moved uneasily away from her."

"Oh yes; she is better now, sir," said Bessy West, directing a steady gaze at Griffith.

"Ida raised her head, sighed, and passed her hand across her eyes.

"You are my cousin Griffith?" she asked, in a low, uncertain voice.

"Certainly I am," he answered, taking a seat by her sofa, "and I am sorry to have upset you so much. You must get stronger, for there are a great many people to see at home."

"Are there? Besides my uncle and Audrey?"

"Oh yes, ever so many!"

"And then he went on to talk to her very soothingly and judiciously; and she grew quiet and at ease with him, though she still looked askance at him with a strange expression, half of fear, half of inquiry. After a few minutes Bessy West had left the room.

"I forbade, in the interests of us all, a prolonged interview, and dismissed Griffith to join Barr after half an hour. Before I bade Ida good night, I had satisfied myself

that she was not really ill, and that the best restorative for her nerves would be the immediate change to the pleasant society, and the novel interests, of the Dingle House. She was pleased at the prospect, and declared herself quite ready for the journey; but I knew she was not that, so arranged that it should be commenced on the third day from the present, if she should be then feeling well. She begged that she might breakfast with us next morning, and I gladly assented, and told her she would then have to summon up her courage to meet another stranger, my brother, Lord Barr.

"She only laughed at this, unconcernedly, and asked me whether Lord Barr had blue eyes, light brown hair, a pleasant voice, and a liking for dogs? As Barr answered to this description accurately, I said 'Yes; why?' and she replied:

"Because then I'm sure I've seen him. It was just getting dusk, and I was looking out of the window, when a gentleman like him came up to the door and began talking to the head-waiter, on the pavement, and two dogs crossed the street immediately and went to him. I thought they were his own, for he acknowledged their attentions at once."

"No; he has no dogs with him; but that is exactly like Barr." She asked me two or three more trifling questions about my brother, and then I left her for the night. Thinking of all that had passed, a little later, while Virginia was brushing my hair, it struck me as another instance of her nervousness that Ida had said nothing at all about her cousin. Some remark about him would have been natural under the circumstances; if only to tell me whether he was at all like what she had expected him to be; but Ida did not make any.

"I may as well record in this place, though it did not occur until the following day, an incident of some importance to the little household at the Dingle House, preparing for the reception of Miss Pemberton. And it is most easily and succinctly recorded in the words of my letter to Audrey:

"And now, having told you all about Ida, though you will so soon see her for yourself, I must proceed to some prosaic business. Frosty, or Miss Minnie, or some one, must look out for you, to find a maid for Ida. West will not remain with her, and indeed I think it is just as well she should not. But a fine London damsel would not do for Wrottesley, whereas a

tidy Wrottesley girl will do very well for Ida, at present. West is a superior person, and objectionably handsome, but she does not like Ida, and Ida does not like her. I daresay their perils, shared together, have distorted the proper relations between them; however that may be, they will part with mutual satisfaction. We take her to London with us on Thursday, and she proposes to go thence to Ireland, where she has friends and prospects. I think you cannot do better than ask Miss Minnie, or Mrs. Kellett—she knows everybody about the place—to find you a fit and proper person.'

"Our suspense about ourselves did not last long," said Ida, as she was relating to us the terrible story of the fate of the Albatross, in the evening of the following day, 'for the ship which we saw from the boat took us on board in a very short time; but it was frightful to see the end of our own ship. It was frightful to everybody in the boat; but what was it to me? At first, I was so terrified when they hurried me into the boat that I did not know that—she—was not with me, and that the baby was in the shawl tied round my neck. I heard it cry, and its little hands clutched at my face, and then I knew; but no one could tell me, or heeded me when I asked where its mother was. At last, when the ship was only a flaming mass on the water—our boat seemed to be floating in flame, or blood—someone made me understand that Bessy West was in the boat with me, but that Mrs. Pemberton had been left in the ship. I believe I was quite wild for a minute, and tried to struggle out of the boat—I suppose I had some mad impulse to get hold of her—but they held me down; and then I shut my eyes, and rocked the child in my arms, until I heard a terrible roar, and several voices cried "She's gone!" And then I looked up, and the Albatross was there no longer. They were rowing fast, and fragments of all sorts were in the waves, some still smoking, and were washed past us. When the ship we had seen was near us, the men ceased rowing; and then, then I saw something in the hollow of a wave, not far from the side of the boat. No, no,' (she raised herself and sat upright in her chair, as she saw us look at one another) 'it was not what you think—it was not so dreadful as that—it was Dick—my horse, my beautiful favourite horse, that poor papa gave me. I saw his mane, and his neck, and his wide open eyes and nostrils.

was swept far out of my sight; and I don't recollect anything else until I found myself in a berth on board a strange ship, and someone told me that we were quite safe, and that my baby brother was in the hands of Bessy West. Then I was ill, I believe, and they cut my hair off, and I hardly remember being taken on shore at West Falkland. Some kind people there divided the saved passengers from the Albatross among their houses, and a clergyman's wife, Mrs. Outram, took charge of me, and the baby, and Bessy West. It seemed very long to the other people, I believe, until a ship came which would take us to England; but it did not seem either a long or a short time to me. I did not remember. I know now that I used to fancy I was at home, walking with papa, or talking to Dick, and I was quite content. I did not want to get up, or to go out, or to see anybody; I used just to lie there, and all the people I knew or cared for used to come in at one door, smile at me as they passed, and go out by the other. Even when I got better, it all seemed to have happened a long time ago, and I felt quite stunned and indifferent. Mrs. Outram was very kind, and I had every care and attention. At length I asked if I might see my baby brother, and they told me "No—he was gone to his father and mother in heaven." That made me better able to feel. Then I could realise how Mary had saved me, and given her life to do it, and how she had trusted me to save the child!

"She stopped, with a shiver.

"My dear," I said, 'you must not agitate yourself. The child was well cared for, too, no doubt; and you being unable to take care of it was not your fault.'

"No, it was my fate.'

"She said these words as if unconsciously. She little thought that I held the clue to their meaning; that I understood the cause of the spasms of pain which crossed her face; that I read remorse in her soul for the grief she had caused her step-mother, and regret in it for the lost opportunity for atonement, which the child would have afforded her.

"Not long after," she resumed, with a sigh, 'we were taken on board the Collingwood. There is nothing to tell about our voyage. It was prosperous and quick. Of course'—here she smiled, and her face lighted up prettily—'we did not possess anything in the world, except the clothes we were saved from the burning ship in. The people at the Falklands gave us every-

a subscription for the seamen who were in the boat. Mrs. Outram gave me clothing for the voyage, and a little money for Bessy West and myself.'

"There's a great deal of very solid-looking luggage belonging to you at home," said Griffith.

"Ah, yes; Mrs. Pemberton's treasures," said Ida, sadly. 'They were relics of the happy old time, and I don't know why she had them sent to England in another ship. It is well she did so—they are all I have left now. My father's portrait and Mary's are in one of those boxes.'

"I was glad to hear this; I wanted to know what like the face of the woman whose history had touched mine at such strange distant points had been. My attention strayed, and when I recalled it, Griffith and his cousin were talking of Audrey.

"I daresay I shall not be the least like what she expects, or she the least like what I expect," Ida was saying.

"Perhaps not. Am I like what you expected—that is, if you condescended to expect anything about me?"

"As Ida answered, 'No, you are not,' she blushed so deeply and painfully, that I could see Griffith was confounded by the effect of his trifling matter-of-course question; and I struck in with some observation, which turned the attention of the two young men to myself.

"The following morning brought me letters from Wrottesley; among them one for Ida, enclosed in one to me from Audrey. I had sent to inquire for her, and knew she had not left her room; so I went thither, to give her Audrey's letter. I found her alone, sitting in her dressing-gown at a monumental mahogany dressing-table, before a huge and unaccommodating looking-glass, on which her eyes were fixed in a dreamy unseeing way; her hands lay in her lap, and her face was pale and frowning. She must have answered 'Come in!' to my knock at the door, mechanically, for she did not notice me until I came close to her, and held out Audrey's letter, as I said:

"Good morning, my dear. Are you not well?"

"I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly, 'I did not hear you. I am not very well to-day. A letter for me? Oh, thank you!'

"It is near breakfast-time," I said; 'can I help you to dress, as I see West is not here?'

"She thanked me, but declined, and

minutes. I left her to read her cousin's letter. It was not the only one she had received that morning. There was a letter lying with the address downwards on the dressing-table, and Ida had done a thing I did not like, while I stood beside her; she had, as if accidentally, thrown her handkerchief over the letter. Totally ignorant, as she must suppose me to be, of any of the incidents of her life, why should it be her impulse to conceal a letter from me? The action suggested a secretive disposition, peculiarly displeasing to me, and the fact of her having received a letter suggested to me that the difficulties in store for Mr. Dwarris were beginning to marshal themselves; that Mr. Geoffrey Dale was in England, and making advances towards his prey. My position had certain distressing aspects; I felt it almost treacherous to know so much about this poor girl, and to let her go on believing that I knew nothing. I half regretted the knowledge I had gained, strong as was the claim which it gave her on me, and confident as I felt of my own will and ability to befriend her. She was silent, and absent-minded all that day, listless, and not ready to be interested, as she had been before, in us and our subjects of conversation. If, however, my surmise was correct, and the letter she had received was from Mr. Dale, I felt sure she had left it unanswered. I had quickly perceived that there was no mutual liking between Ida and her maid. The two young women, who had gone through such trying scenes together, seemed to have been brought no closer to one another by them than the ordinary relation of employer and employed in its strictest definition; and one of the first subjects on which Ida spoke to me was the arrangement for parting with Bessy West. I thought there was more in her wish to be rid of the quiet young woman, whose perfectly respectful manner never warmed into the slightest evidence of interest, than mere distaste. The clue to Ida's feelings, which her step-mother's narrative had put into my hand, guided me to discerning in this the reproach of conscience and its irritation; and at last Ida betrayed something of what she felt. It was at night, and I was about to leave her in her room. We were to begin our journey early on the next morning. She had responded but feebly to the efforts, which my brother and Griffith had made, to amuse her during the evening. I said

the new scene she was about to enter on, and the new life that was beginning.

“It is painful to part with the last link between yourself and the past,” I added; “but it is better, unless it could be an altogether pleasant one; and West evidently is not that.”

“No,” she answered impulsively, as tears sprang into her eyes; “but that is no fault of hers. I must be just to her; the fault is all mine. She keeps before me the only painful recollections of my dear, lost home; she reminds me of my own faults. Oh, Lady Olive, I don’t want to forget them; I can’t explain what they were; I have repented of them—I shall always grieve over them—and now I can never make any atonement—never—never—since the baby is dead.”

“It crossed my mind that it might be well that I should let her know that I fully understood her meaning; that I should endeavour to gain her full confidence then and there; that so I might lend Mr. Dwarris effectual assistance, and damage Mr. Dale’s game—whatever it might be—materially. But I checked the impulse as soon as it arose. Such a proceeding would be too much of a coup de main—would hardly be justified, on my part, in the absence of Mr. Dwarris’s concurrence, and might frighten Ida, oppressing her with a sense of being suspected and managed.

“I passed over what she had said with some soothing words, and asked her if she was quite sure that she felt equal to the journey, adding:

“Remember, if you do not, there is no reason why we should not stay here a few days more.”

“Oh no; pray don’t let us do that,” she answered; “the sooner it is over the better.”

“Griffith, my brother, and I had naturally discussed Ida a good deal among ourselves. Barr thought her very pretty, and was delighted with her ignorance of all things English. Griffith, with the obtuseness of a man of his disposition when profoundly in love, did not see much that was interesting about Ida. He considered her ‘rather nice looking,’ and felt sure she would be a pleasant companion for Audrey. I laughed at his vague impressions and faint praise.

“You know,” I said, “you cannot manage to get up any admiration for Ida, because she is not in the least like Madeleine.”

“Indeed I do admire and like Ida,” he answered, with the slow sweet smile which always welcomed any reference to Madeleine; “and as to her not being like Madeleine, you cannot suppose I expected she would be. You and I both know that there is no one in the least like Madeleine.”

“We left Plymouth on the following morning, and, equally to my surprise and gratification, Barr came with us. ‘He had had enough of the coast,’ he said, ‘and there were one or two things in London he wanted to see about.’ It was a pleasant journey; the two young men were in high spirits, and Ida, though she looked ill and nervous, could not fail to be interested in her first sight of England—the land her father had taught her to love, to which he had looked forward with so much hope and expectation.

“On the following morning Griffith took Bessy West to Euston station, and saw her off by the Irish Mail; then returned to our hotel to breakfast. We were to leave town for Wrottesley at eleven, and as Griffith came in, Barr was lamenting the impossibility of doing any sight-seeing in the interval. He had been describing to Ida the feats of that kind which he had made Miss Kindersley and myself perform in the spring.

“You say town is empty,” said Griffith, “but you will pick up somebody.”

“Well, yes, I suppose I should,” said Barr, hesitatingly; “but, do you know, Olive,” turning to me, “I’ve been thinking I can settle the one or two things that have to be attended to just as well by letter; and if it’s no trouble to you, I will run down with you to Wrottesley. Can you put me up just now at the Court?”

“We reached Wrottesley safely; and Ida Pemberton was received with the utmost kindness by her uncle and Audrey, who were at the station. Barr and I went direct to Despard Court, after a few words with Mr. Dwarris. Audrey had only time to whisper to me that she thought Ida ‘lovely,’ and that she had done as I suggested about a maid. ‘Mr. Durant was at the Dingle House when I got your letter,’ said Audrey, ‘and I sent a message by him to Mrs. Kellett. Of course she knew the very person to suit; and sent her up to me in an hour.’”

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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BY PERCY FITZGERALD,
AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A KNIGHT.

THIS story soon got abroad; for the Pringles, from vanity and the desire of showing that they were in possession of a tid-bit of news, would have found it torture to keep it secret. And Miss Lacroix's reputation was raised afresh. "By Jove! that was a clever touch!" was the remark. No one was so loud in her praise as the young officer. "What a head for a girl," he would say to his friends; "she's fit to be a minister!" Some laughed at this extraordinary change, produced so suddenly in a young fellow who never seemed to have known seriousness at all; but the incident caused an interest out of all proportion to the importance which little matters of the kind excite at a watering-place. Nor did he escape due "rallying" from the various idle members of the coterie. In the bosom of the Pringle family, however, he always found sympathy—as, indeed, every young man of good family and prospects was certain to do; still more any young man who was certain to inherit a title and fortune—the two ponies specially having a tender yearning for such. Anyone who was the prey of the "tender," and, it must be said, highly-selfish passion, under which he was suffering, welcomes this sympathy with gratitude; and on their side there was a sort of will-o'-the-wisp and delusive hope—though obviously contradicted by the events in progress—which made this feeling stronger. Lady Minerer

often said to them in her would-be open way:

"Now, if he would take a fancy to one of your daughters! Very nice, proper girls they seem, and, I suppose, will have good fortunes, for his marrying without money is not to be thought of?"

This being put in the form of a question, Mrs. Pringle, in her sweet tones, would assure "dear Lady Minerer" that Mr. Pringle was determined to give his girls handsome portions, and, where the match was suitable, they would make a special exertion.

"And," would ask Lady Minerer, suspending her knitting to be searchingly interrogative, "as I hear your son has married some queer, unsuitable person, you will make them co-heiresses, I suppose? You ought to do so. Only give it out and let it be known."

Mrs. Pringle seemed to agree, with a sort of smiling undecidedness.

"Well, but I say, will you?" repeated the blunt Lady Minerer.

Mrs. Pringle could only think it would be very proper, and that Mr. Pringle might be inclined to do it.

"Oh, Mr. Pringle!" said the lady impatiently. "Nonsense. Of course you settle all those things without him. I declare something must be done, and I wish you would exert yourselves now, and make your girls do it. I am so worried with this business. That designing creature who has fastened herself on me—"

Here entered the gentleman of whom they had been talking—old Sam—in great spirits. Latterly he had shown himself rather "vicious" and hostile to Lady Minerer, as though conscious of the opinion she entertained of him.

"Oh, there you are," she said; "now don't disturb all my worried, please. You are very rough in your ways."

"Not to everyone," said Sam, maliciously. "I'd like to poll the Homburg ladies on that question. Where is the lovely Adelaide? She's not on the walk."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the lady, tartly. "And now, Mr. Pringle, I must tell you plainly that I don't at all like the line you take—encouraging my dependents to give me trouble and annoyance. I wonder you haven't more sense. Your own wife here says so too."

"Oh, does she?" said he, giving his lady a look. "Then I would recommend my own wife—sweet creature as she is!—not to trouble herself about me. Mrs. Pringle, my dear, you and I must have a little private conversation on this point. Well, no matter what anyone says, Sam Pringle will always be on the side of the oppressed fair. Miss Lacroix is the finest girl in the place, and I'm her friend; in love with her, if you like, Mrs. P. As for turning up noses at her, as not being good enough for one's son, and all that, it's nonsense. I hear the dook says she's the finest woman in the place."

Lady Minerer, as usual, here lost her temper.

"You're most ungentlemanly," said she. "I wonder that you haven't learnt how to behave."

"Oh, come, ma'am," said Sam. "And what about the language you use sometimes?"

"Oh, Samuel, for shame!" said Mrs. Pringle. "Pray don't speak in that way."

"I suppose he don't want to drive me out of the place—with my health in this state—agitated in this way! I'll just leave to-morrow—"

"No, you won't," said Sam, laughing. "Miss Adelaide won't allow that. The boy will go with you, if she goes; and if she stays, he'll stay."

"Don't let her be too sure of that," said Lady Minerer, with coarse triumph. "Take care he's not with his ship before a week's out."

Sam gave a low and prolonged "phew," and stared at her with his round eyes. In these, however, there was such a cunning, that she added, hastily:

"At least, that's where he ought to be, and where I wish to heaven he was, instead of worrying his poor mother here. As I was saying, just now, to your wife, if it was one of your nice girls—"

"And a nice fat fortune at the back of her!" said Sam. "Well, ma'am, the horse is at the water; but, if he doesn't like it, no power on earth will get him to drink."

"Ah! but you could," said the lady, in a wheedling tone. "And, if we all joined, you know, I declare there is no one I would sooner have for a daughter-in-law than that nice girl—the eldest one, you know."

She had forgotten her name. Lady Minerer could thus change, of a sudden, from the purely hostile into the affectionate. She had had many passages of the same kind with old Sam Pringle, whom she had begun to hate cordially, and whom she called, without disguise, "that low, nasty old fellow," though her acquaintance with him was one of most cordial promise.

It was while they were speaking that an incident was actually taking place which was to rout all such vain hopes, as the ponies, or their relations, might have fondly entertained. There had come from Baden, for a few days, a party of young French racing men—or "racing swells," as the English called them—among whom was Tom Dawson's friend, the Viscount Galons of whom we have heard before. These gentry wore clothes made by London tailors, and were so laborious in their imitation, as to be more English than the English themselves. Viscount Galons was a man with a reputation in many departments, and who, from the impatience which fast nobles enjoyed under the Empire, conceived that he was entitled to do anything, or take any step that he pleased, without being interfered with. He was a small, Eastern-looking man, with a black beard; and even during his short stay, his impertinent glances had made the honest fists of many English brothers and fathers quiver nervously with an impulse to action. This viscount had noticed Miss Lacroix, and had pronounced that she was the only "mees" in the place who had anything like piquancy, or was above the English washerwoman type.

Now it came to pass that Miss Lacroix—who publicly professed both that she was, and was obliged to be, a dependent lady, living under precarious conditions, which at any moment might leave her without a protector—was taking her walk among the pleasant woods and gardens around the Cure-house; and having provided herself with one of the convenient Tauchnitz reprints, had set herself down

to read in a rather retired place, near the untenanted orchestra. Very few persons were about, save a gardener or a waiter or two, and she soon became absorbed in her story.

But there was also about a love-sick being, in a state of agitation and trouble which prevented him taking rest, or remaining long in one place. Young Horace found his hotel room like a prison cell, and could only find relief in ranging about in the open, or hovering in an undefined circle round that little district, whereof his mistress's dwelling was the centre. The poor youth was, indeed, in a sad case; involved in trouble with his family at home, and not seeing any issue; for the good-natured coldness of the lady did not encourage him; yet afraid to speak, lest he should himself bring down the heavy green curtain "with a run," and close the piece abruptly. At night, when the stars were out, he was often "caught" by some of his friends returning from the opera or the Rooms, walking up and down in a pensive and sentimental manner, highly amusing to all save the promenade himself.

He was sitting on the terrace, looking at a newspaper, and thinking how he would get through the hours till his enchantress would appear; for he was careful to husband his opportunities, and did not carelessly discount the delightful moments he looked forward to. While he was thus engaged, the three racing Frenchmen came out from the Grand Café, after having enjoyed one of those Helio-gabalus-like breakfasts which the Gauls had been enjoying for the last hour and a half. They were now come forth to soothe their systems with coffee and cognac and cigars. As they sat in a sort of luxurious plethora, suddenly Horace heard the viscount exclaim:

"See! there she is! Not so bad, eh?"

The three Frenchmen were presently engaged surveying the distant figure with extraordinary interest. Young Minerer looked also, and, to his amazement, discovered that it was his "flame," now burning away so unexpectedly near to him. The colour came to his cheeks as he thought of her being subjected to this cool criticism. But he was to hear more.

She was discussed in every way, as a racehorse might be. Then their voices dropped, and there was some laughter, as Viscount Galons rose and said:

"Recollect, fifty louis from each."

"All right!" was the answer, in words now naturalised in France.

The young fellow's French was of but an indifferent kind, so he could not understand the gentlemen. But there is a universal language of action, which is as intelligible as one's native tongue. He saw them draw their chairs close to the parapet of the terrace as to the front of an opera-box, to enjoy some spectacle; and then, to his astonishment, saw the viscount coolly walk across to where Miss Lacroix was sitting, bringing a chair with him. The young sailor rose at once, descended the steps, and walked slowly across the garden.

The lady had by this time risen, and was hurrying away, alarm and annoyance in her face.

"Beg your pardon," said Mr. Minerer, not intending to do anything of the kind; but it was a mechanical phrase to begin with; "but what's this? What are you doing—"

In genuine delight and relief, Miss Lacroix turned. "Oh, I am so glad. You will save me."

"Why, you—" said the officer, not knowing what to call him in his rage, "you infernal Frenchman—how dare you? I'll give you as good a kicking as ever you got in your life."

The other turned pale. "Kicking" was a word quite intelligible to him.

"Get away out of this," continued Mr. Minerer. "If I catch you again I'll pull your nose. Yes, voter nay," added the young fellow, taking hold of his own; "I hope you understand that."

Miss Lacroix could not help smiling. This idea of being laughed at made the Frenchman furious.

"I will speak to you afterwards," he said in his own language. "My witnesses shall call on you and prove your courage."

"Oh, no, no," said Miss Lacroix; "this must not be."

"What is he saying?" asked young Minerer of her with a sort of comic helplessness. "He's threatening me? Does he say he'll do it again?"

Now in Miss Lacroix's brain was at that moment being held a rather agitated council on the difficulties of the situation. She shrank with horror from the idea of involving her brave young champion in a duel, where he would certainly lose his life; for he would be helpless in the hands of this trained foreigner. So, with considerable adroitness, she thought if it came

at once into the shape of a vulgar English scuffle, it might become too public for anything like a serious encounter to be arranged; so she answered Mr. Minerer:

"Oh, he is so insolent, so impertinent."

"Walk on, Miss Lacroix, and I'll give him a lesson."

The lady did so at once, and the next instant the two spectators on the terrace were rushing down to the assistance of their astonished friend, who was receiving on the public walk one of the soundest thrashings that could be conceived.

THE TURKISH ARMY.

THE Turkish army is composed of three hundred and fifty thousand men, with a reserve about as numerous; but at least a third of both forces may be said to exist upon paper only. The three hundred and fifty thousand men are divided into nine corps d'armée, of which two are stationed in Constantinople and the neighbourhood; two in Asia Minor; two in Syria, Palestine, and the surrounding country; one on the borders of the Danubian Principalities; one on the frontier of Persia; and one at, and near, Bagdad. These different corps are again subdivided much after the French and German fashion. Each one consists of two divisions; each division of two brigades; each brigade of two regiments; each regiment of three battalions; and each battalion of eight companies. I speak here of the infantry only. To each division there is attached a brigade of cavalry and about forty or fifty field-guns. Each army corps is commanded by a military pasha of the first class, called a "Mushir," and considered equal in rank to a field-marshal in other armies. The division is commanded by a "Ferick," or military pasha of the second class, equal in rank to a general of division in the French service; and each brigade by a "Liva," or military pasha of the third class, equal in rank to a brigadier-general. The regiments are each commanded by a "Mir Ally," or colonel; besides which there is a "Kaimacam," or lieutenant-colonel; with a "Bimbashi," or major, at the head of each battalion; and a "Usbashi," or captain, with two "Mulasims," or lieutenants, in charge of each company. In theory the Turkish army is perhaps the best and most simply organised in Europe; but in practice it leaves much to be desired. From first to last it reminds us of the old story—told, if

I am not mistaken, in one of Lever's novels—of an Irish gentleman of the old school, who invited a score or so of friends to spend some weeks at his "castle." Of feasting there was plenty, and to spare. Of champagne, port, claret, and every kind of wine that maketh glad the heart of man, there was more than could be drunk. Horses to follow the hounds; vehicles of all sorts in which the ladies could go to the meets; a band of music to dance by at night, and the best of shooting by day were abundant. But one of the guests was taken ill, and required some lemonade; and this was the straw that broke the camel's back, or rather the turning-point from which the popularity of the host retrograded. Lemons could only be had for ready money, and of the latter there was not a shilling in the "castle." Whatever could be supplied "on tick," the host could supply in abundance; but pay for half-a-dozen lemons he could not; and thus his insolvency was discovered, and his hospitality cried down by his guests. It is the same thing in the Turkish army. The men are fed exceedingly well, for food can always be had by the government on credit; more particularly when the credit carries with it a bonus of from thirty to fifty per cent. to the contractors. But the mess are never less than three, and often twenty, or even more, months in arrears of pay. To pay them requires hard cash, and that is an article almost unknown in the Ottoman Empire.

Of the men—the rank and file—of the Turkish army, it may truly be said that, considering all things, they are by far the most orderly and obedient troops in the world. Mutiny or revolt amongst them is almost unknown. Occasionally, as when the late Sultan was deposed, they assist or take part in a popular movement; but such an event is invariably caused by the orders from above. Never in any army, either of our own or any other time, were men more obedient than are the Turkish troops; and never were seen soldiers who would endure more hardships than they do without grumbling. The chief reason for this is that they are all of one creed—they are all Moslems, and consequently all fatalists. "What is written is written," and no effort of man can alter it, is an axiom of their faith. As an offensive, or an attacking corps, a Turkish regiment, brigade, or division, would by no means come up to what in the English, German, Austrian, French, or

Italian armies would be deemed requisite. Enthusiasm is almost unknown amongst them, at least under their Turkish officers. The latter, like all Turks, are apathetic to a degree, even under the hottest fire. But when hardships have to be borne—when there is hardly any food to be had in a campaign, when the fate of war seems to be against them, when long, dusty, hot marches have to be made—there is no soldier equal to the Turk. He may give in from sheer physical exhaustion; he may drop down from want of nourishment, or want of water; he may lie down and die by the wayside; but he never complains, never grumbles. “*Quod scriptum scriptum*” is his faith, and he gallantly shows it to be so by the unflinching manner in which he bears all the fatigues and troubles of life. He is, in a word, perhaps the best passive soldier in the world. Not that he is by any means wanting in personal courage; but he is not well enough commanded, not bravely enough led; his officers are too poor in spirit—too cowed, too worried by the hopeless state of indebtedness which their long arrears of pay enforce upon them—for our Turkish friend ever to rival his brothers-in-arms under the French, English, or German flags. And yet he is in some respects not unlike a Northern German. He is utterly careless as to where he goes, or where he is ordered. He will submit to any amount of even personal punishment from an officer, without resenting it. And he puts as much blind faith in everyone that the Padisha, or Sultan, has created an authority in the army, as the Prussian does in all who bear the envied “*Von*” before their names.

Here, however, the simile must end. The German soldier is certainly the reverse of clean in his person; but outwardly he is polished and brushed up to the most wonderful extent. Not so the Turk. He makes no pretence of cleanliness. Without, as within, his habits of dirt are indescribable. His barrack-room would send an English sanitary commissioner into fits. His officers and non-commissioned officers interfere very little, if at all, with him off parade. They look upon him, as they do upon themselves, and not without reason, as a man who is wronged—as one with whom faith has not been kept, who is greatly in arrears of pay, and whose clothing is dealt out to him by fits and starts, not at certain given seasons. Not long ago the troops in Damascus had

twenty-one months' pay to receive; and had not had new clothing given them for nearly three years. Like everything else in Turkey, the military clothing system is one which robs with equal impartiality the government and its servants. When a corps d'armée requires new clothing, the contract is advertised, and tenders are sent in for the different articles wanted. It is not the party who sends in the lowest tender, nor yet he who gives the best guarantee for the performance of his contract, that gets the job. With all their religious apathy, no people know better than the Turks how to make matters pleasant all round. In other words, “*backsheesh*,” or bribery, goes a long way in the land—perhaps nearly as far as it did in our own country in the days of the Georges, and up to fifty years ago. But the evil does not end here. The individual who is fortunate enough to obtain the contract—and who is invariably a Jew or a Christian, often a European—no sooner gets what he wants than he puts it up for auction. Thus, let us say, that the primary contract for fifty thousand jackets, as many pairs of trousers, and the same number of boots, is “*conceded*” to the highly respectable firm of Vaurien and Co., Frenchmen, located in Pera. Is it to be expected that these gentlemen, who are mighty dealers in Turkish bonds and in Ottoman bank shares, will trouble themselves about such a trifling affair as this? By no means. They put up the contract for sale. They will get, say, sixty thousand pounds from the Porte for providing the clothing. But they sell it to Agiman Bey, the great Armenian banker, at a profit of, say, ten thousand pounds; and the bey parts with it to Jacobus, the influential Jew, for an additional five thousand pounds. Nor has the unfortunate contract finished its troubles. Jacobus turns an honest penny on it, and sells it for, perhaps, three thousand pounds more than he gave for it; and so it passes through two or three hands more, always at a profit to the last seller. When the last purchaser has got it into his hands, and sees he cannot squeeze another drop out of it, he sets to work to make the clothing, or to get it made. But by this time, as an English tradesman would say, “*there is no margin left for profit.*” The sufferer, of course, is the Turkish soldier. The suit of uniform, for which, perhaps, the treasury pays five pounds, will not cost more than one pound, or one pound ten shillings, when it reaches

him. But what will you? People must make money; and if a man is not to make money out of government contracts, we should much like to know who he is to make it out of? The soldier does not seem to see this. When his uniform is sent him, it is made of mere rotten shoddy. It does not look well a week, and is in holes in a month. But the Turkish warrior knows nothing as to the cost, the material, or what time clothes ought to last. He has neither daily nor weekly press to enlighten him. His officers are either as ignorant as himself, or are "in the swim" with the contractors. And as the clothing is accepted as a fate, "Allah is great," the men say; "the cloth is not good, but that is the fault of some unbelieving dog of a Christian, who has taken the Padisha's money and cheated him. But it is our kismet—our fate. Allah is great. Long live the Sultan!" And here ends the whole affair.

And as it is with the clothing, so is it with the arms, the saddlery, the horses, the guns, and all that pertains unto the army. Some years ago, when two or three regiments of English cavalry happened to return from India about the same time, and had all to be provided with saddles of a new pattern, their old saddles were sold by auction. They were very old, and in extremely bad condition; so that the authorities were glad to realise about eighteen shillings and sixpence upon them all round. It was afterwards discovered that they had been purchased for a Constantinople firm, and, after a little tinkering up, had been sold to the War-office in Stamboul for rather more than seven pounds sterling each! There were about fifteen hundred of these saddles, so the contractor must have made something comfortable out of the business.

In one, and only one, thing the Turkish soldier is not cheated. He is well fed, and gets his full allowance of the rations allowed him. The reasons for this are, as I believe—first, because the contractors for food are almost invariably Moslems, who, whatever their faults may be, do not prey upon the government in the same manner as do the foreigners, the Jews, and the native Christians of Constantinople. The second reason is, that seeing he is kept months in arrears with his pay, and when he wants a little ready money has to borrow from the regimental "Svruff," or paymaster, at the rate of ten per cent. per month—seeing, also, that the

clothing provided for him does not cost a quarter of what the government pays for it—the authorities take care that the line must be drawn somewhere; and they draw it at the food. Of this he gets his, or rather the government's, money's worth. The contractors for it are nearly always provincials, and these are certainly more honest and honourable in their dealings than their fellow-countrymen on the Bosphorus. The Turkish soldier is, therefore, with rare exceptions, well fed. All ranks, from the "Mushir" to the private, draw rations according to their respective grades. But, to do the Turks justice, it must be said of them that when, by any chance—in a campaign, for instance—their food is not forthcoming, they neither growl nor grumble, but bear their misfortunes like men and soldiers.

The uniform and general appearance of the Turkish army leaves very much to be desired. It is difficult to say whether their dress is more ugly than unserviceable, or more useless than hideous. It consists of a dull red fez, or skull cap, with a round brass plate, about twice the size of a five-shilling piece, at the top, whence springs the blue silk or cotton tassel. The coat is a dark-coloured short frock, or tunic, made tight even to bursting, with trousers of the same shoddy-like cloth. For undress there is a short jacket of the same material, also so tight that it looks almost as if it had been made upon the man. The quality of the cloth, and the tightness of the fit, is the work of our friend the contractor, who, as a matter of course, tries to turn a more or less dishonest penny where and how he can. The belts are black, of bad leather, and hardly ever properly cleaned. Like the clothing, they are "contracted" for by some of the many rogues, who have for so many years fattened on the life-blood of Turkey. And although, like the tunics and boots, the treasury pays such a price for them as ought to procure the very best articles of the kind made in Europe, the contracts are sold again and again, until the actual provider of these accoutrements generally goes to France or Germany, and there buys the "cast" articles of either, or both, armies. They are then patched up after a fashion; made to look new for the moment; the higher military authorities are either persuaded that the belts are excellent, or else matters are "made pleasant" for them, to induce them to say so; and thus the soldiers get rotten old

belts, the contractors fill their pockets, and the official world of Turkey is perfectly satisfied.

We read from time to time—and of late years we have read a great deal, and very often—in our English magazines and newspapers, as to the best way of recruiting the ranks of an army. Many are in favour of conscription; others advocate the old English militia system of balloting; while not a few hold to the old saying that one "volunteer is worth two pressed men." In Turkey the system of raising men is simple in the extreme, although I hardly think it would suit our insular notions, nor, indeed, those of either the Germans or of our French neighbours. We will suppose that a thousand men are wanted for, say, the corps d'armée in Syria. Orders are sent from Constantinople, not to Syria, but, perhaps, to the authorities in Asia Minor, that these men must be found by a certain date. The authorities look out for a few villages where young and able men are to be found. These villages are surrounded in the night by troops, and a raid made at daylight next morning upon all the houses; much in the same manner that a nest of hornets, or the favourite haunt of some well-known wild beast, would be attacked. The women, children, and old men are allowed to go free; but the young and able-bodied men are retained, made prisoners of, and marched away to serve for five years in some far-off army corps, never in that which is stationed round their own homes. The whole process is so simple, and reminds one so strongly of what used to take place in England, until within the last fifty or sixty years, when men were wanted for the Royal Navy, that with a change of names and circumstances one might almost be reading a bygone, but not very old, history of the days when the press-gang and its merry men did their work so effectually. Whether any other people in the world—except, perhaps, in parts of Russia—would submit at the present day to be thus kidnapped, sent away from home, and made to soldier for five years in parts of the country which are as distant from their homes as Naples is from the North of Scotland, must be more or less a matter of conjecture. For my own part, I don't think that they would; more particularly when the probabilities are that if a soldier dies, or is killed, far away from home, his friends and relations will never hear a word more on the subject, one way

or another. The records in the Turkish War-office are kept a good deal by the rule of thumb. Moreover, if a man is alive, he is pretty sure to turn up again, at some time or other; if he is dead, he will never trouble anyone again; and so what is the use of bothering at all about the matter? Fatalism, if carried out to its full extent, in practice as in theory, must save a vast deal of worry, no end of returns, a host of clerks, and a large number of staff officers. It is true that the system would hardly do for Pall Mall, or the Horse Guards. If the friends of an English soldier, who went to the Crimean war in 1854, could not find out in black and white what had become of him—could not even get a clear idea as to what regiment, brigade, or division he belonged to; whether he was killed, taken prisoner, or "missing"—Mr. Hardy would probably pass a very bad quarter of an hour in Parliament. But I met, some years ago, in Smyrna, an old Turkish gentleman, whose son had gone to Sebastopol in the year above named, and who, to that day, could get no intelligence as to what had become of him. He had written many miles of petitions to the War department in Stamboul, and had twice gone there himself; but could get no satisfactory answer—in fact, no reply whatever, except a little verbal abuse of the very strongest kind.

If asked regarding the pluck and bravery of the Turkish officers, I would reply that they are in this respect perhaps second to none in the world. In this respect fatalism has its advantages. More particularly when their hearts are in the cause, they will show themselves almost reckless as to consequences. But of their competency it is impossible to say more than Mark Twain did of Brigham Young's piety, "If you ask me concerning his godliness," he said of the Mormon chief, "I must treat it as a conundrum, and give it up." Amongst the colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors are often to be found men of fair education and good military attainments. But in the lower ranks, among the captains and lieutenants, anything above mediocrity is rare indeed. The great injustice with which they are treated as regards their pay—their being kept months and months in arrears, and obliged to borrow money at something like one hundred and twenty per cent. per annum for their daily wants—has much to do with this. When a man is hopelessly in

debt, and cannot see his way towards bettering his condition in any way, it is difficult for him to pay much attention to the current work of his calling; and still less to improve himself in his profession. If the average Turkish officer has any rule of faith and practice, it is that "enough for the day is the evil thereof," and that the morrow must care for itself. The field-officers of regiments are generally, or at least very often, men who have received some military education at the college in Constantinople; have learnt French; perhaps a little English; and, after a few years' service in the War-office, or on the staff of some pasha, have been promoted direct to their present position without passing through the inferior commissioned ranks. But the captains and subalterns are of quite a different class. They seem rarely, if ever, to advance beyond their present rank. The subalterns are generally young men, very poor, and do much of the hard work which in our service falls to the sergeants or sergeant-majors. The captains are older. Like the subalterns, their education is of a very moderate kind. They, too, are poor, and have generally a wife to support. Off parade they have little or nothing to do; for the men either do not require looking after in barracks, or, at any rate, they are not cared for save when they are under arms. Occasionally—but much less often of late years than formerly—a European is met with amongst the officers of a Turkish regiment; but they are seldom much credit to the country whence they came. As a rule, they are either Hungarians or Italians, with now and then a stray Frenchman; and are generally men who have been mixed up with some more or less disreputable revolution or military mutiny, in their own land, or army. Formerly, the Turkish authorities were very easily imposed upon by any foreign adventurer who offered himself; and if he would only—without going through any religious ceremony, or without the form of going to prayers at the Mosque—declare himself to be a Moslem, he was sure to obtain military rank, even if he had never served before, or did not know his right hand from his left. He had only to say that he had been in some high position in the army of some other country, to be made the most of by the Turks. But this is now all changed. No more rebels or revolutionists are taken on the strength of the Ottoman army. In fact, no foreigner's application to join the service is so much

as entertained, unless strongly supported by the ambassador at Constantinople of the country whence he hails; and even then it is extremely difficult for the stranger to enter the army at all, unless he is content to begin at the lowest rank, on the pay of about three shillings and sixpence a day, paid at uncertain intervals. And, in this respect, the Turkish government has certainly shown its wisdom. No doubt there have been—and, perhaps, there are still a few—foreigners who have done good service to the state. The late Hungarian General Kmety—Hasein Paasha, as he was called by his Moslem masters—was one of these; but he joined the Turkish army as a "Liva," or pasha commanding a brigade. Colonel O'Beilly, Hasein Bey, was another; but he took service from the commencement as a lieutenant-colonel, on the staff of the army. But these are exceptions to the rule; and by far the greater number of foreigners who have entered the Turkish army—of course, not a word can be said against the English and Anglo-Indian officers who joined the service during the Crimean war—have turned out to be mere adventurers of the very worst type.

That the Turkish army might be made one of the most effective in the whole world, no one who knows it can have any more doubt, than that it is now the very reverse of this. It has, and always has had, its own great misfortune, and its own great fault. The misfortune is that it is robbed by every one that has the handling of its pay—from the minister of war to the colonels of regiments, and even to the majors commanding battalions. Its fault is, that it is at one and the same time too much, and yet too little, Europeanised. It is too much Europeanised as to its dress; which is without exception the most hideous, the tightest, and the most inconvenient of any army in the world. It is too little Europeanised, inasmuch as when not under arms the men are not looked after; are not paid; and are allowed, so far as their barracks and their persons are concerned, to remain in a state of the most indescribable filth. Give the men an easy, comfortable uniform, Oriental in its character, something of the fashion of that worn by the Zouaves and Turcos in Algeria. Let it be made of good strong cloth; not of the very worst of shoddy. Give the troops good arms and good accoutrements; and teach them to take some pride in themselves, and the way they turn

out. Above all things, let them be paid regularly, and not swindled as they are now, by being obliged to borrow money at ruinous interest from the very officials who hold their pay in hand, and who often retain it for weeks after it reaches them, and lend it at high interest to the very men to whom it by right belongs. Robbery and speculation have grown up in Turkey to be such venerable, and even respected, institutions, that to reform effectually the Pay department of the army would certainly be extremely difficult, if not impossible. The very best thing that could happen to Turkey would be that, at any rate for the next ten or a dozen years, all the high commands in the army should be given to Englishmen—not to mere adventurers, nor even to military men who had come to grief elsewhere, but—to officers who had been tried in the furnace of India, who had distinguished themselves in that country, and had a character to support in their new trust. Captain Hobart, of the Royal Navy (Hobart Pasha, as he is commonly called), has done an immense deal to reform the Turkish navy, and has accomplished his task single-handed; why should not some other English officer be found who could reform the Ottoman army? The only really effective regiments ever seen in Turkey were those commanded by Anglo-Indian officers during the Crimean war. It would, however, require a great many officers to effect a real reform in the service; for amongst the greatest sinners in the way of speculation, are to be found the "Mushirs," "Fericks," and "Livass"—that is, the three classes of military pachas who command the army corps, the divisions, and brigades. The "Mir Allys," or colonels, are pretty good adepts in the science of causing the money intended for army purposes to stick to their fingers, but they cannot be compared to their superiors. The late General Kmety, not long before he died here in London, once told me he believed that of every pound sterling that was paid by the Imperial Treasury in Constantinople for the use of the army—for the clothing, arms, accoutrements, camp-equipage, stores, hay, and so forth—not more than four or five shillings was actually expended on the troops; the balance found its way into the coffers of contractors, officials of rank, and other harpies, who became wealthy men at the expense of the country.

Of the merits of the Turkish troops

when under arms, but little can be said. As I said before, they are too much, and yet too little, Europeanised to work well. The Turkish cavalry of old was a magnificent arm of the service. The men rode like real horsemen, and a charge of a Turkish cavalry corps was something to be remembered. But now an Ottoman cavalry regiment is simply a laughable caricature of the worst European dragoons. The men are so buttoned up, and their clothes fit them so tightly, that they have not the free use of their limbs. Instead of the short stirrups and serviceable saddles of Eastern countries, they ride on slippery, old-fashioned European heavy-dragon saddles, with stirrups so long that they can hardly reach them, and with seats as unsafe as their own government bonds. The horses are neither groomed nor trained; the stables are badly ventilated; and as to keeping "dressing" in line, even the line of single troop, the men are not equal to it, for the simple reason that they do not know how. In fact, except to protect the baggage of an army on the line of march, it is very difficult to conceive to what useful purpose Turkish cavalry of the present day could be put in a campaign. The best arm of the service is the garrison artillery; for in that branch the men get fair play, inasmuch as they are not dependent upon the work of others. Some of the field-batteries, stationed in and near Constantinople, are pretty fair to look at, but these, it must be borne in mind, are kept for show more than for use. In the other corps d'armée, the harness, horses, and general trappings of the field-guns would make an English artilleryman open his eyes with wonder. Anything more utterly rotten and useless it would be difficult to imagine.

That Turkish troops have more than once done excellent service, cannot be denied. But it is unfortunately equally true that, whereas, since 1854, all other armies in Europe have improved greatly in every respect, the Ottomans have not merely stood still, but have actually retrograded. And this for the simple reason, that there has been far more speculation, far more dishonest dealings in all money matters, and all contracts connected with the service, than was ever the case before. Perhaps the Turk has fallen into the common mistake—believes that the time has come when war shall be no more, and that he may as well take his share of the money intended for war pur-

poses. If so, it is to be feared that he will soon find out his mistake. Had the Ottoman administration, and had Turks in high offices, neither cheated nor allowed foreign contractors to do so, their army might, in the last twenty years, have been so improved as to hold its own with almost any troops of like numbers. But as it is, I should be sorry to back them in a campaign against their old enemy Russia, even if they had the advantage in numbers of two to one.

THE PENALTIES OF PRINCEHOOD.

I HAVE no sympathy with the German gentleman who, in the roaring song which was so great a favourite with the late Mr. Thackeray, proclaimed his inability to decide between the advantages enjoyed by the Pope and the Sultan in their respective modes of life. The Pope may be permitted to drink the best of wine; but, at the age at which the majority of the successors of Peter take charge of his keys, any very great indulgence in "regal Montepulciano" and *Lachryma Christi* is apt to cut short the papal reign. And what is the use of being a Sultan, when one is liable, on any fine morning, to be bundled out of the Sublime Porte, bag and baggage, with fifty-three boats full of ladies to take care of, and no hope or help left in this life? The eclectic Tenton suggested a compromise, and proposed to pass half of his life as Pope and half as Sultan—change and change about—a project which speaks well for the Teutonic constitution; but, to the majority of people, one life is troublesome enough and to spare. My own mind is quite made up. I have witnessed court ceremonies, until Stars and Garters—saving only that at Richmond—pall upon my taste, and the post of Lord Chamberlain appears fraught with agony and despair. Putting Pope and Sultan out of the question, I am certain that I should not like to be a Personage—I mean a real Personage. A pleasant time is spent, no doubt, by Retired Royalties and Luminous Transparencies. They enjoy the privileges of rank without its troubles. They are enormously rich, and may require whole fleets of ironclads to carry their plate; they may have wonderful pictures, priceless vases, and golcondas of diamonds; but their rest is not troubled. They draw their incomes with commendable punctuality, and toil no more than the lilies of the

field; their cooks wear the blue ribbon of the kitchen; their cellars are filled with the vintages of Johannisberg and Clos Vougeot; they are free to wear fur collars and boots of fearful and wonderful make; but they are never called upon to do anything, or, if called upon, answer not at all, except by hanging out the oriflamme of their ancestors, and chanting *non possumus*. Their money is carefully invested, and they take especial care not to part with it. Their estates are skilfully spread over Europe, so that the wind of revolution, let it blow never so fiercely, cannot, unless it blow from all the four quarters at once, imperil their princely argosies. Their phantom crowns and coronets press with no crushing weight upon their Imperial, Royal, Exalted, or Transparent brow. They are comparatively free from special correspondents, from interviewers and paragraphists. They may eat, drink, and sleep, and know neither pain nor worry. Illustrated newspapers may depict them, now and then; but this outrage is mild and not unpleasant, compared with those which a real Personage is compelled to endure. A genuine Personage is never allowed to feel that his time is his own. A Royal Altitude may, perhaps, be as like other men as it is in the nature of Altitudes to be, but he is never permitted to do as he likes. He may feel that the duties of laying foundation-stones, turning first turfs, opening the wings of hospitals, presiding at Masonic festivals, and reviewing troops, may have become burdensome; and he may sigh for fresh woods and pastures new—for those of India, for instance; but no sooner is his desire made known, than his holiday is pounced upon as an "occasion" by the public and their indefatigable caterers of the press. Town-talk is rife with speculation as to who is going out, as special correspondent, for the great papers; and whether the gifted beings, whose task it is to record the doings of a Personage, will be permitted to infest him, from the hour he starts on his blithesome progress, to that in which he returns home. And some disappointment is expressed, when the dreadful truth is made known, that the correspondents of every newspaper are not to be allowed to travel in the same ship with the Personage, and that his comings and goings from cabin to deck will not be duly chronicled from day to day. If one "special" be successful in attaching himself to the service of the

Altitude in an official capacity, he is forthwith held up to scorn as a tuft-hunter and a toady; but is secretly envied by his rivals. While at sea, then, a Personage may deem himself secure, and enjoy that peace which is vouchsafed to every traveller who crosses the ocean, and feels a blessed freedom from letters, newspapers, and telegrams. It is only a hard-worked Personage, or a frantic striver for peace or praise, who can thoroughly appreciate the delicious sensation of rising in the morning, and knowing that the day is private property, will be free from the worry of existence, and may be spent over a book or at chess without fear of interruption. The mind doubles back on itself, as it were; the overloaded pigeon-holes of the brain are swept out, and left clear for fresh impressions. The cataract of events is for a while turned aside, and a condition approaching calm is actually experienced. But the instant the ship touches land again, all this happiness is—thanks to that beneficent invention for increasing the hurry and misery of life, known as the electric telegraph—over at once. It is a theory of mine that the reason why clever people like to go to the Arctic Regions and to Equatorial Africa, is that, in those remote solitudes, they are allowed to live without being pursued by the latest telegrams. In Smith's Sound, or on the shores of Lake Nyassa, the postman, the newsman, and the telegraph-boy are fairly shaken off, and the traveller has time to think whether he is enjoying his life or not.

When a Royal and Imperial, or an Imperial and Royal, Altitude leaves his future kingdom to pay a visit to his future empire, it becomes the especial care of all those who imagine themselves concerned with his tour that the journey shall be made as disagreeable as possible. A Personage is permitted to have a ship to himself, and is only too glad to retreat to its comfortable cabin; but he cannot come ashore without suffering the agonies of a reception. More than this, he cannot touch at any point without being deluged with telegrams. When he actually and officially arrives anywhere, the reception invariably takes a form difficult to explain on any rational hypothesis. Why should a Personage, at the moment he puts his foot on a pier or a railway platform, have his attention distracted from such excitement as the scene provides, by a ceremony which "stops the way," and interferes with the

dramatic force of the situation? No one can say why it should be so, but, as a matter of fact, this ceremony is by no means to be dispensed with. For weeks before the arrival of a Personage, the municipal body of the place to be visited has been in a state of ebullition with a view to the production of a "loyal address." After grave debate, distinguished by the exhibition of much critical "acumen," as it is the fashion among certain people to call it—I never could understand why, unless, as the critic is assumed to be a judge, and a judge is a "beak," it is derived from the slang dictionary—a wonderful composition is evolved from the municipal mind. It is properly loyal, no doubt; hearty and effusive; and not unfrequently is rounded off with a sentiment, a moral reflection, or a carefully-qualified prophecy, like unto those met with in leading articles, and the technical papers signed "Podasokus," or "Fly-by-night." The form of the address having been decided on, and a "good matter" indited, it is next emblazoned on vellum, and enclosed in a box, designed specially for the occasion, and executed by that eminent firm, Messrs. Aurifex and Co., for whom it is a capital advertisement. I wonder how many of these boxes and addresses are accumulated, during the hard-working lifetime of a Royal and Imperial Altitude, and what monstrous aggregate of suffering they represent! Where do they all go to? Is any Royal or Imperial palace big enough to hold them? and is there any possible use to which they can be put? Parchment makes—so rigid economists tell us—excellent "stock" for soup-making. Are, then, these valuable compositions consigned to the "stock-pot," and made to contribute to the sustenance of Royal and Imperial Personages? The boxes are of elaborate design, but are hardly fitted to hold cigars. Are they, perchance, handed over to the juvenile Altitudes, to play at waggons, or to construct dolls-houses withal? It is hard to say, for no human being could endure a museum of them, so strong is the family likeness between one casket and the other. Who is not familiar with the plain gold box—just a box "and nothing more"—and the Gothic structure, like a sort of Westminster Abbey in miniature? Just of late three new elements of decoration have been introduced "in this connection"—the elephant, the tiger, and the snake; but, unhappily, the same felicitous ideas

have occurred to every artistic brain, and there is therefore no escape from those interesting animals. Their positions may be varied, but the three "cards" are only shuffled and cut again. The elephant's head comes out strongly as a handle; but this notion has occurred to all the world. The tiger looks well on the top of a cover of cup or casket; but the puzzled mind of the designer has occasionally put the elephant at the top, and the tigers at the bottom—suggesting, of course, the possibility of the elephant coming through the roof, and fighting a pitched battle with the four over-weighted tigers at the corners. The snake has an easier time of it, being allowed to twine whither he listeth, as a border, as a handle, or as a stem; and is only, in the case of the seven-headed cobra of Buddha, called upon to officiate as an umbrella. Gazing at the efforts of Indian and Anglo-Indian designers, the spectator would think that the great peninsula produced nothing but tigers, elephants, and serpents, except the camel of the Punjab, and the small fishes of Madras. All this sameness denotes woful poverty of invention, but is due, perhaps, to the depressing nature of purely ceremonial work.

It is terrible to think that a great part of an exalted existence is spent in accepting these trinkets, and in expressing thanks for them. It is true that the addresses are sometimes "taken as read," and are replied to in "a few well-chosen words;" but far too often they are duly intoned, and answered by a written speech on the part of the persecuted Personage. On a recent occasion it was pleasing to observe a little deputation awaiting the arrival of a Personage, detained for a couple of hours by the indiscreet loyalty of a troublesome knot of people, who "would not take No for an answer." There was a tall, white-haired gentleman, dressed in a very little red coat with a great deal of silver lace and a cooked hat, who had with him sundry gentlemen, some in velvet coats and calves, and others in the costume of the day embellished by a sort of blue cape, supposed to represent the gown of a "burgess." My heart bled for one patient victim in a black gown, who was encumbered with a huge silver mace, apparently of the weight of a pavior's rammer. Either the action was not consonant with the dignity of the corporation, "to which he had the honour to belong," or he was afraid of losing the mace, if he stuck it up against one of the

columns of the railway station, for he clung to the unwieldy instrument with praiseworthy tenacity. He tried hard to temporise between dignity and comfort, by carrying the weighty emblem of power over his shoulder for awhile; but it hurt him, no doubt, for he shifted it to the hollow of his arm; and, at last, I detected him in the act of "effacing himself" behind a trophy of flags and flowers, and posing the—by this time—hated "bauble," head downwards, on the ground, still, however, keeping a tight grip of the other end. The reward of patient endurance was, as it is apt to be, exceedingly slight. The Personage, when he arrived, was surrounded by Royal and Imperial Altitudes and Serene Transparencies, till the gentleman in silver lace almost despaired of a chance of letting off his address, which was finally "taken as read," and the long-suffering mace-bearer was free to go home and lock up his incubus, heartily glad to get rid of it, no doubt. That was a terrible day for an Exalted Personage. He had done his duty like a man and a prince while on his Indian tour. He had gone through the same wearisome ceremonies over and over again. He had received and given presents, unheeding the ill-natured and inaccurate remarks made respecting the values given and received. He had attended banquets and balls, held chapters and levées, till "all the world wondered" how his constitution had carried him through it all; and here he was home again once more—but not in peace. Addresses were ready, municipalities marshalled, venison and turtle ordered; baronetcies and knighthoods expected here and there, C.S.I.'s, K.C.S.I.'s, and G.C.S.I.'s to boot. There was no escape for the genial and good-natured Personage, who agreed to all arrangements and gave up every point, save one. He was determined that the meeting between his beautiful wife and himself should not be watched by prying eyes; but this resolution required to be skilfully carried out, for there was one "special correspondent" who had sworn a great oath that he would fly through the air, or dive under the sea, but he would see the meeting of husband and wife, and record it in several columns of the largest possible type, to the delight of the public and his own immortal glory. He was foiled—but it was necessary that the interview, towards which so many Voigtlanders were mentally pointed, should take place at sea, for nowhere else

would it have been secure from observation. Short, however, was the time given to domestic joys, for a yacht-load of "personal friends" clamoured for admittance, and ashore waited the eternal municipality and the everlasting address. There was neither pause nor rest on that day of trial. At railway stations lurked more municipalities and more addresses; streets were to be traversed by a round-about course to make a procession; and after a scanty interval for dinner, there was the opera and the curiously-chosen *Ballo in Maschera*. Since then levées, banquets, and grand receptions, with more gold boxes and more addresses, till a slight attack of illness puts an end to all for a while, and a hard-working Personage is permitted the repose necessary to enable him to bear the fatigue of another campaign!

No. I should not like to be a Personage.

THE LAST.

NEVER the patter of baby feet upon the shining floors;
Never the rustle of maidens' robes in the long grim corridors;
Never a bold boy's whistle to ring through the silent room;
Never the thrill of a girlish laugh, like a sun-ray in the gloom.

Nothing to break the order that reigns in the gilt saloon,
Through morning glimmer, or gloaming hush, or sultry haze of noon;
Nothing to break the stillness of the great ancestral house,
That lies 'mid its statued terraces, smooth lawns, and oaken boughs.

In the proud painted gallery, the portraits hang on the wall,
You may trace the haughty smile on the lip, the dark eyes' glance in all.
Ah, lovely lady! ah, gallant knight! ah, beauty and valour free!
The last pale leaf hangs fluttering upon the mouldering tree.

He stormed the breach at Ascalon, at *Cœur de Lion's* side;
He held a pass in *Wensleydale* against *Cromwell* in his pride;
She saved her *House's* honour in a day of desperate fight,
For her fearless frown and wooing voice made every serf a knight.

Now, ah! in the dim east parlour, fragile, and white, and old,
The one lone scion of their line waits till her hour is told;
The flickering of the dying flame just shown in the chiselled face,
And the quiet pride of her low, sweet tones, the Last of all her Race.

Do the spirits of the glorious past come whispering round her there?
Do they peep from the oriel's glowing glass, or lean on the tapestried chair?

Do they speak from the blazoned breviary, that lies at the lady's side?

Or hide by the hearth where the mighty logs pile in the chimney wide?

Or does there lurk in the pensive blue of the wistful childless eyes

A yearning for what she has never known, the sweet home-paradise,

For the husband's shelter, the household warmth, the clinging of childish hands,
The tender fireside gladness that true woman understands?

Who knows? The daughters of her house made never public moan;

Sorrow, or wrong, or bitterness, if they bore, they bore alone.

The wild winds moan around her towers, the snow heaps park and chase,

And there, in her stately solitude, sits the Last of all her Race.

OLD MURCH'S TREASURE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

THERE was always a light burning in old Murch's window. You could tell it by that. It was the only light burning in Midgeford after ten o'clock, by which time the little village inn, the *Barley Mow*, had closed for the night. And it was wonderful from what a long distance you could see that light; from all parts of the upper down; even right away from *Faircombe*. I know it was often a beacon to me, especially when I was new to the country, when I first undertook the office of assistant to *Mr. Martin Bligh*, of *Downborough*, general practitioner, and when the care of his patients took or kept me out late on dark wintry nights.

Yet Midgeford really lay very low: a small congregation of thatched, mud-walled cottages, built in a hollow of the down, where the chalk that abounded thereabout failed somehow, giving place to wet, sticky, cloggy clay. It was always muddy and moist in Midgeford; the little river *Spill*, a tributary of the *Swash*, serpentine freely among the buildings, and oftentimes overflowing its banks, undermining walls, submerging the highway, and saturating cottage floors. In revenge, perhaps, the inhabitants made the stream available as a sewer; thereby inflicting grave injury upon themselves, however; for where could they draw water to drink, or for washing, or culinary purposes, but from this same *Spill*? No wonder there was suffering from typhoid fever in Midgeford, with now and then visitations of ague and cholera. It was, in a certain sense, one of the worst places I had to visit in the course of my professional rounds. We had numerous patients there, of course; medicine was always in request at Midge-

ford; but the sufferers were usually as poor as they were sick.

It was a dirty, wretched, neglected place, lying between two large estates. Lord Rockston's property hemmed it in on one side, and Squire Hillington's land on the other. To those large proprietors and local magnates it was a sort of neutral territory, divided among many very small freeholders, who were never worth considering much, except when a county election was in prospect or progress. Old Murch owned the general shop—the one shop of the village. Murch and Vidler, so ran the inscription over the door. But there was no Vidler in Midgeford; there had not been for many a long year.

Old Murch was a miser, so everybody said of him. He had been scraping and hoarding up money all his life, though he had scarcely had two halfpence to rub together to begin with. He could not read or write. As a child he had been employed to scare the rooks off Squire Hillington's farm—not the present squire, nor the last squire, but the one before him. As a boy, he had followed the plough. His manhood was passed in agricultural labour; and his age, after the manner of his class, might have been spent, and his days ended, in the poor-house. But somehow, by dint of extraordinary nipping, and screwing, and cheese-paring—though, practically, I should think, he had never pared his cheese, but had eaten it rind and all—he had contrived to save. His fellow-labourers had enough to do to keep body and soul together, doing that much very clumsily, with the help of cabbages and rusty bacon, very thin cider, or the smallest of small beer; altogether an indifferent and unappetising alimentary system. They lived, indeed, after a half-starved fashion, although they expended every farthing they earned. But Seth Murch more than three-quarters starved himself, and so contrived to put by halfpence in an old stocking. Presently he was able to lend to the more unfortunate, or to the improvident, trifling sums of money—if any sums of money could be called trifling among such very poor folk—charging a very usurious rate of interest for the accommodation. By-and-by he had stocked a small shop, helped by Vidler, who had been one of Squire Hillington's gamekeepers, and had retired from active service with a pension. Vidler was a hard-fisted, parsimonious fellow—at least, so I always heard him described, for of course I never saw him,

he was before my time, long—and the two misers went into partnership, profiting greatly, and plundering their poorer neighbours cruelly. They bought up many little plots of freehold land that from time to time came to be for sale about Midgeford; for when once a man began to owe money to "the shop," as it was called—and sooner or later every villager was enrolled among old Murch's debtors—he was never his own man again; he could never shake himself free of trouble and care; he was old Murch's bondman to the end of the chapter. A millstone of debt hung round his neck—a burden that grew heavier every day, just as he became from age, and weariness, and lack of proper victuals, less and less capable of sustaining it. Even if by any lucky chance or windfall he was ever able to pay off old Murch, and so get quit of him, why old Murch wouldn't be paid off; or if a debt was wiped off the slate one day, somehow it got to be written upon it again in very plain figures on the morrow; and interest was charged to a prodigious extent, and interest upon that—interest of every compound and complex kind. Murch did not spare his customers: he merely handcuffed them at first, as it were, but by-and-by he loaded them with manacles until they dropped under the weight. Then, like men pursued by a wild beast, they rendered up first one thing and then another, to stay and conciliate their foe but for a little while. The pig from the sty, the arm-chair from the chimney-corner, the cuckoo-clock beside the door, the beds from under them, went one after the other; and such of them as owned ever so tiny a plot of freehold land, found themselves one fine day conveying the property to their pitiless creditor, Seth Murch, his heirs and assigns for ever. So it had really come about that he owned absolutely every square inch of Midgeford, or very nearly so.

Why did he hoard so? Of what use, or benefit, or comfort was his money to him? So people inquired concerning Seth Murch; the same questions, by-the-by, having been asked of almost every miserly person time out of mind. I suppose it was his sense of the power his money gave him that charmed him, and sharpened, more and more, his appetite for gain. Probably he liked to think of the great things he could do with his money, if he only chose. He could buy this or that; he could ride in a chariot; he could wear clothes of the best sort; he might fairly chain

to rank with "the quality." Of course he did none of these things, nor really wanted to do them. But there was, perhaps, a consolation and a charm in knowing that he could if he would. Meantime his life was miserable enough. He had scarcely changed his method of existence since the old time when he was a day-labourer. A rich man—so all described him—he lived like a pauper; worse, if anything.

And now he was dying—at least, that was the general opinion; the fact that he was not yet dead being viewed a little impatiently—for he lingered on, lingered on. Midgeford was not an eventful place. The demise of old Seth Murch was looked for on account of the stir it would surely occasion, the subject of conversation it would furnish—subjects of conversation being scarce enough in that neighbourhood.

We had a club for the use of the poor folk about Midgeford. For a very small annual payment they were entitled to attendance and medicine, whenever they fell ill. Of old, Seth Murch had been a member of this club. But it was felt that, as he prospered in life, he was not entitled to share in the benefits of the club; that he could well afford to pay the higher and more usual charges of a medical attendant. His name was, therefore, removed from our books. Since then he had dispensed with all professional aid, and had doctored himself; and had even, in an illicit manner, presumed to doctor others, trafficking in various nostrums and quack remedies, rather to the enrichment of himself than the benefit of his customers.

At death's door his faith in his own curative powers had given way, and he had sent over to Downborough for help. His messenger had described the old man as "main bad" more than once in the course of the previous night. His neighbours had thought that it was all over with him. Accordingly I had hurried to Midgeford, to attend upon this old-new patient of ours.

The shop was but the small front room of an ordinary mud-walled, thatch-roofed cottage. It was low-ceilinged and very dark, crowded with wares of various kinds; and it smelt abominably; for there was little ventilation, and the goods sold over old Murch's counter were of a highly-flavoured sort—soap, red-herrings, cheese, tallow candles, and such like odorous articles.

He lived in a smaller room at the back,

and, through a pane of glass let into the wall, he was in the habit of watching all that went on in the shop. He had been for some time unable to move from his chair by the fireside. He was very old—upwards of eighty, it was said—and was almost paralysed by rheumatism; his head was bowed, so that his chin rested upon his breast; he breathed with difficulty, and was afflicted with a severe cough. He slept in his chair—his asthma would not permit him to lie down—in fact, he never quitted his hearthstone. A starved fire burned, or, rather, smoked in the grate, and his chair was drawn close up to the bars. On no account would he move from this position; and he was understood to have occupied it for years. From it he enjoyed a full view of all the occurrences of the shop, and kept a wholesome supervision over his assistant or representative—an ill-favoured woman, untidy of dress, and very abrupt of manner, who answered to the name of Kezia, and was reputed to be his grand niece.

Old and ailing, wan, withered, and racked with pain as he was, there was a handsome look about Seth Murch's face. His aquiline features were finely formed, and there was a steady light in his cold, steely blue eyes, hardly dimmed yet by age or suffering. His hair was white as snow, and he had cat-like, bristling white eyebrows. He had been ill so many years that his well-shaped hands had lost the traces and stains of hard toil, and acquired a curious look of softness and delicacy.

He eyed me suspiciously as I entered, and moved in his chair uneasily. Yet something he said, of a courteous affect, in acknowledgment of my visit; his voice was very weak and husky, however, and his breathing sorely troubled. His pulse, I found, was very faint.

"I'm a poor old man," he murmured over and over again; "a poor old man. You won't forget that, doctor. Don't be hard upon me; it's little I can afford to pay. And you won't order me expensive medicines, now, will you? But I won't take them if you do. You don't know how very, very poor I am."

I looked at him incredulously, I suppose.

"Well, well," he went on in a whining, apologetic tone, "I may have saved a little—a very little—but it's all tied up. I can't get at it. It's sunk in this thing and in that—in mines—slate, and coal, and

copper, and gold, and silver; yes, and diamonds. So they tell me—so they swore to me. Not here, you know; but far away in furrin parts. And some day I shall be rich—I own to that—very rich, if all goes well, and my ship comes home. And it will come—it will, it will; and soon, very soon, please God! And it need be soon; I'm so old, and poor, and sick, and weak. See how my hand shakes; and I can't hardly lift a tea-cup. You wouldn't think I had ever won the prize at a ploughing-match? But I did. You wouldn't believe, to see me now, that I was ever Squire Hillington's head mower? that I was his best thresher? But I was. I'd have mowed an acre or threshed a sack of wheat against any man in his employ. Well, it's all over now. I'm a very poor old man now—sick, and sad, and dying, as some think; but not yet—no, not yet. It isn't so bad as that comes to—is it, doctor? And you'll help me, won't you, now? Do'ee, do'ee, there's a good soul. Make me well, or keep me alive—I won't ask you more than that—till my ship comes home, and I am rich, really rich, with gold, and silver, and diamonds. I never see a diamond, but I'm told they're wonders to look at, and worth—there's no knowing what they ain't worth. And I shall have copper, too, and slate, and coal; meantime I must make cinders do."

And with strange, wild, wide-open eyes he stared at the very dull and pinched little fire in the grate. He was half crazy, it seemed to me. Was it true that he had these expectations of future wealth, or were they but a sick man's fancies—a miser's dreams of untold gold?

Quickly he turned from gazing at the grate, and looked through the pane of glass into the shop.

"It's hard, very hard, to be tied here by the leg, and to know that all sorts of blunders is going on in the shop yonder. Kezia's a fool! She don't mean to cheat me, perhaps—at least, I don't think she means to cheat me—but she's a fool. She lets them rob me. They get the better of her. She don't know the trick of the scales; nor how to give yard measure, keeping well within the yard—cutting inside your thumbs, don't ye see? And she gives credit to the wrong sort. There, she's been letting Giles Huckle have a ounce of returns: He'll never pay; the lurching, poaching, idle scamp, for ever lopping about with his hands in his pockets, and nothing else. I would not trust the

likes of him with the vally of a brass varden. But Kezia does; and I'm the loser. And she don't know where the things is; nor the different qualities of 'em; nor the prices; nor how to make one thing serve when you haven't got t'other; nor how to best the customers, let them ask for what they will. It's cruel, cruel work; and I can't hinder her. She can't hear, let me shout as loud as I will; and my asthma won't let me speak much above a pig's whisper. I've to sit here and see myself ruined—ruined—and can't stir a finger to save myself. It's cruel, cruel hard. My ship need come home; and soon, very soon."

I inquired of him more particularly as to his state of health. There was really little to be done for him. There was hardly a chance that he would, at his advanced age, be able to get the better of his maladies. I could only prescribe an improved regimen, sustenance, tonics: port wine for instance.

He had heard of port wine. It was a "main expensive drink." He had tasted it once or twice, upon the coming of age of young Squire Hillington, or upon some such occasion; and he liked it. Why, it warmed a man right through and through, tickled him heart and soul, and set him a-laughing all over! But he wouldn't pay for any for himself, though he didn't mind drinking it at another's expense. Indeed, he could not be induced to improve upon his miserable peasants' diet of fat, rusty bacon and broad beans, washed down with small beer or thin cider.

Did he sleep at nights? Badly, though oftentimes he took a dose of "luddy" (laudanum), of which preparation he kept a stock in his shop. It was much in request among the sufferers from rheumatism in the neighbourhood of Midgeford. He leant back in his chair, wrapped in a blanket. So he passed the night; he could not lie down; had not slept in a bed for many a long year. His cough was apt to be very troublesome at night, his breathing "terrible bad," and he was disturbed by dreadful dreams. He shuddered to think of them. They were enough to send a man crazy. He awoke screaming with fright, and with a feeling of suffocation upon him. It seemed to him that some one was violently pressing upon his throat. Doubtless this arose from a sort of prooxysm of the malady from which he suffered.

As I left him he again enjoined me not

to be hard upon him, to bear in mind his poverty, and to send him no expensive medicines.

Kezia stopped me as I passed through the shop. She surveyed me with shifty, furtive green eyes, and chafed her red chapped arms as she questioned me touching "the old one," as she called him. Her manner was unsympathetic even to callousness. That he was "main bad" she seemed fully aware. He gave a deal of trouble, she stated. There was no pleasing him; he was for ever scolding and fault-finding and suspecting. She could do nothing right. And his memory wasn't what it had been; his mind was giving way, in fact. He forgot where things were kept, and what the price of them was. He thought the stock was just as it had been, years back, in old Vidler's time. It was hard, very hard to bear; for she did her best. And then to be accused of robbing him. For he'd said nothing short of that to her. Surely it wasn't right such charges should be laid against her? It was more than she could endure. And she his only living relation.

How long did I think he'd live? she bluntly asked me. Through the night? Until the next day? The day after that? A week? A month? Six weeks?

I parried her inquiries, which I found vexatious enough, even repulsive. I said that the patient's state was no doubt precarious; his complaint had taken very firm hold of him, was little likely to be shaken off, his advanced age being considered; and so on. Still, I said, as he had lingered so long, he might perhaps linger very much longer. He had possessed a constitution of unusual strength. I did not think there was immediate danger.

"All the same he might die suddenly—go out suddenly like the snuff of a candle?"

I admitted the possibility.

"Do you think we might move him?"

"Move him?"

"Away from that hearthstone? He always will have his chair on the hearthstone, quite close to the fire. I'm afeared sometimes as he'll tumble into the fire, and do himself an injury."

I advised that the old man should be allowed to have his own way. He should be carefully watched, of course. But there seemed no good reason why he should be disturbed or removed from the position he had occupied during so many years. As for his falling into the fire—

well, it was a very small fire. He might extinguish it; it could scarcely injure him.

Hurrying back across the down, I was overtaken by Mr. Godfrey, the curate of Midgeford, in whose sole charge the parish had been left, since the departure for the South of France of the old rector, Mr. Mainwaring, a confirmed invalid, who had been absent now some years. Mr. Godfrey was a pleasant, hard-working clergyman, whose stipend was very small, and who, as a consequence, perhaps, looked a trifle underfed, very lean, indeed, and long-legged. He walked always at a prodigious pace.

"You're the very man I was wanting to see, doctor," he began. "About old Murch—I suppose it's rather a hopeless case?"

"I fear that's an accurate description of it."

And we talked the matter over, old Murch, his story, character, and peculiarities. I mentioned what the old man had said about his investments in mines, and so on, and the wealth that was some day to be his.

"I've heard that story, too," said the curate, "and I thought the old fellow was crazy. But it seems that, years since, there was rather a rage in this part of the country for mining speculations. The farmers took it up one by one, led on by, or let in for it by, old Jacob Hedger, a well-known character hereabouts; he was worth a mint of money once, but he died almost a pauper. Some Welsh mine, I think it was, and report went that gold had been discovered in it. It's quite possible that old Murch may have sunk money in that mine; old Jacob Hedger was rather a crony of his at one time, I understand, and old Murch may have been thinking of that when he talked so wildly to you and to me about the gold, and silver, and precious stones that were coming to him in the future. But the mining company failed long years ago, the investors losing heavily, old Murch among them. At least, so general report has it."

"Old Murch will be missed, you know," the curate resumed. "Not so much for the good he does—that being little enough, I take it; or the harm he does, and perhaps that is not so much as people say—but because he gives our little world here so much to talk about. After all, a miser is rather a popular character; he rouses so much wonder, he is attended by so much

mystery. People affect to pity and even to despise him; but, in truth, they envy him all the while. And then he stimulates the imagination; he is provocative of so much romance. You'd be surprised at the stories the Midgeford folk have to tell about old Murch. They have such very practical ideas of a miser. They suppose that gold and silver, bank-notes, and jewels of incalculable value are hidden away in that little back room behind the shop, thrust into chinks in the wall, and holes in the ceiling. But the bulk of his property—old Murch's real treasure—they believe to be buried beneath his hearthstone. That's the reason, they say, he never quits the fireside, never moves his chair from its one position over the hearthstone. Before the hearthstone can be raised and the treasure beneath got at, old Murch himself will have to be disposed of, dead and buried: that's the firm conviction of all Midgeford."

"And what's to become of his treasure when he's gone?"

"That woman Kezia's to have it, I suppose. He's no other kith or kin. So they say. She's been his drudge for a great many years; she deserves some reward, no doubt. But she's not much liked or cared for in Midgeford. She's a hard woman. I confess I don't like her, although it's wrong to give way to prejudices and antipathies that perhaps are but matters of fancy after all. I feel that. But it always seems to me that, whereas Murch has been cruel to the poor from a love of money—a desire to wring from them as much as possible—she has been cruel to them from a real love of cruelty. Murch hasn't thought of them at all as flesh and blood, as sentient creatures of human kind, but as so many means to his end—as steps he has to mount on his way to wealth. On the other hand, I can't but think that she has liked to nip, and screw, and rack them, poor things, for the sake of seeing them wince, and hearing them groan—knowing all the time that they were suffering, and that it was she who made them suffer, and glorying in the power she was exercising so cruelly. I hope I don't do her wrong. You see, her face and manner are much against her."

"All the same, no doubt she'll find a husband if she's really old Murch's heiress, and if he really owns so much wealth as people say."

"For that matter, I think she's already

found one willing enough to be her husband."

"Who may that be?"

"Why, that man they call the 'sergeant.' You must have seen him often hanging about the Barley Mow, in a half-military sort of dress; a stiff-necked fellow—as though he still wore a tight, hard leather stook—straight-backed from long years of 'setting-up,' and drill, and parade, and fatigue duty. He enjoys a pension; he was wounded in action in India, I hear; and has just enough money to keep him idle and useless. He does mischief enough in Midgeford. The ploughboys look upon him as a sort of hero, and love to gather round him and listen to him, laugh at his jokes, and applaud his observations. He teaches them to smoke and drink, and play pitch-and-toss. I wish he was well out of Midgeford."

"I've seen the man. What's his name?"

"Sergeant Vidal, they call him."

"And he's Kezia's lover and intended husband?"

"Yes. Hush! Here he is!"

He passed us with a military salute; a tall, burly fellow—very upright, with glaring blood-shot eyes, and a fiery red nose flaming above a fierce black moustache. He was buttoned up to the throat, his trousers were tightly strapped under his boots, he wore a military undress cap with a peak, and he carried a cane, with which he severely switched the calves of his legs as he walked along.

"And he's to have old Murch's treasure—and to spend it?"

"Yes, after old Murch's death, and when he makes Kezia his wife."

"Does he belong to these parts?"

"Well, he says he had kindred here once; and he used to come here recruiting, years ago."

"I can't say I like the look of him."

"Nor can I. But Kezia does, I suppose; and it's her business to like him, rather than ours."

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CAHREL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER I. RELICS.

A MONTH had passed, and the hopes and apprehensions with which Mr. Dwarria and his friend and counsellor regarded Ida Pemberton were alike and equally unful-

filled. She had indeed settled down into her new home, but without displaying any interest in it, or curiosity about it—without giving any sign of the state of mind which might naturally have been supposed to be hers. It was not that she was bowed down by sorrow, and that her faculties were suspended by its all-absorbing presence—she was too young for that to be possible—the mingled listlessness and preoccupation which pervaded her looks and manner had not their source in the bereavement which she had suffered. She was exceedingly gentle, and easy to please, and she accommodated herself to life at the Dingle House with the readiness of good feeling and good breeding; but she drew no nearer to its inmates, within the first month of her residence there, than she had done within the first day. The house was very pretty, she said, and very nice, and she liked everything very much; but she did not seem to have had any previous ideas about it, or about her life in England; and her generally acquiescent way disappointed and weighed upon her cousins. If they could have estimated the difference which existed between Ida Pemberton as they saw her, and Ida Pemberton as she had been in the old time in her Australian home, they would indeed have wondered what it could have been that had wrought such a change.

The little world of Wrottesley admired the young colonial girl. Out-of-the-way occurrences, and people with a story, were rare in that well-to-do but not lively country town, and all the acquaintances of the Dwarris family felt an interest, which was not in many cases mere curiosity, in the girl who had gone through so terrible an experience. Of course the incidents were magnified by public rumour. The mere facts of the burning ship, of Ida's having been first put into a boat, and then promptly rescued from the minor perils of that position, would not have sufficed for the appetite for the marvellous, all the stronger, perhaps, because so rarely gratified; and the story was told, with many additions of suffering, privation, and exposure in the boat, so that Ida appeared in the light of a heroine, and people said: "Dear, dear! to think of that pretty young creature living through such hardships, and looking so well after them all!" But Ida, though always pretty and graceful, was not looking well, and bore but little resemblance to John Pemberton's darling daughter, whose heaviest

trial used to be a misgiving that something was wrong with Dick.

Not only in the character of a sharer in terrible dangers and sufferings was Ida an object of interest and a subject of comment to the little world of Wrottesley. An heiress was not, indeed, so rare a spectacle as a heroine, but was still decidedly remarkable; and as Ida's fortune was magnified almost as freely as her adventures were multiplied, the very most was made of the novelty. All the affairs of the Dingle House were settled by public opinion with almost complete unanimity, and it was supposed, in particular, that that modest dwelling would not suffice for the increased importance of the family, now that Mr. Dwarris's niece had come to live with them.

"You'll see—the Dwarrises will be launching out," was quite a favourite phrase with the ladies who morning-visited each other with increased alacrity, under the interesting circumstances, as if through Wrottesley there rushed a tide of bewildering luxury, on which the Dwarrises had only to "launch out." Mrs. Lipscott and her girls held strong opinions on this point, but on reference to Mr. Lipscott they found that they were not to receive the paternal support.

"Why should they 'launch out,' as you say?" said Mr. Lipscott, argumentatively. "Miss Pemberton's money is not Mr. Dwarris's, and he is much too sensible a man to launch out on the allowance for a ward, whether made by Chancery or by will, and then have to pull in again when Miss Pemberton comes of age, or marries. I should think, on the contrary, the young lady will have to accommodate herself to the ways of the Dingle House so long as she lives there."

Mr. Lipscott was in the right. No change was made in the ordinary routine of life at the Dingle House; and Ida Pemberton fell in with its ways with perfect good humour—indeed with complete indifference. She did not care for a carriage; an occasional drive with Madeleine or with Lady Olive was all she wished for; and the sad fate of her beloved Dick had rendered horses uninteresting to her henceforth. No quieter or less troublesome member of a household could exist than the slight, pale, brown-eyed girl, who did not seem to recover her strength or her spirits so rapidly as might have been expected at her age, and in a position of complete novelty.

"Are you disappointed in her?" Lady

Olive Despard inquired of Audrey one day, when Ida was away on one of the long solitary walks in which she constantly indulged.

"Not exactly. She is very charming; but, absurd as it must seem for one young girl to have such a feeling about another, I am never quite at ease with her. I don't feel that I know her a bit better now than I knew her the day she arrived here. Sometimes she seems just like that first letter of hers that you did not like, and then again she draws a little nearer to us, but it never lasts."

"Her spirits are variable, perhaps."

"Yes; but I don't mean that altogether. Do you know, Lady Olive, I sometimes fancy there is something she wants to tell us—my father, I mean, or myself—and that she cannot make up her mind to do so. She is generally very uncommunicative when Griffith is here. Not that I think she dislikes him, but she is under some constraint with him. I have told Frank how different she is when Griffith is not by, and he thinks she may have heard some of the gossip about herself and Griffith."

"What gossip? None has reached me."

"I should think not, indeed; you are much too grand a person. Fancy anybody carrying stories to Despard Court! But there is plenty of it stirring. Wrottesley has made up a match between Ida and Griffith long ago, and is quite sure it will come off so soon as Ida is out of mourning."

"I think we were beforehand with Wrottesley ourselves, were we not, Audrey, until poor Madeleine taught us our error?"

Audrey laughed. "That's true," she said. "I suppose it is rather a good thing they should have taken up this notion, as it keeps off suspicion from Griffith and Madeleine. But, I was going to say that, when I fancy she has some such reason for being so reserved and different with Griffith, I sometimes wish I were at liberty to tell her that she need not fear any such notion coming into his mind, because he is in love with another person; but I cannot do that, as things are. If I could tell her that he is engaged, it would be a different matter; but I have no right to tell her about Madeleine."

Lady Olive, thinking it was by no means improbable that Audrey had hit upon the real cause of Ida's reserve with her cousin, suggested that Ida might be vaguely told that a young lady was in the case.

"That would not do," answered Audrey. "She would guess it at once; she knows all our friends now as well as we do ourselves. She is very quick, and observant, though she is absent-minded too; she saw through Clement Kindersley very quickly."

"What did she say about him, then?"

"That he had neither head nor heart, and could be led into anything, provided it was not good."

"A smart remark for a girl who has seen so little of the world."

"Oh, but she's very clever indeed. Don't you think so? Lord Barr does."

"Yes, I think she is clever. And she has that valuable faculty in a woman—appreciativeness."

"You mean being able to understand the wit and wisdom of men, don't you?"

Lady Olive smiled. "You are getting on, Audrey. You said a smart thing that time, whether you intended it or not. Perhaps that is what I mean."

"She and papa are constantly near being great friends. She is fond of him, I think, and much too grateful, because, after all, this is her proper home, and papa is her proper protector; and if I were she, I am sure I should just take it as a matter of course. It is her way with papa, more than with anyone else, which makes me feel as if she had something on her mind that she wanted to say, and that she has not the courage to say it."

"Have you ever made the same observation to your father, Audrey?" asked Lady Olive seriously.

"No, never. Do you think I am right? And can it be that she wants to tell us that, though she is grateful—too grateful, as I said before—she is not happy here, and would rather have some other plan made for her. It may be that, you know, for after all she has had no choice. I was talking about this to Frank yesterday, and he says it might be. Do you think so?"

"No, Audrey, I do not. Don't talk to Frank, or to anyone about this, and don't ask me why. I think it is likely your cousin has it on her mind to tell your father or yourself something that is in her thoughts, and that she will do so in time; but I do not believe that it is what you suppose."

"It is some trouble?"

"No doubt. We only find difficulty in telling, or in concealing, troubles. And young as Ida is, she may have other

troubles than those of the past which we know all about. Every life is not so crystal-clear as yours, dear child."

"I am very happy. I wish Ida were as happy as I."

"I am not sure that she could be. Her nature has not the simplicity of yours."

As Lady Olive Despard said these words, Ida Pemberton passed the window, and the next minute was in the room. She looked pale and tired, and Lady Olive's quick glance discerned that she had been crying.

"Oh, Ida!" exclaimed Audrey, "what have you been doing? You have torn your crape all to pieces." And Audrey held up a piece of that material which dangled from the back of Ida's gown.

"I have been walking in Lady Olive's woods, and I must have torn my gown on a hedge-stake."

"You did not happen to see Barr, I suppose?" said Lady Olive.

"I thought Lord Barr was at Stratford," interposed Audrey.

"He was to come back to-day at three o'clock."

"Lord Barr has arrived," said Ida; "I caught sight of him in the beech-walk."

She did not add that she had torn her gown in scrambling through underwood, and over a bank, to prevent his catching sight of her.

"It would be so much better that she should come to you with her confidence," said Lady Olive Despard to Mr. Dwarris, a day or two after Audrey had talked to her about Ida. "It would set everything so much more right. There is evidently something on her mind, and yet there is no trace of this man against whom you are warned. Has she never mentioned him to you?"

"Never, except that once, when, as I told you, she related to me the incidents of her father's illness and death; and then she spoke of him in the slightest way, as the person who had been with the ill-fated stranger. I have no reason to suppose that she has held any communication with him, since she has been here; and, after all, it is possible that the letter which you thought she tried to conceal from you at Plymouth may have had no reference to him. If it had any, it is strange that it has not been followed up in any way. I cannot bear to seem to surprise her into an admission, or I should ask her whether she has

reason to suppose that Mr. Dale is in England? But if I were to ask her that question, and she were to resent it, an immediately unpleasant state of things must be the result. And so, we must only let her take her own mysterious way for the present. Perhaps the man may never seek her out, perhaps he has found a more profitable game to play; and she may be secretly fretting over his defection. Ah, that is a possibility you have not considered, Lady Olive, but it has presented itself strongly to me, and suggested a hope that we may never hear anything about him, for she will easily get over it, if such is the case."

"That would be the easiest solution of the matter, but I confess it seems to me too easy to be true."

"I suppose it is," assented Mr. Dwarris with a sigh. "She is a very sweet young creature, and it would be a terrible thing that she should fall into unworthy hands."

"Would you mind repeating to me exactly what she said about the wills, when you were explaining matters to her?"

"Not at all. She asked me whether she was obliged to know anything about her step-mother's will, and I said no, she was not obliged—but that it would be strange if she did not—until she came of age, when of course she must be put in possession of her property, and my duties as her guardian would terminate. She looked as if she were counting up the time, and then said, with great earnestness, that she begged I would not tell her anything about it; that her most ardent desire was to know nothing; that anything I thought right she would be satisfied with, and she only begged me not to talk to her on the subject again, until the time when it must be talked of. She was quite nervously eager about this, and I gave her the promise she asked for. Now all this does not look at all like our having anything to fear from Mr. Dale."

Lady Olive assented to this view in words, but she was not so satisfied of its accuracy as she appeared. She trusted to her woman's instinct in the matter of Ida Pemberton rather than to reassuring appearances, and that instinct told her that danger was ahead. But she would not disturb her old friend's mind with her misgivings, all the more as he was full of anxiety, and the old regrets, revived into double sharpness, concerning his son. Griffith Dwarris was to leave

Wrottesley, and to employ the legacy of five thousand pounds bequeathed to his father by John Pemberton, and which his father made over to him, with the approbation of Audrey, in embarking in a commercial business in London. He had been carefully advised and cordially aided by Mr. Conybeare, and the change was decided upon. It was exceedingly grievous to Mr. Dwarris, although he saw the first step towards a fulfilment of his own dearest wishes in the advancement of his son to a responsible position, with all the possibilities of a commercial career, from that of a salaried dependent; but Griffith was going away in a few weeks, and the old home was to be broken up. Lady Olive Despard thoroughly understood the vacillating moods of the old man, in the anticipation of such a change in his daily life, and she cheered him in each of them, inducing him to express feelings to her which would never have found utterance by him to his daughter, his niece, or to Griffith himself.

And Madeleine? How was it with her? As it is with minds and hearts like hers—minds and hearts which have a central stillness, the peace of God, and the power of self-abnegation. Madeleine was happy. Things were going much more smoothly than usual at Beech Lawn; and her father was less moody and sad than she remembered him to have been for a long time. Of course this was to be imputed to Clement Kindersley's behaviour. The ill-conducted member of a family is always the one who exerts the greatest influence over the peace and welfare of the others—the one in obedience to whose fluctuations between positive and comparative ill-doing all the others fluctuate between active and passive misery and shame. Mr. Kindersley had begun to persuade himself that Clement had "turned over a new leaf," and to feel gratitude to Mr. Durant as the supposed promoter of the happy alteration. He almost ceased to dread the reading of his letters in the morning, there was such a falling off in unpleasant communications, in disgraceful revelations, in demands for money; he almost ceased to dread Clement's appearance, so much less frequently did it display the degradation of dissipation and low-lived pleasures. Of a surety, his son had at length fallen into clean hands, and—an unexpected turn of fortune—had placed himself under a respectable influence. He seemed so constant, too, in his predilection for Mr. Durant's society; his former rest-

lessness was much modified; and altogether, Mr. Kindersley began to let his mind rest—as men, as weak as they are sensitive, will let their minds rest; whenever they get a plausible excuse for taking the relief—in the happy notion that at length Clement's wild oats were effectually sown. From that mental process to its natural, inevitable sequence—that of persuading himself that the sowing had not been so very profuse, nor the grain so entirely rank and poisonous—there was no long distance. Mr. Durant had very good sense and agreeable manners—so much Mr. Kindersley knew of his own observation; and he was a good deal influenced in his favourable opinion of his son's friend by the surprise which it caused him, but which he sedulously kept to himself, that Clement had made a friend of him. With the sole exception of Griffith Dwarris—the man whom Mr. Durant was so absurdly like that Mr. Kindersley himself hardly knew them apart, and whose influence over Clement had passed away—his son's previous associates had been of a sort peculiarly odious to Mr. Kindersley, when they had chanced to be such as could by possibility be made known to him. His old-fashioned manners were outraged by their loud and fast vulgarity; his old-fashioned morals shrank with horror from their vices; and between his ignorance of the actual course and incidents of his son's life, and his too frequently justified conviction that whatever Clement was doing, it was no good, he was generally in a state of painful bewilderment; so that the change was very welcome. Mr. Kindersley had suffered many things at the hands of his partner, Mr. Conybeare, on account of Clement—from advice and foreboding when the boy was very young but already spoilt; to active aid and valuable counsel in these later and darker days, when the young man was almost beyond help or hope; and he entertained a feeling which was partly gratitude, and partly the bitterness of mortification—with which we always do regard the people who have discovered that our geese are not swans, and told us so—towards Mr. Conybeare: the kind of feeling which made him enlarge on the advantages of this new intimacy, and praise Mr. Durant in terms a good deal beyond such as would have sufficed for the expression of his real sentiments.

Mr. Durant seemed to be in no hurry to leave Wrottesley. The month's tenancy of Mrs. Kellert's second floor, for which he had contracted in the first instance, had

extended to a second, and was now renewed for a third. He had been cordially invited by Mr. Kindersley to transfer himself to Beech Lawn, but he had not accepted the invitation. He was, however, a frequent visitor there, though the young mistress of the house did not share her father's prepossession in his favour. The candid sweetness of Madeleine's nature kept her singularly free from prejudices; but in this instance she imputed her dissent from the general judgment to prejudice. Mr. Durant's close resemblance to Griffith Dwaris annoyed her, as much as it annoyed Audrey, and they discussed it until they had succeeded in establishing almost as many points of difference as there were points of similarity between them. They even agreed in regarding Griffith's near-sightedness with favour, because Mr. Durant's eyes were faultless in vision; and they actually came to admire Griffith in spectacles. He laughed at them both on the subject, and was very good friends with his "double."

Mr. Kindersley, according to his son the irresistible and inalienable precedence of a black sheep, was keenly alive to all that concerned him, but profoundly unconscious that the life story of his daughter was unfolding itself. He would have said, if questioned as to his views for Madeleine, that he had not any in particular; but hoped she would remain with him a few years, and then make a suitable marriage—by which he would have meant a marriage agreeable to the views of the Boscawens, the Armytages, and the "county" mind in general. He had expressed approval of the change in Griffith Dwaris's plans, without the slightest idea that it could have any special significance for him. If things went well with Clement, and her father's mind were easier, Madeleine would tell him, after a time, what their wishes and hopes were; and perhaps Griffith's money would "turn itself over" sooner than they expected. The conduct of these young people was observed with interest by the outsiders who were in the secret of the love story, which had had its brief hour of sunshine and security. Lady Olive Despard talked of it to Griffith Dwaris no more, but she was kinder than ever to Madeleine. Lord Barr discussed it with his sister, in his kindly, hearty way, and with much emphatic admiration of Madeleine, whom he declared to be infinitely too good for any man. She was rather his ideal of an angel, Lord Barr observed, than of a wife. A man would

have to be perpetually reminiscent of his own inferiority who should be Madeleine's husband. Lady Olive requested her brother to define for her his ideal of a wife, but he evaded the subject with some awkwardness.

Mr. Conybeare, too, the only human being to whom Madeleine had ever been unjust—the "bear," whose manners and whose shoes she had equally objected to—was a quietly interested observer of the game of life, as it was being just now played at the Dingle House and at Beech Lawn. Mr. Conybeare was a bachelor, of so absolute and consistent a kind, that no woman's name had ever been ever so lightly spoken in connection with him, and the most inveterate gossips or match-makers in Wrottesley never dreamed of speculating on eventualities in which he should be concerned. His handsomely furnished rooms over the business premises of the bank, his books, and his pianoforte, formed all his anchorage to life; and when Miss Minnie Kellett sentimentally deplored that so "nice" a gentleman should be destitute of kith or kin, she had reason for her sympathy. The interest taken by the junior partner in Kindersley and Conybeare's in Griffith Dwaris was more active and practical than that taken by the senior partner; and he brought the cool contemplation of an outsider to bear upon the state of affairs—a contemplation not only cool, but strangely complacent, for one who would have truly rejoiced in the happiness of Griffith Dwaris and Madeleine Kindersley. Frequently, at this period, in his rooms at night, Mr. Conybeare might have been seen to rub his hands stealthily, and smile covertly, as though he wished to hide those evidences of feeling even from himself; and he made his appearance at Beech Lawn oftener than he had done within the memory of man. On these latter occasions, he did not seek to ingratiate himself with Madeleine—he maintained his usual distant demeanour towards her; but he observed her, much as a lynx, actuated by the most benevolent intentions, might have done.

Thus there was quietude, with just the slight uncertainty and faint trembling beneath it, which in nature precedes the outburst of the tempest which is to put an end to quietude, in the little world with which this story has to deal.

It chanced that, one day when the girls from the Dingle House were engaged to dine at Beech Lawn, Ida Pemberton, being

in a restless mood, and disinclined to any of their customary modes of passing the morning hours, proposed to Audrey that they should have some of the packing-cases, which had been sent from Sydney, taken down from the loft where they were stowed away, and should inspect their contents. Audrey assented, but reluctantly.

"I think it will be painful for you," she said; "and you are not in very good spirits to-day."

"It must be done at some time," said Ida, "and I can bear the pain now as well as later. Let us have one down at all events."

The lid of the packing-case was removed, and Ida, for the first time, found herself in contact with objects connected with the past, in her old home. The sight of them made her realise how complete the breach with that past had been, when every possession was destroyed with the ship. Strange yet familiar to her were the things which the girls looked at together, but only Audrey handled. Ida could not touch them; she stood by, while one by one her cousin placed them on the tables, and chairs, and drawers, in Ida's room. There were drawing-room ornaments; some colonial curiosities; delicately-woven grass fabrics; emu's eggs, mounted in gold; some beautiful specimens of carving and feather-work;—and these Ida proposed should be added to the simple decorations of the Dingle House. The box had been unpacked to the last layer, when Audrey took out of it a small writing-desk of carved sandal-wood, with silver lock and handles.

"That was Mary's," said Ida; and she took it tenderly from Audrey's hands, and placed it on her bed. "She prized it very much. It was my father's first gift to her."

"Here's a small parcel—it feels like books"—said Audrey, "done up in black linen. There's a label on it: 'Bessy West.' What can this be?"

"The name is in Mary's writing. Something she put in for Bessy West, no doubt. It must only remain here. I daresay she will remember about it, and send me her address."

When the box had been emptied and taken away, when the girls had agreed that they had done enough for one day, and Ida was alone, she knelt down beside her bed, and, touching Mary's desk reverently, she found that it was not locked. She raised the lid, and saw the rough silver key lying in one of the small divisions. She turned down the upper flap, and found that the desk contained only one object. This was a small packet, enclosed in thick white letter-paper, and sealed with Mr. Pemberton's own seal. Ida knew it well; Mary had a fancy for the motto: *Post tenebras lux*. Fair, white, without a word written upon it, lay the sealed parcel. What was it? With what intention had Mary Pemberton placed it there? How could she, Ida, discover and fulfil that intention? Still kneeling, the girl looked at the packet, a thousand memories crowding over her mind, perturbed and doubting. What if this should be a later made will of Mary's, or some paper essential to Mr. Dwaris in his arrangement of affairs? What if it should be some sacredly private treasure, beloved and hoarded by the dead, which she would have had buried with her in the deep, if she could have chosen? But that, Ida remembered, could not be, since Mary had sent these things to England in another ship than the *Albatross*, for special safety. This packet, then, must contain something which she wished to be preserved. Ida rose, and looked the door of her room; then she carefully cut the paper round the seal, and removed the cover; disclosing a second, exactly similar, and sealed with the same seal. But, on the second cover the following words were written, by Mary Pemberton's hand:

"Entrusted to me by Edward Randall, shortly before his death; to be given to Lady Olive Barr."

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SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PHOEB FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. MISS LACROIX RECEIVES A PROPOSAL.

BEFORE the evening everybody had the story, and the young Minerer was a hero. The colony was enchanted with the notion of a healthy English drubbing being thus administered, and the viscount had few sympathisers. He, of course, despatched "witnesses" to obtain satisfaction in due form; but the police had already summoned the two gentlemen to appear before them the next morning. The viscount was seriously incommoded by the blows he had received, and, until these troubles were over and settled, it would be premature to think of personal satisfaction. When the facts were stated, the police summarily ordered the Frenchman to quit German territory, while the lieutenant was dismissed with a reprimand. The witnesses, while the viscount was packing up, once more waited on Mr. Minerer, and appealed to him to give the injured exile a meeting; but this the other flatly declined—"unless," he said, "he wanted another edition of the same treatment," when he would be delighted to gratify him. But the idea of taking a long journey to a neutral country to oblige this viscount, who was a first-rate shot, was asking rather too much.

Thus was the young Minerer converted into a hero. It was certainly awkward for the Minerer family; for he was now, officially, the young lady's champion. His mother pooh-poohed it, and said, in her usual open way: "How delicate the girl

was! a few words from a good-looking Frenchman would not kill her. It was a low, vulgar scuffle; don't let her hear any more of it." As for the heroine herself, what woman would not be touched by so gallant a display? Indeed everyone, including "the dook" himself, was pleased; and the young naval officer was presently brought up, and introduced to him, in the public walk. Old Sam Pringle grudged him praise, sneering, rather sardonically, at the whole performance, protesting that anyone could "thrash" a full-grown Frenchman, and growing more and more troublesome in his attentions to the lady.

"Come, now," he would say; "you're not going to turn the head of that poor little boy, who has just come from school. Do give him his quietus at once."

Miss Lacroix would laugh in her piquant fashion. "What can I do?" she would say. "I must, at least, be grateful. I have told him again that his devotion is absurd; that in a few months he will have found some one far more attractive, and will wonder what he could have seen in me. But it is useless."

It seemed so indeed. She was perfectly truthful in these declarations, and held to what she had professed to Lady Minerer, that she would not directly encourage the lad, though she reserved her right not to behave in a different manner to him than she would to anyone else. She would expound this nice point to her friends and admirers with some elaboration. "I am surely not called upon," she would say, "to make myself odious to people who like me, all to oblige people who dislike me. No; I will just carry out the juste milieu that I have undertaken to do. And no more can be reasonably asked."

Lady Minerer listened with a grim smile, and said to her friends, with meaning: "Only wait a little. I'll match Miss Artful yet."

A few evenings later Miss Lacroix was at one of the little tables, the various clients sitting round in attendance, when Mr. Minerer was noticed hovering round at a distance.

"See the moth fluttering round the candle," said Mr. Pratt-Hawkins.

Miss Lacroix—always, as it were, keeping the edge of her wit sharp—said: "Do you liken me to a candle? An elegant compliment!"

"Well, I mean a superfine one."

"Parafine?" asked the lady.

At this moment she noted the imploring looks of her adorer, who now came up.

"Would you come?" he said; "my mother is ever yonder." He did not say absolutely that the lady wished to see her.

"There's an inducement," said Mr. Pratt-Hawkins.

When she and Mr. Minerer were walking away, he said to her, in an agitated tone: "Forgive me; but I wanted to tell you. An order has come for me to join my ship at once. There has been some plotting here; but they will not baffle me. I shall throw up my commission sooner."

"You must not think of such a thing," said the lady. "Such a step would be madness, and you would regret it to the hour of your death."

"Then you will come to my aid?"

"How—tell me; and I shall be only too glad to help my champion."

"Oh! what do you mean?" said he pettishly; "it's not what I want."

"Then it could never be," said the lady, calmly, "if you are thinking of that. I have tried to hint it to you in every way. Some women enjoy the pride of getting a proposal, and of telling it afterwards to their friends. I don't care for it; and I wish to spare those I love anything like mortification. I have met no man as yet whom I would care to marry; and as for marrying a person younger than myself by even two or three years, and younger in mind by six or seven—that could never be!"

The young man was staring at her blankly.

"Why, you're not refusing me?" he said.

"No," said she, gravely; "I have too much regard for you to be so unkind. I do not want to receive any offer."

"But I want you. Will you take me? I make the offer here on the spot; and you will answer me."

She shook her head. "I can say no more than what I have said. Be advised by me, my dear, brave champion. We should not suit each other. I have none of that warmth of chivalry which is in you. It would never do. I will not say 'try and forget me,' as the heroines do, for I should not wish that. But I would like you to take a manly course. Go back to your ship; work hard, distinguish yourself; and then——"

"And then?" he asked, anxiously.

"And then; well—remember, I tell you—you will wonder how you ever came to think of such a person as me. Now do promise me."

The young fellow looked at her for some moments, and then said: "Come, I shall distinguish myself. You shall hear of me, never fear."

"I am sure that I shall."

"That is as much as saying that you think I have not distinguished myself as yet. Very well. No matter; you shall hear of me all the same."

That evening, his father was heard asking various persons did they know anything of Horace? Had he announced where he had gone to? Then it became known that he had quitted Homburg, abruptly, without saying good-bye to his family. There was much pity for the love-sick youth, who was presumed to have been thus torn by duty from all that his heart was bound up with. Old Sam alone sneered. "A course of salt junk," he said, "will take all that out of Master Jeckanapes."

It was about ten o'clock the following evening that old Sam, taking a nap—his handkerchief drawn over his head—while the rest of his family were at some concert, was roused up by the sudden entrance of Miss Lacroix, who was in a state of agitation. Much confused at being thus surprised, he attempted some gallant excuses. She drew a chair close to him:

"I am alone now," she began; "a dreadful piece of news has come."

"God bless me!" said Sam. "No one dead, I hope?"

"That poor boy, who we thought had gone to his ship, had, it seems, crossed the frontier into Luxemburg, to meet the man who insulted me. He has been wounded."

Old Sam started at this news.

"Not killed?" he asked.

"No; thank Heaven!" said the visitor; "wounded in the arm. I have had a dreadful scene with Lady Minerer, who accuses me of having set him on, of trying to entangle him, and of everything that is bad."

"Why, my dear, you are everything that's good. She's an old cat. Where is she? I'll do battle with her."

"She has gone, and I am turned out on the world. Rather hard, I think; so unjust too. Everyone knows how honourably, and with what self-denial, I have behaved. It was not for her sake, of course, nor do I put it higher than this—that I did not really care for the poor boy, and that it would have been most unsuitable for both of us; still, there are others in my position who would have been glad to be Lady Minerer, and to have a good fortune."

"Of course there are. You were too good for the fellow. But what are you going to do, now that you are on your own resources?"

She smiled rather bitterly. "On my own resources! Those are of the most slender kind. What would you recommend a girl to do, who has been suddenly cast off in a foreign country, without friends or protectors, and all for refusing to take advantage of the folly of the child of those who have treated her in this way?"

"Monstrous!" said Sam; "it's a public scandal. I know what you must do—come to us while you look about. Yes, you shall."

"Oh, how kind! how good! You overwhelm me. That certainly would save me. But have you thought of it? Perhaps Mrs. Pringle and your daughters——"

"Oh, they! Nonsense! Of course they must like it. But if you have scruples—I see them coming up the street. Did you hear all this?" he went on, as they entered. "Old Minerer bolted; son stuck through the arm; and this nice girl here turned out in the street? It's a shame!"

Mrs. Pringle put on her favourite air of wondering sympathy, which was equally large, general, and indefinite; for she looked at everything still with that instinctive presentiment which is found in even stupid women. She felt that this little convulsion pointed in some way to a relationship with them. The ponies too glanced at her distrustfully.

"Oh, you will go to your friends now, I suppose?"

"Exactly," said Sam. "She will come

and stay with us for a time—till she can look about her."

Mrs. Pringle started; the ponies looked astonished.

"It would be certainly," said Miss Lacroix, in her quiet way, "what is called a great charity. But though Mr. Pringle is kind enough to propose it, I am not so unreasonable as to think of accepting. You would let me go back under your charge? I am really quite friendless and helpless; I don't know what will become of me here."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Pringle. "We shall be all only too glad. And while you are here, we shall be delighted to chaperone you."

"What nonsense you are talking!" said Sam; "as if you were going to a ball. Chaperone her, indeed!"

"Even that much," said Miss Lacroix, "I am not prepared to inflict on you, unless Mrs. Pringle sees fit, after reflection, to propose it. I must learn, now, how to make friends for myself, at the risk of being considered an adventuress. It is my misfortune, not my fault, that I find myself in this pitiable way."

The ponies and their mother were still "dry;" they had their instinct as to the agreeable stranger.

From that time, however, the outside public gathered from Miss Lacroix's behaviour that she had transferred herself to the Pringle family. Were there any doubt of this point, old Sam would have taken care to remove it; for he was loudly trumpeting everywhere that she was going home with them—that Mrs. Pringle would take charge of her.

She was now, indeed, the heroine of the place—as, of course, any young girl, for whom it was known that a gentleman had perilled his life, would be. She was pointed out a dozen times in the day; and almost at once the little band of worldlings began to find their account in this companionship in the increase of prestige. Various high personages, whom they had looked to with yearning, and who had received their advances with coldness, now became cordial, and brought over their chairs for a familiar chat. The heroine was modest, unassuming, and deferential. But she showed her good nature still further, when she came to Mrs. Pringle humbly, and said that the fast countess was eager to know her; and, presently, that curious personage came over, was very gracious, and

asked her to join a little picnic, and bring her daughters. And this event actually came off, to the great profit and elation of mamma and the ponies. Miss Lacroix, in some other directions, also showed herself unobtrusively useful, and secured the family social advantages with a success and goodwill which, if it did not win the family's hearts, showed them that she had a power that might be profitable to them. Indeed, the Pringles were now not a little proud of being seen with her so constantly; while Mrs. Pringle noted, with pleasure, that she had the art of keeping Sam "in order;" and that, on one or two occasions, when he had become "obstreperous," and had been scarcely deferential to his lady—a very gentle way of putting it—Miss Lacroix interposed, and, in a firm but good-humoured strain, gave him something that was very like a rebuke.

"I suppose you want to drive me away?" she said, half rising.

"You!—No!" said he, astonished. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Surely, you don't speak in that style often, do you?"

"Oh, that's only to her; not, of course, to you, my charmer."

Miss Lacroix fixed her cold gaze on the old "clown" until he became abashed.

"That's a distinction you really ought to be ashamed of. As for styling me your 'charmer,' or anything of that kind, I cannot tell you what an empty compliment I consider it, so long as you use such language to anyone else. I declare I could not have believed it, unless I had heard it. Mrs. Pringle ought not to pass over this without the handsomest apology."

"Why?—why?" said Sam, quite bewildered. "You are not taking up a thing in this way? What have I done? Surely she knows what I mean."

"Oh, I see! Badinage!" said Miss Lacroix. "Some of your little playfulness. That's quite a different thing. We shall be friends again."

This was about the first time that Sam had been brought to book in this fashion. Everyone who heard it thought it would do him a world of good. He looked a little darkly at his mistress; but she had the air of the most perfect indifference, as though he himself would suffer most by taking offence. It did not concern her; it was the most effectual mode of dealing with such natures as his.

There was one person, however, of

whom we have for some time lost sight, and who was, in some degree, interested in the new arrangement. This was Lady Juliana, growing hourly more sensitive, aggrieved, and tyrannical. She used her favourite metaphor again and again, of "people kicking away the ladder," &c., and sniffed disdainfully at the cool, collected young lady, in whom she instinctively felt the presence of a rival, and, possibly, a usurper—a feeling that was quickened into venomous animosity by a careless remark made by Miss Lacroix, and repeated to her. They were ascending one of the neighbouring hills, when Mrs. Pringle, in her helpless way, declared that "She was sure she could never get up such a height—"

"Ah!" cried Miss Lacroix, "now you feel what it is to have kicked away the ladder!"

However, Lady Juliana, who had been incautiously asked to stay some weeks at Joliffe's Court, never allowed matters to come to a rupture, which would have been a quarrel, not so much with her friends as with "her bread and butter." As she held that they were under such serious obligations to her—obligations not yet repaid—it would be like the sort of "satisfaction" that is found in being shot in a duel by the person who has injured you, to punish them by removing herself from their presence. But it occurred to Mrs. Pringle, who was groaning under this oppression, that in Miss Lacroix would be found the champion to do battle for them, and exterminate the dragon.

In this fashion the days and weeks sped over pleasantly, until the Homburg season began to wane, and people dropped away. Pratt-Hawkins was the first to flit, having an instinct that he ought to be in some other favoured grounds, in time to greet important fashionables on their arrival. This symptom alone was significant, and the Pringles, having made considerable progress in their profession, began to get ready to go home.

"What! leaving us?" was said to them very often by those who were remaining longer. "And so Miss Lacroix goes with you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Pringle answered, with some complacency; "she is going to stay with us at Joliffe's Court for a short time."

And in a few days the family, with all their train of tall menials and their waggon-load of boxes—duly weighed with

much clatter and at reckless cost in the booking-office—set out on their journey homewards. They were to stay a few days in town, and then proceed to Joliffe's Court on their first visit to their country seat. And their new friend, as the gossips had said, went with them.

CHAPTER XXXIX. HONEYMOON.

WHAT could offer such a contrast to the gay and worldly scenes we have just been contemplating, as our Phœbe's honeymoon! Phœbe, now that the dreamy ceremonials at the church, with the attendant depressing elements that succeeded, were done with, gave herself with delight to the prospect of the new life that was opening before her. There was no thought of the cares, trouble, or annoyances which wiser and more stupid people encumber themselves with; such folk, for instance, who, when eating at a banquet spread with all the luxuries, disquiet themselves with anxiety as to how it is to be paid for. There are light souls who will feast at a restaurant without a sou in their pockets, and will relish the dainties as heartily as though they were guests at another's table; and Phœbe, still a gay, capricious school-girl, though now enjoying a patent of precedence as "Mrs.," was certainly akin to the improvident feaster. Indeed, she had an idea that being thus married was somehow akin to receiving a substantial appointment, and that there was nothing to do but to take a house and order "things." Her ideas of money, and of measuring it against the things it could procure, were as shadowy as those of a savage, as, indeed, will be seen presently.

Her companion started on his course in gloom, and passed through the day in a sort of desperate resignation. He could not, however, but be touched by the affectionate elation of the poor unthinking little soul, who had confided herself to him with about the same easy thought as she would have gone to a ball. Though she doted on her mother, she took leave of her with a carelessness that struck a pang to that worldly lady's heart, who, at that moment, received a contre-coup for the light fashion in which she, too, had parted from her parent some thirty years before. The truth was, Phœbe assumed that matters were to go on pretty much as before; that "mamma was to come and stay with them" as much as she pleased, &c.; with other visionary arrangements of the kind.

It must not be thought that Mr. Pringle—of the new firm, constituted that day—was what is called "a bad fellow." So, though in the deepest dejection, he made as firm a resolution as he was capable of that he would master his humours, and be as indulgent as possible to his new companion, which he thought was a great stretch for him. After all, she was very "nice," very pretty and interesting, she loved him with her whole heart, and there was no doubt that when "the governor came round," which must be in a short time, then Phœbe would form a very pretty ornament for the family, and set off Joliffe's Court to great advantage.

They were departing for the Continent. At the station Mr. Pringle found a young maid, and two enormous black boxes of the size and weight of family plate-chests. These contained all Phœbe's worldly goods, not one article of which could she bring herself to dispense with, though the tour was to be but for three weeks or a month. Indeed, the greater of the two boxes would have held Phœbe herself conveniently. It was when he saw these enormous boxes, with the attendant woman, waiting for him—things for whose cost and care he was now responsible—that a sort of sinking came upon him. In these articles seemed embodied a symbol of all the cares and troubles of the wedded life which was now commencing. However, this he shook off; for there was his pretty Phœbe, in her new travelling-dress, bright and gay as a bird, and laughing with delight as she read her new name, "Mrs. Pringle," on the trunks. Her companion, though in the lowest spirits, felt ashamed, and came to a resolution that he would not chill this frail and delicate soul by his despondings; but for the next few weeks at least he would, as it were, shut his eyes, and forbear to think of what was to come.

Then, coming to Paris, they put up at a great and costly hotel, for Mrs. Pringle had expensive ideas; and they went about and saw all the sights, and of evenings sat in the Elysian Fields—the earthly ones so called, near the "Place of Concord"—and listened to the open-air concerts. All this was delightful to Phœbe—and new, also—and then there was the additional pleasure of seeing all these fine things in company with her hero. It was pleasant, too, to see them feasting at a restaurant, and proclaiming to the waiters and guests, as plainly as though

they carried it written on "show-boards," like the "sandwich men," that they were a newly-married pair. Then there were the theatres at night, very brilliant and dazzling, but very hot and crowded, and the performance very unintelligible. In short, she was dreadfully tired and would go to sleep, which shocked Mr. Pringle, who considered that this discovered a blemish of which he had not been aware before—an indifference to intellectual amusement. To say the truth, he himself had a very imperfect idea of what was going on; but he was of a more wakeful temperament.

Then they set out for Switzerland. Phoebe, indeed, had suggested a German watering-place. Would it not be a grand coup to make straight for Homburg, and, while the music was playing, walk up one evening to Sara and Mrs. P., taking them by surprise, and extorting forgiveness! This wild scheme Mr. Pringle dismissed with a smile of good-natured pity. "You don't know them," he said. And yet it is probable that Phoebe was right; the thing might have answered; and there would have been no more story to tell.

To Switzerland they went, impelled by Fate, where the glaciers and the other "snow business" bored Phoebe dreadfully. She was not strong enough to do climbing; and Mr. Pringle, with a sort of pitying displeasure, began to discover that Phoebe had "no soul for the picturesque." Indeed, instead of being the poetical little creature he had always fancied her to be, he found, to his amazement, that she was singularly matter-of-fact, which, indeed, need not have surprised him, had he considered the eminently practical mind that had brought her up. Meanwhile, the weeks went by with tolerable speed, for all this was new to Mr. Pringle, and he enjoyed the travelling; and Phoebe enjoyed it, as she saw that he did so. Never was she out of humour; only at times she "pouted" a little when she thought he was not as overpoweringly affectionate as at first. Nothing so delighted her as their little dinners every day, when some new house was tried, and where there was failure or success, as it chanced to turn out. All this, as may be conceived, was in the nature of holiday work. It seemed to her like one long party, where she was always in full dress, and where there was no greater anxiety than the doubt, would a partner return and claim his dance?

STITCHES IN TIME.

THE London School Board is doing original and experimental duty in every department. One of these is the division ruled over by the needle—and pins also; for surely knitting belongs most naturally to that instrument? and knitting takes up, and fitly, a large portion of the compulsory and needful course. Recognising the importance of perfection in this essentially-feminine and universally-wanted labour, the sub-committee appointed for its supervision had, not long ago, a gathering-in, or exhibition, of sewing; enabling them to judge of what the schools for which they legislate are capable, in what they are deficient, and what, therefore, still remains to be done. A second, but not less excellent, result, was capable of being brought about by the little show. Sewing teachers might be stimulated by it to develop their resources; might be urged on to creation, adaptation, execution, of which they had had no idea before; might get the prick of friendly rivalry to "cut out" a neighbouring parish, as well as a garment; and, in short, to reap from their fellow-competitors, as well as from what they themselves had "sewn." To this end, teachers were allowed entrance to the members' board-room, where the show was; and, as there were hours in the day when the teachers' occupations placed a bar on them coming, the small stock was not suffered to stay upon the tables unlooked at, but was open to the inspection of the interested public as well. All had been exposed on purpose that people should be instructed; and the various items shall be here set down.

In the first place—in the very, very first place—a board-school "infant" has to be taught how to thread a needle. Poor mite! Amongst the articles for exhibition were needles, certified (with proper teacher's name and school-house, to give authenticity to the testimony), one to have been threaded by a tender babe of three years and nine months; one by a babe of three years and ten months; one by a babe of the mature age of four! Earning-time comes so soon after birth with these luckless little citizens, it is only humane to make the earning-path as easy as it can be, as soon as the feet can tread. The youngster who has successfully threaded a needle has but one other step to take till it reaches the age of five—it must hem. It has not to "fix" the hem; that is, to

turn down the edge of the calico it is going to work, and to give it a double turn down, in a straight line again; a pupil-teacher, or some selected Sixth-Standard scholar, is bound to do that. The small soul has only to put the needle in, to put the needle out, where the fold shall be kept attached to the rest of the material, and where no very great inequality in the size of the stitches shall be seen. A novel, and excellent, regulation regarding these stitches prevails at the board schools. When a baby first begins to hem, her cotton must be black; when she can thrust her needle in and out fairly, her cotton must be red; when she is forward enough for pretty independent working, her cotton must be blue; when her hand has found its cunning, and thread and thimble have all the required rapidity, she is advanced to the dignity of using cotton that is white. The sense of this is at once apparent. White cotton would soon be soiled into black by the thumbing, and fingering, and knotting, and tangling of a pair of infantine and sadly-puzzled hands? Let it be black, then, from the beginning; the small seamstress is saved the shame of the soiling, the teacher can more readily see the steadiness of the stitch. The choice, next, between a red thread and a blue is more fanciful, since it might just as well be a green thread and a violet, or be any other two distinguishable hues. It is no less full of purpose, though; and full of purpose that is good. A number of standards is required, with the object of stimulating the scholar, by erecting unmistakable marks of how far she has gone; with the object, also, of frightening the scholar, by always having a rear point to which she can be thrust back. The reign of red and blue is moral, therefore, not physical, like white and black. With it comes the fact—on account of its purely arbitrary distinction—that teachers forget which is the colour of advance, and which is the colour of a step behind; so they mix up red and blue in a bewildered manner, with the result that the standards in all the schools are not alike. Such a defect has called forth an ingenious remedy. Let the teachers remember, says the experienced lady-examiner of the board-school needlework, that black is the colour of the ores obtained from under the earth; that red, coming up a little higher, is the accepted representative colour of mother earth itself; that blue, looking above to the

loftiest, is the colour of the sky. With such a hook to hang the differences upon in their memory, teachers are not very likely to put a colour out of its place.

Standard the First, to which the foregoing refers, and being for babies between the years of three and five, requires only strips of calico for its little people's little operations, or a tiny pocket-handkerchief. The calico is that called "grey," or unbleached; and it is of a sufficiently soft and loose thread, to be as little punishment as possible to baby fingers. Standard the Second, for girls between five and seven, must take these strips of calico, after hemming them, and must seam them together, by sewing or by a "fell;" must also "fix" the hem before it is begun, and take the first lesson in knitting. To let no stitch of sewing or no inch of material be wasted is a great moral as well as financial point with the board schools. When these Second Standard little folks, therefore, are sewing their hemmed strips of calico together, they are making them available for dusters or other cloths; but with their knowledge of hem, and sew, and fell, they have all the power requisite to make a plain pinafore; and, accordingly, they must apply their stitches, under direction, to this simple purpose, and give that much proof of the height to which they have attained. Standard the Third groups the girls of from seven to nine. These must do the hemming, seaming, and felling of Standards First and Second; in addition, these must fix the whole of them—not fix the hemming only, as with the children just before—and must be taught to "stitch" and sew on strings. No great stride, this, as far as sewing can be judged by catalogue; but it is the tuition of contrivance, or adaptation of what has been already taught; and as this is exactly what the expanding brain can be coaxed up to, it is put here in its just place. The little subjects of it must not neglect their knitting, though. They must knit with wool this time, too—not with cotton, as in Standard the Second; their knitting should go on as far as cuffs, of the stitch called "ribbed;" and the specimens they are expected to give of their sewing proficiency must take the form of an article like a pillow-case, or a woman's quite plain shift.

When a little maiden enters Standard the Fourth, she makes a great rise. She should. She is to be between nine and eleven years of age; and, alas! have not

many little Nans and Pollies, not a month older than this, been compelled to take all house-cares upon them, and baby-cares, and to be, perforce, the living centres of their homes? A Fourth Standarder, consequently, must compass much. She must be able to make "father" a plain shirt—a shirt either for day or night; and she must be able to knit "baby" a pair of socks. To do this last, the two accomplishments of knitting "plain" and knitting "ribbed" come in; together with "toeing," "heeling," and other necromancy, known, it is told, as "narrowing;" and to do the former, the little seamstress must perform the mystery of "setting-in gathers," of stitch, and "stroke;" must sew on buttons and make button-holes; must have a good deal of adaptation of the now familiar hem, and seam, and fall. "Father's" shirt must be shown to be his own, too, so the little woman must learn to "mark;" and she must be taught to darn. Standard the Fifth, for girls between eleven and twelve, seems to have nothing very distinctive as its aim, except a "run" and a "whip," and the knowledge of how to sew on a "frill." A girl of this age is to be consolidating what she learnt when she was in Standard the Fourth—that seems to be about the reasoning of it. She is to extend her knitted sock and magnify it, till it has grown into a stocking; she is to do so much "seam, and gusset, and band" work, previously done in the shirt, that she is to turn out a woman's night-dress completed, and to trim it up with frills. When a girl has had one more birthday, and is between the ages of twelve and thirteen, she is in the last year her parents can be compelled to let her attend school. If she is a girl as bright as London school-girls generally, and her finger-work keeps pace with the work of her precocious brain, she is passed into Standard the Sixth, and last. But surely the open roads and byways of plain needlework have been trodden to the last perch of them, and there is nothing left for Standard the Sixth to teach? The mere question shows how little the non-professional, and masculine, mind knows of the empire of the work-bag; knows, also, of what may be called the levelling and surveying of a garment, before it can be carried out. Hitherto, the little operatives on print and flannel, on muslin and holland, on bleached and unbleached calico, have had the shape and situation of their seams cut out for them; they have had their wristbands measured; their gussets

squared; the place of their button-holes indicated; and directions given as to the limits within which their "gatherings" were to be confined. They have even had their "whipping" regulated, receiving strict orders as to their "stroke." But scholars of Standard the Sixth are to take their yard or two of material, and are to begin with it at the very ground-plan. They are to consider its purport; the accommodation it is to afford; the style in which it is to be built; and they are to have scissors for weapons as well as needles, and they are to cut and slash till the garment they are to construct lies there before them. Neither have they to look for clients, as architects of other matters have. The little people in Standards First, and Second, and Third are always wanting strips, and handkerchiefs, and simple pinafores to make, or mar; these are the customers, and they come in a continuous stream. As soon as the young cutters are skilful in meeting their easy requirements, the wants of scholars in the higher standards have to be met; and, in this way, by grades, every kind of garment comes into the hand; and at thirteen, when a girl may leave school, she leaves it—theoretically, at any rate—the mistress of the whole. She has, though, other lessons to learn. She must darn stockings; worsted and cotton, fine and coarse. She must also—if she have anything of the Penelope genius about her, and do not "cobble" and "pucker" beyond the conscience of a sewing-teacher to stand—be initiated in the beautiful darning used by the Germans and the Swiss; in the magic "grafting," by which a piece of old stocking is inserted into a disorderly toe or heel, exactly as if it had been woven there; in the best way to darn fine linen, and calico, and diaper, and to put upon it a neat patch. Beyond this a board-school girl is led no more; the whole gamut or vocabulary of stitchery is before her; and who shall say, if she can go from the A to the Z of it, that she is not a very desirable little personage, with the ways of livelihood broadly opened before her?

Now, in the board-room, or parliament house, of the members of the London School Board there were specimens, during these sewing show, of every one of these twenty-five or thirty sorts of work by needle, that the Six Standards of the School Board require. The board-room was not en fête for the occasion; for brown-holland coverings hid the morocco seats that would have been

bared to more privileged eyes; and there were some labyrinthine stone-passages to descend into and wind through, before it could be reached, weighted with heavily-opening doors. The mahogany tables on the dais and on the floor were simply spread, too, with the little garments for exhibition in the most non-official way; but, as was said in the opening paragraph of this notice, the work of the School Board is original and experimental, and until it has been in existence a little longer, it is no marvel its arrangements should not be perfect and complete. The interest of the exhibition, however, ran as deep as it well could. Let knitting be first taken as a representative, and pursued as far as the Board tether will let it go. There were specimens upon the board tables of the initiatory Standard the Second knitted strips. They were left as strips, wherein their use would be for garters; they were sewn together till they were a yard long, perhaps, and two feet wide, when they had become excellent, and most excellent, bath-towels. The colour was right, for it was unbleached; the material was right, for it was cotton; and the stitch or texture was loose and soft, to do its drying-work readily. Bath-gloves had been made of this same cotton knitting, also; and little babies' "bodies" or stays. Going into the more ordinary woollen knitting, the variety of things produced by these poor board-school children was most suggestive and commendable. There were cuffs, of course, socks and stockings; they were de rigneur; but there were, in addition, scarfs, mittens, muffatees, babies' boots, scarlet petticoats, small squares as washing flannels, and ladies' jerseys or camisoles, shaped nicely, and with pretty fancy knitting round the neck and arms as edge. It must be thought that children taught to apply their ingenuity and industry in such modes and ways as these, must come, of themselves, in due course to light upon some modes and ways more. Their minds would not be left a blank, any way; and out of something, something is nearly sure to come. And there was another worthy point likely to be gained by this familiarity with home-made manufacture. Care had been taken to show how much material each article had used; how much, also, such material had cost. For instance, there was a pair of solid and warm and lasting muffatees; they took three-quarters of an ounce of wool, and had cost twopence halfpenny. There was a pair of full-sized men's striped

red and grey socks, equally solid and warm and lasting; they had used four ounces of wool, and had cost one shilling. There was a pair of long ribbed stockings, to fit a knickerbocker-boy of seven or eight; they cost thirteence. There was a pair, grey, smaller; they came to ninepence. There was a pair, scarlet, less again, fourpence; being socks, though, these, and to fit a child of two. It was broadly visible to any eye, that such goods would last twice or thrice the time of similar goods wound off by machine; and it was equally clear that none of them came to more money than if they had been "shop," whilst in most instances they came to considerably less. If, therefore, the next generation of artisans' wives will do some knitting, instead of some lounging and talking out of window, to which it has been observed that they are prone, they will find that they have saved a good many shillings at the year's end, and have produced durable socks and stockings, that will not nearly so often be wanting to be repaired by a darn. There is one school under Government inspection in London, but not a board school, where knitting is absolutely taught to the lower section of little boys. Whether they will disdain this knowledge when they are passed up under sterner rule, has yet to be discovered. The system is at present too young for any result at all. It would only seem desirable that men, like railway porters, messengers, and the like, who are obliged to wait, idle, for a momentary rush of work to do, should have some profitable something to occupy them during their long waiting. If to knit would suit their tastes and circumstances, it would undoubtedly be of service in other ways.

Then, in the School Board sewing show, there was an excellent array of sewing proper. There were frocks, petticoats, pinafores, handkerchiefs, dusters; toilet-bags, braided; aprons, shirts, shifts, night-dresses; Lilliputian drawers; some loose frills; a sampler, to show the marking; and probably much more. Some were shown for rapidity of work—an essential; some because they had been produced by those luckless little maids, "half-timers." A few were trimmed with lace-edging; a few were embellished with hem-stitch and feather-stitch—varieties of needle-facture that, like braiding, are not compulsory by law, and only come in as graces. Prices, in these cases, also, were affixed; and, as buying was permitted, the

market, in financial phraseology, was good, and prices remained firm. Let us quote a few. One ticket, on a plain brown-holland pinafore, some sixteen inches long, said: "Fourpence. Second Standard. Worked, and partly fixed, by a child six years old." Another ticket, on a pink print pinafore, lace-edged, of shield-like shape, front and back, said: "Fourpence. Infant department. Fixed entirely by children." A third fourpenny affair was of blue striped print, with frills and band; also worked by that well-represented little community, Standard number Two. And so the matter went on; some notable "exhibits" being a few natty and tasty frilled brown-holland aprons, worked by, and especially meant for, sewing-mistresses and pupil-teachers. These had dainty pockets in the front, large enough for good use, too; and in the pockets were pierced four eyelet-holes, that the four coloured cotton-reels might remain safely at the bottom of them, each end out of the eyelet-hole belonging to it; and the wearer need only pull and keep drawing it farther through, as it was required. At the side of the aprons was a long strip of brown-holland, imitating a *châtelaine*; in which were receptacles for scissors, needles, thimble, pins, emery-cushions — anything a sewing-teacher would want as her lessons went on. To make the price list complete, it may be added that the "quotation" for one of these aprons, scissors and all, was one shilling and eightpence.

So far, there has only been mention made of raiment exhibited fresh and new. To patch and darn, though, had not been forgotten in the show; and the specimens made many an important number. It would be, manifestly, an ugly proceeding to show a large table-cloth darned, or a patch in a great linen sheet. Little square pieces, therefore, of diaper, of damask, of true "Irish," did this just as well, and displayed the skill of the little menders effectually; the square pieces being joined together on a tape, where they were handy for inspection, and ran less chance of being mislaid. Stockings with darns upon them were plentifully displayed, and excellently done. Pieces of stocking-stuff, sewn on to tape as above, were not rare, though; and these were darned with bright-coloured cotton, to the useful end that then they had their darning stitches very clearly seen. The effect to the eye of the coloured cotton was good, too, independent of its utility. The stitches at

both ends being high, and then gradually low, formed, both at the top and bottom, the finish called "vandyke;" and it was obvious that many pretty ways of adorning d'oyleys, pincushion-covers, and so on, could be discovered, by adapting this style of treatment to other materials and other forms. It was quickly apparent, too, why this particular darning-stitch, the common one, is technically called "the twill;" a diagonal pattern is formed by the very fact of alternately leaving a stitch and taking one—it cannot help itself. Of the other darning-stitch, the one called Swiss, or German, there were but few examples. This was only to be expected, since only exceptional girls, out of the exceptional Sixth Standard, were to be taught it; and since this identical authenticated system of teaching needlework has been so short a time in existence, that the girls fit for it could not possibly be more than a few. The stitch seemed well worth learning, however. It imitated the real stocking rib, or mesh, exactly, and was very rich-looking, being, in fact, tantamount to a braid or chain.

It only remains now to allude to the item "cutting-out," in this School Board sewing show. This was represented; and, like a good many other things, was represented—in paper. The paper, too, in a perfectly orthodox manner, was printed on purpose. It is of a white ground, about the stoutness of this journal, and it is covered all over with tiny black stripes, as though every inch of it had gone into polite mourning. This additional expense, though, had not been incurred without its correspondingly additional intent. The stripes are just equivalent to the threads of a fabric; and they show, therefore, which "way of the stuff" the pattern pieces ought to go. Seamstresses, skilled in their art, say this is important; and as long as foxes' heads, horse-shoes, and favourite pointers are printed on gentlemen's shirts, for them to be hung one way up is a necessity easy to understand. Be that as it may, there the striped paper patterns were; and there they looked very professionally enigmatic, in spite of the careful folds to them, and the neat directions how they were to be placed. Even these had prices, it should be said; and had customers. A small pinafore was one penny; a large shirt, say, or something similar, with many mysterious lesser enclosures, was twopence, or twopence halfpenny. It is to be hoped that, in

the dimensions, the neat sewing adage, familiar to grandmothers,

Wide and wear,
Narrow and tear,

had not been forgotten. It is useful; and so was the sewing show, which, it may be trusted, will have a long line of successors.

OLD MURCH'S TREASURE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

I FOUND that general opinion went far to confirm the curate's story. It seemed to be agreed on all hands that the sergeant was the accepted suitor of the uncomely Kezia—with an eye, of course, to the future possession of Seth Murch's treasure. Kezia's hand was clearly sought, from a supposition that it held—or would some day hold—gold in its palm. It was not her face, but her probable fortune that was bringing her a husband. And what a husband! This worthless extrooper, with his black moustache, his blood-shot eyes, and flaming red nose—sot, gambler, braggart—the bane of the village!

It was nobody's business, however. Kezia was old enough, assuredly, to choose her own course—to accept the sergeant for her husband if she felt so disposed. What would it have availed to interpose with warning and good counsel? Doubtless, he had wrought upon her vanity; he had made her believe that it was for herself, and not for Murch's money, that he wooed her. And she loved him, it might be, his inflamed face and intemperate habits notwithstanding. She trusted him implicitly; she was proud of her professed lover—proud of herself, perhaps, in that she had, as she imagined, captivated and brought him to her feet. She must go her own way, and take her sergeant along with her. People could but shrug their shoulders, or smile significantly, or sigh once more over this further instance of human fatuity; it was not a case demanding the intervention of lookers-on.

So Kezia and her sergeant were seen "keeping company," conversing closely on the doorstep of "the shop," or just outside the village by the cross-roads and the finger-post. She was unable to wander far; old Murch was too helpless to be altogether left to himself, and he declined to admit strangers into his back room. Perhaps Kezia did not think it prudent, for her own sake, to lose sight of the old man for long together. He might pos-

sibly—however incredible it might seem—be tempted to make other friends, and to alienate his property; he might fall a victim of the unscrupulous, and even part with a share of his savings.

Old Murch had in truth but few friends. Of late years, however, he had made and cherished the acquaintance of our one policeman—George Waters—who exercised supervision over Midgeford, Downborough, and the surrounding country as far as Faircombe. Waters was a fair-complexioned, yellow-bearded, stout-built fellow, who performed his functions of constable after a most exemplary fashion. Of course, his experience as an active agent in the suppression of crime and the punishment of evil-doers was not extensive, for we were, on the whole, peaceful and law-abiding folk, and occasioned him no great trouble. Still, now and then, we—or some of us—gave way to poaching; a case or two of sheep-stealing had come under his notice; and at times, certain violent proceedings—on Saturday nights usually, and outside the Barley Mow—had demanded his serious attention. And more than once he had been seen haling to the bench, sitting weekly at Faircombe, a handcuffed offender, who had been captured in the act of consuming a turnip of which he was not legally the proprietor.

Old Murch found comfort apparently in surveying the stalwart proportions of the policeman. He liked to have the law and its sturdy representative on his side, and upon friendly terms with him. He was said to have given George Waters a screw of tobacco. Given it to him, mind! Such a case was alleged to be entirely without precedent.

The old man lingered on. His state varied little, although upon one day, perhaps, his asthma might trouble him more than upon another. His mind often wandered. He repeated himself very much. Every time I saw him, he said the same things about his poverty; his desire to be charged moderately, and to be supplied only with inexpensive medicines; spoke of his ship coming home, and of his investments in copper and coal, gold and silver. Yet a certain alteration in his manner I could not fail to note. There was now a look of apprehension in his face that was new: his suspicions and distrust of all about him had increased perceptibly. As he spoke to me he lowered his voice and watched Kezia furtively through the pane of glass in the wall, to

make sure that she was too well occupied with the affairs of the shop to note what he said or did. Once, when he detected the presence of the sergeant in the shop, he was seized with a violent trembling, and he drew me towards him as though demanding my protection. Yet he did not express his fears; he left me to read them in his looks. I could not doubt, however, that he was beset with misgiving in regard to Kezia, and with strange fear of her lover the sergeant.

It was between seven and eight o'clock one evening, and already very dark, for winter was upon us. I was crossing the downs, having been detained at the Mill, Durringford, and it was with difficulty I could find or keep the track, which was indeed as thin and faint as a hare's path. And I missed my wonted beacon—there was no light burning in old Murch's window, for a wonder.

"Is that you, sir?" called a voice out of the darkness.

"Who calls? Who wants me?"

"All right, sir. I know your voice. Don't be alarmed, sir. I'm Waters, the policeman. They told me you'd gone over to the Mill. I was coming after you. We've been wanting you badly down at Midgeford."

"What's the matter?"

"Old Seth Murch's ship has come home, sir, at last."

"You mean——?"

"Dead, sir!"

"Poor old fellow! But it was only to be expected. I don't suppose I could have been of any use, even if I'd been on the spot."

"Maybe, sir. But the thing isn't regular, as I've been saying to Mr. Godfrey. We shall have to trouble the coroner about it, and the magistrates too, I'm thinking."

"What do you suspect, Waters?"

"Murder, sir, and nothing short of it. That's my opinion of it."

And then he entered into particulars.

Old Murch had been last seen alive on the previous evening at eight o'clock or so. A customer—Josiah Stacy, ostler at the Barley Mow—had made some small purchase at the shop about that time, and, peering through the pane of glass, had perceived the old man in his usual position beside the fire. As Stacy left the shop the sergeant entered it. Shortly afterwards the shop was closed for the night. The sergeant had been seen by several persons assisting Kezia to close the out-

side shutters. He had been in the habit, it appeared, of so assisting her.

On the following morning, greatly to the surprise of the community, the shop was not opened. Intending customers had vainly cried through the keyhole, and thumped upon the door and shutters. There was no response. Towards noon, news was brought that Kezia and the sergeant, carrying certain bundles and packages, had been seen by one of Squire Hillington's shepherds, very early in the morning, miles away from Midgeford, making their way, as it seemed, to the railway station at Bassett Bridge. At one o'clock, Waters, the policeman, had taken upon himself to prize the door and effect a forcible entry into Seth Murch's cottage.

The old man had been found lying prone upon the floor, at some distance from his usual place by the fire-side. His chair had been flung into a corner of the room. There was evidence of disturbance in both rooms—ransacking of drawers and cupboards, and upsetting of the furniture and wares of the shop. Old Murch was quite dead. As Waters judged, the old man had been dead many hours.

A pickaxe, a crowbar, and a spade rested beside the grate. The hearthstones had evidently been lifted from its place. Fresh mould, fragments of stone, and dry mortar strewed the room. The stone had been clumsily restored to its position—the assumption being that old Murch's treasure had been first removed.

It was my task to examine the body of the miser, but I looked in vain for any signs of violence. There was no expression of pain upon his face, which wore, indeed, the semblance of a mask of yellow wax, with almost a smile upon it. He looked younger than when alive. The finger of death had smoothed away certain of his deeper lines and wrinkles. A cotton handkerchief was wound rather tightly round his neck, but not so tightly as to suggest strangulation. It seemed that he might have died of natural causes. He was so old, and had so long been ailing, I could hardly say that his end had been hastened even by the shock or surprise brought about by the theft of his goods, or the rifling of his house, that had surely taken place.

An inquest was thought necessary, however, and Waters deemed it his duty to obtain warrants for the apprehension of Kezia and the sergeant on a charge, as

I understood, of "unlawful possession." Waters seemed disappointed that I could find no trace of ill usage upon the body. He owned that he thought it, and hoped it might prove, a case of murder. "You see," he said, "I've never yet been in a real case of murder." I felt that allowance must be made for a man's interest and absorption in his profession. But the Rev. Mr. Godfrey, who had entered in the course of my examination, was, I think, much shocked at Waters's opinions.

"Now about this hearthstone," said the policeman presently. "Why was it moved? What's the meaning of that, I wonder?"

"It was there he was supposed to conceal his treasure," stated Mr. Godfrey.

"Well, suppose we have it up again. There can be no harm in that."

The stone was raised with little difficulty. The earth beneath had evidently been disturbed quite recently, and a cavity was left from which, as we all three hastened to assume, a square box—a strong-box containing treasure we could not doubt—had been lately removed.

"And what's this?" cried Waters, moving his spade to and fro in the loose earth. "A bone. And this? Another! And another! And here, no question of it, a skull—a human skull!"

Indeed we lighted presently upon the remaining bones; the skeleton was complete. At some time or other—years since, probably—the body of a man had been interred beneath old Murch's hearthstone!

"There's been foul play, you may depend upon it," said Waters. We could not but agree with him. "That old Murch, in his time, was a bad 'un. Indeed, it's my belief, that he was a bad 'un from first to last. And this is what it's come to! He led a miserable life—starving, and screwing, and pinching; and this is the end of it. He'd better by half have spent his money like a man. And this skeleton means murder, or I'm a Dutchman. He's got that to answer for, you know. He can't get out of that."

"Hush!" said the curate, "it is not for us to judge him. You forget that."

"But you think it's murder, sir, don't you?" demanded the excited policeman.

"Indeed, I fear so," said the curate sadly.

"And you, sir?" He turned to me.

"It looks very like it, Waters."

"Then at last I am in a murder case," he said, in a low voice, with a chuckle of

satisfaction. No scrap of cloth or linen was discovered with the body. It had, we inferred, been stripped before burial under the hearthstone.

It was decided that inquests must be held alike upon the body of Seth Murch, and upon the remains of the person unknown, discovered in Seth Murch's cottage.

The duty of examining the skeleton devolved upon me.

I was engaged in this disagreeable task when Waters entered hurriedly.

"I need hardly tell you," he said, "that this affair has made an uncommon stir over the county. And the London papers have taken it up, and there's a pretty compliment paid to an energetic and intelligent police constable, which I should like to read to you, for it's something out of the ordinary way, if the opportunity served, but it don't. Now just listen. I won't detain you above half a minute. You're doctor to the Downborough Union—or at least Mr. Bligh is—it's the same thing; and you visit the sick there. Now, is that true, or isn't it?"

"It's perfectly true, of course."

"Of course it's perfectly true. Now, do you chance to know an old chap there that's paralysed, hand and foot—Amos Codd, by name?"

"I do."

"You do. Now, what's his state of mind?"

"Well, he's a poor, half-witted old man. Very old and infirm. He speaks with difficulty; his mind wanders, and his memory's gone."

"Stop! There, I don't agree with you. Just wait a bit. Amos Codd was Midgeford born and bred. He's ninety-seven by the register in Midgeford church. He knew Seth Murch when Seth Murch was a mere boy. And he knew old Vidler, who went into partners with Seth Murch. Now, do you see what I'm driving at?"

"Really, Waters, I cannot say that I do."

"Stop a bit. Vidler disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, so Amos Codd declares, and so I've heard other old people hereabout say, over and over again, times and times. No one ever knew what became of him. He went out one night, and he never returned home again. That's the story told of him. And old Seth Murch never cared to speak on the subject. And old Seth Murch was very much the richer for the disappearance of Zachary Vidler: for that was his name—Zachary

Vidler. Now, put two and two together, and isn't it plain to you, as a medical man, nay, I'll say as a gent of ordinary intelligence, that those bones, dug up from beneath Seth Murch's hearthstone, are the bones of Zachary Vidler?"

"When did Vidler disappear?" I inquired.

"Well, it may be a matter of fifty years ago."

"It's hard to identify bones," I said.

"Stop a bit, I say again. Don't let's take up opinions in a hurry. Easy does it. Old Amos Codd may be a muddle-headed old pauper-lunatic, and I don't say he isn't. But he's not a likely man, from all one knows or can hear of him, to invent much out of his own head. He says he knew Zachary Vidler well. He says that Zachary Vidler was born with one leg shorter than the other, and that, although a strong and active man, he walked all his life twisted on one side in consequence. And more than that. He says that Zachary Vidler was trepanned—he did not use that word, but that's what he meant—by reason of a wound received when he was a lad, in a poaching fray alongside Squire Hillington's upper plantation. He had his skull fractured with a blow from the butt-end of a gun, in point of fact. Now, that's plain speaking. And I put it to you, this time solely as a medical man, are the marks mentioned—the trepanning of the skull, and the shortness of the leg (Codd wouldn't bind himself as to which leg it was, and I think the better of him in consequence)—are the marks mentioned to be found upon the skeleton dug up from beneath Seth Murch's hearthstone, or are they not?"

Sure enough, it was the fact. The skeleton corresponded with old Amos Codd's account. The skull showed the marks of the operation of trepanning, and the bones of one leg—the left—were, appreciably, smaller and shorter than the bones of the other limb.

Waters was triumphant. It could scarcely be doubted that Seth Murch, fifty years ago, had brought about the murder of Zachary Vidler. As much might reasonably be inferred from the discovery of the skeleton hidden under the hearthstone.

At the inquests, however, verdicts were found setting forth that Seth Murch had died from natural causes, and that the bones of an unknown person had been discovered with nothing to show how the same unknown had come by his death: an open

verdict, in fact. Waters expressed himself as dissatisfied with these decisions of the jury. He held that crime was plainly apparent in both cases.

Soon news came of the arrest of Kezia. She had, it seemed, been deserted by her companion, with whom she had quarrelled desperately, and whom she now denounced in the most vehement terms. She bore upon her face marks of his ill-usage of her. He had promised her marriage, and had failed to make good that pledge. He had robbed her, or, perhaps, it should rather be said, deprived her of her share of the plunder of Seth Murch's cottage. She was fully prepared to bear evidence against him before the bench of magistrates. If she could but see him hanged, she freely declared, she should die a happy woman.

She stated upon oath that she had never compassed the death of the old miser, nor planned to rob him. She knew that he could not long survive, and she believed that she would be entitled, upon his death, to all he might leave behind him. She was willing to wait. But the sergeant, who had professed to love her, and whom she had promised to wed, was very impatient. Not so much to be married, as she now knew only too well—but to become possessed of the miser's money. The sergeant had been for ever prompting and plaguing her to rob her uncle. At last she had consented to fly with the sergeant. She had thought only to become his wife, and then to return to the shop, and her duties towards her uncle.

But the sergeant had been bent upon plunder. He would not go empty handed. An additional dose of laudanum had been administered to the old man; but he was wide-awake, being probably well used to doses of laudanum, when the sergeant made his way into the back room. The sergeant had been about to strike the old man with the crowbar he had brought with him to raise the hearthstone, when Kezia had stayed his murderous hand. Seth Murch had with an effort raised himself from his chair. Had he said anything? Yes. He had cried twice, lifting his hands above his head, "My ship's come home! my ship's come home!" And then he had tottered a little, his legs seemed to give way beneath him, and he had fallen, face forward, upon the floor.

The sergeant had then raised the hearthstone and discovered an iron-box, which he had carried away. He had also laid hands upon everything of a portable

kind, that seemed of value, he could find upon the premises. Their flight had been delayed and encumbered by the plunder they had borne away with them.

They had forced open the box, and, rifling it of its contents, had flung it into the Faircombe Canal. It contained about thirty pounds in money, and numerous papers, of the worth and purport of which they were ignorant. They were of old date, and subsequently proved to be the scrip certificates of shares in various defunct mining speculations and bubble companies, and altogether valueless. Old Murch's treasure, indeed, was eventually ascertained to be but a very shadowy thing.

Kezia's evidence led to the apprehension of the sergeant. He had made his way to the garrison town of Gunnersbury, with what aim it was difficult to say. He was found lodging in a public-house, lavishing his money—or rather the money of the miser—in drink, which he chiefly consumed himself. He was speechlessly intoxicated when the handcuffs were snapped round his wrists, and he was driven in a butcher's cart, borrowed for the occasion, to Faircombe gaol, in the custody of the indefatigable Waters.

He was brought before the magistrates, and after a preliminary examination, remanded. That he would have been found guilty of and duly punished for the crimes charged against him, could scarcely be questioned. But prison fare did not agree with him. His constitution had long been accustomed to a more generous regimen. In truth, he was a drunkard; and now he was deprived of drink. His nose lost its fierce brilliance of hue, waxed paler every day. Even his moustache declined in colour—for something of its intensity of blackness was shown to be due to art. The sergeant died in prison.

Waters enjoyed a wide-spread popularity, and the knowledge that his character as a constable was thoroughly established. He was much prized about Midgeford, and was even made the subject of a testimonial. That he had, after all, accomplished very little, was, perhaps, as good a reason as any other for honouring him in that fashion. But that he had done nothing more, was long a subject of sincere regret to him. As he said, it was not his fault that the cases had broken down in his hands. It was certainly hard. For his part, he felt sure that he could have clearly established that Zachary Vidler had been murdered by Seth Murch, and

have brought home to Sergeant Vidal the crime of robbery with attempt to murder.

One consolation was left to him. Kezia put forward a claim to old Murch's property—both real and personal—as his sole surviving relative. He had died intestate.

Waters, however, discovered and proved, by reference to the parish registers of Midgeford, that Seth Murch was base-born, and, therefore, could have no legal heirs except such as might be lineally descended from himself. He had never been married. Kezia's claim therefore failed altogether. The miser's property went to the Crown.

"And there's another very curious thing," said Waters to me one day. "That sergeant always called himself Vidal. But I've found out that by right's his name was Vidler, and, as I believe, he was a relation of that self-same Zachary Vidler, as was, beyond all question, to my thinking, murdered by old Seth Murch. Now, doesn't it strike you, sir, as something just, that the one Vidler should come to be, by chance or what-not, the avenger, so to say, of the other Vidler? For, old and ill as he was, you know, Seth Murch might have been living now—saving your presence, doctor—if it hadn't ha' been for that sergeant fellow; at least, that's how the matter strikes me."

THE KING OF THE EGGS.

Of all the odd figures to be found on any map, there is none more odd than that of the island of Sylt, near Schleswig. It bears a rude resemblance to an old woman, with an extremely long neck, and abnormally attenuated from the waist downwards, holding up an apron well filled with eggs or other solid commodities. The island is heterogeneously composed. The portion which includes the body from the shoulders to the waist, together with the extended apron, is tolerably solid, and contains a watering-place, Westerland, which is frequented by the Northern Germans. But the head, neck, and lower extremities are, to all appearance, formed by accumulations of sand, and it is amid a region of sand that the island exists.

The inhabitants of Sylt are Friesians, of a pure stock, though the island seems once to have been peopled by Finns, the expulsion of whom has been recorded in a

mythical narrative already noticed in these columns.* It is no myth that we have to deal with now, but a series of incidents which occurred within something like the last two hundred years, and the essential truth of which there is no reason to doubt.

The northern part of Sylt, comprising the old lady's head and neck, is called Listland, and to the extreme north of this is a strange promontory, which may be likened to a feather planted on the crown and bobbing over the forehead. Here, some thirty years ago, stood a long, low-pitched, old-fashioned building, once the house of a local hero, Peter Hansen, more commonly known as Peter the Little, King of the Eggs. He was so called because he owned or rented all the sandhills of Listland, together with the nests of the countless sea-fowl which there built their nests. The care of these birds was his almost sole occupation, and his revenue mainly consisted of two-thirds of their eggs, often amounting to forty thousand or fifty thousand a year. His large family—according to some twelve, according to others twenty-four, in number—far from being a burden to him, was incalculably useful; since, not only did his children assist him in looking after his feathered subjects and their nests, but they laid snares for hares and rabbits, and tended the flocks belonging to the other inhabitants of Listland, who regarded Peter as a person of high authority. Scarcely less important, and much more formidable, was a ferocious bull. The eccentricities of this furious animal were long tolerated, not to say encouraged, by Peter, who found him exceedingly useful as a scarecrow, warning off the marauders who landed for the purpose of stealing eggs, and regarded him with natural terror.

At last, however, the propensity of the bull to rush—as bulls generally do—at everything red, coupled with the circumstance that red was a favourite colour with the female residents of Sylt, rendered him so intolerable a nuisance, that a sentence of imprisonment for life was passed upon him, and all Listland, with Peter at their head, set out one fine day to carry the sentence into execution. After much seeking, the animal was found in a marsh, whence he was no sooner lured by the exhibition of a red cloth, than he was forcibly seized by Peter, who took him by the horns, and, throwing him on his back,

held him down till his limbs were bound fast by the others.

The bull was duly incarcerated; but Peter soon found to his cost, that, by his zealous performance of his duties as a citizen, he had done considerable injury to himself. His neighbours had been freed from a nuisance, but his feathered subjects, from whom he derived his revenue, had lost a protector; and a system of egg-stealing began, such as within his memory had never been known before. No wonder that, after searching for eggs during a long summer's day, and finding nothing but empty nests, Peter looked dismally around him, and regretted the ingratitude with which he had treated his old ally the bull. It is said by Herr C. P. Hansen, possibly his descendant, the native historian to whom we are indebted for our facts, that Peter was particularly vexed by the circumstance that the robbers of late had committed their depredations at night-time or dusk, when it was hard to trace, much more to capture, them. For ourselves, we must confess that the circumstance does not by any means inspire us with surprise, and that his peculiar vexation at the artfulness of the marauders, leads us to infer that the cautious egg-robbers belonged to the same frank, open class as those among our house-breakers who perform their vocation on a bright summer's afternoon. However that might be, he remained standing out of doors in deep meditation till about midnight, when he was startled by the sea-fowl, who, with loud cries, flew up from their nests, convincing him that mischief was near. He therefore deemed it expedient to investigate the state of affairs, and, walking round the coast, found no fewer than seventeen boats anchored a good way inland. All these, exerting his wonted powers, he pushed into the sea, and then went homewards, chuckling with the consciousness that he had performed a righteous act of vengeance. The "small hours," as we now call them, had made some progress when he reached his residence, but all the family were sitting up, in great grief, on account of the loss of one of the children, a little boy, aged four years, who had followed his father, and had not been seen since, having probably missed his way in the darkness. On the same night a boat belonging to King Peter was also gone.

Nor was the damage done to Listland confined to this twofold loss. Some of our readers have, perhaps, already felt an

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 9, p. 208, "The Pigmies of Sylt."

uneasy doubt as to the wisdom of Peter's mode of vengeance, and an inclination to surmise that his mental capacity was scarcely commensurate with his bodily strength. An ordinary householder, aware that his kitchen was occupied by a formidable band of robbers, would scarcely deem it judicious to double lock his street door, and fling the key out of the window; yet his policy would, in principle, be exactly the same as that pursued by the King of the Eggs. Peter was undoubtedly a first-rate judge of wild fowl and their nests, and possibly he was the one man in the world who, to use a proverbial expression, could have taught his grandmother to suck eggs. But where a knowledge of human nature, especially the worst side of it, was required, he was clearly at fault, as we have already been induced to believe by the disgust he felt, on the discovery that thieves loved to work by night, rather than by day.

Now for the consequence of Peter's luckless revenge. On the day after the boats had been sent adrift, outrages altogether unprecedented were committed. Embittered by their loss, the marauders were no longer content to take the eggs, but they also shot birds and roasted them, not even sparing a very tame species which was regarded as sacred by all well-disposed people. It was not till night that the island was well clear of them, some recovering their boats and some being picked up by passing vessels, which they had hailed; and it was not till night, let us add, that Peter, brave and strong as he was, ventured to put his nose out of doors and ascertain the amount of his loss. Rumours that he was threatened with a direful retribution had reached his ears, and probably he began even to suspect that a quiet thief in the dark is, after all, preferable to a bandit "rowdy," who braves the light of the sun, especially if he has a number of comrades. He, at any rate, so far profited by his day's experience, that he never again pushed boats into the water against the will of their owners.

Diligent search was of course made for the missing member of the royal family, but all was in vain, and years rolled on without any tidings being received concerning him. Every summer the depredations of the egg-stealers became more extensive, and Peter began to think that every foreign potentate was his natural enemy.

It was under these circumstances that, one

summer's day early in the last century, a rough-clad, thick-set man arrived at Hoyer, a village on the mainland of Schleswig, whence there is the shortest passage to Sylt. Scarcely had he gone down the beach, with his wooden shoes in his hand, and embarked in the ferry that was about to cross, when, almost immediately after him, came another man, of aristocratic appearance, who rode on horseback, and eagerly made inquiries respecting a fugitive serf, whom he had closely pursued, but whose trail he had just lost. His description of the fugitive closely corresponded to that of the man who had preceded him, and he was readily directed to the ferry-boat, and at the same time warned that he might have some difficulty in dealing with the Friesians. As he thought himself an exceedingly great person, the notion that he could find difficulty in anything annoyed the strange gentleman not a little, and the state of his temper was not improved when, on reaching the sea, he found that the ferry-boat had already sailed off, and also had occasion to notice that the vehement gestures which he made to the ferry-man were disregarded with supreme contempt. His first impulse was to gallop back to the village and order another ferry-boat, but such an article was not to be had. At last, someone chanced to recollect that a certain cobbler was the happy owner of a boat, and this man, being ordered in the king's name to convey Baron Ditlef Rantzau to Sylt, obeyed as a matter of course, and the northern extremity of the island was reached at about nine o'clock in the evening. When he had landed, the prospect on every side was dismal enough. Sand was abundant; but of man, or of the habitation of man, or of culture, there was not the slightest trace; and so hungry did the great Rantzau become, that, on discovering some sea-fowls' eggs, he was only too glad to eat a few of them raw, and put the rest into his coat-pocket. The birds themselves were not so agreeable as their produce, for they did not scruple to fly after him and peck his head, if he strayed unconsciously too near their nests; and no sooner had he drawn his sword to ward off his noisy persecutors, than he suddenly found himself assailed by a human adversary, who, clad in coarse woollen attire, and brandishing a thick cudgel, rushed upon him from behind a mound. This, we need scarcely say, was King Peter, whose domain had been, on this occasion,

unintentionally invaded. The sturdy monarch did not hesitate to declare to the baron that he arrested him as a purloiner of eggs, and that he was rejoiced to catch an old offender, who, no doubt, had long pilfered with impunity.

That a Rantzau, a member of one of the most illustrious families of Denmark, when accused of such a very unlordly crime as egg-stealing, should feel irate, was natural enough, but, with an enormous effort, the baron kept down his temper, explained who he was, and stated that he was endeavouring to recover eighteen fugitive serfs, one of whom he was sure was to be found somewhere in Sylt. Perhaps Peter did not believe the baron's account of himself; perhaps he did not care whether it was true or not; at all events, he not only continued to address him as before, but even searched his coat pocket, smashing one of the eggs in the process, and thus obtaining ground for a renewed accusation. Reined in with great difficulty, the baron's temper could bear the curb no longer. He drew his sword, and would have killed his adversary on the spot, but he was disarmed by Peter's cudgel, and betook himself to the boat with all possible speed.

In authentic records, Ditlef Rantzau, whose estates lay in Jutland, is described as a tyrannical man who greatly maltreated his subjects; and the eighteen serfs are said to have fled from bondage, because he had yoked them to his carts and ploughs in order to save his horses, a form of cruelty which is not peculiar to the aristocracy of Jutland. The fugitive, who was never recovered, and whose name was Sören Nielsen, married one of Peter's daughters, became the prosperous captain of a merchant vessel, and ended a very long life in Listland.

The combat with the aristocrat of Jutland interrupted the monotony of Peter's life, but the excitement which it caused soon subsided, and years again rolled on, apparently more slowly than ever, without any variety, save that, at the close of every twelvemonth, things seemed to be looking rather worse than they were before. Some of Peter's sons were dead, the rest were out at sea, and the King of the Eggs was almost alone with his wife and daughters. Nor was the reflection cheering, that the older he grew, the less would he be in a fit condition to grapple with the egg-stealers, whose numbers and industry seemed to be constantly increasing. If the eggs had increased likewise, there would

have been some chance of compensation; but, whereas the early summer is generally the period when sea-fowl are most productive, the continuous west winds so much retarded them in a certain year, that when the month of May was near, not a single nest or egg was to be found.

One gloomy day Peter stood alone on a sand-hill, looking on a sea lashed by a furious south-west wind, and contemplating, with his mind's eye, a dismal future, when he perceived a ship driven towards the shore by the raging billows. When he had not to deal with egg-stealers and aristocrats, he was the best-hearted fellow in the world; and, observing the imminent danger of the vessel, he planted on a hill a long pole with a bundle of heath at the top of it, as a signal to the neighbouring villagers that something unusual was going on, and betook himself to the western coast. There he saw at once that there was a possibility of saving the ship, which was very near the shore, and guiding it to a safe harbour. So he ran due north, waving his hat, to indicate to the crew the direction in which they ought to steer. His signals were apparently understood. The vessel was scarcely a hundred paces from the north-west corner of Listland, when the captain was seized by a sudden panic. In the light of the setting sun he had recognised Peter's face, and shouted out, like a maniac, "No! That is my mortal foe, the King of the Eggs. I will suffer anything rather than fall into his hands." Almost immediately afterwards the ship struck on a reef, and was dashed to pieces.

Of the floating bodies Peter was able to bring ashore only one, that of a young sailor, apparently lifeless. Soon, however, there were signs of animation, and after a while the youth was sufficiently recovered to be led by his preserver to the royal residence, where he was put into a warm bed by the queen-consort, while Peter called on his neighbour, the local magistrate, who had paid no attention to the signal. The worthy functionary had indeed been guilty of a gross neglect of duty, but, far from showing contrition, he rated Peter in good round terms, ascribing the loss of the ship to his clumsy interference.

The wound inflicted on Peter's feelings by this unmerited objurcation was at once healed when he reached home. During his absence, his wife, approaching the bed occupied by the sleeping stranger with a lamp

in her hand, had perceived near the region of the heart three peculiar spots, which proved him to be no other than the long-lost son. She, of course, communicated the glad tidings to her husband as soon as he made his appearance, and the answers of the sleeper, when questioned, showed that she had not been mistaken. He recollected that he had passed his early childhood in a sandy district; that he had once followed his father from home, and had lost his way; that he had been found by a Swedish skipper, who had come to the island for eggs, and had remained in his service till the time of the shipwreck which had just occurred.

The joy of the parents was, of course, great; and we may state, in conclusion, that from the date of the youth's recovery the egg kingdom began again to prosper. Young Hansen proved to be quite as useful as the bull, from whom he differed in one important respect—namely, that he was extremely popular.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER II. TWO LETTERS.

"How very tired you look, Ida," remarked Audrey to her cousin, when the two girls, on their return from Beech Lawn that same evening, were going upstairs to their respective rooms. "You wearied yourself with unpacking that big box to-day."

"Oh no, I think not," Ida answered, hurriedly; "I don't feel particularly tired."

"You look so, then; and I could not think what ailed you the last half hour, at Beech Lawn, while Madeleine and Griffith were singing the last duet. You looked quite worried whenever I caught sight of your face. It was not often, for Mr. Durant managed to place his chair, most awkwardly, right in front of you, and almost directly with his back to me. He is rather tiresome, I think, and you seemed bored to death."

"Hardly more so than you, Audrey," said Ida, with a forced smile.

"Perhaps not. Clement Kindersley always does bore me horribly; he is incapable of talking of anything except himself, and he sticks to the subject so pertinaciously. I wanted to come

to your rescue several times, for I could see you were miserable; but he would not let me escape. What in the world was Mr. Durant talking about?"

"Different things; nothing worth remembering. I believe I am very tired, Audrey, and, if you don't mind, let us not talk any longer to-night."

The girls had reached Ida's room, and Audrey bade her cousin a cheerful good night, and left her. A bright fire was burning in the simple, pleasant room, and Ida's maid, a staid and stolid person, was waiting for her mistress. Ida, however, was either too tired or in no humour to submit to her customary ministrations, and told her she might go so soon as she had taken her gown off. The woman lingered for a moment, as if she had something to say, but seeing Ida's absent gaze fixed moodily upon the fire, she left the room without speaking.

Ida remained in the same attitude for several minutes, her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes gazing into the fire. At length she rose, pushed her hair off her forehead, over which the short curls had a lawless but very becoming fashion of falling, and carried a small table, on which writing materials were arranged, over to the hearth.

On the broad, low mantelpiece Ida had placed a crowd of small, familiar objects, most of which had adorned her own room at Mount Kiera Lodge; and prominent among them were two miniatures, the portraits respectively of John and Mary Pemberton. Ida looked at them long and earnestly, and, after a while, with slow, unheeded tears falling down her pale face:

"If you could only know," she murmured, "if you could only know, you would be troubled even where you are together!"

Then she seated herself at the table, and began to write. She wrote slowly, with many pauses for thought, and for the wiping away of tears, as follows:

"You have a right to the full explanation you have asked me for, though you might have claimed it with more gentleness. After all, it is a simple one, and I fully and humbly acknowledge that I am entirely to blame. When you accuse me of inconstancy and treachery, I have nothing to say, except that those are hard names for the change that has passed upon me; and that, finding you can and do use hard words to me so freely now, I think I should

have a poor chance of escaping them as your wife. I never had a hard word from anyone in my life before, and I should not bear them well, I know.

"But I am not doing what I meant to do, and I am doing what I did not mean, if you take my words as implying any reproach to you. The truth you have asked me for is hard for me to tell. I trust it will not be so hard for you to hear as you think. I cannot believe that it will pain you so very much; because, after all, we know so little of each other that I think the feeling you entertain for me can hardly be the deep and heartfelt love which it would break your heart to relinquish; especially as, since I came to England, I have not concealed from you my doubts concerning myself, and the remorse which my past conduct—for which I can never atone—causes me. This remorse, the consciousness of the change in myself, and the resolution I have taken in consequence, have induced me to consent to the miserable concealment which I have hitherto practised at your instance, and which has embittered every hour of my life in my new and dear home.

"Believe me, if you can—if, indeed, you feel in reality any of the love for me which you profess, you will try to believe me—I did not know myself; I was actuated by no motives of coquetry and falsehood when I engaged myself to be your wife, and acknowledged that I loved you. I believed it—indeed, indeed, I did! And the awakening to a sense of the mistake which I made has not been, as you suppose, the result of my coming to England, or the effect of anybody's influence upon me. I honestly and humbly confess that I love you no longer; that I do not now believe that I ever did love you; that I am convinced I mistook my own feelings from the first; and I began to recognise my mistake when I understood how ill I had behaved to my best and truest friend, and to ask myself whether a true and worthy love, by which I should have to rule my life in years to come, could have made me act in such a manner, and that this conviction pressed upon me before I reached England at all. Your surmises respecting the influence of others are entirely unfounded. The secrecy upon which you insisted, and which has been exceedingly painful to me, has never been infringed in any instance; not one of the kind friends, who do all in their power to replace what I have lost,

have any inkling that I live a double life, and that my most pressing trouble is not what they think it. Pray accept this assurance from me at once; and believe that what I say is said entirely out of my own heart and conscience, and for your sake as well as for my own. If I had had strength and courage when I reached England—if I had not been so startled by the intelligence and the instructions which your first letter conveyed to me—I would have then told you the truth. But I had not strength or courage; I was entirely alone; all I loved were dead, and I was confronted with strangers, who nevertheless came into my life with influence and authority. I was not sure of myself; it was all so dreadful and so hard. I had ceased to believe that I loved you with all the love which I could feel for a man; but you were a portion of the past, and the very remorse which I felt about you made it impossible for me to act as I ought to have done; besides, how could I, in the face of your letter and the announcement in it? I had done wrong myself, too much wrong for it to be tolerable that I should expose you to remonstrance and blame from my friends; and I had no other resource than that which I adopted—the resource of temporising.

"I need not tell you how it has been with me ever since, for you know all that. You cannot in justice accuse me of deceit, though I will confess I am guilty of inconstancy, if you persist in thus describing a change of mind brought about by my solemn conviction that I never could be happy with you, and that the circumstances of the past must continue to torture me, so long as you hold me to an engagement, which is misery at present, and means misery for the future.

"It is, I protest to you most solemnly, wholly and solely because I have thus changed my mind, that I cannot become your wife, and that I entreat you to release me from the secret which is a burthen on my mind in every hour of my life. I do not question, I do not wish to know anything more than you have told me, about the circumstances which have placed you in the position you are now in; but you must forgive me for saying, that I cannot accept your statement, that this position is an evidence and example of your love for me. I have not behaved well, I know, and feel—oh! how bitterly; but I cannot think that anything I have done in the past has given you the right to think that I would

be guilty of such complicated deceit as you expect from me. No, I am certain that I am securing your happiness as well as my own in begging you to relinquish this engagement. Indeed, indeed! I cannot fulfil it, and, by urging me further, you will only compel me to give explanations which would not be to the credit of either of us. I have done very wrong; I have misled you, though only while I myself was mistaken—never, as I think you will allow, though this is the first time I have ventured to write frankly and simply what is my meaning and intention, since I reached England. There must be an end to this. I am leading a false life; the double secret I have had to keep—in both instances to deceive those who are nearest to me, and to whom my happiness is most dear: my step-mother first, and now my uncle, who well deserves my father's confidence, and my own—is becoming impossible to me. I am constantly on the brink of betraying myself; and, as I have already told you, I can endure it no longer.

"Your most just demand for a fair and full explanation from me required it on two points: on the first, I have given it with great pain and difficulty, and much bitter blame of myself. You will feel very angry with me, and you will say many hard things of me, until you come to feel that I have done right now, whatever wrong I had done before—that I have at least refused to do the greatest wrong of all. Then you will no longer be angry, and that time at Randwick will die away out of your life. I think I can trust to your generosity not to make all this harder to me than it must be. One does not make a confession of this kind easily, and the pain of it lasts. I have to repent of my faults towards you, and towards my dead. I think you will let me do so in peace and silence.

"I come, with much difficulty and reluctance, to the second point which I have to explain to you. You have been very peremptory and very hard with me concerning this also; insisting that I should make my uncle give me particulars of my father's charge to him, and the position in which I am placed by Mrs. Pemberton's will. I had hoped that you would have seen at once, by my failure to obey you, what was in my mind; for, if I had meant to fulfil my engagement—if I had intended to become your wife, either when my uncle should have been induced to consent, or when I should come of age—of course I

would not have neglected your instructions. You would have had a right to know what was my position, and I should certainly have ascertained it. But I write to you at once that I know nothing more than I know before I left home—that my uncle was to be my guardian, and have the same authority over me and my money, under my step-mother's will, as he would have had under my father's; and that I would not inquire any further from my uncle. Since then he asked me whether I would not like to know all about my own affairs; but I answered that I earnestly requested he would tell me nothing, and was perfectly satisfied that all should remain in his hands. So that I actually know nothing, except that Mrs. Pemberton's will confirmed my father's. I had two motives in saying this to my uncle—one was the hope that you would see in my refusal what I meant by it; the other was a notion, which you will think fanciful and ridiculous, but which is strong with me, that there might be some atonement in it for what I had done to my step-mother, when you made me ask her the questions about myself and my little brother, which grieved and hurt her so much. At all events, I have disobeyed your injunctions. It is not less painful for me to write on this point than on the other; but as you have never concealed from me that you hoped to become a prosperous man by the aid of my fortune, and, as I have never seen anything to blame in the admission, I am only doing right in telling you that you shall share whatever I have control over. I shall not have any power until I am twenty-one—not for three years yet; but I will keep my promise to you then, as it will be only just and right that I should do, on the one subject on which I can keep it. All the more just, I think, because I cannot keep the other promise which I made you. Pray forgive me—pray believe that I am dreadfully grieved, and that I never wilfully deceived you. I deceived myself; and when I found it out, I would have told you, only that you would not let me. I am quite sure that you must know, but at the same time you have a right to make me tell you out plainly, the whole truth, as I have now done. Once more I implore you to forgive me, and to release me from the daily misery of deceiving my best friends. Indeed, I feel that I shall not have strength to do this much longer—that a moment will come when suspicion must arise, and an explanation

become unavoidable. Leave me, I beseech you, to the quiet life which may be mine here—the only life I want—to the thoughts which must haunt me for a long time to come. Do not add your reproaches to the other well-merited punishment of my faults. I don't think you have ever loved me enough to hate me now, but even if you do, it is better so than that we should come to hate each other in the future, and at the best there would always be remorse between you and me.

"And now, good-bye. It is no fault of yours that I deceived myself and am undeceived. It is my own fault, and it always was.
IDA PEMBERTON."

The night was far spent when Ida laid down her pen, and, covering her face with her hands, thought sadly over what she had written, before she closed and sealed her letter to Geoffrey Dale. She wrote no address upon the envelope, but locked it up in her dressing-box until morning. She had let the fire die out, and the room was cold and cheerless in the early dawn, when Ida laid her head upon her pillow, sad and ashamed of herself, yet relieved by the fulfilment of the task she had so much dreaded. She was too young to be kept awake by care, but her face next morning bore sufficient trace of the fatigue, which Audrey had remarked on the previous night, to render it reasonable that her uncle and her cousin should comment upon her imprudence in having gone out as usual before breakfast. Ida made no attempt to defend herself, but did not go out again that day, nor even leave her room, though Lord Barr, and Clement Kindersley and his friend, called at the Dingle House in the afternoon. Ida had sustained no loss, Audrey told her afterwards, in not seeing the visitors.

"I never saw Lord Barr silent or out of spirits before," said Audrey; "I suppose he must have had the toothache; and Clement kept bothering me about you. And then that hateful Mr. Durant! I wonder whether he really has any profession, or any business? He seems to stay on here an indefinite time, as if he had not."

"Does he not say anything like leaving Wrottesley?" asked Ida.

"Not a word. By-the-bye, he gave me a book for you; some book you were talking about the other day, and you said you would like to read it. I have stupidly left it downstairs. I'll go and fetch it."

Audrey brought the neatly made up parcel to her cousin, but Ida only looked

at it languidly and laid it aside. She had forgotten all about the book.

"You look more tired than ever," said Audrey; "I really think you had better lie down until dinner time."

"I think I had," said Ida. So Audrey covered her up warmly, drew down the blinds, and left her, sagely remarking that chatter was not the best cure for a headache.

Ida Pemberton received an answer to her letter. It was as follows:

"If anything could have astonished a man, who knows what women are so thoroughly as I do, your letter would have astonished me, by its coolness, its daring, and its utter want of heart. But I am not astonished; I know too well the sport which women make of those whom their charms have conquered, and the cold-blooded vanity which sees only so many scalps taken in the forswearing of the most sacred and binding promises. I have read somewhere that—

Telling broken hearts for beads
Is very graceless prayer,

and I have been reminded of the forcibly-put truth by your hypocritical, would-be candid and high-minded letter. I despair of emulating your tone and manner—I am not able to cut myself adrift from the past realities of my life with the ease and dexterity with which you perform that operation; and if my reply to the extraordinary, I am sure I may truly say the unexampled, communication with which you have favoured me, deals too much with feelings which you have learned with surprising facility to despise, I must only apologise for it beforehand, and again borrowing words, say, 'I am what I am; God help me, I can no more.'

"I ask myself, Ida, if you can possibly be in earnest in supposing that I am going to take you at your word—to accept your letter as final—to 'release you,' as you express it? I ask myself whether such extraordinary levity as you have shown is your own doing only; and in spite of your protests I find it next to impossible to believe that it can be so. Your change of mind, as you mildly call the most glaring breach of faith which a woman could perpetrate, has some other cause, or at least is assisted by some other motive than the one you profess. I suspect what it is, and should my suspicions prove correct—I need not define them, your own conscience will suggest them—I promise you that you shall not succeed, your ambition shall not

realise itself. The faith you want to break with me you shall not pledge to another. The explanation which I have at last forced from you is not an explanation which I will accept; and the offer you made me—I presume you regard it in the practical light of compensation; no one so coldly practical and calculating as a woman, when her heart is false!—is simply an insult. I pass it, by; a man who permits himself to be offended by anything a woman says is a fool, and I do not mean to be injured by you. There must be an end to this misunderstanding. You are my promised wife. You have reiterated that promise by word of mouth, and given it to me in writing by your own dear hand many times. I love you, and I will not lose you. You remind me, with directness which would be hurtful to me, and anything but creditable to you, if you were not such a mere girl—the fairest and most charming of girls, but not yet a wise woman—of the importance to me of your fortune. No doubt it is important; I should be a strange sort of lover if I did not desire that my wife's future should lack nothing which she has enjoyed in the past. Your fortune is important to me, for you; the use I shall be able to make of it in acquiring an assured position, will be for you. It is surely quite simple and easily to be understood that there can be no division of interests between us. For, you must understand at once, the first sentence of my letter will have shown you that I have not the least intention of relinquishing my prize—my beautiful and beloved *Ida*—whoso bravely faced difficulty, anger, and opposition, to prove to me the love which she so unhesitatingly confessed. I make light of the influence which I discern; I regard this change of mind of yours as a mere passing fancy—a mere worldly temptation—which will vanish from the fair soul of my *Ida*, leaving it as unstained as a mirror is left by a breath. Did I really use hard words? Well, perhaps I did; you will soon come to see that they were pardonable, considering the preciousness of the treasure which you fancy you wish to withdraw from my hold; and to pardon them. But, without using any hard words in this letter, I, in my turn, must make an explanation, something more than merely a lover's remonstrance, though I refuse altogether to regard what has come between us as more than merely a lover's quarrel, of the sort which arises from restraint and uncertainty and separa-

tion such as we have to endure. In the first place, my beloved *Ida*, I do not accept your version of your sentiments when you reached England—they had undergone no such change as you imagine; if they had you would not have written to me, as you did write to me, before you left Plymouth. You imply that you lacked courage to avow the fact that you had ceased to love me—that the gentle heart, which I had pressed to mine the last time we met in such sweet faith and security, had ejected love, and taken for a tenant in its place a weak-minded regret and remorse, both unjust and ungenerous to that love. But you must not count it among my hard words, if I say that I do not believe in your want of courage. You did not lack courage when you wrote to me at Sydney; nor were you timid about receiving my clandestine visits; or in resenting your step-mother's unwarrantable interference. Timidity is the last defect with which I should charge you, and your refusal to demand the information from Mr. Darris, which it would be so advantageous for our future that you should obtain, has not, I am convinced, its origin in timidity, or in a sentimental and baseless notion of atonement for an injury done to your step-mother.

“As, however, I cannot induce you to see this matter as I see it, I must only submit to your determination to remain in ignorance of affairs which are of great importance to yourself; and, for myself, pursue the course which I have hitherto adopted. You must admit that you oblige me to do so by your own conduct; I have at stake the most precious of all interests, the entire future happiness of my life, and I cannot imperil it in obedience to a wish of yours which arises from a mere passing whim. I cannot believe otherwise; I will not believe that you are false to me, that you have ceased to love me, that you have led me to trust and believe in a lie. When I recall to your mind all the past as it presents itself to mine, you will admit that it is impossible I should, consistently with the respect I owe you, believe you capable of such a breach of faith as your announced purpose not to become my wife would imply. Just put it to yourself, *Ida*. Suppose yourself called upon to relate, let us say, to your uncle and the lady who, it seems, plays the part of family adviser, all that has occurred since the day on which I first entered your father's house to the present moment—what would be the im-

pression produced? I remain a few days in your father's house; we see a great deal of each other; on my departure you open a correspondence with me; you keep me in possession of all the events and affairs of the family, after your father's death; I visit you clandestinely with your consent; you incur and brave your step-mother's anger on my account; you accept me as your future husband; we exchange the fondest vows of lovers, and you consent to my returning to England in the same ship with yourself and your step-mother, with the avowed purpose of propitiating her. An accident prevents this, and your return to England is delayed. In the meantime I have suffered agonies of apprehension for your safety, having learned on my arrival that the ship was despaired of. I do not despair, but avail myself of the fortunate accident with which my first letter made you acquainted, to secure the earliest and fullest intelligence concerning you. My mind underwent no change; my heart was unalterably true to you. When I welcomed the news of your safety, it was as the intelligence which sanctioned all my dearest and best hopes—news that my promised wife was safe. You made no sign, you permitted me to remain in that untroubled belief, until, for some reason which I cannot define, but your interpretation of which I decline altogether to accept, you assumed a tone which led me to insist upon the explanation which you have given, and which I reject. Suppose this story told to the world, revealed to Mr. Dwarris and your cousins, and the 'general referee,' Lady Olive Despard, among whom you are living a life which looks one thing, and means another—what would be the judgment of all? Would you venture to meet the general opinion with such an explanation as you have offered me?

"No, no, my dearest Ida, my promised wife, plighted to me by every solemn and binding obligation;—this cannot be. I refuse to release you; I hold you to your promise as I steadfastly and loyally abide by mine. The time is very near when it will be perfectly right and proper that you should avow your attachment to me to Mr. Dwarris, and declare our engagement, without its being necessary to make any part of the recapitulation which I have briefly given above; and if you impress yourself upon Mr. Dwarris

so successfully as you impressed yourself upon Mrs. Pemberton, you will have no difficulty in making that unsurpassable guardian perceive that you mean to have your own way.

"As to the hints with which your letter concludes, I shall, of course, not act on them. I do not misjudge your common sense so far as to believe that you ever believed I would. I consent to leave this matter in abeyance, until the time I have just alluded to, as almost arrived, shall be fully come, and then I shall expect you to act in accordance with the hopes you have sanctioned, and the solemn promises which you have made to your entirely devoted,
G. D."

Ida read this letter with a beating, and then re-read it with a sinking heart. Such a crowd of feelings—anger, fear, intense and sickening shame; the agony of self-reproach, the sense of being trapped, and held, and scoffed at; the terrible bitterness of what that love of her fancy had turned to, rushed over her at once; some distinguishable, others undefined, that she felt torn and trampled by their pressure. She could make no struggle against them at first; she could but yield to the full bitterness of the conviction that she must bear her fate. Her own hands had woven the garment of pain and shame which bound and seared her, and she must wear it, hiding its ravages, if she could, but, whether she could or not, enduring them.

"What shall I do?" she moaned, "what shall I do?"

There was no answer to this question, no suggestion came to her for a long time; but at length there flashed into her mind the contemptuous reference to Lady Olive Despard in Geoffrey Dale's letter. The "general referee," he called her! Ida resolved that she would risk everything which his displeasure could do to her, and refer her case to Lady Olive. She loved her; she would trust her. Severely as Lady Olive must blame her, she would pity her still more; and, so pitying her, it might be that she would save her, or teach her how to save herself.

She arose, and put on a walking-dress. Then, she placed Geoffrey Dale's letter in her pocket, and, carrying the parcel which she had taken out of her step-mother's desk in her hand, she went quietly out of the house by the back way, and through the lanes to Despard Court.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

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PHŒBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XL. "THE HAPPY PAIR."

THE day never seemed too long for poor Phœbe, for whom it was full of the most delightful incidents, though, in truth, there was a sufficient monotony in the hotel. Even that charming dressing for the promenade, and sallying forth to sit in state with her hero and listen to the music, was an enjoyment that never flagged. Then, though the big chests were already well stored with serviceable dresses—her poor mother had contrived and "pinched" to fit her out as well as she could, and had given her everything in the shape of dress or ornament that she could strip herself of—Phœbe could not deny herself the luxury of ordering a dress or two, and making little purchases of trinkets and the like. This alone was a pleasant way of filling up the day.

At last it came to be time to go home; at least Mr. Pringle received notice to that effect when, on opening his strong-box, he found but three clean ten-pound notes, just enough to pay the hotel bill for the week, and take them home. For the first time he found himself face to face with the ugly realities of life. He had literally no more money; nor did he know where to seek it. Up to this moment he had put the thought far from him. Something was certain to turn up. There was no room for trifling or waiting, with two beings and two vast boxes dependent on him. Adieu to poetical speculation in the face of these burdens! Just as though the idea had never taken concrete shape before, he fell

into a tumult of nervous anxiety, and came to join Phœbe at breakfast with a gloomy, morning-of-execution face. Poor little soul! she was as bright as the morning itself; but to-day her troubles were to begin.

"Now for breakfast, dear," she said. "Look at me pouring out the tea. Look at the funny little sieve they have stuck on the spout! Did you ever see such a comic idea?"

"I don't care for breakfast," he said.

"Not care?" she said, turning grave. "You are ill. Oh, how dreadful."

"We have no more money," said he. "We must go home, and then I don't know what we are to do, or where to turn to."

"Oh, I know!" said she, gaily. "When papa and mamma—that is, your papa and mamma—come back, we'll just drive up in a cab, with all our trunks on the top. I'll run in, and give old Sam a kiss; and then all will be forgiven. I've settled it all."

"What childish folly you talk," he answered.

This was the first impatient speech he had addressed to her. It was like a slap in the face.

"Oh, you don't mean it! Oh, how dreadful, how unkind of you!"

She looked so pained, and even scared, that he was sorry, and said, "Well, I have been so worried, thinking of all this. But I don't know what is to become of us!"

She looked at him with deep sympathy. "I did not think of that. But," she continued, brightening, "I mean to help; you must not think I am so selfish as to keep that money for myself."

He had, indeed, already thought that Lord Garterley's hundred pounds would come in serviceably; but still he could

not bring himself to propose taking it, and wished that she herself would offer it.

"You are a dear, good child, I declare! I feel ashamed at the idea of taking your little money; but what can I do?"

"Not a word," she said, gaily. "Wait there till I come back." And she flew off to fetch her treasure.

Was there not something pretty in this devotion? he thought. After all, a wife thus ready to share your troubles, and to relieve them also, had her value. Here she was, out of breath from ascending the great flights, as cheerful to give as another would be to receive.

"I can't tell you," she said, looking into his face, "how this delights me. Now I know that I am your wife!"

She took out her little purse, which contained a heap of gold and notes. "Now," she said, "let us count. Isn't it fun? There's a note—five hundred francs—you must count the gold; I'm sure I can't; it's like patois to me."

Mr. Pringle's brow grew darker and darker.

"Do you mean to say you have spent all this?"

"Only for the two dresses and some little things; I don't know how much, I'm sure."

"Why, there's not forty pounds here!"

"Well, you can take it all," she said. "Only leave me a little of the gold for pocket money. And I have some other little debts up and down the town which you will pay for me. Why, what's the matter?"

The poor child—for such she was—thought she was making a sacrifice of the most magnanimous kind.

"And you have actually squandered all this money?" he said, in a tone of the bitterest reproach. "This was my last, my only hope!"

"But I am giving you all this," said she, a little piqued.

"What folly—what nonsense! Have you no sense? What use is this?—barely a drop in the water. You're a child! There is a pretty prospect before me—that I can see."

"It's my own pocket money—given me for myself—and it's very good of me to give it up."

"It's useless talking to you, for I see you have not sense to understand. But by-and-by you will be made to—when you have to give up that useless maid, and

those big trunks that I have been dragging about——"

"Never!" said Phoebe, defiantly. "I'll never part with Perkins. If I did I should be left without a friend in the world."

This was in a public place, and Phoebe had no notion of concealing her emotions. The tears were coming to her eyes, and her vehement little gestures attracted attention. The doings of the pair had been a source of interest to everyone, and Phoebe, in particular, with her little airs and graces, furnished much entertainment. This first quarrel, so apparent to all, was watched by half-a-dozen pairs of eyes, to Mr. Pringle's infinite annoyance, who had to go through the public humiliation of rising and leaving the place with her, assuming at the same time a rueful smile. Phoebe rather invited sympathy, and, to his infinite embarrassment, sobbed publicly. When they reached some privacy she said: "As you are so unkind, you shan't have one bit of my money. It was very generous of me to give it. I'll just go and lay it all out at once in jewellery! You know then, that you will have to make up the money."

Mr. Pringle turned pale; she was wilful enough to do this. Where was he to get money? It was something, and would be a trifling aid; he must therefore temporise. With a bitter reluctance he set himself to soothe her. A very little dispersed the clouds; smiles came back to her face; she was contented.

"You know," she said, "I was so wretched while you were speaking like that. Now, we'll not think of the nasty money any more. When we get back we shall have lots."

Trembling with the struggle of having to suppress his impatience at such folly, Mr. Pringle had to contort his face into a rather grim smile, and accept the little aid.

"Ah," she said, "do you know that you frightened me? I hope you will never look that way again; or, I fear I—well, I should begin to hate you."

He said nothing in reply. At dinner that day she said—not as a discovery, but as an ordinary fact: "Do you know I find that there are thirty pounds more in my desk? I don't know how it is, but I suppose I made a mistake;" so that the poor little soul had not deserved the reproaches she received. This put him in good humour again.

Before they departed, he felt so wretched and low-spirited that he thought he would put an end to his suspense by writing to

his family, to beg forgiveness; and it seemed a good idea to ask one of his sisters—supposed to be his favourite—to be intercessor. The idea seemed such a good one that he mentioned it carelessly to Phoebe.

"I wouldn't do it," she said. "I wouldn't like you to let yourself down after the way they spoke to you."

"You don't understand it," said he.

"Do leave it to me," she said earnestly. "I will go and see them. I have it all planned. They will not mind you, I am certain. Old Sam will only write you something insulting."

"Why do you call my father nicknames? You would not like me to speak of your mother as 'old Betty.'"

"I shouldn't mind," said she laughing. "But, you know, everyone calls him 'old Sam.'"

Mr. Pringle, however, despatched his letter—a very becoming one, as it seemed—thinking that he was making a very handsome concession. An answer arrived with singular promptness. It was from old Sam himself, and ran:

"SIR,—I request that you will not address me again. I will have nothing to do with you. As you have made your bed, lie in it; and, as you deliberately chose to be a pauper, I shall treat you as I would any other of your class. I'll encourage no beggars. You have thrown away your fine chances of a position, connection, and everything. I now intend to divide my property between my two daughters, provided they marry according to my wishes.

"To any more applications of the kind no attention will be paid. SAM PRINGLE."

It may be imagined this plain-spoken communication, which certainly seemed final, was not likely to put Mr. Pringle in a good humour. He could not tell Phoebe, as it would be confirming her prophecy; and "she was just the person that would become conceited at such a thing;" so he had to digest his own trouble as best he could, and had, besides, to endure Phoebe's repeated and sympathising questions—"What was the matter with him? She was sure he was ill"—which chafed and fretted him to the last pitch. These were certainly wretched days, and the honeymoon reached its last quarter in watery mists, giving signs of ill weather to follow.

Phoebe's pride was at last wounded by this treatment; and, after a display

of patience, alternated with wilfulness, she had shown resentment; and the journey home was made in silence, pettishness, and even sulks. The autumn days had an early wintriness. The way was long and the winds cold; the sea at the coast was raw and leaden. What a change from the gay setting out, which had something the air of a school festival, where everyone has nothing but smiles and good wishes and holidays and prizes are to be given! Mr. Pringle, who had to pay a heavy charge for the great black chests, as well as for a sort of "tender" which had been purchased to hold the new articles, and was duly worried by harassing incidents of the journey—such as Phoebe's losing the tickets, which she had insisted on "taking care of"—arrived in London, on a wet evening, to begin the battle of his life in the lowest spirits, sans money, sans hope, sans everything, and the helpless sense of his own mad infatuation in exchanging a life so full of ease, and comfort, and happiness, for certain misery.

CHAPTER XL. PHOEBE'S PLAN.

ALMOST the worst was that Phoebe kept simpering and smiling, and playing off all her little graces without the least sense of responsibility, wondering, in her own way, "What it was that worried him so?" and "What was the use of fretting? They would live very quietly; she would not ask to go to balls—at first, that is; for they would want everything for furnishing the new house."

It was in one of the Jermyn-street hotels, and on the first night after arrival, that Phoebe administered this unlucky bit of comfort.

"What idiotic folly you are talking," he said; "do you want to drive me mad, gabbling on with this childish nonsense? Don't you know we haven't a penny, or anything to turn to to get it?"

But Phoebe was again shocked by this violent attack, and had risen up and gone to her room to weep, or rather, "cry," which is a more foolish proceeding, and to receive comfort from the exercise. Next day Mrs. Dawson came to see her child, and greet the pair on their return. She found them in this pleasant relation. Mr. Pringle was glad to see her, which he might not have been under other circumstances. The sagacious lady divined at once the state of affairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "It is folly to be stopping at an expensive

hotel like this. I have looked out for some lodgings for you, very moderate in price."

"It's all the same," he answered. "I have no money to pay for lodgings or hotels."

"I have also found you a very nice little house in Chapel-street, a great bargain—only a hundred a year."

"Not one of those little squeezed things. I couldn't breathe in them. No, no, I must have large rooms!" cried Phoebe.

"You hear the folly I have had to listen to since I went away. I wish you would be good enough to persuade your daughter to be rational."

"Oh," said Mrs. Dawson, bluntly, "I never interfere between man and wife. It's for you to make her sensible now. But what do you mean about having no money?"

"Simply that I have none, and don't know where to look for it. My father will do nothing, and, you know well, I have nothing of my own. It's a farce to talk of taking houses."

"Oh, that's nonsense," said the lady. "Your people must come forward, and make an allowance of some kind. They must be made to do so."

"Just what I say, mamma," said Phoebe, triumphantly. "But he thinks everything I say is foolish!"

The mother looked at them both with surprise—at his scared face, and at the shade of worry and annoyance that was overcasting her child's pretty forehead. Such a change to have come, and so soon!

"Indeed! you are nothing of the kind," she said. "Your spirits are a little too much for you, but that won't last very long, Heaven knows."

"Do you mean," said he, trembling with anger, "that I—?"

"I mean nothing of the kind. There!" she answered, "for goodness' sake let us try and talk a little sensibly. You must first see what can be done with your father."

"It's no use," he said.

"But it must be tried, you know," she said. "You must exert yourself for the sake of your wife."

"Just what I said all along, mamma," Phoebe said, with an air of resignation.

He got up and walked to the window.

"Unless," went on Mrs. Dawson, "you have made the attempt already, and have failed. Is that so?"

"I don't want to be questioned and cross-examined in this way," he said, impatiently. He could not bring himself to acknowledge that he had taken that step.

"It must be gone about in a business-like way. Come, cheer up," said the sensible lady; "if the worst comes to the worst, you must only come to me. I'll always have a home for my child, and my child's husband. I daresay you'll be glad enough to come to me."

Thus naturally spoke the woman of the world, who had, however, a pretty sure faith that things would not turn out quite so badly; though, all the same, she would have been glad to have been able to offer them a share in her little fortune.

On the following day our Phoebe had come to take a brighter view of their affairs, for some reasons of her own; and, without consulting anyone save the maid, had set off in a hansom cab for Berkeley-square. She drew up in one of the side streets, sending Perkins, with great mystery, to make inquiries at the house as to whether the family had returned. It turned out that they had come back only a couple of nights before, and that Mr. Pringle was at that moment in his study. The ladies were out shopping.

Phoebe's heart began to beat. She had actually begun to hope that they had not returned. But she would go through with it. After all, it was only "old Sam" who used to make her such pretty speeches, and who could not resist her now, in her new capacity of a young married lady. She knew nothing of the letter that his son had received, nor of the vicious, malignant soul that was behind old Sam's buffooning mask. She had her little plot with all its details carefully arranged, and some of her speeches got by heart. One, she had the droll conviction, need only to be repeated to have effect, like the "open sesame" in the fairy tale. This was:

"I am your new daughter-in-law, Phoebe. You will let me be your daughter, won't you?" Then she was to make as though she was going to kneel at old Sam's knees; who would look displeased for a moment, then stop her, catch her in his arms, and say, "And I am proud to have such a pretty creature for my daughter." This speech would follow as surely as effect would follow cause. If he might be a little angry at first, she would know how to bring him round.

"I want to see Mr. Pringle particularly," she said to the servant, in a rather faking voice. The man asked what name he should give; but Phoebe—in an agitated way, that rather suggested a female begging-letter writer—bade him

say nothing, but just tell him that "a lady" wished to see him.

In a moment the harsh voice of Sam was heard from within, mingled with the rustling sound of a Times—"Oh, I know that sort of thing! Send her off; I can't see her"—which quite chilled poor Phœbe.

After a moment's hesitation, she said to the man, softly: "I am Mr. Pringle's new wife, so let me go in."

The next moment she was smiling and fluttering up to the astonished old Sam.

"Why, you—do you presume? Get out this instant!" He could say no more, for he could hardly speak with rage.

"You will forgive me," faltered Phœbe. "I am your new daughter, you know—" Which was all she could recollect of her carefully-rehearsed little speeches.

"How dare you come here?" said Sam, rising up, and flourishing his Times, "you low schemer! Get out, I say. I'll make you beg—I'll make you smart—for this! Here—put this—person out, and never attempt to let her in again, or I'll discharge you on the spot!"—it is needless to say this was not to Mr. Batts—continued old Sam, making this proclamation at the door, and then slamming it violently.

Weeping, and quite crushed and helpless, Phœbe was led to the door; and found herself placed, with some humanity, in her cab, and driven home. Now she saw the worst, and despair filled her heart—not so directly from the certainty of the ruin that was to follow, as from the form in which it had been brought home to her.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

WHEN the royal yacht *Alberta*, in August last, ran into and sank the pleasure schooner *Mistletoe*, was she on her right track, in due fulfilment of the "rule of the road at sea?" When the blundering *Iron Duke*, last September, brought similar disaster to the thundering *Vanguard*, was it (one dislikes to apply the gentle feminine "she" to a murderous ironclad) going on, as it should go, with due avoidance of the probabilities of collision? When, in the more recent month of February, the *Franconia* steamer sent the luckless *Strathclyde* to the bottom of the sea in a very few minutes, were the orders to "Ease her," "Stop her," "Put her astern," &c., issued with due regard to the rule of the road? Not only has the answering of these questions cost the country a seriously large sum of money,

but much bitter feeling has been produced, and many painful charges hurled against persons in high or official stations. To "cry over spilt milk" is acknowledged to be a useless expenditure of tears; but still the temper is sorely tried by disasters which we know might have been averted.

This is a curious subject, the rule of the road at sea. The sea belongs to all the world. Ships of all nations may sail upon all seas, with a few special exceptions here and there; and may proceed in any direction, according as commerce or other motive influences them. Flagged pavement, pitched road, granite kerbstone, have no analogues on the watery highway; Neptune keeps no Policeman X to regulate the traffic; nor is there any oceanic Lord Mayor to declare at what hour in the morning heavy traffic shall cease. Nevertheless, some sort of rule is necessary, or ships would be smashing each other every dark night. If the *Aurora* is coming from north to south, and the *Jupiter* is going from south to north, how are they to know each other's movements and intentions; and if they do not know, how is the danger of collision to be avoided? The difficulty is not removed by hanging out brightly-gleaming lanterns at night; they suffice to show that a ship is within sight; but, without some previously-understood agreement, they would not denote whether the ship is advancing or receding, crossing at right angles, or veering diagonally. Then again, as to an agreement; a shipowner may direct the captains of his several ships to act upon certain rules, intelligible to and understood by them all. But if another shipowner has not conferred with him on the subject, two sets of rules, each good in itself, may clash, and a ship belonging to owner A may run down one belonging to owner B. Again, if all the shipowners in England, under the provisions of some special Act of Parliament, were to act in accordance with certain well-defined rules, even this would not keep us clear from disaster, unless all other maritime nations adopt the self-same rules; which they are not likely to do save after prolonged negotiation and disussion.

A serious matter it is, in all its parts; for the annual wreck charts contain many a black spot denoting a shipwreck, in consequence of one or the other of two ships having failed in observing the rule of the road. No wonder that the greatest maritime nation in the world has been anxious to establish something definite on

this point; but there have been great difficulties about it. The Queen's ships are under the control of the Admiralty; the passenger and merchandise ships belong to individuals, firms, and companies, but are also placed under complicated relationship to the Trinity House, the Custom House, the Board of Trade, the Shipowners' Society, and the underwriters at Lloyd's. To make all pull well together has been no easy task; and of course the difficulties have been enhanced of bringing foreign nations to act in harmony with us.

It is a great thing to say—all considerations taken into account—that the international regulations of the present day, in regard to the rule of the road at sea, are accepted and acted on by Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Prussia and maritime Germany, Sweden, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal—all Europe, in fact, so far as concerns ship-owning and sea-going. Then, in foreign regions, we find the names of Morocco, Peru, Chili, La Plata, Brazil, Hawaiian Islands, and Hayti among the nations embracing the same rules; the list being wound up with the nation that approaches nearest to equality with us in maritime commerce—the United States of America.

Nevertheless, although international regulations are adopted, all is not peace and contentment. Collisions at sea are grievously numerous; and discussions are always going on touching the necessity for change in this or that rule. The marine departments of the several foreign governments correspond with our Board of Trade on these matters. Last year the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Trinity House agreed to appoint a committee of eight experienced men to examine all the most important suggestions that had been received in reference to the rule of the road, and to embody such of them as were most likely to prove beneficial. This the committee have done, and their valuable report has been recently published. They leave the main body of rules intact, in order not to confuse the minds of mariners long accustomed to the present system; but they interpolate such improvements as they wish to see adopted. They add the important words, "The consent of other nations will, of course, be necessary."

Let us now see whether the chief items in the rule of the road at sea can be made intelligible to general readers, by stripping

off technicalities which so embarrass landmen. We keep to the existing items, because the proposed changes will not be adopted in England until they have been submitted to, and approved by, foreign maritime nations. In the daytime, and in clear weather, ships can see passing ships, and the distinguishing flags which they hold out. At night bright lights are relied upon instead of flags; while in foggy weather some kind of noise, or sounding instrument, is almost indispensable.

In the first place, a steamer under sail, and not under steam, is considered as a sailing ship; whereas a steamer under steam, whether under sail also or not, is to be treated as a steamer. Lights are to be displayed by all ships in all weathers, from sunset to sunrise.

A sea-going steamer carries a light on the foremast top, another on the starboard or right-hand side of the head of the vessel, and another on the port or left hand; the first of these is white, the second green, the third red. The first must shed its beams more than half round the compass, while it will suffice if each of the other two commands a little more than a quarter of the compass; all three lights must be strong enough to be visible two miles off, on a dark night with a clear atmosphere, the white, green, and red standing out in full distinctness. Steam tugs, when towing other ships, carry two bright white mast-head lights, one over the other, in addition to their side lights.

So much for steamers. Sailing vessels have a system of their own; and this is necessary, because they can neither get in the way, nor out of the way, so quickly as more swiftly-moving steamers. A sailing ship under weigh, or in tow, carries green and red lights, like steamers, but no white mast-head light. Small sailing vessels, in bad weather, are often so circumstanced that their green and red lights cannot conveniently be fixed in the usual way; in such case the lights are kept on deck, on their respective sides of the vessel, ready for instant exhibition. When another ship is seen to be approaching, the small vessel exhibits her lights in sufficient time to prevent collision, the green on one side, the red on the other. Each lantern is painted the same colour as the light displayed within it, to lessen the chance of mistake. All ships, whether steam or sail, when at anchor in roadsteads, display a large globular lantern, at a higher level than the green and red lights, and a

lower level than the white lights of sea-going steamers; the lantern sheds out a clear, uniform, and unbroken light, visible all round the horizon to a distance of a mile. Sailing pilot vessels carry a white light at the mast-head, visible all round the horizon; and also a flare-up light, displayed once every fifteen minutes; but none of the other lights described above. Fishing vessels and other open craft are not required to display the red and green side-lights; they may use a lantern with a green slide on one side and a red slide on the other. On approaching any other vessel, the lantern is exhibited in such a way, that the green slide shall only be seen on the starboard side, and the red only on the port side; when at anchor, a single bright white light will suffice; but these vessels may also use flare-up lights, if the skipper deem such a precaution expedient.

We are hitherto supposing that the night, though dark, is clear; but, if fog is too dense to permit lights to be seen at night or flags by day, another sense is appealed to. The pilot or captain, no longer trusting to mere vision, appeals to the sense of hearing; and, for this purpose, he is provided with an instrument which gives out a loud sound. Every five minutes, at the very least, a steamship under weigh sends a piercing blast through a steam-whistle placed before the funnel, at a height of not less than eight feet above the deck; while a sailing ship uses a fog-horn. All alike, steam and sail, use simply a fog-bell when not under weigh.

But the rule of the road is not defined by the lights or sounds themselves. This is determined by the instructions given for the guidance of mariners when two ships are about to meet, cross, or pass each other; and every clause of the instructions, when translated into ordinary language, means "Keep out of the way!" The ships or their flags by day, their lights at night, and their fog-signals both by day and by night, tell the experienced mariner whether two vessels are about to approach each other, and in what direction; and then his code of instructions tells him to act as follows:

If two sailing ships are approaching nearly end on, or head to head, so as to be in some danger of collision, the helms of both must be put "to port." The same rule is adopted if the two vessels are steamers; but if one is a steamer and the other a sail, the former must keep out of the way of the latter, on whichever side it be. This is intelligibly due to an apprecia-

tion of the fact, that a steamer can turn and twist out of harm's way more handily than a sailing ship.

When two sailing ships are crossing—the path of each being at, or nearly at, right angles to that of the other—the rule reads technically bewildering to landsmen: "If they have the wind on different sides, the ship with the wind on the port side shall keep out of the way of the ship with the wind on the starboard side; except in the case in which the ship with the wind on the port side is close-hauled and the other ship free, in which case the latter ship shall keep out of the way. But if they have the wind on the same side, or if one of them has the wind aft, the ship which is to windward shall keep out of the way of the ship which is to leeward." Let us hope that they really will "keep out of the way," which can only be done by a clear comprehension of, and vigilant attention to, this complicated precept. The rule is much simpler in reference to steamers; to the effect that, when two steamers are crossing, the ship which has the other on her own starboard side, shall keep out of the way of the other. If a steamer and a sailing ship are crossing each other's paths diagonally or rectangularly, the steamer must keep out of the way of the sail. The interpretation of this rule had something to do with the unfortunate affair of the *Alberta* and the *Mistletoe*: in what way, this is not the place to discuss. The still more disastrous episode of the *Iron Duke* and the *Vanguard* was technically associated with another rule: "Every steamship, when approaching another ship so as to involve risk of collision, shall slacken her speed, or, if necessary, stop and reverse; every steamship, when in a fog, shall go at a moderate speed; and every vessel, overtaking any other vessel, shall keep out of her way."

The rule of the road, as at present administered, is made up pretty nearly of the clauses or items above succinctly described. If a Cockney, who spends "Saturday to Monday at the sea-side," is willing to study these clauses a little, and to look out of his window at Brighton or Hastings, over the broad sea at night, dark but clear, it is just possible that he might pick up a few crumbs of knowledge concerning the ships out on the waters—guessing from their specks of light whether they are steamers, sailing ships, fishing vessels, or pilot boats; whether they are going up-Channel or down; or whether they are stationary.

We have stated that the joint committee appointed by the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Trinity House, has recently recommended a few changes in the rule of the road. These changes will have to be submitted to all the maritime powers, before they can be adopted by our own marine. It had been found that there was some confusion in interpreting the precept, "If two ships are meeting end-on, or nearly end-on, so as to involve risk of collision, the helms of both shall be put to port, so that each may pass on the port side of the other;" and, in order to remove the doubt, an Order in Council, eight years ago, declared that this precept should apply only to cases where the two ships were so nearly in a straight line as to involve the risk of collision.

It appears that the Americans adopt a system of fog-signals which is very much approved by the captains of the splendid liners and mail steamers always crossing the Atlantic from one country to the other. The Board of Trade, a few months ago, prepared the draft of some new regulations on this subject, and submitted it to the great shipowning firms of Liverpool and Glasgow. Messrs. Flinn and Main, Messrs. MacIver, Messrs. Inman, Messrs. Allan, Messrs. Ismay and Imrie, and other well-known firms and companies, consulted the experienced commanders of their splendid ships, and ascertained that an adoption of the American fog-signals would be generally approved. These signals, it appears, are chiefly two—viz., one short steam blast to denote "I am porting," and two to denote "I am star-boarding." In this way two ships can exchange information as to the directions in which they are steering, albeit a fog prevents either from being seen by the crew of the other. The Board of Trade has hereupon issued an addition to the rule of the road, declaratory that one short blast from a steam-whistle or fog-horn shall be interpreted to mean "I am porting;" two short blasts, "I am star-boarding;" three short blasts, "I am taking care;" four short blasts, "I am going full speed astern," if a steamer, or "I am in stays," if a sailing ship.

We have not left ourselves much room to descant on the rule of the road on land. But, in truth, there is not much to be said on the subject, on account of its comparative simplicity. The foot passengers in most of the busy towns of Europe gradually get into a habit of keeping on

the right-hand side of the pavement or footway, thereby avoiding the jostling which would otherwise take place. No one seems to know how the custom originated—it has grown up gradually; nor is there any clear reason apparent why the right-hand side should be taken, rather than the left; either will do, if generally agreed to and acted upon. When, in August and September every year, thousands of country persons make use of cheap excursion trains to visit the Metropolis, it may often be observed that they are rather remiss in the observance of this rule; they are "all over the pavement at once." The fact is, that in less crowded country places the necessity for such a demarcation is less felt. Under special circumstances, a rule has sometimes been adopted that, of two footpaths or pavements, one shall be used only by passengers in one direction, and the other by those in the opposite direction.

The rule for the carriage-way is more important, because a collision between two fast-going vehicles is likely to be attended with more serious results than the "bumping-up" of two pedestrians against each other. Europe has not come to an international agreement on this matter. A driver keeps to the left, in the roads and streets of England, Italy, and Switzerland; whereas in France, Belgium, and Germany he keeps to the right—at least this was the case a few years ago; of the other countries of Europe we have no direct evidence. There has been a discussion between the advocates of the two plans. The dexterians or right-hand men urge that the driver's whip-hand is more free, and that the French rule is more simple to remember, because it corresponds with the rule for foot passengers, to "keep to the right." The sinisterians or left-hand advocates, on the other hand, contend that, by keeping to the left hand of the road, the English driver can more easily look down, and see that his wheels are well clear of vehicles passing in the opposite direction. Like the memorable egg controversy between the Big-endians and the Little-endians, there is doubtless much to be said on both sides. English railway trains and tram cars follow the same rule as ordinary street and road vehicles, of keeping to the left; whether and how far there are exceptions to this rule on the Continent, tourists might, perhaps, be able to determine by comparing notes.

THE SNOW FLOOD.

"THEY'RE up, I tell you, and out in force, and there will be blazing roofs, and blood spilled all along the Chinese frontier, from Kara Sou to Dostvernik. We are safe enough, of course, here in Kiachta, behind our strong stockades and brass cannon. But there is scarcely a post to the eastward that can be called secure, now the Mongols are over the border."

"Surely, however," said I, looking up from my desk and the invoice in which I was duly recording packages of brick tea, coarse silk, the white sonorous brass peculiar to China, and other imports from the Flowery Land, "the Mongols will content themselves with sweeping off some flocks and herds, and not venture on attacking the settlements. The Russian military power——"

"It's a far cry, as they say in my country, to St. Petersburg, or even to the Wolga," grimly rejoined the first speaker, whose name was Gilfillan. "These Tartar thieves know well enough that, short of Irkutsk, there are but some weak detachments to bar their way. Even the sotnia of Cossacks has been withdrawn, and, for the moment, the whole of Eastern Siberia lies at the mercy of the Mongols."

This was serious news to me, for although my colleague from the Land of Cakes was quite correct in his assertion that we were safe at Kiachta, a fortified position too strong to be attempted by the barbarian foe, there was one whose life I held dearer than my own, and who, should the tidings of a Mongol inroad be confirmed, might be exposed to sore peril.

I, Frank Richards, had been, during two out of the three years which I had passed in this out-of-the-way corner of the Russian dominions, a clerk in the firm of Merton and Paulovitch, the managing partner of which resided at Irkutsk, and was, as his name implies, like myself, an Englishman. Mr. Merton, however, was one of those Anglo-Russians of whom many are to be found in the higher mercantile society of St. Petersburg, and who have taken root, as it were, in the country in which the greater part of their lives have been spent. He was a man of considerable property, and as a member of the Fur Trading Guild was possessed of certain valuable privileges, which almost amounted to a monopoly.

It was with anger and annoyance that the rich merchant learned that his clerk

was in love with his only daughter, Ellen, and that the sentiment was reciprocal. Mr. Merton, as was very natural, had other views for his daughter's establishment in life. He was always looking forward to the day when, leaving the active conduct of the business in younger hands, he should withdraw to the capital, where Miss Merton, as a well-endowed heiress, might very probably marry a count, or possibly a prince. It was a pitiful antithesis to such exalted visions that she should bestow her hand on a mere subordinate in the house of Merton and Paulovitch.

"I like you, Richards," the merchant had said to me, not unkindly; "and if you, and Ellen too, will but be reasonable and promise to forget this folly——Ah! well, then, there is no help for it, I see."

And thereupon we parted. I was a good linguist, and well trained to the routine of business in that remote region, so that it was easy enough for me to obtain employment in a mercantile house at Kiachta, at a higher rate of salary than that which I had hitherto drawn. I doubt, however, if I should have cared to continue any longer in my self-imposed exile from the civilisation of Europe, had it not been that I could not muster the resolution to tear myself away from a country of which Ellen Merton was still an inhabitant. Even this poor consolation was, it seemed, soon to be taken from me, for the gossips of the colony were unanimous that the ensuing winter was the last that would see the Mertons resident in Siberia.

And then, preceded by certain threatening rumours, to which scanty credence had been attached, there had occurred the Mongol incursion, prompted, as there was reason to suspect, by the Chinese authorities, of whose sentiments towards the rival empire pressing yearly closer to their extensive frontier, few doubts could be entertained by even the most optimistically disposed of the motley European community, Russian, German, Polish, and British, whose task it was to develop the great natural resources of this long neglected corner of the earth. We were well aware that, in reply to diplomatic remonstrances, the Mandarins at the helm of state would disclaim all responsibility for the acts of a tribe of turbulent marauders, while at the same time they would chuckle silyly at the injuries thus vicariously inflicted on the detested Fan Qui.

On the fourth day after the outbreak of hostilities, there arrived in Kiachta a group of Englishmen, engineers and Cornish miners, from a valuable mine on the farther bank of the Amour, the whole plant of which had been wantonly destroyed by the Mongol raiders. They reported the station of Cherinsk, with all its factories and dwellings, to be in flames, while the European residents, with such of their property as they could contrive to save, were slowly retreating, under the protection of a military escort, towards Irkutsk.

"Towards Irkutsk!" I exclaimed, incredulously; "you mean, surely, towards Kiachta. It would be running into the lion's mouth to attempt the long march over the open plains that lie between the northern end of Lake Bakal and the mountains at the head waters of the Amour. No one in his senses would give such an advantage to the fleet-footed enemy."

But my informant was positive as to the route which the caravan of refugees from Cherinsk had adopted. A Cornish miner, despatched thither to purchase powder for blasting purposes, immediately before the inroad, had rejoined his comrades with the news. It appeared that the decision, perilously unwise as it seemed to me, to select the longer and more northerly line of march, had been formed by Count Annenkoff, who commanded the troops, and who was a young man, new to the country, and over-confident in his own judgment.

Hitherto, it was added, the Mongol horsemen had contented themselves with hovering, like hawks on the wing, around their destined prey, keeping at a respectful distance from the rifled muskets of the soldiery; but there could be no doubt that they were waiting the opportunity, in some unguarded moment, of swooping down upon the camp, while the movements of the fugitives, encumbered as they were by a heavy baggage-train, and accompanied by several ladies and children, were of necessity slow. That Ellen and her father were of the company was all but certain.

I could no longer endure the safe inaction of life at Kiachta, and accordingly I formed a resolve which to many of my friends appeared rash and wilful. This was, to make my way, as best I might, to the caravan, the tardy pace of which would readily be overtaken by a

well-mounted rider, and to persuade Ellen and her father rather to trust themselves to my guidance back to Kiachta, than to persevere in the arduous march that otherwise lay before them. Thanks to my love of field sports, and to a certain restless spirit of adventure, I had an acquaintance with the country for many a league around, having repeatedly accompanied Tartar hunters on their expeditions in quest of the elk, the bustard, and the antelope of the plains. I was excellently mounted, and felt that, should I fall in with the enemy, their shaggy ponies would not easily come up with my fine Turcoman steed from the distant deserts of Khiva. And of hunger, and thirst more terrible than hunger, those gaunt guardians of the steppe, there was not much risk. I was to traverse a country watered by many streams, affluents of the Amour, and where the provident care of the Russians had caused wells to be dug in the drier portions of the plain. The nomad tribes, with whom even the Mongols would not interfere, on the principle of dog not eating dog, were friendly enough to give me food in exchange for silver roubles, and the weather was as yet fine and mellow, although the season was winter.

The first long day's march brought me to a cluster of black felt tents, conical in shape, pitched on the bank of a shallow brook, while hard by grazed the sheep and buffaloes that made up the only wealth of the horde. I rode up to them without fear—for these ramblers through the plains of Eastern Siberia have little harm in them—and recognised in the headman of the camp an old acquaintance, who spoke a little Russian, and often brought in lambskins, yaourt, and wild strawberries, to the market at Kiachta.

"I would not push on were I you, Gospodin," said the white-bearded patriarch, as he set before me the simple fare—milk, cheese, and mutton kababs, skewered on a twig of the arbutus—that he had to offer. "They were here with us yesterday, some hundreds of the light-fingered rogues from across the frontier, and it cost me ten fat sheep, and many fair words, to coax them into good behaviour. They had two white men's heads, set on spear points, for their standards, and their leader swore by the Holy Tooth not to go back to Mongolia, without silver enough to plate the shrines

of his joss-house. They're after the poor folks from Cherinsk by this time; not that they've any more fancy for the whistle of a leaden bullet than other people have."

The gift of a golden eagle, and the promise of two more coins of the same mintage, induced the headman to send with me a barefooted lad of his tribe, who would, I was assured, prove quite competent to conduct me to a place whence I could easily overtake the caravan, and also to keep up with my horse at any pace short of a gallop. And young Kazim (how he came by his Moslem name I cannot tell, for all these tribes of the border are Buddhists, like the Mongols beyond it) ran gallantly beside my stirrup over weary leagues of grazing grounds, and stretches of stony barrenness, till at length he stopped, pointing triumphantly to a number of footprints, of horses, oxen, camels, and men, stamped into the half-dried mud of a shallow watercourse, and with a wave of his hand towards a distant wreath of blue smoke, sure sign of a bivouac fire, he received from mine the glittering eagles, wrapped the gold in a scrap of raw sheepskin and thrust it into the salt-gourd that dangled by a thong from his waist, and then, with a grin of leave-taking, trotted off homewards.

I had not ridden half a mile towards the camp fire, before I saw, approaching me, at a lumbering amble, ungainly enough, but swift and silent, some two-score of laden camels, urged on by four horsemen whose lances and the black Tartar caps they wore suggested their nationality as Mongolian. Two of them, as soon as they espied me, dashed at me with loud execrations and cries of, "Feringhee! Russky! kill! kill!"

My revolver was out in a moment, and the sight of it produced some effect on the wild riders, for they wheeled off to right and left, galloping round me in circles, still brandishing their spears, until a third horseman spurred forward, calling out something which seemed as if by magic to suspend their murderous intentions, and then rode quietly up to my side, and held out his bony hand for me to shake.

"Brother!" he said, in a strange jargon of mingled Turkish and Russian; "very good friend, Batuschka! Has English lord forgotten poor Sing-Si?"

I looked at the man's broad flat face, and did indeed recognise a Tartar of the name above mentioned, whom I had, a

year before, bought off, at an expenditure of some six shillings sterling, from a Cossack patrol about to hang him on a dwarf oak for being captured, redhanded, as a sheepstealer. He had since then worked for us, as a porter, for some months in Kiachta, but the vagrant instinct was too strong in Sing-Si, and he had thrown up his employment and fled to the steppe.

The other three Tartars became amicable enough when they found that their companion hailed me as a friend, and I gathered from the rascals' talk that they had been acting as guides to the Cherinsk caravan, and had seized an opportunity of making off with forty camels and their loads, with which, as I made out, they intended to join their cousins the robber Mongols. All this Sing-Si, whose moral fibre was of the coarsest, related as an excellent joke; but when he learned that I was on my way to join those whom he had just deserted, his countenance assumed a graver expression.

"Hark ye, English lord," he said, cautiously, as the others began to goad on their camels with blows and lance-pricks, "we of the steppe love a friend as we hate a foe. Sing-Si does not want his former protector to leave his bones to bleach on the plains, with those of yonder unblest ones;" and he shook his fist at the far-off smoke; "and, sure as death, their shroud is spinning fast."

"What do you mean?" I asked, anxiously.

"I mean," hissed out Sing-Si, putting his ugly face close to mine, "that we of the old Tartar stock have no cause to be fond of the Muskov, and a pretty trick we have played them. Hist! did you never hear of the snow-flood?"

I had, in the course of my residence in Siberia, heard vague stories of such a phenomenon of the far northern steppes, and I nodded, waiting to hear more.

"The Russians will feel it soon," chuckled Sing-Si; "the blind moles! Already the wind is from the north, already the threads of the Fatal Spinners span the sky, and we have led them where there are no mountains to break the fury of the blast; no barrier to check the rush of the white wave that shall overwhelm man and beast. Away, Englishman, whip and spur, as you love your life, for even here you are not safe; and ride to the left, mark me, westwards, to the shelter of the hills. As for me, I go."

And, spurring his rough pony, off he clattered in pursuit of his party. I rode at a brisk hand-gallop towards the camp fire. The snow flood! There crowded on my mind all the tales that I had ever heard, of caravans, of solitary hunters, or of detachments of troops, overtaken by the resistless drift on those illimitable plains, where not a tree, not a hillock, existed to stem the violence of the wind. And as I sped on, I felt convinced that Sing-Si's warning was a true one.

On reaching the encampment I found my predictions of impending evil received very much as were those of Cassandra in old Troy. Count Annenkoff, a vain young officer, with a supreme scorn for civilians and foreigners, ridiculed my advice, and declined to regard my informant Sing-Si as anything but a scoundrel who had absconded with a portion of the baggage.

"Excuse my incredulity, mon cher," he said, coolly, "but your snow flood, as you phrase it, appears too nearly related to Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds, and the other contes of the Thousand and One Nights, to command credence; and I shall use my own discretion as regards the route to be followed."

The other Europeans, if less supercilious, were almost equally deaf to all the arguments which I could urge. None of them had witnessed, though all of them had heard of, the fell force of that snowy tempest to which the Asiatics had given so picturesque a name; and none were willing to run the gauntlet of the prowling Mongols in order to elude a danger which might prove mythical. But Ellen, who believed in me because she loved me, used all her influence with her father, and with such good effect that Mr. Merton yielded a reluctant consent to have his own and his daughter's horses re-saddled, and to set off, under my guidance, in the direction indicated by Sing-Si.

As we left the camp, lighted by a broad full moon that bathed the steppe with silvery brightness, I observed that the northern sky was growing very dark, and that the long filaments of gray cloud had become knit together, as though the Valkyrs were indeed busy at the loom of death. The wind also, blowing in fitful gusts, had become piercingly cold, and our very horses snorted and sniffed the air, as though they scented the approach of some viewless peril.

By the time we had ridden, as I guessed, some two miles from the halting-place, the

northern sky had darkened still more, and the low sobbing of the desert wind had swelled into a shriek, while the temperature was perceptibly lowered, so that Ellen shivered, more from cold than fear. We pressed on. Mr. Merton, as I have said, had been unwilling to take my counsel, in opposition to the scoffs and remonstrances of his friends, but now he said, in an altered tone:

"I begin to think, Richards, that you and the Tartar were right. God bless you for your unselfish kindness, my boy, whatever comes of this."

Before I could reply, a terrified outcry from Ellen's lips made me turn my head, just as the first quick snow-flakes came whirling down, and there, behind us, throwing before it, as it came, a ghastly gleam of light, came from the north a shapeless whiteness, rolling pitilessly on.

"The snow! the snow!" we exclaimed, as with one voice, urging on our affrighted horses to their fullest speed, while behind us, like the tide rising fast over the sands of the seashore, swept on the white wave, burying beneath it, as it advanced, bush, and mound, and watercourse, and blotting out every feature of the landscape to the northward.

Then began a race indeed, the alarmed horses straining every sinew to outstrip the pursuing fate; but with all our speed the drift gained upon us, and presently we found ourselves plunging and floundering, up to our saddle-girths, in snow. The moon's radiance was now totally obscured, but afar off, to westward, my eye had caught the ruddy glow of a fire such as charcoal-burners kindle among the hills, and never did storm-tossed mariner watch the welcome beacon of some harbour more eagerly than did I this saving light.

The fire, as I had conjectured, was burning high up on one of the wooded spurs of the mountain range near the sources of the Amour, but to reach it was no trifling task. Our exhausted steeds, worn out by the toilsome passage through the snow, could scarcely be urged to fresh exertions, while the rush of the deepening flood, and the blinding showers that dashed into our faces, threatened at each instant to overwhelm us. We reached the Amour at last, down the swollen current of which were whirling masses of snow, and here Ellen's horse fell, and could not be raised, while that of Mr. Merton, gasping and spent, no longer answered to the spur.

"Save yourself, Frank! leave us! why should all perish?" groaned the merchant.

There was some strength and spirit yet left in the gallant Turcoman that I bestrode, and snatching up Ellen's light form in my arms, I spurred into the river, and, struggling through, deposited my precious burthen on the turf beyond, under the shelter of a rocky boulder. I then recrossed the ford, and bidding Mr. Merton to cling tightly to my horse's mane, for the third time breasted the current, and, half swimming, half wading, we got through, though on the farther bank my noble horse reeled and fell, with a faint, low neigh, and so died. The carcasses of the others were already buried beneath the driving snow.

The rest of our story—how, after some fatigue, we scaled the rocky ravine where stood the hut of the charcoal burners, and how these rough but kindly beings warmed and fed us, and finally enabled us to reach Kiachta in safety—is a tale of mere commonplace hardship. I have been for years the happy husband of Ellen, and a junior partner in the thriving house of Merton and Paulovitch, although our sphere of business has been removed to a less romantic region than that of Eastern Siberia. Of the fate of Count Annenkoff and the caravan under his charge no survivor ever returned to head-quarters to tell the tale.

HIS HOUR.

HIS HOUR! Pile the oak logs where the hearthlight leaps and glows.
Was that his eager footstep that crushed amid the snows?
Draw the crimson curtains closer; bring nearer to the blaze;
So, in the nook he calls his own, the chair he's wont to praise.
And bring the lamp unkindled, he loves the gloaming best,
The warm soft duskiess that breathes of loving, lulling rest.
Nay, leave one pane uncurtained, to flash its welcome light
All down the windy pathway that he will trace to-night.
Put by the angry letter, forget the morning's wrong;
Think of the last gay book we read, recall the softest song.
Aye, smooth the robe's white foldings, and sleek the golden hair,
Let the fond eyes find their darling, serene, and sweet, and fair;
No ruffle in the life he loves; no thorns to gird his flower.
His ways are rough, his days are hard, then scored be his hour.
Again, around the old red house, the drifts lie white and deep;
Again, upon the winter hearth, the fire-flames flash and leap.

Outside the winds are wailing above the trackless snow,
Tossing the same gaunt branches they troubled long ago.

Inside, the chair stands by the wall; a silent Presence only
Haunts the hushed room, and fills with awe the vigil drear and lonely.

The glossy braids he loved to see are decked for other eyes,
The small white hand he longed to kiss, in another's keeping lies.

And in the yearning solitude there is only one recalls
The laugh that used to echo back so gaily from the walls;

The great blue eyes, the waving hair, bright smile, and ready grace,
The noble, simple earnestness, that lit the fair frank face.

Gone, like lost love and failing faith; gone, like last summer's flower;
Yet to him, and to his memory vowed, one yet will keep his hour.

SIR SALAR JUNG.

THE dominions of the Nizam, otherwise known as those of Hyderabad, form by many degrees the largest and most important of any of the native states in India. They cover an area of ninety thousand square miles; the population is estimated at upwards of ten millions, and there are very few portions of the country which are not well watered and exceedingly fertile. The chief productions of the country are cotton, rice, wheat, and barley. In one district, not far from the sea, coal and iron, both of excellent quality, abound. The revenue of the provinces administered by the Nizam amounts to two millions three hundred thousand sterling a year, and steadily increases. For the last twenty years public works have been carried out, and roads made, throughout the country; and should the peace of India not be disturbed for some time, the kingdom of the Nizam bids fair to rival in prosperity the most fertile of the English provinces in the East.

Matters were not always thus in the state of Hyderabad. Like most other native dominions, misrule and pecculation were for very many years chronic diseases of the country. The bulk of the population throughout the country is composed of Hindoos and aboriginal races; the Mohammedans, who have ruled the country for centuries, being in a minority, and not exceeding a tenth of the whole. The peasants and cultivators of the soil are a peaceful and orderly people; but between them and their Moslem rulers there were,

until some few years ago, a number of warlike adventurers, consisting of Rohillas, Sikhs, and Arabs, who were either disbanded mercenaries or their descendants, and who formed the pest and scourge of the land. These men either lived in the hill forts or lingered in the cities of Hyderabad and Aungabad, ready for any disturbance that gave a fair promise of plunder. Their bearing to all who were not Moslems was something hardly credible. Englishmen passing through the bazaars of the two large towns mentioned above, had frequently been insulted in the most brutal manner, and even spat upon, for no other reason than because they were "dogs and unbelievers."

All this has, within the last twenty-three or four years, changed, and changed greatly for the better. In 1853, when the fortunes of the Nizam and of the state he ruled over may be said to have been at its lowest ebb, Salar Jung—who is now in England upon a mission, of which more hereafter—was appointed Dewan, or Prime Minister of Hyderabad. He was then quite a young man, only twenty years of age, and a more difficult task than the one set before him can hardly be imagined. On the one hand it was absolutely needful that he should keep well with the Nizam, his lawful sovereign and master; and on the other, he, and the state of which he was minister, would have been ruined had he not remained in the good books of the British Resident. The whole system of Government was vicious in the extreme. Might took the place of right. The Nizam had, in those days, an irregular army some fifty thousand strong, and the men who composed it were simply a band of well-armed robbers. The British Government obliged the Nizam to keep up a regular disciplined army, which was officered and commanded by gentlemen selected from the Indian services, and which, although it cost the Government of the country thirty-five thousand pounds a month, was altogether under the direction of the British Resident. The finances were in the utmost confusion. The various departments of the service—the customs, the land tax, and other imposts—were farmed out; and the returns from them were but half what they ought to have been. And, as if to make matters worse, the British Government was ever on the look out for some plausible reason for annexing the whole of the Hyderabad kingdom to our own rule, or at any

rate for the exaction of guarantees, in the shape of districts made over to us, that the government of the country would improve and not deteriorate. But Salar Jung seemed quite equal to the occasion, and seems to have only shown more and more energy and judgment as his difficulties increased. In a very able statement of his case, published last year in the shape of a pamphlet,* the author thus describes the young minister of the Nizam at the period—1853—when he took office, and found himself face to face with all his many difficulties. "Young as he was," writes Mr. Hyndman, "however, he set to work in earnest. A man of dauntless courage himself, he inspired confidence in those who were brave that they would be fairly dealt with, whilst the cowardly shrank from a contest with a minister who, they knew, disguised a most determined policy beneath a quiet demeanour. Not content with giving himself up entirely to public business, in a way which few Eastern statesmen had ever emulated, he set an example of economy, by refusing to draw more than half the salary which had been paid to his predecessors in office. None dared hesitate to follow when he led the way. He was thus enabled to put down the system of farming the revenue, which had benefited individuals at the expense of the Government and of cultivators alike. It soon became known throughout the State of Hyderabad that a strong man was at the head of affairs, and the change which that knowledge alone effected can best be appreciated by those who best understand Indian politics." Nor is either the character here given Salar Jung, or the difficulty of his task from the first, in any way overdrawn. In fact, the writer of the passage quoted does not here touch upon what was by far the greatest obstacle to the pacification of Hyderabad that the young minister had yet to overcome. A very short time before he took office, Lord Dalhousie, who was then Governor-General of India, had forced the Nizam to assign to the British Government a district of country called the Berars, containing some eighteen thousand square miles, and about three million inhabitants. The province was made over to us under the good old rule, "there's no compulsion, only you must." In other words, it was assigned to the English Government under threats

* Indian Policy and English Justice. By H. M. Hyndman. London, 1875.

from the Governor-General that, if his demand was not complied with, the whole kingdom of Hyderabad would be annexed to our territory, and the independence of the Nizam stamped out with a heel of iron. Of course there was—when is there not for any injustice?—a pretext for this demand. The British Government had for years obliged the Nizam to maintain the contingent army at a cost of thirty-five thousand pounds per month. The pay of this force had fallen into arrears. According to some old Act of Parliament which dates from the days of the third George, no native Indian prince can borrow money for public purposes, either in England or in British India. Had this law not existed, the Nizam could easily have raised the funds needful to wipe out the debt contracted by keeping up troops which he did not want, and which was forced upon him by the very power that now demanded, as his part of the payment, that the most flourishing of his provinces should be given up to satisfy a claim caused by those who made this demand. It is now more than twenty years since the Berars were “temporarily” assigned to the British Government, and it is to urge that the province be restored to its original owners which forms Sir Salar Jung’s mission to England.

The Berars is a district which any government might be excused for coveting. “The agricultural wealth of the province,” says the writer quoted above, “is very great, and much of the land is of unsurpassed fertility. Of the eleven million ninety-nine thousand five hundred and ninety-five acres which make up the whole area, five million seven hundred and twenty-six thousand seven hundred and four acres are cultivated; of these no fewer than one million seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand eight hundred acres are under cotton. At the time of the civil war in America the natives here were induced by Sir Salar Jung to plant New Orleans seed, though on English territory they refused to use it. Much of this cotton is, therefore, of very good quality, and the area of its cultivation is being extended. In no part of India has the surplus revenue of a province been so exclusively spent in its own administration as on Berar.” As a proof of this it is only needful to mention that the land revenue of the province has risen from under three hundred thousand a year in 1853, the period when it was “temporarily” assigned to the British Government, to

upwards of five hundred thousand in 1873. “This progress of the revenue has been,” says the same authority, “accompanied by a marked addition to the cost of administration, and at the present time these territories could be adequately governed under native authority at less than one-fourth the cost of British rule.”

And now let us examine for a moment whether right and justice is to be found on the part of the British Government, which seems determined at all cost and all hazards to maintain the Berars; or with the Nizam, whose agent, and co-regent of his kingdom, Sir Salar Jung, is now on a mission to England to try and recover the property. But, first of all, let us note a fact which no one disputes, viz., the immense service done us by the Hyderabad Government, or, in other words, by Sir Salar Jung, in the days of the great mutiny, when our time in India seemed to have come to an end, and when our star in that land was so nearly extinguished in a sea of blood. Had the authorities in the Nizam’s dominions turned against us—nay, if Salar Jung had simply remained neutral, and allowed things to take their course—nothing could have prevented the whole of the central and southern provinces of India from being lost to us, probably for ever. Notwithstanding the fact that only four short years had elapsed, since the Hyderabad Government had been forced to make over the Berars to the British authorities, Sir Salar Jung, when the storm burst in 1857, remained our most faithful ally. His fellow-countrymen, and more particularly his co-religionists, were almost to a man against us. They thought, like many others, that our days in the East were numbered, and that they ought to support the native power then struggling for an ascendancy. But Sir Salar Jung resolutely set his face against this policy, and in every possible manner helped the British cause, putting aside for the moment the grievances he had against us. In many instances he kept faith with us at the immediate risk of his own life; in all cases with the certain knowledge that he was lowering himself in the eyes of his fellow-subjects of the Nizam, and that if we lost the day, his star as a ruler in the land was set for ever. His services to us at the crisis of the great mutiny may be described in the actual words of a high Anglo-Indian official, as “simply priceless.” How we have returned his good with evil, is recorded

too clearly for any impartial inquirer to doubt.

As we have said before, the provinces of the Berars were assigned to the Government of British India, in 1853, as security for the payment of arrears due on account of the contingent force, and for its future maintenance. The repugnance of the Nizam to any permanent cession of territory was insuperable, and, therefore, the treaty was conducted for a temporary cession in the nature of a mortgage. Even this was only done by threats of military occupation. As another able writer on the same subject notes with truth, "no option was offered to the Nizam to see the contingent disbanded or to assign land. The alternative offered to him in 1853 was only to disband the contingent and assign land, or to retain the contingent and assign land. The only alternative offered to the Nizam to avert the threatened and imminent invasion, was the assignment of a part of his dominions, and this alternative was necessarily acquiesced in."* And he further illustrates the case in point as follows: "The compulsion used on one of the parties to the treaty, places that treaty in a different position from other treaties which are voluntarily entered into. It is true that treaties between belligerents are always concluded by compulsion. But this was a treaty between friends and allies in a state of profound peace, between whom threats and compulsion must be regarded as unjust, violent, and vitiating the origin of the treaty. In fact the treaty of 1853 was extorted from an ally, the integrity of whose dominions, and whose external and internal security, we had guaranteed by the treaty of 1800 for very valuable considerations which we still hold. An agreement for the payment of the money—assuming such money to have been due—might have been entered into without any assignment of territory. And the British Government would have incurred no risk, as they had ample means to enforce payment. But the assignment of territory was in accordance with the rapacious policy of Lord Dalhousie, and although temporary and merely by way of mortgage, it was, no doubt, intended by the Governor-General that the territory should subsequently be annexed. But good faith and the meaning and spirit of the treaty manifestly require that its temporary nature be strictly and

honestly adhered to, with a view to the restitution of the assigned territories."

Nor shall we waste time by noting the occasion on which such compulsion was used. The debt claimed by the British Government from the Nizam amounted, in round figures, to two hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling. The Nizam never would admit, and never has admitted, that the debt was really due. But allowing, for the sake of argument, that it was so; the liability had been incurred in such a manner as would justify it being treated in a particular way. Had the case been one in which the State of Hyderabad voluntarily borrowed the money, and failed to repay it, there would be some excuse for the pressure laid upon it by the British Government. But it was far otherwise. The Government of India had imposed upon the Nizam the maintenance of the contingent force. The Government of India forced the Nizam, for thirty-six years, to keep up that force on a scale which was utter folly in times of peace, and a ruinous encumbrance at all times. The Nizam at first consented to do this, although only in the most utterly passive manner. He was obliged to do what his much stronger neighbour insisted he should do. After maintaining, for many years, that force on a scale which was far beyond the means of his country, he was told by the Governor-General that he was bound by treaty to keep it up. In 1831 large sums were paid by the Nizam in reduction of the arrears; but the latter finally got larger than ever, simply because the Hyderabad Government had not the means to pay them off. The Indian Government seems throughout to have behaved very much like an usurious money-lender who first induces—in the present case we might write "forces"—his client to get into difficulties, and then helps to increase those difficulties for a series of years, for the purpose of getting the spendthrift's estate, or part of his landed property, into his own hands. What State in the world is there that, year after year, decade after decade, and even generation after generation, keeps up an army which it has not the means of paying? And yet this is neither more nor less what the Indian Government forced the Nizam to do from 1814 to 1856. As the pamphlet we have already quoted from states: "The expenses of the force were provided for by the revenues of other territories, ceded in perpetuity, the British Government actually made a

* Case on behalf of His Highness the Nizam, in the matter of the Berar Provinces. London, 1876.

profit out of the surplus. And this, to our national shame be it said, is the universal opinion held by the natives of India, as the present writer, who has only lately returned from a tour in that country, can testify." Nay, more; to quote again the words of a pamphlet, the author of which is generally believed to be an English gentleman and barrister of the highest talents: "It is not too much to say that Lord Dalhousie was determined to annex the Berar Provinces, and that being so determined, and carrying into effect his insidious policy, which he found already in operation, he did so take those provinces, under colour of the treaty, with the intention to retain them for ever. Such a policy as that might not be sanctioned by the Imperial Government. It is a policy calculated to discredit, and disgrace, and impair the authority of the Crown, and to alienate the princes and people of India from their allegiance."

The question, then, as it exists at present, is whether the Imperial Government ought, by undoing what a former Governor-General managed to effect, to be just to a State to which it has hitherto been most unjust. If a European foreign power were to annex—for the "assignment" of the Berar is simply that—certain provinces belonging to a weaker nation, what should we say in England of the transaction? Yet that is exactly what we have done, and that is what Sir Salar Jung has come to England to try and undo. There can be no doubt but that from 1804 to 1853 the history of Hyderabad is simply the annual growth of English influence, and a steady decay in the prosperity of the country; nor, in the words of the first pamphlet from which we quoted, "can there be any doubt that even the long-standing alliance and solemn treaties between the Nizam and the English would not have saved his country from annexation to the British dominions, had not the great mutiny of 1857 materially altered the character of the English supremacy in India."

To certain events connected with that terrible time—when, as has been truly said, "every Englishman in India was on guard for his life"—we may be pardoned if we refer again, more particularly as they bear on the question of the Nizam's dominions. When our troubles were at their worst, and when not even the most experienced men in India could say what a day might bring forth, the Governor of

Bombay telegraphed to the British Resident at Hyderabad these memorable words: "If the Nizam goes all is lost." That the Nizam did not "go," and that "all" was not "lost," ought, in common honesty, to be put to the credit of the man who is now amongst us—Sir Salar Jung. Nor was his determination to remain loyal to the British Government easy to carry into effect. During the whole time that he made head against the turbulent Moslems who wished to join our enemies, plots for his assassination were discovered almost every day. He was denounced as a recreant to his country, his government, and his faith, by nearly every man of influence—to say nothing of the rabble—in Hyderabad. Fanatical Moslems howled at him, and tried to force him to lead them against us, if only for very shame. The contingent force, about which so many threats had been used by the British Government, was wavering, and needed but a word from him to mutiny. For a long time it was exceedingly doubtful whether this very force, to raise and maintain which so much injustice had been effected by the British Government, would not desert the latter in its hour of greatest need. Hyderabad was at this time crowded with armed fanatics, who desired nothing better than a war against the British—a war in which they had everything to gain, and nothing to lose. Every post brought fresh news of disasters to our cause in every part of the country. "For the moment," as a late writer on this subject said, "it seemed as if the whole of India would have to be reconquered; and that a struggle of twenty years might barely suffice thoroughly to reassert our supremacy." We had been driven out of Delhi; and it was very questionable whether we should ever re-enter that city. All the great lines of communication were in the hands of the mutineers. At Cawnpore, perhaps, the most infamous and cowardly butchery of women and children that history can record had been consummated. Our dominion in Hindustan seemed to be at an end, and our final ejection from India only a question of months, or, perhaps, weeks. But throughout the whole of this fearful time Salar Jung never faltered. Colonel Davidson, who was then Resident at Hyderabad, had such confidence in the integrity of the young minister, and in his power to keep order in the Nizam's dominions, that he allowed a great portion of the British brigade, quartered in the neighbourhood, to be sent to

join Sir Hugh Rose's columns in Central India. Some of the troops sent with this force were in the service of the Nizam, and they rendered throughout the campaign the most brilliant service. In an official letter from Colonel Davidson to the Government of India, dated 27th of March, 1858, he states that "the unhesitating energy and promptitude with which the Nizam's minister—Salar Jung—assisted the British Government was beyond all praise, and has already been brought to the notice of the Government of India. No minister of the Deccan ever before showed himself so thoroughly and truly the friend of the English and the British Government. From his open and avowed determination to assist us at all hazards, he became most unpopular and almost outlawed by the Mohammedan population; but no invectives, threats, or entreaties ever made him swerve from the truly faithful line of conduct he from the first adopted. His assassination was planned a dozen times, and I believe he was fully aware of this; but neither dread on that account, nor, for a time, the continual intelligence of repeated reverses to our cause in the north-west, shook him for a moment. Every contingency and every requisition made to him by me, was met with the same firmness and consistency; and the resources of the Nizam's Government were, as far as they lay in his power, placed unhesitatingly at my disposal." This most important letter is signed "Cuthbert Davidson, Resident," its date being, as has been noted above, 27th of March, 1858, or just about the time the English in India began to see a gleam of sunshine through the dark and lowering clouds which had so long hung around them; and it would be difficult to bring forward better proof that Salar Jung is not one who falters with his obligations; and that, to such a man the Government of Great Britain owes, at any rate, justice and consideration in any claim he may have to prefer.

When the mutiny had been put down, and India began to resume its normal state, Salar Jung set to work with more energy than ever to reform the thousands of abuses which existed in the State of Hyderabad. So well did he succeed that, in two short years after the date of the letter we have quoted above, the British Resident recorded in his official report, that the Hyderabad of 1860, no more resembled the Hyderabad of 1830, than

the England of Queen Victoria resembled the England of the Stuarts, and this the same officer states is "a result essentially due to the beneficent administration and sound financial policy of the present minister, Sir Salar Jung."

Such, then, is the man who has come over to obtain justice in England for the young Nizam, of whose dominions he is one of the two co-regents. Whether he will obtain what he seeks remains to be seen. Of the equity and legality of his claim there can hardly be two opinions. Those who have read this brief sketch of the case, will hardly believe that in India the Viceroy refused, point-blank, so much as to discuss the question respecting the restoration of the Berars to the Nizam's Government. Indian red-tapism declares that if the petition of Salar Jung were granted, it would have a bad effect upon the natives of our Eastern Empire; and the Indian circumlocution office in London says, mysteriously, that there are grave political reasons why things should remain as they are—why this great wrong should not be righted. To the former, the experience of every man who has been in India is opposed. The natives of India have as keen and as clear a sense of justice and injustice as any people in the world. To the latter—to those who bring into count those somewhat inexplicable words, "political causes," as a reason why Sir Salar Jung's petition should be refused—we would quote the famous sentence of Charles James Fox, when he denounced the siege of Copenhagen, that "what is morally wrong, can never be politically right."

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CARHEL HOYT,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER III. CONFIDENCES.

LADY OLIVE DESPARD was surprised at seeing Ida. She had heard of her in the afternoon as not being well, and now she had come to Despard Court alone, at a later hour than was usual. The girl's first words were:

"Lady Olive, are you to be alone this evening?"

"I dine alone. Barr is going somewhere with Frank Lester. Why? Is anything wrong with you, Ida? You look ill."

"I am ill, and there is something wrong. May I stay with you, and will you send word to Audrey that I am here? I want help from you, Lady Olive; and advice which no one but you can give me."

"Of course you shall stay with me, my dear; and, of course, I will help you in any way that I can. I will write a line to Audrey at once; and you had better go to my room, and take your bonnet off. I will come to you there."

Having thus given Ida time to recover herself, Lady Olive despatched her note to Audrey.

"She has come to tell me about Dale," said Lady Olive to herself, as she went upstairs to join Ida. "The thing Mrs. Pemberton feared is coming upon us. Thank heaven, as she has come to me of her own accord, that Mr. Dwarris had confided the truth to me!"

She found Ida sitting on the hearthrug, and looking into the fire; and she asked her to place herself on a cushion by her side.

"No," said Ida, "let me stay here, but sit close to me."

Lady Olive complied. Presently Ida, catching Lady Olive's hand in both hers, and fingering the rings upon it, with her head bent down, said:

"Did you ever know anyone of the name of Edward Randall?"

The question was entirely different from any which Lady Olive had expected. It gave her quite a new idea of Ida's purpose. "Had she discovered the connection which existed between Lady Olive's past and that of her dead step-mother? And was Lady Olive, and not Ida, concerned with the confidence she had come to make?" She answered:

"I did know the Edward Randall who died at your father's house, very well, some years ago."

"But you never knew my step-mother?"

"No."

"It was strange that she should have been given a message for you! She did not know where you were, or, I suppose, your present name, or she would have written it so. I suppose she meant to find you when she came to England, little thinking that you would be so near. You know about the packing-cases which arrived so long before I did?"

"Yes. You opened them—Audrey told me."

"I opened one of them, and found in it—so close to you all this time—this!"

Ida moved the skirt of her gown, and lifted from the rug the packet, on which was written, in Mary Pemberton's hand: "Entrusted to me by Edward Randall, shortly before his death; to be given to Lady Olive Barr."

She merely glanced at Lady Olive, as she laid the packet on her lap; but the glance showed her Lady Olive's face deadly pale. She drooped her head again, as she said:

"Shall I leave you for awhile?"

"No, no; certainly not! This startles me a little, but I was not entirely unprepared for it. I knew that Mrs. Pemberton had received from Mr. Randall a trust to be given over to somebody, and I have always felt that it was for me."

"You knew, then! How?" asked Ida, in great surprise.

"I will tell you presently. It was a good and delicate thought of yours, dear child"—Lady Olive laid her hand tenderly on the young girl's head—"to bring this to me yourself."

"I have said nothing about it."

"Thank you! You have judged well. I will put this packet away, and come back."

Lady Olive went into her dressing-room, and broke the seal of the packet. It contained a Russia-leather pocket-book, with an elastic band and a brass clasp—the pocket-book on which Geoffrey Dale had made contemptuous comment, when its owner lay dying in John Pemberton's house. Lady Olive but slightly inspected the contents; they were what she looked for—her own letters to Edward Randall during their brief engagement, with the signature of the olive twig; but with only one scrap of his own writing;—a date, written in pencil, on the small, silver-paper-covered parcel in one pocket of the book. At the sight of that date Lady Olive grew paler still, and unconscious tears streamed down her cheeks as she turned over the scented fragments of the broken fan. But she did not linger long in the realm of memory.

"I shall have time enough to think of these and of him," she thought, as she put away the pocket-book in a drawer; and, recalling her usual composure, returned to her bed-room. "I must find out, now, all there is in this poor child's mind."

"Tell me, dear Ida," said Lady Olive, when she had resumed her place beside her, "did Mrs. Pemberton ever tell you

anything about Mr. Randall—anything which would explain his sending a message to me when he was dying ? ”

“Never. Mary could not bear to talk of Mr. Randall to me; she could not but feel that he had caused papa’s death. But—if you will let me, Lady Olive—I should like to tell you all about that dreadful time. I came to tell you, I must tell you; I can’t bear the concealment any longer. I never saw Mr. Randall except for a minute. It was fever, you know; and they would not let me go near him, even when he was dead. They said, too, that I was too young to see death. But that’s absurd, when young people can die; and they little thought of the horrors I was soon to see. However, I never did see him, and I am afraid the sad event made very little impression on me; for a great novelty had come into my life just then, and I was full of it.”

Ida had resumed her former attitude, and Lady Olive looked down upon her drooping head with deeper and tenderer interest than the girl had ever before inspired in her.

“Mr. Randall did not come to our house alone; there was a Mr. Geoffrey Dale with him when the accident happened, and he stayed with us until after—the funeral.” Ida pressed the hand she held, and it returned the pressure. “I was a good deal with him, and he—”

“He fell in love with you, and you fell in love with him ? ”

“I—I thought I did, and—oh, Lady Olive!” here Ida’s voice sank, and she burst into tears—“I did so many things that it would have grieved my father to know—my dear, good, kind father; who never denied a wish of mine, or said an angry word to me in his life! Oh, Lady Olive! if you could only know how terrible a feeling self-reproach is; and the sense that one has deceived those who loved and trusted one above all, and are dead—dead—gone beyond the reach of knowing and forgiving!”

She clasped her hands over her face, and turned them to Lady Olive’s knees.

“Don’t grieve so bitterly, my dear. How do we know that they are beyond the reach of knowing and forgiving? I don’t believe it. What I do believe is that they see the whole truth of everything, and all that is fragmentary here as a whole. Speak to me as if you were speaking to them. Did Mr. Dale lead you to deceive your parents ? ”

“Yes. He asked me to write to him when he went away. I had a suspicion that my father did not wish to keep up the acquaintance, and I resisted at first. But I was always thinking of him, and I was lonely and miserable. I had never been unhappy for an hour in my life before; but papa was ill, and Mary was so terrified, she never thought of me. At last I wrote to him; but only as a friend, you know—really and truly, only as a friend. He was at Sydney, and he said he was going to England, but he did not go. He wrote very often to me; and after papa died I had no comfort except his letters.”

“Was your step-mother not kind to you ? ”

“Mary? She was the best and kindest of women, but she was in such grief that she could hardly live; and then I was deceiving her, as I had deceived papa; and she did not draw herself away from me, but I kept aloof from her. I can see her quiet, sorrowful, reproachful face now. I shall always see it! I hardened myself against her. I got bad advice. I know it now, though it seemed all right to me then, and, when my little brother came, I behaved very ill to Mary. Mr. Dale had told me that I ought to know exactly what my position was—in point of fortune, I mean—and he urged me to demand an explanation from Mary.”

“Had you promised to marry him at this time ? ”

“No. He had never asked me; but I think it was nearly understood between us, because, before Mary was recovered, he came to Mount Kiera Lodge, and I never felt free from that moment.”

“Did you love him, Ida ? ”

“I—don’t know,” answered Ida, with a sob. “He seemed to master me. Yes, I suppose it must have been love. I was miserable when he came, because it was a deceit; and I was miserable when he was away, because all my life was spoiled for me. Mary found out that I was in the habit of writing to him, and spoke to me. Lady Olive, I have not the courage to tell you about our quarrel—to tell you what I dared to say to her, and how she took it. It almost kills me to think of it now; it almost drove me mad to think of it when she died that dreadful death. I cannot tell you about my conduct, but you must believe that no one could have behaved worse than I did, or more like an angel than Mary did.”

Should she tell the poor girl, Lady Olive asked herself, that she knew it all; that she had seen the record of it in Mary's own hand, and was well aware of the truth and tenderness of Mary's heart towards her dead husband's child? No, she resolved; it might shock Ida, check her confidence. It would be better to conceal the knowledge in her own possession until she could use it for her consolation and support.

"Mr. Dale came while Mary was still in her room, and when everything was being prepared for us to leave our dear old home. Before he went away I had promised to marry him in England."

"And still your step-mother knew nothing?"

"She knew nothing. Mr. Dale insisted on secrecy until we reached England, because Mary had the entire control of Papa's money in her hands, and Mr. Dale never pretended that he did not care about my fortune. He was honourable in that, Lady Olive, was he not?"

"At least, my dear, he was wise. He did not take you for a fool, to make such a pretence to you."

"He said she had a prejudice against him, but he would soon overcome it, if he could only get the opportunity; and he proposed to secure that by coming to England in the same ship with us. There she could not quite avoid him, and he would do all in his power to propitiate her."

"Vanity and audacity are components of Mr. Dale's character," was Lady Olive's mental comment on this.

"He had given me to understand that he knew something about Mary," continued Ida, "something about her former life in England, before she had ever seen papa, which she would be ashamed of anyone's knowing. He never told me anything exact or definite about it, but he hinted at something connected with Mr. Randall. Papa told him that Mary had been acquainted with Mr. Randall in England. It made me very unhappy, partly because I could not bear to think there was anything to be known against Mary—even when I was turned, to some extent, against her I could not bear to think that; and partly because I felt it was cruel and treacherous of Mr. Dale to keep up his knowledge of whatever it was, to use against her in case she did not change her mind about him during the voyage. I cannot tell you how all this tormented me."

"No; but I can quite understand it,"

said Lady Olive, with great seriousness; "and so it ought to have tormented you, Ida. But now, before you go any farther, let me tell you that there was something to be known concerning Mrs. Pemberton's early life in England, that it was connected with Mr. Randall, and that it was entirely to her credit."

"Can you tell it to me?" asked Ida, eagerly, lifting up her head, and looking imploringly at Lady Olive through her tears. "It would be such a mercy to me to know that I had been deceived deliberately. Anything would be such a blessing that would help me to the assurance that I am doing right."

Lady Olive had no clue to the meaning of these words, but she observed their earnestness, and replied:

"I can tell it you, dear, though it includes some of my own story—strangely linked with your step-mother's by a double tie, though we never saw each other's faces—which I have never confided to anyone."

"Oh, Lady Olive, how can I hope for such a privilege?"

"I give it freely."

Then Lady Olive Despard told Ida Pemberton the true history of the packet which had been brought to her from the other side of the world; and how Mary Pemberton, who received the charge from Edward Randall in his death-hour, had suffered the cruel wrong of perjured inconstancy at his hands, for Lady Olive's sake. The girl listened with a sense of awe upon her. This was the story, no doubt, which Mary had told to Ida's father; and its sequel had been the death of both. They would all have been safe at home in England, but for the man who had been so false and cruel to Mary; and she would never have seen Geoffrey Dale. How terrible are what we call the accidents and coincidences of life! How strange that the man and woman, who had once loved each other, should have met at the other side of the world, and that a token doubly from the dead should reach the second woman concerned in the story, on this! Ida's fancy seized on the romantic side of the events, while her heart was filled with thankfulness by the dispersion of the vague distrust of Mary, with which Geoffrey Dale had inspired her.

"And, if we had come home together," she said, when she had asked and been answered innumerable questions, "you and Mary would have met here. She would have known who you were, but you

would have known nothing about her. I wonder whether she would have made any sign?"

"And Edward Randall's fate would have for ever remained unknown to us both. However, it was not to be so. Now you are content, dear Ida; the memory of your step-mother is vindicated from every shade of suspicion."

Ida's thoughts flew back to the painful perplexity of her own position.

"I think I am a legacy to you from Mary," she said. "I am more helpless than even she foresaw; but she would be glad of my perplexity if she could know anything about it, rather than of that she left me in."

"I think I understand you, Ida. I think you have found out that you no longer love Mr. Dale, and that you do not wish to marry him."

"I would rather be dead than be his wife."

"Then cheer up, my dear, for his wife you shall most assuredly never be. Go on with what you have to tell me."

"I thought it impossible that Mary could long retain her prejudice against him, and I agreed to the plan for his coming to England with us. An accident prevented his doing so at the last moment, but we had met secretly, during our short stay at Sydney, and he had very fully laid out his plans for the future."

"And your meeting was undiscovered, unsuspected?"

"I believe so. I don't think there was ever any suspicion about him, but there was a general sort of suspicion of me in Bessy West's mind. She never liked me, and I never liked her. I thought her cold, selfish, and disobliging to me, at least, though an excellent and devoted servant to Mary. I have always believed that she suspected something, and that she watched me closely during our voyage. I was disappointed and unhappy, and I behaved ill to Mary. My God! what a recollection that will be for all my life! Then came the awful fire, and the end of the Albatross. I can never forget the agonies of remorse and vain regret I suffered while I was receiving all kinds of care and attention at the Falklands, and Mary and her child were both dead. Then, Lady Olive, it seemed to me that my eyes were opened, and I began to see clearly. Then I found out that I did not love Mr. Dale—that I did not know what love meant. I had all sorts of wild hopes and ideas that I might

not be identified, that I might change my name and remain there; that Mr. Dale might give the ship up for lost—I knew he would sail by the next after the Albatross, and arrive long before I could—and marry someone else! Only fancy to what straws I clung! And all the time Bessy West watched me."

"When you arrived, was there any news of Mr. Dale?"

"Yes," replied Ida, with a deep crimson blush; "there came news to me of him, not quite immediately on landing, but very soon, and it made me understand at once that I had nothing to hope from any change of purpose in him."

"I should think not," thought Lady Olive. "Mrs. Pemberton and her child dead, the way was cleared for Mr. Dale."

"He did not suspect me of wishing to be free," said Ida; "and he wrote, as any man, I suppose, would write under the circumstances; but the letter was terrible to me, and things more terrible still were to come. The first thing I felt was that I was going 'home' under false pretences, and to live a false life with people who were full of kindly intentions towards me. I was plunged again into the deceit which I had escaped from for a little while."

"Hence the constrained letter which made me construe her so falsely," thought Lady Olive.

"Did you see him, Ida?"

Again Ida blushed—an intensely painful blush—which, fading, left her ghastly pale.

"I have seen him," she answered, speaking with difficulty; "but I cannot tell you where or when. I pledged myself most solemnly to secrecy on those points, to avoid his declaring our engagement to my uncle, and pressing for an early marriage. I knew I could never tell my uncle the truth—I could not acknowledge that I had been so fickle, or so complete a self-deceiver. I had no help to look for; I tried to temporise; and I found myself hopelessly bound."

"Why did not Mr. Dale insist on addressing your uncle, if you still kept up your engagement?"

"Because he wants to find out how my uncle stands towards me; because he suspects that Mary may have warned my uncle against him."

Lady Olive smiled; her calculation had not been erroneous.

"He knows I could not face the disgrace of letting my uncle know the whole of my

conduct, and he holds me to my promise. At last, I can bear this no longer; I cannot face a future with him, I cannot endure the present as it is. I have made a desperate appeal to him, and he has refused it. I have promised him, that when I come of age—in three years' time—I will share with him whatever my father has left me, but I have told him I cannot marry him."

"What manner of man is this Geoffrey Dale?"

"He is—— Oh, I cannot describe him. I never could describe anyone's looks," answered Ida, with much embarrassment; "he is—at least, I used to think him—very good-looking."

"If she has changed her mind on that point," thought Lady Olive, "she is quite safe. Mr. Geoffrey Dale's day is over."

"And he is well educated, I suppose—a gentleman?"

"He is a good talker, and his manners—well, I don't think his manners are as pleasant as Lord Barr's, for instance, or Frank Lester's; but externally, I suppose, he must be called a gentleman."

All this time Lady Olive was asking herself how much was implied in Ida's admission that she had seen Geoffrey Dale. She must have been much more cunning than Lady Olive liked to believe her, if she had ever seen him since she—Lady Olive—had joined her at Plymouth. She could not, after what Ida had said, press her on the point; but it perplexed her sorely. Her last two questions were asked almost at random, so busy was her mind with the one she could not ask.

"Don't think me false and odious," pleaded Ida; "I would not make you think ill of him. I was only deluded. It was a mere fancy; and, when it cost me so dear, I found I had taken it for a true and solid love. Lady Olive, am I wrong? Is it less honourable to acknowledge a mistake than to go before God with a false vow in one's mouth? Do I wrong him so much, by refusing to marry him, as I should wrong him by marrying him when I have ceased to persuade myself that I can love him?"

"Certainly not. That is, in my belief, an unpardonable sin. If you were standing at the altar, and the marriage-vows were about to be taken, I should hold you true to your duty and to your sex, if you renounced, then and there, a man whom you would not love and honour. Nothing less than this is true or honourable. I do not

blame you in this, Ida, though I cannot hold you blameless throughout."

Ida softly kissed the hand she held.

"I know well how much to blame you must hold me; but you will help me, Lady Olive? You will tell me what I must do, and you will intercede with my uncle for me, if he must be told."

"I don't think you will find your uncle hard upon you, Ida; but I don't see how it can be avoided that he should know all about this. You tell me you have made an appeal to this man, and he has rejected it. I conclude you have told him the exact truth. On what pretext—in what terms—does he venture to reject it?"

"I have his letter here. I will read it to you."

Then Ida Pemberton read Geoffrey Dale's letter to Lady Olive, who listened to it in profound silence.

"Well," she said, at its conclusion, "my chief feeling in the matter is, thankfulness that you have escaped from the ruin of marrying—from the misery of loving—such a man. When was that letter written?"

Again painfully blushing, Ida answered:

"I must not tell you that, Lady Olive."

"I beg your pardon, my dear. I did not mean to ask you an unfair question; and I perceive that this is unfair and useless as well. But I may ask you, what does Mr. Dale mean by 'ambition,' which he imputes to you? His allusion is very dim and speculative, and there's very little sentiment in his jealousy. What does he mean?"

"I have not the least idea," replied Ida, with such transparent frankness that Lady Olive was entirely convinced by it.

"This allusion can hardly have been provoked by any communication of your own, and the sneer at me is not of your prompting either. Rely on it, Ida, Mr. Dale maintains some relations with Wrottesley, and is kept fully informed of all that passes."

Ida made no comment upon this surprising suggestion, and Lady Olive went on: "I hardly see what he proposes to himself. To wait three years until you are of age, and then to take your bribe? Hardly! That would be a long and unlikely game for a man like him. Much more likely to molest you by his presence after he has tormented you by his letters, until your strength and resolution give way, and you yield."

"But there would be no use in my

yielding, unless he knew what my uncle's powers are, and could conciliate him; and I am immovable about not asking my uncle a question, or letting him tell me anything. I have resolved on this."

"But suppose," said Lady Olive, with a slight smile, which Ida remarked with some curiosity, "suppose your safety, your release, were almost certainly involved in that knowledge? Suppose Mr. Dale's instinct were perfectly correct; and that your step-mother had sedulously warned Mr. Dwarris against him? Suppose she had not only done this, but provided for your safety in the most effectual way, by making your not marrying him the condition of your getting your fortune? Suppose you forfeit it if you ever marry Geoffrey Dale? Do you think he would hold you to your promise then?"

Ida rose to her knees, rested her clasped hands on Lady Olive's lap, and, looking at her with a pale, earnest face, said: "Can this be true, Lady Olive? Can this be true? Can it be that Mary did this for me; that she has twice saved me?"

Then Lady Olive told John Pemberton's daughter what Mary Pemberton had written in her letter to Mr. Dwarris, and what were the provisions of her will.

"I believe," said Lady Olive to Ida, when she had concluded the narrative, "that you will procure emancipation by simply telling this man the facts, and that he has nothing to gain by endeavouring to hold you to your promise. I believe that he will give it up quietly, and that you will hear no more of him; but, if it should be otherwise, then your uncle must be told the truth. Believe me, he will not blame you so severely as you think; the picture Mr. Dale has drawn for his own purposes is an overcharged one; at all events, in that case, leave it to me."

Much earlier than his sister expected him, Lord Barr came in, accompanied by Griffith Dwarris, who had happened to mention to Frank Lester that Miss Pemberton was at Despard Court, and that he was going to fetch her home. Lord Barr was as amusing as usual, and made Lady Olive laugh by describing how he had served a customer in the temporary absence of Mrs. Kellett—whom he

had gone to see, as usual—with a packet of the best needles, and how the customer was suspicious that he had overcharged her.

"Had Mrs. Kellett any news?" asked Lady Olive.

"Nothing of importance. Let me think, though. Yes; Mrs. Lipscomb's daughter has come home on a visit—Mrs. Simcox; and she is very fine and very grand; and the captain is a major."

"We can't call that intelligence startling, but I dare say it's very pleasant for the family," said Lady Olive.

"But who do you suppose Mrs. Simcox has brought with her?" said Griffith, addressing Ida.

"How should I know? The captain—I beg his pardon—the major?"

"No, indeed. Your former maid, Bessy West. It seems it was to Mrs. Simcox she was recommended in Ireland."

"Simcox?" said Ida, considering. "Why, that is the name of the nurse—"

Then she remembered that the subject might not be pleasant to the major's lady, and turned it off by asking Griffith how he knew Bessy West was in Wrottesley.

"Very easily; I met her in the high street. I seem to have the gift of frightening people. I believe I frightened both you and her nearly into fits on our first meeting at Plymouth, and this evening, this extraordinary young woman started violently when she saw me—I was just coming out of the bank—and exclaimed, 'You here!' in quite a tragic style. She apologised the next moment, and said the light was so confusing. If she had not been an utter stranger in Wrottesley, I should have said it was another case of my being mistaken for my Double."

Ida made no comment; nor did she speak again until she had to take leave of Lady Olive.

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No. 399. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XLII. A PLAN.

PHOEBE'S worn and agitated face told all to her mother; but there was one waiting to see her, whose affection was to bring her comfort. The faithful Tom Dawson was there to catch her in his rough arms, and give her a hearty embrace.

"Here's our new little married woman!" he cried. "Why, what's the matter, though? What's happened?"

She told her story with much agitation.

"The old malignant bully!" cried Tom in a rage; "I'll make him go down on his knees and beg your pardon. He ought to be proud of having such a daughter. How dare he insult my sister? I'll go to him, and hold a riding-whip over him until he settles a handsome sum on you both."

"Oh, Tom, that sort of thing won't do, I fear," said his mother, gravely. "We must go to work very differently. He must be made to settle something; they can't be let to starve. It couldn't be tolerated a moment."

"That's true," said Tom, reflectively; "why the parish would interfere. So they will do very well. I'll see that Phoebe is comfortable. Has he got you the house yet, Phib?"

At this point entered the worried husband, who looked sourly and suspiciously at Tom, with whom he always associated some very humiliating memories of compulsion and indignity.

After their greeting it was Tom who said, in his off-hand way, "Now, you'll

have to set to work with the furnishing. That will amuse Phib."

"It is easy to talk of that," said the other, looking darkly at him; "who is to find the money, I should like to know?"

"You, of course," said Tom, with a loud laugh. "You are now a responsible man, in charge of a pretty young woman, and you'll have to make it out. Use your head, man, and your wits. If I was in your place how soon I'd make my father be reconciled to me, whether he liked it or not! There are ways of doing it."

"Yes, if you exert yourself," said the mother-in-law. "Speak to them firmly, and insist on your rights, on some provision being made for yourself and your wife—"

"I don't want to be lectured," he answered.

"We don't want to do so, but only to stir you up. Come along with me, and we'll look at the house and see about the furniture. I can lend you something, and you can get credit for the rest. You must see, my boy, it won't do to be eating both your heads off at a first-class hotel, where a week's bill would keep you for a month at home. We must look after Phib, you know, so come along."

Irresolute between his wounded pride and the temptation of assistance thus offered, Mr. Pringle could only look gloomy and defiant, and said he would see about it. Later in the day Tom took out his sister and mother in a cab, and Phoebe did not return till rather late, when she entered with her old smiles and in the greatest spirits. All through dinner she continued thus smiling and looking most knowing and sagacious, rather puzzling Mr. Pringle, and again

putting him out of humour. Suddenly it flashed upon him there was here a little secret or surprise. Could it be that they had gone off and brought about what would make him so happy—had there been a reconciliation? After all, he thought, the mother and Tom were persons of power, and could contrive what they desired to do.

Instantly he became eager to know.

"Come," he said, smiling, "tell me. You have been at some little adventure. Tell me, now? What is it?"

Again Phoebe's face was all a ripple of smiles and enjoyment.

"Well! there is a secret," she said; "but I am not to tell you—at least till to-morrow."

Here Mr. Pringle assumed some of those now old coaxing graces which Phoebe had found so irresistible.

"Oh," said she, in delight at this renewal, "I can't have any secrets from you. Do you know that everything is settled so charmingly? You are to have no trouble."

"What," he said, in delight, "you have seen them?"

"Yes," she said. "The house is taken—such a sweet little house—and we were all day in Tottenham-court-road ordering the furniture, and it will be home to-morrow."

She was startled at the gesture of rage with which he jumped up. It was too disappointing for the luckless Pringle. A storm of impatience broke upon Phoebe's head—her childish folly and stupidity, and infantine ways. It was, indeed, aggravating enough. But it was a good specimen of Phoebe's character, which was truly Celtic. She could not forecast, and the pleasure of the moment or the simple hope for the future was, with her, a permanence. That scene, and that night, indeed, at the Jermyn-street hotel she did not soon forget; it was the first serious "scald" her tender skin had received from the matrimonial kettle.

With the following day Mr. Pringle went to his mother-in-law's house, to deliver himself of a protest against the liberty that had been taken with his dignity.

Mrs. Dawson was quite calm and business-like: "Believe me, it's the wisest course. And, for goodness' sake, make no bother about these things. Only the well-off can afford to be sensitive; so do not be worrying yourself and that poor child; you will kill her if you

give her much of that kind of thing. Do be good-humoured and rational—we are only trying to pull you out of this scrape."

He could not resist saying, "Which you got me into—"

"And what matter now," she said, "as the thing is done? The great point now is—not this foolish bickering—but to get bread and butter. What do you propose to do? Will you go to your family?"

"I'd sooner beg; and it's no use."

"I should say not. I really think the best way would be to leave it to Tom—he has a way of doing these things."

This was unintentional, but Mr. Pringle winced.

"If anything can be done, he will do it; and he is ready to go at once. Now, don't begin with any sensitiveness; but you must say yes or no. Do it yourself, or let him do it."

As a matter of course it was settled that Tom Dawson should do it, and he set off cheerily. Everyone was so confident in the success of Tom's abilities that it was fully expected he would bring back news of a complete amnesty. Tom, however, returned with a rather "long" face. The family had left town that morning. What was to be done now? Tom declared that he would leave town too. He had some racing and other engagements to be first attended to, but, these disposed of, he would undertake the embassy.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE PRINGLES AT HOME.

JOLIFFE'S COURT, to which ancestral spot we shall now attend the Sam Pringles, was a very imposing mansion, in some disrepair, but richly timbered, and having a fine demesne, gardens, &c. It was, in short, eminently suited—in house-agents' language—for a nobleman or gentleman's family. Mrs. Pringle and the ponies were enchanted as they patrolled the gardens. Old Sam took on him the airs of an ancient signor who had received rents all his life. Having been an agent so recently, he was well suited to understanding the relationship of his tenants, the value of his holdings, &c.; and was already concerting measures for "increasing the rental, and developing the resources of the estate." This was delightful occupation, though there was a drawback in that presence of the Old Woman of the Sea, Lady Juliana, who surveyed the whole, with nose in the

air, contemptuously, and said a disagreeable thing about once every half hour. It was really amusing to see the despotism with which she ruled over the family, her switch being a venomous tongue, which they knew perfectly well she would wag in all directions when she returned to town, should they quarrel with her. Mrs. Pringle, therefore, and her two ponies, accepted the trial with such resignation as they could muster. This unpleasant person, when visitors arrived at the Court, and found her seated in the drawing-room, took care to inform them who she was—she was no relation of the family, though they might naturally suppose she was one of the Pringle dependents—she had taken them out in London, introduced them to nice people, and so on.

Joliffe's Court, when the Pringles had left for the Continent, had been put into the hands of a cloud of decorators, builders, and upholsterers, and had been "done up," regardless not merely of expense but of taste. The walls glowed with golden embossed papers, after the favourite mediæval patterns; the halls and passages glittered with brazen "standards" for gas; while every room was crowded with heavy antique cabinets—all made within the year—which the eminent upholsterers filled with suitable Japanese ware and elegant bronzes. Of course any surface that could be tiled was made to glow and flare—was profusely diapered in gaudy patterns; while Persian carpets of extraordinary size and thickness covered the floors.

A great band of servants was enrolled; and a grand housekeeper, who had lived with a duke, consented to undertake the charge of the establishment.

But all this state was dull enough. The Pringles found themselves solitary in their grandeur, and not nearly so happy, or at least so excited, as in their days of struggle. By-and-by, however, there was to be some enjoyment, for they were going to "fill their house" so soon as the fortress had been properly victualled and fitted; though, indeed, with some persons, this "filling a house" is about as difficult a task as the Danaid ladies found the filling of their pitchers. The only inducement to be offered was a week's board, as at an hotel. It is a good deal to the credit of a rational world, that it is not to be decoyed into such places by the inducement of free entertainment for man and beast, when nothing

else is present. A helpless, heavy, and opulent family are often at their wits' ends, begging persons to come and stay with them; those who have accepted, "shirking" the task before them at the eleventh hour on some feeble pretext; while the hosts have to scour the by-lanes, and secure such second-hand guests as they can pick up. On this unpleasant course were the Pringles now about to enter—making acquaintance with the hope that maketh the heart sick. However, this was all before them, and they did not as yet know of these troubles. "You must come and stay with us at Joliffe's Court" had been their song at many parties—an invitation received with much smiling and pleasant "Delighted, I am sure!" the surety, however, being of the most precarious kind. In a happy unconsciousness of what was coming, the Pringles made up some brilliant lists, "shot," as is some rich silk, with lords and ladies, and baronets, and members of parliament, making great difficulties indeed about admitting any of the vulgar threads into their woof.

"You won't have one of these people," said the comforting Lady Juliana. "Lord bless you! I know well how it turns out; unless you have a house known to be an agreeable one. People won't take a journey to be bored, you know!" On which the Pringles would look with a smiling helplessness at each other, not knowing exactly what to reply, though full of bitterness at heart. Then old Sam, who had begun to hate her with a deadly detestation, said to her:

"The Lady Juliana Job ought to be your name, ma'am!"

"And no one would ever mistake you for a Chesterfield!" retorted the lady.

"Lord forbid!" replied he.

This was usually during the deal at cards; for both Lady Juliana and Mr. Pringle enjoyed the game with a greedy pleasure, both playing, indeed, with professional skill. Mrs. Pringle and the ponies detested it, and loathed the hour which brought this enforced service, when, till near midnight, they had to endure corrections and revilings from the two experienced hands.

Of course there was great anxiety to become acquainted with the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and a prodigious deal of calling and leaving of cards. Their next-door neighbours, as it were, were the Homertons of Toplow, an old and old-

fashioned "top-booted" family, "As stiff and proud as if," said old Sam, "they were all white neckcloth." They were rich, reserved, secluded; and Sir Gilbert Homerton was, perhaps, a little eccentric. It was certainly unlucky for people so ambitious as were the Pringles, that they should have been set down in so exclusive a district. A few came and called on them, not many; but it curiously came about that they met the whole tribe of Homertons one morning at another house, and so an introduction was unavoidable. Sir Gilbert wore a high description of gills, so tight and formal, as somehow to give the idea of the neck of a duck; and this was attended by drab trousers with fob. His wife and daughters were meagre, ungainly persons, whose stiffness, originally engendered by pride, had been intensified by seclusion. Everyone admitted the good blood and antiquity of the Homertons of Toplow. Various high personages came down specially to stay with them, and to be dreadfully bored, out of compliment to the blood. But no one was more or so much respected than Sir Gilbert Homerton of Toplow. A person of such consideration, as it were, inoculated the district.

But all the energy displayed by the new-comers was in vain, and after a month's residence, the Pringles still found themselves, as regarded acquaintances, in a state of starvation and squalor. Lady Juliana, when this despondency was perceptible, said, over her cards:

"I told you it was not so easy as you fancied. I am afraid you kicked away the ladder a little too soon."

"Perhaps it was not long enough or strong enough, ma'am," said old Sam; "or it may have been a cheap take-in sort of thing."

"I must ask you, Mr. Pringle, not to address your coarse speeches to me——"

"Oh, what?" cried he, in affected astonishment. "So you were speaking of yourself! Oh, I beg pardon."

Notwithstanding the chilliness of their reception by the "county families" the Pringles proceeded to scour the country indefatigably, being in no one's debt a day for a card; for, when their own visit was returned, they hurried out at once to keep the balance even. Still, their advances were barren of results. This treatment was all the more disappointing, as Lord Garterley, who knew everybody, had said to them carelessly, "By-the-way, you have capital neighbours. The Homertons of

Toplow, an only son, and all that. Many of our dowagers would give their eyes for such an opportunity. They are a little embarrassed, but an heiress would clear them, and give them a good twenty thousand a year." The son was a curiously crabbed young fellow as to his taste for sports; rather uncouth; full of book-learning and book-reading; fond of music, shy, and averse from female society. This was not, after all, so unreasonable, considering that the portion of the sex that was drawn to his society was not likely to be attracted by his mental gifts, but by sordid and meaner motives. The Pringles would have seen everything that was charming and captivating in this youth, had an opportunity been given them for doing so. But this was sternly denied them. The Homertons did not want more acquaintances; their life was settled on fixed lines. Every spring, an old dull green chariot, that lay back like an old arm-chair, was despatched to town with servants and horses about as old-fashioned; and the Homertons prepared to spend their two months in town, where a sort of formula—dining with a few old friends, going to court, and other ceremonies—was steadfastly adhered to, and, being completed as a duty, the welcome return to the country was hailed as a relief.

For the Pringles to talk of "breaking the ice" in such a case was an absurdity; as it was ice of the kind that is preserved in vast blocks, and can only be dealt with by saws and axes. Not but that they were courageous enough to make the attempt on that Sunday at church, when the heavy shower came on, and, when the Pringles, taking anxious counsel together, fancied that their favourable opportunity had arrived. The Homertons had an instinct of the offer that was coming, for they drew away in alarm as the family closed in upon them.

"If you would—that is—take our carriage, Sir Gilbert—it could be sent back for us——"

"Or we could all squeeze in, Sir Gilbert," said Sam; "the ladies might sit on the gentlemen's knees."

That low speech, as Mrs. Pringle reproached her husband, settled the matter for ever.

"We had rather not, thank you," was the stiff reply, which was not varied.

"Oh, but if you would," continued Mrs. Pringle, and her daughters, in soft chorus; "you really must."

"Thank you, we had rather not," was again the reply, the old family edging away from the new one.

Having gone so far the latter became desperate, and were frantic in their importunity.

"Oh, but you must take our carriage—"

"I had rather not. Dr. Potts, pray let us go into your vestry."

Which was said so piteously as to mean: "For heaven's sake! save us from these people!"

Such was the attempt at "turning the first sod," in getting on in the country, which so far did not promise well. But such feeble diggers have at least a reserve of perseverance and a valuable absence of sensitiveness; and, undaunted by this snub, they renewed their efforts a little later. It may seem a little monotonous thus dwelling on these Sisyphus-like attempts; but the family felt that the cause was a holy one, and had this much chivalry, that they considered all their wealth and state as quite valueless unless set off by distinguished company and "nice people." "Nice people" was the strange device inscribed upon the banner with which they toiled up their steep and painful ascent.

CHAPTER XLIV. MISS LACROIX ARRIVES.

THE family founded hopes on the clergyman of the parish, Dr. Potts, and his curate, the Rev. Mr. Prettyman.

Dr. Potts was an elderly cleric of the old school, who rode about the country in Hessian boots. He was quiet and easy-going, indisposed to labour, and leaving all to Mr. Prettyman, the energetic, highly-connected, and ritualist curate. This young administrator was always seen in what the profane would style a wide-awake hat, made of the softest and most shapeless black cloth, which seemed in protest against the stiff buckram-like broad-brim, which others with the same views adopt. He was always walking very fast, stopping to talk with, or "bring to book," every one he met; and had for some time been planning a dazzling restoration of the venerable old church, with its dowdy tower and decrepit and patched "body." The grand cathedral restorer had been down, and had declared that for five or six thousand pounds it might be made to blaze with tiles, stained-glass windows, brass standards, and an exquisite reredos. The old rector did not relish the improvement at all; but he was indolent,

and could not make head against the overpowering energy of his eager subordinate, now busy in the parish, stirring up the rustics, who could not be brought to see the matter in its true light, while the old baronet and his family were roused to the deepest disgust and hostility. In the Pringles the intrepid young missionary found the most delightful co-operation. Mrs. Pringle declared that Mr. Pringle would give a large and handsome subscription—secretly glad to have so good an opportunity of thus publicly announcing their importance and position. The young ladies took quite a fancy to Mr. Prettyman, who was, indeed, most lively and agreeable, and could play at Badminton, and brought in spiritual allusions with much neatness and grace. He had also a vast deal of pleasant chit-chat about fashionable religious doings, thus showing the family a region which offered opportunities for getting on—a new and unexpected revelation which really seemed to prove what a desirable and important thing for all was religion. He was to come and stay when the great party assembled, and would certainly be a great addition.

Unfortunately, its prospects were not good. The apologies came pouring in. The young lords and heirs whom the family had met at balls, and even danced with, declined curtsy. However, Lord Garterley said he would try and come; Pratt-Hawkins "would have much pleasure," and so would also the invariable and unfailing Charles Webbers, with some plain, sober, decent "Adelphi guests," as they might be called. Alas! this was not exactly what the Pringles looked for, and it did seem perverse and annoying that, with power of drawing unlimited cheques, of richly entertaining humanity with every kind of luxury and inducement, humanity—of at least the proper kind—should not come. This was a most extraordinary phenomenon, and the family became very despondent in consequence. Mrs. Pringle and the ponies said that it was all owing to the buffooning freedom of old Sam, who frightened away every genteel person; while Sam declared that they had no sense or knowledge, and didn't know how to manage the thing, and that Miss Lacroix had more wit in her little finger than "the whole trio" put together. The family were nettled by these reproaches, and, with many contemptuous sniffings, declared that they did not want her there, and, that she was not exactly the person

to be asked to meet their friends. It was impossible to have persons of that kind, picked up abroad, no one knowing who they were, or where they came from.

"I really couldn't receive her here," said Mrs. Pringle.

Thus, from being quietly discussed, it came to be a sort of bone of contention. Sam, in his moments of good-humour, would remind them of the promised visit, and say, "Now do write to her, and tell her to fix her own day. She'll waken us up a bit." But there were various excuses made, until Sam began to turn malicious and dangerous.

"I think you'd better do it at once; for you know you'll have to do it."

Mrs. Pringle felt it was time to be decided. She was very different now from the long-suffering wife, struggling to make ends meet.

"I repeat I couldn't receive her here," said Mrs. Pringle; "she's not the sort of person for us."

"Oh, I see," said Sam, with a twinkle of his eye; "the cat's jumping that way, is it?"

"I don't pretend to understand your broad allusions," said his lady; "but we cannot have her here—at least, at present."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am!" said Sam, much amused. "Well, now, just write to-day, and remind her that we expect her."

"I will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Pringle."

"No, papa; we really don't want her. She'll only be making up artfully to all the company."

"Well, so much the better for all the company."

"Say no more about it, Mr. Pringle, for it can't be."

Within the week arrived a letter from Miss Lacroix, written in measured style, and thanking Mrs. Pringle for her most kind renewal of the invitation! She would be down with them that evening, if they would kindly send the carriage to the station.

"This is some of his work," said Mrs. Pringle to her daughters—"his" or "he" was always well known to refer to the sire of the household. "It must be put a stop to"—a declaration that had been made times out of mind in reference to Sam's proceedings; but the idea of "putting a stop" to him, or to his doings, was as feasible as checking the eccentric leaps of a firework. With the paper in her hand, she pro-

ceeded to Sam's study, to bring him to account.

"She's coming this evening," said Sam, gleefully. "I've ordered the brougham."

"You have used my name, and, I suppose, forged my writing; it's perfectly scandalous, the way you go on! But I'll not put up with this! I'll just telegraph, to prevent her coming."

"Do it," said Sam, with a Quilp-like deliberation. "Do it, my dear. Work the wire—

Work the wire,
If it's your desire,
Until you tire.

Only, mind, I can do it too."

The victory, such as it was, was of course with Sam, and that evening Miss Lacroix arrived; Mrs. Pringle declaring, however, that she would have the satisfaction of informing the guest that it was on Mr. Pringle's invitation she had come—a threat which Sam received with an "All right."

When Miss Lacroix entered she was received coldly, if not "grumpily," by the ladies. She, however, made herself agreeable, without being obsequious; told them all the news, which showed them that her acquaintances and importance had increased; until it came to nine o'clock, when Lady Juliana, who had been listening disdainfully, rose, and went to the green table, handling the cards impatiently.

"Oh, it's card-time," said the ponies, rising instinctively.

"Oh! this standing bore!" said their mother.

"What, you keep to the old-fashioned custom of a rubber every night?" said Miss Lacroix.

"Yes," said the ponies, ruefully; "Lady Juliana likes it."

"Now, that is being really amiable," said she, innocently. "I fear—I am almost certain—I could not be so unselfish."

"What do you mean, pray?" said Lady Juliana, coming over with hostile intent. "Of course they like it, or they wouldn't do it. You can't know anything about it, you have been here so short a time!"

"I only say this, I can guess that they are not passionate lovers of whist. Am I not right?"

The family did not say anything.

"Oh, there, I don't want people to make martyrs of themselves for me," said Lady Juliana, pettishly, throwing down the cards, and taking up a book.

"Let us have one game—one game,

at least," said Mrs. Pringle, emboldened. But Lady Juliana was affronted. So they had been playing out of compliment to her all this time? A good joke, indeed! Insulted, as it were, the guest declined to play, unless she was formally entreated to do so.

"Well," said Miss Lacroix, "I will help to carry out the fiction, and devote myself to the altar of the infernal gods!"

This unfortunate speech was a fresh outrage, and drove the Lady Juliana "to her chamber," though Miss Lacroix in vain, and with justice, attempted to show that her allusion was to those "books," as they are called, popularly supposed to form the library of the famous "statesman out of place." After this rescue, they felt much more favourably towards their new guest. This sense of having something to interpose between them and the galling tyranny of Lady Juliana made them regard her with sympathy.

ORATORICAL ODDITIES.

CANNING was sure of speaking his best if he rose in an awful funk. To feel his heart beating rapidly, to be frightened at the sound of his own voice, to wish the floor would open and swallow him, were signs to Lord Lytton of an oratorical triumph. Men of ordinary calibre, however, find fright rather a forerunner of failure. The honourable member sticking fast at "Mr. Speaker, I am astonished——" the Congress-man pulled down by a judicious friend with "You're coming out of the hole you went in at!" as soon as he had delivered himself of, "The generality of mankind in general are generally disposed to exercise oppression upon the generality of mankind in general," found that fear, like passion, hangs weights upon the tongue, even if it does not master it quite. Not less painful was the experience of the young aspirant to parliamentary honours, whose maiden effort began and ended with a few incoherent sentences, as a mist rose before his eyes, and the Speaker's wig swelled and swelled until it covered the whole House, and he sank back into his seat, resolved to apply, without delay, for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds; as convinced that oratory was not his forte as the modest missionary, who told an Exeter Hall audience he could not make a speech, nor sing a song, but should be happy to

show them his arms tattooed by the natives.

This good man's offer shocked some of his hearers, no doubt; but much greater was the dismay created among a more august assemblage, by a right reverend father imprudently announcing his intention of dividing his observations upon a certain bill into twelve parts. Ere the threat could be executed, the Duke of Wharton charitably interposed with a story of a drunken fellow passing St. Paul's as the cathedral clock struck twelve, and after counting the strokes, looking up reproachfully at the clock, exclaimed: "Confound you! why couldn't you give us all that at once?" After that, the peers heard nothing of the bishop's views. Henry Clay dumfounded a wordy opponent, who boasted that he spoke for posterity, by retorting, "Yes, and you seem resolved to speak until your audience arrives!" No adverse comment, pertinent or impertinent, would have stayed the flow of Daniel Webster's eloquence; but he did once "cave in" most ignominiously. Happening to make one of the crowd at a Boston Poultry Show, Daniel stood up in response to a general call, but no sooner had "Ladies and Gentlemen" passed his lips, than a giant Cochon protested with such a frightful crow, that the rebuked orator sat down again without uttering another word. Webster was a great example of the American weakness for speechifying in and out of season, so comically illustrated by Artemus Ward's story of an Ohio execution, when, upon the sheriff asking a murderer if he wished to say anything before he gave the signal to cast off, a local "orator" pushed himself to the front, saying, "If he hasn't, if our ill-starred fellow-citizen don't feel inclined to make a speech, and is in no hurry, I should like to avail myself of the opportunity to make some remarks on the necessity of a new protection tariff!" Whether the ill-starred citizen would have been recompensed for delaying his departure may be doubted, if Ohio orators affect the style of Private Dalzell, "whose aim is Congress, if not more so," of which an American paper lately furnished the following sample: "The south, beautiful as a dark eye in a woman, and garlanded with magnolias, sweeps in like a queen, and sits between the east and west, and their kisses warm their mutual lips, while the tear of reconciliation wets their glorious cheeks. The voice of heaven

makes music among the sheltering branches above us, and the whole camp is wafted on the wings of harmony and peace. The south throws aside the crimson mantle, and in her right hand holds a gleaming sword. The west and east rise up, and the south gracefully redeems her pledge of honourable submission and reconciliation, by surrendering the sword to the west; and the west, true to her pledge, appears, takes the sword from her sister, and sends it ringing home to its scabbard, there to remain until the honour and safety of the three reunited sisters may call it out again for their mutual defence."

When it fell to Canning's lot to respond to the toast of His Majesty's Ministers at Fishmongers' Hall, the company looked for a great speech, and an eloquent exposition of ministerial policy. They were doubly disappointed. Canning had no intention of exposing his hand, and was not in the vein for talking much, and telling nothing, as ministers have a trick of doing. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are invited here to meet the fishmongers. Now the fishmongers have dealings with a very large community, from whose habits I think they might be learning something. I mean the community of fishes. The fish is one of the most uncommunicative animals in creation; it says nothing, and it drinks a good deal. Let us, then, upon the present occasion, as we are to some extent brought into their company, imitate their habits. Let us not waste our time in talking, but drink a good deal." Quite as economical of speech was the candidate who delighted a Nottingham mob by addressing them in this comic fashion: "Ye poets, ye butchers, ye mute inglorious Miltons, ye Cromwells guiltless of your country's blood, give me a welcome to Nottingham! This"—here he held up a sovereign—"this is the god you adore, your faithful, unchangeable friend!" Thereupon one enthusiastic listener shouted, "That's Nottingham to the life!" but when it came to polling, only three votes were recorded for the unflattering orator. Abraham Lincoln proved that it is not always necessary to use tall talk, and plenty of it, to win the suffrages of his countrymen. He made his debut on the political stage with the following speech: "Gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a

candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favour of a national bank, of the internal improvement system, and a high protection tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same." Honest Abe did not expect his sincerity would be questioned. Had he done so, he would not have gone into heroics after the manner of the politician who told the men of Arkansas they might build a warm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thundercloud in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, ground-shiver an earthquake, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin in the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see him false to his principles. Perhaps, when too late, he found he had overdone the thing, like the old soldier ambitious of entering Congress, who commenced his speech with—"Fellow-citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle, with no covering but the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground, till every footprint was marked with blood." Here he was brought up, by a voter inquiring, "Is that true, mister?" "Yes, sir," said the candidate. "Well, then," was the unexpected retort, "I guess I'll vote for the other fellow, for you've done enough for your country."

Butler's knight held no arguments so potent as golden ones—

What makes all doctrine plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again?—two hundred more.

Mr. Cobden, apparently, was of the same opinion, since he pronounced a Leagner's, "I cannot make a speech, but I will give you a thousand pounds," the best speech he had ever heard. He would have admired Brigham Young's way of putting things to a party of new-comers to Utah: "Don't bother yourselves about your religious duties. You have been chosen for this work, and God will take care of your souls. Be of good cheer. Your first duty is to learn how to grow a cabbage, and along with the cabbage an onion, a tomato, a sweet potato; then how to feed a pig, to build a house, to plant a garden, to rear cattle, and to bake bread. In a word, your first duty is to live. The next duty—for those who cannot speak it now—is

to learn English, the language of God, the language of the Book of Mormon, the language of these latter days. These things you must do first, the rest will be delivered to you in proper season." No saint, however much married, could well be more practically minded; but, if eloquence, like beauty, is best unadorned, the palm must be awarded to Mete Kingi's speech in the New Zealand Parliament: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wanganui. I have spoken." Surely so many truths were never before set forth in as few words. Jemmy Thomson's tongue wagged to a livelier tune, publishing the merits and demerits of his haltered wife in Carlisle market-place. "Gentlemen," said this matrimonial auctioneer, "I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Ann Thomson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish, as well as mine, to part for ever. She has been to me only a born serpent. I took her for my comfort, and the good of my home; but she became my torment, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil. Gentlemen, I speak from my heart when I say, God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome women! avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential thing in nature. Now, having shown you the dark side of my wife, and told you her faults and her failings, I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. Indeed, she reminds me of what the poet says of woman in general—

Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace
To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race.

She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies and plead her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin, or whisky, but she is a good judge of their quality, from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her with all perfections and imperfections for the sum of thirty shillings." No one offered so much, and Mrs. Thomson was eventually knocked down for twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog, and departed in high glee with her buyer.

The ill-mated farmer, outspoken as he was, roared gently as a sucking dove compared to the American gentleman who once orated in the following singular fashion: "The intellect of Ulysses S. Grant is like some of those ancient warehouses in the great cities of the older world, where floor rises above floor, and cellar descends below cellar—all packed full to overflowing with the richest merchandise. The intellect of the gentleman from Illinois is like some of those establishments we see in Pennsylvania Avenue, where the whole stock-in-trade of the merchant is spread out in the front window, and over it a label—'Anything in this window for one dollar.' If there be in our midst one low, sordid, vulgar soul; one mind, barren of mediocre intelligence; one heart, callous to every kindly sentiment, every generous emotion; one tongue, leprous with slander; one mouth, like unto a den of foul beasts, giving forth deadly odours; if there be here one character, which, while blotched and spotted, yet roars and rants and blackguards; if there be here one bold, bad, empty demagogue—it is the gentleman from Illinois!" To this delectable tirade the object of it replied that if he condescended to make a personal explanation to any member, it would not be to a member whose whole record was covered with venality, corruption, and crime; a member who had proved false alike to his friends, his country, his constituents, his politics, his religion, and his God. Then the first gentleman, however, stuck to his guns and brought the Thersitian passage at arms to an end with a fancy sketch of his opponent's behaviour when he should be removed to a better world, to heaven's gain and his country's loss: "I fancy the gentleman haranguing the assembled hosts of heaven—the cherubims and seraphims, the angels and archangels. How he would sail into them! How he would rout them, horse, foot, and dragoons! How he would attack their motives, and fling insinuations at their honesty! How he would declare for economy, and urge that the wheels of the universe must be stopped because they consumed too much grease!"

Australian orators, if not so imaginative as this, are quite as apt at vituperation; so apt, indeed, that it seems not to be deemed unparliamentary to stigmatise a government measure as a swindle, or call a member a brute and a "fossilated bigot." In a discussion in the New

South Wales House of Assembly respecting a pic-nic given by the ministers to their supporters—a pic-nic one who enjoyed it pronounced to be a “flummocker”—an opposition member accused the premier of practising a mean and despicable dodge; and when that gentleman repudiated the notion, declared the minister had “uttered the greatest lie he had uttered since he swore to one;” whereupon one of the minister’s friends relieved his feelings by informing the house that the Botany Bay aristocrats were the most ill-mannered dogs he had ever seen, and if one of them had dared to use such language to him, he would have wrung off the honourable member’s head then and there. Such rude, uncivil utterances smack strongly of the backwoods and the bush; but our American and colonial cousins are by no means singular in making abuse do duty for arguments. Frenchmen, nowadays, too often leave their politeness behind them upon entering the political arena; and if the decorum of debate is rarely outraged at Westminster, too many members of the British Parliament, when beyond the Speaker’s jurisdiction, betray a lamentable liking for mud-throwing, and indulge in language unbecoming a senator and gentleman.

Lord Dudley and Ward’s assertion that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic, so tickled Tom Moore’s fancy that he pictured one being shipped for Barbadoes, when

The whole bench of bishops stood by in grave attitudes,

Packing the article tidy and neat;
As their reverences knew that in southerly latitudes
Moral positions don’t keep very sweet.

Metaphors, similes, and comparisons are dangerous things to dabble in. Orators who have not learned, like Biron, that russet yeas and honest kersey noes will stand them in better stead than “figures pedantical,” are liable to deliver themselves of the sort of prose in which, according to a great authority, poetic souls delight. Dick Turner, the first man to dub himself a teetotalter, invoked his followers to action with “Comrades, let us be up and doing! Let us take our oars on our shoulders and plough the deep, till the good ship Temperance sails gaily over the land!” A worthy preacher besought his beloved brethren to remember they were sailing down the stream of time and must inevitably land in the ocean of eternity. “It seems,” said a politician, “that some

solid ground should be laid in these known and familiar questions before we put to sea.” “Here,” said an excited Home-ruler, “here I intended to close, but a new thought comes rushing like a mighty comet through the heaven of mind, scattering systems in its path!” Surely he must have been one of those Irish members, with whom an Attorney-General for Ireland said he could not agree, because they “were constantly standing in the front, shouting out in indifferently Latin, Excelsior!” The legal luminary in question was given to saying odd things. Arguing against conferring the suffrage upon women, he said he was well aware that many a judge had been an old woman, but that was no reason why every old woman ought to be a judge; and expressed his belief that if Queen Anne could only be present at the debate, with all the knowledge she had acquired in the meantime, she would vote against the bill.

In speaking, as in racing, a good start is desirable. A capital one was once effected by a newly-elected French deputy. Stepping into the tribune with the air of a man charged with a momentous mission, he commenced: “It is necessary that I should speak to my country—” Startled into silence by such a solemn exordium, the assembly waited anxiously while the orator paused for a moment, ere he proceeded: “It is necessary that I should speak to my country—of cheese!” Of course he got no farther, and what he wanted to say about cheese remains a mystery. Almost as much merriment was created in the House of Commons by an Irish member observing, “If the honourable gentleman chooses to challenge me, we can retire—” But as soon as the hubbub created had subsided, he put himself right by saying: “I mean, that if the honourable gentleman challenges my accuracy, we can retire—to the library, and I will show him that he is wrong.” Just as awkward in expressing what was in his mind was the modern builder, who avowed himself better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking; and the north-country mayor, who promised always to discharge his duties with partiality and impartiality—a fact, perhaps, within the capacity of the speaker at a temperance conference, who described himself as a teetotalter and a non-teetotalter, an occasional drinker and an habitual abstainer.

An advocate, anxious to prove killing no murder, argued: “It is idle to say these

men came together for the purpose of destroying life when only one life was lost." If this was not a bull, it was akin to one, like somebody's announcement of his intention of carrying over the Atlantic "the fiery cross, streaming with goodwill from the old world to the new." More comical still was the slip of the gentleman who averred that he could not keep silence without saying a few words, and that of the M.P. who boldly challenged the government to name a single attempt at shooting in Ireland, that was not carried out for want of a gun. Irishmen certainly have a special faculty for confusing things. When an English member quoted an Irish newspaper's complaint that persons, whom every human being believed to be guilty of the foulest murders, walked out of the dock, free, an indignant defender of Erin declared the writer must have referred to the English county of Devonshire, where a grand jury found a man guilty, and insisted upon his being sentenced without further bother. "Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to his audience of three, "as there is nobody here I'll dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening." Possibly this is an invention, but it is not two years since Mr. Speaker heard himself addressed thus: "Sir, seeing the effects of sorrow, upon my life I thought it was to-morrow. Really, sir, I don't know whether it is to-morrow or yesterday, but I want to know at what time the House will meet?" Apropos of a proposition to close Irish public-houses altogether on Sunday, the same gentleman exclaimed, "Let the heavens fall, but let not an atom of injustice be done to Ireland." And we might dig long in the "mummy-pits of Hansard" ere we exhumed a richer specimen of Hibernian oratory than the gallant major's speech against the appointment of a commission for inquiring into conventual institutions. "Let the House suppose," said he, "that a royal commissioner was appointed to visit them. He was furnished with a royal commission, and thundered at the door of a convent. He was admitted, and he asked the lady who admitted him who she might have been, and what was her quality before she entered the convent?" She replied, 'I will tell you. My sire, sir, was a king; my mother was the daughter of the Sixth James of Scotland, and afterwards the First James of England.

Her mother, sir, was Queen-Regent of Scotland and Queen-Consort of France, and next entitled to the throne of England; she was murdered by a Protestant queen—could any honourable member of the House deny it?" But this poor nun went on to say: 'Sir, I had a brother, his name was Rupert, sir; he rode by the side of Charles the First, until a Protestant—not a Catholic; but a Protestant Roundhead of England murdered that monarch!' Let honourable members deny it if they could! 'Sir, I had a sister, her name was Sophia; she was mother to the King of England, sir. Proceed with your duty as a royal commissioner. My name is Elizabeth, I am the abbess—the poor abbess of Ardwick!' It was very easy to go upon the stage, but difficult to leave it with dignity. With what dignity could that royal commissioner depart from the room in the eyesight of the injured princess—and a loyal princess, no doubt? He could not leave it except in one of two characters: either as a miserable slave, or as a gentleman. If in the former character, he was not fit to be a royal commissioner; if in the latter, the royal commission was not fit for him. What was there for him to do? Nothing but to rush from the presence of that poor, insulted princess, and cover his wretched head with shame, put himself on his knees in front of the only gods he recognised, namely, the immortal gods, and to pray that they would grant him pardon:

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque
silentes,
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui.*

He would add, 'Da mihi veniam,' and it was to be hoped that he would get pardon, for he would stand in need of it."

This is certainly as odd a bit of oratory as one could reasonably expect to find.

THE SEVEN-NIGHTS' WATCH.

NORTH-COUNTRY SUPERSTITION.

NAY, don't turn the key, not yet, not yet, five nights haven't past and gone
Since we laid the green sods straight and meet, to wait for the cold gray stone;
See, his pipe still lies on the mantel where the old arm-chair is set,
The knife is left in the half-carved stick—don't turn the door-key yet!

How it rains! it must be dree an' all where the wet wind sweeps the brow,
And it's dry and warm by the hearth-stone; don't steek the lintal now!

Fling a fir-log on the ingle; he was used to love the light,
That shone "haste thee" through the darkness,
when he was abroad at night.

Thieves? nay, they scarce come up our way, and
there's none so much to steal,
Just the bread loaf in the cupboard, and the hank on
the spinning-wheel;
And I'd rather lose the all I have, aye, the burial-fee
on the shelf,
Than think of him barred out from home, out in the
cold by himself.

Whisht! was not yon a footstep in the path out there
by the byre?

Whisht! I know how boards can creak. I say, pile
sticks on the fire.

The wind sighs over the upland, just like a parting
soul;

Get to bed with you all—I'll stay, and keep my watch
by the gathering coal.

For all he grew so wild and strange, my one son
loved his mother.

Mayhap he'd come to me when scarce he'd show
himself to another.

When the drink was out he was always kind, and
e'en when he had a drop

He was mild to me. Don't turn the key! For seven
nights here I stop.

I bore him, kept him, and loved him; whatever else
might come,

He knew, while his mother held the door, was
always his welcome home.

You may stare and laugh, an' it please you; but, oh,
a glint of him

Were just a sparkle of heaven to the eyes that are
waxing dim!

And I know, should he meet his father, up there in
the rest and joy,

He'll say, "A couple of nights are left, thou'st need
to cheer her, my boy."

So, leave the key, and fetch the logs, till the mourner's
week is done;

I tell thee I'll watch, lest I miss in sleep a last smile
from my son.

ABE WE READY?

FOR some months past but one question has seemed to trouble the political mind of Europe. Each power appears bent upon making one thing certain; and every newspaper we take up contains some reference as to whether this or that nation is ready for war. In England, too—although, as usual, at the eleventh hour—we are beginning to count our means, and to inquire whether we are ready to take our place in the ranks, should the clouds, which at present threaten us, prove the precursors of a storm.

When making up their accounts, most men are but too apt to run into one or other extreme. They are either too sanguine, and make too much of their assets, or they are too desponding, and look upon the sum total of their money as far from enough to meet their liabilities. In England our fault, at any rate of late years, has been of the latter kind.

With one or two praiseworthy exceptions, the daily and weekly press have become pessimists of the most extreme school. Every now and then we are treated to leading articles which make us wonder whether, beyond the three or four sentries in Pall Mall and at St. James's Palace, there are any soldiers whatever to be found in England. That faults exist in our army, and that there are many reforms required in the details of the service, are truths which cannot be contradicted. But do they not exist elsewhere? Are the French, the Austrian, the Italian, or even the German armies, free from faults?

In numbers we are certainly deficient, but not by any means as much so as many of our military groaners would make out. Those who expect that England ever will, or ever can, maintain an immense standing army like that of Germany, look forward to a simple impossibility. We have all, more or less, our work to do and our living to get; we cannot afford—not even for three or four years' training—to let several hundred thousands of men stand idle in times of peace. But for all that we have an army which is much more efficient than many of us give it credit for being. As for being ready—when were we ever ready in the Continental sense of the word? Were we so when the great Napoleon returned from Elba, and we had to fight him and his legions at Waterloo? Were we ready, when, in 1854, we "drifted" into the Crimean War; or when, three years later, the great Indian Mutiny broke out? And yet, if history is to be trusted, we have always held our own, and something more besides, even under the most adverse circumstances at the outset. What can be done once may be done again. But still it is as well to count our means carefully, and to see whether the question, Are we ready?—ready for what there is any chance of our having to do—can be answered honestly in the affirmative.

The sight which all London went to gaze at, on Saturday, the 1st of the present month, was certainly one of which Englishmen might be proud, for it could not have been witnessed in any other country in the world. When thirty-two or thirty-three thousand peaceable citizens leave their occupations, assemble in one spot, and go through their duty with a steadiness that would do honour to the best regular regiments, the nation to which they belong may with truth write itself down as a people of soldiers. But this is not all.

The thirty odd thousand volunteers who paraded the other day in Hyde-park were, every one of them, trained men; and a large proportion were good—many of them excellent—shots. Moreover, they represented less than a sixth of the whole volunteer force of England; for the official returns tell us that not less than two hundred thousand efficient trained men are now enrolled in the various volunteer corps in the kingdom, and could, at a day's notice, be called under arms. Nor should it be forgotten that the reserve, so to speak, of the volunteers—the men, that is to say, who have served a certain time and have retired, but who would be quite ready to come forward again if they were wanted—represents in itself a large and important force. In other countries no man would ever dream of going through the drill and worry of soldiering unless he were forced to do it. In France, Germany, or Austria, a citizen takes up a musket and puts on a uniform, but he does so because he is obliged to obey the laws. He hates the whole affair as much as we hate paying our rates and taxes. He is, in every sense of the word, a pressed man; and there is an old English proverb respecting volunteers and pressed men which ought not to be forgotten. As to the drill and bearing of the volunteers, they have set that controversy at rest for ever. We have all seen, in Continental towns, scores of regular soldiers, and dozens of regular battalions, who were not one-half as business-like or workman-like as the least well-drilled of the corps, that marched past the Prince of Wales on the 1st of this month. The difficulty Englishmen, who escorted foreigners to the review on that day experienced, was to make their friends from across the Channel believe that the troops on parade were not regular soldiers, who were being shown under a false name. When they fully understood how matters really were, they believed us Englishmen to be more incomprehensible than ever; but began, also, to have a faint idea of what a self-governed people really are.

So much, then, for the defensive force of England. Even at the Hyde-park review several of the good qualities of the volunteer force could not be shown. In field—and more particularly in garrison—artillery, our citizen soldiers, by all accounts, more than hold their own. They are excellent shots; and being all more or less intelligent, educated men, they are

very quickly taught the theory as well as the practice of gunnery. Nor is our defensive army wanting in engineers, as the monthly Army List will show. In nearly every county there are some scores of men trained to the work of sappers, and well up to their work. But the best quality which the volunteer corps has yet shown, is the determined courage with which they have persevered in their work for the last sixteen years. And this measure of praise is due to them one and all, from the men of title—like the Duke of Westminster, Earl Cowper, Lord Ranelagh, Lord Elcho, and others too numerous to mention—down to the humblest mechanic who shoulders a rifle in the ranks. They have all shown a determination to overcome difficulties which is beyond praise. Nor have some of the obstacles they have surmounted been small or insignificant. Whatever the War Office and the Horse Guards may do or say now, it is a simple fact that for many years the military authorities not only sneered openly at the volunteer force, but threw every possible obstacle in the way of their advancing in their training. Public opinion, which is seldom very wrong, and generally manages in the long run to assert its own views, has in this instance, as in many others, been too strong for military red-tapeism. The volunteer force has taken root amongst us. There is, however, one matter connected with it which the press and the public of this country ought to insist upon. Our volunteers, although they can count in their ranks some of the best shots in the world, are not armed as they ought to be. They still carry the now almost useless old Snider rifle. If they were ever called into action in the defence of the country, the inferiority of their arms would place them at an immense disadvantage. There could not be a worse or a more false economy than not to give these men the very best arms that could be procured. Of course difficulties will be made about this reform. There never yet was a measure of common sense which was not condemned by men whose intellects are behind the age. There are, no doubt, scores of worthy veterans who look back with regret upon the day when there were no such men as volunteers in the land; and would rejoice to-morrow, if, by a general order, the whole force could be abolished. But, the fates be praised, these are not the men who rule over us;

nor have they much control—although they, unfortunately, have still some—over our army. With time, much can be done. It may be hoped that the next few years will see a very great change for the better in the way the authorities treat the volunteer force of Great Britain; for, if ever this country is invaded by a foreign foe, it will be chiefly to the volunteers that we shall have to look for our defenders.

As regards our militia, the ideas of most Englishmen are sufficiently hazy. They see every year, perhaps, a dozen or two young militiamen who have only just been rescued from their normal state of roughs, and who, in passing every day to and from the place of drill—if the regiment is on billet during its training—indulge in horseplay which is far from pleasing to other persons walking on the pavement. This, however, is perhaps the very worst feature of the militia. The privates have in them quite as good material on which to work as the regular army, but they do not, as a rule, enjoy the same advantages of discipline, nor of being always under the eye of non-commissioned officers. One month in twelve is too short a time for men to acquire military habits and regularity. Still, when under arms, and in all the duties pertaining to their actual training, they are exceedingly good soldiers. During the Crimean War three or four militia corps were ordered, or volunteered, to go abroad, and did garrison duty at Corfu and Malta for several months. Others were called out for permanent duty at Portsmouth, and one or two English and Irish garrisons; and, when their time was up and they went back to their homes, the military authorities complimented them very highly upon their general conduct, which was everything that soldiers' conduct ought to be. The esprit de corps among the officers in our militia regiments is excellent, and whatever may be wanting in the discipline of the men would certainly be forthcoming if they were wanted for permanent service, or after they had been a short time together in camp or barracks. Nay, even as it is, complaints against the different militia regiments during their annual training, are so few and far between as to be rarely, if ever, heard of. This force comprises twenty regiments of artillery, and about a hundred and twenty-five of infantry. Putting these down at the very moderate figure of two hundred men for each corps of artillery, and six hundred

for every regiment of infantry, we shall find that we have close upon ninety thousand militiamen who could be called out by the War Office at a week's notice. Let us say that one half of the militia, or even forty thousand of them, were called out permanently, we should be able to muster for war purposes, an army of not less than sixty thousand regulars of all arms, which could be sent wherever the seat of war might be. It is true that, looked at by the numbers which constitute modern armies, these would be regarded as a small contingent in these days. But there are armies and armies in the world; and, without intending for a moment to increase our national vanity, it is not too much to say that a well-appointed British force of sixty thousand men would be equal, in the work it could do, to one hundred thousand of any other European army. There is this difference between English and other troops—that not only do the latter, as Soult used to say of them, never know when they are beaten, but they never know what disobedience means, and rally round their officers after a disaster, if possible, more than they do after victory. French soldiers are the exact contrary to this. So long as they are conquerors, all is well. But the moment they experience even a slight defeat, they begin by discussing the acts of their superiors, and end by becoming a mere rabble. Those who saw the real fighting during the Franco-Prussian War, can testify that, after the first victories of the Germans, at Wissembourg and Wörth, there was no longer any real discipline in the ranks of the French troops; and that their defeat at Sedan was owing far more to the fact of the army having for weeks before been a mere mob, than to any superior tactics or pluck on the part of their enemy. The German army has certainly made a great name for itself, but in the war, where it was so uniformly victorious, it was rarely, if ever, pitted against a foe that was not already half beaten, and more than twice outnumbered. The German soldier is very different to his French enemy. He errs one way quite as much as the former errs the other. The Frenchman has no idea of obedience. The German is a mere living machine, and cannot move save as one of the wheels in a human clock. If left alone, without a commander, he must be beaten, for he has never been allowed to act or think for himself, even in the most trivial matters.

The higher ranks, even perhaps all the commissioned officers, in the German army, delight and glory in their calling; but it is not so with the men in the ranks. As a rule they hate soldiering. They are all what we may call "pressed men," for voluntary enlistment does not exist amongst them. It would be a long time before a hundred thousand German volunteers would take the trouble of putting on uniform and learning their drill as soldiers. Napoleon used to call us a nation of shopkeepers; but unless what we hear and see passing around us, both in England and other countries, are dreams, and have no foundation in fact, we ought, far more than any other people in the world, to be called a nation of soldiers. In other lands, men take up arms when they are forced to do so. Even when France was in her agony, and a foreign army overran half her country, the men who volunteered to serve against the Germans were not more than a few hundreds, and even those would only join the corps of *Francs-Tireurs*, in which there was little or no discipline, and where every man did very much as he liked. Those who have any doubt as to what Englishmen can do when in difficulties, ought to read Sir John Kaye's account of the Sepoy War. Never before or since in the history of the world, has such a mere handful of men been pitted against such overwhelming numbers, and never has an army had to contend with an enemy so ready to annoy them in every possible manner. No Englishman's life was safe if he wandered from his own camp or barrack. In very many instances, more particularly at the commencement of the struggle, women and children were dependant upon the troops for their very lives, and hampered enormously the already most difficult movements of our forces. Those who are old enough to remember that terrible summer of 1857, and the first four or five months of 1858, must recollect how, not only throughout the continent of Europe, but also in America—nay, in England itself—our cause was deemed hopeless, and our dominion in the East believed to be at an end for ever. But we pulled through everything, and in the end came forth victorious, having a firmer grasp than ever upon the hundred million souls who are under our rule in India. So far as the history of past wars in every part of the globe can instruct us, no other people, or no other troops in the world, could have done what we achieved

in those days. And, as a simple matter of fact, have we not—no matter what faults still exist in our military system, or what reforms still remain to be effected—improved greatly, in every sense of the word, as to all that pertains to our army, since 1857? For one general or other superior officer who had seen active service twenty years ago, there are now a hundred. When our troops went to the Crimea in 1854, a medal, save on the breast of some officer who had been through a campaign in India, was as rare as a black swan. Now distinctions of this sort are so common that they hardly excite observation. Our cavalry as well as our infantry have adopted better kinds of drill; and our artillery is not behind in every possible improvement. We had then no commissariat to speak of; no system of field telegraphy; no intelligence department. Our volunteer force did not even exist; our militia was weak in numbers, indifferently officered; and, save in rare instances, quite unfit for service, either at home or abroad. The best of our regular troops had no practical experience of camp life, and were as helpless when ordered into tents, as—to use a popular simile of those times—"a swan on a turnpike road." We may not yet be perfect—what army is?—but we are a thousand per cent. in better order for taking the field than we were in the times we speak of.

Take, as an instance of this, the greatly improved troopships, by which, between October and April, men required to reinforce our regiments in India are taken to that country, and the invalids and time-expired men brought home. In these magnificent vessels—five in number, and each of more than four thousand tons—nearly twenty thousand men could be embarked for any part of the world in a few hours.* Their ordinary speed under steam is eight knots an hour, but, if required, they could do ten or eleven. And to these ships could be added, if wanted, in less than a week, as many more from the steam reserve as would take double the number of men. Twenty years ago it required at least a fortnight's notice and preparation before a

* These are—the Crocodile, four thousand and forty-four tons; the Euphrates, five thousand and four; the Jumna, four thousand eight hundred and forty-four; the Malabar, four thousand eight hundred and ninety-three; and the Serapis, four thousand one hundred and seventy-three.

single regiment could be embarked for foreign service.

There can be no greater mistake, either in public or in private matters, than that of over-rating our resources and means. But in military matters we underestimate our strength. We seem never able sufficiently to decry our armies, the men who compose them, and all who have anything to do with upholding the honour of the country. Nothing that the authorities can do seems to satisfy those who are as ready to find fault with all that is English, as they are ready to praise all that is foreign. It is true that to grumble is one of our national pastimes, and that if our armies were more perfect than any that had ever been seen in the world, Englishmen would still be found to decry all that wore our uniform. But with a little rational reasoning, the clouds which are supposed to hover over us are very easily dispersed. As a rule, men—that is to say, Englishmen—will not, or cannot, see what there is good in our land forces; but they can, and will, dwell at any length upon our shortcomings. Whatever clean linen we have they carefully hide; but our dirty clothes they not only invariably wash in public, but call the whole world to witness the operation.

As we said before, other armies in Europe have certainly advanced greatly during the last twenty years in everything that can add to their efficiency. But it is a great mistake to imagine, as many appear to do, that we have stood still.

From time to time stereotyped complaints, respecting the quantity and quality of our recruits, appear in the public prints. That they have a colouring of truth is certain; but they do not always state the whole case as it really exists. The chief reason why so comparatively few men enlist in times of peace is, that, even amongst the humblest classes, men can make a better use of their time, and earn more money, otherwise than by soldiering. But let a war come—let it really be a question as to whether we are to hold our own or not—and the difference will at once be seen. Government, it is true, may have to increase the bounty, but the number of men who come forward to take it will be multiplied tenfold. Our militia, too, could, with a little judicious increase of pay, be raised to nearly double its present strength. It will, no doubt, be a most deplorable thing if we have to go

to war; but of our fitness to do so, and of our ability to hold our own, there can hardly be two opinions. With sixty thousand or seventy thousand regulars in the front ranks; with ninety thousand militia as a reserve in the rear; and with one hundred and fifty thousand volunteers for defence of our shores, it seems barely possible that, if there is to be a struggle, we should not come out of it with the usual results. And one thing is very certain, that we shall never, so long as war is not proclaimed, be much more prepared than we are now. Englishmen have their own peculiar way of doing things, and one of them is never fully to prepare beforehand for the future. It is impossible to change what may be called our national nature. But, if the evil work be forced upon us, there can be little doubt but that, in a very short time indeed, we should find ourselves much more ready than we ever were before on a similar occasion.

A POPULAR FESTIVAL IN GERMANY.

THERE is, perhaps, no festival throughout Germany, which is so universal and so popular as that of the "Kirmess," or "Kirchweih." It corresponds to our village wakes, or what has become in recent times the Church Dedication Festival, only that in Germany it has always been a far more important day than with us. There is even a special Gospel and Epistle appointed for the Kirchweih day.

The name "Kirmess," abbreviated from Kirchmesse—Church Mass, or "Kirwe," as it is called in South Germany, from "Kirchweih"—Church Consecration, denotes an ecclesiastical source. In the old Saxon land of Westphalia, the Kirmess customs plainly manifest this origin. Indeed, the common explanation of the Kirmess is that it is the anniversary of the Dedication of the Church, while some go farther, and say that it is a celebration of the victory of Christianity over Heathenism. But although no writer has hitherto taken the trouble of tracing its precise commencement, it is evident that the origin of the Festival may be sought in Pagan times. Allusions to it may be found in the ancient laws—for instance, in the "constitutio" of the Frank King Dagobert; "de mercatu ad fanem habendo," in the *Charta Childeberti regis Franc*, in *Cassarius von Heisterbach*, and others.

The "court days," on which in olden times all the inhabitants of the whole district assembled and wandered from one sacred grove to another, were combined with sacrifices, fairs, feasting, and games. After the introduction of Christianity, these festivals were suffered to remain with the substitution of Christian applications, for it was only possible by slow degrees to remove the palpable proofs of heathenism. The courts of justice, feasts, and markets, migrated from the groves to the churchyards, with the full sanction and approval of Pope Gregory the Great. The Venerable Bede quotes a letter of Gregory's to the Anglo-Saxon bishops, in which he says:

"As they" (the recently converted Anglo-Saxons) "are accustomed to slaughter many oxen and horses on the festivals of devils" (the ancient deities), "it is necessary to allow these festivals to exist, but to substitute some other object. Therefore, on the anniversaries of the Consecration of the Church, and on the commemoration days of the martyrs, whose relics are preserved in those churches which have been erected on the sites of the former sacrificial groves, a similar festival shall be held. The spot shall be marked out with green boughs, and a Christian entertainment shall be given. Animals shall no longer be sacrificed in honour of Satan, but to the glory of God, and the satisfying of men's appetites, in order that due thanks may be rendered to the Giver of all Good."

As years went on these banquets were held, not only on the green before the church and in the churchyards, but even in the churches themselves. Many priests protested against this sacrilegious custom, and laws were framed to forbid it. But the prohibition was disregarded until the fourteenth century, when the terrible pestilence, the Black Death, raged throughout the land during the summer of 1348.

We learn from Cesarius von Heisterbach, that formerly the secular priests took part in the public feasts, to the great scandal of their brethren in the monasteries, who especially denounced their practice of playing the music for the dances. At Erfurt, in Thüringen, the hand of a priest was struck by lightning whilst he was performing on the violin; and this event afforded an opportunely instructive moral.

By the fifteenth century, the Kirchweih had greatly degenerated, and such excesses and brawls, often ending in murder, took

place, that the authorities had recourse to stringent measures of restriction. The most successful of these was the separation of the Church festival from the secular Kirmess feast, and the transfer of the latter to the winter. People generally, however, contrived to combine the Kirmess with the ancient harvest festival, and it is still chiefly celebrated in the months of September and October. Some old parishes celebrated as many as four, or even nine Kirmessen in the course of the year. At length government ordained that each parish should content itself with one Kirmess annually, which was not to last more than two days. In some places the participators were strictly confined to the parishioners. Strangers were punished by fines and scourging.

The Elector, Karl Theodor, of the Palatinate, who afterwards became Elector of Bavaria, commanded, in 1764, that every Kirmess should be held on the same day; and three years later he forbade all processions and plays; but neither decree was obeyed. The French, in 1807, were equally adverse to the custom, and all the masks, &c., used for the processions were confiscated and burnt in the Grand Dukedom of Berg. However, after the Germans had cast off the yoke of their French oppressors, ancient customs revived and flourished in new glory; and amongst these was the Kirmess.

In the earliest times only beer and wine were drunk at the public festivals; but shortly before the Thirty Years' War, brandy, which had till then only been known as medicine, came into use. About a hundred years ago, cider and sloe-berry wine, sweetened with honey, was the Kirmess drink. Now the favourite beverage is aniseed brandy, with sugar, on the Lower Rhine, and beer in South Germany.

The most curious part of the festival is the interring and disintering the Kirmess.

Our forefathers were wont to represent everything figuratively. The Kirmess mirth was disinterred at the same place where it had been buried with grief and mourning the previous year. The evening before the feast, the village youths march forth, accompanied by strains of music, to the appointed spot, where some of the lads gravely proceed to dig until they find the Kirmess. Finally a horse's skull is drawn out of the hole, placed on a pole decked with flowers and ribbons, and then borne in procession to the village amid music

and loud rejoicing. In many places on the Lower Rhine, the horse's head has lately been exchanged for a figure of Zacchæus, the patron saint of the Kirmess. Having thus gained full possession of the Kirmess merriment, the joyous troop wends its way to the inn, where the disinterred Kirmess symbol is erected above the dancing-room, together with the Kirmess crown, consisting of flowers and eggs.

The young men then solemnly bind themselves to make holiday for three or more days, to keep a joint score, and to celebrate the feast jointly, as well as to stand by each other in the event of possible fighting. This compact is ratified by each youth in turn striking a post, fixed in the ground for the purpose, with a heavy wooden cudgel. The number of strokes denote the amount of holidays each will take. Generally three are deemed sufficient, but sometimes four or six strokes are given. It is considered a good omen when the stake is finally driven quite into the ground. The girls, whose business it is to manufacture the Kirmess crown, and in some places to deck the Kirmess tree, are present during the process just described, and they fasten a red ribbon on the breast of every youth, which may not be discarded until the prescribed Kirmess days are over.

The Kirmess is generally celebrated on Sunday, and as the last chords of the organ die away, the dance music strikes up; the girls are fetched from the church-path by their partners, and those maidens take precedence who have manufactured the Kirmess crown.

Some fifty years back, the dancing still took place under the shadow of the village linden tree. On the second and third holidays, the "Gelagsburschen" go to church, headed by a band, playing. Formerly they proceeded thither in masquerading guise, and were fetched by the priest himself. The musicians performed during the mass bespoken by the "Burschen," but the tunes were not always of an edifying description. After service, the party either betook themselves to the dancing-room, or else visited distant farms, where the young men were regaled with cakes baked for the occasion. By Wednesday it was the turn of the married men to take the lead, and the youths retired. Frequently the wildest revelry occurred under the new auspices, and extended over the whole week, so that the

Kirmess was not buried until Saturday. The horse's head again played the chief part in this ceremony. Either that, or else the effigy of Zacchæus on his horse was carried on a bier through the village with the usual funeral melodies. Zacchæus on his white horse is evidently Woden himself, but there is no explanation how Zacchæus became the patron saint of the Kirmess. The "Gelagsburschen" walked beside the bier with chalked faces, and covered with white cloths. There were also the usual masks, reminiscences of the ancient heathen gods—such as the Faithful Eckhart, Hakeberend the Wild Huntsman, Knecht Ruprecht and Frau Berchta—although they were now made to assume a merely demoniacal aspect. Thus they proceeded to the spot, whence the Kirmess was to be resuscitated the following year. The place chosen was generally secluded and dismal, and the flickering torches lent it a still more uncanny appearance. The horse's head or the figure was then laid in the deeply-dug grave, and the bones and skulls of animals were also cast in. Whilst the hole was being filled up, a hideous din was created by those present—howling, shrieking, and beating pots and pans. With wild shouts the company returned to the village; and on this wise was the Kirmess buried.

The ceremony varies slightly in different parts of Germany, although its main features remain the same.

In Swabia, after the young people have danced from Monday morning till Wednesday evening, the "Kirwe" having commenced on Sunday, each youth takes his partner, and they all walk two and two to bury the "Kirchweih" outside the village. Here the "Kirwe" consists of a piece of cake, some old rags and coloured ribbons, and a bottle of wine, which is poured into the grave. The other articles are then thrown in, and all the spectators break out into loud lamentations, such as we have just described. At Lahr, in Baden, a sealed bottle of wine represents the Kirchweih, and it is formally interred in the middle of the village.

The innkeepers of Wildberg, in Swabia, are forced to provide all the cake, gratis, which their guests consume in the course of the evening. In several villages there are special games connected with the Kirchweih, such as the so-called "hat dance," which is performed as follows, on the Sunday succeeding the Kirchweih. A

hat is drawn up to the top of a long pole, by means of a cord fastened at the bottom, and to which a long piece of lighted tinder is affixed. The youths then dance round the hat in turn to an appointed goal, where each dancer delivers up the decorated sprig he bears in his hand to his successor, who is chosen by lot. He who happens to be dancing when the hat falls from the burnt cord, wins the hat.

But it is not every Swabian village that can boast of a Kirchweih. Some parishes are said to have forfeited their privilege, and among these are Betzingen—where a beggar is believed to have starved on the Kirchweih day—Tübingen, Bietigheim, and Weilheim. It is told of Tübingen and Bietigheim, that they lost their rights because, once, two women quarrelled while baking their Kirchweih cakes, and killed one another with the plates.

A somewhat similar incident is recorded of the natives of Weilheim. One Kirchweih, two beggars approached the village. They agreed with one another to ask only for cake on such a festival day, and one was to go to Weilheim, while the other betook himself to the Derendingen Kirchweih; at night they were to meet and divide the proceeds. The Derendingers gave plentifully, but the Weilheimers behaved so stingily that the two beggars fought over the division of the spoil, and one was killed. This happened close to Weilheim, on the road to Derendingen, where a lime tree now stands. On account of this sad catastrophe, the Weilheimers resolved never to hold another Kirchweih. To this day they do not like to be reminded of the occurrence, but if twitted with the loss of the Kirchweih cake, they proudly return that they eat cake all the week through.

The inhabitants of Hepisan are nicknamed "cuckoos," because they are accused of having sold their Kirchweih for a cuckoo, in olden times. At Wurmlingen, and one or two other places in Swabia, the people themselves declare that the Kirchweih is in reality an ancient heathen festival.

In that part of Bavaria called the Lechrain, it is customary, on the Monday morning after the Kirchweih, to have a solemn mass said for the souls of all the deceased members of the parish, at which the women appear dressed in black. On the same day the musicians go round to the house of every well-to-do peasant, and

play a dance, in return for which they expect to be regaled with meat, cakes, and beer. This process has to be rapidly performed at an early hour, for no one likes to miss the souls' mass, to which the peasantry cling with the greatest devotion.

We will conclude with a curious legend respecting the Kirchweih of Bruckdorf, in the Bavarian Palatinate. It so happened that Pope Leo the Ninth chanced to be travelling from Hungary to Nürnberg, just as the Counts of Schwarzburg had completed the erection of the church at Bruckdorf. They therefore besought the holy father on bended knees to consecrate it. But the Pope was unable to deviate from his route, although he did not like to refuse such a request. Accordingly he rode to the summit of a hill, whence the little church was visible, and made the sign of the cross over it as it lay in the distance. This did not quite satisfy the knights of Schwarzburg, and the holy father, noticing their discontent, said to them: "Go ye thither and convince yourselves. If the walls bear no sign of the consecration, I will grant your desire."

And, behold! the knights found that an angel had acted as the Pope's substitute, and that the church was duly consecrated!

The fame of this miracle soon spread abroad, and crowds of pious pilgrims flocked to Bruckdorf. It is said that amongst the portraits of the Popes in the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome, Leo the Ninth may be seen portrayed with the Bruckdorf church as his attribute.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHIEL HOBY,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER IV. UNEXPECTED HELP.

LADY OLIVE DESPARD had given Audrey a hint, in the note she wrote to her at Ida's request, that it would be well to let her cousin's looks and movements pass without comment for the present; and Audrey obeyed the intimation. Not that she was not curious to find out what was the matter with Ida, and what was the object of her sudden and unannounced visit to Lady Olive; but that she was of a happy nature, not given either to mysteriousness or to jealousy on her own account;

and, as she felt no doubt but that she should know all about it in time, whatever it might be, she did not mind Lady Olive's being in Ida's confidence in the first instance. Audrey was quite sure that Ida was not in love with anyone, and in her present state of mind she really could not feel much distress about "trouble" on any other score. Ida, therefore, remained in her room on the following morning unquestioned, and Audrey left her to herself until nearly noon, when she took her some hothouse flowers which Madeleine Kindersley had just brought from Beech Lawn.

To her surprise, Audrey found that Ida was not alone. Her cousin was sitting at her writing-table, and looking tired, as if she had been writing for some time; but she had laid aside her pen, and had evidently been listening or speaking—and with some agitation—to the second person in the room, towards whom Audrey glanced, when her first look at Ida showed her the disturbance in her face. This second person was a handsome young woman, whose colourless cheeks and determined expression—she did not remove her eyes from Ida's face—and the firm resting of her hand upon a parcel on the table, made it evident that no commonplace subject was in discussion between them.

"I beg your pardon," said Audrey; "I did not know—I only came to bring you these. Madeleine is here."

"Thank you, dear," said Ida, taking the flowers. "I am so sorry I can't go down to see Madeleine; at least, not yet. Is she going to stay long?"

"Until after lunch."

"That's right. This is Bessy West, whom you have heard of."

Bessy West bowed.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Audrey, coming up to her, and shaking hands with her, full of enthusiasm about another survivor of the catastrophe of the Albatross, and instantly accounting for Ida's agitation by the necessarily painful associations evoked by the sight of her companion in that disaster. "When did you come, and where did you come from?"

"I have just come from Ireland," replied Bessy West.

"Did not Griffith tell you?" asked Ida.

"He met her last evening in the town, and told us at Despard Court. Is it not odd, Audrey, how things turn out? Here is Bessy West come to Wrottesley, with your old friend Mrs. Simcox."

"Well, that is funny. And lucky too, for you can give her her things, you know—oh, I see you have given them to her."

Audrey had seen the parcel on the table, and recognised it for that which they had found in the packing-case.

"Mrs. Simcox was here yesterday, Ida, while you were out. She is looking so well. Do you like Ireland?" said Audrey, addressing Bessy West, who answered:

"Yes, ma'am."

Then Audrey ran downstairs again, and she and Madeleine agreed that it was a pity Bessy West had turned up just now, when Ida was not in good spirits, and when the renewal of the scenes she had gone through was undesirable.

Meantime, Ida and her former attendant resumed the conversation which Audrey had interrupted.

"And do you really mean to say that you would not have asked to see me, that I might never have known you were here, if you had not heard that rumour at Mrs. Lipscott's?"

"I do mean to say it, Miss Pemberton. Why should I have asked to see you? For your sake, or for mine? There never was any love lost between us, you know, and I don't pretend to be what I'm not."

Ida's eyes filled with tears.

"I don't think I deserved love or anything like it from you," she said. "Pray forgive me. I had been so accustomed to be loved, and to have so much that I did not deserve, that I did not think about meriting anything. Why, all the time you and I were together, I never thought about what your life might have been, or whether you had any sorrows or difficulties."

"Just so, Miss Pemberton; and yet, I am a woman like yourself, and not so very much older, though I have lived a great deal longer than my years. But if you did not think or care about my life, or what was to become of it, there was one that did, and while my life lasts, I shall never forget her. It is because I shall never forget her I am here to-day, and am going to do you the greatest service that ever was done you in your life."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do, Miss Pemberton; though it's contradicting you very flat to say so. But I must go back to the beginning to make it clear to you. When I first came to your house at Randwick, I had my suspicions that there was something wrong with you. I cannot put it

in fine words, you know, but if you will just believe once for all that I mean no offence in anything I say, and only intend to do you good, it will be the best way for you and me to come to an understanding. Somebody else had her suspicions too. It was Mrs. Simcox, the nurse, who recommended me."

Ida bent her head, and shaded her face with one hand, listening.

" 'Mrs. Pemberton is the best woman in the world,' said Mrs. Simcox to me, 'and her step-daughter is behaving ill to her, and I have a notion she has been put up to it by the man who was here when Mr. Randall died—by Mr. Geoffrey Dale.' "

Ida did not speak, or look up, when Bessy West paused to observe the effect of her words upon her.

"Mrs. Simcox knew that Mr. Dale was no stranger to me, and that I had the best of reasons for knowing that he would not lead any one right; but I told her, if he had been making any mischief out of the time he had been at your father's house, it would not be likely to last, for that he was gone back to England, or going very soon. I knew that, or at least I believed it, and so she need not fret."

"How did you know it?"

"I will come to that in time. Mrs. Simcox said: 'Then he's gone to England to wait for her there, like a spider for a fly; for I'm sure and certain it's that man and nobody else that has altered Miss Ida to her step-mother.' I thought that was very likely to be his plan, but I did not much care about it, for Mrs. Pemberton was going to take me to England with her, and when I got there I could easily upset his game. Then came Mrs. Pemberton's illness, and the delay about going to England, and I did not think much about you, to tell you the truth, because I loved her with all my heart, and I had enough to think of, with her and the child, and my own troubles. But when I did think about you, I was more and more sure it was some man that was in the place you were thinking of."

How vividly the remembrance came to Ida's mind of the day on which Bessy West had come to look for her with a message from Mrs. Pemberton, only a moment after Geoffrey Dale had quitted her side. If she had seen him there! What had she to tell that might influence events?

"We sailed. And then, I own, I watched you, Miss Pemberton. You were so miserable, you moped so much,

that I could not be mistaken; you were not going to meet any one you cared for; the man you were thinking of had been left behind."

Ida looked up now, and her cheeks were a deep red. A light was dawning upon her, bringing humiliation with it.

"Go on," she said.

"I could not make it out, altogether. I wondered why you consented to go to England if you did not like it; then I thought it might be settled between you and him on account of your father's will. Of course I never heard a word from you or Mrs. Pemberton to tell me anything; and, to tell the truth again, I did not care. Though you were very good, and almost all you ought to be to my dear mistress on the voyage,"—Ida liked the honesty of that "almost"—"I used to like to think that she would soon be with kind friends, and have other people to think of and depend on, besides you."

"Hush, hush!" said Ida, putting out her hand imploringly; "I have suffered enough."

"So I think," said Bessy West, "and she would not thank me for grieving you. I need not tell you much more about that time. When she was gone, and the baby was gone, I had nothing more to care about; I had no more to do with you and your affairs. You did not want me, and I did not want you after we were safe in England; and when I thought at all about it, I still thought the man you were fretting about was in the colony. But I knew you were your own mistress now, and could hurt nobody but yourself."

"You felt very hardly towards me."

"I did. I mostly feel hard towards every one. My life has made me hard; but if my dear mistress had been spared I would have been different. And now, Miss Pemberton, I will tell you the very last time I ever watched you or tried to find out anything at all about what was in your mind."

"Go on, go on!"

"It was when we were at the hotel at Plymouth. I watched you then; and the lowness of your spirits, the quiet weary ways of you, and your seeming not to care a bit about going home with your friends, made me quite certain that no one you cared for was waiting for you in England. You remember when you first saw your cousin Mr. Dwarris?"

"I remember."

"I thought nothing at all of that. You

might very well be upset then; there was so much to think of about the dead and gone; and, besides, I could not get over it on my own account. The next morning there came a letter for you. I took an opportunity of looking at the address and the postmark. They told me nothing: the writing I had never seen; the postmark made it plain that the letter was from some relative. I was quite satisfied. Of course I was also quite wrong."

Ida made a mute gesture of assent.

"After that time, Miss Pemberton, I thought no more about you—in that way, at least. I was going to Ireland, and I turned my thoughts to the people I was going to. Mrs. Simcox has a great many relations in Ireland; they don't boast of her, though they might; and when she recommended me to her nephew and his wife, they were kind to me. They don't like me to talk about Mrs. Simcox to any one, and no one except yourself need ever be the wiser. I think the major ought to be proud of her, but that is not his opinion, or his wife's; and it is not my business to go against them. It is odd that the only person in England who knew—I mean you, Miss Pemberton—should be living here."

"Why did they take you into their employment?"

"Partly because they are both kind people, partly because they thought I should suit, and partly because it was the best way to make me hold my tongue. If it had come out in Tralee that Captain Simcox had an aunt who was a hired nurse in the colonies, no one but myself could possibly have been to blame; and they would have my punishment in their own hands. We made no bargain, but I think they understood that there was one. They are very kind to me; I do my duty by them, so long as it lasts. They need never know that you know anything about them, if you think it better."

"Yes, yes," assented Ida, "I think it would be much better. But, pray go on, and tell me why you come to do me a service now."

Bessy West's face softened; she looked with pity and some kindness at Ida.

"Because, when I heard what they said in the town—what I have already told you—I understood it all in a minute; I saw that I had been mistaken—wrong all through; and then the recollection of my dear dead mistress came to me, and I said to myself, 'I will do all I can, for her sake, to save Miss Pemberton.' I did not

forget that she saved you from the fire and the sea. If I had not persuaded myself of what wasn't the case, the truth would have been found out before. I heard the talk the first evening at Mrs. Lipscott's, and I sent to ask you to see me."

"I did not get the message until I came in last night. Clark thought it of no consequence, I suppose."

"I had put it on wanting the things of mine that were among the luggage. It was just as well, for the delay made me quite certain. It was only a sharp guess at first, but I know all about it now; and if you will let bygones be bygones, Miss Pemberton, and trust me, I think—indeed, I know—I can serve you more than any-one in the world can serve you."

She moved nearer to Ida, who held out her hand, and said:

"Indeed, indeed I will trust you. Sit here, beside me, and I will tell you the truth. Geoffrey Dale did not go to England. I saw him, without Mrs. Pemberton's knowledge, at my old home; I promised to marry him; he was to have come to England in the ship with us; he was actually among the crowd when we went on board, but he changed his mind at the last moment."

"He was among the crowd! Could he see us—Mrs. Pemberton, I mean, and myself?"

"Yes, certainly, why?"

"Never mind just now. I understand why he changed his mind, and you will understand presently."

"The letter you saw was from him. He claims me; he holds me cruelly to my promise."

"I know that, I know that. And you—you have cured yourself of your folly; you don't want to marry him? You want to escape from him?"

"I want," said Ida, bursting into tears, "never to see his face again. I am wretched. It was childish folly, and I knew before I reached England at all, that I had made a terrible mistake. But I know it better and better every day since."

"And you see no way out of it, Miss Pemberton?"

"Only a very painful way; but I must take it. If I marry him without the consent of Mr. Dwarris, I forfeit all my fortune. He will not want to marry me under such circumstances."

"And who gets the money?"

"Mr. Dwarris."

"He is a very honourable, good man, is he not?"

"He is indeed."

Bessy West smiled at some thought passing through her mind. "I see you are quite safe," she said, "from what I was afraid of. I came here thinking I might have a great deal of trouble in saving you against your own will, because I believed you were fond of him. But now, it is only a question of money. He cannot force you to marry him if you do not choose to do it; but you don't know Geoffrey Dale if you think he will be got rid of quite simply. He is very hard, and obstinate, and cruel."

"I know that, right well."

"He will make Mr. Dwarris, or you, pay a big price to get rid of him, for he will make out that Mr. Dwarris has everything to gain. You see that, Miss Pemberton? An honourable gentleman would not like that."

"Certainly he would not; but, when I confess everything to my uncle, I think he will not care what may be said of himself. But never mind that. Tell me how you can help me."

"I can help you more than anything you can tell him about money can help you."

She rose and took a pair of scissors from Ida's dressing-table, cut the stout string with which the parcel that had lain so long unclaimed among Mrs. Pemberton's luggage was tied up, broke the seals, and displayed to Ida's eyes, following her movements with eager interest, a few books in gaudy bindings, a parcel of papers with a broad ribbon pinned round them, and a small flat tin box, like an artist's colour-box.

Laying the other articles aside, Bessy West raised the lid of the box. A folded slip of paper, resting on a faded scrap of green baize, formed its sole contents. She took the slip of paper out, unfolded it, and handed it to Ida, who saw that it was written over in a few regular lines.

"Copy that accurately, Miss Pemberton," said Bessy West, "and enclose the copy in your letter. I do not think you, or I either, are likely to hear much, for the future, of Geoffrey Dale."

The interview between Ida and her former attendant lasted some time longer; and was terminated by Audrey's coming to inquire whether Ida would go down to luncheon. Bessy West took her leave.

Madeleine had been on her rounds before coming to the Dingle House, and she and Audrey had plenty to talk of; but

she observed Ida's silence and depression. Audrey saw this, and exerted herself to shelter Ida from question or remark. Shortly after luncheon Lord Barr came in; and it struck Madeleine that he too was in less good spirits than usual.

He had some news for the young ladies.

"Frank has got a new patient," said Lord Barr, addressing the intelligence to Audrey, as the person chiefly interested, "and such an unexpected one. Guess"

But nobody would take the trouble to guess.

"Mr. Conybeare. I believe it is not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant that he was ever ill before; but he is ill now—gout I believe—the consequence of low-cut shoes, Miss Kindersley; and Frank had just gone down to the bank when I looked in just now. I wonder what sort of patient the Bear makes."

"Oh, I'm so sorry I ever called him a bear," said Madeleine, with ready penitence. "I suppose papa knows; this will distress him."

"But it need not. Gout does not signify, you know. There are people who say it does you good, but I don't believe that. Frank will put him all right."

The talk among the young people flagged; Ida's silence and low spirit were infectious, and she could not shake them off.

Audrey proposed a walk, and Lord Barr offered to accompany the girls. But Ida pleaded headache, and remained at home. Left alone, she returned to her room and sat there thinking over the incidents of the morning, of the time when she and Bessy West lived their lives in each other's presence, and no accident had revealed the link between them. Her mind was very weary; the crisis of her fate had come, and she was awaiting it stupidly. The tin box belonging to Bessy West was lying on the table. Ida took it up and examined it idly; her attention was caught by some words scratched on the japanned lid. They were, "Mary Ronald, June 10."

"That was Mary's name," thought Ida. "I suppose she gave the box to Bessy West; but I never saw it before."

Mr. Geoffrey Dale hated to be beaten. Even when the game he was engaged in playing was not charged with important results he abhorred defeat, and felt the deadliest enmity against a successful antagonist. He had never played a game which interested him more, nor which he was more doggedly determined to win,

than this one in which the happiness of Ida Pemberton was at stake. It had a fascination for him apart from the money value of the prize; for Geoffrey Dale had come to regard Ida with feelings which would readily ripen into hate. It was played, as it were, against the dead—the dead man who had offended him, the dead woman who had detected him—and the winning of it would mean triumph over them, a great revenge for a slight which had filled him with rage. Everything combined to lend this game a zest hitherto unknown to him; and more than any other ingredients in the flavouring of it were the girl's reluctant misery, her penitent, ashamed distaste to him, her timid efforts to convince him, and escape. As if he needed conviction! As if he meant her to escape!

When we see Geoffrey Dale again—having taken leave of him last at the Antipodes—we find him in an excellent state of mind. It is on the day after the despatch of his letter to Ida Pemberton—that letter which roused the girl, desperate and defenceless as she felt, to the very last action which Geoffrey Dale could have anticipated—the taking of a third person into her confidence. He is perfectly content with the letter, and also in other respects. Geoffrey Dale was not so reckless as most adventurers, even of the smaller kinds. He did not give too much time to, or reckon exclusively upon, one particular scheme; he “kept his hand in,” as the saying is, as popularly adapted to the keeping of people's hands in other people's pockets. He did not pretend to the heroics of villainy only. He was capable of crime, no doubt, but also of bestowing undeviating attention and industry upon smaller knaveries; and these inter-complementary faculties had acquired vigour and ease since the episode of Edward Randall. He had been for some time engaged in effecting the ruin of a “friend” of his, who had lent himself to the process with fatal facility; but it was nearly complete, and Mr. Dale felt that the hour was approaching when he must consolidate his position, as serious commercial rogues designate the accomplishment of some supreme roguery. And Ida Pemberton thought her childish folly could turn him from his purpose! He laughed at the folly while he cursed the fool.

Mr. Geoffrey Dale intended to entertain

a select party of friends at supper, on the evening of the day after that on which we resume our acquaintance with him, the “friend” above mentioned included; and he was thinking, pleasantly enough, of the very different style in which he should do things when he should have frightened the deceased “Samaritan's” daughter into marrying him, when a letter from Ida Pemberton was brought to him. He broke the seal with a frowning face; he did not like this writing again so promptly. It looked like struggle, and he had counted on submission. Something was enclosed in the letter, but he threw it aside, without looking at it, and read the plain, straightforward words in which Ida told him that she had revealed everything, except the time and place of their meetings, to Lady Olive Despard, and had learned from her the fact which set her free—the fact of the will by which Mrs. Pemberton deprived her of any share in her father's fortune, if she should marry Geoffrey Dale. It was a simple announcement, and farewell; and it drove him more frantic with rage than any defiance could have done. Pale, with glowing eyes, Geoffrey Dale read and re-read the girl's words, with a resolve to be revenged upon her in some other way, if indeed she had been delivered out of his hand in this. At length he bethought him of the enclosure. It was a half sheet of paper, containing a slip with writing on it. The words on the half sheet were:

“I had finished my letter before the enclosed reached me. Now I know why you did not sail in the Albatross, and whose face it was that warned you. For her sake I will keep this secret also, on condition that I never see you again, or hear of you directly.”

Geoffrey Dale looked at the slip of paper enclosed, and ground his teeth. Then he calmed himself by a great effort, and fell a-thinking. His fit of cogitation lasted nearly an hour, after which he burned Ida's letter and its enclosure, and wrote a brief peremptory summons to his friend.

On the 12th of August will be published
THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF
A NEW SERIAL STORY,
By JAMES PAYN,
Author of “Lost Sir Massingberd,” “At Her Mercy,” “Halves,” &c., entitled,
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"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 400. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XLV. A SCENE.

A DAY OR TWO later came another "interference," as it is styled in the Methodist dialect, and of a far more efficacious kind.

Miss Lacroix was exploring the neighbourhood by herself, being fond of long walks, during which she had to reflect on her miserable unprotected position, and how she was compelled literally to live upon her wits; though, like the gentleman who congratulated himself on having a country to sell, she might find comfort in the fact that she had wits on which to live. Living "from hand to mouth" was a more appropriate phrase, as, after this visit was terminated, she was not very certain where her next "situation," as she called it, was to be. Engaged in this forecast, which she did not entertain with despondency, she heard a footstep behind her, as if someone were running. It was in one of the pretty green paths across the fields, with a stile at each end. Looking round, she found it was a fresh, honest-looking young man, who was somewhat out of breath. He took off his hat, and, laughing as he spoke, said that he had had such a chase after her, that really he had lost his way, and there was no one to ask but herself; "So I ran after you," he said. "I want to get to Joliffe's Court."

Miss Lacroix directed him, without being fluttered as some young ladies might have been, adding she was going there herself, but that he would walk faster and get there sooner than she would.

"Oh, I am in no hurry," the young man said.

"I was not thinking of that," said the lady quickly, stopping short, "but it would be more desirable that I should continue my walk as I began it."

Rather abashed, the young man took off his hat and bowed, and Miss Lacroix pursued her way, "as she began it."

She did not return for some time, and then went to her room; when she came down to the drawing-room, she met Mr. Pringle coming from his room, very flustered and in a state of trepidation.

"It is intolerable, this persecution! That fellow and his scheming wife have sent the brother here, to bully and intimidate me into giving them money. He has succeeded in frightening Mrs. Pringle, as it is, with his menaces."

"But you have right on your side," said Miss Lacroix, "and cannot be forced into such a thing."

"He says he won't leave the house; and that, if I refuse him, he will bring the two down here, and force me to take them in."

"Surely that is nonsense," said Miss Lacroix. "He is talking wildly. Perhaps the presence of a lady will be some restraint."

She entered the drawing-room, and recognised the gentleman she had met in the fields. He was walking up and down, speaking very coolly, and, as it seemed, respectfully to Mrs. Pringle; but this firmness may have had the effect of threats on Sam.

"These threats," said Mr. Pringle, in agitation, "you dare not carry them out."

"I beg your pardon," said he in the same tone. "We can't be trifled with any longer. I am not going to let my

poor sister starve. Your son is bound to support her, and you must support him. Come, give me an answer, yes or no. It's all the same."

"Pray, what will you do," said Miss Lacroix, "in case they do trifle with you?"

"I have told him. I give you the choice of a dozen courses. What would you say to my going down into the village and calling a meeting to tell them the whole story, and working up public feeling against you? You would not like that exactly; or that we should bring an action, and drag you before the courts? The good-natured, jocular Mr. Sam Pringle turning out an unnatural parent! What fun for your fine London friends! Come, now; think better of it, and let me go away with a favourable answer."

The reader will have already recognised the vigorous procedure of Tom Dawson, always blunt and decided where his dear little sister was concerned.

The Pringles looked irresolutely and helplessly at each other. They were on the point of giving in. That random shot about addressing the mob in the village had told. They were already unpopular, particularly old Sam, who had been "screwing up" rents, &c.

They looked helplessly round, as we have said.

"You will not accept this tone," said Miss Lacroix, suddenly. "This gentleman surely does not mean to come here with threats, to frighten you into concessions. I should deal with him as one would with other persons we read of who threaten with a view to extorting money."

Tom Dawson started, and looked confused.

"It is unmanly," she went on. "I would not give a farthing. Let him go down to the village to get up his mob; you send to the police at the same time. As for the ridiculous threat of going to law, he knows it can do no good, unless he wishes to make out that his sister is chargeable to the parish, and claims a pauper's allowance. Were I you I would not yield a hair's breadth in the matter."

Tom Dawson was so accustomed to carrying points at the first rush by sheer impudence or insolence, that he was quite unprepared for this counter attack. He faltered and grew confused. Sam and Mrs. Pringle began to rally their forces.

"The young lady is quite right. Do your worst, sir. Not one sixpence of my

money shall they have, or you bully me out of."

"I don't want to do that," said Tom, feeling a pang from the thought that he was injuring his sister's case deplorably. "But surely, as a matter of justice—"

"Don't talk to me, sir. Who are you? I've a good mind to send for a policeman to remove you as a trespasser."

"I am sure," said Tom, respectfully, "this young lady will see the hardship of it, if she will only kindly consider it. I am quite ready at her request to withdraw if I have intruded."

"I have no interest in the question," said she, coldly. "Pray do not appeal to me."

"An interesting, innocent girl; too young to encounter hardship. If you only saw her, you would feel for her, and say it was, at least, a hardship. You are encouraging these persons in their inhumanity."

"I am sorry that there should be such a state of things," said the lady, coldly. "You attribute too much influence to me."

"Who are you? Why should you interfere at all, then?" he said, with a sudden change of manner. "If you had not come in now, I should have got what I came for. There is something purely malicious in your interference."

"You are complimentary; but I merely speak from the way the thing strikes me. I would never allow myself to be dictated to in such a strain. In my own house, did I possess one, no one should venture to address threats to me. They should leave at once, even if I had to send for a policeman."

"Come, sir; no abuse of this young lady. You had better be off. I don't choose you to stay here longer. No bullying will go down in this house, that I can tell you. I cast them both off; and they shall beg or starve, as seems only too likely, before they get anything from me."

Much abashed—perhaps for the first time—under the coldly-indifferent eyes of Miss Lacroix, Tom Dawson had to withdraw. It had been a most painfully humiliating adventure; and yet, alas, he had confidently bade his sister "leave it all to him; he would settle it."

"Why, you poor pair of infants," he had said pleasantly, "you see you could do nothing without Tom!"

Young Mr. Pringle accepted Tom's humour, and allowed himself to be styled

“an infant” in the hope that Tom, whose powers he respected, was to settle everything. Indeed, he was growing tired of the state of things about him, and was pining for ease and comfort. He, however, thought he would not be too thankful to Tom, as it would make him think too much of himself. That day was accordingly spent in a rather fretful state by the pair until the evening, when Tom presented himself with dejected face, and said, bluntly:

“No go, Phib; it's no go.”

After which, Mrs. Dawson—good, honest, lady—began to think, with a sigh, that she would have to take the pair in after all. But she sighed more heavily when she thought of what was to be the fate of her darling Phoebe. It was evident that Mr. Pringle did not appreciate her, and was, in fact, “a bad fellow.”

CHAPTER XLVI. A CLEVER MOVE.

RETURNING now to Joliffe's Court, we shall find the Pringle family in great delight and satisfaction with their guest, who had proved herself so valuable an ally. Miss Lacroix's prestige was raised to a very high degree. Succeeding events, however, were to raise it still higher, to establish her influence on the firmest basis. Again, it may be repeated, that we are not following the steps of the rather hackneyed adventuress, but of a person of a strong sense and shrewdness, whose lot has been cast among rather weak personages. She was not gifted with the regular virtues, but she affected principle, and would take her stand upon the rigid letter of the word. She could be just to the nicest measure, but was not called on, as she thought, to go beyond. As it was, she now found her position a most promising and agreeable one, for “she was exactly the sort of person” to suit the Pringles.

Miss Lacroix had soon found out also how things stood ecclesiastically—how the helpless Dr. Potts was overborne by his rampant curate, who was going to introduce “evensong” and other ceremonials, and was fast enlisting all the interesting young ladies of the parish in a sort of regiment of decorators, who would have plenty to do under his direction. As we have seen, the Pringles were eager to adopt any proposition, of any description, that would lend them the importance of being subscribers, and they were anxious to become passionate “restorers” and

decorators, under the guidance of the enthusiastic curate.

This young gentleman had been asked to dinner, and arrived, clad after the highest mode of the clerical dandyism of his school. He was agreeable, fluent; engrossing all the talk to himself; and tolerating but one subject—that of “what I propose doing.” He mentioned a vast number of people with titles—Lady Marys and Lady Janes—whom he had secured, the very mention of whose names seemed, as is the case with many persons, to be as “clinching” as a logical argument. He spoke of his chief as “the poor old Doctor;” and when the Homertons of Toplow were mentioned, he disposed of them half contemptuously, declaring “they were superannuated fogies.” The Pringles tittered and smiled, and joined in obsequiously. Miss Lacroix, when she was appealed to, alone dissented, and from that hour incurred the dislike, if not the contempt, of the ardent young curate. In the drawing-room she, in her quiet and very unobtrusive way, gave her reason for this opposition. “I am sure,” she said, “that this will become a burning question in the parish, and that you will be divided into two camps. You will then be forced to take a side.”

“It will be great fun,” said the stupid ponies, eagerly; “we and Mr. Prettyman must win.”

Mrs. Pringle, however, looked at the ponies reflectively, as though this suggested a new idea, and she then rather coldly reproved her girls.

“You should not be so eager to commit yourselves before you know how the thing stands.”

And when the gentlemen came in, Mr. Prettyman was disagreeably surprised to find that the lady of the house had grown a little cold.

Curiously enough, it turned out as Miss Lacroix had predicted. A difference arose between Dr. Potts and his curate, and the parish was drawn into the dispute. The beautifying or disfigurement—according to each prejudiced view—of the little church, was the grand question of the hour, and the various important parties took the side either of the rector or his curate, according as their feelings prompted. Soon it was known that old Dr. Potts and young Mr. Prettyman were not on speaking terms.

A short time after her arrival, Miss Lacroix, who, as we have seen, was fond of taking walks, happened to pass by this

old church, and, seeing the door open, strayed in. It was a cool, and gray, and ancient little place, which it seemed quite as much a profanation to restore or beautify, as to deck out some venerable old Quakeress in the ridiculous swaddling clothes with which our modern young ladies delight to hamper their lower limbs. As she was gazing at one of the old windows which seemed to roll in crystal ripples, and was grimed and dusty, yet mellow in tone like old sherry, she heard voices close by as though engaged in an angry discussion.

"I protest against the whole thing, sir, and I won't have it. We are not accustomed to this new-fangled nonsense, and we got on very well here in the old way, before you came to disturb us with these tawdry improvements. Restoration, indeed!—destruction, you mean."

It was the old baronet and the young curate, engaged in a discussion. The latter was quite good-humoured, but irritating.

"You are not, to use a homely phrase, Sir Gilbert, quite up to the time of day. All these things, excuse me for saying so, are not quite intelligible to those of the older school. And as for stopping the course, you might as well get Mrs. Partington's mop."

"I don't know the woman," said the baronet testily.

"Besides, my dear sir, you are almost alone in these views. All the important persons of the parish, your neighbours the Pringles—"

They came round the corner of the church at this moment, before the young lady was able to avoid them.

"Ah! here is Miss Pringle herself, or rather Miss Lacroix. She could tell you the same."

Sir Gilbert grew red.

"I don't care to discuss it any more. I shall see the bishop about it at once. I have an affection for this old place, where my father, and his father before him, used to worship. And I don't want to see it destroyed to please all the Pringles in Europe."

"But if I might correct Sir Gilbert Homerton," said Miss Lacroix, deferentially, "I believe he is under a mistake as to that family. They are as much opposed to change as he is."

"What?" cried the curate, turning red in his turn, "you can't know anything about the case! Mrs. Pringle has thrown herself heart and soul into the case, and has promised a large subscription."

"I daresay," said Miss Lacroix, quietly; "but such are not their present views. They were comparative strangers then, and did not understand the question."

The old baronet said, triumphantly: "There, sir! You see there are rational people still left in the parish."

"I am sure, sir," said the lady, "they will be delighted to find that you approve of their conduct. But, apart from that, it seems a terrible thing that these venerable old places should be pulled to pieces in this way."

"Exactly what I have just been saying, ma'am. My father and his father sat here in the old place; but, with these new-fangled notions, everything will be uprooted."

"I must look into this. I shall call on Mr. Pringle this very morning," said the young curate, darting an angry look at the lady. He shortly afterwards took his leave, while Sir Gilbert enlarged warmly, and to a sympathetic listener, on the absurdity of these "new-fangled" notions. "Every one," he went on, "should rally round the grand old cause, and I am glad to hear from you that the new owners of Joliffe's Court see the thing in the same light."

"Well," said she, "I am sure they do; and I believe most firmly, if it were impressed upon them—as you say they are new to the district—"

"No doubt," said Sir Gilbert, "they are."

That evening, as the family were looking ruefully at their "lists," deploring their want of acquaintances, and abusing the "stuck-up" airs of the people about, Miss Lacroix said in her tranquil way:

"These people are inclined to be friendly to you, and you will probably see a change in their manner to-morrow at church."

The family started. But the guest good-humouredly, and without the least conceit, begged of them to mark her words, and before to-morrow they would see she was something of a true prophetess.

The next day, after the service was over, and the state coach, with the powdered menials, had come reeling up—and when, as usual, the family, in spite of their magnificence, were glancing with timorous hesitation at their august acquaintances, willing to speak and yet afraid to salute—they were inexpressibly delighted, and even confounded, by the old baronet coming up in a frank manner, and talking with great cordiality. Nay, he became even confi-

dential, walking down the road a little while, the state carriage following behind. He put it to Mr. and Mrs. Pringle abruptly:

"Surely you don't go with these people and their new-fangled notions in pulling my old church to pieces?" Never were there such eager proselytes and warm adherents. They anticipated everything he said. They thought it monstrous, scandalous, that the venerable old church should be thus pulled to pieces. In short, this honest enthusiasm, especially the æsthetic devotion of the ponies, quite favourably impressed the stiff old baronet, and laid the foundation for an intimacy and for becoming good neighbours. The sagacity of Miss Lacroix, on which she did not in the least presume, was acknowledged as something really magical—so marvellous a result being produced by a simple knowledge of the stops and keys of human character. From that moment her ascendancy in the family was assured, for it was felt that such an ally or agent would be of extraordinary value in the family.

CHAPTER XLVII. A MEETING.

AFTER the failure of Tom's disastrous attempt at reconciliation, there was nothing left for the struggling pair but to commence their battle of life at once.

Mr. Pringle, in their dearth of money, had rescinded the contracts for the furniture, and had announced that a room or two furnished would do to start with, and would be as much as they could manage; and this he had given out as a final arrangement. Phoebe, much disappointed, mentioned this before her brother Tom—always reckless where money was concerned—and who roared out impatiently, "What humbug! What does he mean? You've not married a pauper, I hope. Why, the commonest shop-girl that's married has her own furniture! Oh, come! we're not going to stand that. Don't you put your foot in the house until it is fit for you to go into." These words sank deep into Phoebe's soul; her pride was touched. She had not, as we have seen, a mind of the strongest pattern nor of a very original cast; it copied everything—from dresses to words and speeches. Her mother, too—who was careless in her language, and always said so much more than she meant, that it often took the very opposite shape to truth—repeated the same idea with even coarser emphasis—"Why,

he doesn't take you for a servant-maid, I hope!"

When, therefore, Phoebe confronted her husband, she was all inflamed to defiance by the sense of the insult that had been offered to her.

"I shall not quit the hotel," she said, "until you have a properly-furnished house to bring me to. Why, even a common servant-maid would not be treated in such a way. I shall stay here!"

"Someone has been putting you up to this!" he said, in a fury.

"I am not quite a pauper," she replied; "and you'll have to pay on here for me until the place is properly furnished."

Mr. Pringle turned white with rage. He knew not what to do. He was, in truth, contending with three persons, and he felt himself overmatched. He could not trust himself to discuss it, and, indeed, had not heart to fight the matter. His only course was to rush out into the Park and some of the lonely streets, and there, in a sort of despair, prey upon his own heart, and bewail his sad lot—the bright hopes that he had sacrificed, and the troubles and miseries into which he had so recklessly flung himself. Then he found a dismal occupation in wandering by the new house which had been taken—not in Chapel-street, but in Pimlico—in one of the monotonous, hungry-looking streets, that cross and recross each other with a sort of mean uniformity, at the back of St. George's-road. Rather squeezed, with a portico, in Cambridge-street; was the house chosen, at a slender rent, and inside a cheerful, compact little tenement: one, in short, where "the happy pair"—provided they were happy—could be comfortable. Around it, as we said, was this waste of new yellow streets—a short course of wandering among which—and perhaps of losing one's way, together with the sense of being an utter stranger in the new district—was certain to reduce the new settler to the most hopeless dejection. It was into this wilderness that he rushed when he left Phoebe, and wandered about for a good hour. For the new house he had a sort of hatred. The light shining through its unfurnished drawing-rooms as through a lantern; the untidy straw on its steps; and its helpless, and at the same time arrogant air, as who should say: "It is your duty to put me to rights, and set me off to the best advantage. I shan't exert myself, and you will have to do it," seemed almost like an echo of Phoebe's rebellious declarations.

As he was looking at this mansion ruefully, and bethinking him more ruefully still, a hansom cab drove by. A lady was in it, and alone. There was something in the face—he had surely seen it before. The face looked out after him eagerly. He ought to know it.

Suddenly the cab stopped, and he found himself hurrying towards it. A hand was put out.

"What! forgotten me already? Surely you recollect Adelaide?"

The lady got down. The cab was sent away, and the pair walked long up and down the lonely cream-coloured street. His old spirit returned; it was so refreshing to meet with a friendly and kindly face. She told him all her adventures, and how she was now up in town on some business of her own, and doing some commissions for the family.

"It is strange, is it not," she said, in her calm way, "that we should have changed places? I am installed where you were."

"Yes," he said bitterly; "I am well punished, and you are avenged!"

"Avenged! What tragic words to use! No, it is only the fortune of war, or luck. I am afraid I did not aid your cause the other day, when you sent down a very rough agent to plead for you?"

"Yes," he said angrily, "that was her brother. So like his rude ways. But you—was it you that—opposed him?"

"They were my friends," she said calmly, "and I would not see them intimidated or oppressed. I am loyal to those who are loyal to me; though, I can assure you, I would disdain any feeling of resentment towards you on the score of any old injuries."

"Still he said that but for your interference they would have given way."

"He was right."

"That looks as if you do bear malice."

"Nothing of the kind," she answered coldly, "though you must recollect, that your treatment of me certainly did not justify you in counting on any service from me. Well," she added abruptly, "so you have married—and certainly in haste."

"Yes," he said bitterly, "I suppose you mean, to repent at—"

"Not at leisure," she said gravely; "even that reprieve is not allowed."

"Yes," he said, "it is a wretched business; but I suppose I must go through with it, and suffer. There is literally nothing but beggary before me. It was

a mistake—a cruel mistake—as I find out now. I was taken in by a child. She has not grown up yet—nor ever will grow up."

"Don't say that, for you are not complimenting yourself."

She seemed to take pleasure in giving him these thrusts. After a pause, she said:

"What, now, do you propose to do?"

"Nothing," he answered; "let things take their course. What can I do?"

"You should exert yourself; others are now depending on you. Is there no one—of a more suitable character than your brother-in-law—that you could ask to intercede for you?"

"No one," he said, hopelessly.

"Why don't you think of me? Why not ask me?"

"You!" He started. "Oh, but would you—How generous—how forgiving of you."

"Not so much as you would suppose, perhaps. Besides, I could not undertake to do much. I might try and persuade them to let you have a small allowance for decency's sake. But I could not, and they would not, do more. I am not called upon—you will admit that. Further, should I attempt anything of the kind, I would make my conditions."

"Name them—anything—" he said eagerly.

"You see, self-preservation is the first law. Your wife has already nearly ruined my prospects—I don't mean in any relation with you, don't flatter yourself. She was the cause of my being sent from the school in disgrace. I daresay you never heard that part of the story."

"No, indeed," he said in some wonder.

"Well, then, I cannot expose myself to the risk of losing my present good friends by another plot of the kind. I must look to myself. So you must engage solemnly that your wife is to know nothing of this."

He gave a complacent smile.

"Oh, don't think for a moment that I want to draw you into any plot or underhand arrangement! I simply wish to do what everyone in this world does, except the fools—I mean take care of myself. Your wife, I frankly confess, I do not like; but I have no thoughts of revenge, or anything of the kind. I simply wish to keep clear of her. At the same time I am not called upon to make any exertion, or go out of my way to save or spare her anything. You understand me?"

Our hero did not, it must be confessed,

understand very clearly; but he eagerly adopted all that his companion said, and made every promise.

"Neither must you," she went on, "expect very much. You have asked me to intercede with your people for you, and I do not know that anything can be done; but still, I will try. And now, about yourself," she went on; "what are you busy with at this moment. What plans have you in view?"

They walked on a little, and he showed her the new house.

"This is what I am reduced to now," he said; "that fine estate and castle all lost to me."

"Well, tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin," she said with a smile; "you were determined on it even from the days at the school. And you are in the midst of the worry of furnishing, of course?"

"Worry, indeed," he answered bitterly.

This led on to confidences, when he unfolded all his troubles, and particularly the last little dispute, or dead lock.

"Don't be so foolish," she said. "I give it entirely against you. She is quite right. Why should she not have her little furniture? You could not ask her to sit down in bare rooms, and with bare walls about her. Of course it does not concern me, but only yourself. There is no help for the thing now—no means of retreat. You and she will both have to work it out. That reflection will help you to put up with much."

The lady here got into her hansom cab.

"Stay, wait," he said. "I am so bewildered! Where are you staying? When shall I see you—"

"Nowhere! Not at all! You shall learn in good time, if I can do anything. But expect nothing—that will be the best way."

She drove off, leaving him rather bewildered, and not a little excited. It was a glimpse of light in his solitude; something to lift him out of the weary cankering dejection in which he had been plunged. How changed was she, in the short time, from the drudge of the school to the spirited, piquant woman, in whose presence he felt quite awed and "small," as it were! Above all, the contrast forced itself on him, between the fretful, thoughtless creature who was under his charge, and the masterful woman who seemed able to control events, and to make up for lack of advantages by power of will and a readiness of resource. It was indeed a

glimpse of life, and he felt a pang as he thought that she was hurrying to the home whence he was exiled, and that he must now return to the scenes of suffering that awaited him.

SPOKEN WITH AT SEA.

THERE are few more talkative things in this world than flags. They are always talking, as long as daylight renders them visible. The Royal Standard talks—it tells us that the sovereign is in the ship, or in the palace, over which that magnificent flag floats in the wind. The Union Jack and the Admiralty Anchor-Flag talk in their respective languages. A red flag hoisted on a man-of-war talks of the chief naval dignitary on board being an admiral of the red squadron; the particular mast on which it is hoisted denoting whether he is a full admiral, vice-admiral, or rear-admiral. If, instead of red, this flag be white or blue, it talks of being the flag-ship of an admiral of the white or of the blue squadron. Thus the flag, in its talk, not only tells of a higher officer than a captain being on board, but denotes to which of nine grades of admiral this higher officer belongs.

Not only does England do this, but every maritime country also: the flag-talk is busy on all seas and oceans. Besides these means of saying "I am a rear-admiral's flag-ship," "I belong to the red squadron," "I am an Admiralty yacht," "I am a royal yacht with the sovereign on board"—besides this kind of talk, one particular flag denotes to what country or state the ship belongs. Every ship adopts this mode of showing its nationality; and care is taken that the several flags shall be different, in order that mistakes should not arise in identifying them. Red over white and blue; blue over red and white; white over red and blue; the three colours side by side, instead of one under another; the three ranged diagonally, or in one patch with two stripes; white or yellow or golden devices on a red or blue ground; rectangular and diagonal stripes on a blue ground; a rectangle of chess-like squares in two colours; lions, unicorns, griffins, elephants, crescents, lambs, crosses, stars, castles—all are included among the devices adopted on national flags. There is evidently some cogent reason, on the score of distinctness, for the extensive adoption of the tri-colour arrangement; probably it is found to catch the eye readily at a distance.

Some of these national flags have three horizontal stripes—blue, white, blue, for Buenos Ayres; red, white, blue, for Holland; green, yellow, green, for Egypt. Some have three vertical stripes—black, yellow, red, for Belgium; blue, white, red, for France. All these five are quite plain, displaying nothing but the colours of the three stripes; but there are other states—such as Austria, Italy, Mexico, Venezuela, and Peru—which, besides three vertical or horizontal stripes, bear devices of some additional kind, in gold or in colours. Departing from the simple tri-colour system, the United States are proud of their stars and stripes. Russia has a blue cross on a white ground. His Holiness the Pope had—has he still?—the triple crown and the keys. Denmark has a burgee-flag, with a white cross on a red ground. A burgee, be it noted, is a square flag with a notch or indentation on one edge.

It is a part of the duty of a sailor to know these flags of all nations, as they float mast-high in the breeze. A knowledge of the country or state to which a passing ship belongs is a necessary preliminary to the acquisition of other useful information relating to her.

Every ship, like every man and woman, has a name; and this name plays an important part when two vessels "speak" at sea. The name, as written on the hull, cannot be read at any great distance; but it can be denoted by a flag or flags. Herein arises a difficulty which puzzles some land-lubbers. Supposing there to be fifty thousand vessels ploughing the ocean, each having its own well-understood name, are there to be fifty thousand arrangements of letters denoted by fifty thousand combinations of flags? Some of the names are rather lengthy, such as the Duke of Wellington and the City of Philadelphia—the one comprising sixteen letters and the other eighteen—and arrangements of flags to denote all the letters of such designations would speedily exhaust the practicable combinations. The solution of this problem was almost hopeless till about twenty years ago, when, consequent on the passing of an important Act of Parliament, it was ordered that every English vessel, large and small, should bear a number as well as a name; and should stick to that number as long as its timbers held together. Nay, even when the ship is dead and gone, its number still lives, and is not supplied to any other. The number is inscribed on some part of the ship

itself, and is also recorded in a register kept by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, or the Registrar of Shipping.

To give a number, as well as a name, to a ship is easy enough; but the real difficulty begins when an attempt is made to denote all those numbers by means of flags. Various signal-codes or systems had been invented, and partially adopted, in England, France, the United States, and other countries. These were thoroughly overhauled, with a view of ascertaining whether any of them would accommodate—say—fifty thousand names, or rather numbers, of ships, as well as other kinds of sea talker-talkie to be noticed presently. The choice fell upon a code invented by Captain Marryat, and much used in the merchant service; this was taken as the basis, and useful features were added to it from any or all of the other codes. The Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the Trinity House, the Shipowners' Societies of London and Liverpool, all aided in this useful work—seeing that war ships and trading ships are alike interested in being able to talk at sea.

There is the name of the ship, there is her number, and there is a code-book printed with each of these numbers opposite its proper name. Thus provided, the captain talks by means of flags; telling his own number, and asking for the number of any passing vessel. By an ingenious system, which has taken a world of thought to develop into practical form, any number, whatever it may be, can be denoted by means of four flags. According to their respective shapes, colours, and devices, and to the mode in which they are arranged, the four flags denote the four consonants N X L T, or K C D P, or S M G N, or Q H N R, or any other among tens of thousands of combinations. On referring to the code-book, it is found that each of these groups of four consonants is opposite a particular number, and that this number is specially appropriated to a ship bearing a particular name. The good ship Skylark, we will suppose, when sailing down the Channel, meets another ship with which Captain Bowline wishes to have a bit of chat. The other ship, by means of four selected flags, shows the symbol M D F G; Bowline refers to his code-book, and finds the number which this denotes, and also the name denoted by the number. The two ships thus learn each other's names, and then talk away on other subjects.

Now, what are these other subjects, and how is the conversation managed? Although every ship is denoted by a symbol of four consonants, it does not follow that every symbol of four consonants denotes a ship; some, by an ingenious arrangement, are made to signify geographical terms—such as the names of countries, cities, seaports, headlands, isthmuses, rivers, seas, bays, gulfs, roadsteads, and so forth. For the sake of distinction, all such geographical terms are symbolised by groups of four consonants beginning with B. Almost every lighthouse in the world—to what nation soever belonging—has its own symbol in the code-book. All pleasure yachts hoist, over the flags denoting their number, the burgee of the clubs to which they respectively belong. But the words of a vocabulary, and the sentences of a code, go far beyond these examples in variety and in curiosity of detail.

Let us see what this talkee-talkee on the wide ocean really implies. It relates to something more than the accidental meeting of two ships. The admiral of a fleet is talking all day long with the several ships composing it—asking and answering questions, and giving instructions. The same flags which denote ships' numbers and names will also serve for this conversational purpose by modifying their arrangement. The admiral is responsible to the nation for all the ships in his fleet; and very necessary it is that he should be well acquainted with their movements. The signal-flags are susceptible of being hauled up and down quickly, so that the conversation can be carried on with some briskness. A flag-lieutenant, or other signal-officer, in each ship of war is specially charged with this duty; and his watchful eye must always be on the alert, looking out for signals shown by other ships. Instructions for fighting as well as for sailing are given by varying the flags hoisted. On important occasions it may be requisite that only the admirals and captains of a fleet—or a few other officers in addition—should know the meaning of some of the signals. Even the signal-officer, when he tells his commander that a particular signal is shown from a distant ship, may be able to describe the arrangement of the flags, without knowing the verbal meaning conveyed.

There would be a waste of power if four consonants were invariably the number used for a symbol; three are useful, or two, or even one. One single letter is sparingly

used, to denote short simple words of frequent occurrence. Symbols of two letters each are set apart for urgent messages or signals, to which immediate attention is desired. The combinations of three consonants are available for general conversation, enabling two ships to converse as long as the flags are visible. It has been found, in the British navy, that as many as a thousand instructions, or orders, relating to sailing, manœuvring, and belligerent action, can be expressed by three flags each, ringing the changes among many sizes, shapes, colours, devices, and modes of array. Of course this number is largely increased when four are used: as will be understood by any schoolboy pretty well up in the rule of permutation.

We have said that a number, as well as a name, belongs to every ship. Royal vessels are at once known from merchant ships by their Union Jack being hoisted over the number-flags. As examples of the numbering, we may take the Achilles, which figures as No. 3; the Duke of Wellington has the number 205; the Hercules, 319; the Minotaur, 458; the Serapis, 623; the Sultan—the Duke of Edinburgh's new command—673; the Warrior, 751.

The code-book, more than once mentioned, is most ingeniously packed with as many useful words, phrases, and sentences as can be rapidly signalled. Here they are by thousands, and the talking power of Captain Bowline is immense, if he chooses to avail himself of it. A vocabulary, forming one part of the code, comprises a long list of single words, or pairs of words forming phrases. The selection of these words has been a matter of much consideration: the practical wants of the mariner being in all cases the primary matter taken into account. Every word or phrase used has a distinguishing number allotted to it in the code-book; thus, 0196 is campaign; 0286, commissariat; 0472, famine; 0675, obstruction; 0761, ransom; 0795, rescue; 0813, retreat; 0916, temperature. These are distinguished from the numbers denoting the names of ships by a particular flag being hoisted on some other mast-head.

The conversational part of the code, if we may so term it, is the most remarkable of all. Five or six thousand short sentences are here collected—questions, answers, and remarks—likely to be useful at sea; some for war ships, some for trading ships, some for all alike. A captain would not like to see 7083 of this code hoisted on a

ship of war; it means, "Heave-to, or I will fire into you." Dire distresses have each their distinguishing number—all such, for instance, as "Minute-guns are firing;" "Short of provisions;" "All hands at the pumps;" "Water-logged and abandoned;" "Ship ashore;" "Ship on fire;" "Ship in distress." Troubles of a less gloomy kind, but still serious enough to render a mariner anxious, are exemplified in "Broke the shaft of steam-engine;" "Prepare for a hurricane;" "Will you take us in tow?" "Send me an anchor and cable immediately;" "Driven by stress of weather;" "Out of water—can you supply us?" Among the multifarious sentences of less sombre character are such as the following: "Send an answer;" "Your signal is not distinct;" "What is your Greenwich time" (an important matter in determining latitudes and longitudes); "Where did you lose the trade-winds?" "What course does she steer?" "Can you accommodate a few passengers?" "Have you any letters for—?" "We have emigrants on board, and are bound to—;" "If it thickens, use fog-signals;" "Have you had a good fishing season?" "Assorted or miscellaneous cargo;" "Have had moderate weather;" "Have you a spare code of signals?" Every one of these sentences has its number and its group of consonants in the code-book, denoting what flags are to be hoisted; and so of the thousands of others.

Happily for the world, only a small part of the time of a ship of war is spent in fighting; even the most audacious among them are only warlike on rare occasions; while some of the number pass through their whole career without hurling or receiving a hostile shot. Merchant ships, of course, outnumber ships of war greatly, and, as these do not prepare for fighting, the talk between them relates to navigation, seamanship, commerce, and other peaceful topics. Having nothing to do with circumventing the enemy, they have all the more signals to spare for every-day uses.

A little concerning the flags themselves. It is found, for the various kinds of signalling above described, that from sixteen to twenty flags are needed. They are sold in sets, at from four to six guineas per set, if made of the best bunting—a thin woollen material, woven chiefly for this special purpose. The quadrangular flags vary from six to eight feet in length, by four and a half to six feet in width; the triangular pendants are from twelve to eighteen feet

long, four feet wide at one end, and pointed at the other. Ten of the flags and pendants are known by numerals, 0 to 9; the rest receive distinctive names. The flags are hoisted one under another, in a vertical line, to give the signal. Whatever be the meaning, say, of LDMB, the flag denoting L is placed uppermost, then those denoting D and M, and the flag B lowest of all. The shape of the uppermost flag often gives information as to the class of message to which the signal itself belongs. It is obligatory on all British ships of war, troop ships, government store ships, and emigrant ships, to carry signal-flags. The owners of merchant ships may do as they like in the matter; but so many advantages result from the adoption of a uniform plan, that trading vessels are, in greater and greater number every year, becoming thus provided.

Three or four exceptional or minor kinds of flag-talk deserve a little notice. In the first place, the twenty-four hours of the day are denoted by twenty-four successive numbers, with something to distinguish them from other classes of signals. In the second place, three flags and a ball, instead of two or three flags only, are found convenient for indicating latitudes and longitudes. With regard to coasting vessels and small craft, it is scarcely deemed worth while to provide them with such an array of signalling apparatus as is required for large sea-going ships; two square and two oblong pieces of bunting, with two balls or bundles of any kind, are made to suffice, the signals given being comparatively few in number.

At night, when flags cannot be seen, ships rely chiefly on their lanterns for signalling. Lamps are hung out with a general observance of the same system, modified to suit the altered circumstances. For instance, a name or sentence expressed in the daytime by four flags ranged one under another, would, at night, be denoted by four ship lamps similarly arranged. Bags, or pieces of red bunting, are kept at hand to cover one or more of the lamps so as to provide a permutation of white and red lights.

SERVIAN SOLDIERS.

THE Servian army is composed of one hundred and forty thousand men, or nearly one-tenth of the whole population of the country. It is organised after a fashion peculiarly its own, which might be copied with advantage by other nations. Of the one hundred and forty thousand men

who can be called under arms at any moment—and who have, indeed, now taken the field against the Turks—only five thousand are what may be called regular troops, the rest being all militia. The regular troops are composed of two battalions of infantry; eighteen field batteries; five mountain batteries of light guns, carried on mules; two squadrons of cavalry; three companies of pioneers; and various small detachments of army workmen, hospital attendants, baggage train, &c. The idea of having this very small force of regulars seems to be that they should be a kind of pattern soldiers to the militia. In fact, when the army is mobilised, all the regulars, except the two squadrons of cavalry and the two battalions of infantry, are intermixed with the militia troops. The militia is divided into two classes. All male inhabitants of the country, without any exception whatever, who are from twenty to thirty-five years of age, are obliged to serve, and form what is called the first line, or first class; and those who are from thirty-five to fifty years old, form what is termed the second class, or reserve. The first class is composed of six divisions; each division has three brigades; and each brigade includes from three to five battalions of infantry, one or two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of field artillery of six guns. The six divisions are named after the six districts in which they are raised. The composition of the divisions varies in number and arms—at any rate as regards the cavalry and infantry. As a rule, however, each division may be said to have five or six squadrons of cavalry, and from thirteen to fifteen battalions of infantry, besides three field batteries of three guns each, which belong to the regular army; and three field batteries of six guns each. To these must be added, in each division, pioneers, pontoon companies, military artisans, and hospital attendants. Taken as a whole, the first line, or acting troops, of the army consists of:

Regulars	5,000
Militia of the active army, 80 battalions of 750 men each	60,000
33 squadrons of cavalry, 180 men each	5,940
18 companies of field artillery, 230 men each	4,140
18 detachments of pioneers, 170 men each	3,060
18 detachments of hospital attendants, 150 men each	2,700
18 detachments of military artisans, 30 men each	540
18 detachments army workmen, 25 men each	450
18 detachments baggage train, 30 men each	540

Total of the first line, or active army . . . 89,310
And about 264 guns of different sizes.

The second class, or reserve, of the national militia, ought to give a force equal to that of the first line, exclusive of infantry. But it does not do so; for it can only muster forty-eight thousand men, exclusive of the various extra detachments of the regular army; so that the total of the army, when both first and second class are called out, does not amount to more than from one hundred and thirty-nine thousand to one hundred and forty thousand men, all told. In addition to the two hundred and sixty-four guns noted above, there are in Servia some twenty-five or thirty reserve batteries and large guns. At Kragujevatz, the headquarters of the district in which Belgrade is situated, there is an arsenal, containing a cannon foundry, a manufactory of small arms, of cartridges, and of gun-caps. The cannon foundry can turn out half-a-dozen guns every week. The infantry are armed with rifles of American patterns, notably those of Peabody and Green, besides the Montigny patent. The uniform and drill of the troops are not unlike those of the French army, from which, indeed, Colonel Mondain, a French officer, who was the first to organise the Servian army in 1862, cleverly copied very much of the organisation of the troops. This officer was, as it were, lent to the Servians by the French Emperor in the year named above. He remained six or seven years in the country, fulfilling the duties of Commander-in-Chief as well as of Minister of War. He was succeeded by Colonel Bluznavatz, who had gone through his military education in Vienna; so that, what is not French in the Servian army is almost sure to be copied from the Austrians. The men are not very tall, but are, perhaps, the stoutest and strongest soldiers to be found in any service, and endure an immense amount of work without suffering or fatigue. Until now they have never been called upon to serve away from their own homes, where they learn their drill twice or three times a week, and are called out to serve in barracks for fifteen or twenty days at a time, twice in each year. The army may truly be called national, for it is immensely popular, and a man who attempted to shirk serving in it would be scouted by his friends, and even by his nearest relatives. The officers of the army are nearly all men of good, and of more or less wealthy families, who have gone through their military studies in France, Russia, or Austria. There is an artillery

college at Belgrade, in which many of the officers have been for a time; but the popular course, for a young man who wants to get on in the service, is to go to one or other of the foreign establishments named above. The artillery is the best arm of the Servian army. The officers of this branch of the service are exceedingly well educated at Belgrade, and the gunners all know their work remarkably well. The professors of the artillery college, when it was first instituted, were nearly all Germans or Austrians, and those who have come after them, many of whom are Servians, have kept up the traditions of the establishment, and teach their pupils exceedingly well. The artillery is beyond question the most popular branch of the national army. In the cavalry and infantry too much of the French dress, habits, and mode of drill have been engrafted on the quasi-oriental character of the men. Small shako, tight tunics, a loose, unsteady manner of marching on parade, and an inveterate habit of carrying on the line of march a quantity of provisions which greatly overload them, are all the effects of French teaching. Their regimental standards are very handsome, and being invariably blessed by the priests before a regiment goes on service, are looked upon as sacred. They are tricoloured—the blue, red, and white being diagonal, and not perpendicular as in France. On one side the arms of Servia are magnificently embroidered, and on the other is a figure of Saint Andrew, supporting the peculiar cross which goes by his name, the whole being embossed in solid gold thread. Those who take an interest in matters of military equipments, may remember a hideous forage-cap—“bonnet de police,” as the French call it—which some ten or twelve years ago was partially introduced into the French army by the late Emperor, but was so ugly, and so unpopular, that it was never issued to more than a dozen regiments, and, after the first few months, was abolished altogether. It looked more like a badly-shaped bag than a cap, and its speciality lay in the fact of its having two large flaps which turned up at the sides, but which could be brought down over the wearer's ears, so as to protect him from damp or cold when sleeping in the open air. Colonel Mondain introduced this head-dress into the Servian army, and it is always worn on fatigue duty or in campaign. That it does not add to the

general appearance of smartness of the troops may be easily imagined.

The regimental bands are very strong as to numbers, and do not play badly, being mostly taught by Germans who have wandered thus far in search of employment, and become bandmasters to one or other of the Servian regiments. Some of the national airs and marches are extremely wild, and have a great effect upon the soldiers, almost as much, indeed, as the pibroch has upon the men of a Scotch corps. One very curious thing connected with the Servian military bands, is the manner in which nearly all the regiments carry the big drum. Instead, as in other armies, of being slung in front of the man who plays it, this instrument is put upon a small two-wheeled cart, drawn by a large dog, the latter being so trained that he keeps his place in the band even through the longest marches. The drummer walks behind the cart, and performs on the instrument as he goes along. The arrangement is no doubt a sensible one; for who has not pitied the unfortunate big drummer in the English, French, and other armies, who is much more tied to his drum than the drum is tied to him? But when first seen this arrangement of the Servian army brings home to the English spectator reminiscences of country fairs and wandering showmen.

The worst arm of the Servian army is decidedly the cavalry. The men ride badly; their saddles, bridles, and horse-gear throughout are ill-fitting, out of repair, and dirty in the extreme. They have one rather showy squadron of hussars—about one hundred and eighty men—which does duty as a sort of body-guard to the sovereign prince, but even these have a tawdry, unsoldierlike appearance, and remind one very much of the soldiers that come on the stage in a melodrama at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. This, and one other squadron of still more indifferent dragoons, form all the cavalry of the standing army. Of militia cavalry there are nearly six thousand men; but, beyond doing duty as orderlies, or perhaps as scouts in front of an army, they would be utterly useless in a campaign. They are badly dressed, badly armed, badly mounted, and perhaps the worst riders ever seen. If the Turkish cavalry ever get any of these squadrons on a plain they will make short work of them.

Perhaps what the Servian army most

excels in is the hardy habits of the men; their sobriety, and the ease with which they can be fed when provisions are scarce. When at home, and if he have the means, a Servian peasant will eat and drink his fill with any man living. He is not a drunkard, and is very rarely the worse for liquor; but at eating he might be backed against almost anyone in the world. He loves his coffee, his pipe, and his glass of rakee or arrak. But all these he can dispense with; and, when on a campaign, would pride himself upon wanting nothing but a few round cakes of unleavened bread—not unlike the Indian chowpaties—and a drink of water. The army he serves in is, perhaps, the most thoroughly national force in the world. He is obliged to take his place in its ranks; but he knows that the law is impartial, and that all his fellow-countrymen are in the same position as himself. He is also very fortunate in another manner: he never—save in a war like the present one—has to serve far away from home; in fact, never out of his own district. His trade does not suffer in the least because he is learning his duty as a soldier. For fifteen years—from the age of twenty to five-and-thirty—he has to be under arms twice a year, for a period of fifteen days each time; after five-and-thirty, until he is fifty, he has to do duty for one week every year; once past fifty he is altogether free of the service. In short, he is a defender of his country in the best sense of the word, and learns his duty, so to speak, at his own home. If all the troops in Europe were thus constituted, soldiering would not be looked upon with the intense dislike with which men regard it at present, and armies would not be so ruinously expensive as they are in other countries.

Whether the Servians will be able to stand against the Turks is a doubtful question, for the latter are to the former almost as five to one. But natural feelings, and, above all, religious hatred, go a long way. No one who has not lived in the East—or, at any rate, in Eastern Europe—can understand the intense hatred which the Christians in those lands bear towards their Moslem neighbours. The former are, in these days, much more fanatical than the latter; and the most fanatical of any are those belonging to the Greek Church. Whether the Servians or the Turks get the upper hand in the present war, it is certain that occurrences, at the very idea of which every civilised being

must be horrified, will take place. But it is a mistake to suppose that, in this matter, the Christians are one iota better than the followers of the Prophet; on the contrary, it is to be feared that they are, if possible, worse. A religious war must be always deplorable; but the campaign between the Turks and Christians of Servia will be long remembered in the annals of horrors; and if the latter get the upper hand, matters will, perhaps, be even worse than if the former carried the day. The Servians have much in their favour: they are fighting in what—rightly or wrongly—they regard as a holy cause; they are united as one man; they are well led, not badly disciplined, and are hardy in the extreme. Whether these qualifications will make up for the great preponderance of numbers on the part of the Turks remains to be seen, but it is quite probable that it may.

GOODWOOD.

THE affinity of cathedrals and race-courses is most curiously demonstrated in the case of Chichester. In some cases—as at York, Chester, and Lincoln, for instance—the chances are that the racecourse was first in the field. On the famous Roodee races have been run from the uttermost limit of historic times. Round that natural amphitheatre whirled strenuous charioteers and horses maddened with the lash, ages before the cross was planted in Britain. On that Knavesmire, famous for its surprises, the Roman dandy—to whom a campaign in Britain, cheered by the oysters of Rutupia, was as a spell in Canada, enlivened by the chase of bear and moose, is to the British grenadier—cursed his ill-luck in backing the favourite, at least sixteen hundred years before the dynasty of plungers. Of the Carholme less is positively known; but, as it was near a Roman station of considerable importance, we may rest well assured that the fierce joys of horse-racing were known on that last spur of the northern hills, before the building of the noble cathedral, from the summit of which “the devil looks o’er Lincoln.” In these three cases then it would seem that the cathedral came to the racecourse; but the exact converse holds good of Chichester, for Goodwood races are a new thing—an “institution” of the present century. There can be, by-the-way, no doubt that the first civilisers of this “tight little island” had their circus

at Chichester, as elsewhere, for the Roman was a good patriot, and of a sturdy nationality—like the Teuton, and, for that matter, the Briton of modern times. The Roman was not absorbed into conquered nationalities. Far from it. He generally contrived to fashion those of the conquered whom he did not kill, or carry into slavery, into very fair imitations of himself. Where he went he carried the circus; where he put down his foot there rose the dust of the chariot-wheel; where he dwelt were stately villas and spacious temples, ample tombs for the mighty dead, and crowded "columbaria" for the ashes of the meaner sort. Far towards Thule he drove his roads, built his walls, and carried his customs. By the banks of the then coalless and ironless Tees he drank his Chian wine, from those red cups of Samian ware, the fragments of which have written on the earth's crust no uncertain boundary of the Roman Empire; as the empty beer bottle and tin can mark the limits of modern civilisation. This shining red ware the centurion took with him wherever he went, as the modern Teuton carries his pipe, his blue spectacles, and his lager beer—as the Briton lugs with him his central-fire and his salmon-rod, his portable-bath and his cricket-bat. Wherefore there is no doubt that there was racing enough at Chichester at the date when Cogidunnus—ruling England in the name of the Emperor Tiberius Claudius—gave permission to the Collegium Fabrorum, or College of Artificers, to dedicate a temple to Neptune and Minerva on account of the preservation of the Imperial family. Cogidunnus very likely went to the races himself, and, being far too great a man to speculate openly, employed Gnatho—who managed his stable and ate his dinners—to lay out his sesterces to the best advantage. Regnum, as the Romans called Chichester—the Caercei of the Britons—must, from its name, have been relatively a place of much greater importance than it is at present. It stood at the junction of two Roman roads, one of which was subsequently known as Stane Street—the principal road to Londinium—and, from its proximity to the sea coast, would be valued as the first station of importance reached from Gaul. None of these favourable conditions, however, were sufficient to keep life in racing at Chichester. If Saxon chronicles are to be believed, it was one Ella, who, in 447, landed at West Wittering, took Regnum, after a tremendous fight, and put all the

inhabitants to the sword. It is further said that Chichester takes its name from Cissa, the son of Ella, but it does not much matter. The Saxons were uninteresting barbarians at the best; and now that the story of King Alfred in the neatherd's hut no longer commands belief, deserve nothing but oblivion. So far as the impartial modern can discover, through the mist of lies in which so-called history is enveloped, the Saxons came here, destroyed a civilisation which, if not perfect, was far better than anything that followed it for the space of twelve hundred years, and gave nothing in return. They found everything, and destroyed all but the art of fattening pigs and eating them, and, as a compensation, introduced habits of guzzling and drinking which yet cling to the country like a plague. From the advent of Ella to that of Norman William, the history of Chichester is night. Temple, villa, and circus all went down before the rage of the barbarians; who were yet cunning enough to maintain the wall, the "vallum," and ditch established by their polished predecessors. Through all the changes of time and rule a large portion of these walls survived—faced with masonry in Norman times, planted with flowers in the Georgian era.

Within and without the old line of fortifications mighty trees—relics of the great forest in which Caercei was a "clearing"—offer their grateful shade, keenly appreciated by the inhabitants who saunter on the walls in the pleasant hours of summer eventide, in the dreamy, happy fashion peculiar to the denizens of cathedral towns. Except on market-days, when Chichester asserts its importance as the centre of a great agricultural district, and at race time, it is eminently a peaceful abode, and a sojourn therein has the effect of a bath of quietude. For more than two hundred years the peace of the city has been unbroken. In 1642, the Royalists, under Sir Edward Ford, sheriff of the county, seized upon the city, and made a rallying-point. They invited Lord Hopton from the west, but the Parliamentarians were too quick for them; Sir William Waller sat down before the town with his cannoniers, who took up a position on the Broyle—an old Roman outwork—and "overshot the towne extremely." Shifting their batteries to the site of the present city workhouse, the artillery of the Commons soon made a serious impression, and after a week's fighting, prevailed

over the "malignants." Entering the city on Innocents' Day, Waller and some other officers made at once for the cathedral, and pounced upon the plate and ornaments, the soldiers disporting themselves by breaking down the organ with their poleaxes. At an early date, and under the rule of another Cromwell, Chichester cathedral also came in for rough usage. There was, and is, a local saint. St. Richard, sometime a Dominican friar, became Bishop of Chichester, and shortly after his death in 1253 was canonised by Pope Urban. Edward Longshanks paid a visit to his tomb, and gratified "Walter Lavel, the harper of Chichester, whom he found playing the harp before the tomb of St. Richard, in the cathedral," with the sum of six shillings and eightpence; but when the Reformation came, St. Richard was sent to the right about, and his shrine was taken down by order of Henry the Eighth's vicar-general.

Age has also done its work upon the cathedral church of St. Peter. Fifteen years ago the ancient spire descended upon its foundations—fell perpendicularly into the church—as an extinguisher descends upon a candle. The danger had long been foreseen, but although every effort was made to avert the catastrophe, by shoring up the structure, the disintegration of the old masonry had gone too far, and the spire literally sank down upon the tower and its foundations, thus doing the minimum of damage possible. The end was brought about more quickly than would otherwise have been the case, by a violent storm of wind, which arose on Wednesday, the 20th February, 1861—and as the local antiquary has it, "beat on the north-east side of the cathedral, which shifted, as night advanced, to the south-west." The new spire, which may be seen from afar off, rising above the foliage of Chichester, was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. One advantage of Chichester is that its principal features can be seen at a glance—lofty spire, gray massive bell-tower, and town cross; another is that, owing to the original Roman plan of the streets having been preserved, there is no difficulty in finding the way anywhere. The main streets are directed towards the cardinal points, and intersect each other at the centre of the city, where stands a magnificent market cross, a complete Gothic edifice, built by Bishop Storey, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, upon a site obtained from the mayor and corporation for ten pounds. Those who go to

Chichester in July, if not overmuch taken up with their betting-books, should say a prayer for the soul of that public-spirited churchman. Under his market cross are open arcades, supplying shade with ample ventilation to the traveller weary of the hot dusty roads of this part of Sussex. Let him rest there on the stone seat and enjoy the delicious coolness of this most delightful of all possible summer-houses, and gaze placidly on the hot glare outside, and the tall graceful spire shining in the sun. In no degenerate modern room can be enjoyed the exquisite temperature of the market cross, protected by a mass of stonework fifty feet high—enriched with cunning workmanship—now so much decayed that it only seems to indicate its original excellence. Round the massive central pillar, from which spring the arches, there is room and to spare to sit and dawdle, to stand and gossip—to admire the cruciform town, with its North, South, East, and West streets. In olden times there was much business transacted under and around this cross—built a central object, at which chapmen might congregate. Till within the memory of the oldest inhabitant it was still used as a market by the poorer folk, who came there to sell their eggs and butter. It is almost to be wondered at that it has not been turned into a betting-ring during the race week; but this want of perception on the part of the betting fraternity is, perhaps, due to the extremely wide range over which Goodwood racing folk are scattered. It is not given to every man to go to Chichester. Brighton, Worthing, and Bognor withdraw a large number of speculators, who think a plunge in the Channel in the morning no bad preparation for a plunge on the course later in the day, and the leafy recesses of the Priory Park are less attractive than the various "Deans" or villages built in depressions of the downs near the racecourse. Large numbers of the general public come down from London, but all the energy of the railway company fails to make Goodwood as accessible as Ascot—a matter of delight to old-fashioned sporting men, who groan over the "vulgarisation" of Ascot by the importation of the cockney element. To run down to Goodwood and back in a day, in the hottest week of the entire year; to sit for hours in a stuffy railway carriage; to scramble for a fly; to drive through the dust whirlwind between the railway station and the park; and to go through all this again in the stifling heat of early

evening—after having lost one's money—is a trial which none but the most determined turfites will undergo. To a very select party—that is to say, to as many of his friends as the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's mansion will accommodate, the Goodwood week affords enjoyment, unalloyed by any bitterness save that which springs from the defeat of favourites. The long delicious summer morning may be passed in trim gardens, under the shade of mighty cedars, or in fragrant plantations, wherein pheasants—unheeding their future partnership with truffles, and knowing not the sportsman in his July garb—step mincingly. "Good things," "close finishes," and quiet gossip on the lawn, dispose of the afternoon, and then again, as the racers and their belongings depart, a great calm falls upon Goodwood—glorious indeed with its panorama of umbrageous trees, broad reaches of emerald grass, and, beyond all, its wide expanse of blue water, with countless wavelets, tipped with gold by the declining sun.

Goodwood House is hardly a thing of beauty when seen from the outside, for it labours under the disadvantage of having been built in the most wretched period of English architecture. In the first year of the present century the third Duke of Richmond employed Sir William Chambers to set his house in order. The original mansion—a Gothic structure—was ruthlessly torn down to make way for "the present noble pile," as the local historian is pleased to designate it. One glance at the exterior will convince the impartial spectator that amid a natural paradise of verdure, the architect has planted the ugliest building in the world.

But the tourist—who is very liberally admitted all the year, saving only during the race week—finds ample compensation for the ugly husk in its interesting kernel. Pictures are here galore—valuable not only as works of art, but as historical relics—the collection being especially strong in portraits of the Stuart family. Charles the First, by Vandyke, stands at full length in his robes of state, looking sadly and seriously enough out of his clean-cut foreign face. Of Charles the Second, the ancestor of the House of Lennox, there are many portraits here. One by Sir Peter Lely almost reproduces the features of the well-known portrait in the Royal Society—the downcast eyes, the long nose, and coarse mouth being perhaps more strongly accentuated in the Goodwood picture. Of Louise de Querouailles,

Duchess of Portsmouth, the mother of the first Duke of Richmond of the present line, there are many pictures. One represents a superbly beautiful woman, tall and elegant in form, dressed in a dark-blue robe, disposed in loose *négligé* style, but with excellent effect. Another, evidently taken when she was several years younger, shows the pretty Frenchwoman in a crimson robe, and smiling out of the canvas with that particularly open and ingenuous smile, which not unfrequently serves to mask a politic brain. Fair Henrietta Maria, hapless daughter of Henry of Navarre, looks graceful and queenly in a white satin dress, richly ornamented with costly lace. Charles, the first Duke of Richmond of the present line, appears in one of the least happy efforts of Sir Godfrey Kneller. On this son of the Duchess of Portsmouth were bestowed the titles and estates of the Richmond and Lennox family, which devolved to the Crown on the death of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, the amiable and independent but somewhat odd nobleman, who excited the laughter of De Grammont, but, for all that, married "la belle Stuart," to the intense fury of the king. Goodwood boasts a portrait of this high-minded nobleman, and several of "la belle Stuart," notably that in which she figures as Minerva. She was, unless Sir Peter Lely's "fancy portrait" does her injustice, by no means very beautiful. Her features, large and coarse, make up what is called a "good stage face," and her complexion is excessively dark; but it must be conceded that her figure and pose are most beautiful. Arrayed as Minerva, she wears a helmet surmounted by a large plume of feathers; the left arm leans on a pedestal, and the hand holds a spear; she wears a loose flowing dress, looped at the elbow by a circlet of brilliants, and a robe fastened on the right shoulder by an ornament, and falling in rich folds over the left arm and leg; a light cuirass covers the bosom. In fact, "la belle Stuart" is an old friend, and a very excellent friend into the bargain, no other than "Britannia" as that wave-ruling goddess appears upon the English coinage. The king, being desperately in love with the beautiful daughter of Lord Blantyre, caused a gold medal to be struck representing on the front the bust of the king, and on the reverse a portrait of Miss Stuart in the character of Minerva. It was shortly after transferred to the copper coin of the realm, on which it appears to this day unaltered in its general appearance as an

emblematic figure. In other pictures of this lady she appears to better advantage, especially in the half-length by Lely. Apparently the curly locks and loose dresses accommodated themselves to the redundant beauties of poor Katharine of Braganza's court, far better than the severe helmet and cuirass of the blue-eyed maid. Chief of the Vandykes at Goodwood House is the great picture of Charles the First, his queen, and their two sons, Prince Charles and James Duke of York. This picture has a strange history, two of its owners having been brought to the block. While in the possession of Charles the First it was valued at a hundred and fifty pounds, and on the sale of his effects was taken to France and found its way into the Orleans collection. There it remained till the execution of "Égalité," after which it was purchased by Mr. Hammersley, the banker, by whom it was sold, in 1804, to the third Duke of Richmond, for eleven hundred pounds. Vandyke painted three copies of this important work—that in question, one in the possession of the Queen, and a third belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The third Duke of Richmond, who rebuilt the old hunting-lodge at Goodwood, had been ambassador to the French court, and received as presents from the French king, during his mission, a quantity of fine Sèvres china—preserved in one of the drawing-rooms—and the magnificent Gobelins tapestry with which the royal, or state, suite of apartments is adorned. The subjects are scenes from Don Quixote, beautifully designed and executed. In the state bedroom is a magnificent "four-poster," a gift of George the Fourth; and in the Prince of Wales's own snugery is the famous Hogarth known as The Lady's Last Stake. Among the historical pictures in the larger rooms are a portrait of Marie de Medici, the great-grandmother of the first duke of the present time; a very curious old painting of the Cenotaph of Lord Darnley, his more remote ancestor, together with portraits of Cardinal Fleury, Madame Montespan, and Nell Gwyn, who shines among a galaxy of beauties, compared with whom long-suffering Katharine of Braganza makes a triste figure, caressing a pet lamb. From a small but exquisite Vandyke, handsome, ill-starred Montrose looks out thoughtfully, the very beau idéal of the highest and noblest expression of the cavalier—a very different personage from that mad wit, Killigrew, painted by the same master-hand. There

of Lennox; of the third duke, the diplomatist; of the fourth, who, when Colonel Lennox, fought a duel with the Duke of York, in the course of which that prince demonstrated his reckless courage and unyielding obstinacy; and of the fifth duke, the father of the present Lord President of the Council, who carried the bullet received at Orthez to his grave. Among the family pictures are choice examples of Gainsborough and Reynolds, Romney and Lawrence, including an exquisite portrait of the third duchess, by Reynolds. Other celebrities are not wanting in this magnificent gallery. "Culloden" Cumberland looks handsome enough, and by no means butcher-like, in his scarlet dress, and contrasts strongly with Kneller's Monmouth, painted years before the gloomy day of Sedgemoor. Not the least valued of these historic and artistic relics is Gainsborough's William Pitt, in a blue coat and ruffles.

Under glass cases are stored relics not less precious to many minds than the pictures on the wall. There is a shirt of the fine holland of Charles the First's time, once worn by that unfortunate monarch. This, it may be well to mention for the benefit of the morbidly curious, is not the garment in which the king suffered at Whitehall. That relic is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham. The shirt at Goodwood is a curious specimen of the fine cut-work of the period, open at all the seams, worked all over, behind and before—a fine example of that "thoroughness" which brought Strafford to an untimely end. There is also the watch worn by Charles the First, and his silver cup and spoon; his buckles and other objects of cavalier worship. Near these lie the Duchess of Portsmouth's watch; the white satin baby-shoes of her son; the gold breakfast-plate used by Napoleon the First at his breakfast before Waterloo, at La Ferme de Caillon; and the cockade and bâton borne by the Duke of Wellington on that great day.

The racecourse lies on high ground beyond the house, and has been made famous by the victories of foreign horses, who once enjoyed special advantages at Goodwood. The allowances, however, have long since been withdrawn, experience having proved that the "intelligent foreigner" is quite capable of holding his own, even on the slippery medium of the turf. Just past the winning-post rises yet another hill of more curious interest to many than the victories of Monarque and Starke. Beyond the heat

ring, is a circle of a very different kind, perched high on the hill of St. Roch, and overlooking a magnificent scene of wood and water, rich pasture and rolling downs. I wonder how many of the professional inhabitants of the modern ring ever heard of that above them. Many of them are said at times—when great stakes were pending—to have climbed this same Trundle Hill, or Hill of St. Roch, in order to get a view of the race, but none of these ever saw anything on the hill itself. The Chichester native is not much better in his way than the imported sportsman. In fact he is worse, for, having lived his whole life on the spot, he might be expected to know something about it. I regret to say that after careful, and, as far as possible, dispassionate observation, I am inclined to give up the Chichester native as a bad job. He is a good civil fellow, but he never knows anything. Happening to have heard from a friend, who combines a taste for horse-racing with a keen appreciation of antiquities, that there was something to be seen on Trundle Hill, I cast about to make inquiries in Chichester, and stood aghast at the small amount of information obtainable. Nobody knew when the cathedral shut up for certain; they thought it was "sundown," which might mean five, or six, or seven, or any time, in short—but nobody knew. Concerning the Trundle Hill, the testimony of Chichester was still more bewildering. All agreed that there was a hill from which the races might be advantageously seen, but as for their being anything "on" the hill, that notion was laughed to scorn. "Is there nothing there?" I asked desperately. "Nothing," was the reply; "that is, nothing but the view." This was discouraging, but I was fortified by printed matter; for although the local guide-book was silent concerning the sight on Trundle Hill, the ubiquitous John Murray endorsed the opinion of my antiquarian sporting friend.

With some difficulty I persuaded a fly-man to drive me to the base of the hill sacred to St. Roch. I don't believe the man liked the job. It was all uphill, and the strange gentleman had got queer ideas that there was something to see on "Rook's Hill." So he drove there slowly and doggedly, after solemnly assuring me there was nothing to see. Leaving him at the base, I walked up a very gradual ascent to the crest of the hill, and there found the ring previously alluded to, not tenanted by phantom book-makers or deluded backers of horses, but by still

more innocent creatures—a flock of south-downs. The circular elevation is a magnificent specimen of the primitive hill fort. Its position and circular form would lead to the conclusion that it is of British origin, but the height of the wall and depth of the ditch suggest Roman influence. The great enclosure has an area of about five acres. The depth of the ditch must have originally been at least eighteen feet. Above this rises the massive wall, constructed partly from the earth dug from the ditch, and partly from that taken from the apex of the hill, which has been lowered to nearly the level of the fortification. At present, there are two entrances, but the original barbican was evidently on the west side; that on the east being a modern innovation. Exactly in the centre are the remains of a cell, now level with the ground, the walls of which are composed of flints, cemented with mortar so very hard as to render them almost immovable. Who lived up here, I wonder, in the ages long gone by? Was it a monk who dedicated his cell to St. Roch, and sought asylum on these lonely downs from the troublous world?—or was it a pagan—a worshipper of "Tent" or "Tueeco," the German god of wayfarers and merchants—who combined the functions of priest and watchman? Possibly each in turn, for no record remains of either, save the solitary cell and the name of St. Roch's or "Rook's" Hill. Concerning the earthwork there is no doubt. It may have been vastly improved and strengthened by the Romanised Briton, and sought by him as a refuge against the invading Saxon, who harried the coasts of Kent and Sussex. But the selection of the spot, the vast area, and the circular form, all point to the most ancient of all known forms of fortification—not excepting even the artificial peninsulas of the lake-dwellers. The primeval Briton, when attacked by rival tribes, collected his wives and children, his cattle and sheep, his goods and chattels together, and placed them for security on one of the fortified hill-tops, to storm which would require an overwhelming superiority of numbers. If defeated in combat, the fighting men fell back upon their fortified camp, whence, unless—as would appear possible on St. Roch's Hill—they were famished for want of water, they could securely defy their enemy. On what savage scenes have these green walls, flecked with golden blossoms, looked down in silence—two, three, or more thousands

of years ago? It must have been a strange spectacle. In the interior of the great green ring thousands of women and children huddled together with their flocks and herds, the more adventurous peering over the wall, only to see the smoke of their corn-fields and homesteads rising slowly and heavily on the evening air. Towards nightfall arrive the discomfited warriors, seeking safety for themselves and theirs on the friendly hill-top, which they are prepared to defend against any odds. Returning morn shows the baffled enemy glowering savagely at the wall, but taking good care to keep at a safe distance from the bowmen who man it, and finally retiring, burning and destroying as they go.

Such scenes of primitive war leave few records. We know not the names of the chieftains to whom a hill fort was as another Troy; we do know something of their weapons, their religion, and their ethnology; but of themselves, our ancient ancestors, we have but the faintest and most shadowy idea. Yet are their curious strongholds yet extant. The work of the conquering Roman is submerged in the flood of barbarism. Stern Roman castra and pleasant villas, adorned with every luxury which could make life agreeable, are hidden under the relics of Saxon village and Norman city, sunk deep in the mud of the Middle Ages; but the old hill fort, the retreat of hunted man in his earliest days, still survives, towering over the mimic warfare of the racecourse.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER V. ROUTED.

THE improvement in Clement Kindersley's behaviour at home had not gone the lengths of habitual early rising; and when he did not present himself at the general breakfast-table, his father and sister allowed his absence to pass unnoticed. He would sometimes make his appearance a couple of hours later, and look in upon Madeleine, in her morning-room, in a mood more or less good-humoured or peevish, as the case might be. Of late Madeleine had observed him somewhat anxiously on these occasions—her observation of him was less superficial than his father's—and she did not like either his looks or his ways. The former did not indicate health; the latter were very unlike happiness; and a painful

feeling of apprehension about her brother was stealing over Madeleine's mind.

On the day after Mr. Conybeare had been taken ill, Madeleine came down to breakfast at the usual hour, and, to her surprise, found her brother waiting for her, and her father absent. Mr. Kindersley had gone to Wrotesley an hour earlier than usual. Her first glance at Clement alarmed Madeleine. He looked exceedingly ill, with haggard eyes, and a spot of bright colour on either cheek, which contrasted with the sallow paleness of his face. He made his sister a short, surly answer when she asked him a question about his health, and, as she remarked without comment, made a mere pretence of eating.

"Madeleine," he said, presently, "have you anything particular to do this morning?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I want to speak to you." He rose and pushed away all the things on the table before him. "Come with me into your room; tell the servants not to bother for a while. I have something to say."

Madeleine complied, keeping her composure, but full of secret alarm.

"Sit there," said Clement, placing a chair by the side of the fire for his sister, "and don't stare at me like that; if you do, I can't talk—you make me nervous." He passed his hand over his forehead, and tried to laugh; then began to walk to and fro at the back of Madeleine's chair.

"I will not look at you," she said. "For Heaven's sake tell me what is the matter!"

"Nothing very terrible, after all. Don't be frightened. I am in a bad scrape."

"Again! Oh, Clement!"

"Yes, I know, I know! I am a bad lot; a far worse lot than you think for. I have done things you cannot possibly know about, and I have never got my deserts. But that is not the question now. I am in the worst scrape of all; and if you do not help me out of it, the consequences may be dreadful."

"I! What can I do? Oh, pray tell me the truth! What have you done?"

"You could not understand what I have done; yet, perhaps you can, some of it; and I had better tell you, so that you may see that you must help me. When I was in London, you know, there was a fuss, and old Conybeare interfered?"

"Yes, I know." Madeleine was conscious that her brother was striving with strong emotion, while he spoke in a light tone, and that rebuke would be out of place.

"Dwarris knew of it too. It was

forgery." Madeleine started. "The name of a customer of the bank. Conybeare found it out, and paid the money, and let me off, on condition I would come and live at home. But another man had me in his power; I gave him one of the signatures, by mistake, one night when I was tipsy, and he has never let me go since. He is playing a game of his own, and he has made me help him in it. He has utterly cleaned me out of every shilling I can get from my father; and now, worse will come of it unless I can get away from him. I cannot tell you what it is that will happen, but I can prevent it by going away."

"Who is the man?"

"You know him well, Madeleine—Durant."

"What! Your friend, whom papa trusted? Your friend, whom you brought here?"

"Yes. He is a villain; there's the truth at last, and he has me in his power. But, if I can get away, and keep away for a while, I can stop what he is at; he can't do it without me, and I will let my father know all the truth. A blow-up and exposure here would ruin us. Durant's hold over me must come out. I couldn't prove what I know his scheme to be. The only thing is for me to get away; and then he will see it is no good his trying, and go too."

"I cannot realise it, Clement! I cannot believe it. Mr. Durant!"

"It is true, Madeleine. From the moment I met him on the door-step at Mrs. Randall's—I afterwards found out he was going there for no honest purpose; you'll know what it was if he leaves Wrottesley; everything must come out then—he has been an evil genius to me. I don't defend myself; I don't say I was not bad enough without any help or prompting; but he has made me a worse fellow than I ever thought I could be. Let me get away, Madeleine, and all may yet be saved."

"Let you get away! How can I do that?"

"Give me the money to go away with. I have not a shilling; and Durant has my notes of hand for a large sum."

"Tell papa the truth; he will give you money, and settle with this wicked man."

"He can't, I tell you. I am in the man's power, and I can prove nothing against him. I can't defy him, but I can escape; and if he once sees clearly that there's nothing to be done here of the kind he means to do, he will go. Let me go, Madeleine; if you don't, you will repent it all your life. And, remember,

I have trusted you; I am trusting you; and if you betray me, you can only ruin me, and do no one any good. There is not a minute to lose; I must be off in an hour, if dreadful harm is to be averted. Believe me, it is the only thing to be done, and my father will thank you for doing it when he knows all the truth. Give me money, and let me go; you have money, I know."

"I have. Papa has just given me a hundred pounds for the house. Is that enough?"

Clement Kindersley, even in that emergency, could not resist the temptation to profit by his sister's inexperience.

"Give me any loose money of your own that you have, for travelling expenses, and I will make the hundred do until I can square things with my father. Upon my word, Madeleine, I have a deuced good mind to tell you what Durant's other game was."

"Did it include or concern you?" asked Madeleine, whose alarm and perplexity were dashed with an irresistible sentiment of disgust towards her brother, and with some wonder at herself for being so little surprised at the revelation he had made of his own business.

"No; it was quite his own look-out."

"Then tell me nothing more whatever of Mr. Durant. If I do this I must risk papa's displeasure, and take your word for its being for his good and yours."

"You must indeed, Madeleine," said Clement, with a hard seriousness that, while it conveyed conviction to her, repressed all emotional demonstration. "You must merely tell my father that I have got into trouble, have gone away for a while, and will write all the truth to him so soon as it is safe to do so."

"What do you mean by 'safe'?"

"I mean, so soon as Durant leaves Wrottesley. When he finds out that he is quite beaten—and he will know that when he knows I am off, for the opportunity he has been waiting for, once lost, is lost for ever—he will go, and I shall be free from him, for I shall not be worth anything to him any more."

"I feel bewildered. I cannot understand—"

"You need not now; afterwards you will understand all. Only let me go."

"Where do you mean to go to?"

"I think Ireland will be best; but you must say to everyone, except my father, that I have gone to London. And now get me the money, Madeleine, while I put up a few things and write a letter or two. You must take me to the station in the

pony-carriage, and we must say good-bye unconcernedly at the gate, so that Bruce may not suspect anything."

All this had passed hurriedly, and when Madeleine left her brother and went to her room to get ready, she felt half stunned, unable to take in even the vague meaning of what Clement had said, beyond the fact that his safety depended on his getting away for the present. Her repugnance to Mr. Durant had been a just feeling then! Not merely a silly prejudice, founded upon her annoyance at his extraordinary likeness to Griffith Dwarris; but one of those forewarnings which we do not neglect with impunity. He, whom her father had welcomed as a true friend, had been her brother's worst enemy—worst, that is to say, after himself. Clement would always stand in that sad supremacy. What would her father feel? Would this be a great shock to him, this indefinite misfortune, which she should have to impart to him? And Griffith—what was she to say to him? He was to leave Wrottesley in a few days, and the parting would be all the harder, the uncertainty of their future all the more trying, with the renewal of the trouble about Clement. Clement called her impatiently, and the pony-carriage came round. She ran downstairs, and found Clement in the hall.

"Come in here a moment," he said, opening the door of the dining-room. "I have a few words to say. We cannot talk before Bruce. Here are two letters. When I am off, send them to Dwarris and Durant; but not until late in the day, and not by any of our people, so that no questions may be asked. Is that the money?"

"Yes; all I have."

"Thank you, Madeleine."

Clement kissed his sister, and his worn, weak face showed for a moment that he was touched by some emotion not wholly selfish.

"Good-bye," he said. "This is our real good-bye. I am taking the only way out of a terrible danger, and, if it turns out well, you shan't be long in suspense about me, and I will turn over a new leaf."

Madeleine said nothing. Concerning new leaves in Clement's life faith and hope had both deserted her.

Mrs. Kellett's "inmate" on the second floor had had a busy morning. Unexpected intelligence, he explained to Mrs. Kellett, rendered it necessary for him to leave Wrottesley without delay, and he therefore must relinquish his rooms. Mrs. Kellett received this intimation without

the regret which she usually felt on similar occasions. She did not like Mr. Durant, and her daughter was of her way of thinking. She suspected him to be what she called "a very bad friend to Clement Kindersley;" and she knew a good deal about the cards and the wine and spirits supplied to Mr. Durant. He, indeed, was seemingly never "the worse for liquor," but she could not say so much for his too-frequent guest. No; Mrs. Kellett was decidedly glad, and she readily acceded to the arrangements which Mr. Durant proposed. His luggage was to be packed and sent on in advance to London; and he, expecting a visit from Clement Kindersley and one or two other friends, would return with Clement to Beech Lawn, and leave Mr. Kindersley's house for London early on the following day.

"And if Mr. Kindersley knew as much about him as I do," said Mrs. Kellett to Miss Minnie, "he would be very glad to see him turn his back on Beech Lawn for ever and a day."

"I'm sure I'm glad he's going from here," said Miss Minnie, "for he gives me a turn many a time, especially since he's had his brown overcoat—exactly the same as Mr. Dwarris's. They'll be glad at the Dingle House: Miss Audrey, for one, can't bear him."

Mr. Durant had carried out all the preliminaries for his departure to his satisfaction, with one exception. He had confidently expected an early visit from Clement Kindersley; and, indeed, had urgent need of seeing him, but Clement did not present himself. Mr. Durant waited until he had barely time for the despatch of his luggage at the hour which he had mentioned to Mrs. Kellett; but Clement did not arrive. He went to the railway station, leaving a note for his friend; but it was useless. When Mr. Durant returned, the paper lay undisturbed on the table. He was passing from the condition of impatience to that of rage, when some one ran quickly upstairs and knocked at his door. It was Frank Lester.

He had come to tell Mr. Durant that he feared he should not be able to see him that evening. Mr. Conybeare was much more seriously ill than they had at first believed; and Frank Lester thought it probable he should have to watch the case that night. Mr. Durant was very sorry to hear this news, but he would hope for the best; if Lester could come in even for a short time, he would of course do so. He asked Lester whether he had

seen Clement Kindersley, but he had not. When he was alone again, Mr. Durant considered how Mr. Conybears's increased illness was likely to affect his own plans, and decided that it would do so favourably; the more confusion there prevailed at the bank the better for him.

He would not be disconcerted, he would not be alarmed, by the non-appearance of Clement Kindersley. He fully believed that his victim dared not fail him. He had gained so great an influence over him at the commencement of their acquaintance, and it had been so rapidly consolidated by fear, that Mr. Durant had no doubt at all of its stability—thus making the not uncommon mistake of investing weakness with the attributes of strength; for, in truth, Clement Kindersley's feebleness of character deprived even fear of its intensity in his mind. Clement would not dare to fail him, and in the meantime, he would once more think out, in all its details, the daring plan which he had laid for perpetrating a robbery on the following day. As he mused, he fidgeted with two small objects, which lay on the table before him; a spectacle-case, and a tiny bottle containing a colourless fluid.

Griffith Dwarris was to make one of the small party, who should assemble in the evening to take a sociable farewell of the agreeable person who had occupied Mrs. Kellett's second floor, with no apparent purposes, for several weeks; and the contents of the little bottle were to be dexterously administered to him in his last glass of wine. Mr. Durant and Clement Kindersley were to accompany Griffith Dwarris to the Dingle House, and, as the stupefying drug would have by that time begun to act on Griffith, Clement was to insist on remaining all night with his friend, affecting to believe him intoxicated, and to avert alarm from Mr. Dwarris, who would have retired to rest long before. Mr. Durant, who should have finally vacated his lodgings, would be supposed to have gone on to Beech Lawn, but in reality would sleep at a tavern in the town; where he would be joined in the morning by Clement Kindersley, who would have secured Griffith's keys, and volunteered to announce at the bank, and to Frank Lester, the fact of his indisposition, and of the impossibility of his attendance. For the rest of his daring scheme, Mr. Durant trusted to himself only. It would require great courage, and the coolness of a trained actor; and he believed that he possessed both in sufficient measure to

ensure success. He had studied every movement of Griffith Dwarris's since he had been planning this bold stroke; he had seen him in his place at the bank, and had learned, partly by questioning him and partly by forcing Clement to recall his reminiscences of the brief period during which he had submitted to the drudgery of business, as much of the official routine as would be necessary for his audacious personation. Circumstances cohered wonderfully for his design. He had been afraid of Mr. Conybears, and Mr. Conybears was harmless; he had been uncertain of the worth of the risk he should run, considering the shortness of the time during which it would be possible to incur it; and it had come to his knowledge that a large sum, arising from some rents of the Despard Court estate, which must pass through the hands of Griffith Dwarris, was to be paid in on the following day. This information, when it reached him, decided him; he had hitherto been wavering, while there remained the slightest chance of his carrying out a more agreeable and less dangerous project. He had provided himself with spectacles, such as Griffith Dwarris wore, and by putting on which he rendered the resemblance between them astonishingly complete. His appearance at the bank would be brief, if all went well; and when he should have quietly stepped out with his booty, Clement Kindersley's message, that Griffith Dwarris was ill, would be supposed to refer to the present moment, and would call for no notice. The hours, during which Griffith's return to resume his duties would be expected, would serve to place Mr. Durant beyond the reach of discovery; and when the truth should become known, he had the pleasantest conviction that no vehement effort would be made to pursue and punish him.

The complicity of Clement in the robbery, which must be instantly apparent to his father, would furnish an irresistible reason why Mr. Kindersley should replace the stolen money, and leave the story untold, if possible—in any case the mystery, which would instantly explain itself to all concerned, unsolved. If he could but secure the booty he aimed at, he had very little fear of the consequences. He had not formed any exact plan for the future, beyond the intention of quitting England immediately; a regrettable necessity, but not to be avoided in his case, as he had been so unlucky. Mr. Durant had brought Clement Kindersley to the point of degra-

dation at which the unfortunate young man consented to become his confederate in crime, by a very simple process.

"Your father," he said, "and Mr. Conybeare, saved you from the consequences of your imprudent use of another man's name, so far as they could anticipate those consequences. But they cannot save you from them in the instance which has put you into my power. It is all very fine for you to say that your father would buy this bit of paper of me for double its value; but it's worth a great deal more to me, and a great deal more I mean to have. I should be obliged to take his offer, if I were willing to conceal a forgery, you know, and should not stand very much lower in reputation, while being a denuded deal better off, by helping myself. The game here is up anyhow."

"It hasn't been a bad game, either," said Clement, in a sullen voice, which he did not venture to raise above a grumble. "You've had a good haul out of me."

"Quite true," assented Mr. Durant, cheerfully, "especially while it was played on the pleasant system of cash payments; but that is altogether beside the matter, which is, that I shall be in no danger of any real pursuit, for two reasons—one, that the trick could not be done without your having a hand in it; the other, that I should adopt that stale old device of fiction, which nevertheless has excellent sense to recommend it, and take measures for exposing you simultaneously with your father's measures for punishing me. So that, on the whole, I think we had better come to an understanding which will rid you of me for ever, at an expense which, if your father were wise, he really ought not to object to—what do you say?"

Clement had nothing to say, except that the risk was immense, and that Durant must "cut it very fine indeed," to carry the scheme through.

"Yes," said Mr. Durant, with a curious smile; "but I rather like that kind of thing. This is not the first bridge of hair I have crossed."

For a short time Clement Kindersley cheered himself up with the hope that Mr. Durant would not require to carry out this audacious project; but when that hope was dispelled, he afforded a striking proof of how readily a tolerably clever rogue may outwit himself by underrating the wisdom of a fool, or the courage of a coward. Durant had com-

mitted himself in just one instance, in writing—only an ambiguous sentence or two, it is true, but enough to confirm Clement's story as he should tell it to his father, if he were driven to the revelation; and the rogue-victim resolved to set the rogue-tyrant at defiance.

The hours passed on; Mr. Durant saw nothing of Clement Kindersley; and it was already dark when a letter was brought to him, the address in Clement's hand. The bearer was Miss Minnie Kellett, who, with an emphatic air of protest, explained that it had been sent from the bank, and that there was no one downstairs just then, except herself. "And I'm sure I hope you ain't ill, Mr. Durant," added Miss Minnie, much struck by the change of countenance which Mr. Durant could not conceal; "though you do look it, there's no denying."

"Thank you, I'm quite well. Is there anything more?"

"Nothing more, whatever," replied Miss Minnie, with a toss of her head; and then she marched haughtily away, to express her satisfaction downstairs, that they were about to be rid of an "inmate," who looked so much as if he was going to be hanged, and deserved it.

Mr. Durant broke open Clement Kindersley's letter, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRIFFITH,—Will you trust me, little as I have deserved your confidence, that I have good reason, which shall soon be fully explained, for begging that you will not go to Durant's to-night. It is of the greatest importance that you should not go there. I am off for the present. Madeleine knows all that I can tell anyone at present; but when I am certain that Durant has left Wrottesley, I will explain all. Avoid seeing him if he does not go at once; and be quite sure that I have the best reason—one very disgraceful to myself—for what I say. Keep this entirely to yourself. Yours always, C. K."

In a moment Mr. Durant perceived the situation. There was the address—George Durant, Esq.—as plain as print on this supremely treacherous letter, intended for Griffith Dwarris. Clement Kindersley was gone, then! He had escaped him; endangering him to what extent? To the extent of the communication Clement had made to him (Durant), in the letter which had evidently been mis-sent to Griffith Dwarris. How should he know, how should he discover, what that communication was? He was shaken with a storm of baffled rage, in whose whirl many

voices spoke, and most loudly, perhaps, that of his fury at the rebellion of his victim, the triumph of the fool, the daring of the coward. But pressing considerations of his own safety urged him more strongly than anger, and restored him to the power of considering what it was best for him to do. The crime he had meditated had become impossible; in the few minutes since Miss Minnie had brought him the letter, the whole scheme had receded to an infinite distance, and his mind was occupied with only one question: "How much did they know?" After a little thought he came to a decision. A messenger from the bank had brought Clement Kindersley's letter to him; he might ascertain whether that intended for him had been received by Griffith at the bank, or taken to the Dingle House. Mr. Durant never lacked nerve to face a situation which he fully understood; but, like the bravest, he shrank from the unknown. It cost him a considerable effort to walk down to Kindersley and Conybeare's; and he did so without giving a thought to the communication which Miss Minnie Kellett had made to him respecting Mr. Conybeare. When he reached the house he found it closed, as regarded its business purposes, but the wide, respectable door was opened, at his summons, by a servant of Mr. Conybeare's, whose grave face supplied Mr. Durant with his cue. He inquired whether Mr. Dwarris was there, and, being answered in the affirmative, asked for Mr. Conybeare.

"He is very ill indeed," was the reply. "Mr. Lester and Mr. Dwarris are here, and will stay all night."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear that. Could I speak to Mr. Lester for a moment?"

"If you will walk in, sir," replied the man, "I will inquire."

Mr. Durant walked into the hall, and saw on the table, together with Griffith Dwarris's hat and gloves, the letter concerning which he was anxious. He snatched it up the moment the man was out of sight. It had not been opened. Mr. Durant deftly unfastened the envelope, slipped the sheet which it contained into his pocket, refastened the empty cover and replaced it on the table.

"Mr. Lester is very sorry, but he cannot come down just now, sir," said the servant, returning; "but he and Mr. Dwarris will see you, later, if possible."

Mr. Durant read Clement Kindersley's letter by the light of the beneficent lamp, of which mention has already been made. It contained these words:

"I am off where you cannot find me. And, even if you could, I defy you. I don't believe you could do me any harm, and you will be too sharp to try. I have not told the truth to anyone, and if you let me alone, I don't mean to tell it. I have only put G. D. on his guard. We are quits, I think, and you had better make up your mind there's nothing more of any kind to be extracted from C. K."

"Not altogether quits," said Mr. Durant to himself, as he tore Clement's letter into small pieces, and scattered them in the roadway; "there's a balance in my favour after all."

He returned to his rooms, told Mrs. Kellett that, in consequence of Mr. Conybeare's state, his friends would not sup with him that evening, so that he should start at once for Beech Lawn; took a gracious leave of the widow and her daughter; and, carrying a small bag, departed from the second floor for ever. Miss Minnie proceeded to an immediate inspection of the sitting-room, where useless preparations for the countermanded supper were in progress, and returned to report to her mother that everything was in order, and Mr. Durant had forgotten nothing but a pair of spectacles. Mrs. Kellett remarked that they could not be his; they must be a pair of Mr. Dwarris's.

Meantime, Mr. Durant walked quietly to the railway station, and reached it in good time for a late train to a junction at a couple of hours' distance from Wrottesley. He did not meet anyone whom he knew, and he believed himself unobserved. This was not, however, the case, for two women passed him on foot, immediately after he came out of Mrs. Kellett's house, and one said:

"Is that the man?"

The other replied: "Yes, my lady, that is Geoffrey Dale."

On the 12th of August will be published

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Lost Sir Mashingberd," "At Her Mercy," "Halves," &c., entitled,

"WHAT HE COST HER."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,
AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII. NUPTIAL JARS.

HERE, it may be imagined, he did not arrive in the best of humours, especially when he was met by his mother-in-law, with a grave face and a mysterious "Hush!" The agitation produced by the discussion as to the furniture had produced faintings and hysterics. The delicate, fine-strung nerves quivered and shook, like the wires of an *Æolian* harp under a rough breeze; "She was not accustomed to be spoken to roughly." In short, here was the first application of the resource always left to the weak, who thus find their strength in their very weakness; like some delicate dame, who, at the launching of an iron-clad, lays her gloved fingers on a little lever, and thus sends the great monster down upon its course. After a due assumption of reserve, as though conveying that the whole was too serious for speech, the hapless furnisher and houstaker—for he was no more than these—was allowed to get into the sackcloth of the penitent; and Phoebe, none the worse for her visitation, though a little proud of it, forgave him. But he noted in her, what he had never seen before, a kind of business-like sharpness, when Phoebe said, to his amazement:

"Mind, now, that there is no mistake; the furniture must be got. You know even a maid-servant," &c. This was rubbing salt into the raw flesh. But what was to be done? The truth was, Tom, in his own way, and without any evil intentions, was dreadfully inflammatory, saying

all this fuss about a few chairs, and tables, and sticks of furniture! What does he take us for? I declare, if he goes on with this sort of stuff, I'll have to give him a bit of my mind—and, perhaps," he added, boisterously, "a bit of my body, too!"

Phoebe could not help laughing at this idea.

"He'll turn Master Johnny Elwes on you, if you don't take care, Phib." The effect of such remarks on the young girl's mind being, of course, a general depreciation of the idol—alas! the late idol. But she had sense, though, to implore Tom not to interfere in the matter, on the ground that "she was quite able to see these things done herself."

Mrs. Dawson, too, knew enough to see that there had been already sufficient compulsion; though, however, she stood by with a constable-like demeanour, "keeping her eye" on the hapless Pringle, throwing out hints; "that it was better to humour Phoebe" in these little things, and it was his duty as a husband to work and to face disagreeable things; but that she would see that her child was reasonable, and—as she saw he could not afford to furnish the whole house—that a kind of elementary or skeleton-like furnishing would do at first, to be filled in later when better times came. The family aided him by getting a friendly upholsterer, who would not press, but who would require a bill, which Tom cheerfully consented "to back," an operation he was always equal to. In the whole progress of this most disastrous episode, there was nothing that Mr. Pringle felt more acutely than this offensive watchfulness of Tom, standing by with a suspicious air, and clearly

Without further preliminary, the small house was furnished, and the pair moved in. The tradesmen in the neighbourhood attended every day, "calling for orders," a subject of great pride to Phoebe, who set about housekeeping with great official flourish of books and entries. There was no want of money, as all these persons were delighted to give credit at first. In justice to Mr. Pringle, it must be said that he was eager to enter on a course of saving and economy. With Phoebe, as we have seen, the delight of "getting things," or ordering them, was more than equivalent to paying for them; and when once she had gone through the labour and difficulty of selection, &c., she returned full of elation, and demanded praise, as it were, for her exertions.

Thus badgered, it was scarcely unnatural that the new husband should take refuge in a kind of silent dignity, suppressing his sense of wrongs, but making Phoebe feel, in a hundred ways, that he was deeply injured, and "that all was at an end." There was a recklessness about Phoebe that was scarcely to be expected by a stranger—as, indeed, her mother had occasionally known, when some fits of rebellion had come on; and she had given her new son-in-law "some hints," as she called them, for the "management" of her child when under this influence. Another curious feature was, that her mind was so airy and volatile as to retain no impressions; and, on account of this principle, she did not "bear malice," as it is called; nor did she even seem sensible of her own wrongs. Thus, after some passionate scene of tears and reproaches, a word would bring a smile and even a laugh to her lips.

Sometimes the pair would go out for a duty-walk, along the monotonous yellow streets of the district. Then Mr. Pringle would seize the opportunity to bewail his hard fate, and to descant upon the miseries he was suffering, and would have to suffer. With these Phoebe would sympathise tearfully, and, after a pause for consideration, would begin to smile and nod mysteriously, and say that she had a remedy for this trouble. She knew, she said, where to get money.

Her unhappy companion felt a gleam of hope. She had coaxing ways. There was no knowing what little resources her artlessness might open up. The following day she would come running, and squeeze something into his hand. "I have sold my little cross," she would whisper. "There,

it is all for you!" It was a sum of one pound two. The cross had cost five or six pounds! The poor little soul fancied she had thus helped materially to relieve their difficulties. Again, when they would be out on one of those dismal walks, he would duly impress on her their wretchedness, the hopelessness of doing anything; to which she would listen with the utmost sympathy. "Indeed," she would say; "you will see how I shall save. But what I should like, above all, would be, that we had not a shilling in the world; and that you were in some miserable little lodging, with me to attend on you and do everything. Oh, how nice that would be!" And she clasped her hands in a sort of rapture. A few moments later, and she had forgotten this declaration, and would break out, with an air of delight:

"I have such a notion, now—I have set my heart on it. We must have a little Victoria and a boy, with a pony; and I'll drive you about all day. Tom says you can buy a pony and carriage for next to nothing."

"Are you mad?"

"No; of course not. But I am entitled to a carriage; everyone says so."

"Don't talk such nonsense to me. Please don't."

"And don't you be rude to me. I tell you I am determined to have a pony-carriage. I don't believe a word of your being so poor as you say. I know Tom thinks you have more money than you'll acknowledge in the bank."

Recriminations of this kind are unpleasant in the ranks of those who are considered well off, but among those who are poor and struggling, they acquire an additionally painful character. For, to those who are uttering them, comes, every now and again, a feeling that such defiances are theatrical, that there is nothing to support them; or, perhaps, a sort of desperation comes, which seems to say, "Though I am hunted and harried from without, I can at least have this satisfaction."

During this happy state of things, Phoebe was playing at housekeeping, which consisted in having "the books" of her tradesmen brought to her at certain, or rather uncertain, intervals, when she would "look" at them—a process which she found laborious enough, but which she carried out with conscientiousness, even though she were inclined to sleep in the middle of the day, as she often was. And so things

went on. The ménage developed until the debts came—the tradesmen being always indulgent at first—until a series of totals, twenty and thirty pounds each, came pressing on the unhappy head of the house, each requiring special and instant attention; just as someone with a dish of food at a kennel would find himself beset by a number of hounds.

That day was not likely soon to be forgotten. Here was ruin indeed. Mr. Pringle's helpless rage and wretchedness were all spent on the head of the unhappy Phœbe, who was much hurt and much "injured," and thus substituted for the suffering chief actor and his trials her own particular injuries. It seemed to be hopeless to think of aid or even sympathy from such a quarter. But as may be conceived, it took some time to reach this disastrous result. The creditors and their bills advanced at first in skirmishing order, then in open column, as it were, only gradually to close in on the victims. First, the rent was in arrear; then the furniture man's bills of six months fell due, without assets to meet them; and there had near been a terrible scene actually in the house, but for the faithful Tom—called in with desperate haste, like a doctor—who went and "saw the fellow," and, as he called it, "stopped his mouth" with something "down." Tom had an amazing experience in transactions of this kind; but latterly he had been, according to his own phrase, "rather down in his luck," and he had met with a series of reverses. He could, therefore, put little more than his wits and his tongue at the service of his sister. This relief, however, such as it was, was only in the nature of "staving off;" and Tom proceeded, with some acerbity, to lecture his brother-in-law.

"This sort of thing won't do, you know," he said, looking down on him. "You must stir yourself—do something. A married man isn't to sit with his hands before him, while others work."

"Don't worry me," said the other. "I have had enough of this sort of thing."

"No, but you have not, my good fellow; it's my duty, as Phib's brother, to stir you up a bit. You don't want me, I suppose, to be always pulling you out of messes in this way?"

"And who got me into them? Wasn't it you and the whole set of you, forcing me into getting these things, worrying and badgering me as if I was a slave. Haven't I lost everything by getting connected with such a set?"

"Pooh!" said Tom, contemptuously, "don't talk like an ass. You were uncommon lucky to get such a prize as Phib. You're not fit for her, that's the truth. She might have had the best in the kingdom, if she had only waited. But you—you have no stuff in you."

"I won't have this. Don't speak to me in that way."

"Oh, nonsense," said Tom, in smiling good-humour. "Get upstairs and blow the steam off, then I'll talk to you. You must be made to work for yourself. I've pulled you out of this mess, but, I give you notice, I don't mean to do it again; and see, my friend, it's no use being 'cheeky' to me, for that don't profit any man alive, and never did."

That evening Phœbe was in great spirits, and began to prattle as was her wont.

"I think we are getting on capitally," she said, "are we not? Now, am I not trying all I can to help you?"

He gave a scornful laugh. Phœbe went on:

"You saw how we disposed of those people to-day. As Tom says, all we want is a little management. I fear my old man isn't sharp enough."

He constrained himself with an immense effort.

"Do you know what was done to-day? Have you intellect enough to understand it? Don't you know that we had nearly an execution put into the house?"

"But, you see, they didn't put it in," said Phœbe. "There are other people wiser than you," she said, knowingly; "you are so timorous. Now, I think it is high time that we should begin to live respectably—in a way suitable to our position. When are you going to get me the man-servant?"

"I told you that we are to have no man-servant. We can't afford it."

"I will have a man-servant. I am not going to be made a pauper of."

"No, because you are one already; the whole set of you are paupers."

"You wouldn't say that if Tom was here; you'd be afraid of him."

Mr. Pringle became almost wild with fury.

"So he is interfering! You are all in a league. I'll not put up with it. I suppose you set him on here to-day to bully me. If there's any more of it, take care I don't leave you here to them. I am sick of it!"

"Sick of it—sick of me? Oh, don't say that!" said Phoebe, piteously; "not of me!"

"You knew I did not care for you; you forced it on me—sending your low brother to threaten me. I would have given the world to be free of it. You are a selfish creature, only thinking of yourself, of your wants, and your man-servant, from morning till night. I say I wish I had never seen you!"

Phoebe gave a cry at this last stroke. His words had been to her like a series of blows across the face. She seemed to be crushed under them, and her piteous cry was one for mercy. He found a sort of satisfaction in this result, and a kind of almost fiendish pleasure that he was able to produce this effect. She remained gazing at him with a sort of consternation, and followed him with her eyes, as he quitted the room. Poor, hapless Phoebe!

This little scene took place about six o'clock. Mr. Pringle chose to turn himself into the aggrieved party, and disdainfully took his hat to go forth and dine at some restaurant, where, besides faring much better than he did at home, he could have the satisfaction of feeling that he was inflicting due punishment on the culprit. As he returned about ten o'clock he saw a cab at his door. "That fellow again!" he thought to himself. But when he ascended the steps, to his great surprise he met Phoebe and the maid in the hall, with one of her trunks ready for hoisting on the vehicle.

"What nonsense is this?" he asked.

Phoebe swept by him disdainfully.

"I am going to mamma," she said; "after what you said I cannot stay here."

What was to be done now, save attempt some soothing? But Phoebe walked, in a stately way, into the parlour, attended by the maid—"her only friend." She called her husband, and, closing the door, said, in a trembling voice, that "it was time there should be an explanation."

"Oh, now you are going to make a fuss! For goodness' sake don't!"

"You are afraid that I may call in Tom."

This made him silent. He dared not trust himself to speak.

"Oh, those cruel, those awful words; I shall never forget them—never—till I go to my grave! You stabbed me to-day!" And the poor child looked as though she had suffered physically in the way she had described.

He had never seen her in this way

before, and then tried some words of excuse.

"Don't, don't!" he said. "I am sorry. There! Go, take off your things."

But Phoebe was desperate and resolved; she was bent on pushing forward, and was not to be restrained.

"It must be ended now, and for ever. Oh, I shall never get over it!"

Really touched at this distress, he could only say, "Well, I am very sorry. There! You know I am so harassed and worried—and didn't mean it."

In a second Phoebe had given a delighted start; a smile, almost of rapture, was on her lips.

"Do you mean that—really, now?" Then came a shade. "No, but you don't; you only say that to— But what made you use such words? Oh! if I could only forget them!"

A little soothing did the rest, and Phoebe was soon her old self again. Still it would take long to heal, and there would be a scar which would keep the old pain in her mind. The curious desperation exhibited that night, however, revealed a new phase in her character which provoked her husband, and made him even more impatient, as he knew not what shape it would next take. It was a fresh element of uncertainty in the administration of the household.

But it will be seen, by this time, that they were gliding slowly down an inclined plane into insolvency and destitution. This claim and that was, from time to time, "staved off;" but this staving off is but another term for "staving in." Neither of them took the sensible course of a complete review of their difficulties and a honest facing of them; but the process was a hand-to-mouth one. Yet, not unnaturally, he disdained to tell his new relations the actual state of his affairs, lest it should give them the triumph of superiority due to successful prophecy; or, rather, lest he should be placed in so humiliating a position—at their mercy. Phoebe did not understand; and so, between both, no very clear idea could be gained of their situation.

But a crisis was at hand.

CHAPTER XLIX. CONJUGAL TROUBLES.

WITH Phoebe, as we have seen, the staving off a debt was equivalent to its extinction; and the occasion of various rescues from danger was the subject of jubilation. Nothing so goaded Mr. Pringle as these little bursts of Phoebe's, or made

him so impatient. Her good spirits on these occasions were so natural and genuine that he was again and again taken in, as it were, and led to believe that she had some piece of good news for him.

"Now," she would say, in her cozy way, "didn't I tell you so? As Tom says, you don't understand that we are really very well off, after all!"

This allusion to Tom—whom he now had begun to look on as a sort of policeman—was certain to make the storm burst. Then came the thunder, and the pitiless, cutting blast; and in a few moments Phoebe was in her room, in a passionate state of wounded grief and indignation, vowing that she would never make an exertion to please one who was so unkind and cruel.

Mrs. Dawson saw all that was going on with the greatest clearness; and, plain, practical woman as she was, resolved to let matters work themselves out, as a sort of useful discipline. Being, moreover, a comfortable woman, and fond of her ease, she did not wish to know too much, and assumed that everything was going on pretty well, and that they were only wrangling at first, as she herself had done, and as all young married folk must do. She had her own friends with claims upon her, as she considered it; or, as they might have put it, upon whom she asserted her claims of hospitality. As she had now no companion to lighten the dull evenings, the restoratives of visitings and junketings were more necessary for her than ever.

At one of these houses she met her old friend Lord Garterley, who asked in a friendly way after Phoebe, and, with a renewed warmth, declared that he would go and see her so soon as he came to town.

Phoebe was enchanted one morning when the white head and pink face found their way to her little drawing-room; displayed all her smiles and piquancy; and, in her thoughtless way, gave him quite a flourishing account of their situation. She was, in truth, only thinking of how she was behaving, and how she was impressing her visitor, for this poor little lady could never bring her mind to look beyond the existing moment. Accordingly, when Mr. Pringle came in after one of his weary tramps, "looking for something" (Tom, in allusion to these lonely walks, had facetiously told him that he had got him the office of "Inspector of Public Buildings"), Phoebe had one of her little "surprises" for him.

"It's all right!" she cried; "who do

you think has been here? and I was so nice and charming to him."

A dim notion darted into the luckless fellow's brain, that this must refer to his offended parent. "What," he said, eagerly, "do you mean——?"

"You foolish fellow, you think that I am a child, and can do nothing. And, what's more, he is coming to dine to-day. What do you say to Lord Garterley? There!"

His face fell. But he had now found it useless to rage, so he turned away, biting his lips.

"Then entertain him yourself," he said at last, "as you have chosen to ask him."

"I don't think he would object to that," said Phoebe, looking at herself in the glass with a pleased simper. "I assure you he was quite gallant to-day. He paid me such nice compliments."

He turned impatiently away, and tried hard to keep himself calm. She had that power over him, at least, that she had inspired him with a certain dread of the inconvenience that attended such scenes.

"What did you say to him? Did you say anything of the way we were in?"

"What way?" she said, innocently. "Of course not. I was not going to be so foolish as that. I took care to keep ourselves up before him. I made him think," added she, with a profoundly-sagacious air, "that we were quite rich."

"Child! idiot! you did that?" cried he, with a sad disregard of conjugal decorum.

"Don't call me those names," said Phoebe, colouring. "I am not accustomed to it. I know who is considered a child by the men."

"Yes," sneered Mr. Pringle; "that blackguard brother of yours, I suppose——"

"You can't help this sort of language," said Phoebe, trembling; "it's the fault of your low belongings."

She could have "cut off her tongue" after she made this speech, and felt deeply humiliated at having condescended to pick up such "a handful of mud." Alas! for poor human nature, she was a little comforted when she saw that it had had due effect.

This recrimination was as idle in its results as the others of the same pattern, but it will be seen how "the little rift within the lute" was widening into a huge crack. On his side there was no use protesting. Lord Garterley was to come to

dinner, and he must be entertained in the best way they could. Something, he thought, might be done by working on that nobleman. He tried to get Phœbe to understand what was all important, and in a half-shy, half-gruff fashion, pointed out to her that she might remind that lord of his promises and honeyed words. Phœbe was sharp enough to detect the secret cause of his hesitation. "I wonder," she said, scornfully, "you could ask a child to make such a request. Can't you ask for yourself, like other men." However, a suitable repast was prepared, at a serious cost. Tom fortunately came in, and with his usual generosity pressed a "fiver" into his Phib's hand, and bid her do the thing handsomely. Phœbe herself took nearly a couple of hours in dressing, and came down in chains of gold, and with all her trinkets on, like a little captive. The rooms were all lit up, and the whole had really the air of a prosperous establishment, sustained by plenty of money.

Lord Garterley was in high spirits and good-humour. He "rallied" Phœbe on her looks, found the delicacies and wines excellent, talked about old friends and old times, declared that he must have them down to Garterley, and that they must fix a day for the visit. Phœbe was enchanted, and already saw herself ordering an entirely new stock of dresses at Madame Melanée's. She, indeed, became so exhilarated that she was carried away into talking of their position—of her "wanting him to buy a carriage for her." Lord Garterley listened to this prattle with much amusement, and encouraged her to tell him more of her plans. He then asked about the "pitiless parents," as he styled the Pringle family, which convulsed the young hostess, who called them "nasty cruel people." She then retired to her drawing-room, quite pleased with herself, thinking that she had exhibited real powers of diplomacy, and shown Mr. Pringle what she could do. When the latter was left with Lord Garterley, he was to find the fruits of the diplomacy.

"You are doing well, I see," said the nobleman. "I was afraid that what I heard was true. But you are all right."

Mr. Pringle's brow darkened. "There's the folly of it!" he said, "she don't understand it." We have little or nothing."

"Get along!" said his lordship; "that's the way all the rich people talk. You and your sharp brother-in-law have been putting your heads together, and knocking

some money out of the public." And he looked with a good-humoured smile across the claret that he was holding in his glass.

At that moment came a sound of a loud and angry voice from the hall, very vociferous and threatening. "Lord bless us. What's that?" said Lord Garterley. Mr. Pringle turned pale. He knew those tones well. They belonged to the terrible "furniture man," who had been to him like Faust's terrible master—now soothed, now propitiated with a small sum only to return more insolent and intolerant than ever. As the hired waiter opened the door softly, the voice came in with him: "If he can be giving dinners to lords, he should pay for the chairs and tables they sit on!"

This speech was heard by Lord Garterley, who discreetly rose up and said:

"I had better go to the drawing-room and 'join the ladies,' as they say."

And he got up, and, with a cautious air, as though he too felt the influence of the presence of a dunning tradesman, left the hapless owner of the mansion to face the enemy. The despairing, even agonising, face struck him with compassion. He came back.

"I heard what he said. I suppose you are pressed by these tradesmen?"

With an almost ghastly smile the hapless young man said:

"I am at the last. We have nothing. My father has cast me off. I daresay I shall be turned out of this house in a few days."

The astonishment that came into the peer's face was most genuine.

"But she talked of buying a carriage and other things?"

"She knows nothing, and will know nothing. It makes me despair. I have to face it all, while she——" and he glanced up to the ceiling. This was most significant. It was as though he said: "she dresses, and prattles away as you see."

"Bless me!" said the other bewildered, and sitting down again. "You must tell me about this. But wait a bit;" and he got up and went out of the room. After a few moments' talking the hall-door was shut, and he returned.

There was something almost tragic, or rather pathetic, in the contrast between what was going on in the two floors of this wretched domicile—the pretty unconscious child, who was sitting in her sort of Fairyland above, wondering why the gentlemen were so long coming up, and

the wretchedness of the imposture that was below.

"I can do very little for anyone," said Lord Garterley. "I am ashamed to mention this to you; but I have a little interest in one of the banks."

"Anything!" said the other eagerly.

"A clerk's place, seventy pounds a year. Reflect."

Mr. Pringle was silent.

"Well, we shall see about something else later on. And when I next go down to your people—they are always asking me—I will speak to them seriously about you. They can't let their son be reduced to this state of destitution. And you will forgive me for advising—it seems unkind—but I would give up this sort of thing. Get into a smaller house. But don't visit it on her; be gentle with her; she is very young. No; I won't go up. You will say good night to her for me."

Meanwhile the little lady of the house, still smiling, wondered why on earth the gentlemen did not come up.

A RUN TO MOUNT ATHOS.

It was early in October, a year or two ago, that we received the welcome order to hold ourselves in readiness, to convey H.M.S. ambassador and suite on their long-projected trip to Mount Athos.

St. Martin's summer was doing its best to throw new glories over the always glorious scenery of the Bosphorus. We were not weary then, or ever, of Therapia; but we had been long inactive, and the thought of a cruise among the lovely Greek islands was grateful to us.

There were delays—there always are delays where Turks are even indirectly concerned—but the ambassador at last cast aside many a plausible claim, left several of General Ignatief's best-laid plots to unravel themselves, and came on board, glad enough to exchange the atmosphere of plot and counter-plot, which seems to envelop everything in Turkey, for the fresh sea-breezes of the Marmora.

The following morning we ran through the Dardanelles. Dreary work that always was—the thirty-five miles from Gallipoli to Cape Helles—with nothing to break the monotony of uninhabited shores, till Chanak Kalessi and the Castles of Europe were reached. There we made the usual stay of five or six hours, so that the day had nearly gone again by the time we had

cleared the straits, and were standing across the northern part of the Archipelago, to the southward of Imbros Island, and close to the north end of Lemnos about midnight, when we were all crowded together on the bridge, smoking.

We did not see anything more that night, but, at daylight next morning, Mount Athos was well up on our starboard hand, the mountains of Eubia ahead and to the south, and dozens of islands astern. It was just like steaming across a huge lake, where, notwithstanding the progress we made, the scene seemed never-ending. As one island or point of land faded from sight, another came into view, till, at last, the Gulf of Salonica opened out. At the head of it we found the Harbour of Salonica, "capable of containing the navies of the world"—the old phrase for describing a good harbour; but that of Salonica is really magnificent, with plenty of water close up to the town, and well protected. Salonica is likely to become of considerable importance, too, when the railway from the interior, of which it is the terminus, is completed. There is another line running down to the coast, at Dédé Aghatch, farther to the eastward—part of the network of Roumelian railways which the Turks, in their feeble efforts at regeneration, or, with a view to raising their credit in the money-market, have sanctioned. Dédé Aghatch, however, is an open roadstead, and inflicted with pestilential fevers, so can never have anything like the advantages that Salonica possesses; though, indeed, it is doubtful if either town will flourish to any great extent under Turkish misrule, for this, like every other Turkish town, is but Constantinople in miniature. The same grievances everywhere—the same petty intrigues, the same stories of constant changes of people in authority, oppression of the poor, injustice to Christians, sloth and corruption of officials—at least this is ever the tenor of the tales poured into the ears of outsiders. Whether there is much truth in them all, or whether they are related only to inflame the universal prejudice against the "infidel Turk," let wiser heads than ours determine. We can only vouch for the disinterested kindness with which the said infidel invariably treated us, because we were Englishmen and English sailors.

There was a great show, when the ambassador landed, of Turkish cavalry on long-tailed barbs, to receive him at the landing-place and follow him to the Konak, or

government-house, where we were all received by the pasha, and regaled on sorbet and chibouks of the most fragrant tobacco. Then we did the sights, clattering through the ill-paved streets accompanied by the troopers. A Roman triumphal arch, in a complete state of preservation, was the great lion; a mosque, once a Christian church, taking the second place. There is rather a curious circumstance connected with this church, which contrasts forcibly with the ordinary idea of Turkish fanaticism and bigotry. This mosque, once a Christian church, still contains the bones of the saint to whom it is dedicated, with the shrine intact, and a neat oil lamp continually burning before it—preserved in this condition by Moslem hands. Furthermore, on the anniversary of the saint's day the mosque is given over to the Greek community, who therein perform the service of their church freely and without interruption.

The ambassador re-embarked under a salute of nineteen guns, and amid the shouts of the faithful. The pasha had promised that a four-funneled despatch-boat, which he had at his disposal, should accompany us down the gulf; but, when we were weighing, they sent to say there was a difficulty in raising steam, and that they would follow us shortly. Accordingly, soon after we had cleared the harbour, we saw her red and green lights glaring astern, as she came up hand-over-hand. She was one of the old Yankee blockade-runners, and could bowl off her sixteen knots or so, whilst ten was our utmost limit; so that, all night long, under the management of the skilful Turk, she was careering round us in the wildest manner—ranging up alongside, dropping astern, then shooting right ahead, and crossing our bows quite confidently. He was either determined not to lose sight of us, fearing he could not find his way alone, or was showing off before the Giaour.

At daylight we contrived to shake off the four-funneler, and got a clear run across from Cape Deprano to Mount Athos. We had a magnificent view of the whole promontory as the sun rose over it. Stretching southward, and gradually elevating itself as it advanced, it finished in a high, steep, stony bluff. As we got nearer, we could see that it was thickly wooded throughout its entire length, except where some tall peaks had thrust themselves through, like bald-headed eagles. Soon the various monasteries developed themselves

from their surroundings, each one more quaint and picturesque than the other. It is quite impossible to describe any of these wonderful buildings by ordinary words and phrases. One, built on the top of a high peak, only accessible by means of a rope and basket, seemed to have grown there; another, stuck into a cleft in the rock, might have been dropped in; and a third, peeping from among the trees, would have spoiled the effect of the wood by its absence. They were all combinations of stately castles, Swiss chalets, and old English cottages, and still the one did not in the least resemble the other.

We made direct for St. Paul's on the west side. We got close to the rocks and sounded, but could get no bottom at a hundred fathoms; went ahead again, and sounded once more; still there was no bottom, and we could not venture any nearer. I took the dingy, and, when her bow was touching the rocks, there were more than thirty fathoms over the stern. The cliff seemed to strike down almost perpendicular through the clear blue water. By the time we had decided not to anchor, a young, intelligent-looking monk had reached the Scaricatojo, and, opening the conversation with "Kalamera sas," proceeded to inquire, in fluent English, the object of our visit. I was a little puzzled at first as to what tone I should adopt in talking to him—whether it should be the grave and reverential, or the respectfully familiar style. But, seeing that the gentleman was about my own age, and had too much humour in his black eyes to be very, very good, I decided upon the latter. So, after telling him that the ambassador intended visiting the agoumenos of St. Paul's after breakfast, I proceeded to ask him how "the fellows" were getting on up at the monastery, to which he replied that they were "pretty fit." Would he have any objection to the ladies landing? I asked him. This rather startled him, I think, for he abruptly broke off the interview, and disappeared.

Soon after a formal invitation came on board, not including the ladies, it being the stringent rule that nothing feminine should invade the precincts of the holy mount.

On landing, we were received by a procession of dark-robed monks, headed by the agoumenos, or abbot, crook in hand, and attended by his cross-bearers and thurifiers. They chanted a prayer of welcome, after which, as many of us as could manage

it, kissed the ambassador's hand, he looking fearfully embarrassed under the infliction. The procession, then turning, led the way towards the monastery, the monks, ourselves, and half-a-dozen blue-jackets bringing up the rear. The building stands at the top of a narrow gorge facing the sea, and backed by trees. A stream bounds over a mill-wheel in front, and runs down the stony ravine; whilst the road goes up on one side, winding in and out among the trees and rocks. Altogether it made a very pretty picture.

I attached myself to my friend of the morning, and found him very chatty and sociable. He had evidently been a man of the world — had visited London, Liverpool, and Manchester; and his last experience of secular life had been as a patriot or rebel in the late Cretian insurrection. What a change of life from the enthusiasm and action of the Greek patriot, to the dead monotony and daily routine amid those brown-clad brethren of the cliff! Had the man's nature changed with his surroundings? No, if eye and face could speak for him. More articulate speech to that purpose I could not obtain.

"Do you see that man in front of us?" I asked, pointing out the pasha; "that is the man who crushed the Cretians."

He clasped his hands across his breast for one moment, then dropping them to his sides said, "I have finished with all that now." I was tempted to ask him if he had ever regretted his choice of a monastic life, but my only answer was a faint smile and shake of the head.

We went first to the church of the monastery, a modern building in the Byzantine style, where a solemn mass was celebrated in commemoration of our visit, the monks filling the stalls all round and howling a nasal chant, while we visitors stood in front of the altar-screen.

After the service, the holy relics were exhibited—the arm of one saint, and the leg of another, in costly mountings of silver and gold. We were shown, with special reverence, a piece of the true cross, presented, as they believe, by the sainted Empress Helena. This relic is their peculiar boast, not one monastery in the mountain possessing the like. The Russians, they told us, had offered to rebuild St. Paul's — which is certainly rather dilapidated—in return for this piece of the true cross. From the church we groped our way up diverse dark stair-cases, until we came to a cheerful room, fur-

nished à la Turque, with divans all round. While coffee and pipes were being served, the ambassador and the agoumenos kept up a brisk fire of compliments, and talked of the days when St. Paul's was under British protection.

Next they showed us the library, which was all contained in one small room. The books, neatly ranged on deal shelves, were principally in the ecclesiastical Servian, or Cyrillic language. One remarkable copy of the gospels, in manuscript, made our mouths water with covetousness. It was filled with splendid illumination; each stop was a dot of gold, and many whole words were in gold. It was nearly five hundred years old, and in a perfect state of preservation. I asked my friend, the patriot, if it was to be obtained by any means. He seemed doubtful as to this, but generously offered me a wooden spoon, carved by himself.

The cells were comfortable little rooms, each occupied by two monks, and singularly devoid of religious emblems in the way of skulls, crosses, &c. When I asked how it was that books seemed scarce among them, they explained that, with four services in the day and two at night, they had not much spare time for anything, beyond carving roughly in wood.

They eat no meat at all, though the mountain abounds with game. Bread and vegetables, with fish on feast-days, is their staple food, which would account for the pale, worn look of most of them.

One poor fellow asked me, in broken Italian, if women were anything like pictures of the Virgin — pictures where a dusky, featureless face looks out from behind a plaque of jewelled gold. He had been brought there as a child, and did not recollect his mother even. I told him to come on board when we went off, that he might look upon their faces once before he died. He came, and so did several others, evidently with a similar purpose.

From St. Paul's we steamed slowly up the western shore for an hour, then, turning southward, doubled the extremity of the promontory, and kept along within half a mile of the east side. Every two or three miles discovered a new monastery to view, most of them with wonderful pigeon-house-like balconies on the outside, and bearing such names as Iveron, St. Laura, Xenophon, Vatopedi. This last is very extensive, indeed the largest and richest of all the monasteries of Mount Athos, containing, besides the church, fourteen

chapels. It is situated on the side of a hill, which slopes down to the shores of a pretty little bay, in which the old ship nearly ended her cruising for ever. We took the bay to be more indented than it really was, and put the helm hard over to go close round the shore, but soon found ourselves so close that it was only by giving full speed astern that we brought her up in fifteen feet of water, the monks tucking up their long gowns, and scampering down to assist at the threatened dénouement.

This gave us enough of Mount Athos, and we were glad to stretch away to Cavallo, and anchor there near midnight.

The next morning nearly everybody rode off to Philippi, where Brutus fought it out with Mark Antony. I was content to prowl round Cavallo, the place of export of that Turkish tobacco which we always smoked at Constantinople. It is also the birthplace of Mehemet Ali Pasha, the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, who commenced his public life as porter to the French Consulate, and was dug out of obscurity by the father, or grandfather, of Monsieur de Lesseps, the engineer of the Suez Canal, to serve some purpose of the Great Napoleon. The present Viceroy of Egypt grants the sum of three thousand piastres daily to be expended in food for the poor, in commemoration of Mehemet, which indiscriminate charity has resulted in as neat a colony of idle pauperism as could be wished for.

We witnessed the issue of these provisions at the gate of the principal mosque, and a more loathsome set of dirty, idle vagabonds than the recipients it has never been my misfortune to behold.

One day was quite enough, both for Cavallo and Philippi, so we soon afterwards found ourselves back at Chanak, where the news of important changes in the Turkish Government induced us to hurry back to Constantinople at our greatest speed.

MORE WORK FOR THE SUN.

"LOCOMOTIVES," said Robert Stephenson, when he saw his Rocket—now on show at South Kensington—whizzing along, "are the sun's horses; it isn't the coal that makes them go, but the sun, who, ages on ages ago, stored up carbon in the coal." Quite true; but the thing is to make the

sun drive his own horses, and thus to get rid of the heavy wages paid to coal and petroleum, and wood, and the other servants who have hitherto been considered indispensable.

It is nothing new to try to make the sun work directly for man. Archimedes did it. When Marcellus was besieging Syracuse, his fleet was set on fire by the philosopher's burning-glasses. Modern savants had been sceptical about this, so Buffon proved by experiment that, with lenses of very slight convexity, you can set beech and fir planks on fire, melt tin and silver, and make iron red hot; and this at a considerable distance. The French, having a good deal of sun, have always taken kindly to this class of experiments. De Serre found, more than two centuries ago, that glass is diathermanous; i.e., allows a free passage to the heat-rays, which it catches, as in a trap—preventing their egress. He at once applied his discovery to hot-houses—called *serres*, after their inventor. Saussure, a French Swiss, improved on De Serre, by showing that, if you place a set of glass boxes one on another, you may raise the air to a temperature considerably above boiling-point. Pouillet, forty years ago, measured the intensity of solar radiation; and calculated that, if there were a coating of ice nearly forty yards thick all round the earth, the heat which the sun gives us in a year is enough to melt it. The Italian Melloni carried on Pouillet's experiments, and determined the exact amount of heat which passes through different bodies, and also the divers values as reflectors of the various metals.

All this encouraged M. Mouchat to attempt—some fifteen years ago, when he was professor in the Lycée at Alençon—the construction of a solar steam-engine; and, at last, the Council-General of the Department of Indre-et-Loire were persuaded to give him a grant, which he has spent in setting up at Tours, in the courtyard of the old "Hôtel," where the library is installed, a large working model of his machine. It is a queer-looking object—a silvered reflector, shaped like a huge lamp-shade turned upside down, with a thick glass tube, closed at top, standing up inside it, and inside the tube a copper cylinder blackened outside. These are the furnace and boiler of the new engine; the working part—kept going by steam from the copper cylinder—is just like any other engine. The whole thing is not large.

The reflector is about two-and-a-half metres across the top, sloping down, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to one metre at the bottom; the height, which is also that of the cylinder, is four-fifths of a metre; while the cylinder is just a quarter of a metre across. The cylinder is of very thin metal, and has inside it another cylinder containing the feeding-pipe and the steam-pipe, the safety-valve, and so on. The space between the two contains the water; between the outer cylinder and the glass shade is nothing but heated air. That is the machine; its worth may be measured by the work done on various occasions. One day it took forty minutes to get two pressures of steam out of twenty quarts of water, at fifty degrees. A few more minutes brought the steam up to five pressures, and then they opened the valves for fear the flimsy cylinder should burst. Half-horse power seems the average "duty" of the Tours model; and, as the power of the reflector is quadrupled by doubling its diameter, the efficiency of the machine increases much faster than its bulk. Its working is almost independent of the external temperature: on a sunny day, last January, when the air was below freezing-point, the water took twenty-eight minutes to boil. There is a toothed-wheel contrivance by which the reflector is made to follow the course of the sun—turning fifteen degrees per hour round an axis parallel with the earth's axis; and this axis is shifted a little every week, so as to answer to the declination or annual motion of the earth. In this way the rays are always concentrated with the least possible loss. The cost of the little machine was less than sixty pounds; but when they come to be made wholesale, such machines will be much cheaper—the plating on the reflector, for instance, may be replaced by the thinnest silvering. Silvering it must be, for no other metal has the same reflecting power. Arrangements too will doubtless be invented for guarding against the danger of blowing up.

M. Mouchat's solar cooking-stove is, perhaps, a greater wonder than his steam-engine—the wonder being that people never thought of making it before. We say as regularly as the dog-days come round that "the pavement is hot enough to cook a beef-steak," and we let all this heat go to waste, annoying us instead of doing our work for us. Ericsson, the Swede, who has written a great deal on

the sun's heat, calculates that the sunlight which pours on the house-tops of a small city would keep at work five thousand engines, each of twenty-horse power. No doubt it would be more than enough in bright weather to cook the dinners of all the inhabitants, and give them boiling water for their laundries as well as for their tea.

M. Mouchat's stove is simply a glass vessel, set in the focus of one of his lamp-shade reflectors. It cooks everything well and rapidly; or, if you prefer steaming your food, you have only to fill this vessel with water, and connect it by a tube with another vessel containing your meat or vegetables. You may bake bread in this way, and also make excellent pie-crust, by putting a thin plate of iron under the cover of the glass vessel. For roasting meat, you need no covered vessel, nothing but the reflector and a spit fixed upon its focal line. Don't baste with butter, unless you take the precaution of placing a piece of yellow or red glass before your meat; otherwise the action of the light will form butyric acid, which is very nasty both in smell and taste. The coloured glass absorbs the rays which act chemically on the butter, and makes the light harmless. Distilling, of course, may be admirably done by such a slow and even process; none of the "aroma" is lost, as it so often is, when, in ordinary distilling, the fire gets too strong or too low. We can fancy that travellers over the African deserts, or the steppes of Central Asia, will find their account in taking with them some of M. Mouchat's reflectors.

But what is to be done in cloudy weather, or when—as is sometimes the case even in France—the sun refuses to make his appearance for several days? Clearly there must be some plan for storing up the sun's heat; and M. Simonin, well known for his elaborate works on mines and mining, suggests the use of black porous stones. These, under a tropical sun, would, he says, absorb heat, and might be packed in straw, wool, or any bad conductor, with very little loss of temperature; just as ice is packed and sent, almost without waste, to India and Brazil. These heat-stones could then be thrown into water, in order to make it boil—the primitive way of boiling among nations who have no kettles—or could be used in warming rooms, or for other domestic purposes.

There is plenty of power in the sun-

light. All that is wanted is to make it available. Modern scientists tell us that not only electricity and magnetism, but light and heat, and weight and motion, are forms of force—all arise from modifications of one single agent—are, in fact, due to the vibrations of that same mysterious fluid called ether, the sun being the sole combustible, and embodying in himself all the force of the universe.

Coal, we well know, is fossil charcoal; and charcoal is only a chemical equivalent for the sun's heat. Solar radiation decomposes the air round plants; the oxygen is given out into the general atmosphere, and the carbon is fixed in the plant. While it is being burned, a lump of coal gives back to the air the constituents of which it is composed. Away goes the stored-up sunlight, and oxygen is being sucked up instead of given off. It is the same with water power. You talk of the stream that turns your mill; but the sun brought that stream to you, probably from tropical seas. So with the tides, which people, at last, are seriously talking about employing—either directly to turn water-wheels, or indirectly by using them to lay up stores of compressed air. Now, coal is being used up at an alarmingly rapid rate. As things are going on, the coal in England, Belgium, France, and Prussia will be exhausted, they say, in less than three hundred years, while the larger fields of North America and China will only carry the world on for a few centuries longer.

One thing to be done, then, is to get the sun to do more of our work as fast as possible. M. Mouchat's machine might surely be used in the tropics—say, in Egypt, where the sunlight is so rarely broken; and in the West Indian sugar-mills. The value of glass has been already recognised out there—the salt-pans of Chili and the Mauritius are regularly glazed over. If the sun is made to do the work of coal on any extensive scale, of course the coal mines will last the longer. Hitherto all the efforts of savants have been directed to the production of hydrogen and oxygen—i.e., heat and light—at a cheap rate by the decomposition of water. Water can be decomposed by a thermo-electric battery; but the cost of doing it is far more than the cost of an equivalent in coal. Find out some way of making electricity by sunlight, and then you can decompose water, almost free of cost; and, this done, you will have unlimited heat and force at your disposal. That, then, should be

the grand aim of chemists, so to improve on M. Mouchat's invention, as to get by it, not concentrated heat only, but electricity. Hitherto, to decompose water has always needed at least as much heat as the decomposed elements would give out in recombining. Hence there has been no gain, but loss. If the work, instead of being done by heat which must be paid for, can be effected by that heat which costs nothing at all, we shall get our oxygen and hydrogen; and then the storing up of the sun's warmth in heat-balls at a really cheap rate need scarcely be thought of. Whether, when our coal is gone, we shall have to go and live within the tropics, is a question which those who choose to be speculative may discuss. To make such a move would be to give up the countries which for many centuries have been the chief seats of civilisation; but then, we must remember, it was not always so. The earliest civilisations that the world ever saw, and some of the most astounding, have been inter-tropical. It would be a strange world in which coal was not to be had except on the same terms on which gold is purchasable now; in which men should rummage among the old "slack" heaps of our Black Country, seeking for black nuggets as greedily as they do now for nuggets of the precious metal; and in which summer travellers would, with fear and trembling, make a tour in England or France, well armed with Mouchat's solar cooking-stoves or the latest improvements upon them, and condemned to cold meat, and, worse, to cold limbs, and cold in the head, if the sun should decline to show himself for a day or two.

Meanwhile, seriously, for our own sakes as well as for posterity, it might be worth our while to give M. Mouchat's machines a trial. Few people who don't keep accurate accounts know how large a percentage of their income goes up the chimney. Wood as well as coal has to be bought; and, despite our "kitcheners" and patent ranges, a great deal of wealth is wasted. Many a day in July and August it would be far more comfortable for everyone if the kitchen fire need not be lighted. There would be a saving in coal, but a far greater saving in temper. "Cook," compelled during the dog-days to keep her kitchen as hot as India, must get her liver out of order; and then her temper suffers, and your comfort is destroyed. You are happy if there is nothing worse than ill-temper; an over-heated kitchen is not unlikely to drive her to drink, and then what becomes

of your made dishes? Then, again, how much dust and dirt, just at the season when dust and dirt are most unbearable, one of these Mouchat stoves would prevent. Lastly, the use of them would necessitate the plan, suggested by every dictate of common sense, of kitchens at the top and not at the basement of the house. Think what a boon that would be, ye whose genteel ten-roomed house is never free from a pervading smell of soup and fish! Think of it, ye clerks, whose appetite is daily spoiled by the steam from below which greets you as you enter your cook-shop! Think of it; and pray that M. Mouchat may soon come to the rescue—however unlikely it may seem.

THE GREEN COFFEE CUP.

SHELLS were flying fast. Heralded by the hoarse scream that we in besieged Paris had learned to know so well, the hurtling masses of iron tore their way through the air, each on its errand of destruction. The dull, sullen roar of the enemy's cannon made itself heard even above the din of the exploding missiles and the thundering down of shattered masonry. There were few passengers in the streets, swept as they were by that iron hail from the Prussian batteries. It was at the very hottest of the bombardment, and I, then doing volunteer duty under the Red Cross, was, after a day's work at the ambulance, wending my way home. At the corner of the Rue Valgeneuse, I observed a tall and beautiful girl—a lady, evidently, and English, as I conjectured—in the act of crossing the street. Then came the scream, the whizz, and the roar of a bursting shell, and next a cry of horror from the few spectators, as we saw the English girl stretched on the ground, to all appearance lifeless. We lifted her from where she lay, helpless, on the rough pavement, and carried her to a spot more sheltered from the fire of the besiegers. She was not dead. A splinter had grazed the left temple, leaving a slight crimson stain on her glossy hair and pale cheek, and she had been stunned by the blow. Luckily, her name and address were inscribed in a little portfolio of water-colour sketches that she carried, and which one of the women picked up as it lay on the paving-stones. "Maud Neville" was the name, and the address, "37, Rue Montchagrin."

A light litter was hastily constructed of some of the broken rafters of ruined houses that encumbered the streets, and, for a bribe of a couple of napoleons, I induced two of the bloused workmen present to aid me in conveying Miss Neville to her home, which was in the distant suburb of Les Ternes. There, her widowed mother, weeping tears of joy over her recovered treasure, for Maud was an only child, overpaid me with her grateful thanks and blessings for the trifling service which chance had enabled me to render to her daughter. The doctor who was called in gave a good report of his patient; but what could I do but come, next day, to the Rue Montchagrin, to inquire after Miss Neville?

The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into intimacy. I had never met with ladies more refined, or with a household where narrow means were more gracefully coped with, than on that fourth floor of a gaunt Parisian house. I presently found out that Colonel Neville had known my own father, Sir Armine Brackenbury. The colonel was dead now, however, and some bubble speculation, in which he had invested his wife's fortune, had proved the ruin of the family. Mrs. Neville, as she unaffectedly told me, gave lessons in music; and on her earnings, and the produce of Maud's sketches, mother and daughter now lived. But Paris, during the siege, was frightfully dear, while few of the wealthy who remained there cared to learn music or to buy drawings.

Poor as my new friends were, they had never learned to steel their hearts against those who were poorer still; and among their pensioners was a brown, ragged, little Italian boy, who might have been twin brother to one of Murillo's urchins. Little Giacomo's padrone had run away, and the prop of halfpence dwindled to nothing; and Giacomo, and his monkey too, might have died of sheer hunger, but for Maud. The little fellow was the "signorina's" chief model and devoted slave, and when not munching his crusts, or capering about the courtyard, was sure to be asleep in a sunny corner, the monkey crouched beside him, its little weird face looking unutterably old, sage, and solemn, as it watched over its master's slumbers.

Then it came about that I fell in love with Maud, and that my love was returned, and that Mrs. Neville's consent was given, and only that of my father was needed. Towards this time, the armistice

opened the long-sealed gates of Paris, letters passed freely, and trade partially revived. Then came Sir Armine's answer—a cold, measured, courteous refusal—coupled with a guarded reminder that the property was unentailed; that it behoved me to "marry money," so as to pay off certain mortgages; and that such a marriage as I suggested was absurdly out of the question. Then, too, Mrs. Neville showed that she could be proud. She resented my father's decision; the engagement was broken off; and Maud and I saw each other no longer.

Then came the stormy period of the Commune, and the second siege, and next, peace; but through all these changes I lingered still within the walls of Paris, I hardly knew why. Maud I never saw. I led a lonely life, shunning my friends, and taking long and solitary rambles through the most out-of-the-way parts of the city.

On a sunny afternoon, when crowds of the pleasure-loving Parisians were out of doors, my attention was excited by some rare green china exposed for sale, amid Moorish weapons, Roman bronzes, and mediæval stained glass, at a curiosity-shop on one of the shabbier boulevards. I had always been somewhat of a collector, within the modest limits of my purse, and knew enough of china to be certain that this was really antique Sèvres, from the royal manufactory, and that the date, which was that of one of the latter years of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, was genuine. The price, too, was temptingly low. My apprehension was that the cups, authentic enough, were damaged articles vamped up for sale, with false glaze, and refring, and transparent cement—artifices well known to the trade.

The master of the shop, a stout-built Jew—whose French was spoken with a foreign accent, and whose hawk's eyes I caught regarding, as with hungry scrutiny, my gold watchguard, and the jewelled toys dangling from it—smiled greasily as though he had read my thoughts.

"Taste a sip of coffee from one of these!" he said, bowing; "you will be sure, then, milor, that it is sound, if your excellency will honour the poor Jew so far? Ah, monsieur, I will not detain you a moment."

A good many moments elapsed, and then the shopkeeper returned, followed by a black-eyed young Jewess of fourteen, with a brass tray, on which were a coffee-pot and sugar-bowl. My host selected, apparently at random, one of the green

cups, into which the girl poured the coffee. I tasted it. It seemed very nice and very strong. I drank off the rest, and turned to complete the bargain.

"Agreed, then, for the four hundred francs," said I, "and if you will be good enough——"

When, to my surprise, my voice failed me; my knees grew weak; there was a strange humming in my ears, and a red cloud seemed to flit before my eyes. Through the cloud I dimly saw one, two, three, hook-nosed faces appear from the inner recesses of the shop.

"If you are ill, monsieur," said the Jew, rudely, "you had better repose yourself." And he forced me down upon a low sofa, partly concealed by a curtain. My head had hardly touched the frowzy pillow before I sank into a deep and heavy stupor. How long this endured I cannot tell, but presently I found myself wandering through the ghostly panorama of a strangely-vivid dream. Many and many a night since then has that terrible dream recurred to me in broken fragments, but never with the life-like reality of its first presentment.

Methought I was in a Roman palace, the vast, shadowy halls of which gleamed with marbles, and gilding, and rare treasures from the plundered East, where dusky slaves, in white tunics and with tarbared heads, moved noiselessly to and fro; and the fountains that splashed and tinkled in the courts spread coolness and perfume around them, grateful in the sultry heat. At the gate watched the emperor's guards. I could see their lofty helmets and breastplates inlaid with gold. I was myself a patrician, doubtless, for my white robe and white buskins were edged with the privileged purple, while near me were other patricians, and men in homelier garb, who came, and went, and whispered with pale faces and trembling lips. And I knew that there was a conspiracy, and that I was one of those who had conspired against the tyrant to whom belonged all these splendours. Cæsar was to die, and to die by poison. Already the bribed cup-bearer, perhaps, had poured the poison into his wine, and, despite his legions and his pomp, the lord of Rome might be writhing in the agonies of—— What is this? Why, I am poisoned; but surely there has been some mistake on the part of those who administered the fatal draught, for this is one of those which stupefy—not kill. Yes, I am drugged—hooused with some vile stuff against which I feel my brain, my

pulses, my very life itself fighting in all the earnest instinct of self-preservation. The frescoed walls and marble pavements of the Roman palace fade away. Gone are the ivory couches; the black slaves, wielding fans of peacocks' feathers to cool the hot air of summer; the gilded arms of the prætorians at the gate. I am lying on the squalid sofa in the inner part of the curiosity-shop, too weak to stir, too weak to speak, and the conversation of men talking near me begins to force itself upon my still drowsy ear.

"Why not burn it?" said some one, speaking in a thick, husky voice, and very low.

"We lit the furnace on purpose to melt down that plate which Escarboucle and Spiderarms, boasters that they are, promised to bring in from the Marais; and now the good charcoal is wasting. What is hot enough for such a lump of silver would make short work of a Gentile's carcase."

"No, no," answered another voice, which I now recognised as that of the owner of the shop. "There would be stains on the kitchen-floor. Besides, some bones always remain to tell tales. Better keep it by us until we can open the grating, unperceived, and so drop it into the water and let it float to the Seine. Once there, none will connect us with the Englishman's disappearance."

"The Englishman!" It came creeping in upon my enfeebled mind that I was the Englishman in question—that I was the victim with respect to the disposal of whose remains this cool discussion, such as butchers might have held over a slaughtered calf, was going on. I remembered the greedy scrutiny with which the dealer in curiosities had scanned the trinkets rattling on my watchchain, and had no doubt but that he had purposely entrapped me for the satisfaction of his base cupidity.

"Melchior is right," chimed in a thin, reedy voice, which I conjectured to be that of an old man, "quite right. Water is safer than fire, my lads. Has anyone searched yet in the milor's pockets?"

"Yes," answered the master of the shop. "Here is the purse, which is tolerably well lined, though these"—and I heard the rustling of English bank-notes—"must be carefully disposed of, one by one, for fear the numbers should be entered in some book. As for the studs and rings, time enough to take them off him when

we get him ready for his swim to the nets of St. Cloud."

"But suppose he wakes?" said another, who spoke in the accents of a stripling, and who now for the first time joined in the conversation.

"He'll never wake on this side of Gehenna!" said the first speaker, savagely; and the old man acknowledged the words with a chuckling laugh. "Best make sure, best make sure, my dears," he said, in his thin, cackling voice. "Never leave a thing to chance. Once, when I was young, as we were putting one of them away in Amsterdam—aye, and he was English, too: a sailor—I remember we thought him dead, but he cried out, twice, when he touched the cold water of the canal, and tried to scramble up the slippery side; and, but for Yosef and his crowbar—"

"Oh, cut short your long-winded yarns, Father Zack," rudely interrupted the surly fellow who had first spoken; "I'll be bound to find a crowbar that shall prove as deft at skull-cracking as ever Yosef's was; and, when they take the milor to the Morgue, the hurt on the head will be laid on the keel of a barge, or the paddle-wheel of a Seine steamer—ho, ho!"

The mention of Amsterdam solved what, to my still dulled mind, had hitherto been somewhat mysterious. I had perfectly understood every word of what I had overheard, and yet the conversation had been couched neither in French nor English. Yes, it was Dutch that the men spoke, and that language was pretty familiar to me, since when a youth I had studied for a year, at the once famous University of Leyden. By a great exertion I contrived to raise my heavy eyelids a little, and could see that the group conversing consisted of four persons, all with marked features of the Hebrew type; though one had a long ragged gray beard, and one was not over sixteen years of age. The master of the shop was the third member of the party, and the fourth was a stout-built, truculent-looking fellow, clearly the amiable person who had suggested that I should be got rid of by means of the silver-melting furnace.

Up to this time I had understood well enough what was said, but now they carried on the conversation in a jargon incomprehensible to me, French, Dutch, and what I took for the corrupt Hebrew, or rather Chaldaic, which is more or less known to their scattered race, and of which the few words that I caught

seemed to have no reference to me. Then they all rose from their seats, and my heart throbbled fast, for, between my closed eyelids I could see that the stout Jew, the fiercest of the gang, was standing over me. I was too weak to rise and struggle, should he proceed to put into practice his murderous intentions, nor could I even call aloud. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief scarcely to be realised that I saw Melchior draw him away, saying:

"No, no! After dark, I tell you! I won't have the job done till then."

And then came the shuffling of feet and the muttering of voices, as that evil company departed.

Although my bodily weakness was still extreme, my mind was gradually and surely growing clearer, as my brain shook off the effects of the potion that as yet benumbed my limbs. The Jews were gone. Melchior and his accomplices, no doubt, considered me to be as assured a prey as the fly that is enveloped in the glutinous threads of a spider's web. They confided in the strength of the drug, and had left no guard over me; for I was the only tenant of the shop, lying, as I did, in a darkling nook, half-hidden by a curtain. It is probable that the villains had miscalculated the power of the narcotic, and that an overdose, as often happens, had saved my life by exciting, instead of stupefying, the nerves. But what was I to do? In vain I tried to rise. In vain I moved my dry lips and strove to speak. I could not. My languid head fell back, powerless, on the frowsy pillow of the sofa. Oh! it was an agony beyond words that I endured, as, helpless, speechless, I could see afar off the sunny boulevard with its gay groups of loungers, and knew that a summons would bring a hundred rescuers to my aid. Yet the summons remained unuttered, and the promenaders passed on, unconscious; and there I lay, like a sheep at the shambles, waiting, passively, till it should be dark, and my kidnappers find it convenient to complete their work.

There is a point at which mental agony, as there is a point at which physical pain seems to come to a dull dead stop. Torture cannot be pushed beyond a certain limit; and what has disappointed ingenious tyranny in the case of the infliction of bodily suffering, since first despotic cruelty began to work its will, is true of those less material pangs that affect our moral nature. My mind, long kept upon the rack, became apathetic at last. I began

to grow indifferent to the fate that awaited me. Die I must; and I found myself able to await the approach of night, and the return of the murderers, with a stolid equanimity that would have done credit to a Stoic.

I could understand, now, for the first time, those old stories of the American forest or prairie, in which Indian prisoners, enduring protracted torments at their captors' hands, had refused the opportunity of escape which some white man's compassion afforded, and remained, inert and uncomplaining, to perish, by inches, as it were, at the stake. I found myself philosophically meditating on the death I was to die, and the subsequent proceedings of the assassins. No doubt there was, near the shop, some one of those subterranean channels of running water, which connect the immense sewers with the outfalls into the Seine. It was but, with crow and lever, to lift a heavy iron grating, and then there would be a fall and a splash—

Would the villains in whose toils I was ever expiate their guilt, I felt myself marvelling, with a kind of lazy wonder, beneath the keen cooperet of the guillotine, or in clanking irons and the yellow serge of the galley-slave? Perhaps not. Perhaps my murder might be added to the list of undetected crimes, that are as a blot on our vaunted civilisation. The hoary old sinner who had cackled out his reminiscences of the "putting away" of an English sailor some fifty years ago, had kept his rascal neck from the hangman's touch hitherto.

By what ill-starred influence had I wandered, like a silly sheep that strays into the very jaws of the wolf, into that den of thieves! Probably the shop itself was but a blind for the unlawful commerce it covered, and the foreign Jews, receivers of plunder, and, at need, plunderers themselves, did not expect or desire legitimate custom. Most likely they had made Holland too hot to hold them; and when they had exhausted the rich mine of Paris, would try other hunting-grounds, in London, Frankfort, or Warsaw, perchance; until one day Nemesis, in the shape of a detective officer, should tap them on the shoulder.

The Morgue! Yes. The scoundrel spoke truth. Dragged from the nets of St. Cloud, with the mud and water-weed clinging to my dank hair and dripping garments, I should be laid out on those

wet stones, to be stared at by the curious, until, at last, the waif should be recognised. Foul play would be suspected, not proved. The name of Arthur Brackenbury would appear in the death-list of the London papers, and a few good fellows would be sorry, for a few minutes, as they puffed out their cigar-smoke after dinner, and spoke of "poor Arthur." *Bdt Maud*—

The remembrance of Maud Neville seemed to give me a little strength. I raised my head, and made a feeble effort to rise to my feet; but I might as well have tried to lift the granite obelisk in the Place de la Concorde; and I sank back, groaning. Over my limbs the baleful drug yet asserted its power, while my brain was quite clear, and my perceptions acute. Ha! Someone was entering the shop, from the open door that led to the boulevard—a customer, perhaps! Could I but appeal to such a one, I might yet be saved. But the figure halted, hesitatingly, in the doorway. It was that of a boy—a ragged, picturesque little fellow—with a hurdy-gurdy slung at his back, and a monkey nestling and gibbering beneath the shelter of his brown jacket.

"Carita, signori! A little charity for the poverino from abroad!" said the boy, with outstretched hand; and then, meeting with no response, seemed about to turn and leave the apparently empty shop. I knew the face and the voice. It was Maud's model and favourite, little Giacomo. Could I but enlist him in my cause, all might yet be well. But my voice failed me. In agony I strained every nerve in the effort to speak. The boy was stepping across the threshold.

"Giacomo!" Very weak and hollow, to my own senses, was the sound of my voice. It fell on the boy's quick ear, and he started.

"Who calls?" asked Giacomo, in Italian. I could but repeat his name feebly. He advanced, peering into the comparative darkness of the shop, and soon caught sight of me.

"Excellency!" he cried, his dark eyes flashing fifty questions at once; "you ill—"

There was no time to lose. At any moment, one of the Jews, hearing the sound of voices in the shop, might enter, and then the boy would be driven forth, and my last hope of succour gone.

"Stoop down your ear, Giacomo, for the signorina's sake," I said, gasping; and when the boy bent over me I managed, in

faltering accents, to communicate how it was with me, and in what bitter and deadly peril I was. "Go to Mrs. Neville—to Miss Maud," I said; "the police will hearken to them, while if you—"

"Right, excellency!" exclaimed the boy, showing his white teeth. "Nobody but Miss Maud believe little Italian beggar-boy. Keep courage, caro signore; Giacomo not let English gentleman be murdered by those hounds of hell."

He was gone, and I could catch the quick patter of his active feet upon the pavement. Giacomo had always liked me, partly for some kindness I had shown him, but more for the sake of his dear patroness. He was a sharp-witted urchin. Would he reach Maud in time?

Ah! but the daylight waned, and my heart sank within me, as I remembered the chapter of accidents, and how many chances might prevent the boy's finding Miss Neville, or Miss Neville's being immediately able to induce the authorities to listen to the boy's story. Yes, the daylight waned. Even the ticking of the tall clock that stood near me sounded ominously and unnaturally loud as it recorded the flight of one moment after another, each beat of the pendulum bringing nearer and nearer the fatal instant when the assassins should return. An hour, and yet half an hour, passed slowly by. The lamps were twinkling on the half-deserted boulevard. Then I heard a heavy tread, the creaking of a door, a murmur of conversation.

"Time to shut up shop, and tap yonder cask, eh?" said a brutal voice that I well knew—that of the sturdy, low-browed fellow who was foremost in the plot.

"Not yet. To close the shutters before the usual hour might attract notice," answered Melchior, cautiously. "In twenty minutes we will."

Twenty minutes! Was that all the time that I had, then, to live? It seemed but too probable. Giacomo's mission had doubtless proved a failure. I was too feeble to offer resistance, and my remonstrances would, I knew, speedily be silenced for ever. Even bribery would be useless in such a case. Dead men tell no tales. How unpitifully did the tall clock tick on!

The time was at an end. Melchior, aided by the lad, was putting up the shutters. The windows were now darkened. It only remained to close the door.

"Now, to make certain of sleepy-head here!" growled out the sturdy Jew, draw-

ing near, and swaying in his powerful hand something heavy.

"Let Melchior fasten the door first, my son!" piped out the old man.

As Melchior tried to close the door, some one opposed the action. A man in a rough pea-coat, with his collar raised and hat slouched over his face, pushed his way into the shop.

"Peste, bourgeois, you're in a hurry to be off to the theatre," said the new-comer, "that you slam your door against customers in that way—hein?"

"What goods might you wish to buy?" asked Melchior, in a voice that trembled, do what he would.

"Let us look about us a bit first," said the man in the pea-coat, with a quiet irony in his tone, that made the others uneasy. "One of you, I see, seems to have had a drop too much. You are trying to sober him, eh?"

"The gentleman is ill!" stammered Melchior, with white lips. The stout-built Jew muttered a curse.

"Ay, but you'll not cure his headache with a hammer or a crowbar, will you, comrade?" demanded the intruder, mockingly, and then he whistled shrilly.

"Come in, vous autres!" he cried; and the shop was filled in a moment by gendarmes and agents of police; and in the twinkling of an eye, after a brief and fruitless struggle, the four miscreants were overpowered and secured.

"Now that we have put bracelets on the wrists of these braves gens," said the sub-commissary, opening his coat and showing the tricoloured scarf beneath, "may I ask you, monsieur——"

But now my overwrought brain gave way, and I remember nothing more until I found myself lying in bed, very weak, haggard, and hollow-eyed. Who was that sitting by me. Surely it was Mrs. Neville.

"You have been ill for a long time!" she said, kindly; "a long time, but you are out of danger now, and—so the doctor says—may hear good news."

Two more figures beside my bed. One is that of Maud. The other—I can hardly believe my eyes—is that of my father, Sir Armine. He smiles upon me with a kinder and a more softened expression in his face than I had ever seen there, and places, without a word, Maud's hand in mine.

Sir Armine Brackenbury's crust of worldliness had given way at last; and on hearing that to Maud's promptitude and urgent entreaties to the authorities my

life was due, my father had hurried to Paris, formally to ask Miss Neville's hand in marriage for his son.

The Jews, to whom many crimes were brought home, are, I believe, working out a life-long sentence at Lambetta.

Giacomo, in comparative competence, has been restored to his native country, and I have for three years been Maud's happy husband.

A STRANGE PREACHER.

UPON the 27th of April, 1605, Rowland White wrote to the Earl of Shrewsbury: "At court there is one Haydock, of New College, Oxford, by profession a doctor of physic, who uses oftentimes to make long sermons in his sleep. The King's Majesty heard him one night; the next time, the Dean of the Chapel and Sir Thomas Chaloner; the third time, my lord of Cranborne caused a bed to be put up in his drawing-room at court, and heard him preach, and sent for my Lord Pembroke, Lord Shandos, Lord Danvers, Lord Marre, and others. He doth very orderly begin with his prayer; then to his text, and divides it, and when he hath well and learnedly touched every part, he concludes it, and, with groaning and stretching, awakes, and remembers nothing he said. The man seems to be a very honest man, of a good complexion, of a civil conversation, and discreet; hath no books or place of study; and twice or thrice a week usually preaches. Yet the king will not say what he thinks of it. He will hear and sift him ere he depart from court."

This preaching phenomenon, who turned his bed into a pulpit, and instead of sending his auditors to sleep kept them wide awake, while he, to all appearances, slumbered himself, was "born at Grewal, in Hampshire, bred in grammar-learning at Winchester," and admitted a fellow of New College in 1590. After taking the usual degrees he went abroad for some years, returning to Oxford to print a ponderous book upon painting and engraving, dedicated to the founder of the Bodleian Library. Haydock was reputed to be a dullard, with little or no scholarship, until he suddenly aroused the wonder of the collegiate world by preaching Latin sermons in his bed, sermons larded with well-chosen quotations from languages, such as Greek and Hebrew, of which he had hitherto been deemed utterly ignorant.

Says Anthony à Wood, "He would take a text in his sleep, and deliver a good sermon upon it; and though his auditory were willing to silence him by pulling, hauling, and pinching, yet would he pertinaciously persist to the end and sleep still," waking up only when he had ended his discourse, to express his surprise at seeing so many people about his bedside; and to increase the wonderment, when he was persuaded to exercise his marvellous gift beyond the college precincts, his thoughts were expressed in plain English.

The fame of the sleeping preacher "fled abroad with a light wing," and in time reached London, and came to the ears of King James. Ever anxious to seize an opportunity for displaying his acuteness in getting to the heart of a mystery, his Majesty caused inquiries to be made at Oxford respecting the somnolent sermoniser, and the information furnished by the authorities of the University whetting his curiosity still more, James directed that Haydock should be summoned to town, to give the court a taste of his quality. The bird, however, had flown. After a while he was discovered at Salisbury, where he was fast making himself a reputation as a successful physician. The retiring doctor was informed of the king's desire to hear him preach. He would much rather have remained where he was, but had no choice but to obey with a good grace, and trust to luck for a safe deliverance through the ordeal.

When the king made one of a select congregation gathered round the bed set up for the exhibition, Haydock "began with a prayer, then took a text from Scripture, which he significantly enough insisted upon for awhile, but after made an excursion against the Pope, the cross in baptism, and the last canons of the Church of England, and so concluded sleeping." What the king thought of the sermon he kept to himself, but sending for the preacher the next morning, he "privately handled him like a cunning surgeon," before allowing his privy-councillors to try their skill in cross-examination. Tired of being put to the question, and fencing with such sharp interrogators, Haydock wisely concluded it would be better to make a clean breast of it, than dare royal resentment by obstinately persisting in an imposture sure to be unmasked, and volunteered to confess the whole of the deceit wherewith he had

abused the world, if it would please his Majesty to pardon the offence, and deliver him from punishment. Having thus thrown up the cards, the doctor was necessarily compelled to make a formal confession of his wrong-doing, a confession James, "out of the depth of his wonderful judgment," considered not sufficiently clear and explicit, so there being no other way out of the difficulty, Haydock indited a full, and seemingly true, account of how he came to be tempted to practise on the credulity of the Oxonians, and of the manner in which he carried out the cheat.

Haydock's story was a curious one. He went to Oxford with the intention of devoting himself to the study of divinity, hoping in good time to qualify himself for the pulpit, but finding his desire incapable of realisation, by reason of his being afflicted with a slow, imperfect utterance and a stammering tongue, he, much against the grain, relinquished divinity for medicine. By-and-by it unluckily came to his remembrance that, when he was a Winchester boy, his schoolmates averred he was in the habit of talking Latin, and repeating verses, in his sleep. Turning the matter in his mind, he resolved to ascertain if, by speaking at the time of night he had been wont to talk in his sleep, he could achieve a readier utterance than he was capable of in broad daylight. Having studied physic to good purpose, Haydock commenced his odd experiment by trying what he could say on medical subjects, immediately upon waking from his first sleep after midnight, and, to his delight, found himself able to discourse readily in the silence of the night, when nobody was near to profit by his eloquence. His thoughts came freely, and his tongue did its office without hesitation. After practising in this way night after night for some time, he determined to try the effect of changing the subject of his midnight exercises. He accordingly selected a text, cogitated over it for three or four days, and then sat up in bed one night, after enjoying a nap, and preached aloud to himself a sermon which seemed to his judgment to be a tolerably good one. Thus encouraged, Haydock renewed his theological studies, and turned them to account in his nightly preachings. One night he was overheard by someone lying in the next room, and next day all in the college were made aware that Mr. Haydock had preached a learned discourse in his

sleep. He did not contradict the report, but yielded to the temptation of acquiring notoriety, if not fame, and humoured the deception. "I do here," said he in his petition to the king, craving pardon on the plea that he had no sinister plot, purpose, or drift, to disturb church or commonwealth, "I do here, in the naked simplicity of a most thankful and penitent soul, ingenuously confess and acknowledge, that this use of my nocturnal discourse, seeming to be said in deep and sound sleep, when indeed I was waking, and had more perfect sense of that I conceived and spoke than when by day I attempted the same, was from the beginning a voluntary thing, done with knowledge, upon a discovery in myself of a greater ability and freedom of memory, invention, and speech, in that mild, quiet, and silent repose of the night, than in the daytime I found."

Having brought the impostor to book, James looked leniently upon his transgression, as one arising from human infirmity rather than maliciousness; for, unjustifiable as his conduct might be, Haydock had injured no one but himself, and had never taken advantage of his opportunity to "murder, hack, and maul" the faith of his credulous hearers. So "the sleeping preacher" received the pardon he craved, and, returning to Salisbury, won the reputation as a doctor of medicine which was denied him as a divine. After some years he removed to London, and died there, just before the quarrel between the Crown and the Commons culminated in war.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOBY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER VI. AND LAST. MADELEINE'S MOTTO.

"AND he is really gone! Gone without a word?"

"He is really gone, my dear. I have the sight of my own eyes, and Mrs. Kellett's positive assurance, for the fact. I must say he has not managed his departure cleverly; to anybody who cares to think about it, it must seem sudden and mysterious, but no doubt he considered that it did not apparently matter to anyone, and so he did not care. It is an unqualified admission of defeat; and that is all which concerns us."

Ida Pemberton hardly followed Lady Olive's observations; her mind was too full of the sense that she was free.

"Gone!" she repeated again. "Do you think it is only for a while? Do you think he will write to me any more?"

"No, Ida, I do not. I am happy and thankful to believe that you will never hear more of Geoffrey Dale."

"But the people here—Clement Kindersley, and the rest; will he drop all communication with them?"

"As for Clement Kindersley, I cannot say; from what I have learned from Mrs. Kellett, I should think that detestable young man was, to a considerable extent, in his power, but we need not trouble ourselves about their mutual relations. From the moment that Mr. Dale received your letter he knew he was 'played out,' as people of his sort say, here, and he made up his mind to be off."

Lady Olive spoke in as light and easy a tone as she could assume, seeing that Ida was much agitated.

"Tell me again—I hardly understand—how it was that you saw him?"

"When you sent Bessy West to tell me her story, a portion of it confirmed a previous suspicion of my own. You remember that you refused to tell me when and where you had met Mr. Dale, and also that when I asked you what sort of man he was to look at, you made an excuse, and did not attempt to describe him. I could not get hold of the suspicion that arose in my mind while you were with me, but it came clearly enough when I picked up the envelope of the letter you had read to me—his letter: you had let it fall on the hearth-rug—and found it was exactly the same as some I had had from Mrs. Kellett, and had the name of the Wrottesley maker on it. In an instant everything was clear to me, and I was thinking over Mr. Dale's scheme, when Bessy West asked to see me next day. She told me, as was natural, a much fuller version of her story than she had told you, and I saw my way to a complete defeat of Mr. Dale's scheme in it, though not exactly as you did."

"Why, what more than his promise of marriage to another woman could be required to make him give up all claim to me?"

"As it turns out, you are right, my dear. It is plain that nothing else was wanted. But I thought, considering the stake involved, and the cool audacity he had

already shown, he might possibly brazen out even this, and, at all events, venture on molesting you so as to involve Mr. Dwarris in a quarrel, and bring your name forward objectionably. Something which Bessy West told me, concerning her last interview with the wicked man who had betrayed her, led me to believe that I could drive him into complete surrender."

"What was that?"

"Simply, my dear, that Bessy West's story proved the justice of Mrs. Pemberton's suspicions; that Geoffrey Dale did rob the man who died in your father's house of his money, and that he gave a portion of it to Bessy West in the identical box which Mr. Randall described to your step-mother, and which had formerly belonged to her."

"Oh, Lady Olive!"

"Yes, dear," said Lady Olive, "it is horribly painful; but it is better to know all the worst—you will the sooner get over it. Where is the box?"

Ida pointed to it. Lady Olive examined it and laid it down.

"I knew," she continued, "that he could not face or defy such proof as this; and, without letting Bessy West discover that her story had told me anything more than she meant to tell, I resolved to see Mr. Dale, and ensure his leaving Wrottesley without any further annoyance to you or anyone. I asked Bessy West whether she could come with me to Mrs. Kellett's. She was willing to confront him, and tell her story before his face, if necessary; and she said she could get out in the evening. I accordingly met her in the town, and, as you know, we saw Mr. Dale, travelling-bag in hand, just as he left Mrs. Kellett's house. I went on then, and ascertained from Mrs. Kellett that he had settled with her and gone away 'for good,' as she said, with emphasis."

"But only to Beech Lawn."

"Don't be uneasy, Ida; indeed, you need not. Everything belonging to him has been sent on to London, and long before this he has followed his belongings. I believe we shall never see or hear more of him, unless we make inquiries, which we are not likely to do."

"You really believe that I am quite free?"

"I am sure of it, my dear."

Ida laid her head on Lady Olive Despard's knees, and cried as a tired child might have cried.

"I don't deserve the release," she said,

through her tears; "and yet I feel it, somehow, doubly for papa's sake and Mary's. When must I tell all the truth to my uncle?"

"Not at all if you would rather not. He confided all his cares and directions respecting you to me, in the first instance. Would it be a relief to you that I should tell him that he need feel neither care nor anxiety, that he may consign Mrs. Pemberton's warning to oblivion, and believe implicitly that there is no shadow on your home-life now?"

"It would, indeed, Lady Olive. If you will do this for me, I shall be—quite happy."

Ida said the last words lingeringly, and with an effort which Lady Olive understood. "Quite happy" was too much for her to say for the present, and for some time to come.

"And about Bessy West?" said Lady Olive, after a pause.

"Yes, I have thought about her. She and I have a strange bond between us now."

"One which must not be drawn closer. I think she is even more thankful than you are to escape from him. Had he kept the promise by which he lured her from her home, she would have been a miserable and possibly a wicked woman. Free from him, she has the future in which to expiate the past. And she has suffered, Ida, as you could not have suffered, for she really loved him, while you never did."

"If I had only known, at the time——"

"Ah, yes, that is the refrain of the universal song; and none of us ever know at the time. But we must think for the future now, and I really believe Bessy West is right——" Lady Olive hesitated.

"You must not be hurt, Ida."

"I shall not be hurt; tell me what she says."

"She says that she would rather not return to your service, as you kindly proposed. Now I see you are hurt; you think you wronged her, and that she refuses to give you an opportunity of repairing the wrong—that this is the pride of the inferior. But it is not so, dear; and she is wiser than you. After all, you were the woman for whom he actually did forsake her, and she did become your servant. There never could be a re-establishment of the proper relations between you, and it is better you should not attempt fictitious ones. You can always be kind to Bessy West at a distance."

Ida shook her head.

"Ah," she said sadly, "you are right, no doubt, and at all events I must do as you say. I cannot go against Bessy West's will. But she never liked me; she helped me when the end came for Mary's sake, and she will never quite forgive me, rest assured. No, dear Lady Olive, near or far, Bessy West will never take kindness from me."

There was deep distress at Beech Lawn, for not only had Madeleine to tell her father of Clement's departure, with the vague apprehensions which it produced, and the certainty of his misconduct, which it implied, but Mr. Conybeare's condition was alarming. Mr. Kindersley was quite bewildered, and Madeleine found herself obliged to control her feelings, to conceal the knowledge she had gained of her brother's previous misdeeds, and to reassure her father. Mr. Kindersley's apprehensions were not allayed by his discovery that Mr. Durant had left Wrottesley with unaccountable suddenness on the evening of the same day, and he was haunted by the fear that the two were about no good, in company; for he did not believe Clement's story to his sister. Mr. Kindersley knew more about Clement than Madeleine knew, and he thought it most probable that he had adopted the alarming and romantic tone in order to half frighten, half wheedle her into giving him all the money she could muster. It was, however, vain to speculate about it; they must persevere wait for the promised communication from Clement; and Madeleine's task, that of supporting her father's spirits, in the meantime, was not an easy one. She fulfilled it, however, with the ready sweetness which characterised her. Supposing his story to be true, even in part, Mr. Kindersley felt certain that Clement would speedily require further supplies of money, and, therefore, their ignorance of his whereabouts could not last long. The days passed, however, and no news of Clement reached them.

Mr. Conybeare's illness took a favourable turn, and, after a short time, Frank Lester prescribed for his convalescent patient the usual "change of air." Now Mr. Conybeare was almost as obstinate in his local attachments as Tim Linkinwater, and travel, more extended in its range than from the bank to Beech Lawn, would have been utterly abhorrent to his soul. To Beech Lawn, however, he consented to go, and Madeleine found herself constrained

to undertake the office of hostess, and what Frank Lester called "finishing nurse," to the last person in the world to whom she could have imagined herself useful.

The days passed on, and Madeleine's patient was regaining his strength. He was also studying his young hostess closely; and as Griffith Dwarris was frequently with them, he had an opportunity of observing the relations between him and Madeleine, of which Mr. Kindersley was entirely unconscious. Mr. Conybeare rather enjoyed his convalescent sojourn at Beech Lawn; it afforded him a very favourable glimpse of domestic life, though, he never failed to observe to himself, as there was no Mrs. Kindersley in question, the modification of his opinion as to the preferableness of bachelorhood was only indirect and comparative. He had quite a gay time of it, for him; for there was bright winter weather just then, and the Dingle House people came to see him, and the brother and sister from Despard Court. Lady Olive found great favour in Mr. Conybeare's eyes; so that he one day said something to her which led to an unreserved conversation between them on the subject of Griffith and Madeleine, in the course of which Lady Olive told Mr. Conybeare the story of the hopes which had been temporarily excited by the supposed loss of all on board the Albatross. Mr. Conybeare listened attentively, made some trifling comment, and then changed the subject; but the following day he told Madeleine, when she came to read to him as usual, that he wanted to talk to her instead, and would trouble her to come and sit on a footstool by his side. Madeleine obliged him, wondering, when he said to her, gravely:

"My dear, you are the best girl I know, and Griffith Dwarris is by far the finest fellow. Marriage, as you know, is against my principles, but it is strictly in accordance with yours. I consider you very foolish in general, but very wise in particular; and I mean to get your father's consent for you this evening."

"Oh, Mr. Conybeare!"

"Yes, yes! You don't know what to say, so don't say anything. You want to know how I shall get your father's consent. I'll tell you: by simply informing him that I have left Griffith Dwarris everything I possess—it was done a year ago—and that the very best thing we can do is to make a partner of him immediately."

"Oh, Mr. Conybeare!"

"Don't cry, Madeleine; I cannot bear to see you cry, even for gladness. You are sure I have your consent? Yes, I see that is all safe. And—Madeleine"—here Mr. Conybeare smiled with traitorous alyness—"do you think, under the circumstances, you would mind just giving one daughter-like kiss to a childless old—'bear!'"

A week later—when Christmas was drawing very near, and casting its shadows of memory and association before it: shadows which must fall darkly on even prosperous and hopeful homes—a party was assembled at Beech Lawn, which included the friends who were so much together habitually, with the extraordinary addition of Mr. Dwarris. Audrey and Griffith agreed between themselves that their father was a different man since Griffith's happiness had been assured by Mr. Conybeare's action; and in this instance the attraction proved itself very strongly—the recluse had been tempted into society. Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Kindersley were talking—as men whose interests are in common can always talk unweariedly—of business; Lady Olive and Mr. Dwarris were playing chess; Griffith and Madeleine were singing "the old songs"—which either bring exquisite pleasure or intolerable pain, when their music is a tribute to the past—and, apparently, for their own exclusive gratification, for Audrey Dwarris and Frank Lester had walked into the conservatory, and were but dimly to be seen, and not at all to be heard, by the others of the party. Ida was seated by the fireside, and her eyes were raised with an expression of flattering attention to the face of Lord Barr, who stood on the hearthrug at a little distance from her.

"Are you really in earnest?" she had just asked him.

"About visiting the colonies? Indeed I am. I shall run over to see my father and the old place at the new year, and then start as soon as I can settle it. I have been here too long."

Ida said nothing.

"Yes," he resumed, "I have been here too long; and, though I have not what my sister calls 'the roving fit' on me—not one bit—I must go, just as if it were quite real."

Ida asked him for no explanation of this unreasonable state of things. She

slightly shifted the hand-screen which she held, but said nothing.

"I shall see your old house before I return," continued Lord Barr. "Would you like me to bring you news of it?"

"Oh yes," she answered quickly, and with tears in her eyes; "pray, pray do! I once promised that the colony should be 'home' to me, just as England was 'home' to papa; but I suppose I shall never——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who addressed Madeleine: "A person," the man said, then corrected the statement to "a lady," wished to see Miss Kindersley at once, on very particular business; he had shown her into the library. The eyes of the father and daughter met, with the quick look of instinctive apprehension.

"What is it? what is it?" said Mr. Kindersley advancing. "Stay, Madeleine, I will go with you."

"No, papa—it is only a woman—let me see her alone."

She was out of the room in a moment, and the others had gathered round Mr. Kindersley.

Madeleine found the lady standing opposite to the fireplace in the library. She was a tall person, and, when she turned at Madeleine's approach and her gentle address "You wish to see me," she displayed a handsome face, with good features, a bright complexion, and a bold expression. It was a face that Madeleine had never seen—that of the woman who had inquired, of Mrs. Kellett and Audrey Dwarris, how she should find her way to Beech Lawn, several months before. She looked steadily at Madeleine as she answered:

"Yes, Miss Kindersley, I do wish to see you. I have a message for you from your brother."

"Pray tell me what it is. Pray take a seat," said Madeleine, trembling very much. "Is Clement ill? Where is he?"

"He is not far off. He sent me on before to see whether he should be allowed to come to his father's house—to die!

"Oh! how awful!" exclaimed Madeleine, catching at the woman's arm to support herself. "To die! Is he really so ill as that?"

"He is. He has been ill a long time—ever since he left this and came back to me the last time, as he did many a time before; but he would not hear of your being told until the money was gone—his own and what I could earn for him; and

now it is all over. The doctor told me to take him home, and think myself lucky if I got him there alive. It's decline, you know—of the galloping kind, they call it."

She spoke roughly, but in her hard face and under her hard tone there was real distress.

"He's not like himself at all, Miss Kindersley, and he's so nervous, and fearful, and thinks there's no mercy for him; but he's done worse to me than ever he's done to his father that I know of, and I've taken him back when he'd gone too far for the patience of the people that would have been ashamed of me—and they say a child is nearer still."

"Nearer than what?" Madeleine said in a difficult whisper.

"Nearer than a husband or a wife. I'm his wife."

"His wife!"

"Oh yes, this long time. We were married when he lodged with me in London first. But never mind that; it doesn't matter now, nor what he did to me. I want nothing from anybody belonging to him for myself. What I want is what I can't give him, for himself. I was foolish once and I wanted revenge, and to show him up—but that's all over and done with. He hasn't a month to live, and I want him to die in peace and comfort. Then you need not trouble yourselves about me. Give me an answer, Miss Kindersley, and let me get back to him."

"Where is he?"

"He's in the town, at a Mrs. Kellett's. He said he knew she would take him in, and there was a doctor there."

At this moment Griffith Dwarris came into the room.

"Your father insists upon knowing," he began, "what this lady's business with you is. I thought it better—I have seen you before," addressing the stranger. "What is the meaning of all this?" He drew Madeleine within his arm, and she hid her face on his breast, while Clement Kindersley's wife told him briefly the latest incidents in the fast-closing life he had once saved.

"I cannot understand how it is that some people have such luck," said Lord Barr to his sister, as he was waiting for the carriage to take him to the railway station, two days after Clement Kin-

dersley's return to Beech Lawn. "Here's that good-for-nothing fellow ending his days with every chance for repentance, and 'making a good end' with his father, his sister, his friend, and last—but I really do not think least—his wife, all occupied about him, all lavishing every care upon him that the most virtuous of mankind could have deserved. And I suppose it would be very hard to tell to which of the four he has behaved most badly. Even his fancy for having Dwarris's marriage with his sister solemnised, all in a hurry, in his room, must be complied with, forsooth, just because he has always been a plague to his family! You must admit, Olive, it's discouraging to the discreet and the respectable."

"Barr, Barr, don't try to be a cynic and a grumbler. He has certainly not deserved this merciful ending, so far as we can see; but perhaps they who love him have deserved it, have won it for him, and, for themselves, the taking of the sting out of his death."

"I suppose that's it," said Lord Barr resignedly. "Time's nearly up," he added, looking at his watch. "You'll let me hear all about everything, won't you? It is rather odd, too, how quickly this place has become home to you, and how all these people have let you into their family secrets."

"It is, indeed," said Lady Olive, and she laid her hand fondly on her brother's shoulder; "but family secrets are not the only ones I have found out. My dear brother, don't be angry because I know yours, and have kept all I have to say about it until these last few minutes."

"What—what do you mean? Do you think—?"

"I think you will come back here from Ireland, and I have no doubt you will ultimately visit the colonies; but I don't think you will go alone. Trust me, Barr, you will win Ida Pemberton yet, if you only stick to Madeleine's motto, 'Wait and hope.'"

NEXT WEEK WILL BE COMMENCED

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," "At Her Mercy," "Halves," &c., entitled,

"WHAT HE COST HER."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGERD," "AT HER MERCY,"
"HALVES," &c.

CHAPTER I. WELLINGTONS IN EMBRYO.

ABOVE all the sounds that human ingenuity has invented to stir the heart of man, the bugle-call stands pre-eminent. It does not require for its appreciation imagination in the hearer, nor a particular phase of mind, nor a taste for music. The very charger pricks his ears and dilates his nostrils as he listens to it; and through the misty morning air it rings its réveillé bright and clear, and spirit-stirring as the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn" itself.

And yet there was no sound so hateful to the gentlemen cadets of the Military Academy at Woolwich, when it awoke them for extra drill. We are speaking, it must be premised, of a far, far-back time—not in years, indeed, but as respects the progress of humanity, which, as everybody knows, has taken such prodigious strides of late as to leave, not only our forefathers, but our very fathers, aghast at the perfection of their descendants. We have no doubt that in these days the bugle-call to early drill, being the call of duty—albeit a disagreeable one—is eagerly welcomed by the Woolwich cadet. He has doubtless marched step by step with the rest of the great army of our youth—and presumably in much better time—on the road to what one of the greatest philosophers of the age has denominated "bestness," and is highly principled, deeply religious, though competitive—"a Christian first and a gentleman afterwards;" in brief, a sort of per-

sonified Whole Duty of Man, gilt-edged, and bound in dark blue, and always pronounced by his reviewer, who is the Commander-in-Chief, "in habit studious, and in conduct exemplary."

We all know the story of that unconsciously cynical child, who asked of his mamma in the churchyard, "Where are all the bad people buried?" and, like him, when I read the narratives, put forth nowadays, descriptive of our young gentlemen at school—all, I suppose, more or less trustworthy—I am tempted to inquire, "Where are all the bad boys brought up?"

What becomes of them? Is the race extinct, or do they all run away to sea, as only the very worst of them used to do, and become "stowaways" in over-insured and presently-to-be-scuttled vessels? The question becomes as interesting as that of "hybernation" used to be in White-of-Selborne's time. They are not here. Where have they got to? Even if one offered a reward for a bad boy—we are speaking, of course, of boys of the upper classes only, though even the lower ones are being made angels of by the school boards at the rate of a thousand a week—we doubt whether we should secure a specimen. At the period of which we write, the good boy was about as rare a creature as the kingfisher or the otter; while the goody-goody boy, now so common as to be somewhat obtrusive, was almost as unknown as the dodo. One or two of these latter, driven by stress of circumstances, were indeed known to stray into the very spot we are now describing—the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich; but they were treated with such barbarity by the aborigines, who had a distaste amounting to fanaticism for any-

thing of the sort, that they fled away immediately, or perished as martyrs.

It is half-past five on a fine summer morning, and the sun is shining brightly into a high white-walled apartment in which Gentleman-cadet Cecil Henry Landon, "head of the room," and three others are lying, each on their "narrow beds" of iron, after the pattern of that patronised by the great Duke of Wellington, whose well-known figure, with uplifted finger, was at that epoch still to be seen in London streets. They are asleep, and therefore out of mischief; nor do their upturned faces, even in that powerful light, exhibit any signs of marked deformity. That of Landon is a very handsome one, though the handsomest part of it, his soft hazel eyes, are at present closed. His features are regular, and, if rather large, it must be said in their excuse that he is a tall young fellow. He has symptoms of a dark moustache, upon which the military authorities have already passed censure—for in those days moustaches were not permitted except to the cavalry—and on his sun-burnt cheeks there is that amount of down, for the removal of which wags recommend the cat's tongue instead of the razor. One arm, as white as a girl's and as strong as a navy's, is thrown upon the coverlet, and with the other he supplements the pillow, which is of "regulation" size—that is, about half the proper dimensions. There is a smile upon his face, so let us hope he is dreaming of his mother, who has, however, been dead these ten years, and does not recur very often to his waking thoughts.

In the next corner—all the beds are placed in the angles of the room, as though they were playing at puss in the corner—lies Hugh Darall, Landon's chief friend and ally. In character they are the antipodes of one another, which is, perhaps, one of the bonds of their friendship. Darall is diligent and painstaking, and, though a year junior to his friend, is much more distinguished as a student. It is almost time for Landon to pass for his commission, and he will doubtless do so when that period arrives, for he has plenty of brains; but he will not take a high place. He is too fond of pleasure to have much time for study; and he regrets his backwardness for one reason only—he will be in the artillery, whereas Darall is "safe to get the sappers" (the engineers), which will deprive him of his

companionship. The trifling advantage in the way of pay that the one service offers above the other is of no consequence to Landon, who is the only son of a rich City merchant; but it is of great importance to Darall, who is the only son of his mother, who is a poor widow. Darall is a strong, well-built young fellow, but not so handsome as his friend; his complexion is one of those delicate ones which will not take the sun-burn, and his hair is of that colour which, though it grows tawny with years, has in youth a fluffy appearance. A disciple of Lavater would, however, give this lad the preference over his fellow in the way of moral qualities: his mouth is firmer, his chin is squarer, and his blue eyes, as they open for a moment while the bugle blares and shrills in the parade-ground without, are much more steadfast. For a moment they open, as do those of the other two occupants of the apartment—younger lads, who are in subjection to their seniors—then close in serene content. Those three are in the happy position of that retired naval officer who made his servant call him at some small number of "bells" every morning, that he might have the pleasure of throwing a boot at him, and going to sleep again. They had not to get up; whereas Landon was in for "extra drill." His eyes remain open, and in his reluctant ears the martial music continues to blare on.

"Confound the bugle!" exclaims he, passionately; then puts forth a hand to the socks upon the chair beside him, and proceeds to attire himself in his regimentals. Even they are old-world and forgotten now; something between the famous "Windsor uniform" and that of the telegraph boys—light-blue trousers with a red stripe; a dark-blue coat, turned up with red, and with metal buttons; and a really becoming forage-cap with a gold band. If anybody is ever good-looking at 5.45 A.M., and before he has washed himself, Cecil Henry Landon might claim to be so, as he stands equipped for drill. He has a minute or two still to spare, and "Never waste time" is the family motto engraved upon his gold watch. He takes up the regulation pillow, and, moving towards Darall, poises it above his head; but a troubled look in the sleeper's face arrests his attention, and causes him to change his purpose. "No, Hugh, you shall sleep on," he mutters; "this will be an ugly day for you—a monstrous unpleasant case

of 'yes' or 'no' you will have to settle—and it shan't trouble you before it's time. But as for these young beggars"—and he turned rather savagely towards the two younger lads—"it is not to be endured that they should be thus enjoying themselves while their senior officer—at least, I was an officer till the governor broke me—encounters all the hardships of his profession."

And at the middle syllable of the word "profession," he brought the pillow down with a thwack upon the nose of the nearest sleeper.

"Eh—what the devil——! Oh, it's you, Landon!" exclaimed the suddenly-awakened youth, running the whole gamut of expression from wrath to conciliation in a breath.

"Yes; it's me, Trotter," answered the other, mimicking; "ain't I a second father to you? Here you are, oversleeping yourself, and running the risk of arrest, when the bugle is just going to sound for the second time for extra drill."

"But I'm not down for extra drill," expostulated Trotter.

"Then you're a deuced lucky fellow," observed Landon, coolly. "It must be this lazy Whymper that wants to be woke;" and, with a sharp and adroit movement, which showed practice in the art, he pulled away the pillow on which the other young gentleman was sleeping the sleep of innocence—or at all events of forgetfulness of his crimes—and brought his head down, with a bang, upon the iron framework of the bed.

"Hullo—oh dear me—did you please to want anything, Landon?" said Whymper, rubbing his eyes and the back of his head coincidentally, yet at the same time contriving to present a respectful air.

"Yes I do. I want to know what the deuce you mean by destroying the property of Her Majesty's Master-General of the Ordnance by dashing your thick head against your bed bars; I do believe you have obliterated the broad arrow. There's the second bugle! It's too late now for you to be at extra drill, you young sluggard."

"But, indeed, Landon, though I am much obliged to you for waking me, I am not down for— What an abominable ruffian! Did you ever see such an unmitigated beast, Trotter?"

The last part of the sentence was spoken by Gentleman-cadet Whymper, after Gentleman-cadet Landon had rushed from the room to the parade-ground, and in a

tone that bore every mark of genuineness and deep feeling. The speaker was a fat and rosy youth, with projecting eyes, which had gained for him the appellation of the Lobster.

"Your sentiments are mine, Lobby, to a T," responded Trotter, whose frame was still quivering with mirth at his companion's discomfiture; "but let us be thankful that our friend is now being tormented by two drill-sergeants while we are lying at ease."

"But I am not at ease," answered the other testily; "I have a lump on my head as big as a hen's egg."

"Well, let me be thankful, Lobby, and have my sleep out;" and without waiting for the desired permission, off he went at once into the land of dreams.

Gentleman-cadet Whymper poked up his bolster, but found it little to his liking; the lump in his head had become one of the finest organs that ever met the eye of a phrenologist.

"Confound that Landon!" exclaimed he passionately; "of all the vile, abominable, and hateful wretches—of all the monsters in human form—if you can call his human—I do think——"

"Who is it that you are talking about, sir?" inquired the authoritative voice of Senior-cadet Darall, whom Landon's onslaught upon the two "neuxes," as the last-joined cadets were called, had awakened, in spite of his solicitude to avoid disturbing him.

"I was thinking of those infamous scoundrels who mauled poor Bright and Jefferson, at Charlton Fair, yesterday," observed the Lobster, in his most dulcet tone.

Darall smiled lugubriously. The smile, and, perhaps, the melancholy also, encouraged Mr. Whymper to continue the conversation.

"I suppose, Darall, there is to be no change in the arrangements for two o'clock drill to-day; we are to obey orders?"

"Whose orders?" inquired the other, drily; "those of the officer in command, or of the old cadets?"

"Of the old cadets, of course," answered the Lobster. He had not only come out of his shell by this time, and was all softness, but was in addition, as it were, oiled, as if for a mayonnaise; "no one cares about the officers, I should hope."

"Why, I expect to be an officer myself, you young scoundrel, or at least to go down to the Arsenal, within the next six months."

"Oh, then, of course that will be dif-

ferent," answered the other unblushingly. "If all the officers were like you, nobody would wish to disobey them. It's only the governor and the captain of the company, and those two disgusting lieutenants——"

"One of them is my first cousin, sir," interrupted Darall sternly.

"Nay, I like that one; we all like that one," observed Whymper obsequiously; "it is the other that is such a beast."

"Which of the two lieutenants of the Cadet Company do you call a beast, Mr. Whymper?"

Mr. Whymper was to the last degree disconcerted. The chances were exactly even that he should get himself into a hole, by picking out the wrong lieutenant. But, fortunately for him, Darall was a good-natured fellow, slow to anger, and with a touch of humour which—except in the case of great villains, when it takes a grim and cruel form—has always a softening influence upon character. He was called by the younger cadets, or "snookers"—the poor creatures had many a derogatory alias—"Gentleman Darall," and by his contemporaries, we are afraid somewhat in derision, "the Snookers' Friend." It was not, however, his friendliness that protected Mr. Whymper on this occasion so much as his indifference. He seemed to have forgotten that he had put that crucial question about his first cousin at all, and was gazing earnestly out of the window, through which came the abrupt sounds of command from the drill-ground, as though the familiar words had some new interest for him.

"There will be a precious lot of extra drill, I expect, after to-day's business?" observed Whymper interrogatively.

For a neux to ask frivolous questions of an old cadet was in general a dangerous impertinence—something like playing with a tiger's tail; but there was a certain fascination about it to Mr. Whymper, who belonged to that large order of persons who had rather the king said to them, "Go to the devil," than receive no notice from majesty whatever; and, moreover, this tiger was a tame tiger.

"I suppose so," answered Darall, abstractedly.

"And are we to remain at the fair till night, or return for evening parade?" continued the other. "One might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and I shall certainly vote for staying."

"You vote!" ejaculated Darall, in a tone of scorn equal to a folio. No Tory peer could have uttered "You vote!" to a

coastermonger with more contempt. You would have imagined that Gentleman-cadet Whymper was not a vertebrate animal, and indeed he wished himself a snail that he might have had a shell to creep into. It did not mitigate his embarrassment to perceive his friend Trotter alive to the situation, and making faces at him expressive of lively enjoyment of it. "This is what comes, my dear fellow," said the faces, "of 'sponging,'" a word indicative, in the Royal Military Academy, of an attempt to conciliate one's superiors, and of such extensive application there that any devotional observance, or rather the bare idea of it, was stigmatised as "sponging upon Providence."

The return of Landon from extra drill at that moment was a positive relief to Mr. Whymper, notwithstanding that that gentleman's presence generally brought some inconvenience with it, as indeed it did on the present occasion.

"Now you snookers!" cried he, skimming his forage-cap with skilful accuracy on Mr. Trotter's nose, and unbuckling his belt with a certain vicious snap, the significance of which was well understood by those whom he addressed, "it's a lovely morning, and you must go out and enjoy it. 'Better to hunt the field for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a noxious draught,' says the poet. I want to have some private talk with Darall."

Neither young gentleman needed any further recommendation of this healthful suggestion, but each—with his eyes furtively fixed upon the belt, which seemed to have a sort of basilisk attraction for them—rose from his couch, and commenced his toilette.

"You can wash afterwards," observed Landon, curtly; "go and stand under the window, and when I chuck the soapdish or something at you, then you will know that you may come upstairs again."

"All right," said Trotter as he vanished through the door.

"Thank you very much," said Whymper, meaning doubtless to acknowledge the consideration of Landon's arrangement. A clothes-brush from that gentleman's unerring hand hissed through the air, and smote his retreating figure as he followed his more agile companion.

CHAPTER II. THE TEMPTER.

"WHAT a wretched sneak and sycophant that Whymper is," ejaculated Landon, as he sat down by his friend's pillow.

"How can it be otherwise under such a system?" observed the other coldly. "He will be open and brutal enough, you may be sure, when he comes to have the upper hand."

"Well, the system is good enough for me, Hugh, so long as it lasts, which will not be very long in my case. I only hope it won't be equally short in yours; that is what I am going to talk to you about."

"So I guessed," answered Darall, gravely. "I am obliged to you, my dear fellow, for I know you mean me well; but all the talking in the world won't help me—that is if this Charlton business is to go on."

"Well, I am afraid it is. Those two young beggars—Bright and What's-his-name—really got it very hot from the Fair people. The news from hospital is that What's-his-name's leg is broken."

"Jefferson's? I am sorry for it; but I don't believe he was worse beaten than when Rayner thrashed him with a wicket the other day."

"Very likely not; but then that was administered by authority."

"Authority!" echoed Darall, impatiently. "He was beaten within an inch of his life because Rayner has a bad temper, and happens to have been at 'the shop' a certain number of years."

"Just so, he is an old cadet, a position which confers certain privileges. Old families are looked up to in the country, and their cadets permitted to do pretty much what they please upon exactly the same ground. They have existed a certain number of years, and that is put down to their credit. One can't prevent people being idiots."

"We needn't make the world worse than it is, Landon, that is my argument. However, I don't want to debate the matter. It is probable, as you say, that after to-day's work you and I may not have any personal interest in any system in vogue in this academy. It will be very little satisfaction to my poor mother to know that the roughs at Charlton Fair have been paid out for what they have done to Bright and Jefferson, when she learns at the same time that I have lost my chance in life."

"Pooh, pooh, Darall, you won't lose it. I shall lose it, of course; I have had too many bad marks against me, already, to allow of old Pipeclay giving me quarter. He will be glad of the opportunity of getting rid of me. But you—why, you are a pattern cadet. If they send you

away, where are their good young gentlemen to come from? He daren't do it. I don't think he will even put you back on the list; for he must put others in front of you, who will have transgressed as much as yourself, and without half so good a character. He won't make a corporal of Whympier, for instance, I suppose; if he does, I'll throttle the fellow the very first time I see him in his embroidered collar."

"That would help me a good deal," said Darall bitterly.

"Well, it would, you know, because it would make a vacancy, and discourage others from superseding you. But, seriously, I think you needn't be apprehensive of anything serious."

"Sir Hercules told me only last week," said Darall slowly, "that he looked to me to set a good example, and that if I failed him, by committing any act of insubordination, he would be down upon me more than on others, since it was plain that I knew better."

"That's what comes of being virtuous," observed Landon gravely. "He never ventured to threaten me in that way. Give old Pipeclay an inch—in the way of good conduct—and he's apt to expect an ell. Therefore I never gave him so much as a barleycorn. Nobody can say I have not been prudent in that way. I have aroused no expectations from the first. I came into the shop low in my Batch—played under my game, as it were—on purpose that I might always take it easy as to work; and as to morals—I have not left a great deal of margin. I was made an under-officer, only to be broken the next fortnight, and have got into all sorts of rows besides. But, then, my dear fellow, you have no idea how I have enjoyed myself!"

The naïveté of this remark, uttered as it was in a tone of cheerful frankness, brought a smile into Darall's face in spite of himself. It was hard to be angry with Landon; even the neuxes (with one or two exceptions, however) admired this handsome, reckless young fellow, full of gaiety and good spirits, and forgot his sharp treatment more quickly than they forgave that of others. It had always somewhat of the flavour of a practical joke.

"You have a happy nature, Landon," said Darall, with a half sigh; "and, besides, you are in a position to do as you like. If you were 'bunked' to-morrow, it would make no difference to you—or very little."

"Well, no; I do believe that the governor—I don't mean old Pipeclay, but my governor—would be rather pleased than otherwise to hear I was expelled, as in that case there would be some chance of my becoming a business man. But it will be a horrid bore for me; the notion of a high desk, with a box full of red wafers—they use wafers in that hole in the City, for I have seen them—ledgers, day-books, and mail-days, is anything but agreeable to me. But there, what is my trouble, as you are doubtless thinking, compared with yours?"

"No, Landon, I am making no comparisons. But what makes it very bitter to me is the thought that my prospects—and some one else's (one's mother is one's mother, you know)—are about to be sacrificed for a shadow, if indeed there is a shadow of cause for it. This Charlton business has always been prohibited, since the last row there five years ago. These two young rascals knew it; knew how we were hated—and not without reason—by the Fair people; and yet they must go there and kick up a row. If the truth were known, they doubtless deserved all they got."

"I have no doubt they did," answered the other with mock gravity, "but the insult must be avenged. Bex is quite fixed upon that point. 'The honour of the whole Cadet Company,' said he, at our meeting of the heads of rooms last night, 'is at stake, and must be preserved at any cost.' You know what an enormous fool Bex is, and can imagine his manner. I was called to order for laughing at it!"

"I can easily believe that," answered Darall gloomily.

"I must say for Bex, however," continued Landon, "that he sacrifices himself to his notion of esprit de corps. For being the senior cadet of the company, who will give us the word of command to disobey standing orders, he is quite certain to get his congé. It is a case of very determined suicide indeed."

"I don't suppose Bex has anybody dependent upon him, as I have," observed Darall coldly.

"I should think not," answered Landon. "It would be altogether contrary to the fitness of things that anyone should be dependent upon Bex. The Cadet Company will lose in him the soul of (mistaken) chivalry, but not one pennyweight of common sense. But as for you, Darall, it can't afford to lose you; and I have a

plan to preserve you to it. Look here, my good fellow, you must go down to hospital."

"Go down to hospital!" repeated Darall; "what for?"

"Because you are very ill. You have not been able to sleep all night for neuralgia; that's always the safest thing, being invisible, uncomeatable—and also because they know nothing about it—to stump the doctors. You have been suffering tortures from neuralgia, as I will certify upon the evangels, if my word as a gentleman cadet should prove insufficient. There are two witnesses—there they are under the window—who will corroborate my testimony in every particular, or I will know the reason why. Not, of course, that any such evidence will be necessary. A man of your character and antecedents has only to say to the medical officer, 'I have neuralgia,' and off you go—in a litter if you like—to Ward Number Two; it looks out upon the garden, and there's a man on the premises, I know, who will send you up some rum-shrub in a basket. You can come back again to-morrow, when all this business is over—why shouldn't you? neuralgia comes and goes in an hour—and be complimented by old Pipeclay, perhaps by the Master of the Ordnance himself, for not having 'sullied a career of promise by so flagrant a disobedience of orders as, he was sorry to say, has disgraced nineteenth-twentieths of your contemporaries.' The sentence would be much longer, but that's his style. Then, so far from being placed lower down in the list for promotion, you will be at the top of it—vice Bex himself, perhaps, and a precious good thing for everybody too."

"And do you really think, Landon, that I am the kind of fellow to get out of a difficulty of this kind by a paltry evasion—that I would stoop to 'malinger' and sham——"

"I say 'easy over the stones,' my dear fellow," put in Landon gravely. "I've shammed half-a-dozen times myself to get off church parade and lots of things."

"Perhaps; but not to avoid the responsibility of doing right—or wrong. If I had the pluck to say, 'This going down to Charlton Fair is contrary to orders, and therefore I won't do it,' that would be all very well——"

"Oh, would it?" interrupted Landon, disdainfully. "It would be one of the most contemptible attempts at sponging that ever happened. A thing that Whympser

would have done, and I hope only Whympers amongst us all."

"I am not so sure that it would not be the right thing, Landon," continued the other; "I mean, as respects one's regimental duty. However, I am not strong enough—or weak enough, if you will—to adopt such a course. On the other hand, I ask you again, do you think I am the sort of man to shirk a great danger, and at the same time get an advantage over my companions, by an acted lie?"

"My dear fellow, of course you are not," answered Landon, with emphasis, "and that is the very reason why you should do it. Nobody will venture to impute such motives to any conduct of yours. You are in the position of a man who has unlimited credit, and, if you don't draw a bill for something worth having—in other words, when you have such a chance as this—you might just as well have no credit at all—like me. Look here, Darall, I am serious," added he, with energy, "there is nothing dishonourable in the matter. How can you talk of honour in such circumstances? On one side of the question are a couple of silly neuxes, who have been deservedly thrashed; Bex and his rhodomontades; what fellows will think of you—even if they come to know about it, which they never will—in short, a collection of rubbish; while, on the other side, are your whole future prospects in life—your mother with an empty purse and a breaking heart. How can you doubt for a moment what is the wise, aye, and the right thing to do? For my part I shall say no more about it, but leave you to follow the dictates of your own good sense."

Taking some halfpence from his pocket, he stepped to the open window and discharged a volley of coppers upon the two neuxes beneath.

"Come up and wash yourselves, you young scoundrels," cried he, and mind you don't make a row about it, for Darall has got neuralgia and wants to be quiet."

"I have not got neuralgia," remonstrated Darall.

"Yes, you have; or, at least you will have if you have got an ounce of brains for neuralgia to work upon. Hush, here they are," and, making a gesture of silence to the two new-comers, Mr. Landon proceeded to perform his own ablutions softly, while they did the like.

Darall did not speak, which was, as his friend concluded, a point gained, and certainly he looked troubled enough, like one

in pain, which was another point. Landon was clever enough to understand that self-interest is a more powerful arguer with every man than the most philosophic of friends; and, having sown the seed, he wisely left the crop to come up of itself.

THREATENED GUILDS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

THREATENED men, it is said, live long, and the same remark may be applied to institutions. A famous historian has set forth in often—alas! too often—quoted language, the probable survival of a certain ecclesiastical organisation at the expense of the foundations of London-bridge itself. It is true that London may share the fate of other great cities, but admitting the possible extinction of the City, it is by no means certain that its institutions would be swept away with it; that those great companies, which are supposed by the kindly race of antiquaries to have sprung from the Roman collegia, will not remain in some form—perhaps translated to the southern seas—but still retaining the spirit of the ancient brotherhoods or guilds. The wards of old London may be represented by the islands of Melanesia; the loving-cup may be brewed of "awa;" the mace may be changed into a carved representation of the Mangaian universe; the ducal cap of fur worn by the Lord Mayor's swordbearer may be exchanged for a plume of horrent feathers; conch-shells may take the place of trumpets; sharks' teeth, the place of jewels; and all ancient prejudice against the use of the flesh of the bimana having been dissipated by the efforts of philosophers, soup, literally deserving the title of "bonne femme," may take the place of turtle; and a genuine "baron" may displace the familiar haunch of venison. All these, and greater changes yet, may occur on the earth's crust without disturbing the continuity of the collegia flourishing in our own day as guilds or City companies, in spite of the howls of economists and the shrieks of disestablishers. So long ago as 1837 a royal commission was instituted for inquiring into municipal corporations; but the City guilds have survived that shock, and will probably outlive Mr. Gladstone and his descendants until the time when the great Antipodean Federal Republic shall hold in its hands the balance of power—whatever the precise nature of that implement may be.

The late Mr. W. Black, the learned

author of the History of the Leathersellers' Company, insists very strongly on the antiquity of guilds, scoffs at the shallowness of those who see nothing in them indicative of an earlier civilisation than that of the Anglo-Saxons, and contests the opinion of those etymologists who derive them from the Saxon word "guild" or "geld." He inclines to another reading altogether, preferring to consider the sound rather than the modern spelling of the word. "Gild," says Mr. Black, "is a true and pure British noun, signifying contribution," and together with the British verb "gidiauw"—signifying to yield, to produce, to contribute, and other derivatives of the root "gil"—may be found in any Welsh dictionary. Both the idea and the thing signified are Roman; and the name is purely British, adopted by Saxon and Norman conquerors to express what they found existing among the natives. Hence came the "gild" or "geld"—whether as a verb or as a noun—of the Anglo-Saxon laws, and the geldscipe, geldum, and geldare of the Normans, the latter occurring perpetually in Domesday Book, in the sense of "yielding" a revenue to the public exchequer. To practical admirers of green fat, however, the word matters very little, provided we have "the thing," and this is, Mr. Black avers, Roman—every bit of it. What is there in the nature, constitution, and purpose of mediæval guilds that cannot be found in Roman antiquity? The Romans had their religious, charitable, and obituary clubs; they had associations for trade, manufactures, and other secular business. Moreover—and this is most important for our purpose—the Romans had their colleges, charged with the election of local and municipal officers for the government of the city, or subdivisions of the city. These colleges were themselves regularly elected and constituted, and in all of them the leading feature was "contribution" for the purposes of the society or community. That idea was briefly expressed in British by the term "gild," which afterwards passed current in the vulgar Germanised dialects, called in modern times Anglo-Saxon. A very few years of careful study have been sufficient to destroy the idea imparted by the wretched histories formerly used in English schools, that English history was cut up into distinctive periods. No conception of the life of a country can be more erroneous than that of a community constantly broken up by terrific cataclysms.

Looked at carelessly and from a distance, the great battles—which occurred at rare intervals, by the way—appear to have changed the destinies of countries, but in sober fact they did nothing of the kind. We read of the conquest and civilisation of Britain by the Romans. That England was brought completely under subjection, and enjoyed for at least three centuries all the advantages of Roman rule, there is no reasonable doubt; and that the arts of civilisation—notably law and eloquence—flourished at the extremities of the tree long after they had died out at the heart, is also well known. We have, therefore, the picture of a highly-civilised Roman community existing in England in the fifth century—actually occupied for part of that century by Roman legions. Are we to suppose that, when the Roman legions abandoned England, Roman civilisation went with them? The fact is, that the English people, thoroughly imbued with Roman customs, remained behind; and when subsequently conquered by the Saxons, absorbed the conquerors into the mass of the population, as was the case with the victorious Normans of a later date. The influence of the Scandinavian element on our laws and language cannot be overlooked, but yet it remains probable that the communal life of the people survived these shocks, and blossomed out again as the mediæval guilds, which have proved so great a stumbling-block to antiquarians. Doubtless, the barbarian was a mighty destroyer; but, as he did not exterminate whole nations, he could hardly demolish custom and tradition. That he did not do so is proved by the curious survival of ancient pagan festivals utterly foreign to the barbaric theology of the north; and it is hardly asking ourselves to believe too much when we adopt the theory of the continuity of the Roman trade collegia, of whose whilom existence in Britain there is abundant proof, and of whose abolition there is no record. In confirmation of the view that the City companies are derived directly from the collegia which flourished in Roman Britain, Mr. John E. Price mentions that an inscription, found at Chichester, immortalises the Collegium Fabrorum (Carpenters); another at Castle Cary, Scotland, the "Image Makers" or Collegium Ligniferorum; and a third, found at Bath, commemorates the "Smiths," or Collegium Fabricensium. The enthusiastic historiographer of the Worshipful Company of

Leathersellers also claims to have discovered by an inscription in Reinesius, the direct ancestor of that venerable body in the "Collegium Pellionariorum et Procuratorum." With like care and patience he traces the office of reeve to that of præfect, and sees in the port-reeve of the city of London the urbi præfectus of the Romans; and, in the constitution of the municipality, an exact reproduction of Roman officers. These, in Roman terms, were the præfectus urbi et portui; the two consules, the senatores of the several regiones of the city, the camerarius, and the recorder. Besides these, no judicial officer can be traced in antiquity, excepting the vexillator, who held the fortress of Baynard's Castle and the office of standard-bearer in fœe by barony, and had a seat in the City Supreme Court of Husting. Of these great officers, the latter has long since disappeared; the others are represented by the lord mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen of the wards, the chamberlain, and the recorder, all having judicial and administrative functions.

Other authorities are content to derive guilds from the Saxon custom of frankpledge. Associations for mutual assurance and protection against crushing amercedments, in the shape of blood-money or otherwise, were cemented by meetings together at a common table at stated times, in order that the members might the better identify each other. At these meetings much eating and drinking went on, till the time when Ina made a law to prevent turbulent proceedings at any geboerscipe. This very word has caused much difference of opinion between etymologists and antiquaries. One holds that it signifies an assembly of free men; "gebur" in Saxon meaning a common man; while others, equally profound, maintain that geboerscipe means simply beer-ship, beer-drinking. With all deference to the learned persons who find an affinity between guilds—properly so called—and frankpledge, I venture to remark that these frith-guilds were country institutions or communities, established for a specific purpose, and not trade-guilds formed for general purposes by those following one particular craft. It seems then safer, as trade-guilds existed in towns during the Saxon period, to assume the continuity of the Roman collegia, than to imagine that the rude boors of the rural districts imposed their barbarous customs upon the dwellers in cities. The survival of similar

organisations in France seems, also, to strengthen the hypothesis that the whole of modern and mediæval municipal machinery is of Roman origin, but slightly modified by the influence of Christianity and barbarism. It is well, however, not to dogmatise overmuch, for, despite the mention of the guilds of the Londoners in the *Judica Civitatis Londoniæ*, compiled under King Æthelstan, very little is known of their precise constitution. They seem to have consisted of a head or governing council, corresponding to the modern court of assistants, and a body of associates. In Herbert's excellent *History of the Twelve Livery Companies of London*, it is stated that "the favourite number of the council with its principal was thirteen, in imitation of Christ and his apostles." Ducange mentions one society—probably a religious one—which consisted of twelve men and only one woman, who represented the Virgin Mary. The first charter ever given to a guild by an English king was presented to the Knighten Guild by Edward the Confessor; but this document merely ratified privileges granted by his predecessors. This Knighten Guild, or rather its principals, consisted of thirteen persons, who had a district, "soke" or territorial guild, and enjoyed "customs" which must have included ordinances for their government. Stow assigns the origin of the Ward of Portsoken—clarum et venerabile nomen, but a cause of laughter among scoffers—to this Knighten Guild. "This Portsoken, which soundeth as much as the franchise at the gate, was sometime a guild, and had this beginning as I have read. In the daies of King Edgar, more than six hundred yeeres since, there were thirteene knights or soldiers, well beloved of the king and the realme—for service by them done—which requested to have a certain portion of land on the east part of the Citie, left desolate and forsaken by the inhabitants by reason of too much servitude. They besought the king to have this land, with the liberty of a guild, for ever. The king granted to their request, with conditions following; that is to say: that each of these should victoriously accomplish three combats, one above ground, one under ground, and the thirde in the water; and, after this, at a certain daie, in East Smithfield, they should run with speares against all comers, all which was gloriously performed: and at the same daie the king named it Knighten Guild,

and so bounded it from Baldgate to the place where now are towards the east." The constitution of the Knighten Guild was changed in 1115, on the founding of Trinity Priory by Queen Maud, who gave to that convent "all the lands (district) and the soke (franchise) called in English Knighten Guild, but reserved the 'gild-scipe,' or right to be a trade corporation, which it is remarkable is not assigned either by this grant or its confirmation by Henry the First, or other sovereigns, and, in consequence, the prior of Holy Trinity became the territorial lord, or alderman, of Portsoken Ward. He recorded an account to the Crown of the taillage imposed upon the men of that ward by Edward the Second, like any other alderman, for his ward. He held courts of wardmote, and was actually seen by Stow, riding in procession with the mayor and his brethren, the aldermen, only distinguished from them by the colour of his gown, they wearing scarlet, and he, as an ecclesiastic, purple.

Another early guild was that of the Steelyard merchants of London. They were a branch—or, perhaps, rather, as Herbert suggests, "gave existence to the famous Hanseatic League"—a commercial confederacy first formed on the east shores of the Baltic in the eighth century, and who were thence called Easterlings. They are known to have been settled here before the year 967, for a regulation of King Etheldred's of that date declares that "the Emperor's men, or Easterlings, coming with their ships to Belingsgate, shall be accounted worthy of good laws." They were not to forestall the markets from the burghers of London, and were to pay toll at Christmas and at Easter. This famous guild had a council of twelve and an alderman, and a great factory in Dowgate Ward, on the bank of the river. This ancient house was called the German Guild-hall (Gilhalds Teutonicorum), and grew by degrees almost to a fortified quay. Big walls and strong gates were necessary, for the London mob was jealous of the foreigner, and disinclined to respect his rights in time of riot. Within this factory the Hanse men lived under strict regulations. They dined at a common table, and were compelled to remain single, for, if anyone married an English woman, he lost his "hanse" and became disqualified from the burghership of any town connected with it. Nor was any member permitted to sleep out of the factory, or to communicate

to the English any resolution of the Council of Commerce held within the Steelyard.

Almost as ancient as the Steelyard is supposed to be the guild of saddlers, although there is no positive evidence of its existence before the Norman period. The saddlers, however, have no doubt of their extreme antiquity, and their faith is borne out in some measure by a convention between them and the canons of St. Martin's-le-Grand, touching the burial fees and ceremonies for the deceased brethren of the saddlers' craft. It is odd, though, that when we seek for positive proof of the existence of a regularly constituted guild, the actual historic period of guilds is no older than Edward the Second. In making this assertion, I am by no means underrating the hearsay evidence as to the antiquity of the companies already alluded to. It is in fact enhanced by the *Placita de Quo Warranto* of Edward of Carnarvon, in which is recited the charter given to the Gilda Tellariorum, or Weavers' Company, by Henry the Second. From the time of this document it is evident that there must have been many other trading guilds extant in the metropolis in the days of the first of our Plantagenet kings. The charters granted to various companies, though affording proof that they existed at the date of the charter, must not be understood as proving that the guilds had not existed for hundreds of years before. They mostly refer, either to previous documents, or to custom and immemorial usage. The early document just referred to affords abundant evidence that the organisation of guilds was perfect at the time it was written. They held meetings, elected annual officers, kept courts, made bye-laws, and governed their several trades with almost absolute sway. Their importance is proved by the existence of guilds set up without the king's licence, and amerced accordingly. A notable instance of a guild existing by prescription long before it was regularly incorporated by charter, is found in the Mercers' Company, whose antiquity as a metropolitan guild may be traced back at least to 1172, the society being a few years afterwards named as patrons of the great London Charities. Robert Searle, mercer, was mayor as early as 1214, and, in 1296, the Company of Merchant Adventurers is stated to have arisen out of the "Guild of Mercers" of the city of London. Those "adventurers" were the English merchants who first began to attempt the establishment of a woolen

manufacture in England towards the close of King Edward the First's reign. Yet the Mercers' Company, despite these proofs of its power, was not actually incorporated by charter till 1394. The present hall of the Mercers' Company occupies part of the site of the ancient hospital of St. Thomas of Acon (Acre)—the place of the first settlement of the Mercers in London. On the spot where is now the entrance to the hall in Cheapside, stood the house of Gilbert Becket, citizen and mercer. In his youth Gilbert had caught the crusading fever then prevalent, had joined the army, and, after fighting bravely, was taken prisoner. Here we come upon one of the favourite stories of the crusading period. The usual "fair Saracen" fell in love with him, released him from durance, and following him to London, became a Christian, and the wife of the crusader. The son born to Gilbert and Matilda, the fair Saracen, was none other than Thomas—in his youth clerk in a sheriff's office in London, and eventually Archbishop of Canterbury. He was Thomas of Acon (the ancient Ptolemais), the birthplace of his mother; and twenty years after his murder his sister Agnes built a chapel and hospital on the place where her brother was born, and dedicated it "to the worshippe of God Almighty, and the blessed Virgin Mary, and of the said glorious martyr." Soon afterwards one De Helles gave to the masters and brethren of the mercers "alle that lande that was sometime Gilbert Bekkettes, father of the said Thomas the Martyr, and where he was born, which landes be yn the parishe of St. Mary, of Colechurch, yn London, yn free, pure, and perpetuall almes for evermore," and constituted the Company of Mercers patrons. In 1406 the Company of Merchant Adventurers obtained from Henry the Fourth a charter in which they are designated "Brothers of St. Thomas a' Beckett." The mercers paid great honours to their patron saint; and the chief magistrate of the city, on his inauguration, was wont to go, "after dinner," from his house to the church of St. Thomas of Acon, thence to the church of St. Paul, and thence to the churchyard where Thomas a' Beckett's parents were buried, there to say another De profundis. A mercer in olden times did not signify a dealer in silks, but a vendor of small wares. Merceries comprehended all things sold at retail by the "little balance," or small scales, in contradistinction to groceries—not spiceries these—

but all things sold by "the beam" or wholesale. The Mercers' Company is especially proud of the memory of those great citizen merchants Whittington and Gresham, who were both mercers; as was Sir Geoffrey Bullen, the ancestor of Queen Elizabeth. The Gresham Trust—very badly administered, by the way—is vested half in the Mercers' Company and half in the city of London; and the mercers are also patrons and trustees of St. Paul's School, of Mercers' School on College Hill, of Collyer's School at Horsham in Sussex, and of many charitable institutions, among which are Whittington's Almshouses, recently removed to Highgate, to make room for the Mercers' School. Like the mercers, the grocers have a patron saint—no other than St. Anthony. The site of their hall was occupied by a synagogue prior to the expulsion of the Jews from England in 1291. The Jews were succeeded by the "Brethren of the Sack," a body of friars, so-called from wearing sackcloth as their daily garb; and the brethren by Lord Fitzwalter, whose descendant sold the chapel to the Grocers' Company, since when it has undergone some curious vicissitudes. From synagogue to friary, thence to a nobleman's and a merchant's house, the old edifice by the Jewry at last sank into the Windmill Inn, celebrated by Ben Jonson as the favourite resort of the roysterers of his day. As Mr. Heath, the historian of the Grocers' Company, observes, "Every trace of the Windmill has long since disappeared; its orgies are remembered only in the pages of the dramatist, and the voice of riot and debauchery which once filled its chambers is silent, and has given place to the more sober festivity which the hospitality of the Company occasionally calls forth at the hall." The ancient grocers took great pleasure in their garden, and spent considerable sums on its alleys, hedgerows, and bowling-greens. Many successive ordinances were made for the better management of these gardens, hard by the Poultry; and it would seem that, in spite of all attempts at repression, our worthy citizens of the old school were wont to enjoy themselves in a rough and primitive style. In 1670 the following resolution was made: "Upon complaint and observation of the unseemliness and disturbance, by taking tobacco and having drink and pipes in the court-room, during court sitting; and for the better decorum, order, and gravity

to be observed, and readier despatch and minding of debates and business of the court, and avoiding the occasion of offence and disgust, it is agreed that, hereafter, there shall be no taking of tobacco, or drinking, used or permitted in the court-room during the sitting of the court; and if any person have a desire to refresh himself by a pipe of tobacco or a cup of drink, at a convenient time or interval of serious business, to withdraw into some retiring-room more suitable and fit for the purpose. Any person infringing this rule to fine five shillings, for each offence, to the poor-box." The Grocers' Company grew out of the ancient Gilda Piperarorum, or fraternity of pepperers.

Much younger than the Grocers' Company is that of the Drapers', incorporated in the reign of Henry the Sixth. In olden times the terms "draper" and "clothier" were interchangeable, the manufacturing, selling, and making of goods into clothing being often carried on by one and the same person. A notable instance of a successful draper of early times is that of John Winchcomb, of Berkshire, the famous Jack of Newbury, who in the reign of Henry the Eighth arrived at great wealth and distinction. He was descended from a rich draper of the same name, in Candlewick-street, who was also a wholesale manufacturer and seller of cloth. It is difficult to assign a date for the transfer of the cloth manufacture from Flanders to England. Apparently, the peasant of the Saxon and early Norman times contented himself with garments of coarse homespun—the finer qualities of wool being sold to go to the Netherlands, whence it returned manufactured into a fine cloth that could only be purchased by the great. Yet the establishment of the Weavers' guild goes to prove that the textile industry of this country must have attained importance, soon after the Conquest. Something like a point of departure is found in the statute of Edward the Third, which prohibited the exportation of wool from England and the importation of cloth from beyond seas—a piece of paternal and protective legislation which would delight the average Frenchman or American of to-day. More than this, one John Kemp, of Flanders, and other Walloons were invited to London by the king, and settled in the ward of Candlewick. The Netherlands were glad enough to come to England to work under royal protection, their tyranny and exclusiveness in their

own country having roused the people in arms against them. Here they were free to exercise their repressive spirit, and, according to the general spirit of the old guilds, they adopted the policy of entirely confining their trade to themselves. In 1533 we find a member suffering fine and imprisonment for daring to employ foreigners, and engaging an apprentice outside of the guild.

Quite as intolerant were the Fishmongers of early days—not as now, one compact guild, but divided, at first, into two companies, the Stock-fishmongers and the Salt-fishmongers: the former bearing "lucies" (carp) and the latter, dolphins, in their arms—now combined on the shield of the Fishmongers' Company. The dealer in fish was an important personage in the days of the Plantagenets, and many statutes were enacted from time to time regulating the sale, nay, the price, of fish. The Act of Parliament thirty-one of Edward the Third was called the Statute of Herringe, and empowered the chancellor and treasurer of England to regulate the buying and selling of stock-fish at St. Botolph's, the precursor of Billingsgate. About this period lived Sir John Lovekyn, Sir William Walworth, and many of the wealthy stock-fishmongers, who rose high in civic rank. Strong laws were needed to curb the rising commercial genius of London, as the many enactments against forestalling and regrating the markets abundantly testify. The Company of Fishmongers have ever kept their high estate, since Walworth smote Wat Tyler in Moorfields, and long is the list of their charities and trusts, pageants and festivities. Equally glorious is the Goldsmiths' Company, one of the heaviest amerced of the unlicensed guilds in the reign of Henry the Second—a proof at once of its wealth and antiquity. In modern times the Goldsmiths' and the Fishmongers' Companies have acquired renown by their splendid entertainments, and the sumptuous halls in which it is their pleasure to abide. In the "good old times" not a few of the City companies had their regular feuds, and fought on occasion. A desperate encounter oftentimes led to a lasting friendship, like that between the Fishmongers and Skinners, and the Goldsmiths and Merchant Taylors, of old called Linen Armourers. The Merchant Taylors are possessed of a great estate, out of which they pay to charitable uses, pursuant to the wills of the respective donors, several thousand pounds per annum. The Haberdashers' Company pay out a still

larger sum annually in charity. The Salters' Company suggests once more to the writer the hopeless question—"What is a drysalter? What does he do, and what does he salt?" but this inquiry is too serious to pursue at the present moment. It is said by competent authorities that the Guild of Salters employed themselves anciently in salting fish, but if this were the case, what did the salt-fish and stock-fish mongers do? So far as can be discovered, the Salters, if they did salt fish for others, liked something better for themselves. At the banquet held in honour of the goddess Salina, the worthy Salters were wont to eat of a certain pie, still made by the following recipe in the books of the Company: "For to make a most choice Paasty of Game to be eaten at y^e Feste of Chrystemasse" (17th Richard the Second, A.D. 1394)—"Take pheasant, hare, and chicken, or capon—of each one—with two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits, and smite them in pieces and pick clean away therefrom all the bones that ye may, and therewith do them into a crust of good paste, made craftily in the likeness of a bird's body, with the livers and hearts, two kidneys of sheep, and forcemeat and eggs, made into balls. Cast thereto powder of pepper, salt, spice, eysell, and mushrooms pickled; and then take the bones and let them seethe in a pot, to make a good broth therefor, and pour it into the crust of paste, and close it up fast and bake it well, and so serve it forth, with the head of one of the birds stuck on at one end of the crust, and a great tail at the other, and divers of his long feathers set in cunningly all about him." Having but one other chapter in which to discourse of the Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers, and the many smaller but interesting bodies not included among the Twelve Great Livery Companies, I think it wise to leave the Worshipful Salters to discuss their pie in peace for the present.

A GAME OF BRAG.

WHEN I see in the street a certain great nobleman, very active, very thorough, and, above all, very manly, it is no more and no less than natural that I should think of his adventures in another "stage of being." He would smile a little, and colour a good deal, to remember how Singapore laughed at him fifteen years ago;—to remember, I

should say, what cause of merriment he gave, for at that time he was much too high in air to catch the remarks of a trading community. A friend who has "cast his lines" in Colorado, and finds it a pleasant place, lately asked me, with indignation, whether the story I have on my pen can possibly be true. He says that a wealthy neighbour boasts himself the hero of it. I don't see, for my own part, that there is anything to be proud of; but poor human beings will find glory in such unpromising nooks and corners. As for the tale, it is quite correct, and one could not grudge an enemy his triumph in it.

I will call our English peer Lord Archer, if you please. With half-a-dozen friends he arrived at Singapore on his journey round the world. Whilst there he undertook an expedition against the elephants on the Johore river. Returning from the Johore he laid his yacht opposite the timber-yards of the Tumangong, a great potentate over yonder. One day, after lunching with the chief, he got into the dingy to go on board. A tall, lanky, ragged fellow came up, and asked to speak with the captain. Archer took him into the dingy.

To the captain this ragged rascal described himself as a gentleman of San Francisco, who had visited the East in search of fortune. Not finding it anywhere so far as he had "perspected," he felt satisfied the East was a swindle, and wished to work his passage towards home. Though the fellow frankly owned that his experience had not yet been turned to navigation, Archer gave him a berth, and he set about making himself useful. His utility resolved itself into mixing drinks and telling stories, wherein he was a master, as we knew by experience at Singapore.

If there be any gift on which his lordship prides himself, it is his shooting. Even now you can get "a rise" out of him by this bait, and fifteen years ago it was a craze. So far as he had yet travelled on his way round the globe, nobody had been met who could smash a bottle with so much ease and grace, until this wandering Yankee came on board. Without the least regard for his lordship's ancient family, or his own subordinate condition, he demolished the bottles faster than they were emptied. It made no difference whether they floated astern, bobbing in the waves, or swung from the yardarm, or even pitched into the air. Bottle aimed at was bottle gone, and Lord Archer grew mad.

One day, when the Yankee had beaten

him again, he said, "You're very clever, my good fellow. Do you think you could shoot as straight if another man was looking at you along his pistol?"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," said the Yankee, who was always prudent in giving the title, but had his own way of doing so. "Did the lord ever hear of a butt and barking match?"

"Never, sir!"

"Perhaps the lord has heard of barking a squir'l?"

"I've done it myself a hundred times. 'Barking a squir'l' is the ordinary practice of hunters who wish to save the animal's skin. A charge of shot fired into the bark of the tree above or below a squirrel causes it to tumble headlong by the vibration——"

"Where I come from we sometimes try human natur' that way at a friendly meeting."

"How do you mean?"

"One gentleman plays squir'l, and the other has for to bark him. If he draws blood, o' course he spoils the fur, and he loses. As the lord puts a kinder challenge to me, I'll take first butt." He calmly stripped off his coat, then his shirt, and sat down under the bulwarks behind the wheel. "Now," says he, "I'm ready."

"Go to your duties, man, and don't let us have any more of such tomfoolery."

"As the lord pleases, any time will do."

Two or three days passed, and the yacht returned to Singapore Roads. One very hot morning, as the yachtsmen lounged about their hotel, his lordship offered a hundred pounds for just a suggestion of something to do. The Yankee, who was present, observed, "I'll job that, if the lord's serious."

"Why, what can you propose?"

"Just the butt and barking match, that the lord challenged me to awhile ago."

"I made no challenge. Be as good as to cease these hints."

"The lord made an observation, if I might put it so, as threw doubts on my shootin' and my narve——"

"I did nothing of the sort. Don't let me hear any more of it."

"Oh, certainly. Any time will do."

"If you're going to continue this sort of nonsense," said Archer, angrily, for they were all laughing round, "you had better leave my service, and find your butts elsewhere."

To this the Yankee made no reply at all; but, when he withdrew, Archer's

friends were unanimous in declaring it a shame to dismiss the man. Nothing more passed until the yacht reached Bruni. There it seemed quite impossible to discharge a white man, and this fact encouraged the Yankee to make a dead set at his lordship. He hinted so ingeniously and so persistently, and Archer's friends laughed so much, that his lordship, in a rage, told him to prepare. Again the fellow stripped, and sat down by the bulwarks.

"Now," said Lord Archer, "what the devil am I to do?"

"Blaze away, as near as you dare shoot. If the lord draws blood, or if I start, he's lost, unless I do ditto."

"What, am I to let you shoot at me?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, enough of this folly. I apologise for what I said, and here's ten dollars for you."

The Yankee took his ten dollars, put his coat on, and said gravely:

"Will the lord butt now, or wait till after lunch? I don't deny as the work's per'lous, and maybe you'd feel heartier after feedin'."

"Now, I've had quite enough of this, my good fellow. If I hurt your feelings I've apologised, and I've paid. So have done. I like your cocktails better than your conversation. Mix me one."

The cocktail was brought respectfully. Whilst his lordship sipped it through a straw, the Yankee, standing before him, held forth:

"The lord sees it's a kinder thing as needs narve, is butting. The bark ain't considerable. It's the butt as gives that deep satisfaction to poor human beins. When a man's butting is right he feels contempt for the futur—he does so! And for why? For that he knows his body is scrap-iron, cold-worked, an' his heart is copper-bolted with no waste nor escape; an' his narves are Swedish steel, superior to sample. Them facts he do know, gentlemen, an' they're a satisfaction to him, whether he stakes his pile in this world or the next. So I would not disappoint the lord if you'd like to butt."

"Hang you, sir, I don't like to butt. Tell them to lower a boat, and tell Captain Macnab I wish to see him in my cabin."

His lordship went below.

The Yankee was not at all alarmed, apparently. He stood with us on deck, telling odd stories, until the captain, approaching, ordered him briefly to prepare for leaving the vessel. He only said, "This

ain't what I'd expected from the lord. An' it ain't sportsman-like, that's what I say." So everybody thought, but his lordship proved unbending. Bruni enjoys the advantage of an American consul; and, as for wages, Archer would have paid five hundred pounds rather than sail with such an impudent vagabond. So our Yankee went over the side with an air mingled of respect and resignation. The captain handed him to his consul, gave him a liberal tale of dollars, and returned alone.

The Sultan of Bruni showed as much politeness to his aristocratic visitor as that extremely barbarous potentate knows. A Malay cannot understand nobility other than that of the blood royal. They called Archer "Pangaran," and gave him a salute of one hundred guns. He passed as brother of the Queen, and to have contradicted this idea would only have caused suspicion and general awkwardness. Besides, if truth be told, Archer liked it; liked it as those only can understand—not being Malays—who have observed that the fetishism of aristocracy has no such hot believers as the aristocrats themselves.

Amongst other civilities, his Highness the Sultan of Bruni begged a passage on the yacht for Pangaran Mudah Kassim, his uncle, as far as Singapore. That high and well-born chief was charged to protest against the demoralising system of the Sarawak Government, which caused thousands of tax-paying Dyaks to emigrate from Bruni every year. After the salute and the compliments, Archer could not well refuse the request. And the proceedings of a great Malay noble must be interesting to watch. So Lord Archer assented gladly, and upon the day appointed, long before his lordship had thought of rising, the Pangaran with his suite had received the Sultan's last instructions, had heard a serenade from his wives, and had come on board. More even than that, the vessel was under way before Lord Archer turned out. Coming on deck at last for early coffee, at an hour when his guests thought the day had done, he found the Pangaran seated in a full blaze of sunshine on the fo'k'sle, grave, majestic, yet polite, as are all of his race, hot or cold, noble or plebeian. Archer desired him to take shelter at once, and easily translated his request through an English-speaking seaman of the crew. But the Pangaran, still polite, bowed this person away, and demanded his own interpreter.

The interpreter came—a being quite as grave, as majestic, and as polite as his master—arrayed in homespun silk, cloth of gold, Persian turban, and jewelled kris. He raised his hands above his head to take the order, and again to repeat it. Upon this intimation the Pangaran smiled and rose, leaning on the shoulders of two or three attendants, and deviously made his way aft. Amongst those funny facts which delight the ethical philosopher, there is none more droll than the affectation of sea-sickness by Malay nobles. It is aristocratic to be ill among a people nine-tenths of whom are born upon the water, as one may say.

So the Pangaran staggered to his cabin, just as though he had not sailed the seas as a pirate since he was born. And there, perched upon the bed, he chewed betel on the sly, smoked long cigarettes, and exchanged remarks about the weather with his suite squatted round him, who overflowed into the saloon. Nothing did he want to know about steam-engines or general science, in explaining which Lord Archer had anticipated no small contentment. Coming on deck, he assisted at the winding of chronometers, the display of sextants, and all the rest, without any interest at all. Lord Archer concluded that the Pangaran was a fool; wherein he mistook. What was shown to Mudah Kassim he had seen a dozen times, and he had quite intelligence enough to know its value. But he was intelligent enough to perceive, also, that mere questions would not enable him to understand the matter; and a Malay of rank does not, if he would, profess himself ignorant, ab initio, and ask for the alphabet of science. He has his dignity to keep up. It is not stupid pride, like the Chinaman's, that makes him profess indifference to the wonders of European knowledge, but rather a consciousness of his own inferiority, and a politic resolve to keep it hidden.

But Lord Archer thought his guest a fool, and left him alone. Two days out from Bruni a sudden calm befell the voyagers, and it was necessary to get up steam. During this pause his lordship, standing impatient on deck, heard a voice which he thought had been left five hundred miles behind him. "Perhaps the lord might think," it said, "as this is an opportunity for that there butt!"

Ah, but Archer's face was a sight to see as he turned! The Ancient Mariner may have beheld some such expressions,

as "each turned his face with a ghastly pang and cursed him with his eye!" Behind his lordship stood the interpreter, Persian turban, cloth of gold, kris, and all. Archer stood speechless with rage, whilst the other smiled blandly. "Who the—and what the——!" and so on, his lordship began.

"Oh, if it ain't convenient just now, there's no hurry," said the interpreter, submissively. "Any time as suits the lord will do for me!"

"Macnab, put her about, and run her ashore!" poor Lord Archer almost shrieked. "I won't have this man on my yacht. It's monstrous! Turn up all hands! Run her on the coast anywhere, and land this—— this impostor! Belongs to the Pangaran? He doesn't! He's a stow-away, he's——"

The Yankee listened with no emotion visible, except curiosity. "As to the matter o' fac'," he calmly said, at length, "the lord is wrong. I'm entered on his highness's service, and he's detailed me as his uncle's interpreter. The captain will do as he thinks proper, but the above fac' may be relied on." It proved to be so, and Lord Archer's only comfort lay in forbidding the poop to his enemy, and scowling at him from that elevation. In a day or two they would reach Singapore, and then this incredible annoyance must cease. Meantime the interpreter showed such respect, as was almost more than human. He salaamed to his lordship's back, and smiled in reply to the most terrible frowns.

Singapore was made again. The Pangaran, with much polite formality, expressed his thanks, and entered a boat despatched by the Datu Tumangong. His interpreter accompanied, bowing and smiling to the last. "Thank Heaven!" Archer cried, and went to dine with the governor.

Next morning the captain came to him with an odd look on his face. "That there American, my lord," he said, with some embarrassment, "he's alongside in a sampan——"

"Sink her!" cried Archer, starting up in his sleeping-drawers. "Don't let him on board; sink her, with him in it."

"He don't want to come on board, my lord, but he do want to know——" The captain's respect gave way, and he explained.

"Well, sir?" replied Archer, sternly.

"He do want to know, my lord, if—— whether——excuse me, my lord——whether

this be a fine day for the exercise your lordship knows on?"

In cambric shirt and muslin pajamas his lordship rushed on deck, and threatened, I don't know—nor did he—exactly what.

The Yankee answered: "Quite so. Then I'll draw off a bit, and wait!" He did so, posting his sampan some twenty yards from the yacht, where his men lighted a fire, and began to cook breakfast. Ten times while he was dressing did Lord Archer pause to examine this portent and to swear at it; ten times during breakfast he got up to look again, and found no change. The Yankee was invisible beneath his shady roof of kajangs; but when his lordship appeared on deck, he popped out to smile and bow. His lordship, white and trembling with passion, ordered a boat, but before it could reach water the sampan crew had pitched their charcoal overboard and squatted ready. They followed the yacht's boat, pulled up at the jetty, and their master stood on land before his lordship. All the morning he pursued, on foot or in gharry, respectful but absurd. Archer was not a man to stand much of this sort of thing in the temperate zone; out yonder it would soon have killed him with rage. His pride of place did him good stead for once, since it alone protected the Yankee from a personal assault. His lordship paid visits where he would not have dreamed of setting foot—breakfasted actually at a "go-down," called at others, and drove to Tanglin. The pursuer waited here and there and everywhere, finally galloping after his victim in a hack-gharry to the suburb, attending his leisure there, and returning after him to the very man-ropes of his yacht. The next dawn found him posted in the sampan, just where he lay the day before.

Lord Archer wanted to set sail at once, but his captain dared not face the China Seas without a thorough overhauling. Then, as the days passed, and this intolerable nuisance suffered no abatement, he proposed to end his trip, and return by the P. and O. alone; but to that his friends objected. Then he took legal advice, but the authorities, convulsed with laughter, could give him no aid. Singapore was so much amused by the story that it made water-pionics to observe persecutor and persecuted. Things could not go on thus.

One night, returning from shore, his lordship enjoyed a brief gleam of happiness. The sampan was not visible, as they drew near the yacht; something must have oc-

curred to interrupt his enemy's vigilance. But whilst hugging himself with his triumph, Lord Archer, who held the yoke-lines, saw the sampan crossing his bows. In his rage he cried suddenly: "Give way, men!" and steered full at her, struck her amidships, and sank her in a second. It was done with an impulse of madness. Archer could scarcely swim, but in wild remorse he was about to spring overboard. The sailors were all up, and leaning over the thwarts to aid. By daylight your Malay cares nothing for an overturn, for he can dodge a shark in its own element; but by night, when waves roll black as thunder-clouds, or break in dazzling floods of silver, the sharks and the sword-fish have a terrible advantage. But they missed their chance that night. Within a space of fifty seconds every one of the shipwrecked had deftly clambered into the boat, and his lordship himself it was who helped his foe aboard, lifting him by the coat-collar. As soon as he had spirted the salt water from his mouth, he said, "There mout be a fine day to-morrow for that there exercise!"

A sudden revulsion of feeling showed his lordship this affair in a new light. He began to laugh more heartily than anyone, and when, in half-a-dozen strokes, they reached the yacht, he asked his persecutor down into the cabin. "Now, my man," said Archer, "what is it you want after all?"

"I want a passage home to California."

"Why, that you had with me, before beginning this foolish affair."

"Yes, but I want to land in California with one hundred pounds in my pocket."

In the fulness of his heart Archer said, laughing, "You unconscionable rogue! What do you want it for?"

The fellow saw his point was gained. With a droll look he replied gravely, "To play brag with, if the lord please."

The lord is not fond of allusions to this tale, but even now he declares that one hundred pounds was never laid out to more purpose or amusement.

A PEASANT TRIBUNAL.

A SECRET society has long existed in the Bavarian Alps. Its members have made it their business to denounce openly all such misdemeanours as do not come within the jurisdiction of the law, quite regardless of the position of the offender. This pro-

cess is called *Haberfeldtreiben*, and its head-quarters are the districts of Rosenheim, Aibling, Miesbach, Tölz, and Tegernsee, lying between the Inn and the Isar.

There are various theories as to the origin of the name *Haberfeldtreiben*, which signifies literally "Driving over the corn-fields." Some say that in former times usurers, or persons who had tampered with the landmarks, were punished, either by being driven over the stubble-fields at midnight, or else by having their corn-fields laid waste. However, the old peasants declare that the name of this ancient Bavarian *Vehmgericht*, or tribunal, arose simply from the fact that till all the corn is stored in the barns, no court of justice can be held without injuring the fruits of the earth.

In every district there is a president of the society, who is called the *Habermeister*, and has his own subordinates. Every member, or *Haberer*, must be of spotless character, and must, on admission, contribute three gulden to the general fund; he must also bind himself to follow his leader's call at any moment. A *Habermeister* has the right to appoint his successor, and the post is considered one of great honour. The badge of his office consists of a staff, somewhat resembling a sceptre in shape, with a ball at one end, on the top of which is a hand with two fingers uplifted, as in the act of taking an oath. The *Haberers* believe that this staff was given to the first *Habermeister* by the Emperor Charlemagne, and that it has descended from generation to generation. Besides the *Meister* there is also a sort of council, composed of eight chosen members, who are called the *Elders*.

The mode of accusation is as follows:

The would-be accuser contrives to find out the place where the council meet, to consider who has incurred the penalty of the *Haberfeldtreiben*. They always select some secluded spot for the purpose, where they are secure from interruption. We will suppose in this instance that it is a small, half-ruined chapel, only used on the festival of its patron saint, when the neighbouring peasants flock thither in pious pilgrimage. The eight *Elders* are seated in a semicircle, with the *Meister* on a raised seat in the middle; in his right hand he holds some ears of corn. Their faces are concealed with black handkerchiefs, and they wear large slouched hats.

The *Meister* opens the proceedings by saying in a loud, feigned voice:

"It is thus resolved, ye Elders of the Leisach, Mangfall, and Schlierach! According to right and custom, a Haberfeldtreiben is to take place in our district. In the emperor's name I charge you to send forth messengers between this day and the day of the new moon, in order that all the evil deeds done in secret, which are a disgrace to the district, may be duly censured and punished. Let none know the names of the victims, for, according to the ancient saying, 'Justice shall come like fire at midnight.' Do ye therefore keep sign and watchword according to your oath. And now do I proclaim my summons to the four winds of Heaven. Whosoever has a complaint to lay before the emperor and the Habergeicht, let him appear, lodge his complaint, and bring his evidence, ere I strike the ground three times with my staff."

The accuser then comes forward, crying: "Herr Richter! I accuse, I accuse!"

Thereupon the Meister demands the name of the accuser and the subject of his complaint. He also requires proof, and warns him that a householder of unimpeachable character must be security for the accusation. If the answer be satisfactory, all the Haberer rise, and the Meister says:

"Once more I ask of thee, before our Lord God, and in the name of the emperor, Complainant, dost thou abide by thine accusation?"

"I do abide."

"Should it be false, wilt thou be answerable with flesh and blood, with honour and property?"

"I will."

"Then do I demand for the third time, Is there anyone in this court who can plead for the accused?"

Should no answer be returned, the Meister continues, turning to one of the Elders at his side:

"Rugmeister, I deliver him over to thee, even as I reject these ears of corn and cast them on the ground. Do thou see that he escapes not his punishment. Now away with you all to the four winds. Lead the Complainant forth, and then disperse. The judgment is given."

With these words the Meister lifts his staff, the light of the lantern is extinguished, and the members of the council go their different ways until the night appointed. Of course time and place are kept secret. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of the destined spot are not

always unprepared for what is coming, and usually some hint is dropped on the subject. Occasionally a warning letter is sent to those whose offences have come to the knowledge of the society, and they are told that unless they mend their ways, they must expect the Haberfeldtreiben. Should this admonition have no effect, the threat is fulfilled in due course.

The gathering of the Haberer takes place rapidly, though in such a manner as not to attract notice. All assemble simultaneously about an hour before midnight, and suddenly, as if risen out of the earth, a band of two or three hundred disguised men, with blackened faces, appears at the place appointed for the Haberfeld. They are all armed, and carry various discordant instruments, such as drums, copper caldrons, bells, cow-horns, whistles, &c. The house of the culprit is surrounded, and guards are posted for some distance round to give notice of any possible interference from the gendarmes.

A terrific concert then begins, mingled with shouts and the report of fire-arms. All the lights in the houses are at once extinguished, and the inhabitants await the future in fear and trembling. Total darkness prevails, save one lantern, in the midst of the Haberer. Now a shrill whistle is heard above the deafening noise, and all is instantly silent. A man steps forward and loudly proclaims:

That this is Haberfeldtreiben;
To all of every station, we hereby state—
And Kaiser Karl must sign the declaration!
The Haberfeldtreiben now are there,
Keep silence all within and hear;
Give heed to fire and every light,
Lest harm should come to you this night;
But first we'll read aloud the list,
To see that none of us be missed!

The fictitious names of all present are then called over. The members of the society are unacquainted with one another, and equally so with their mysterious chief and his messengers, who convey his summons by means of certain tokens. Usually two sticks are laid in the form of a cross where four roads meet, and this is supposed to denote that the wind blows from all the four quarters of the globe. The category of names comprises a curious collection of notabilities of all ranks, and ranging from olden times to the present, from the neighbourhood and from distant countries. The Magistrate of Tölz, the Forester of Bayerbrunn, Prince Eugene, Joseph the Second, the famous blacksmith

of Kochel, a leader of the peasant insurrection on Christmas Eve, 1705, when the mountaineers rose against their Austrian conquerors and made a gallant, though ineffectual, struggle to regain possession of Munich, in which they nearly all perished—Andreas Hofer, the Bishop of Brixen, Napoleon, King Max, &c. Everybody responds loudly "Here!" for should anyone fail to answer distinctly to his name, the whole Treiben would be illegal, and the crowd would immediately disperse. The peasants have a legend that there is always an extra member present, and this is none other than the devil himself.

The culprit is now ordered to appear and listen to the tale of his misdeeds. By the light of the lantern, the Bugmeister recites in rhyme all the sins of which the accused has been guilty. These may consist of offences against public morals, the adulteration of food or beer, the use of false weights, or the introduction of machinery whereby human labour is rendered unnecessary. When the first act of condemnation is over, the din recommences, until the signal is again given that another criminal is to be held up to public execration. Finally, the orator repeats the following lines:

Good-bye to you all, be honest and wise,
We must go, for a journey before us lies.
If you dislike the music we've made,
No money, remember, to hear it you've paid.
Take heed to improve your deeds and ways,
Or we shall return before many days.
One of us must, ere this night be o'er,
In the Untersberg Kaiser Karl implore
To record this history without fail,
Lest we should chance to forget the tale.

After this conclusion shots are once more fired as a signal to disperse, and the Haberers vanish as speedily as they have come.

It is curious how this peasant justice is dreaded, and how deeply the disgrace is felt. There are numerous instances of people, even priests and officials, having left the neighbourhood in consequence of the Haberfeldtreiben. Many an unjust official has been got rid of by this means, and the object of the Haberers has thus been accomplished. The victim is henceforth a marked man, and the shame is considered indelible. People frequently say they would rather lose all their property than undergo the slur of the Haberfeld.

The secret society of the Haberers dates from the darkest period of Bavarian history, the despotic and corrupt reign of

Karl Theodor, Elector of the Palatinate, who succeeded to the Bavarian throne in 1777, on the death of his cousin, the good Max Joseph the Third, with whom the direct line of Wittelsbach became extinct. Many people maintain that the Haberfeldtreiben is a peasant continuation of the courts of justice established by Charlemagne, but there is no historical information on the subject. Others again trace it to the mediæval Vehme, and the Haberers themselves believe this to be the case. There are no grounds, however, for this theory, and it has been pretty well ascertained that there was no Haberfeldtreiben until the time of Karl Theodor.

His reign of twenty-two years was one long series of acts of tyranny and despotism, perpetrated by all who were in authority, from the highest to the lowest. No wonder that the peasants at last took the law into their own hands.

The Haberers, who were soon held in high estimation by the country folk, fulfilled their avenging mission with patriarchal power. A spirit of Spartan severity prevailed amongst the society, and its secrets were kept with inviolable loyalty. If any injury to property were caused by the Treiben, the sufferer was mysteriously indemnified to the full extent of the damage done, even should it amount to a considerable sum. Formerly the money was found lying on the window-sill. Now it is sent from Salzburg, or Munich, by post.

But justice is now administered in a different manner, and the Haberfeldtreiben is rapidly drawing to an end. This is partly owing to the energetic measures taken against the custom by the authorities, and partly to the fact that the old spirit is dying out, and the society is becoming demoralised. There is less of that strict secrecy which braved tortures and imprisonment rather than turn traitor.

The only point in which the Haberers have remained faithful to their ancient traditions, is the way they still protect life and property. In all other respects the Treiben has greatly degenerated, and they now content themselves with merely proclaiming the criminal's sins outside the village, leaving him to slumber in peace meanwhile.

It is more than eight years ago since the last Haberfeldtreiben took place in the Bavarian mountains. The authorities did not succeed in penetrating the mysterious secrecy of the society, but its power was much weakened by all the youths of the

neighbourhood, who had attained the proper age, being called on to serve in the army.

Soon the custom will become a mere tradition, like other relics of the "good old times."

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PHOEB FITZGERALD,
AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND
MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER L. A CRISIS.

THIS state of things could not go on very long. Lord Garterley was one of those epicureans on whom anything like poverty or "difficulties" operated disagreeably. It gave him painful impressions, and quite routed the little poetical world of fancies in which he lived. He could understand the genuine poor, and to them was really charitable; but, to take the instance of Phoebe, her difficulties completely altered the appearance she wore in his eyes. She had been turned into prose, and to prose of the worst kind. For the next few days the recollection of that scene weighed on him most disagreeably—not, too, without a compassion which interfered with his other enjoyments. So he made haste to speak to his banker friend—to get rid of the whole business—who said, in that general way which is so significant of nothing particular, that he would certainly keep the matter in mind, and that if anything offered he would let him know. Lord Garterley having thus done his duty, dismissed the matter, and turned to some new and charming persons whom he had just met, and whom he "must have down to Garterley at once."

That night had not been without its effect on poor Phoebe, who was a little scared at what had taken place, and in an indistinct way began to realise that there were gloomy times in store for them all. Most directly did she seem to be affected by Lord Garterley going away in that abrupt and rude manner, without coming up "to join the ladies." She had her dress and trinkets so nicely arranged, and her pretty speeches settled. "I would have asked him," she said, "to make you something or other at Garterley. He could not have refused me. He is so rich—seven or eight hundred a year is nothing to him."

"Do stop!" cried her husband, putting his hands to his head. "Stop this perpetual chatter of yours! Are you mad, or

an idiot, that you go on worrying me in this way?"

"Ungentlemanly!" answered poor Phoebe.

Indeed they were nearer the edge of the precipice than they knew. Mr. Pringle had reached the stage when, grown desperate, he made no further exertion, and was content to let things take their course—when he found, too, some satisfaction in saying to his Phoebe, "Never mind! Only wait a little, then you'll find out. You'll pay for all this, and I shall enjoy it."

Unfortunately, just at this time a "run of ill luck" had overtaken Tom, as in the end it does all such clever fellows; and it seemed as though everything he did, and everything he touched, failed him. He lost all his bets; his fortune at billiards and other games of skill deserted him; and one evening, when it had grown dusk, he drove up mysteriously to say good-bye to his sister.

"The game is up for the present, Phib, and I must keep away for a time."

"What! ruined at last?" said Mr. Pringle, with satisfaction; "is that the end of it?"

Tom, for a long time, had known as well as if he had been told it of the treatment his darling sister was experiencing. He had only been prevented from interfering, by the feeling that it might do her further harm. He was glad now of an opportunity of giving, not a bit, but the whole of his mind.

"Let me tell you, I shall not be so far away as but that I can reach you; and let me warn you now—I know of your doings, and if——"

"Tom! Tom!" cried Phoebe, piteously. "Don't! He is very good."

The poor soul had now learned that such interferences were anything but profitable.

"Go on with your threatenings," said the other. "You're a fine example to set up preaching."

"Never you mind," said Tom. "Look at her face; it's quite pinched and worn. You're not treating her well. You had better change this game in time."

"She's been complaining, I suppose?"

"No; she'd die first. But you don't understand her. She's too good for you. But see, take my warning; treat her well—kindly, affectionately—or I'll come back, and make you smart for every harsh word. Mind, I mean what I say. I'll come on you when you won't expect me. So take care. There, Phib;" and he

squeezed into her little hand some notes that he could ill spare, to the amount of some forty or fifty pounds. Then, without waiting for thanks, and dropping his threatening tone, he said, in a friendly way, "Good-bye, old fellow. Let me hear good accounts of you."

After this scene, it may be conceived that Mr. Pringle was not in an amiable humour with his spouse. Phoebe, too, was not a little defiant and excited by this support, and said to him, in her curious way:

"Now you'll try and be good, won't you, and mind what Tom says? If you promise to turn over a new leaf I'll forgive you all that you have done, and the way you have treated me. You see, everybody is remarking my looks. So, you must promise me."

This indiscreet speech had the opposite effect to what was intended.

"Forgive me? You? After all you have done to me—sunk me, ruined me, in every way! No matter, you shall pay for it yet!"

"You had better take care," she said, with heightening colour; "if you are threatening me, I shall call Tom back;" and she tossed her head with defiance.

He could hardly trust himself to speak, but with a trembling voice said—and he knew that this speech would punish her most effectively:

"Get out of my sight! I am beginning to hate you. I wish I had never set eyes on you."

Phoebe, who had already forgotten all that had gone before, seemed terror-stricken at this declaration.

"No! no! You don't really mean that—you don't wish that you had never seen me?"

"I do. It was an unlucky day that I met you."

"And you wish that our meetings at the school—those delightful, stolen meetings, to which I look back——"

"Ugh!" he said, with a purposely-emphasised disgust, "that was all acting—with you, at least. The other was a woman—not an idiot or a baby."

"What! and you liked Adelaide?"

"As if a poor, foolish creature like you could have been compared to her!"

Phoebe gave a groan. This weapon had pierced her as effectively as he could have desired. At this moment came a diversion of but too common a kind in these days—a man was "in the hall that wouldn't go

away without seeing someone." These "men in the hall" had become a periodical source of agony to the owner of the house, but were not the least trouble or anxiety to Phoebe, who used to say innocently:

"Why don't you tell them to go away and not come teasing here." And it was Phoebe again, who, after the usual painful scene of struggle to get the man to go away, would declare as innocently: "You see, I told you; if you only spoke firmly——"

Phoebe herself could never be got to face these awful beings, and, when her husband was absent, would send down messages by the maid, which were not of the slightest effect. Then, driven into a corner, she would throw down her arms, piteously confess that she had not courage to face the enemy; and, when Mr. Pringle returned, beg of him to aid her.

The present caller was a butcher of extraordinary insolence, which was, as it were, whetted on the steel that he carried at his belt, when engaged in his professional duties. Mr. Pringle's heart sank and his face turned pale as he thought of what was before him. It suddenly passed through his mind that what was in Phoebe's hand at that moment would be a welcome mode of release. But in Phoebe's soul there was the same idea; and she was only looking at him with a hard pitilessness. Disdaining to make any appeal, he left the room, and went below desperately to face the butcher.

That personage was more truculent than usual. He was a broad fellow, with cheeks the colour of his own prime beef. He taunted his customer "with calling himself a gentleman." He roared and bellowed at him, and declared that he would "return that evening; and, if his money was not ready for him, would put a man in, and sell off every stick."

During the rest of that wretched day Mr. Pringle was hurrying wildly about the streets, his only refuge; while Phoebe, turned perfectly reckless by his unlucky declaration, was meditating plans of vengeance. He little knew, under all that light thoughtlessness, what a warmth of attachment there was to him. She had been stung, wounded to the soul. "As he does not care for me," she thought as she lay on her bed, beating her poor little cheeks against her pillow, "I will show him that I do not care for him." After thinking it over again and again, she rose up.

"He would like my money, though he does not care for me. Well, he shall see." And she put on her things and went out, hurrying off to Regent-street.

As she was speeding on her way rather blindly and wildly, she heard her name called out: "Miss Dawson!" and, turning, recognised Lady Cecilia Shortlands, whom she had met at Lord Garterley's. The lady had not heard of her marriage.

"The fact is," she said, "I did not know where you were, or I would have sent to you before; but I want you to do something for me. I have organised a fancy quadrille at Lady Llanthony's; mine is of the time of Charles the Second; and Miss Wynter has disappointed me. I want you to take her place." Phoebe was very pretty, she thought, and would just do.

Go to a ball; get a fancy dress! It was the last thing she could dream of; but suddenly she recollected she had the money in her pocket; she was still of importance, still sought for herself by other people. It would make him feel! The lady only thought how convenient was this nice substitute, and, giving her the address of Madame Sylvie, who had the pattern of the dress and the dress itself ready, went her way smiling.

In a fever of excitement Phoebe put herself into the hands of the artist, and recklessly ordered everything that would set her off. To the amazement of the personage, she even insisted on paying in advance for the dress, forcing the money into her hands. The amount demanded was even more than the little sum in her possession; but, of course, that made no difference. She returned home and surveyed her husband with a little malevolent devil peeping out of her eye. After a struggle, the necessity, the abject necessity and humiliation of the case had forced him into considering what would be for his advantage. After all, why should a little domestic squabble stand in the way? This money would deliver them from the insolent butcher. Only a few kind words to the gentle Phoebe—a talisman, the working of which she never could resist—and the notes would be put into his hand with an eager delight. As the hour for the return of the butcher drew near, he came to the resolution that he would "make it up," as it is called. But he little knew the "heart-scald," as it were, that his words had given. Anything but want of love—that could not be for-

given! The wild defiance in her eyes might have warned him.

He heard sounds of feet in the hall, and strange voices, as he went out of his room to go upstairs. Great cardboard boxes were being brought in, with a huge oil-skin-covered basket, on which two fussy Frenchwomen attended. Phoebe was at the top of the first landing.

"What's this?" Mr. Pringle said; "what do you mean by all this?"

"Dresses," said Phoebe, with a false vivacity. "Don't you see. I'm going to the fancy ball to-night."

"But I won't allow it," he said, with a voice that was almost inarticulate from trembling. "Send them away."

"Hush!" said Phoebe; "come in here." And she closed the door. "That would be very foolish; for, you see, the goods are paid for."

"Paid for?" he gasped.

"Yes, with Tom's money. Yes," she added, with the same look in her eyes, "I can do what I like with my own money!"

At moments like this there is going on in the human soul a turmoil that suggests the conflicts of pandemonium. To think now of the little pastoral scene in Miss Cooke's garden—the pretty prattling Phoebe and her Apollo-like lover! This, indeed, offered a terrible contrast.

CHAPTER LI. OPEN REBELLION.

He knew not what to say—what to do. The triumph, such as it was, was with Phoebe. The goaded Pringle was bereft of speech—nay, even of wit or intellect. At last he said:

"Leave the room—leave the room this instant!" and he seized her arm roughly.

"I am going," said Phoebe frightened. "Don't push me in that way."

"This is certain—you shan't wear those things, if you have bought them. You don't leave this house to-night."

"Shan't I?" said she. "We shall see."

Madame Sylvie's agents were in the hall, and caught enough to understand what was going on. Indeed, one of the ladies had her ear to the door, when it was abruptly opened; but they were well accustomed to such unpleasant discussions between gentlemen and their wives on the subject of dressing. When they were gone he repeated:

"Not one inch do you go out to-night!"

"All right," said she; "but you are

too rough; look at the way you have marked my arm with your fingers."

Even a touch made an impression on Phebe's delicate skin.

But when eight o'clock came, she was engaged in her room, with many candles blazing, getting ready for the event. When she was arrayed, she looked so piquant and brilliant that she really forgot her plans, and wished to go and show herself to him, and be told she was looking ravishing.

When she appeared descending the stairs, she had actually the notion of running up to him with a kiss, and asking, "Are you not proud of me?" But the greeting that met her was, "You don't go out of this house to-night!" And it curdled all the affection into a bitter sort of whey, and called the little pet demon again into her eye.

"We shall see!" she said, girding herself up for the conflict. "Tell Jane to call me a cab."

"She shall go with you if she does, and never come back. I'll discharge you on the spot if you attempt to do it," added he, turning to the servant.

Jane was frightened, though wages were due to her, and did not move.

"I know what to do!" cried Phebe, running to the door. "Sir," she cried, to a gentleman who was passing, "would you be kind enough to call me a cab?"

This person stared on seeing the gentleman and the other figures in the hall, then smiled. But on Phebe's eager entreaty, he bowed, and did as she desired. Mr. Pringle, sinking under this mortification, and seeing that she was uncontrollable, fled into his room. Thus the scene terminated.

Phebe went to the ball, bearing under her finery a wretched heart, and being, indeed, morally speaking, a little delirious. She was chilled, too, by the strange faces and the stern, business-like manner in which she was ordered about by those who directed the quadrille. She was made to feel that she was only had in as a substitute; she knew not a soul there; and all the while, as her eyes turned back to the wretched household, she felt that a crisis had come, and that she was now in open rebellion. Many persons noticed her and the curious wildness of her expression, the eager way in which her glances darted, looking in all directions, and talking at random. Lady Cecilia had a peculiar "set," half-artistic, half-aristocratic men with bushy beards—

attended by "queer" women, with pseudo-"golden" hair cropped over their foreheads—who sniffed rather disdainfully at the little fluttering creature that sat alone.

While she thus sat, she ceased to notice the glittering scene before her. The soreness at her heart increased; she was so helpless, that she could almost have cried aloud; and all then began to seem like a dream.

"You are not well," said a low, kindly voice beside her. "The heat is too much for you." It was a gentleman that spoke.

Phebe smiled vacantly, and, recovering herself, began to answer rather volubly and incoherently.

"If you went out of this room," he continued—"take my arm—you will be better then."

There was something of authority in the way he spoke, tempered with gravity. He was tall, good-looking, with a well-cut upper lip, and chin without beard or moustache. There was a sound of pity and sympathy in his tones, and Phebe, when she had recovered herself, felt a relief and a confidence that contrasted with her previous desolation. So, without introduction, she rose, took his arm, and went down to the cooler regions of the hall.

"Now you are better," he said. "A little more and you would have fainted. I shall take you to your mamma's side presently, and then you will forgive my freedom."

The innate coquetry of Phebe here brought a smile to her lips. It was delightful being thus mistaken for a little girl.

"I am a married lady," she said, with dancing eyes, though the soreness at her heart was intensified.

"Then we will look for your husband."

Here the old sad expression came back, and with some fright she said:

"He is not here to-night. But, indeed, I think I had better go home at once."

This seemed to reveal the whole incident to the gentleman, who looked at her with a sort of slow surprise.

"Very well," he said, gravely; "it would be the best course, I think."

Phebe was now as eager to be gone as she had been to arrive.

"It seems like Cinderella," he said, "at her ball. Are you in a great hurry?"

In a few moments he had brought out Phebe and placed her in a cab. There was a kindly, good-natured manner about him, and a tone of interest in his voice, that

touching her. It was as though he was speaking to a child.

"What is your name, sir?" said she, with some hesitation.

"Brookfield," he answered. "George Brookfield. Good night."

The cabman came down from his box to shut the door, and Mr. Brookfield drew back so as not to hear what direction was given. Phoebe was piqued at this indifference, and she saw him turn and go back to the hall.

"There," she thought, "there is a manly person that one can respect." Yet there had been a day when the other seemed to her just the same.

Her house was separated only by a few streets from the scene of the ball; and when they drew up at the door the bell was rung in due course. No answer came. It was rung again, after an interval, with the same result. Then it was rung more violently; the two bells were rung together; but no reply could be obtained.

"They can't or won't hear," said the driver.

Phoebe was beginning to understand. But it could not be; he dared not do such a thing; she had told her maid to sit up. Instantly growing defiant, Phoebe thought within herself:

"I shall sit here the whole night, and let them find me here in the morning; and on him be the disgrace!"

More ringing of the most violent kind, but no result, and the cabman again repeated:

"They won't hear—that's what it is. Better knock 'em up at a hotel."

"Try once more!" cried Phoebe, now in a terrible fright. "Oh do, I implore you, make them hear!"

"Why!" said a voice in wonder—a gentleman had stopped and looked in—"This cannot be— You can't get them to hear? We will make one last attempt." And he and the cabman then maintained a kind of sostenuto ringing for some minutes, and waited the result.

Mr. Brookfield shook his head.

"That would wake the dead," he said. "It is incomprehensible. It is no use trying to get admission here. I would suggest your going at once to the house of some friend with better ears," he added sarcastically. "You see there is a crowd gathering, and the police, who will make a fuss. We are disturbing the street."

"Oh what shall I do!" cried she in an agony; "looked out of my own house in this way, and I have done nothing—indeed I have not."

"Hush! hush!" he said, gravely. "Whom do you know in London? What relations have you?"

"Oh yes!" said she eagerly, as though he had suggested the name, "there is my mother."

"Ah!" she is sure to hear," he said, in the same grave way; "I would recommend your going at once. And, if you will allow me, I think it would be better that I should accompany you."

He got into the cab and they drove away, leaving quite a little knot of idlers staring after them and up at the house. Phoebe was beside herself with agitation, and talked almost incoherently, half aloud and half to herself.

"Oh, it's terrible, is it not, to be shut out of my house—and I have done nothing—only because I went to this ball, like other people. It must end. It shall end. If Tom were here he daren't do it. Oh the disgrace!" continued she, in a sort of agony, "the disgrace!"

"You mustn't think too seriously of it. It were best to say nothing to anyone. It is a sad necessity, but these things must be accepted and suffered. People only feel curiosity and not sympathy."

He spoke himself without the least curiosity, and with so much sympathy that Phoebe was not a little affected. Here they were now at Mrs. Dawson's humble abode, where, late as it was, a light was burning, the lady being wakeful, and often reading in bed.

"Oh, there's mamma," Phoebe said, with much relief. She had feared another pitiable wait before the door might be in store for her here. The light was agitated, and the blind drawn aside.

"Now," said Mr. Brookfield, "you are safe, and I may say good night."

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASHINGBRED," "AT HER MERCY,"
"HALVES," &c.

CHAPTER III. THE MARCH TO CHARLTON.

It is stated by the orthodox, that some belief in the existence of powers above us is necessary to every man; and therefore it is that we so often see the infidel so credulous as regards spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other idiotic phenomena; and the same may be said with at least equal truth of those who reject authority in mundane affairs. The workman who flies in the face of his employer is a bondsman to his trade's union, and the patriot who scorns the tyrant is submissive enough to his revolutionary committee.

Thus at the Royal Military Academy, in the old times, before the flood of good behaviour had swept over all such institutions, there was a spirit of anarchy which, while it resented any lawful supervision, or discipline, was subservient, even to slavery, to any edict promulgated by the Cadet Company itself, in the persons of its leaders. No orders of secret society were ever carried out more scrupulously than those which emanated from the committee of old cadets, which sat en permanence—like Robespierre's—and made decrees as inviolable (and sometimes as ridiculous) as those of the Medes and Persians. Thews and sinews were, of course, at the back of the committee—such a thrashing as Winchester with its poor ash-sticks has no idea of, would have awaited the disobedient; but, besides that, there was a real authority exercised by the

its power. The boasted monitorial system, devised at our public schools to save the expense of a sufficiency of masters, was carried at Woolwich to extremity. The captain of a man-of-war, when at sea, was, in the days of which we speak, looked upon as an example of irresponsible power; but the relation of an "old cadet," or "a corporal" to his juniors at the Academy was infinitely more authoritative; and the Academy was always at sea. If the nature of this superior being was exceptionally good, no serious evils arose from the exercise of his power; but—we are speaking, it must be remembered, of an antediluvian epoch—all gentlemen-cadets were not exceptionally good. Judged by a modern standard, a good many of them would have been pronounced exceptionally bad. And in that case it was exceptionally bad for the "snookers." Many will doubtless say it was the absence of classical literature, which, as the Latin poet tells us, acts as an emollient, that made these young military students so ferocious; plan drawing and the mathematics being their only mental pabulum, may, perhaps, have had the same effect upon them as is attributed to a diet of human flesh; but, at all events, they were a rough lot, and "old Pipeclay," as Major-General Sir Hercules Plummet, their governor, was familiarly termed, found them what the Scotch call "kittle cattle" to manage. He was not very exacting in the matter of moral restraint. His young gentlemen broke a good deal of the decalogue with comparative impunity, and committed a number of peccadilloes besides, unknown to ordinary law-breakers and law-makers, without even provoking official remonstrance; but

was fixed; he had "put his foot down" upon that article of the constitution, which prohibited any gentleman-cadet from attending Charlton Fair.

Charlton Fair is now gone the way of all wickedness; but in the times of which I write it flourished like a green bay-tree, in a locality somewhere to the south of the high-road that runs between Woolwich and Greenwich. Stern moralists were wont to find fault with the Greenwich Fair of that epoch, but the fair at Greenwich, as compared with that at Charlton, was

As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

Water, in truth, had very little to do with it; but if you would have seen Charlton Fair aright, you should have visited it by the pale moonlight (as Sir Walter says of Melrose), to see it in perfection. Then, if you got away from it without a broken head, you were lucky. Everybody was more or less drunk; to say, as is now the mode, that they had "exceeded in liquor," would give a very faint picture of the condition of most of the revellers; and, if any of them were not actually engaged in combat, it was because they were too far gone in drink. We believe it was a "royal" fair, and at all events possessed a patent that required an Act of Parliament to amend it. It lasted for many days and nights, and was looked upon by the wandering tribes of gipsies and showmen, and also by the riverside population of the extreme East of London, less as a carnival than a saturnalia. The law itself seemed to grant them an indulgence for anything committed at Charlton Fair, and they looked upon any infringement of its licence with much greater horror than they would have regarded the abolition of Magna Charta.

The care exercised by the military authorities of the time over its youthful students could scarcely be called paternal, but they did veto attendance at this fair in very distinct and stringent terms, not upon the ground of morality, but of discipline. Gentleman-cadets were wont to return from that scene of amusement so very unlike officers and gentlemen in embryo, or even in the most distant perspective; so often, too, without divers of their accoutrements, and so unable to go through that test of sobriety, their "facings," that the place was taboo. And here let us state (lest it should be imagined, because we are describing a somewhat anarchical state of things, that

we in any way sympathise with the same) that the authorities did their duty—sometimes—manfully enough. When they had made up their minds to stop any particular breach of discipline, they did stop it. The general administration of the Academy was mild to laxness; but where it did draw a hard-and-fast line, it was like the stretched bowstring of an Eastern monarch—the gentleman-cadet that opposed himself to it was a gentleman-cadet no longer. The Cadet Company fully understood their position with regard to their rulers in this respect, and in a general way confined themselves to setting at defiance such enactments as were not thus indicated, as it were, by a red mark in their military regulations, and for more than five years they had abstained with exemplary obedience from attendance at Charlton Fair. But, unfortunately, on the present occasion, a circumstance had occurred which rendered further submission to the edict in question—so at least the committee of corporals and heads of rooms had decided—impossible. The immediate cause of revolution was (as often happens) contemptible enough. Two last-joined cadets—creatures themselves unworthy of attention except that they were cadets, and affiliated to the general body—in returning from the usual Saturday and Sunday "leave" in London, had taken it into their heads to pass a few hours of the Sabbath evening in the precincts of the fair. They were not, of course, in uniform, and in that circumstance lay Darall's only hope that the vengeance of the corps would not be invoked upon their account; but it was known by the Fair people (with whom the memory of the tenants of the Military Academy and their misdoings was tolerably fresh) that they were cadets, and as such they had been without doubt most grievously ill-treated. Whether they had provoked their bad reception, was a question that did not occur to the committee of corporals and heads of rooms. They were gentleman-cadets of the Royal Military Academy, and their persons ought to have been held sacred, which had evidently not been the case. One of the young gentlemen had had his leg broken, and the other, the bridge of his nose. The leg and the bridge might be repaired, but the wounded honour of the Cadet Company could not be healed by the surgeon's art.

"War, with its thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones," was the

decision that had been arrived at in solemn, but secret, conclave by the Cadet Committee. When afternoon parade should be over, on the day on which our story commences, it was enacted that in place of "breaking off," and giving themselves up to recreation, the company should keep their ranks and march down upon the offending myriads at the fair. The cadet army was numerically small, counting in all perhaps one hundred and sixty, but then they had military discipline, and, above all—though this was not specially mentioned—was not their cause a just one, and likely to be favoured of high Heaven? It had been suggested by some fantastic spirits that Messrs. Bright and Jefferson should be taken out of hospital, in their damaged condition, and carried in front of the host, as the bodies of those revolutionists who had been shot by the soldiery were wont to be borne aloft by their avenging brethren; but this sensational suggestion had been overruled by Bex, who was a great disciplinarian, and even a martinet in his way, and could find no precedent in the annals of war for such a proceeding.

Throughout that morning a certain hushed solemnity, by no means characteristic of the Cadet Company, pervaded that martial corps, but otherwise none could have guessed its dread intentions. Senior-under-officer Bex had somewhat of the air with which the Duke of Wellington is depicted, while conceiving those famous lines which will live in men's memories as long as most creations of our poets—the lines of Torres Vedras; with one hand in the breast of his coatee, and the other upon his forehead, he paced the parade, revolving doubtless his plans of attack. It was only like Mr. Whympers's ill-luck—as he afterwards observed—that that conciliatory young gentleman should have misunderstood this attitude, and inquired, with much apparent concern, whether the great chieftain had a headache; "No, sir, but I will give you one," was the unexpected reply with which his proffered sympathy was met, and it is probable that that "inch of his life," which the tender mercies of the cruel proverbially leave to their victims, was only preserved to him because, in such a crisis, the cadet army could not afford to lose a recruit, even of the very smallest importance. The other old cadets maintained for the most part a careless demeanour, as befitted young warriors, to whom fire and steel—

or at least stones and bludgeons—were matters of no moment; though it is likely that under that indifferent air lurked some apprehensions, not, perhaps, of the coming strife, but of what their parents and guardians would be likely to say about it, when it should prove to have cost them their prospective commissions. Landon would have been in the highest spirits, having no fear of either event before his eyes, but for his solicitude upon his friend's account. Darall had "fallen in" at the morning's parade, and gone "into academy"—that is, to pursue his studies—like the rest; and now he had retired to his room, as Landon shrewdly suspected, to write a letter home, explaining that circumstances over which he had no control might be the ruin of him. There was still time for him to put himself on the sick-list, but the opportunity of doing so, without exciting suspicion, was gone by.

Cecil Landon would never have been a traitor to any cause; wild horses would not have torn the secret of the coming outbreak from him, to the prejudice of his companions; yet his zeal for the honour of the Academy was not so overpowering as to outweigh discretion. If he had been in Darall's place—as he frankly confessed to that gentleman—he would have seen Bex and Company—so he styled the honourable corps—in a warmer place than even they were likely to find Charlton Fair, before he would have sacrificed his future prospects to them.

But, if he could not be termed public-spirited, he had a thought for his friends as well as himself—as indeed may be gathered from the fact of his popularity. Men—especially young ones—make great mistakes in choosing their favourites, but they never select a mere egotist. Landon was gravely concerned upon his friend's account, being well aware of the hostages which, in his case, had been given to fortune, and the delight which his reckless nature would have otherwise felt in the approaching émeute was dashed by this solicitude.

When he saw Darall take his place with the rest in the dining-hall, he knew that his arguments had failed of their effects, and that his friend's lot was thrown into the common urn. In those ancient days it was the custom of the oldsters at dinner to behave like Jack Sprat and his wife in the nursery ballad: among them they "licked the platter clean," and then sent it down to the unfortunate "neuzes;" or,

at least, the heads of each mess cut off for themselves such meat as was tempting, and left the fag-end of the feast for the tails. But to-day, since it was necessary that the whole Cadet Company should be in good condition and full of vigour, there was a more equal distribution of beef and mutton; and at Darall's mess the "snookers" fared exceptionally well, for that gentleman eat next to nothing.

"Darall is off his feed; I think he is in a funk," whispered Whymper to Trotter. An ungrateful remark enough, since he was reaping the advantage of his senior's abstinence in a slice of mutton that was neither skin nor bone.

"Rubbish!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. Conversation at the cadet mess was abrupt in those days, but generally to the point. "If you can't think better than that, confine yourself to eating."

In an hour afterwards the bugle sounded for general parade. After the minute inspection of the gentlemen-cadets' stocks, and belts, and boots—which was the chief feature of this ceremony—was over, the usual course was for the officer in command to address the Cadet Company in the soul-stirring words, "Stand at ease." "Break." And then everybody went about his pleasure, until the next bugle sounded for study. On the present occasion the words of command were spoken, but without their ordinary effect. When the officer walked away the "company," instead of "breaking," closed up, and Senior-under-officer Bex took command of it.

"Attension," was the counter-order he delivered; "Left turn," "Quick march;" and at that word the whole corps, in one long line of two files only—so that it resembled a caterpillar—wound out of the parade-ground, past the porter's lodge, and marched off across the common to Charlton Fair. The emotion of the officer on duty was considerable; but, perceiving the utter hopelessness of restraining one hundred and sixty gentlemen-cadets with his single arm, or even both of them, he turned disconsolately into the library, wrote down a formal complaint for the inspection of old Pipeclay, and washed his hands of his young friends for the afternoon.

"Left, right, left, right, left, right;" the corps had never marched better to church upon a Sunday than it did upon its mutinous errand; and Generalissimo Bex—if he had flourished in these days,

he would have been a prig of the first water—expressed himself highly gratified with their soldier-like regularity of behaviour.

Upon leaving the common, and getting into the high-road, he formed his army "four deep," and gave them a word of command that does not appear in the drill-books, and had, indeed, rather the air of a battle-cry than of a military order: "Unbuckle belts." Gentlemen-cadets wore neither swords nor bayonets, but their belts had a large piece of metal in the centre with "Ubique" upon it (perhaps because they hit with it "in all directions"), and, when dexterously used, these were formidable weapons. In the hands of a novice it was apt to strike the wielder like a flail; but very few of the young gentlemen of those days were novices in the use of it; and not one who had chanced to have had any difficulty, however slight, with a policeman. There were swarms of Fair people dotted about the lanes—costermongers, itinerant showmen, gipsies, and the like—but with these the advancing army were enjoined not to meddle; they reserved their belts and their "Ubiques" for the hive itself.

The fair was held in a huge field to the right of the road; and when the Cadet Company turned into it, "at the double," but still maintaining their serried ranks, it presented an animated spectacle. The principal space between the booths was crowded with sight-seers, and the booths themselves offered the most varied attractions: "The only Living Mermaid from the South Seas," "The Greatest Professors in the Art of Pugilism now extant," "The Genuine and Original Learned Pig," and a whole tribe of North American Indians in paint and feathers, at that moment in the act of celebrating their national tomahawk dance. For an instant business and pleasure were alike suspended at the sight of our youthful warriors; and then "thwack, thwack" went the Ubique belts, and the denizens of the fair became aware, to their cost, that vengeance had come upon them.

THREATENED GUILDS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

ONE of the few trade privileges still retained by the City guilds is in the hands of the Vintners' Company, members of which can sell wine without further license. Of old the Vintners were fortified by many

enactments, and armed with extraordinary powers. The charter of Edward the Third, recited and confirmed under Henry the Sixth, forbids all men to trade for wine to Gascony except such as are enfranchised of the craft of Vintners; and enjoins that the Gascoigners, when they bring their wines, shall not sell them in small parcels, but in great—by the ton or pipe—that only merchants or wholesale dealers might be the first purchasers. It, moreover, invests the company with the right of trade-search over inferior buyers and sellers, ordaining that the company shall choose each year four persons—of the most sufficient, the most true, and most cunning, of the same craft (that keep no tavern)—to be sworn in before the Lord Mayor, to oversee that all manner of wines be sold at retail in taverns “at reasonable prices;” and also ordains “that all manner of wines coming to London shall be discharged and put to land above London-bridge, against the Vintry; so that the king’s bottlers and gaugers may there take “custom.” Of those great powers all that remains is the privilege of selling wine, as the Goldsmiths retain that of stamping plate and conducting the trial of the pyx, and the Gunmakers prove gun-barrels at their proof-house in Church-lane, Whitechapel, according to the provisions of the Gun-Barrel Act.

Another wealthy and important guild is the company of Clothworkers or Sheremen, originally an offshoot of the Weavers or Tellarii, and, in later times, closely allied with the Dyers. The latter are now a separate body, first in precedence among the minor companies, as the Clothworkers are last of the twelve major companies. The Clothworkers are both wealthy and powerful, and have been proud of their hall, both before and since the Great Fire of London. At no very remote period Clothworkers’ Hall preserved the traditions of the common table, and, as it were, collegiate style of living, which prevailed in the ancient guilds. At the conclusion of the working day the members of the craft betook themselves to the hall, and then and there supped on such wholesome fare as beef-steaks, and smoked their pipes afterwards in serene beatitude. The Clothworkers were ever kindly folk, loving to meet and dine with their fellows; and so convinced was a certain Mr. Thwaites of the good effect of these gatherings, that he left the company at his death twenty thousand pounds, “that they might meet and enjoy

themselves, and recollect the founder of the feast”—a duty most properly and religiously observed unto this day.

Specially under the patronage of Saint Lawrence are the Ironmongers of London, who reverently preserve the image of that holy person, looking so much overfed that little broiling would do him no harm, and holding in his left hand a gridiron much too small for him. The reptiles forming the crest and supporters of the arms of the company are styled “lizards,” but must surely be meant for salamanders. Nevertheless, the Lancaster King-of-Arms, who flourished in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of our “soverayne lord King Henry the sixth,” sets them down as “lizardes of their owne kynde.” Very frisky they look, chained together and fighting in the crest, and standing erect, as supporters to the shield, with their tongues out as if they thought it was made of sweetstuff.

So much for the twelve great livery companies: the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers; but it must not be imagined that all the interest of City companies is centred in these. There are many bodies both rich and powerful outside of the sacred twelve.

Few crafts were subject to such perpetual legislation as the Butchers. Orders and regulations were made by the king, and by the mayor and aldermen of the City; and it is worthy of notice that the objections to slaughtering animals within the city of London, or near to it, appear to have been as strongly felt five hundred years ago as now, and the offence of bringing to the City markets diseased or putrid meat was regarded with as much sense of the mischief that would arise from its sale, as exists at present. Offenders convicted of selling infectious meat, or meat that had died of the murrain, were punished with peculiar severity. On the 1st of November, 1319, Edward the Second being king, the sworn warders of flesh meat at the shambles, called “Les Stokes”—probably by the side of Walbrook, then an open river—seized two beef carcasses, putrid and poisonous, taken from William Sperlyng, of West Hamme, he intending to sell the same at the said shambles. The said Sperlyng, being taken before the mayor and aldermen, acknowledged he intended to sell the beef, but insisted that it was good, clean,

and fit for human food, and demanded inquisition thereon. "And a jury of twelve say, on oath, that the said carcases are putrid and poisonous, and have died of disease." Mark the poetical justice of the penalty. "The mayor and aldermen order the said Sperlyng to be put in the pillory, and the said carcases to be burnt beneath him." This was the favourite punishment of the time for this offence, and was often inflicted in Plantagenet times. Stringent regulations were made to fix the price of flesh, as well as that of fish; and it is interesting to compare the value of the two kinds of food under the first three Edwards. While the best soles were priced at threepence per dozen, and the best turbot at sixpence each, a goose was to be sold for sixpence, a sucking-pig for eightpence, a capon for sixpence, a woodcock for threepence, a carcase of mutton for two shillings, and a loin of beef for fivepence. It was furthermore enacted that no person coming to the City, with young lambs to sell, "shall sell the best lambs at a higher price than sixpence; and that no one of the City shall go into the country to buy lambs, but only those to whom the lambs belong." In spite of the restrictions imposed upon trade by mediæval legislators, the fraternity of Butchers seems to have prospered, for in 1363 divers trades sent presents to the king, and the butchers of St. Nicholas (Newgate) sent nine pounds, the butchers of the Stokkes six pounds, and the butchers of Eastcheap eight pounds. The removal of the refuse consequent on slaughtering cattle in the City was the cause of much difficulty and complaint—not without reason, if we may judge by the frequent and terrible visitations of the plague and other diseases during the middle ages. In 1402 the Butchers obtained permission to use the lane leading from Eastcheap to the Thames (Pudding-lane), and a piece of ground beyond for slaughtering purposes, and made a jetty therefrom into the Thames for convenience in scalding hogs, &c. In like manner the butchers of St. Nicholas were driven, first to the Fleet river, and afterwards—on paper—out of the City. King Edward the Third directly commanded all slaughtering for the City to be done at "Stretteforde" on the one side, and at "Knightsbrigge" on the other. Any butcher offending against this edict was to forfeit the flesh and be imprisoned. Through all this, and more, the craft and

fellowship of Butchers survived till they obtained a charter of incorporation from James the First, just in time apparently to help the Clothworkers with one hundred and fifty pounds in the foundation of the Irish Society—an investment from which Mr. Daw, the historian of the Butchers' Company, doubts that they ever received any benefit. The powers once entrusted to the Butchers have long since passed away, although the slaughter-houses have not; and so has the authority of the Founders' Company over weights and measures, once entirely committed to their control. The Apothecaries' Company, however, issue licenses which let the plucked examinee of the College of Surgeons loose upon the world on easy terms.

As there are companies whose name explains the ancient occupation of their members, so are there others whose designation is occult. That the ancient members of the Horners' Company made bugle horns is conceivable enough; but tell me, "gentle reader," what manner of man is a "Loriner?" In the brief and accurate Livery Companies' Guide, written by that excellent scholar and antiquary, Mr. Overall, the City Librarian, I find the "Loriners' Company" with its master, its upper warden, its under warden, its court of assistants—among whom are men of mark in the city of London—and its clerk. What did they make when they were actually in business? A lory is a kind of parrot or cockatoo. Were they, then, bird-catchers in the foreign trade, or did they deal in dead birds' skins and feathers? No man tells me more than I can learn by the inspection of the company's arms. From these I gather that a "Loriner" should have been a bit-maker; but he may have been a civic horse-marine for anything that is positively known about him. The Spectacle-makers is a company also remarkable for eminent members; albeit it would hardly occur to one, not City-bred, that the craft of Spectacle-makers was large enough to warrant the formation of a company. Nor is it easy to comprehend that the Musicians, or the Parish Clerks, or the Basket-makers each require a separate organisation. That the Watermen should have a company is conceivable enough, their calling being one of the oldest on record. I am not aware of the patron saint of the Watermen's Company, but surely St. Mary Overy should fill that position,

although the bequest of her fortune for holy works was turned to the prejudice of her ancient craft by the building of London-bridge. Once upon a time the watermen of London were as content, as it is in the nature of watermen and cabmen to be, to take one halfpenny per head for conveying passengers from London to Gravesend; but we soon find them growing more extortionate. In 1293 they "did take from passengers unjust fares, against their will; that is, where they had formerly taken a halfpenny from a person for his passage to London, they then took one penny"—an outrage which led to their being summoned before the sheriff. The prioress of Higham, farther down the river, was a notable extortioner. The ferry across the Thames was her property, and it was complained that her boatmen exacted the enormous price of twopence for every horseman conveyed over, instead of one penny; and from foot-passengers one penny, instead of a farthing—a tax too great to be borne, and quickly regulated by authority. A few years later, Walter Langton, Bishop of Coventry and Lord Treasurer of England, whose family, and menials, and horses cost him six shillings and elevenpence for refreshment at Gravesend and Rochester, paid twentypence for wages and a sailing-boat, for carrying harness from London to Gravesend. There was no doubt about the power of the City over the silent highway, the conservancy of the Thames having been granted to the corporation by a charter of the Lion King, confirmed and enlarged by many subsequent enactments. By John Lydgate's time the fare by barge, sailing, or pulling with the tide, had risen to twopence, for want of which the poet describes himself as unable to "speed." The pace was not severe in the good old times. A letter from the king, at Windsor, to the Privy Council, dated April 28th, 1407, states that his Majesty, "having hurt his leg, and being attacked with ague, his physicians would not allow him to travel on horseback; he hoped to be at Staines that night, and would thence proceed to London by water, where he expected to arrive in three or four days." No doubt the river was alive with boats, and life afloat had its pleasure and dangers, as well as life ashore. One beauty of the old river which, like other things, looks and smells sweetly from afar, appears to vanish on closer inspection. It was not quite so silvery as lovers of the past are fond of

imagining, being, in fact, so choked with garbage and filth flowing out from the Walbrook, the Fleet river, and other affluents, that a fine of forty pounds was inflicted, by the proclamation of 1472, on any person who should throw rubbish or offal of any kind into the river. Notable fights, too, occurred on the not very silent highway. In the reign of Richard the Third happened the great fight between the Merchant Taylors and the Skinners, concerning their right of precedence in the mayor's procession by water. A great feud had existed for a long time, one barge always attempting to get before the other. On the 4th of July, 1483, the king went to the Tower in procession by water, the rival companies struggling for pride of place as usual. Inspired by the presence of royalty, the valiant Skinners and Taylors were not satisfied with a few shrewd blows, but brought cold steel into the discussion, whereby many were done to death, and many more wounded. In consequence of this the matter was referred to the mayor for arbitration, whereupon Lord Mayor Billesdon decided that, for the future, the two guilds should alternately have precedence—except in the case of one of them furnishing the Lord Mayor—and that they should invite each other to dinner on alternate years, to cement brotherly feeling. This custom prevails to this day. One year the Skinners invite the Merchant Taylors, and the next year the Merchant Taylors invite the Skinners. On these occasions, this toast is solemnly drunk: "Skinners and Merchant Taylors—Merchant Taylors and Skinners, Root and Branch, may they flourish for ever, for ever."

Prices made great strides in a couple of hundred years. The waterman who took a passenger to Gravesend for a half-halfpenny could, at the same time, buy a loin of beef for fivepence; while, in 1485, the Drapers' Company paid twelve shillings for two "ribbes of beefe." In the reign of Philip and Mary an extraordinary enactment was passed, "touching Watermen and Bargemen upon the river Thames." After complaining of the general wickedness of everybody afloat, this rescript proceeds to declare "that a great number, and the most part, of the wherries and boats now occupied and used, and of late time made for rowing upon the said river, being made so little and small in portion, and so straight and narrow in the bottom, varying much from the old substantial sort and sure making of boats and wherries, which

was used before the space of twenty years last past, inasmuch, as the most part of boats and wherries used at this day being so shallow and tickle, that thereby great peril and danger of drowning hath many times ensued," &c., that overseers are to be appointed to maintain order on the river, both as to the morals of the Watermen and the safety of their craft; and, moreover, that on pain of forfeit, no person should make "any wherry or boat, to the intent, commonly, to use rowing and carrying of people upon the said river of Thames, which shall not be two-and-twenty feet and a half in length, and four feet and a half broad in the midships," &c. &c. A few years later, an elaborate scale of charges was drawn up for wherries, tilt-boats, and tide-boats. By the Act of 1555, when the first court of the Watermen's Company was constituted, no person could work on the river as a waterman without incurring the penalty of imprisonment, unless he was admitted and registered of the company, or an apprentice, or retained with a master by the whole year; and sailors, who were not so admitted, could not work between their voyages.

By degrees, coaches, sedan-chairs, and, finally, hackney-coaches, damaged the waterman's trade; and he was, moreover, impressed in war-time with terrible severity. But despite the fact that Tom Tug has long since forsaken his trim-built wherry for a lighter, or a steamboat, the worshipful company still lives and flourishes, unlike a kindred company which has passed away. Long ago there actually existed a guild of Water-bearers, who, since Sir Hugh Myddleton turned on the main, have faded away altogether. On old plans of London the water-bearer may be found plying his trade—as necessary in London of old as in the East now. There is no doubt as to the perfect organisation of this ancient craft, but no sign of its existence has been made for many centuries. Like the Water-bearers, the Woodmongers, the Tobacco-pipe-makers, the Marblers, and the Pinners, have lapsed into inanition; funds have dwindled away, members have died off, and the companies have become extinct. The small number of extinct companies speaks well for the vitality of civic institutions. A company may sink to a low ebb, but is always susceptible of revival and expansion to its ancient dimensions. Let us, therefore, dry our tears at the untimely fate of the Water-bearers, Woodmongers, Tobacco-pipe-makers, and Marblers, and

glancing for an instant at the Basket-makers, gaze with a glow of pride at the revived Patten-makers and Clock-makers, the regenerated Shipwrights and Needle-makers. Only a few years ago these companies had almost sunk into dotage, when a sudden infusion of new blood restored them to healthy and vigorous youth. The Needle-makers' Company was hardly so ancient as many of its compeers, for the very excellent reason that needle-making in England is comparatively a new thing. For many centuries needles were imported into England from Spain, where the art of working in steel had been carried to great perfection. According to Fuller, "The first fine Spanish needles in England were made in the reign of Queen Mary, in Cheapside, by a negro; but such was his envy, that he would teach his art to none, so that it died with him. More charitable was Elias Kraus, a German, who, coming over into England, about the eighth of Queen Elizabeth, first taught us the making of Spanish needles." In the preamble of the charter now in possession of the Needle-makers' Company, the formation of the company is justified by the misdeeds of sundry persons who, "for many years past, and still do use and practise many abuses and deceits in making of iron needles, and needles of bad stuff and unworkmanlike, to the great abuse and wrong of the people of this kingdom, and the scandal of the said art or mystery of needle-making;" wherefore, the company was invested with, and for that matter retains, extraordinary powers of search, of imposing fines, and of bringing recalcitrant needle-makers generally to book. A charter of incorporation was first granted to the Needle-makers' Company by Oliver Cromwell, and is remarkable as being the only charter of that kind granted by the Lord Protector. This charter is kept with the other muniments of the company, and is in excellent preservation. It is engrossed on five large skins of parchment, with a curious portrait of Cromwell, as Lord Protector, on the first skin. After numbering among its members such men as George Grote, the company sank into a kind of lethargy; so that, five years ago, it consisted of a nominal livery and of two members of the court. At this juncture, an irruption from the west took place. A compact body of aspirants for civic honours, headed by Mr. J. C. Parkinson, the present master, sought admission;

and, on this being granted, proceeded to thoroughly regenerate the company. The Court of Aldermen have already granted two extensions of the number of the livery, and the Needle-makers' Company now presents the agreeable spectacle of a City company composed of men of eminence in almost all of the higher walks of life. The Clock-makers' Company is another instance of the successful revival of a body which had sunk almost into decrepitude. Having recently added to their numbers several Members of Parliament, and other personages distinguished in the great world, the Clock-makers have essayed to revive, not only the prosperity of their company, but its ancient rights and privileges. From the correspondence which took place, it would appear that certain members of the trade are in the habit of sending foreign-made gold watch-cases, stamped with their own registered punch, under pretence of their being English-made cases, to Goldsmiths' Hall, for the purpose of having them impressed with the English hall-mark, to the end that they, being supplied with foreign works, and thus altogether foreign, might be sold as English-made watches. This practice the Clock-makers' Company desired to put down, and goaded on the Goldsmiths to attack the Board of Trade on the subject, but, of course, got no satisfaction of any kind. The company has been more successful in founding a technical library, containing a collection of works upon the theory and practice of the art of clock and watch making, or connected with horology or general science. They have also a museum, containing many valuable specimens. This library has recently been deposited in the Guildhall Library, and supplied with a catalogue raisonné by Mr. Overall. The Worshipful Company of Patten-makers appeared, a short time ago, very likely to give up the ghost. It was reduced to three members, when the example of the Needle-makers suddenly roused the Patten-makers to a sense of responsibility. Within twelve months this once moribund society has come again to the fore, with a large reinforcement of new members, and now shows every mark of a renewed lease of existence. The very ancient fraternity of Shipwrights, too, was on the point of sinking out of human knowledge, when their craft was, to the astonishment of everybody, careened, calked, and launched anew on a fresh career. Within the present year there has

been a large accession of new members, nearly all connected with the shipping interest. It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the Shipwrights' Company is the only one in London which has connection with the maritime trade.

Thus are decrepit companies transformed into vigorous young bodies by the agency—not of Medea's—but of Messrs. Ring and Brymer's caldron. The tie of conviviality has ever been strong in the City. We have seen, how blood-feuds were healed by the pleasant practice of dining, and "drynkyng togedro," and how the ancient life of the guilds was sustained by the practice of dining in hall, then open every day to the fellowship, and not merely on grand occasions of display as at present. As the great nobles moved westward, their fine houses were purchased by various guilds. The Drapers obtained Cromwell's, and to this day retain his beautiful gardens, enlarged by the summary process recorded by Stow. This bright spot of London greenery, however, is doomed at last to bricks and mortar, the pecuniary temptation to build over it having proved too great to be withstood. The Grocers bought Lord Fitzwalter's mansion, and the Slaters secured the residence of the Earl of Oxford. Many conventual buildings also fell, at the time of the Reformation, into the hands of the companies. The Leather-sellers obtained the ancient priory of St. Helen, and turned the refectory, a noble specimen of Gothic architecture, into their common hall; the Pinners removed to the monastery of the Austin Friars; and the Barber-surgeons to the Hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall. Ample records of their feasts are preserved in the archives of the various companies. Before turtle was invented, and while venison was a common dish, the joyous cits feasted royally upon pike and porpoise, partridge and woodcock. An interesting feature of the great feasts of the year, was the now generally disused custom of crowning the master and wardens with garlands. These garlands were not of roses, be it well understood, but of cloth or velvet, leather or silk, embroidered with the arms of the company, and sometimes furnished with a cap, inside the vertical ring, which constituted the garland proper, or heraldic "wreath." Caps of maintenance or of honour are to this day used by the master and wardens of the Skinners' Company. The Carpenters also adhere to the ceremony of coronation, using the same caps of honour that existed

three hundred years ago. Besides their caps of maintenance, and their arms, the companies were exceedingly proud of their "livery," a privilege granted in the reign of Edward the Third. The number of persons in each company entitled to wear the livery has always been an important point, subject to the regulation of the Court of Aldermen, who have power both to grant or increase the livery of any company. The powers of the Court of Mayor and Aldermen, indeed, extend to the establishing of a company. It is supposed that all the City companies were founded by royal charter, but this is an erroneous opinion. The Basket-makers were founded by an order of the Court of Mayor and Aldermen in 1569; the Carmen were made a fellowship by the Court of Common Council in 1665; the Founders' Company and the Farriers' Company were enrolled and established by the Court of Mayor and Aldermen, hundreds of years before they received a royal charter. The Inn-holders, the Joiners, and the Painter-stainers, likewise existed long before their royal charter of incorporation. Conversely the royal charter does not carry with it a livery, this being the gift of the Court of Aldermen. Thus the Parish Clerks' Company, incorporated by royal charter, have no livery; and the Shipwrights, without a royal charter, have a livery extended to two hundred. These liveries formed an important part of those pageants with which the atrocious dulness of old-fashioned City life was occasionally broken—of processions by land and water, and of high days and holidays. Ample records are preserved of these great ceremonial events, and the quantity of plunket (blue) and murrey (dark crimson) cloth used is set down with great exactness. So far as can be ascertained, the prevailing colour of the liveries were these—the preference for them being easily explained by their being the colours of the Virgin; but that no hard-and-fast line prevailed for many centuries, is shown by the "livery of red and white" worn by six hundred citizens, who rode to the marriage of Edward the First, at Canterbury, to his second wife Margaret. In 1446, when another Margaret—she of Anjou—was received in London, blue and red was the only wear. "She was met with the mayre, aldermen, and sheriffs of the cytee, and the craftes of the same in blew, with browderyd sleveys; that is to meane, everye mysterye or crafte, wyth

conysaunce of his mysterye, and rede hodes upon eyther of theyre heddes." The early dress consisted of an upper and undergarment, called a "cote and surcote," the gown and hood being reserved for occasions of ceremony. The fashion of the livery gowns has not altered since the reign of Henry the Sixth. In the illuminated charter, granted by that monarch to the Leather-sellers' Company, may be seen the robe and hood, precisely as they are worn to-day. Crowned and garlanded at the banquet, richly attired in the pageant succession, generations of burgesses have passed away under the embroidered hearse-cloths of their respective companies. The men disappear, but the institutions they founded remain, and have beheld, in the present day, a reaction in their favour. Jokes against turtle and venison fall flatly on the ears of this generation, and those who would fain roar about the mismanagement of trusts, are silenced when a single company gives twenty-five thousand pounds to a hospital, as did the Worshipful Company of Grocers only a few short months ago.

A SCHOOLROOM LAMENT.

I FIND it very hard to feed my thoughts
On these dry elements of English grammar;
Analysis of sentences, forsooth!
Dissecting and connecting, hammer—hammer.
Give me a character to analyse;
Simple or complex, prosy or poetic;
A living, moving, breathing specimen,
With reason sound, or sympathies magnetic!

And all this weary round of figures, too,
To my ill-ordered mind has few attractions;
Addition, and division, and the like,
Crushing one's fancies into compound fractions.
Put two and two together, and you solve
Most real life questions, whether grave or funny;
But longest long division fails to prove
How many times is love contained in—money?

Music I love, and long for; yet I find
The terms and laws of harmony perplexing;
For me, provided that a chord is sweet,
To question why 'tis sweet, is merely vexing.
I rather heed the harmonies of life,
With deep and varied tones most strangely blended;
With many and many a dissonance that falls
In perfect cadence, when the piece is ended.

FOREIGN JACK.

FOREIGN JACK has not been distinguishing himself of late—at least, not favourably. People tell me I am but a poor statistician, but even I can measure by the rule-of-three sometimes; and applying that popular arithmetical test to some of the more recent proceedings of Foreign Jack, it appears to me that Jack's credit suffers

in the experiment. Two general mutinies, two subsequent escapes by desertion, a couple of deaths in open fight, seven murders, and half-a-dozen executions, cannot be called a healthy average for the crews of two rather small vessels. I confess, too, that, speaking always under correction and as a mere landsman, it does not seem to me advisable that it should come to be generally recognised as one of the ordinary duties of a steward, to bring home the rest of the ship's company to be hanged for the murder of their officers. I even doubt if they would in all cases be found capable of discharging this new function, and am quite sure they would soon come to demand, if not to deserve, extra pay in consideration of it.

However, Foreign Jack is an institution, and, so long as scoundrels are cheap and shipowners keen, and underwriters accommodating, is likely to remain one. And as institutions are paradoxical things, and often interesting in the inverse ratio of their beneficence, I take an interest in Foreign Jack accordingly.

So, a few days since, my friend Tom Baroda and I set off, under the guidance of an able local pilot kindly furnished us by Captain Furnell, of the Poplar Shipping Office, to look up the private haunts of Foreign Jack in general, and, if possible, of the unchanged Lennie men in particular. Tom, who is young and enthusiastic, is particularly taken with the latter feature of the expedition. He has never, he tells me, "met a murderer" but once, years ago, in San Francisco, when he was quite a lad. And that wasn't a real murderer, you know; at least he had never killed anybody, except in a "difficulty." He was a good fellow, too, it seems, at bottom, and a bit of a dandy—both sure passports to Tom's sympathies—and Tom finally parted from him at a barber's, in New York, where he was having his hair dyed. The homicidal heroes of whom we are in search to-night are of a less romantic and more practical type, and the neighbourhood in which we must seek them is, of course, the classic neighbourhood of Ratcliff-highway.

Before, however, reaching the actual Highway itself, our guide opines that we had better draw the establishment of "Johnny the Greek." The name has a hopeful sound, and the place itself, our guide tells us, has long been one of the largest foreign boarding-houses in the neighbourhood. As, indeed, we find it even

now, though shorn, alas! of at least half its fair proportions, and, with even these, a world too wide for its sadly shrunk connection. Poor Johnny the Greek is dead, and though Mrs. Johnny keeps on the house, and does her best to keep things going, there is but a poor chance now "the man" is gone. Jack—especially Foreign Jack—does not go "looking for lodgings" like ordinary landlubbers. He has all that done for him. Long before his anchor is down, he is surrounded, at a more or less respectful distance, by a whole "school" of touts and crimps, playing about him like so many lively young sharks round a ship with his "yellow" namesake on board. Once his foot is fairly on the greasy terra firma of the Highway, if he be not very soon thoroughly acquainted with all the various merits of all the various establishments of that meritorious, but unsavoury, neighbourhood, it will assuredly not be for lack of enterprise on the part of their exceedingly polyglot representatives. So the stream of custom is cut off before it gets to poor Mrs. Johnny, and the hospitable doors of the Wellclose-square establishment yawn in vain. There is a woe-begone look about the whole place. The large room—large, that is, for Ratcliff-highway—into which you plunge from the street, is bare and silent; and the two huge models of ships which form its only ornaments have a look as though they had been abandoned at sea, and hadn't even a model rat on board. Mrs. Johnny is very proud of these big ships, every rope of whose complicated rigging was set up by her deceased "master," and from whose broadside frowns, as she proudly informs us, a whole battery of real brass guns. But the guns are pointing in all directions; the rigging hangs in bights; the yards are braced anyhow; the trimly-cut sails—poor Johnny was a sailmaker, and cut them every one with his own hand, he did—are but half-hoisted, not quite half-sheeted home, and trimmed as though there had been a mutiny on board, and the cook had taken command, and had not quite made up his mind which way to steer. Upstairs it is much the same. Johnny was an understanding man, and moved with the times, though at a respectful distance in the rear, as a Greek should move, and the principal rooms are furnished with iron bedsteads, pretty closely packed—say, half a dozen or more in a room some ten feet square—but a decided improvement upon the grim

old wooden "bunks," which still occupy the upper rooms, and the mere sight of whose black recesses sets a sensitive skin crawling all over. But the beds are empty; the paper hangs from the walls; there is a yawning gap in more than one of the ceilings. We descend again speedily; not unmindful of the fact that there seem to be almost as many stair-cases as rooms—which must be a convenience sometimes, in the case of unwelcome visitors.

Below, in madame's own snug parlour—with its pictures and its shells, its bunch or two of coral, its case or two of stuffed birds, and its inevitable shark's jaw, grinning, as it were, in quaintly-frank warning over the mantelpiece—we drink, as in duty bound, to the speedy revival of our hostess's prosperity; and in the temporary absence of our hostess herself, gather from an ancient maiden—a faded hanger-on of the faded establishment—some interesting particulars of its prospects and capabilities. The ancient maiden's remedy for all things is "a man." And as she propounds it, not without emphasis, it seems to me that her faded blue eyes rest approvingly upon the bronzed features and stalwart form of my friend Tom. A good-looking young dog is Tom, and not without what Mrs. Johnny, who hails from the Emerald Isle, would call the "laste taste in life" of that jaunty military air which finds such favour in the eyes of the fair. Who knows? perhaps, after all, Tom might do worse.

For the present, however, we postpone the question and pursue our way to the rival establishment of another "Johnny"—this time "Johnny the Chinaman." A very smart gentleman is Johnny the Chinaman, in black cloth coat and trousers and black satin waistcoat, and gold watch-chain, and everything handsome about him. It is a tiny bit of a place this "Fonda Espanol," as Johnny prefers to call it, though he does not seem to talk much more of Spanish than of most other tongues; his general views of language appearing to be of a decidedly "pigeon" character. He understands what "cervesa blanca" means, however, as he would, no doubt, also understand the meaning of a choppe, or a bock, or a pint of bitter; and at the suggestion relaxes a little from that attitude of highly aggressive suspicion with which, like the rest of his fellow-industrials, he greets the first appearance under his hospitable roof of strangers who

clearly are not good for food, and may very possibly turn out to be brother sharks with ever so many more rows of teeth than himself. As he shows us over his tiny, but really very clean and comfortable, little establishment, I notice that he always keeps one lean brown paw in the right-hand trousers' pocket, and speculate as to whether there may not, perhaps, be "one piecey knife" handy somewhere thereabouts. It does not come into play on this occasion, however, and gradually Johnny's suspicions appear to dissipate themselves, till, at length, he relaxes altogether, and, with a melancholy grin, as of a man about to introduce you to the final joy of an exhausted world, leads us across his little back-yard to the special feature of his establishment—the famous opium-smoking room. A drear, little, squalid place truly; a veritable back-door to Paradise. But Paradise lies beyond it, sure enough, and you have only to ensconce yourself snugly in one of the little wild-beast-show-looking cages, and apply your lips for a very brief period to that commonplace bit of bamboo, with the tiny tin bowl screwed on to it, and you will be in the Elysian fields forthwith. Johnny is clearly of opinion that this must be the real object of our visit, and with a piece of stick drops a fresh supply of the thick treachery-looking drug into the little brown penny ink bottle. The melancholy grin fades away from around the sharp yellow fangs as he finds that we are not customers, after all; and though he bows us politely enough off the premises, I somehow don't think that the remarks which, as we go, he exchanges in his guttural polyglot with the Spanish ally who has kindly acted as misinterpreter during the interview, are altogether complimentary.

We are fairly in the Highway now. But, somehow, it is strangely changed from the Highway of old days. Squalid, fetid, loathsome as ever, it is no doubt, the very gruesome ideal of a sojourning-place which shall ensure Jack's prompt return to sea, by offering as few attractions as possible for his stay ashore. But of the old grim frolic and debauchery, the riot of twenty years ago or less, there is hardly a trace. Where is lovely Nan, in the blue or yellow, or crimson satin, that made up for the acres of broad red back and arms and shoulders it left exposed to view, by the miles of train that swept the greasy pavement, and afforded so admirable a basis for the pleasantries that enlivens, and the fisticuffs that cement friendship? Where

are Bet and Sal, each with an arm round Jack's happy neck; while Poll, to whom—except for this and a few similar aberrations—his heart has, doubtless, been ever true, consoles herself with Bill and a pot of double stout on the roof of a specially-chartered cab? Where are the fiddles and the dances, the bowers of bliss through whose dim and heavy-laden atmosphere came the muffled sound of roaring "Yo! heave, ho!" choruses, or shadowy glimpses of stalwart tars capering lustily by the side of Nan, and Bet, and Sal, and Poll aforesaid? Vanished, vanished all! Not very softly, or suddenly, perhaps, but as thoroughly as if every snark in the neighbourhood—and every shark too, for the matter of that, and they are the more plentiful hereabouts—had been a Boojum from his birth. Their ghosts are here, some of them. Here is "Wilton's," which has grown fine and bloomed into the "Mahogany Bar," and where the gentleman who has been singing a comic song informs us, in all good faith, that the night's *bénéficiaire* thanks us kindly through his "instrumentation." And here are the mortal remains of what was once Paddy's Goose. Paddy's Goose, forsooth! And here is the old "Ratcliff High" itself in its new go-to-meeting guise of St. George's-street; but the neighbourhood is altered almost out of all knowledge.

So much so is this the case that we feel impelled to inquire into the meaning of this striking alteration, and are somewhat startled by the reply. Our informant puts his head a little on one side, looks steadily at us for a moment with the left eye screwed very tightly up, and the right eye very wide open, tilts his hat well forward for more convenient access to the back of his head, and after a thoughtful scratch or two, replies slowly: "Well, I suppose Bryan King had as much to do with it as most people." Whereat I do not screw up either eye, but rather open both to their widest capacity. Bryan King! It is some years since I heard that name, and then surely in a very different connection. I take a moment to recover my breath, and then murmur, half apologetically, half interrogatively, the words, "St. George's-in-the-East? Riots?" My friend tilts his hat a little further over his brows, rises slowly on his toes, sinks slowly to his heels again, nods twice, at the imminent risk of upbonneting altogether, and replies oracularly "Just so. That's what it was all about." I am, if anything, a little more at sea than

before. "Surely the famous St. George's riots were about the Ritualism of Ratcliff-highway, not its morality, and it was the Low Church party——" Whereon my informant cuts in somewhat briskly: "Low Church party be fiddled!" he breaks out, snatching his hat off altogether, and blowing his nose vehemently in a large blue cotton handkerchief, to which it serves as a pocket. "Begging your pardon, I'm sure, sir; but I'm a Low Churchman myself—leastways I hope so—and it puts me out of patience. Them West-end societies as gets their living by setting folks by the ears, they took it up sure enough, as was but natural they should. And a pretty mess they made of it—a-blowing out a farthing dip and setting the whole place in a blaze! Why, Bryan, poor old man! he'd been a-going on Lord knows how many years, and might have gone till now, with his bit of an altar, and his couple of candle-ends, and his half-dozen of brats in white nightgowns, and nobody'd have been none the worse, nor none the wiser, except them as washed the nightgowns and weighed out the candles. And look at 'em now, with their big chapel chock full of people, and processions all over the parish, with crosses and banners, and Lord knows what all, a-singing, and a-chanting, and stopping every now and again to preach a sermon right in the middle of the street. That's what the riots has done for us, sir. But it wasn't none of our doing—leastways not us as lived down here, and knowed how things was. We was a-working with him we was, and doing good work too, as you may see now in these very streets any night. Bless your heart, there was as many of our people in the East London Association, which were what the riots really was about, when we got a-prosecuting the low houses, as was kept by vestrymen and suchlike—ah! as many of us as there was of Bryan King's lot, or pretty nigh it, any way. You go and ask 'em at the Sailors' Home, sir, if you doubt me. They're low enough there, I think, leastways, for me they are. You go and ask them."

The suggestion, even apart from any historical question as to the origin and history of the famous St. George's riots, seems a good one, especially as there is every reason to believe that at the Home we shall find some at least of the Lennie's crew, though not exactly that portion of it of which we are more particularly in

search. Tom's disappointment is great when, on arrival, we find that the steward and his boy friend have left some time since, and that their present whereabouts is not known. However, he is somewhat consoled by hearing that the hero's own government has rewarded his gallantry with a knighthood, and I hear him murmuring softly to himself, as we pass through the long corridors of the Home, "Sir Constant von Hoydonck! Ah!

A very pleasant contrast the Home affords. There is life enough and bustle enough here, though not quite of the old Ratcliff-highway flavour. Lovely Nan, for instance, is, of course, conspicuous by her absence. And Jack is sober. Not "upon compulsion." He is quite of that other famous Jack's mind upon that head; and the directors of the Home have had the somewhat rare good sense to recognise the fact and act upon it. At the first opening nothing but tea, coffee, and similar drinks were allowed in the building. So Jack bestowed a participle or two upon the building, and went and got drunk with Lovely Nan elsewhere. Now beer and wine may be had ad lib., within, I suppose, reasonable limitations; but the limitations are not in any way thrust upon you; and, so far as my knowledge goes, Jack may get as drunk as he pleases. Wherefore Jack stays at home, and does not get drunk. More. Now that he isn't "druv" into drinking "slops," he takes to those innocent beverages very kindly. The chief result, as it would appear, of introducing beer and wine has been an enormous increase in the sale of tea and coffee.

And a very tidy consumption there is of these and of other things. The Home makes up five hundred beds, and these are not enough for the demand. There are sometimes as many as sixty sleeping on or under the tables, for the reason that every berth is full, and Jack wisely prefers an "Irishman's four-poster" in the great hall of the Home, to taking his chance in the Highway. When he does get a berth—and he gets five hundred every night—he gets one to himself: a regular ship-shape little cabin, with plenty of room for his sea-chest, and a nice little ledge where he can write to his own particular Nan—not of the Highway class—and a nice little window for ventilation, and a good lock to the door, and a capital standing bedplace with a spring mattress. Shiver his timbers!

Jack on a spring mattress! Then, in the morning, there is his bath ready for him—a hot bath, if he likes it, bless you!—and just opposite the bath-room is the barber's establishment, where he can have his hair curled, if he has any fancy that way; and where, in point of fact, he is having it curled as we peep in; and grins, and turns, if possible, a shade more crimson than before at finding himself caught in the fact. He would bolt if he could, you may depend upon it, but the barber has him fast by the tongs, and he has to grin, and blush, and bear it.

And then, by the time that Jack is washed, and brushed, and curled, his breakfast is ready—a good solid breakfast, with as much meat, and soft tack, and butter, and "creases," and suchlike, as he can stow away. And then he strolls into the library and reads his papers like a lord till dinner-time comes, and the hot joints make their appearance, and the stews, and the hashes, and the pies, and the roast ducks, bursting with unlimited sage and onions, and beer—bless your dear eyes!—as much beer as ever he likes to call for. And then a stroll down among the ships till tea, with more meat, and more soft tack and butter, and more "creases;" and, two or three nights a week, a cake—not one of your "brother-where-are-you" impostures—a real, downright plum-cake, with no nonsense about it. And then a pipe and a yarn till supper, with bread and cheese and beer unlimited again; and if Jack don't sleep soundly after that, it at all events will not be because he has failed to get the worth of the two-and-two-pence his twenty-four hours' entertainment will have cost him. Nor will he, probably, sleep any the worse for the knowledge that the forty or fifty pounds—more very often—he has just received at the shipping-office is safe in the strong-room downstairs. Considerably upwards of seventy thousand pounds a year is rescued in this way from the clutches of the Highway; and ever so much more might be rescued in the same way if the ruling spirits of other shipping-offices had the sound sense and right feeling of Captain Furnell, of Poplar. Every day, at that gentleman's office, a clerk attends from the Home, takes over from Jack, as he is paid off, as much as he likes to hand over, gives him a cheque for it, and carries it home safely—sometimes to the tune of five hundred pounds in the day. All the crimps and sharks

who lurk, thirsting for the blood of Jack, in the thievish corners of the unsavoury streets that intervene between Jack's pay-office and his lodgings, feel shamefully defrauded of those five hundred pounds, you may be sure.

Altogether, Tom's view of the Home as "really an awfully jolly notion, you know!" does not strike me as in any way exaggerated. Tom, indeed, is so smitten with the place that, when by-and-by I miss him for a time, I am half inclined to think he must have taken possession of one of the cabins en permanence. Presently, however, he reappears, looking a trifle sheepish, and excusing himself by saying that he had "dropped something." Tom is a truthful young man, and I have no doubt that he has dropped something; only, as I happen to remember that a little way back we passed a box with a slit in it, and that the Home, though self-supporting, is seeking funds for purposes of extension, I am inclined to fancy that it was something more substantial than a tear or even a pocket-handkerchief; also I am inclined to fancy that, whatever it was, Tom might have dropped it elsewhere to less advantage.

Equally laudable and, in its way, equally useful is the smaller sister establishment next door, known, in Jack's poetic lingo, as "the Straw House," and to ordinary mortals as the Destitute Sailors' Asylum. Hither comes Jack when he has not availed himself of the services of the Home bank; when the thievish corners of the streets have been pitfalls to him; and when the sharks have got at him, and worked their will upon him. He does not get a separate cabin here, but is hung up in a hammock on a big towel-horse, among a whole laundryful of other towel-horses similarly occupied. And in the morning he gets a less sumptuous breakfast, and doesn't have his hair curled, and is sent about his business to look for a ship until the evening. When he has found one, and is asked for his last night's address, he hums and haws considerably, fences with the unpleasant question as sea-lawyer-like as he may, and finally puts up his huge red paw to his mouth, and grunts bashfully from behind it, "Straw House." Next voyage he probably steers straight for the Home, especially if he be lucky enough to be sent to be paid off by Captain Furnell.

And so we turn out into the Highway again, and pursue our search through

another dozen or two of boarding-houses, all more or less of the type of Johnny the Greek's, or Johnny the Chinaman's, and all more or less dingy and uninviting, though, on the whole, less so than might be expected, for they have to compete with the solid attractions of the Home, and can no longer afford to indulge in absolute squalor. And presently we hear news of the Lennie men, and find ourselves in a little outfitter's shop on the north side of the street, the back of which opens into a large living-room, fitted and ornamented in the usual way; but, on the whole, decidedly superior, and particularly clean and bright-looking. Not by any means the sort of place in which we should expect to find those of whom we are in search; any more than the tall, fair young Greek woman, with the pretty, rather sad-looking face, and pleasant, but not merry smile, is the sort of landlady with whom we should expect to find them. Tom, who is of a sentimental turn, dubs her the "Maid of Athens" on the spot, and shakes his head vehemently at me in protest against the idea of there being any murderous connection here. Wherein he turns out to be correct. The Maid of Athens repudiates the notion with some warmth; cannot at all imagine why people should have set such a rumour about; and has already written to Lloyd's News to refute it. We confound ourselves in apologies, Tom especially—though, I fancy, a little disappointed by a casual reference on the "Maid's" part to her "husband"—assuring her warmly that he had never believed it for a moment. So the fair, sad face clears up, and the pleasant smile comes fluttering out again; and the "Maid" informs us where the Lennie men really are, and where, in due course, we find them.

A likely place enough this—the sort of place wherein murderers might fitly meet, and murders appropriately be planned. A villainous-looking beerhouse of the true Highway type—low-ceilinged and dingy-windowed; the floor gritty with yesterday's, and last week's, and last year's mud; the walls and ceiling black with fumes of smoke, and drink, and flaring gas, and unwashed humanity; the glazed door painted over to baffle curious eyes, but quite thickly enough coated with dirt to render this a very superfluous precaution; the notched and splintered counter slimy with the dregs of the grisly compound which goes here by the name of beer, and

of which a slatternly, beetle-browed Hebe, with sodden face and ragged black elf-locks, and a greasy black gown pinned loosely across her chest, serves us each, scowlingly, with a battered and sticky tankard. Evidently our appearance is not viewed with favour. The conversation, which was loud enough as we entered, drops suddenly for a few moments, to be resumed only in low growls and hoarse whispers. We are in good company evidently—of the sort which does not greatly care for the intrusion of strangers or missions not clearly enounced—of the sort which commonly has a knife about it somewhere, and does not restrict its use exclusively to the cutting of bread and cheese. It is an English company, however, as its conversation—made up, of course, chiefly of participles and adjectives—shows; so our men are not there. But presently, Tom, whose ears seem to prick themselves up like a terrier's at a rat-hole, jerks his elbow into my ribs, and nods meaningly at a half-open door in the back wall, through which can be caught a glimpse of an inner den, a trifle grailier than the first. The next moment he has shouldered the door open and lounged in, pot in hand, among half-a-dozen or so as cut-throat-looking gentlemen as, in the course of a somewhat variegated career, I have often encountered. Not of the tatterdemalion order, by any means; on the contrary, rather well-dressed than otherwise; and one, at least, with gold watch and chain. But, if looks may be relied upon, we have found our men at last, clearly; and equally clearly our men are not delighted at having been found. One, who in his first surprise addresses us in very tolerable English, suddenly forgets that language, and asks, as the chief captain asked St. Paul, "Canst thou speak Greek?" Our acquaintance, however, with the language of Homer is rather classic than colloquial—on the whole, perhaps, rather limited than either. Tom grunts through his beard something about a desirable conjugation of the verb *τυττω* which it is perhaps as well that the present representatives of the Achaians do not understand; and we lapse into a sort of lingua Franca of a decidedly "bono Johnny" type, which, however, with due aid from pantomime, suffices to express our desire for friendly relations, as symbolised and cemented by the interchange of drinks.

The conversation languishes, however,

Tom's contributions in particular being few and feeble, and his mind evidently preoccupied. I know what he is doing well enough. He is trying hard to solve the important question which of these half-dozen candidates for hempen honours, now doubtfully passing our sticky pewters from hand to hand, are the three who so unfortunately failed in the late competitive examination at the Central Criminal Court. Even Tom has hardly "cheek" enough to put the question in plain terms; and, indeed, from a certain hardening of the lines about the mouth, and a nervous tendency on the part of the strong brown knuckles to contract into the form in which they have ere now done yeoman's service on the countenances of more than one of her Majesty's more objectionable subjects, I am inclined to fancy that honest Tom does not find his "real murderers" quite such congenial society as he may possibly have anticipated. He confesses, indeed, to me, afterwards, that the temptation to "go for some of these blackguards was awfully strong, you know;" and its ingenuous expression in Tom's undiplomatic face does but little towards allaying the shyness of our suspicious friends. Presently their suspicions receive a fresh and powerful impulse, as they notice for the first time that our guide, who has remained in the outer bar, and who, as luck will have it, is a teetotaller, has clearly no business here but that of watching our party, which he is just now doing with very special vigilance. Simultaneously it flashes on them that neither Tom nor I have more than just put our lips to the villanous compound which we have been so hospitably handing round, and which, in its normal state, probably does not present itself to their view in quite so poisonous a guise as to ours. Whereon it speedily becomes clear enough who is who. The right hands of all jerk instinctively towards their waist-belts; but three of the men turn an ugly mud colour, and the brows close down upon the gleaming black eyes. One jumps quickly up, and kicks to the door. Another squirts upon the floor the yet unswallowed mouthful of beer, and licks his white lips nervously, as though in search of unsanctioned savours. The third fills rapidly from the discarded pot a couple of grimy tumblers, and, recovering his English as suddenly as he just now lost it, pushes them over to us, with the significant invitation "You drink that." For a space, the

situation, as our allies across the Channel would say, is of a certain tension. There are decided symptoms of an approaching row. But Tom is a thorough soldier, and is pledged not to "go for" anyone without the word of command. And the word of command is not given. Two pair of fists to half-a-dozen knives are odds such as, in my experience, are more eagerly encountered on the sunnier than the shadier side of thirty. So I, as responsible commanding-officer, put my feelings discreetly in my pocket, and swallow the horrible decoction as smilingly as I may. Tom, as a well-disciplined subaltern, gulpingly follows suit. Poor Tom! Only at home on leave for the express purpose of saving, if possible, what yet remains of his liver!

And so suspicion is partially averted, and the atmosphere clears again. Only partially, however. Our company is still considered as anything but desirable, and as the party is evidently breaking itself up, we accept the hint and retire. As we once more gain the comparatively respectable pavement of the Highway, I inquire of Tom whether he would care to see anything more of Foreign Jack to-night.

But Tom is quite certain that he has had enough of Foreign Jack, not only for to-night, but for all time, and, as I am of the same mind, we toddle clubwards.

WINDOW GARDENING.

THE love of admiration is far from being an altogether reprehensible sentiment. Although indulged in for the gratification of self, it cannot be gratified without first effecting the gratification of others. The public, who supply the admiration, are repaid by having something to admire. A noble mansion, a handsome park, a well-kept garden, afford pleasure to others besides their owner. The pleased beholders may be innumerable, whereas their owner is only one, or at most one family and their circle of friends. The same may be said of a well-mannered, well-dressed woman. If single, she has no owner but herself. If she wishes for another owner, she is adopting the very means to get one. People who care little about dress beyond its decencies and proprieties, may still like to arrest attention by adorning their houses with attractive decorations. There are cockney-gothic elevations

which it is impossible to pass without a look—not to say a stare. There are vases, statues, columns, balustrades, more or less congruous, but all, for praise or blame, remarkable. Perhaps the most harmless and least obtrusive way, especially in towns and streets, of begging the stranger to bestow an approving glance, is to fill a window tastily with pot-plants.

Of course the window gardener will never confess to troubling himself whether people look at his display or not. It is his own love of green leaves and flowers, his interest in the vegetable kingdom, and nothing else, which has brought the bright collection together. I say "his" in a comprehensive sense, to avoid the awkwardness of "his or her." For the amateur exhibitor is often a lady; as may be seen when a pretty girl is searching for dead leaves, although perfectly aware that none are there. Having beheld her so occupied one day, you look in the next; and are rewarded by the discovery that her governess, or her grandmother, has not yet renounced the search for dead leaves. But the profession of indifference to public approval contains a certain dash of hypocrisy. Being in the secret, I may brush that flimsy pretext aside. The truth is that there is a combination of motives. It is neither all foolish vanity and love of show, nor pure philobotany, study of vegetable forms, and enthusiastic love of the beauties of nature. If the cultivator did not like plants, he would not cultivate or purchase them. If he were indifferent to other people's admiration, he would put his most charming specimens anywhere else, quite as willingly as in his most conspicuous window. It is not for him that full many a flower is born to blush unseen. There are two parties to be gratified—the great world outside the window, and the small private knot within it.

When once a resolution has been formed to follow up this line of horticulture, it is prudent to confine the show to one window, or at most to the windows of one apartment, unless the exhibitor has great resources to draw upon. Anybody with a long purse, and taste therewith, can keep up a display by going to the nurseryman's, and buying fresh plants, as soon as those in possession begin to fade. Such an amateur, however, is hardly a window gardener, but only a decorator of windows.

To have one window that shall keep

up an unflinching reputation all the year round, it is needful to have several unseen windows to which plants can retire after they have played their part. Annuals will scarcely appear on the stage more than once. They have their day; after which they may sigh "Sic transit gloria mundi!" But perennial plants can no more make incessant efforts to please, than great singers or great actors. After a brilliant, perhaps prolonged and exhausting, floral, vocal, or dramatic display, they require an interval of repose, to recruit their strength before beginning to show off again, during which time of stand at ease they should feed well, abstain from excess of stimulant, and avoid draughts of air and needless disturbance. With floral gems, this temporary halt of green-room retirement is different from their period of rest, which may often be passed in a cellar, a cupboard, or a box which shuts in vitality by shutting out frost. For human stars—unless they make their fortunes, or grow sick of the public's plaudits—the latter contingency being, however, so rare that it may be omitted from our calculations—there is no rest but what is forced upon them: shelving, superannuation, final earthing-up.

Better, when it can be had, than the supplementary windows, and invaluable as a supplement to that supplement, is a nice little greenhouse in a little garden at the back of the house, enjoying a fair share of sunshine in summer, and with the frost kept out in winter by contiguity to the kitchen, perhaps helped by a flue proceeding therefrom. With these, seconded by judicious selection and forethought, you may enjoy a never-ending succession of beauties. So aided, you will be enabled to link autumn, horticulturally and florally, with spring, especially if you have the self-restraint to set bounds to your ambition in respect to quality and numbers.

On my daily way to school I found out a window which invariably beguiled the tedium of the walk. If school had been hateful, that window would have made it bearable; with no particular dislike to school, the half-way window rendered it attractive. At all seasons there were about half-a-dozen pretty pot-plants; sometimes there might be five, sometimes seven; but never an overcrowded thicket, struggling desperately for life and light. Nor was the window ever vacant. As soon as one nice little thing was over, another charmer took its place. I had

not then read *Lalla Rookh*—I doubt if it would have been allowed, and it was, besides, beyond my comprehension—or I should have exclaimed:

Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on!

Its triumph, perhaps, was in early spring, or rather late winter, when flowers are beyond all price. First, we had snow-drops, up and out before their time, with a golden tuft of winter aconite, otherwise new-year's gift, beside them. Then came scarlet Van Thol tulips, the double yellow wallflower, the blue-rayed Cape cineraria—*C. amelloïdes*, to give it its original Linnean name, instead of *De Candolle's*, *Agathæa*—followed by auriculas, then the idols of florists, and the American cowslip with that beauty of beauties, the camellia, double white and double red. Sometimes, probably for want of a plant in flower at that moment, a place in the window was occupied by a cactus, a foreign sempervivum, a partridge-breasted or a pearl-bearing aloe, or other curious succulent; for succulents then were in much greater favour than of late, although they seem to be coming in again. Fashion in flowers, like history, has a tendency to repeat itself.

One quarter-day brought doleful disaster. The pleasant window was closed with shutters. Still there was hope of its re-opening on the morrow. Next morning all hope was gone. The window was furnished with muslin curtains, very coarse but very clean. Some new tenant had arrived, who hated nasty geraniums and all that sort of thing, which only serve to make a litter and harbour dust and flies. The light of the school-path was suddenly extinguished; but childhood is soon reconciled to the irremediable. Submission to destiny was, in this case, recompensed. A few days afterwards, just started for school, I beheld, close to home, exactly such another window, with exactly the like plants. The admired exhibitor had become a neighbour; and inquisitive youth soon contrived to learn that the plants, which did not seem to have suffered during travel, had been moved with as much care as the furniture and the children. I also learned the grand secret of the supply—the little greenhouse at the back of the house, which in this locality was fully open to the south, and was perhaps the leading motive of the removal.

Since that time, the window gardener has a greater choice and a wider range of

cultivation. The "nasty" geranium still holds its own, reinforced by varieties with double flowers. The new tricolours too render great assistance, by putting in a gay appearance of foliage when blooms run short. What a sensation Mrs. Pollock made when first she came out! But she loses her bright complexion when stinted of air and light, as is inevitable in winter. The tricolours now are numerous. The best I know to retain its hues under adverse circumstances is *Lady Cullum*, which also unites brilliant scarlet flowers with richly-tinted foliage.

Enormous as is the world of pot-plants before you where to choose, it will take sundry trials and more than one season's experience, before you hit on those which exactly suit at the same time your window and your personal predilections. Individual specimens or species on which you find that you can depend year after year, deserve to be treated like long-trying friends. A favourable opinion of an untried plant is easily and safely adopted; if it do well at once, it is a good plant—it takes its place on your staff, and there is an end of the matter. An adverse judgment, on the other hand, should be more slowly and cautiously pronounced. A plant which you have obtained for the sake of one expected quality, which has failed, may afterwards and later on manifest another which will ensure its retention.

I received in a growing state—doubts may be entertained whether it ever ceases to grow—a mere scrap of *Begonia Richardsoniana*, a garden hybrid, together with some dormant tubercles of the new bulbous begonias, which, by the way, make attractive summer pot-plants, with the great convenience of dying down to the ground in autumn, and remaining quiet till April or May. These, after being started in pots, were turned out of doors to decorate the open border. Little *Richardsoniana* took its place in the rank. The others put forth their bright cups and tassels, while Dicky did nothing but show inconspicuous white flowers, and make a few dull little jagged leaves. When the bulbous B.'s were lifted in October, what was to be done with poor little Dick? Throw it away? No. 'Tis so small and costs so little to keep. Pot it, through charity, and give it house-room.

All winter it kept growing at tortoise-speed, living on without giving trouble, or asking for anybody's notice or favour. And when called out to pass the spring

review, it was found to have become a nice little tree only a few inches high, of fastigate habit, like a Lombardy poplar under Chinese dwarfing; with branches, leaves, and trunk, all in proportion; even to the tiny blossoms, which, magnified, would fit a tall arborescent magnolia. With us, therefore, *B. Richardsoniana* holds its own, as a compact little type of *multum in parvo*; and it strikes so readily from cuttings, if you wish to oblige a friend who is fond of "neat things!"

A plant may fail to do itself justice because your mode of management, or your soil, is such as just to allow it to live on, in wretched plight, without ever having the vigour to develop its peculiar beauties and merits. In ordinary upland garden soil, if stiff, hard, and clayey, Japan lilies, and especially the gorgeously-gilded *L. auratum*, will make but an unsatisfactory return for all the pains you may bestow upon them. Try them another year in a compost of which heath mould or even black bog-earth is the principal ingredient, and you will have worked a change which looks almost miraculous—you will have a firm stem, instead of a withered reed; dark green adherent leaves, replacing yellow caducous scraps; blooms with perfect health blushing on their petals; and, above all, plump, well-swollen, stout-sealed bulbs, promising still better things for the following season. But lilies in general, however sweet their smell, emit it, when kept in closed apartments, too powerfully to agree with individuals who are unable to bear any penetrating perfume. Outside, or in a balcony—properly supported by sticks, and not exposed to gusts of wind—they are valuable window garden-stock, being permanent contributors to the show year after year.

Of such importance is suitable soil, that cunning gardeners will compose you soils containing, or deficient in, certain elements which they are aware that certain plants either like or loathe. They will take as much forethought about the earth in which they establish each plant as physicians do about the "waters" to which they recommend each patient to resort. Thus, if obliged, by the nature of the district where you live, to use very light soil for pelargoniums, you will find it suit them better by mixing with it, reduced to powder, a small quantity of yellow clay, stiff loam, or other argillaceous earth. On the other hand, the presence of even a small proportion of lime renders earth unfit for rhododendrons, kalmias, azaleas, and the

numerous other genera commonly known as American plants. Many leguminous plants—such as sweet peas, annual and perennial—agree with stone-fruits (cherries and peaches) in liking an admixture of chalk or gypsum.

Soil may not only be uncongenial in itself, but it may contain unsuspected enemies of vegetable life. For instance, leaf-mould is believed to be an almost universal panacea for ailing plants. It is certainly excellent when the mass contains leaf-mould only; but being made of decayed leaves, rotten grass, straw, moss, weeds, and other vegetable rubbish, left to decompose two or three years—the older it is the better—and often turned over and exposed to the air and light, it is frequently full both of the seeds of weeds and of the eggs and grubs of insects, which prove not only troublesome but seriously destructive. Woe to the gardener who plants a choice specimen in leaf-mould containing eggs or larvae of the crane-fly, or the cockchafer. He will commonly not discover the cause of the mischief done until it is too late to apply a remedy. A safe plan, when fresh leaf-mould is obtained for potting—and an easy plan when only moderate quantities are required—is to subject it, first, to gentle heat, to cause the seeds of weeds to germinate, and then to a higher temperature—slightly cooking it, in fact—which shall cause worms, insects, and their eggs, to find the place too hot to hold them. Once killed, they supply manure, instead of committing ravages.

In the flower markets of most large towns, leaf-mould, or light compost imitating it, is offered for sale. The quantities so purchased being always small, there can be little difficulty in giving it a warming sufficient to destroy any germs it may contain. This branch of commerce might be extended with advantage. Supply would stimulate demand; for people, however much they may be in want of a thing, do not often ask for it when they know beforehand that it is not to be had. Dwellers in cities are reduced to great straits for earth in which to pot their flowers, and they would be glad of really good fresh soil to substitute for the black dust which they are obliged to scrape together as they can, and use over and over again for plants to grow in.

Perennials are the most useful window plants, and more especially those which, requiring little care in winter in conse-

quence of becoming dormant, can be stowed away in any dark, dry corner, whose temperature never falls to the point of freezing. But, as regards the selection of species, one can only say: "Every man to his taste." There are two categories of window plants; showy, staring things which fix everybody's notice—a blaze of bright colour is by no means to be despised—and plants with some special interest belonging to them, of remarkable form or singular habits, of medicinal or commercial value, souvenirs of the gardener's travels, and so forth. Tobacco is a noble annual; the cotton plant, kept warm enough, is far from ugly; camomile reposes the eye with its soft, dark-green, mossy foliage; knotted, otherwise pot, marjoram is perhaps the sweetest of sweet herbs. I have seen angelica used—before preserving in sugar—to fill a balcony with its noble balsamic foliage.

A few fenestral enthusiasts delight to decorate their house-fronts with a many-tinted tapestry of floral garlands hanging outside from window to window. Fine examples catch the eye in Flemish towns, both Belgian and French. It is a beautiful but brief mode of ornamentation, which can hardly appear in full force till after midsummer, and which is swept away by the first gale and great depression of temperature in autumn. The materials are within everybody's reach—climbers mostly, or at least free growers; convolvulus, cobaea, the old nasturtium—*Tropæolum majus*—in diverse shades; the elegant canary-bird flower—*Tropæolum aduncum*—a Mexican plant which even seedsmen persist in calling *T. canariense*, though it is no more canariense than they are canary-birds themselves; maurandias, scarlet and painted lady-runner beans, sweet peas, hops—objectionable, because apt to harbour aphides—ivy, with a long appendix of *et ceteras*.

The management is not everybody's business; the plants must be fed, and that well, like nestling birds, on the principle of little and often, sometimes much and often. With overcrowded roots cramped in boxes, watering once a day will not suffice, nor twice, nor any stated number of times. The supply must be entirely guided by the requirements of the vegetable pensioners. The exhaling surface of their leaves is enormous; and if it be not liberally met, with a hot sun shining and a dry wind blowing, half-an-hour's neglect will be long enough to convert the whole

curtain of verdure into hay. Liquid manure will render great service, if judiciously administered in small quantities from time to time. But the grand rule is, that you must cultivate such a window garden yourself, and not leave it even for half-a-day to servants or deputies. If you do, it will share the fate of many a pet bird during your pleasant month by the sea. On your return, you find them lying dead at the bottom of their cage. The housemaid left in charge protests: "I'll make my 'davy I didn't neglect 'em. Dear little creatures, I loved 'em too well. Only look, mem; there's plenty of water in their fountain, and the seed-drawer is as full as it can stick."

PHEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LII. AT LAST A BREAKDOWN.

"My daughter cannot return to you, or see you again, until you have made the most ample atonement for the disgraceful conduct of the other night, and until an engagement be given that she will be treated with more kindness than she has hitherto received. Only for a gentleman who came to her assistance, she might have spent the night in the streets."

Such was the letter that Mr. Pringle received after this unpleasant occurrence. He was already feeling uncomfortable at what he had done, and nervously apprehensive of the consequences; but he was defiant.

"If they wait for that," he thought, "they will wait long." And he determined that "no power on earth" should get him to take any such step. But what if Tom should be sent for? He winced at the very idea.

And now, by a rueful coincidence, came a rush of troubles, pouring in and overwhelming him. The truculent butcher, who had returned, as he had threatened, and found nothing satisfactory, was not slow to exact heavy punishment; before many days had gone, all the furniture of the little house was seized under a bill of sale, and the curtain fell on the little short-lived piece of housekeeping.

Our Phoebe had been very unhappy during these days. Notwithstanding her "cruel injuries," she did not feel them as her mother wished, though she was of

course willing to display a certain amount of spirit. She felt lonely and solitary; though when she contrasted her husband's coldness and harshness with the chivalrous behaviour of the stranger, she felt a pang of doubt. "If I had such a friend as that—someone to advise me!" she thought, on the second day after these events.

She had told his share in her rescue to her mother, who knew all about him, as she did about everyone. "Brookfield—a good old family. But there's something about him that I heard—about a disappointment in love, or his wife running away with someone; but he's a most important personage."

Almost as she spoke the maid entered with the card of the gentleman in question.

"You'd better see him yourself," said Mrs. Dawson.

"Oh yes! I must thank him!" cried Phoebe, excited as usual. "He was so kind; and I want to explain—What am I to say?"

Accordingly Mr. Brookfield was shown up. It was an awkward meeting, for he was in possession of an awkward secret; but he soon reassured Phoebe.

"I only came," he said, "just to tell you this. I am afraid you may think that I am one of those gossips that tell everything. It would be affectation—indeed, I could not expect you to believe me—if I said that I did not understand the meaning of what took place last night; but, as far as I am concerned, no one shall ever learn a word of it. I wish you to be quite easy on that point."

"It is most kind of you; and I don't know what I should have done but for you. Oh, it was too terrible," she added, covering her face with her hands.

"I hardly know what to say," he said. "If I sympathise with you—"

"Yes, I can understand," said she; "you will appear to condemn my husband. But I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you. It is long since I met such real kindness," she added, warmly, unconscious that she was actually condemning her husband.

He had turned his thoughtful face to her, and the coquette Phoebe, with all her troubles, was afterwards pleased to speculate that she had made a deep impression on him. "I do think," she said, in her light way, to her mother, "that he is quite in love with me!"

"I have no right or title," he went on, "to say what I am going to say; but just

as you accepted my humble service—such as it was—so you might be inclined to let me offer my aid in other ways when you should have occasion for it. It will please me, I assure you, to give it; and you will be doing me a favour to accept it. I am now going down to some friends in the country. I must tell you that you have really inspired me with an interest; so that if you have no objection to my working in your service, I shall be glad to do so."

"Oh, what kindness!" said the pleased Phoebe. "How good of you!"

There was a certain charm about this grave visitor, and the kindly interest there was in his manner. Phoebe felt, she knew not why, that this was the first friend she had met with for years. Of course this was fanciful, but these impressions do come, and are difficult to account for.

Mrs. Dawson, having allowed a due interval to pass to admit of the interchange of grateful feelings, felt it was now time to intervene, and secure so useful an acquaintance on a business foundation. So she entered, with bonnet on, as though she had just returned from walking; and, with a "Phoebe, dear, Mrs. Philabeg is waiting to see you," dismissed her daughter.

She soon "took his measure," as she termed it. "My dear," she said to her daughter, "did you ever see such a handsome creature? And such a finely-cut lip! Such a sweet voice too! I am quite charmed with him. And I've found out all about him. He is well off and monstrously clever, and he was in love with a most beautiful girl, who jilted him on the evening before the marriage. And he's going down to some people in the country, who, I am sure, would be glad to get him. He admires you, I can see. I know it's not right to put such things in a young married woman's head, but upon my word I believe he's taken a fancy to you. There's no harm in it, I am sure."

Poor Phoebe forgot all her troubles in this flattering compliment. Admiration, "were it only that of a coal-heaver," to use her mother's phrase, was ever welcome. It must be said that originally this was connected with what she most of all desired, the admiration of her husband; and she felt that such appreciation might increase her value in his eyes. But the insult that she had received had been too much. She was grown hard and defiant,

and would never pass it over. Her mother did not quite take the same view. "We must put up with these things, my dear. I remember your poor father used to turn me out of the room like a child when I displeased him, and I used to threaten, and scream; but certainly I did provoke him a great deal."

"It shall never be done again to me," said Phoebe, with compressed lips, "never. And he shall beg my pardon on his knees for this."

That very evening the door opened, and Mr. Pringle entered the room. Phoebe rose up in her stately way to leave it.

"You needn't go," he said.

"What! after turning me out of my own house, you come into my presence?"

"You have no house now," he said, covering his face. "It has come at last. They have seized everything; and I myself have been turned out. I am a wretched outcast, without anything left to me."

His face was full of a helpless despair. In an instant she had flown to him, and was fondling and patting him, as if she had some cherished little dog in her arms. All was forgotten, and, indeed, she added the curious speech:

"I am so glad! Now that you are really poor, you will be mine altogether. And we can take a little lodging now; and I will show you that I can work for you."

He had not the spirit to be impatient, or this speech would have made him so.

Mrs. Dawson, when she heard of this state of things, threw her eyes upwards, and said:

"You have made a pretty kettle of fish of it between you. Remember, I told you you would be glad to come to the old woman one day. Well, you can have a bed, and your bit and sup with me."

Thus had the episode that began so romantically at the garden-gate of the Misses Cooke's academy, worked itself out to this disastrous issue. And here we shall leave this luckless pair, to learn such lessons as disaster can impart, while a period of six months—as the playbills have it—is supposed to elapse before the next act begins.

CHAPTER LIII. THE FAMILY AGAIN.

ONCE more we turn to Joliffe's Court, after the family have laboured yet another season on the London fashionable road, breaking stones, desperately trying to "get on," and know nice people.

It was heartbreaking work, almost as hard as ever, although the family had,

indeed, made way, owing, it must be said, to the valuable tact and assistance of their guest, Miss Lacroix. Her advice had rarely ever failed to produce results, and she contrived to give this help without wounding their pride. Neither did she interfere with the young ladies, though there were several occasions when gentlemen sought to offer her attentions, which she diverted to their proper objects in a suitable and effective manner. There could be no doubt that it was she who "laid on" the little pack in the track of the young Lord Greenhithe, the Earl of Wapping's eldest son, and his cousin the Hon. Edward Slingsby, and conducted the operations—which, in every instance hitherto, had been contrived in a feeble and purposeless fashion—in a masterly and effective manner. The Pringles wondered, and admired, and admitted her superior genius. And it was she who had put into old Sam's head that daring scheme which was now absorbing all the faculties of the family—nothing short of his coming forward to stand for the county, in the place of Sir Gilbert Homerton, who was failing, and, indeed, not expected to live very long.

"Mind," she said in her quiet way, "I don't want to flatter you, or to say that you will succeed, for that I know nothing about; but, with your fortune and position, you are certainly entitled to look for it."

And she it was who certainly first offered, to the aspiring eyes of Mrs. Pringle and the girls, the glittering bait of the baronetcy which the family felt that their position also entitled them to look for. What was wealth without honours? A feverish longing took possession of them to get on this yet higher step of the ladder.

People were often curious about this Miss Lacroix—who she was? where did she come from? How was it "that the Pringles had taken her up?" But there was always the satisfactory answer forthcoming: "A daughter of a clergyman," who had been left totally unprovided for. "Then a couple of old spinsters, that kept a school"—here old Sam would take up the narrative—"tried to make a drudge of her; but she was too high-spirited to stand that, and she gave them the slip, sir. And a very worthy woman took a fancy to her, and adopted her, and left her a hundred and fifty pounds a year in her will. So she is quite independent, you see. Fit to be the wife of a cab. minister; and, indeed, more fit to be a cab. minister than some of the fellows that

are now driving the state." Then Sam would declare that she deserved a rich, well-to-do husband, whose fortune she would make. "And I mean that she shall have one, if she'll only wait long enough;" and Sam, by his winking, conveyed that he knew of such a partner, and of one who was actually waiting at that present time of speaking. "And now," added Sam, "she's got a perfect treasury here," pointing to his head, "that will astonish the world yet. She's writing a novel that will set Paternoster-row on fire, sir. Such observation of life and manners; such character; all our friends brought in; done with a master or mistress-touch!" It was fortunate that the lady thus panegyrised did not hear these rather compromising, though well-meant, encomiums.

Not the least benefit which she had conferred on the family, and which really endeared her to them, was her interposing between them and that serious incubus—as she had now grown to be—Lady Juliana. Rebuffed, neglected, snubbed, this thick-skinned personage remained immovable, finding a justification for the assaults made upon her in smarting speeches, cuts, and sundry talkings at "the family" in presence of visitors; exercising, in short, a sort of terrorism which was her security. This nearly poisoned all their happiness. She had come on a visit to the family, which it was understood was to last for a month or six weeks; but when that period had elapsed the lady showed no signs of movement, and alluded carelessly to future events a month off, in which she spoke of participating—some ball or festival. Consternation settled on the family at this news; and Sam, coming in later, full of spirits, noted the blank faces, and was told the reason.

"Oh, this is not to be stood," he said; "I'll have the old woman on me all my life. I'll just tell her plainly at dinner that she must walk. What do you say, my sweetheart?" he added, turning to Miss Lacroix.

"Mr. Pringle, I told you before not to address Miss Lacroix in that style. She doesn't wish it, I am sure?"

"It is most disagreeable to me," said the lady; "and I would request Mr. Pringle, as a favour, to discontinue it."

"Before company? Yes, by all means, honeybird; but, when we are alone in this way—Why, you don't mind my old woman here, or the ponies?"

"As you ask my advice," said Miss Lacroix, "I would not say anything to

Lady Juliana of that kind. I fear she will only found on it a claim for satisfaction; she will consider herself aggrieved; and you will have to try and conciliate her, and get her to forgive you."

"Why, what a queer little head you have," said old Sam, much puzzled. "How could that be? No, no. Leave it to me; I'll give her the route to-night."

That day, at dinner, Mr. Pringle said, in his bluntest, roughest way: "Well, my Lady Juliana, I'm afraid we'll have to deny ourselves the pleasure of your society soon."

"I understand you," said she, sharply. "One of your usual complimentary speeches. Pleasurè of my society, indeed! But I don't mind you."

"Oh, but that won't do, you know! We're going to fill our house here, and Mrs. P. has asked a lot; and the fact is——"

"You wish to turn me out? What a coarse way you have of speaking, and to a lady who is your guest!"

"Guest, indeed!" sneered Sam.

"Yes, you don't treat me as one exactly. But I decline to accept such a notice to quit as that. You shan't eject me——"

"My dear Lady Juliana," faltered Mrs. Pringle, "we don't mean such a thing. Mr. Pringle puts it so oddly."

"Yes, he does, indeed. But I am not accustomed to it. I have lived in a different class, who do not speak to me in that style. To be insulted, and before your servants! Let me go to my room, please." And to her room the injured lady repaired, declining to see anyone till the next day; when she descended in all her awful terrors to the library, and required all the family to assemble and hear her. It was the first time she had ever been insulted by a gentleman, she declared, so she hardly knew how to behave.

Much abashed, Sam interposed. "Oh, I never meant——"

"I now wish you to understand what our true relations are," said the lady, in a very decided tone. "You talk of having people to come to you. You forget to whom you owe the acquaintance of those people."

Sam was going to say, "Oh! kicking away the ladder—I know," but wisely forebore.

"I look on it, and I must say it plainly, that you are under very weighty obligation to me. Everyone knows it well. I brought you into society, got you friends; you can't deny it—or do you?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Pringle, humbly, "we are much obliged to you."

"You show it," said she, angrily. "Now I mean to take my departure. I cannot expect manners on Mr. Pringle's side, but every lady, whatever she does, counts on a certain respect. But recollect now, please, that this treatment has cancelled everything. I shall make no secret, either, of the way I have been treated. I owe it to myself to give my own account of the way I have been treated by persons for whom I vouched, and pledged my credit."

This alarming threat made the family most uncomfortable. Lady Juliana's tongue, it was well known, was viperish; and the family felt that their guest was but too well acquainted with their weak places; and the picture of the quondam friend and endorser rushing about and blackening them before the face of "society," presented itself with extraordinary vividness. It would be fatal. Accordingly Mrs. Pringle pleaded earnestly and eagerly for Sam; but the lady was sternly inflexible. Then she enjoyed the satisfaction of being ruefully "pressed" to stay, for that delightfully indefinite period "as long as she liked," which she graciously consented to do, on abundant apologies and promises being given of better behaviour in future. Thus was her position actually fortified by what it was intended should destroy it. Above all, she insisted that Mr. Pringle should make the handsomest apologies for his most ungentlemanly treatment. This was done ruefully and reluctantly by Sam, who was overborne by the remonstrances and entreaties of his family, who had thus to accept this "Old Woman of the Sea" for a long period to come.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "AT HER MERCY,"
"HALVES," &c.

CHAPTER IV. THE SIEGE AND THE SACK.

It is but right to state that the majority of the besieged persons were fully conscious that they had provoked attack. Outrages and reprisals had, it is true, for many years passed as naturally as compliments in other places, between the Charlton Fair folks and the tenants of the Military Academy, but these had been intermitted for a considerable time, and the treatment the two young cadets received on the previous evening at the hands of these roystering roughs had been very savage and severe, even if it had been provoked. It was only by a gallant charge of their natural and hereditary enemies, the police, that their young lives had been preserved, although their limbs, as we know, had not been so fortunate.

The unarmed mob in the main thoroughfare broke and fled at the first charge; under waggons and tent-ropes they scuttled to left and right, the boldest making for the hedges where the stakes grew, and the wiliest lying flat on their faces behind the pictures that fronted the caravans. The cry was not indeed "Sauve qui peut!" for it was, "Here are them scaly cadets!" but the effect was precisely the same as that which takes place in military surprises upon a larger scale; only it was more difficult to save oneself by running on account of the youthful agility of the assailants, who laid about them also with a vigour beyond their years. It was no child's play on either side, for whenever a belt-plate came

in contact with a man's skull it cut a hole in it; while, on the other hand, not a few of the roughs were armed with bludgeons, while the big sticks employed in the "Aunt Sally" game of those days (for that lady is of ancient lineage) and the heavy legs of the pea-and-thimble tables afforded weapons to others. The discipline of the invaders, however, carried everything before them; in a few minutes their enemies bit the dust and fled, and then came the "sacking."

The proprietors of the booths, and the itinerant gentry generally, had, up to this point, rather enjoyed the combat. They were caterers of spectacle to others, and had very seldom the opportunity of judging of the merits of any performance of a public nature. Such of them as had had any hand in the ill-treatment of the two young gentlemen in hospital were naturally careful to conceal the fact, and affected a serenity of mind, as to what the invading forces might do next, which they were probably far from feeling; others, however, had no sting of conscience in this respect, and rather hailed the advent of the new arrivals, as likely to fill their places of amusement at a higher admission figure than was customary.

They had reckoned without their host, and in very great ignorance, it may be added, of the character of their guests. In the first place, sentinels were placed in every tent to prevent the egress of its inhabitants, and Generalissimo Bex, his staff, and the rest of his victorious warriors, gave a grand "bespeak," among which were several features rare in theatrical experience, but especially this one—that every performance was commanded to be gratuitous. The audience, too, was hypercritical and very inquisitive.

Not content (for example) with the war-dance of the North American Indians, and the war-whoop, for the execution of which those noble savages have such a reputation in musical circles, they made them dance and whoop in even a more natural if less national manner; nor were they satisfied till the unhappy "braves" had stripped off their borrowed plumes, washed the paint from their still dirty faces, and confessed themselves to be natives of Tipperary. With the Learned Pig (whom they requested to spell Pipeclay and other words still more foreign to his usual vocabulary) they were graciously pleased to express satisfaction, and, in proof of it, (much to his owner's disapproval) conferred upon him the glorious boon of liberty, by driving him out into the adjacent woods. The incomparable pugilists (supposed not without reason to have had a hand—or a fist—in the ill-treatment of the two neuxes) they compelled to fight without the gloves, and when one of them had been beaten till he resembled less a man than a jelly-fish, they thrashed the victor.

I am afraid they pulled the "only mermaid's" tail off, and derided the "fattest woman in the world" in a manner which even a court-martial would have pronounced unbecoming officers and gentlemen: but when places are "sacked" it is notorious that our very Bayards cease to be the pink of courtesy. Perhaps the greatest attraction to the victorious army was, however, Richardson's booth, at that epoch the great representative of travelling melodrama. The performances "commanded" from its talented company were at once numerous and varied: they compelled these artistes who had passed their lives, if they had not been born, in the purple, delineating kings and seldom condescending to be archdukes, to exchange robes with clown and harlequin, and some very curious and noteworthy acting was the result. The attentions, too, of our gentlemen-cadets to the corps de ballet were what would be now designated, I suppose, as "marked with empressement." Richardson's booth was in fact to that honourable corps what Capua was to another victorious army, and with the same consequences. While the young warriors indulged their taste for the drama and flirtation, the scattered forces of the enemy gathered together, and returned to the tented field in vastly augmented numbers. Armed with pitchforks and hedge-stakes, with bludgeons and rakes, they burst into the

enclosure, and drove in the sentinels, with the most terrible cries for blood and vengeance. The besiegers in their turn became the besieged; and if the description should seem a joke, it is the fault of the describer, for the reality had very little fun in it for either party. The bloodshed, if not the carnage, was something considerable.

Generalissimo Bex at once put himself at the head of a sallying party, but, though performing prodigies of valour, was driven back to his wooden walls—the booth. For, though it was called a booth, Richardson's was built of wood, and afforded the only tenable military position in the fair. The proverb that proclaims there is nothing like leather, was proved fallacious in the combat between belts and bludgeons. The cadets found their natural weapons inefficacious against the cold steel of the pitchforks and those other arms of their adversaries, which, if not "of precision," made a hole wherever they hit. They fell back, therefore, upon the theatrical armoury, and waged the combat with every description of mediæval weapon. Halberds of beefeaters, spears of knights, cross-handled swords of crusaders, were all pressed into the service. One gentleman-cadet even donned a suit of armour belonging to Richard Cœur de Lion, and, with a mace in one hand and a ballet-dancer in the other, defied the howling throng from the platform of the stage. The whole scene resembled that at Front de Bœuf's Castle, where Brian de Bois Guilbert escapes from the rabble of besiegers with the beautiful and accomplished Rebecca. Only there was no escape for his modern counterpart. Matters began to look very bad, indeed, for the corps of gentlemen-cadets. They fought like men, even like heroes, and there was not an abusive epithet—much less a blow—which they did not return with interest. It is notorious that the use of strong language greatly strengthens and exhilarates our military in the field of battle, and this auxiliary—of which they had a store which was practically inexhaustible—they did not spare. Yet, the battle was going against them very decidedly. A council of war was hastily called together in the green-room, an apartment of bare wood, resembling a large packing-case; and it was decided that there was now no hope but to cut their way through the enemy, by issuing from the back of the booth, a comparatively unbesieged quarter. It was

thought that this might be effected if the movement was performed with rapidity. Their chief difficulty lay in their wounded, whom, of course, they could not leave to the tender mercies of the roughs, and many of whom had been put hors de combat. If they could march with the army, it was as much as they could do; they could act the part of combatants no longer.

And now we are to narrate an incident as touching and romantic as ever happened in regular warfare. It must be premised that, although the male performers of the great Richardson troupe had taken the conduct of the cadet army in some dudgeon, and had fled from the booth as soon as its siege began, the lady performers were by no means so inimical to the honourable corps, and had remained. They had slapped the young gentlemen's faces when flushed with victory, and inclined to be too demonstrative in their attentions; but now that they were discomfited and in danger, the hearts of these ladies warmed towards them: they were touched by their youth, their bravery—which seemed about to be so ill rewarded—and, perhaps, in some cases, by their good looks.

The damsel whom I have ventured to liken to Rebecca was very soft-hearted, yet had also an unusual amount of intelligence, and, in the midst of the hurly-burly, and while one of the many onsets of the besiegers upon the platform was in the act of being repulsed—which was done on each occasion with greater and greater difficulty—she inquired naively of her Brian de Bois Guilbert, "Why don't you show these scoundrels our muskets?"

"Muskets!" answered Landon excitedly, for he it was who had for the nonce taken the trappings of the Templar, which he was now in the act of discarding as too cumbersome; "I saw no muskets. Where are they? They would be our salvation."

"They were in the wardrobe"—so this simple creature described the armoury—"with the rest of the properties."

"I never saw them," cried Landon; "did you, Darall?"

Darall had come in from the fray with a broken head, to which the simple remedy of cold water was being applied by a fair creature in tights:

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou,

was his neat acknowledgment of her solicitude.

"Get along with you and your angels," answered she, unconscious of the quotation.

"Don't you hear your friend speaking to you?"

"Yes, I hear him; I found the muskets and hid them," said Darall, coolly. "Things are bad enough as it is, without there being murder done."

"Yes, but it is becoming a question whether we or those scoundrels yonder are to be murdered," observed Landon, hotly. "Come, where did you hide these things?"

"I shall not tell you," answered Darall, decisively. "You may say what you like, but you will thank me for it some day, since a single shot——"

"Why, you young stoopid," interrupted Rebecca—she was his elder by about six months—"the guns ain't loaded; there is neither powder nor shot in the booth; you need only show the muskets, to frighten the fellows."

The young lady had, doubtless, some experience of the effect of the exhibition of fire-arms upon a crowd, and at all events, in their desperate case, it was quite worth while to try the experiment. Every minute that the besieged now spent in their little fortress added to their list of wounded, while, on the other hand, the forces of the enemy increased in number and audacity. Their sole hope, except in flight, lay in their being rescued by their friends the military at Woolwich, who would have been glad enough to have done battle for them, had they been aware of their hard straits; but, unhappily, Charlton Fair was as "taboo" to Her Majesty's forces, and for the same excellent reasons, as it was to the cadets themselves, and not a uniform was to be seen among the crowd without. A general sally was therefore at once determined on.

Acting upon Landon's suggestion, the dozen or so of muskets that served for Richardson's stage army were given out to the wounded, who had instructions to level them at the enemy, but by no means to pull trigger, lest their harmless character should be thereby disclosed; thus it was hoped that the prowess of those who were least able to defend themselves would be most respected. These formed the first line of battle, as the whole Cadet Company issued forth from the back of the booth, and the effect of their appearance even exceeded expectation. The crowd who had rushed round to cut off their retreat at once fell back before the threatening muzzles of the muskets, and not until the retiring force had cleared the enclosure,

and reached the lane, did they pluck up courage to fall upon the rear-guard, which was under the command of Landon himself. Then, indeed, that young gentleman had quite enough to do; the march of the main body was necessarily slow because of those who had been hurt, and were scarcely fit for marching, and this gave the crowd opportunity for "cutting out" expeditions, whereby a cadet or two would get torn away from his friends, and had to be rescued, if not by tooth and nail, by every other description of weapon. It was fortunate for the whole corps that in their brief hour of victory they had not neglected, in their pursuit of more ethereal delights, to fortify themselves both with food and liquor; the weather was hot, and fun and fighting had made great demands upon their strength, which, after all, was not quite that of full-grown men; and now, with the sense of something like defeat depressing them, it was hard to have to contest every inch of their way, under pain of being left behind in hands that would have shown no mercy.

They fought, however, like young tigers, and, thanks to Darall, who had as quick an eye for a weak point in their own array as Landon had for one in that of their adversaries, they emerged from the lane on to the high-road without the loss of a man. At this point the pursuit was stayed, and their peril might be considered over.

"We may be in time for evening parade yet, if we push on," said Darall, consulting his watch.

The poor young fellow was thinking of the price they would have to pay for their fun, and rightly judged that their offence, great as it was, would be held much more serious, should they fail in so important a professional obligation as parade.

Even Generalissimo Bex—who was as good as expelled already, and knew it—recognised the necessity (for others) of getting home by seven o'clock, and gave quite an unprecedented word of command:

"Double—all you fellows that can—and the rest, hobble!" At the same time he gave injunctions to the rear-guard that they should not desert the wounded; the ineffectualness of whose weapons had long been made apparent, and who would have fallen victims to the least onslaught of the enemy. It was bad enough for Darall—to whom every moment was of such consequence—to have to suit his pace to that of these poor cripples; but worse luck even than this awaited him. They had

been left by the main body—whose position was now indicated only by a cloud of dust—about five minutes, when a shrill cry for help was heard proceeding from the road by which they had just come.

"Good Heavens! we have left no fellows behind us, have we?" cried Landon; even his reckless spirit slightly dashed by the prospect of having to attempt a rescue in the face of such overwhelming odds.

"No," said Darall, who, with his friend, had stopped behind the rest to listen. "I counted them all myself."

"And yet it sounds like some young fellow being hacked about," replied the other. "It is not a man's voice, it is too thin."

"It is a girl's," said Darall gravely. And, again, not one agonising cry, but two struck on their ears, passionately appealing for aid.

"Those brutes are ill-treating some women," observed Landon; "they are always doing it. It is no earthly use our going back."

"I am afraid they are paying out those poor girls who helped us to the muskets and things," said Darall, his face growing suddenly pale with concentrated rage.

Landon uttered such a string of anathemas as would have done honour to a papal excommunication. "It is no use thinking about it," exclaimed he, impatiently, "let us get on."

"No, Landon, we must not leave them. Just listen to that!"

A cry of "Help, help!" and then of "Murder!" clove the blue air. At the sound of it both the young fellows turned and began to run swiftly back upon the road they had just traversed.

"Somebody's getting it, and someone else will get this," cried Landon, his hand still grasping the mace of the Templar—no pasteboard property, as it happened, but a formidable weapon of hard wood. Darall had for weapon only a hedge stake—the spoil of some fallen foe—but no knight who ever laid lance in rest among all King Arthur's court had a more chivalrous soul.

"LE PREMIER PAS."

THE proverbial costliness of "the first step" finds literal exemplification in the case of a newly-invented or newly-imported dance, and the essays of its earliest practitioners. It is, indeed, a very responsible proceeding that primal move-

Waltz, the comet, fantastic toe towards government [Jes; perils are in prospect, nated heaven-issue may attend the undermuch abocciety, which is not gifted with com-nervous force, can only at long intervals afford to submit itself to such trials. They have been found to be almost too severe. Of late there have been no new dances worth speaking of. And perhaps any change now could not be of the old momentous kind—could hardly stir and perplex and startle as in former times. A great revolution has the effect of dwarfing subsequent events or catastrophes of a like nature. The dancing of society perhaps underwent its greatest revolution some sixty years ago, when the German waltz was first brought to this country.

The great continental wars of the first Napoleon had not yet ceased; there were gleams, however, of the coming peace discernible upon the horizon. Many foreigners had already presented themselves in this country, invading its ball-rooms. They had even penetrated as far as Almack's; and they had brought with them the waltz, leaving it there upon the floor to explode like a shell, as it speedily did.

Almack's departed from amongst us some years since. It perished, perhaps, of what might be called medically an internal complaint; of convulsions and dissensions engendered by its own constitution. Or its demise might be due to a feeling that it had fulfilled its mission, accomplished its end, and that people—and even people of fashion—could well afford thenceforward to dispense with its existence. In any case there was an end, for ever, of Almack's. In the days of the Regency, however, and afterwards for a considerable period, Almack's was of real power and of signal importance in the State. It might be described simply as a dancing club governed by a committee of women. But, in effect it was more, much more, than this. In the opinion of one of its votaries, since deceased, it was "the seventh heaven of the fashionable world." Messrs. Burgess and Co., his tailors, were much esteemed by Mr. Toots, owing to the fact of their being so "very expensive." Similarly, Almack's presented attractions to many minds—it was so "very exclusive." The severity of the lady patronesses had something Spartan about it. Their frowns might consign many very worthy ladies and gentlemen to despair; still they did not hesitate to frown when need was.

They were resolute that by no act of theirs should the peculiar exclusiveness of the institution be in the slightest degree imperilled. They had proclaimed that no gentleman should ever appear at their august assemblies unless duly arrayed in the strictest evening dress of the time—knee-breeches, white cravat, and chapeau bras. Once a very distinguished warrior had ventured to present himself less formally attired. "Your grace cannot be permitted to enter in trousers," politely but peremptorily said Mr. Willis, the vigilant custodian of the ball-room. And the Duke of Wellington retired from the scene of action, discomfited and defeated if not demoralised. He had many comrades in misfortune. The late Captain Gronow relates in a certain tone of awe, that "of the three hundred officers of the Foot Guards not more than half-a-dozen were honoured with vouchers of admission to this exclusive temple of the beau monde." And he enumerates the lady patronesses at this time: the Ladies Castlereagh, Jersey, Cowper, and Sefton, Mrs. Drummond Burrell (afterwards Lady Willoughby), the Princess Esterhazy, and the Countess Lieven. He does not hesitate, indeed, half-a-century having elapsed, to describe these grandes dames of the past, with perhaps more sincerity than forbearance. The most popular, it seems, was unquestionably Lady Cowper, known to a later generation as Lady Palmerston. On the other hand, Lady Jersey, we are informed, bore herself like a tragedy queen, and "whilst attempting the sublime frequently made herself simply ridiculous, being inconceivably rude. Lady Sefton was kind and amiable; Madame de Lieven haughty and exclusive." Of the other ladies no clear account is afforded.

Prior to the introduction of the waltz and the quadrille—and these twin dances arrived here so nearly together that there is some difficulty in deciding which was really the elder-born in England—the dances at Almack's had been confined to the old English country dance, cotillons, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, the orchestra being from Edinburgh, and conducted by the then celebrated Neil Gow. The graceful minuet, and the more vivacious gavotte had already, it would seem, disappeared from the ball programme. When, in 1813, at a grand fête given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House, her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales made her first appear-

ance in public, we read that she entered so much into the spirit of the entertainment as to ask for the then fashionable Scotch dances; and she honoured two dances, it appears, by taking part in them. In the first she accepted the hand of the late Duke of Devonshire, and in the second that of the Earl of Aboyne, who had danced with Marie Antoinette, and who, as Marquis of Huntley, lived long enough to dance with Queen Victoria. There is no mention of waltz or quadrille in this account, however. If Captain Gronow be correct in assigning 1815 as the date at which Lady Jersey introduced from Paris the quadrille at Almack's, why then the waltz certainly preceded it by some two years. Byron's apostrophic hymn "The Waltz," was written at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1812, and published anonymously in the spring of the following year. The poem is scarcely worthy of its author, and met with but an indifferent reception from the public. Byron, indeed, hastened to disclaim all connection with the effusion; nevertheless, that "The Waltz" was really written by him is not now disputable; he confessed as much in his correspondence with Murray, and the poem is now properly included in all complete editions of his works. Captain Gronow, writing as a veteran about campaigns of the remote past, may have been mistaken as to the year of the introduction of the quadrille. He professes, however, much preciseness of memory upon the subject. "I knew," he writes, "the persons who formed the very first quadrille that was ever danced at Almack's; they were Lady Jersey, Lady Harriet Butler, Lady Susan Ryder, and Miss Montgomery; the men being the Count St. Aldegonde (afterwards a general, aide-de-camp to Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans), Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Montague, and Charles Standish. "The 'mazy waltz,'" he continues, "was also brought to us about this time, but there were comparatively few who at first ventured to whirl round the saloons of Almack's. In course of time, however, Lord Palmerston might have been seen describing an infinite number of circles with Madame de Lieven. Baron de Neumann was frequently seen turning with the Princess Esterhazy; and in course of time," the captain concludes pleasantly, "the waltzing mania having turned the heads of society generally, descended to their feet, and the waltz was practised in the mornings in certain noble

mansions in London

iv—whose position. It must not be supposed by a cloud of the waltz obtained success, a shrill immediately, or upon very easy terms from met, indeed, with very determined opposition. Perhaps many disliked the new dance for the good reason that they could not execute it; their feet refused to move obediently to the requirements of the measure. Others charged against it—in all good faith, very likely—that it was attended with mischievous results, in the way of giddiness and confusion of the head. But the most serious attack was made upon moral grounds. The waltz was censured for its licence and impropriety. Prudery grew quite fierce upon the subject. The ball-room was divided into rival hosts—the waltzers and the anti-waltzers. The dance was nightly accomplished, but in an atmosphere of sneers and scoffs and oburgations. Mothers forbade their daughters to waltz, husbands their wives, brothers their sisters. The dancing world of fashion was rent in twain. The male waltzers at this time were chiefly foreigners, and their names have come down to us: St. Aldegonde, Neumann, a M. Bourblanc, and the Barons Tuyl and Tripp. The last named, of course, incurred much ridicule. His surname invited satire. Verses attributed to Sheridan contain special mention of him:

With tranquil step and timid downcast glance
Behold the wall-paired couple now advance,
In such sweet posture our first parents moved
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they
roved,
Ere yet the devil, with promise fine and false
Turned their poor heads and taught them how to
waltz.

One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip

For so the law's laid down by Baron Tripp.

Why Sheridan, any more than Byron, should have troubled himself as to the morality or immorality of waltzing it is difficult now to discover. To Byron, perhaps, dancing always appeared in an objectionable light: his sensitiveness was reminded of his physical misfortune. And then he loved censure and satire for their own sakes; the subject was of little consequence. In one part of the poem he states that "Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz opened the ball together." He corrects this as an anachronism in a subsequent note, however, and proceeds: "The bard means (if he means anything) waltz was not so much in vogue until the Regent attained the acme of his popularity.

Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government [Lord Liverpool's], illuminated heaven and earth in all their glory much about the same time. Of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still." The Muse of Motion is questioned:

How first to Albion found thy waltz her way?

The reply is:

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had mails),

She came—Waltz came, and with her certain sets
Of true despatches and of true gazettes;
There flamed of Ansterlitz the best despatch
Which *Moniteur* nor *Morning Post* can match;
And—almost crushed beneath the glorious news—
Ten plays and forty tales of Kotzebue's.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight
Delightful Waltz, on tip-toe for a mate—
The welcome vessel reached the genial strand,
And round her flocked the daughters of the land.

To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.
Endearing Waltz! to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadon,
Scotch reels avant, and country dance forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe.

Then what seem to the poet the improprieties of the dance are dwelt upon, and the shades of the departed belles "whose reign began of yore with George the Third" are invited to speed back to the ball-room and be shocked at the "seductive waltz."

The fashion hails from countesses to queens,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes,
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
And turns, if nothing else, at least our heads.
With these even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practice what they can't pronounce.

Hoops are no more, and petticoats not much;
Morals and minnets, virtue and her stays,
And tall-tale powder, all have had their days.

Some may see a natural appropriateness in the appearance of "whiskers" (the "moustache" was included in that term) simultaneously with the bearded comet of 1812. But it was not only our foreign visitors who were whiskered: our cavalry now exhibited decorations of that nature. Indeed, after an interval of more than a century the beard movement was recommencing in England.

Hail, nimble nymph, to whom the young hussar,
The whiskered votary of waltz and war,
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots,
A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes, &c.

It may be assumed that even the Tenth Regiment of Hussars danced at this period, though afterwards famed for its inactivity in the ball-room. But in 1812 the regiment's colonel, the Marquis of Anglesey, had not lost his leg, and there was no

need for his officers to pay him the sympathetic compliment of abstinence from dancing. The preface to the poem affects to be written by a "country gentleman of a midland county," amazed at the waltzing of his wife, "a middle-aged maid of honour." The squire expresses himself with the frankness of Smollett, but with very inferior humour.

But although Byron and Sheridan lent their pens to the cause of prudery and mock-modesty, and Tom Moore, loud in his preference for the old English country dance, described how—

Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
Presumed, in sight of all beholders,
To lay his rude licentious hands
On virtuous English backs and shoulders—

there was no real reversal of the decree of fashion. The waltz went revolving on, drawing more and more recruits into its magic circle. And the waltzers retaliated, attacking in their turn their censors and critics, denouncing country dances and cotillions as worthy only of the kitchen. The young Duke of Devonshire, "the Magnus Apollo of London drawing-rooms," as Mr. Raikes describes him, was now at the head of the waltzers, supported by a powerful contingent of foreigners. The "kitchen dances" were expelled from Devonshire House, in favour of the waltz and the quadrille. And when his Majesty, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, was seen, attired in the tightest of uniforms, with a host of decorations glittering upon his breast, waltzing round the room at Almack's, the anti-waltz party had nothing for it but to surrender at discretion. If they cared to do so, however, they had opportunities of rejoicing over the untimely fate that befell certain of their former antagonists, the first waltzers in England. Poor M. Bourblanc, who had been a distinguished champion of the cause—had even taken up his pen in its defence, and written verses protesting the innocence of the waltz—was devoured by cannibals in sight of the ship that had been charged by his government to convey him on some distant mission, for he was a member of the diplomatic service. The ship had wandered from her course, and touched at an unknown island; the captain sent a boat's crew ashore to obtain information. Bourblanc joined the party, moved by curiosity; but the natives, superior in power, and perhaps in inquisitiveness also, fell upon the white men, massacred and ate them up. M. Bourblanc

was much mourned in England, and especially at Almack's. Whenever an awkward dancer disported himself, exposing his incapacity in the ball-room, then a whisper was wont to run round: "Quel dommage qu'il n'ait pas été mangé par les sauvages au lieu de ce pauvre M. Bourblanc!"

Baron Tripp's end was also sad enough. He was a handsome Dutchman, with an indistinct pedigree; "an agreeable boaster," reports Mr. Raikes, "swearing like a hussar"—the world was much addicted to swearing in those days—speaking a curious patois, part German, part French-English, and holding a commission in the Prince Regent's regiment, the Tenth Light Dragoons. The war over, and the waltz thoroughly established in England, Tripp returned to Brussels. A scandal, terminating in a duel, drove him thence to Florence. "He lived there," writes Mr. Raikes, "with the gay society of which Lord and Lady Burghersh's house formed the centre. There were many English in the place, among whom was a Mrs. Fitzherbert, a pretty, young, married woman, very coquette, not much known in the London world. Tripp fell violently in love with her, and became her professed admirer; but, whether from jealousy, or from what cause, is not exactly known, he retired one afternoon to his lodgings, borrowed a pair of pistols from a friend, and shot himself through the head, leaving only a few lines on his writing-table to intimate that he was tired of life."

In that old-fashioned work known as Tom and Jerry—once so highly esteemed for a vivacity that now, it must be confessed, seems to be of the deadly-lively order—there is an illustration (and the illustrations of the book are very admirable, they are by Cruikshank, and now give to it its only worth and vitality) representing Corinthian Tom enjoying a waltz with Corinthian Kate to the music of a piano played by Bob Logic, the Oxonian. He had requested as a favour that Kate and his friend Tom would perform the dance. "Kate," says the text, "without any hesitation immediately stood up. Tom offered his hand to his fascinating partner, and the dance took place. The plate conveys a correct representation of the gay scene at that precise moment. The anxiety of the Oxonian to witness the attitudes of the elegant pair had nearly put a stop to their movements. On turning round from the pianoforte and presenting his comical mug, Kate could scarcely suppress a laugh."

Tom is attired in pantaloons and pumps; a short-waisted, tightly-buttoned dress coat, very long as to its swallow-tails; a white waistcoat longer than the front part of the coat, with a bunch of seals depending from the fob, and a very broad Brummellian white cravat, with ample shirt-collar appearing above it. The dancers employ gestures not usually seen in modern ball-rooms, yet not ungraceful. They advance with their arms raised and curved above their heads, as a preliminary to the joining of hands, and their circling of the room. The original waltz commenced in this way. A ball-room of the early times of the Regency would look strange to modern eyes. Brummell had introduced the stiffly-starched neckcloth, and with the Regent, had held earnest council concerning the pattern and form of clothes. Coats might be any colour—the brightest green, the fruitiest plum, mulberry, or sky-blue was even permissible—and burnished brass buttons were in general wear. Trousers did not appear in the evening until about 1816; the Regent was proud of his calves, and was loath indeed to conceal them under broadcloth. But to that measure he had to come at last, upon the peremptory behest of fashion. Every gentleman (and some ladies) took snuff, and affected particularity about snuff-boxes, indulging in great variety, and making collections of the same, sometimes of an extraordinary value. It was a time of rich waistcoats, variegated and embossed, with false collars of supposititious other waistcoats appearing above the genuine, so that the evening dress of the male dancer was of a far more particular character than in these days of funereal black clothes and white ties. Indeed, there was an abundance of colour in the ball-rooms of the Regency. The dress of the ladies was not remarkable for quantity. The skirts were neither long nor broad; they clung closely to the limbs and made liberal revelation of sandaled feet and silken-stockinged ankles. Heads were very tall, the hair being piled aloft, and above it soaring feathers and climbing flowers. The arm, clothed in a kid glove long as a stocking, appeared at the end of a short sleeve, puffed into a globular form. Waists were as short as could be. It was thus the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the present generation of dancers were equipped when called upon to decide the momentous question touching the propriety or the impropriety of the

waltz, and to choose whether they would be prudes or profligates, for that was the favourite way of presenting the matter.

After all, perhaps, the waltz was chiefly objected to because of its novelty. The country dances it displaced, and at last banished altogether from the ball-room, had possibly lost the old-fashioned romping air that had once distinguished them, and had brought upon them in their turn the reprobation of the serious; they may have acquired sobriety and steadiness by the time of the Regency of George Prince of Wales. But it is curious to note that at an earlier period they incurred reproaches similar to those levelled subsequently at the waltz. In 1711 a correspondent of the Spectator, in the guise of a substantial tradesman about 'Change, relating that his daughter, a girl of sixteen, had been for some time under the tuition of M. Rigadoon, a French dancer, complains of the abuses that had crept into the diversion called "country dancing." To one of these performances, called *Hunt the Squirrel*—in which, while the woman flies the man pursues her, but as soon as she turns he runs away and she is obliged to follow—he offers no objection; the moral of the dance aptly recommending modesty and discretion to the female sex; but presently he notes that the best institutions are liable to corruption. "I was amazed to see my girl handed by and handing young fellows with so much familiarity, and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent step called 'setting,' which I know not how to describe to you but by telling you that it is the very reverse of 'back to back.' At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called 'Moll Pately,' and, after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such a manner that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw further above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure those enormities, wherefore, just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home. Sir," continues the letter-writer, "I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things.

I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure, had you been with me, that you had seen matter of great speculation." The Spectator notes that his correspondent had apparently good reason to be a little out of humour, but concludes that he would have been much more so "had he seen one of those 'kissing dances,' in which Will Honeycomb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of tune." He is disposed to hold, however, that inasmuch as the country dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as everyone is more or less proficient in it, it should not be discountenanced. He prefers to suppose, indeed, that it may be practised as innocently by others as by himself when he leads out as his partner the eldest daughter of his landlady.

Upon another occasion the Spectator avows himself a passionate admirer of good dancing. The end of art being the imitation of nature, he holds dancing to be an imitation of nature in her highest excellence, and when she is most agreeable. "The business of dancing," he says, "is to display beauty," and he denounces all "distortions and mimickries, and pretenders in dancing who think that merely to do what others cannot is to excel. The dancing on our stage is very faulty in this kind, and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures, as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible." Loving to shelter himself under the examples of great men, he recites the arguments in favour of dancing set forth in one of Lucian's dialogues, and relates how the favourite diversion of the dance was first invented by the goddess Rhea, and preserved the life of Jove himself from the cruelty of his father Saturn. He mentions that Pyrrhus gained more reputation by his invention of the dance called after him than by all his other actions; that the Lacedæmonians, the bravest people in Greece, greatly encouraged dancing, and made their Hormus (a dance much resembling the French Brawl) famous all over Europe; and that Socrates, who was judged to be the wisest of men, was not only a professed admirer of the dancing of others, but himself took pains to acquire the art, even in his old age.

Upon a subsequent occasion Steele (for

he is the author of the papers upon dancing) commends the "art, skill, or accomplishment" anew to the favour of that wiser portion of mankind disposed to look upon it "as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance." "I knew a gentleman of great abilities," he writes, "who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life." Great talents, which may be but seldom in demand, are often rendered useless, he remarks, for the lack of small attainments for which there is frequent necessity. Booth, the actor, whose majesty of mien and grace of gesture he notes admiringly, might yet, he thinks, have attained to a greater elevation had he been a dancer. And he publishes a letter from one Philipater, a widower with one daughter—a romp and tomboy addicted to violent games in the streets, and the pastime of chuckfarthing with the boys—who narrates the extraordinary benefit his child had received from an art that he had always held to be in itself ridiculous and contemptible. He describes her bearing in a ball-room. "My girl came in with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, assuming presently a majesty which commanded the highest respect. . . There is no method like this, I am convinced, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem." Steele, however, while convinced that dancing under proper regulations is a mechanic way of promoting a sense of good breeding and virtue, and maintaining that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest sentiment of the soul to the most indifferent gestures of the body, yet finds occasion to rebuke "such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn about, and jump over the heads of others; and, in a word, play a thousand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing."

MENACED FRONTIERS.

ALTHOUGH strength is the beau-ideal of national virtue—"vir" and "virtus" attest the antiquity of the sentiment—in order to be in accordance with popular

notions of right and wrong, it must be exercised in a certain style and temper, whose moral limits are not easy to define. Conquest, after open defiance and challenge, is more easily pardoned than aggression without them.

Thus, some nations have adopted a lion as their emblem, others a cock, others an eagle—all intended and felt to be complimentary symbols. No nation would ever confess that its type was the fox, the boa constrictor, or the amoeba. Nevertheless, qualities which a people will not themselves acknowledge, may be attributed to them by apprehensive neighbours.

The amoeba, a strange microscopic animal, is a mass of living jelly, without any definite form or outline, which is capable of extension in all directions. Now: and then it puts forth a sort of arm or branch by way of feeler, to ascertain if anything is to be had within its reach, and then draws it back again. Without limbs, it seizes the prey, which had no suspicion of previous danger; without a mouth, it swallows them. It surrounds, envelopes, and absorbs its victims, and in course of time digests and assimilates them. An amoeba, grown to the size of an elephant, would be a frightful addition to zoological gardens.

New there are people on the continent of Europe who believe that a colossal amoeba exists in their midst. We have no intention here to discuss the actuality or the error of the supposition. In fact, we, in our sea-girt isle, can hardly realise the fears which haunt peace-loving folk, whose next-door neighbours may at any moment turn out aggressive or acquisitive. One thing may be stated as certain—that the apprehensions are strongly entertained.

M. Henry Havard has done well to supplement his *Dead Cities of the Zuiderzee with Les Frontières Menacées*.* The title of the latter declares its ostensible object, which shall be shortly stated at once; for the merits of the book, which are very great, must be regarded here from a literary rather than a political point of view. Certain savants, supposed tentacles of the great amoeba, have asserted that certain outlying states naturally belong to, and ought to be incorporated into, Germany. A treatise of geography, now in its seventh edition, by an erudite professor of Halle,

* *La Hollande Pittoresque, Les Frontières Menacées, Voyage dans les Provinces de Frise, Groningue, Drenthe, Overijssel, Gueldre, et Limbourg: par Henry Havard.* Paris, E. Plon et C^o. 1876.

Doctor Daniel, revised and re-edited by Doctor Kirchoff, professor of geography in the same university, coolly annexes Holland, classing it under the head of "Deutschland;" in good and numerous company too—Denmark, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, and the Grand Duchy of Lichtenstein. The treatise also comprises the Netherlands, together with those same states, in another and still more explicit designation, as "Deutsche Aussenländer," exterior German lands.

The author of the treatise gives his reasons. "The aforesaid states are considered as appendices of Germany: (a) because they are in great part situated within the natural limits of Germany; (b) because, with trifling exceptions, they have belonged to the ancient German Empire, and partly, up to 1866, to the German Confederation."

Chance threw another savant in M. Havard's way, to whom he took the liberty of observing: "Such errors constitute a veritable danger. When thirty millions of men have been taught from their cradle that such things are true, it is difficult to convince them afterwards that they have been misinformed. You ought to make it a point of honour to rectify such dangerous absurdities."

"I see neither error nor absurdity," the wise man replied. "Denmark, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and the other states you mention, are the natural complement of the German Empire. Their manners, language, history, traditions—everything, unites them to ancient Germany."

"I have no right to speak for the other states. I don't know the Grand Duchy of Lichtenstein. I have seen Switzerland, Luxembourg, and Denmark merely as a passing tourist. I have only accidentally resided in Belgium; but with Holland the case is different. I have spent five years on its hospitable soil, and I can certify, because I know it thoroughly, that——"

"You know it badly and imperfectly. You have only seen the centre of the country—the sole fraction which does, in fact, possess a certain indigenous character. If you had visited the eastern provinces as carefully as those of the west; if you had lived, only for a few days, in the part which touches Hanover and Westphalia, you would have seen divergences softening down, and contrasted tints melting into each other. Moreover, we claim a community of origin as our warrant. And our savants do not write unadvisedly.

Men like Kirchoff and Daniel are never mistaken."

The result of these words was a journey to those frontier provinces, seriously commenced on the 22nd of June, 1875, with all needful introductions and recommendations; and, best of all, in company with a friend, the Baron de Constant Rebecque, a gentleman and an artist combined—the book has to thank him for its illustrations—well educated, energetic, robust, and gifted with the best antidote to fatigue, good temper. Of their ethnological conclusions, we shall only say that they were completely opposed to annexionist projects. While thoroughly exploring the little town of Delfzijl, they searched in vain, at that extreme point of Holland, for some slight trace of Germany's neighbourhood. Habitations, inhabitants, types, costumes, and language—all alike were thoroughly Dutch. The cleanliness which reigns in those rustic dwellings would alone be an irrefutable mark of their nationality, if other proofs were not there to confirm it.

The same thing was found at Oudezijl, a hamlet contiguous to the fortress of Nieuwe Schans, forming a point penetrating into German territory. In the distance is seen the steeple of Bunde, the first Hanoverian town. But the two countries, which have only a narrow brook between them, are parted by a world-wide separation. They have neither the same manners nor the same usages. Formerly, their intercourse, without being active, was tolerably frequent. A few Germans crossed the frontier to work in Holland, but were not much liked. They were considered dirty, greedy, and careless. Nevertheless, they spoke Dutch, and that was something. The Hanoverian schools taught their pupils, and the pastors addressed their congregations, in Dutch. But all that has been changed since 1866; the country has been Germanised. Government officials, schoolmasters, pastors—all are sent from the interior. Everything is Prussian. Communication between opposite sides of the frontier is broken off. At most, a few mowers cross the brook in summer, and unless hands are scarce, they are coldly welcomed. Whereas, ten years ago, both sides of the frontier were virtually Dutch, in language as well as in religion.

An unquestionable merit of M. Havard's work is its value as a description of, and a guide to, a little known district of a most interesting country. There may be indiscretion in stating that Holland is charming,

for it would be less so if the crowd of tourists, who now rush off to Central Europe, were diverted to overflow its rail-ways, and struggle for rooms in its hotels. People who can must go somewhere at stated seasons of the year. The fashion of the day is to despise the plain, however rich in refinement and art, and to throng to the mountain, for the proud satisfaction of going up high hills and then going down again—delightful when not wearisome, healthy and restorative when chills and sunstrokes, exposure and exhaustion, are escaped. There are countries, however, worth visiting although unadorned by dangerous precipices and barren wildernesses of stone and snow. Can no pleasure or profit be found in travel, unless you have the opportunity of breaking your neck? Is climbing peaks the whole duty of young man? Is it any part of the duty of woman, young or old? At the risk of raising incredulous smiles, we venture to assert that travellers who neglect the Netherlands lose an intellectual, artistic, and agri-horticultural treat, to say nothing of creature comforts.

M. Havard is admirably qualified for his task; an art-critic, a man of letters, and, what is more, a linguist; a sufficiently sturdy pedestrian upon occasion to claim for his walks toleration, even from Alpine Club folks; able to put up with scanty fare, yet capable of distinguishing a good dinner from a bad one, and of doing full justice to the good; patient and placid of temper up to the point when ill-usage calls forth the hasty spark his mother gave him—which spark is often of service in checking people who would tread on your toes. Another qualification for visiting the homes of an amphibious nation is, that his investigations are never cut short by fear of the heavings of the surface of the sea. Graceful as the rolling waves are to look at, their behaviour is ungracious to unprivileged persons, who consequently shrink from exposing themselves to the chance of feeling their untoward influence. Had not M. Havard been one of the privileged, he never would have written *The Dead Cities of the Zuiderzee*; which sea, although summoned to yield the greater part of its waters, still shows itself to be more deadly than dead when tempest disturbs its usual calmness.

Off the north coast of Friesland lies an island marked in maps as Schiermonnikoog, signifying "Eye of monk of the Schieringers' order." Oog, Dutch for eye,

denotes the shape of the island; the rest of the etymology is evident. Now, by whatever name, pronounceable or not, an island always tempts you to visit it. There have been so many islands dear both to fact and fiction, that no island is without its attractive interest. Who would not be the proprietor of an island, the monarch of all he surveys? To Schiermonnikoog, therefore, M. Havard and his friend must go, for the sake of picturesque costumes and peculiar customs—more than enough to excite a literary tourist's curiosity. But their resolution was taken too late on Saturday to carry it out; for the only means of communication—which rests on Sunday—is a little sailing-boat, which goes from Oostmahorn to Schiermonnikoog and back every day, carrying the letters and what few passengers it can get. The worthy burgo-master of Dokkum (see your map of Holland), who gave this tardy information, observing the despair it caused, decided to take a heroic step. "Occasionally," he said, "in urgent cases, or for great personages, they send off the boat on Sunday. I will telegraph to my colleague of Schiermonnikoog that two strangers, recommended by the Minister of the Interior and the Governor of Friesland, require to visit his island to-morrow. I will beg of him to send the boatman; and perhaps we may be lucky enough to obtain what we wish."

Early next morning they started on foot, uncertain whether they should cross the Friesche Gat that day. They had to traverse the portion of free Friesland, which lies between the town of Dokkum and the sea, and which Cornelis Kemp describes as "*pulcherrima, populosa, et totius mundi fertilissima*"—the most beautiful, populous, and fertile country in the whole world. The exaggeration will be excused by utilitarians with whom beauty and fertility are one and the same. Splendid crops of colza, flax, and corn, rich pastures of immense extent, in which sleek-coated kine and shining black mares are leisurely grazing, are far from striking the pocket with any sense of ugliness. A dozen steeples, peeping above the horizon, indicate so many wealthy villages. Along the road, which winds its dusty way over this verdant carpet, they met frock-coated peasants, all in black, with long pipes and big bibles, marching gravely to church; while their wives, with golden head-gear glittering in the sun, enlivened their walk with earnest gossip.

Nevertheless, the pitiless sunshine, unchecked by tree, branch, or leaf, made two-and-a-half hours' walking on their sinuous pathway seem somewhat long. Dusty and hot they reached Oostmahorn. Instead of searching out the wonders of that village, they ran to the dike to see if the boat was there. It would have been a sad disappointment to spend Sunday in the wilderness, with the promised island before their eyes. Happily, the vessel was at its post; but it was the boatman's turn to be disappointed. On the faith of the famous despatch, he expected to receive grand personages and their suite; whereas, his customers turned out to be two dusty pedestrians, attended only by their walking-sticks and knapsacks. And it was they whom he had come to fetch—there was no mistaking that.

The voyage was long. Whether the wind knew nothing of the telegram, or whether it was not in the habit of blowing on Sundays, they were three hours in doing the two leagues which separated them from Schiermonnikoog. As they neared it, their attention was caught by the great dike which protects the southern side of the island, covered by hundreds of people who, sitting or standing, seemed to be awaiting some important event. The telescope showed them to be of all ages; some men, many women, but children in a large majority. As the boat advanced, the grown persons disappeared, while the children increased in numbers. At four or five hundred yards' distance from the dike, the passage-boat stopped short, several small rowing-boats put off from the shore, and a waggon, drawn by two black horses, entered the water. It was in this latter that the travellers reached terra firma. The boats were merely a merry escort, surrounding the waggon and cheering on the horses.

Certainly, it was a friendly reception; but when they reached the dike, they did not know how it might turn out. They could no longer entertain a doubt that all those children, of every age, constituting the whole infancy, youth, and adolescence of the island, had come there solely to stare at the strangers. They proceeded, accompanied by a noisy crowd, anxious to see and especially to touch them. They were saluted as they went with a running fire of shouts, jokes, and bursts of laughter. In fact, like the boatman, the crowd was a little disappointed. They wanted something better dressed, more majestic, more

extraordinary. M. Havard felt the situation so keenly, that he would have given a trifle to have owned, for a moment, a cocked hat and feather and a general's uniform.

At the entrance of the village—Het Dorp it calls itself—the whole female population was massed together in a compact body. Through a laudable sentiment of reserve, the women and grown girls had refrained from waiting on the jetty; but that their curiosity was none the less eager was proved by the almost indiscreet minuteness of their examination of the strangers. Happily, a tutelary authority watched over them, revealing itself as a stentorian voice which shouted: "Now that you have had a good look at them, I expect that you will let them be quiet a little." The request being supported by the vigorous whirling of a stout shillelagh, disobedience was out of the question. The ladies disappeared as if by enchantment, leaving the travellers free to take up their quarters at the inn.

Their first visit was to the burgomaster, to thank him for enabling them to reach his domain. His house, the handsomest in the island, is filled with a charming family. Never was magistrate more in his place. M. Van der Worm is an old sea-wolf—a veteran Jack Tar—and a most amiable specimen of the species. Formerly a captain in the navy, he has not changed his profession, but only his ship; for Schiermonnikoog is nothing but an enormous raft of sand and shells, stranded on the coast of Friesland; its population consists entirely of sailors. This scrap of dry land, which only just rises above the surface of the North Sea, mans no fewer than seventy merchant vessels, on board which the males of the island live nearly all the year round. Out of five hundred men, there are rarely more than thirty or forty at home at a time. The others are in the tropics, in the Pacific Ocean, in the Mediterranean—everywhere except at Schiermonnikoog. What a comfort, therefore, it is for them to have, at the head of their village, an old shipmate who has himself led the same adventurous life! M. Van der Worm, also, if a sailor by predilection, is a burgomaster by ancestry, being the last descendant of Van der Werf, the famous defender of the city of Leyden.

Nor does he forget his sailorship when vessels are driven on the sandbanks which surround Schiermonnikoog. Scarcely a

year passes without two or three shipwrecks. In 1863, within less than a month, five vessels were lost on those fatal shoals. One of them belonged to the British Royal Navy. That night, in spite of the fearful storm, the lifeboat was launched, and, at the greatest risk, the crew were saved. In acknowledgment of his heroism, her Britannic Majesty presented the bold burgomaster with a magnificent chronometer.

The persistent esteem of his administrés is a still more precious recompense. He is at once their adviser and their friend—the respected guardian of an overgrown family. Whenever he takes his walks abroad, everybody comes out of doors to salute him. His island is a little kingdom, over which he reigns paternally. Its capital is less a large village than a double street bordered by charming cottages—simple, modest, and neat—each with a little garden in front. Trees recently planted, which only ask for time to grow, will soon form a tastefully-planned park, to which one may resort in summer for shade and coolness. And note that, in Holland, wherever such things are possible, they are to be found. The very desert is made to smile, the swamp to yield the fat of the land.

The rest of the island is occupied by extensive pastures, somewhat poor and thin, and fields cultivated by the owner's "métayers"—tenants who share the produce with the landlord—for all Schiermonnikoog belongs to a wealthy proprietor residing at the Hague. Beyond the pastures, protecting them on three sides, are the dunes or sandhills, extending in a line of white-topped mounds, and capable of checking the encroaching waves by their shifting and incohesive rampart. From the top of one of the lighthouses, a bird's-eye view is obtained, not only of the whole island, but of the girdle of gray or green waters surrounding it, and to the south of the Friesland coast, cheerfully bristling with church spires and steeples.

Schiermonnikoog has a school where the children receive something more than a superficial education. All are intended for sailors, all wish to be captains. Not only must they learn what is ordinarily taught in schools, but they ought to speak three or four languages, have a thorough knowledge of geography and elementary mathematics, and be able to take a ship through the solitudes of ocean by the help of the compass and the sextant. The reader shall be

spared the rest of the programme of what is taught there. It might possibly take him out of his depth, although I know that politeness compels the supposition that every reader is an Admirable Crichton. M. Harvard will tell him how the burgomaster treated them, that evening, to merry talk and Rhenish wizes, and how they didn't go home to their peculiarly-constructed beds—hard to climb into, at the soberest of moments—till morning.

And people still fancy that there is no finding anything fresh or new, pleasant or interesting, without taking up the alpenstock—often more dangerous to fellow-travellers' toes than surmountable to would-be peak-scalars, or protective of potential neck-breakers!

THE COBLE.

The eye was filled by the heave and the flash,
The ear was filled by the roar,
As the great wind blew from the wild north-west,
And the great waves crashed on the shore;
The sky hung black and angry
Over the raging sea,
And away, where the mighty billows rolled,
And the spray flew fast and free,
The broad, brown sail of the coble
Quivered, and filled, and shook;
And out on the pier the fishermen
Stood stern and pale to look.

The eye was filled by the heave and the flash,
The ear was filled by the roar,
The coble tossed, and veered, and tacked,
As she strove to make the shore;
Ready with rope and rocket,
The stalwart coastguard stood,
And ever and ever fiercer rose
The fierce North Sea at the flood;
And the sail of the home-bound coble
Still fearless flew and brave,
Amid the howl of the rising wind
And the crash of the rising wave.

At last she fetched the harbour,
And rode o'er the foaming bar,
While the cheer of the eager watchers blent
With the thunder on the Scar;
And I thought, just so, 'mid the turmoil,
The fret and the fever of life,
A heart fares, striving and straining,
'Gainst the currents of earthly strife.
Ah, let us keep sail and compass,
Hope's star, and the anchor of Faith,
And so, glide to the haven where we would be,
O'er the last long wave of Death!

STRANGELY BETROTHED.

A STORY.

"GOING out, Ellen, are you?" said my father, as he tightened therein of his sturdy hill-pony. "Well, well, my dear, I have to face the heat too, and shall envy you the shade of your favourite trees, beside the big tank. That Malabar headman I spoke of, who has just brought over a gang of fresh coolies from the mainland,

has promised to meet me in front of the joss-house in the Nal Tantee village, to see if we can come to terms. I shall be back before tiffin time, I hope."

And, with a kindly nod and smile, he rode off at a brisk trot; his horsekeeper, a barefooted Cingalese lad, easily keeping pace with the pony, and running swift and silent, like a brown shadow, beside his master's stirrup. Times had changed, and for the worse, since Mr. Travers had been reckoned among the most thriving coffee-planters in Ceylon. Our once-famous plantation, called Travers after the family that had possessed it for two generations, was not now the source of profit that, in my grandfather's time, it had been. The rich soil, worn out by over-cropping and neglect, no longer yielded its heavy harvest of red-brown berries; while to reclaim fresh land from the jungle was both toilsome and costly. The estate gave us the means of a maintenance, and little more.

I was an only child, and my father was a widower; so that our actual necessities, in that cheap and frugal country, were easily provided for; nor should I have had a care in the world, save for the old, old story of love, the course of which hard circumstances would not suffer to run smooth. Our nearest neighbour—and Christian neighbours, with white faces and English-speaking tongues, were scarce in northern Ceylon—was Mr. Forster, a planter, by far wealthier than we were. Now Oswald Forster and I were plighted lovers, but the very idea of an engagement between his only son and the daughter of his embarrassed neighbour was gall and wormwood to Oswald's father, a proud, strong-willed man, who managed his thriving property, so as to extract from every beegah of arable land its utmost yield in silver rupees.

Desirous to efface from Oswald's mind the idea of marrying poor little Ellen Travers, Mr. Forster, with his wife's concurrence, proposed to send his son to Europe, confident that foreign travel and change of scene would soon obliterate from his memory the image of the lonely little girl beside the great Tank of Minary. And now a word concerning the Tank itself, the name of which, I fear, conveys to European readers but a very inadequate conception of the stupendous reality. The Tank of Minary, justly reckoned among the marvels which the island of Ceylon has still to show, is perhaps the

grandest of the artificial lakes ever planned by mortal engineer. More than two thousand years have passed since, before the Christian era, a Buddhist king bade his subjects toil to erect the massive walls of hewn stone and tough chhnam, that environ that vast sheet of water, twenty-five miles in circumference.

With the Minary Lake, or Tank, which lay close to my own home, I had been from childhood familiar, and I dearly loved the mirror-like expanse of its calm waters, studded with floating islands of the crimson-blossomed lotus of India, the red flowers and green leaves of which covered many thousand acres of the surface. Strange fish, of brilliant colours, glided in glistening shoals through the deep, clear water, rarely disturbed by prow or paddle; bright birds, of every size, from the scarlet flamingo to the tiny oriole or the towering adjutant, haunted it; and all around grew in dense profusion the mighty trees and flowering creepers of the virgin forest, whence came at times the complaining cry of the mountain cat, the belling of the deer, the panther's snarl, or the crashing of cane and sapling; as wild elephants forced their way through the trackless recesses of the jungle.

I am bound to admit that there were other tenants of lake and forest less attractive than the bright-plumaged birds, and the pretty little lizards basking in the patches of yellow sunshine. Alligators were very common, snakes plentiful, and the scorpion, the centipede, and the tree-leech were often to be met with in the more swampy and tangled tracts of the woodlands. But we, who were colonial born, learn a disregard of the creeping things that surround us which astonishes a new arrival from Europe, and I had never in my life known what it was to feel real fear of beast or reptile.

I watched my father's retiring figure until it disappeared amid the feathery bamboos that lined the path, and then, turning my back on the white house with its green verandahs, walked on, under the shadow of the great forest trees, till I reached the embankment of the Minary Tank. Half-an-hour's walking brought me to within sight of a rainous summer-house, built on the edge of the lake by some former Dutch proprietor, and yet surmounted by a large ball of gilded pith, perched on a pole. Near this summer-house it was my custom to meet Oswald. And it would be but very seldom that we were to meet, hence-

forth, since, poor fellow, he was to sail by the Lord Dalhousie, expected at Point de Galle on the 31st of the month.

On my way I paused now and then, familiar as was the prospect, to gaze upon the wide expanse of the lake, the silvery waters of which rolled away so grandly that it was hard to conceive that what seemed almost entitled to take rank as an inland sea could be actually the work of human hands. Flocks of wildfowl, with white wings and shrill scream, hovered above the swarms of gorgeously-tinted fish that swam around the huge weed-beds, while here and there among the red lotus blossoms appeared what might have been easily mistaken for a floating log, but which I knew to be an alligator, drowsily basking in the glad sunshine.

The heavy heat seemed to render exertion, even for the natives, difficult, for I saw no fisher, as usual, paddling his light canoe or preparing his tough nets of cocoanut fibre; and the very Cingalese woodcutters had deserted their work, leaving behind them a great heap of hewn timber, in front of which, imbedded in the spongy wood of a cypress, four or five short bright axes remained sticking. Some few paces from this heap was the ruinous summer-house, and beyond it there towered aloft the giant talipot tree, with its vast serrated leaves, that serve the Cingalese for sail and thatch and screen, beneath which Oswald and I were accustomed to meet.

To my surprise, and perhaps chagrin, I did not at first see him for whom I looked, and began to fear that he had forgotten to keep his wonted tryst, but on drawing nearer I beheld a sight that for the moment froze my very veins with horror, and caused the cry of anguish that rose to my lips to die away. Oswald, lying on the turf among the roots of the gigantic palm tree, seemed to be asleep, overcome, probably, by the unusual heat, while around him was loosely coiled something that resembled a stout rope, curiously streaked with black, and orange, and white—something that caused the withered leaves and crisp grass to rustle, as it stirred, writhing.

I had never seen a living tic palunga, but I knew at the first glance that the snake before my eyes was no other than a large specimen of that dreaded reptile, which in Ceylon takes the position that in Continental India belongs to the cobra, and for the bite of which there is no known remedy. Twice within the last three years abourers on my father's plantation had been

brought in, dying, from the venom of the tic palunga, but in each instance the skill of the native snake-charmer had led to the capture of the reptile, and it was not believed that any of this species, rare as well as dangerous, had been left alive in our immediate neighbourhood. This, however, was unquestionably a tic palunga, many feet long, and it had wrapped its coils, as though in hideous sport, around Oswald's limbs as he lay there, unconscious.

The great flat head of the enormous snake rested on the ground, among the flowers and ferns. I could see its eyes, bright as jewels, fixed upon me. It showed, for the moment, however, no particular signs of anger or of distrust, but contented itself with quietly contemplating the intruder on its haunts. As I stood, gazing on my sleeping lover and the monstrous creature that lay, wakeful but quiescent, so near to him, all the stories of snakes that I had ever heard or read came crowding in upon my quickened memory. I knew that the tic palunga, in common with most of the venomous varieties of its race, seldom employed its poison-fangs unless when attacked or annoyed; but I also knew that the hardiest elephant-hunter of the forests would sooner confront the charge of a herd of incensed tuskers, than face the lance-like dart and rancorous bite of this dread denizen of the jungle.

The tic palunga, unlike the boa and the python, rarely, if ever, preys upon the larger animals, such as deer or cattle, confining its diet, for the most part, to birds, and frogs, and lizards. Some caprice, most likely, had caused it to twine a part of its supple convolutions around Oswald as he lay, and, so long as he remained asleep and motionless, there was little probability that the serpent would harm him. My great fear was lest he should awake, and in awaking, by some hasty movement, arouse the ire of the resistless foe. Oswald was brave and strong, but it was a mockery to speak of strength or courage when so terrible an antagonist was in question.

Suddenly, as if it had been a whisper from heaven, there came into my mind a thought that promised hope, even in that dire extremity of need. I had often seen harmless snakes kept tame in colonial households, and was aware of their habits, and of their love for certain kinds of food, and, above all, for milk. Could I but bring to that spot a supply of milk, and place it, before Oswald should awake, temptingly near to the tic palunga, all

might yet be well. And yet to desert him—poor fellow—in such terrible company, seemed cruel; yet it was for his sake, and I felt that I must go. Very slowly, then, lest my footsteps should disturb the sleeper or irritate the huge reptile that kept watch beside him, I stole away, and when at a safe distance, flew, rather than ran, along the forest path.

The nearest European dwelling was Oswald's own home. There were Cingalese huts nearer, no doubt, where dwelt some of Mr. Forster's hired men, but I should not be able to procure what I sought save from the planter's house. At another time I should not have willingly trespassed on the domains of Oswald's father; but this was no occasion for scruple or punctilio. Life and death, as I knew, depended on my speed.

There, at length, rose up before me the milkthorn-hedge, the impenetrable thorns of which are often useful in keeping out leopard and jackal, which surrounded the planter's homestead; and passing through an open gate I entered the compound. The first servant that I met, and who lifted his hand to his snow-white turban with a polite "Salaam!" and a smile that showed the white teeth between his bearded lips, was a man whom I knew, a Mahratta groom, who had formerly been in my father's service, and whose child I had nursed through an attack of the Ceylon fever.

"Lall Singh!" I gasped out, panting for breath, "do me a kindness for the sake of old bread and salt. Get me some fresh milk quickly, for the love of God, but ask no questions—bhai!"

Something in my tone impressed the Mahratta, for without a word he hurried off and soon returned, bearing a jar of milk and a drinking vessel, or lota, which would contain something less than a pint, and which, at a sign from me, he filled with milk. This very act, slight as it may seem, was no small compliment, for it was, doubtless, his own drinking-cup that Lall Singh was giving me, and, should any lip not belonging to one of pure Hindu descent touch its burnished rim, it would hereafter be unfit for use. However, I scarcely waited to utter a word of thanks, but snatched up the brass lota and darted out.

It may be thought singular that I had not given the alarm to the household at Mr. Forster's plantation; but I had resolved that I would not, if I could do my errand unquestioned, create a turmoil

which might bring about the very evil against which I was striving. Oswald's mother and sisters loved him, but their nerves were not of the strongest, and their outcries, had they heard the news, would have had the effect of summoning a score of servants and coolies, and to seal Oswald's fate by sending a noisy posse of volunteers to the place where he lay at the snake's mercy.

As if on winged feet, yet carrying the precious draught of milk with jealous care, I hurried back to the spot where, at the foot of the huge talipot tree, lay Oswald, yet asleep. The snake, however, as though uneasy, was beginning to stir. Its monstrous head wagged slowly from side to side among the white wild flowers, and its slender tongue protruded from between its grim jaws. But I was in time, and, as I poured the milk, or rather, a portion of it, on the ground, so that a long trail should lead to the spot where I set down the brass drinking-cup, with what of its contents remained, I was careful to avoid, by any abrupt gesture, incensing the tic palunga.

Then came a minute or two of agonised expectancy, and then, to my great joy, I saw the reptile slowly uncoil himself, evidently making for the milk. First one wreath and then another of the snake's limber length was untwined, and the great serpent, brushing through the forest grass and flowerets, stooped its broad head to drink. As I saw Oswald thus freed, and the unsuspected foe draw farther and farther away from the place where he reposed, I felt the strength which had hitherto supported me suddenly become weakness. My nerves being no longer braced by the sense of Oswald's mortal peril, the instinctive terror and disgust which I had from childhood felt for the serpent tribe overpowered me, and I grew giddy and weak, and could scarcely stand and scarcely see.

What was this before my dim eyes? The well-known porch of the Dutch colonist's summer-house, overgrown by trailing creepers, and all but choked by tall weeds. Mechanically I entered, and sinking down on a mouldering wooden seat, once decked with silken cushions and gold leaf, I gradually regained the physical strength which had deserted me, and with it the capacity for thought. It is curious how, in such cases of extreme exhaustion, the benumbed mind slowly resumes some abandoned train of thought, and thus it was with me. By degrees I remembered

Oswald's danger, my own efforts to save him, and—

What was that rustling among the stems, and leaves, and buds of the luxuriant plants that festooned the shattered windows of the summer-house, in all the rank profusion of their tropical growth? Surely—surely not the rippling, undulating motion with which a huge snake drags himself through the brake and jungle grass! Yes; my fears were but too true, for there, in the open window space—the broken trellis-work of which had been replaced by wild vines and dangling orchids—appeared, at a height of six or seven feet above the ground, the hideous head of the serpent that had lately menaced Oswald, and now confronted me.

And then it flashed upon me that this deserted kiosk was probably the reptile's actual home, and that, as though in the very irony of terror, I had ventured to intrude into the lair of the terrible creature, from the sight of which I had—once that Oswald's safety seemed assured—reeled dizzily away. I had often heard of the strange taste which snakes evince for an abandoned human dwelling, and how frequently they haunt the outbuildings of Europeans' abodes and the huts of the natives; and yet here had I rashly strayed into the lurking-place of the deadliest guardian of the Ceylon jungle.

That the snake was perturbed there could be no doubt. It curved its graceful neck like that of a swan, and hissed slightly, while its broad jaws were partly opened. I fancied that I could see the curved poison-fangs—more to be dreaded than ever was Malay creese or Moorish dagger—while the jewel-bright eyes glittered ominously. One wild, piercing shriek I could not repress; and then the futility of resistance or of flight forced itself upon me, and I stood, motionless as a marble statue of embodied fear, gazing at the emeraldine eyes, fixed with so pitiless a stare on mine. The subtle, suffocating odour which large serpents exhale, when angry, reached me; but already I gave myself up for lost, and waited passive till the tic palunga should make his fatal dart.

The sibilant noise from the snake's half-shut jaws had grown louder, and the bright, baleful eyes more menacing; while the grim head towered high aloft, ready to strike—when, suddenly, something bright flashed through the flowering bines of the creeping plant, and the snake's hideous head and lithe body disappeared,

as if by magic. Then followed the sounds of a fierce struggle, repeated blows, trampling feet, and snapping boughs, and the accents of human voices; and then Oswald came leaping through the doorway, clasped me in his arms, and bore me out into the broad light of day, where lay—writhing yet—the carcass of the dead snake, hewn through by the sharp-cutting axe which Oswald still grasped in his right hand.

"Shabash!" exclaimed Lall Singh, whose swarthy face gleamed with delight, as he spurned the body of the vanquished reptile. "It was well that the first blow went home, or it would have fared but badly with the young sahib when this accursed slayer of men turned on him. Wah! I'd sooner have faced a tiger."

To Lall Singh I was, indeed, in no slight degree indebted for my safety. Convinced, from the agitation of my manner, that something was wrong, he had followed me, and was in the act of arousing Oswald from his slumber, when the piercing shriek which fear had wrung from me re-echoed through the woods, and called attention to the imminence of the peril. Then Oswald had snatched up one of the keen, short axes which the native woodcutters had left sticking in a tree-trunk, and had been fortunate enough to disable the snake at the first blow.

My story is now told, and I have only to add that I was overwhelmed with praises and caresses by the Forster family—hitherto so cold—and that, on the following day, Mr. Forster himself rode over to my father's house, to entreat Mr. Travers, from whom he had of late been estranged, to accept his renewed friendship, and to ask for my hand on behalf of his son. Oswald lost his passage on board the homeward-bound steamer that was to touch at Point de Galle; and when he did visit Europe he took with him Ellen Travers as his wife.

We have long been happily settled—far from tropic jungles and their dangerous habitants—but never have either my husband or myself forgotten those few instants of bitter anguish and alarm beside the Tank of Minary.

SOMETHING ABOUT SILVER.

SILVER, like gold, has been known and valued from prehistoric antiquity, but whence the ancients derived their earliest supplies of this metal remains uncertain. One fact is at least assured. The silver of

which were shaped the first rude images of Dagon and Ashtaroth, of Minerva and Smintheus, did not come from Africa. Not an ounce of silver has ever yet been discovered within the length and breadth of the African continent, rich as it is in water-worn nodules of gold. Nor could it have come from India, where, contrary to popular fancy, there exist no mines of precious metals, and, since the collapse of Golconda, none of precious stones.

Silver was one of the few metals found in a state of purity, and, as such, came into favour when smelting was an unknown art. Silver mines exist, and have always been worked, save during the Turkish occupation, in Greece; but it is probable that the vastly superior mines of Spain yielded the largest proportion of the silver used in classic times. The metal is widely distributed—Persia and Poland, Italy and Tartary, Thrace and Germany, contributing each a shining sheaf to the harvest. When metallurgy advanced a stage or two, it became profitable to extract the percentage of silver which is to be found in nearly all lead; and thus were raised some two-thirds of the entire amount of silver in use at the time of the discovery of America.

Although silver, as compared with gold, is but seldom spoken of in the Homeric poems, its frequent mention in Scripture proves its familiar employment among the Jews. The shekel, the ophah, and the talent, were of silver. So, throughout the ancient as throughout the mediæval world, was the bulk of the coinage. Our ancestors, snapping their silver pennies, which were made in the form of a stout, soft disc, marked with a deeply-indented cross, could give change without having to resort to the baser medium of copper.

Silver has many advantages. It can be melted at a very moderate degree of heat; is easy to bend and solder, or polish; and, when burnished, is more brilliant than any other metal. Its two great blemishes are its softness, which causes coin and plate to suffer grievous loss by wear and tear, and its remarkable liability to tarnish; not that silver is easily rusted or oxidised, as iron and copper are, but that every particle of sulphur floating in the atmosphere seems to be attracted by the pure, bright metal. Silver, not gold, was the standard of our forefathers. When Sir Robert Peel inquired of a bewildered House of Commons, "What was a pound?" he must have known, better than his hearers, that the

original pound of silver, first coined into twenty, then into sixty, and presently into eighty, shillings, was the true standpoint of British finance.

Columbus, as with his pinks and caravels he forced his way through weed-beds and baffling winds to the Western Indies, could not have guessed that the result of his adventurous voyage would be an extraordinary rise in prices, or, what comes to the same thing, a fall in the purchasing power of money, ranging from twenty to thirty per cent. The large supplies of silver which the Spanish discoveries poured into Europe affected every market from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and was gradually felt wherever men bought and sold, from China to Connaught.

Silver fell in value, and gold, which had hitherto been coined in inconsiderable quantities, and chiefly by such mighty merchant commonwealths as those of Genoa, Florence, and Venice, began to be withdrawn from ornamental purposes to supply the royal mints. Everywhere the familiar metal lost much of its intrinsic worth. The old crusado, the French crown, the London sterling, could not buy what they had bought, before that inquisitive Genoese explored the ocean highway to the Atlantis of the poets. Only Japan, jealously shut against Western intruders, remained outside the commercial brotherhood of nations, and when, some years since, Japanese ports were first opened by treaty, some of our merchants, in feverish haste, reaped enormous but short-lived profits, by dealing with customers who appraised silver according to the value set upon it by local usage.

The great accumulation of silver plate, and, in France, even of silver furniture, which existed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, often supplied the sinews of war in time of need. More than once, a king, hard pressed, could raise a fresh army by persuading his nobles to send their plate to the melting-pot. That huge hoard of bullion has long since disappeared, and the mints of most countries have for many years incurred heavy loss in consequence of the necessity of making good the perpetual rubbing away of a portion of the substance of shilling, franc, and florin.

It is remarkable that the early conquerors of Peru and Mexico, when rifling the treasuries of the native monarchs, came upon much gold, but little silver. The mines of those countries, whence came a

full half of the whole known stock of bullion, have, under Spanish rule, furnished very little gold, but a great deal of silver. So late as the reign of George the Second, the London Gazette represents all Europe as breathlessly waiting till the King of Spain should issue the royal permission to unload the ingots and bars, lying in the galleons at anchor off Cadiz or Vigo, and afford to the trades of foreign countries what was really the life-blood of commerce. One Mexican silver mine, the property of Count Regla, brought in for twenty years a net profit of a million sterling; and there were mines in Chili and Peru which produced, each of them, silver to the value of several hundred thousand pounds a year.

The amount of gold raised, since the first Californian nuggets were picked from the crevices of a quartz reef, thirty years ago, is roughly reckoned as equalling that of all the gold then in circulation. It says much for the complex character of our civilisation that prices have not actually doubled within that time. As regards silver, we have, since the discovery of America, received about as much as was in human hands in the reigns of the later Plantagenets; but the waste has been much greater than in the case of gold, and the demands of India and China have for fifty years been a serious drain on the resources of Europe.

The legendary wonders of Potosi and Mazataplan seem likely to be surpassed, in our own times, by the extraordinary yield of that Rocky Mountain range, which, under various names, forms the backbone of North America. It is matter of notoriety that within a few months past unexampled profits have been reaped by lucky speculators, and that many million ounces of virgin ore have been extracted from the stony hillsides of Wyoming, Nevada, and Idaho. The Chilian and Peruvian mines were chiefly of enormous depth, liable to be flooded, and situated amid volcanic rocks, whose hardness and the scarcity of fuel render it costly to work them. The Rocky Mountain silver mines, chiefly in crumbling transition rock, are easy to work, and present rich veins in tempting proximity to the surface, while labour, machinery, and capital are all forthcoming.

The gain of one is, unhappily, very often the loss of another, and European countries feel, in the pressure of high prices and taxation, the indirect consequences of the wonderful discoveries of silver, which in America have given competence to many,

and, to some, sudden wealth. India suffers yet more severely, for her rupee has within a year or two lost a tenth of its official value; nor, indeed, is it easy to fix a limit to the probable effects of the abrupt influx of silver.

PHEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LIV. AN AWKWARD ACCIDENT.

The "Joliffe Meeting" had been lately revived by a few of the gentry of sporting tastes, and the Pringles had put down their names for a magnificent subscription. They almost seemed inclined to offer payment for everything—for friends, acquaintances, balls, dinners, and politeness; and they had now filled their house with guests of every degree, who, in a wavering manner, had consented to come and stay with them, and whom the family would have been delighted to subsidise and secure, were such an innovation at all likely to be tolerated. The house itself was resplendent—the new conservatories finished, the new rooms "thrown open," the new furniture set out, and the new servants all duly marshalled. And here was the first evening of the festival, when nearly all the company had arrived, and were seated at dinner in the great banquetting-room. This chamber was done up in the mediæval style, with rich "coronas" and coved ceiling, and a huge baronial fireplace, the chimney-piece whereof was at least a foot over the head of a man of moderate stature. The family pictures, full and half-length, were all hung round; though the family had always to answer requests for information—in a sort of deprecating way—and explain that they were not exactly ancestors. In fact, the catalogue had long since been lost, and it was difficult to find a name for each picture.

That was, indeed, a proud moment for Mrs. Pringle, as she sat in the middle of the table, and looked down from end to end. Her thoughts travelled back to the days of struggle when they were, in the miserable little rural tenement, and Sam was agent; when they were both straining to make ends meet, and had faint hopes of securing the new young doctor for one of the ponies. Now, she was queen of this glittering scene. There were

lords and ladies seated on each side, whose attendance had been secured, she had to admit, by labours and anxieties well-nigh as painful as those of the old days of poverty. There was Lord Garterley's voice rising noisily above all the rest. Could she not remember the joyful evening, when Sam came in with the blissful tidings that they had been asked to stay at Garterley? And there, seated next the elder of the ponies, was the young patrician, the racing Lord Rotherhithe—a spirited young fellow, who was there ostensibly for the Joliffe races; but was also to make use of his visit to improve his acquaintance with the charming lady that sat beside him. Through certain mysterious agencies, courtship was, on this occasion, at least, to lose its sweet romance; and by some kind of freemasonry it was perfectly understood, on both sides, that, if seventy thousand pounds were forthcoming, the young lord "was theirs." Old Sam bellowed noisily at such a proposal. "He was not going to cripple himself for life," or saddle the estate with such an enormous burden; but he was, of course, overborne by the chatter of tongues. The delight of alluding to "My daughter, Lady Rotherhithe," and of having coronets on bags, note-paper, carriage-panels, &c., was too much; and it was determined that prodigious efforts should be made at once to raise the money, and "saddle the estate" with it, even though that willing beast gave way under the load and came down upon its knees. The worst of it was, this process of "saddling" had already begun to a large extent; and as a facetious friend remarked, who was recommending economy to the family, ought to be "bridled." For the cynic there must have been something truly comic in the spectacle of the pair, prying as lovers, and laboriously striving to get up some of that amatory enthusiasm, which their business-like relations appeared to chill. However, it was admitted by the agents on both sides that the young people must have time to get acquainted with one another.

What a babel of tongues! for there were plenty of young men, a few of whom had been "sent down," just as Mr. Gunter had sent down some of his cooks and waiters, and who wished to be at the races. They were told that they would be, in the favourite phrase, "put up" at an uncommonly jolly house, where they would find plenty of pretty girls; and, accordingly, had set off with a light heart, as they would to an hotel. They were

also told they would find the "drollest old cove" of a host they ever set eyes on; but they needn't mind him. There were incomprehensible dowagers, lively married pairs—to say nothing of an irrepressible spinster like "Sally Newt," and Miss Wraxall the heiress.

As a matter of course, those masters of the ceremonies, the Charles Webbers, were there, who, it was plain to the observant, had marked the Pringles for reversioners to Lord Garterley, and who had already assumed a kind of "resident" or old-inhabitant manner, as though knowing everything about the place. To this extraordinary influence Mrs. Pringle and the ponies were already succumbing, and seemed to lean for support on those useful personages. There were also some young belles of distinction, who had fought, with honour, several campaigns during the season—whom it was a distinction, as in the case of other valiant combatants, to entertain and drink with. And there, too, was Lady Juliana, undislodged and undislodgable, who, after a short absence, when she preyed on other friends, had returned to head-quarters. In short, Mrs. Pringle and the ponies had managed it wonderfully, and collected a most imposing and effective company; though, unlike managers of theatres, they had but the slightest acquaintance with most of the performers; and some of the leading stars they scarcely knew at all. It was, indeed, a proud moment—everything going well, even to the lovers sitting down at the end of the table, and likely soon to assume the aspect of a regularly happy pair. Sam must cripple himself and saddle the estate to secure that happy result; of that there must be no doubt.

They had just reached the second or third station on the journey—that of the entrées—when there was noticed a rather long delay; in fact, the banquet seemed to be suspended.

Lord Garterley was relating a loud anecdote—furnishing the most hearty laughs himself—when he suddenly stopped, and, sniffing noisily, said:

"Something on fire, I think!"

Everyone began to sniff also; and, indeed, there was a strong, acrid smell of soot through the room. Mrs. Pringle turned pale. She had a presentiment that something awful was coming.

"Oh dear!" said several persons, as the disagreeable odour became more and

more pungent. "There is no mistake about it."

The kitchen chimney, and the new French cook! Mrs. Pringle was thinking, with a sinking heart. Oh, the wreck of the beautiful dinner! the disgrace! the discontent! the ridicule of the situation! Was there ever anything so unfortunate?

The servants had by this time deserted their duties; and Mr. Batts, in a state of portly agitation, had taken no notice of the plaintive inquiry of the lady of the house for information, but had hurried off to the scene of the disaster.

Suddenly, several young ladies near the window rose with a half scream:

"Oh, look! The house must be on fire!"

A thick yellow cloud, speckled with "blacks," was drifting by the window. This was the signal for a tumultuous rising and confusion, pulling back of chairs, with cries of, "The house is on fire!"

Unlucky Pringles!

The young lord was the most eager wag, and said with unfeeling thoughtlessness:

"Oh, how jolly this will be! I have never seen a fire in the country."

Suddenly, a gentleman—in a light overcoat, as if just arrived—entered.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "There is no danger. It is merely the kitchen chimney, and the fire is all but out. As I was driving up the avenue, I noticed the flames bursting out; and, as no one seemed to have noticed it, I ran to give the alarm! It will be over in a few minutes."

"So; you see——" said Mrs. Pringle, in much agitation. "Pray, sit down again. It is all over."

With some doubtfulness the company did as it was desired.

"I know this means no dinner," said Lord Garterley, in much ill-humour. "The taste of soot will be on everything."

From the beginning Mrs. Pringle had felt this presentiment. Her lovely dinner of inauguration all wrecked! Was there ever anything so unfortunate, so maliciously contrary? But now appeared Mr. Batts, very red and plethoric, with word that "it was all over." And a few minutes later the gentleman who had reassured the company made his appearance, and officially announced that there was no damage done—that all traces of fire had been put out; "I am sorry to say," added he, laughing, "including the kitchen fire. The cook is perfectly light-

headed." The more elderly members of the party looked grim; and one, more "grumpy" than the rest, remarked, sotto voce: "Something always goes wrong at these fussy houses. In trying to overdo things, they do nothing."

Mr. Brookfield, for such was the name of the new arrival, had found his way to one of the vacant places, and took the chair that was next to Miss Lacroix. This young lady partook of the general brilliancy that distinguished the Pringle homestead, and had acquired a sort of style in manner and dress—the only thing that had been wanting to set her off. Her head, with its rather thin but perfectly-smoothed hair, and the clear-cut face, with her thoughtful, ever-ranging eyes, made her a remarkable and attractive figure. As she sat beside Mr. Brookfield, it was noticed that they were the two cleverest-looking heads in the room. Hers, however, was the graver expression; while his was full of animated, quickly-shifting glances; and, as we have said, every part—forehead, chin, throat—was admirably cut, if not actually, to use the favourite word, "chiselled." His manner and gestures were quick and mercurial, and when he fixed his eyes on you, there was a certain sweetness and gentleness that was irresistible. It was this that attracted our heroine—and she found herself gazing at the newly-arrived face with a singular curiosity, if not interest.

"What is to be done?" he said, turning to her. "It is getting serious." The poor cooks are really all demoralised."

"Yes," said she, still gazing at him. "It is very mortifying for Mrs. Pringle. If I only knew what to do."

"You are friend and counsellor of the family—that I can see at once."

She turned on him sharply. "What, you think you detected something of the dependent air?"

"Friendship and counsel are not accepted from dependents," he said, coldly. "I do not say or think anything of the kind; but, if I were of a suspicious turn, I ought to be inclined to suppose——" He paused.

"What, pray?"

"Well, that 'self excuse, means self accuse.' But I am not so inclined. What would you think of this—our hostess looks wretched, and miserable, and helpless—what would you think of a visit to the kitchen to restore order and confidence, and get some salvage out of the wreck? Seriously, to select something that will

occupy their thoughts and teeth while the est is getting ready? Like the Russian hrowing the children from the sledge to the wolves?"

In a moment Miss Lacroix had left the room, and found, as had been anticipated, the whole kitchen in disorder—the cook prostrated, almost imbecile, and receiving attention from his agitated kitchen-maids. She spoke to him soothingly in his own tongue, and, with all kindness, encouraged him to make an attempt. The fire was lit. Some of the temporary dishes Mr. Brookfield had speculated on were discovered and got ready; and "a noble round of beef" was carried triumphantly in to be cast to the wolves. It was greeted with acclamation. Somehow corned beef of noble dimensions always enjoys popularity; and men like Lord Garterley have a relish for this presumably "vulgar" joint, which suggests the imperial visits to Theresa and the singing cafés by the noble ladies of the Empire.

In a very short time the regular train of dishes sat in. Good humour was restored; and the hum of voices rose again.

"We owe it all to this young lady, to Miss ——?" and Mr. Brookfield paused.

"Lacroix," she said, hesitatingly, and with something like a blush.

"I see," he said, "one of the old Huguenot families."

"No," she answered abruptly, "our family is English."

"Impossible," he said, "with that name. You will be surprised at my being thus positive; but I have made a study of the matter."

He was struck by the cool, measured way in which she replied:

"Just as you have made a study of repairing the losses occasioned by chimneys getting on fire, or extemporising dinners. You have really a valuable stock of knowledge."

There was a look of warning in her eye as who should say, "Don't meddle with me."

He seemed surprised, and then said quietly:

"Well, I shall add that to my stock of knowledge."

"What?" she asked.

"The origin of your name."

After dinner, when the luxurious disorder of the drawing-room had set in, it was easy to see that Mr. Brookfield was the centre figure. The older gentlemen, such as Lord Garterley, directed their

talk to him, and gathered round to listen to some curious stories; relating to persons whom they knew well, which he had brought from town. He was in figure a personage likely to be the centre of any gathering in which he found himself. And, indeed, it seemed to the ladies that his bright, animated head and face seemed to contrast strangely with the group of inflamed, rather animal "dining-out" faces with which he was surrounded. The scene was a brilliant one—lords and ladies gathered thus profusely in the gorgeous rooms of the Pringles. It gladdened the heart of the lady of the house. And even now a letter was handed in which brought a smile of delight to her face. "Only think!" she cried as she read, "dear Dr. Drinkwater is coming to-morrow. He has offered himself in the kindest way."

"Well," said Lord Garterley, "he had offered himself in the kindest way for everything that has been going for the last fifty years."

"You know he has been made Bishop of St. Dunstan's."

"You don't mean to say he's coming!" said Lord Garterley in veneration. "You want to drive us all away, I see."

Horror-stricken at this view, Mrs. Pringle was reduced to her favourite smile of bewilderment; for she could not understand how a person enjoying the title and consideration of a bishop should not be received with delight and welcome. But this mystery was a part of that other great mystery which she could not solve, viz.—why the setting out of splendid entertainments should not be sufficient to secure the attendance of society.

Now the after-dinner diversions set in. The ponies had enjoyed lessons from one Francesco Smith, the fashionable singing-master, who had given his concert, which he meant to be an annual one, in a duchess's drawing-room, and who pitilessly forced his guinea tickets—as a conjurer forces his cards—on his rather reluctant pupils. The fair candidate for the young lord had a voice, some of whose notes competed in shrillness with the troublesome peacock which strutted on the lawn; but she did not lack industry, and that amazing coolness, amounting to heroism, which stifles shyness, and, in the same holy cause of "getting on," would have made her join a storming party. The young Lord Rotherhithe, who knew nothing of music, stood by and turned over the leaves in an official manner, as

though it were his duty. Then she was relieved by other candidates. The evening rather "dragged on." A good-looking young man sang a comic song in a very unaffected, pleasant way, and at once attracted Lord Garterley's earnest attention. He was delighted with him, and "must have him down at Garterley." "A most agreeable, talented young fellow," he said again and again. This was about the fiftieth of these paragons that had enjoyed his lordship's patronage, and whose prospects had been more or less seriously damaged by this kindly notice.

The next day, after lunch, when the driving and riding and other amusements were being arranged, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard; and Mr. Brookfield, passing through the great hall, saw a tall, portly gentleman, with a florid face, in a shovel hat and a comforter, who was very particular about his luggage, and tyrannical in settling with the driver of the fly that brought him. Mr. Brookfield recognised him.

"We owe you a public thanks for keeping those men in order," he said. "I only wish they were all curates in your diocese."

The new bishop grunted. He knew this Brookfield, having often pronounced judgment on him as a carping fellow, and suspected a covert sneer in everything that he said.

But at this moment a lady crossed the hall, and stood hesitating; while the bishop, having got clear of his comforter, assumed that it was one of the family, and advanced with a courtly episcopal greeting. Suddenly she started, and the bishop drew back. Mr. Brookfield looked on in surprise.

"Dr. Drinkwater!"

"What, you here!" said the bishop, angrily. "How comes this? What does it mean?"

"Why, it means that Miss Lacroix is staying on a visit with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle."

"Miss La what?" cried the divine, with something like disgust. "Cross, I think, ma'am, is your name?"

With a slight flush in colour, the lady said calmly:

"It is the same name——"

"Not exactly; but it has a more romantic sound," said Mr. Brookfield. "It is what they do on the stage."

The bishop was regarding her darkly, as the insults that he had received from her on that memorable occasion at the Misses Cooke's academy began to come back on him. He was not very certain about the matter; but he recalled distinctly that he had never been so affronted and mortified before a large assembly in his whole life. The story had gone about: the great, pompous dean had been "put down" by a school-girl at the Misses Cooke's academy; and here she was, grown-up, meeting him at a private house—an instance of exceedingly bad taste on the part of the Pringles. A glow came to his cheeks as he thought of all this, and, without a word, he stalked off down the corridor towards the drawing-room. Before he had gone very far, a light step was heard behind him, and a hand as light touched him. Again the bishop turned, with a benevolent smile suddenly fitted on to his lips, for he thought that it was the hostess. The smile was as hastily taken off again, when he saw that it was Miss Lacroix.

"You must forget all that, my lord," she said, hurriedly. "I was a school-girl then. Not that I am sorry, for I was treated very unkindly."

"I think it very bad taste of you being here; I prefer not entering on the subject," he said angrily.

"Exactly," she said; "that will be the best course. We will not enter on it at all. You are too great a personage now, my lord, to be affected by what a poor school-girl did. I am far too humble a creature to make it worth while your recollecting. Better let it be forgotten. Even that old name I used to bear."

So saying, she left the amazed bishop. There was a tone of decision, and even of menace, in what she said that was unpleasant.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MARRINGBERD," "AT HER MERCY,"
"HALVES," &c.

CHAPTER V. KNIGHTS, LADIES, AND AN OGRE.

At the point of junction of the lane with the high-road, the two cadets came suddenly upon a little knot of their late adversaries—composed of gipsies and roughts—in the middle of whom could just be discerned two summer bonnets. These gentry were so occupied in persecuting the owners of the same, that they did not perceive the presence of the new-comers till they were actually upon them, and the "one, two" of the mace and the hedge-stake had been administered with crushing effect; then they broke and fled, imagining that nothing less than the whole Cadet Company were returning upon them. Behind them they left two young girls, their raiment torn and bedraggled, their bonnet-strings flying, and their whole appearance pitiable to an extreme degree; yet in no way contemptible, for besides the not uninteresting fact that they were very pretty, there was a spirit in the looks of both, and a fire in those of one of them, that seemed to proclaim the scorn of higher caste as well as the indignation of insulted modesty.

One was taller and darker than the other, and while the same heightened colour glowed in each of their faces, the eyes of the former gleamed with passion, while those of the latter were filled with tears.

"Quick, quick, young ladies!" cried Darall; "come back with us, before these

cowardly scoundrels muster courage to return."

The shorter and fairer of the two girls hung back a little at this offer of being run away with by two young gentlemen in uniform, but her companion seized her by the wrist, and began to hasten with her in the direction indicated.

It was not a moment too soon, for their late assailants had already discovered how small was the party that had attempted their rescue, and were pouring down the narrow lane with oaths and yells.

"If one could kill one of these howling beggars maybe it would stop the rest," muttered Landon between his teeth, as he stood, with his mace sloped upon his shoulder, awaiting the onset. Darall, with his pointed stake, stood behind him, to the full as dangerous an opponent, though his firm face showed no such passion.

"We must make a running fight of it Landon; every moment of delay is a moment gained for the girls; but we must never be surrounded; strike sharp, and then take to your heels."

Even as he spoke the mob began to slacken speed. There were only two against them, it was true; but they looked very ugly customers, and those who had an eye to their personal safety—who formed the majority—had already reflected that it was better to let somebody else do the knocking down, and leave to themselves the easier and more grateful task of trampling on the prostrate bodies. A gipsy and a travelling tinker, however, each armed with a tent-pole, separated themselves from the rest, and charged the two cadets a full speed, while the rest of the rabble roused came on less furiously behind them. These men were of large build, and the pole

were long and strong, so that it seemed they must carry all before them, and they would without doubt have carried—or transfixed—these two young gentlemen, had they remained to stand the shock. But one of the arts and sciences taught at the Royal Military Academy, to its elder pupils, was that of parrying the bayonet. The poles went on, but not quite in the direction indicated, and on the skulls of those who were bearing them, as it were, into space, descended the weapons that had just averted them with crushing effect; the tinker stumbled on for a few paces, and then fell in a pool of his own blood; the gipsy went down like a stone.

Without stopping to make the least inquiry as to the result of this military operation, the two young gentlemen were off like a shot, and had placed twenty yards of road between them and their pursuers, ere the latter had recovered from their dismay. In front of them the two terrified girls were making what haste they could, but it was plain that running was not the strong point of at least one of them. The shorter of the two, overcome more by agitation and alarm than by fatigue, could only stagger feebly along; and it was merely a question of a few yards nearer to or farther from home that they would be overtaken by their tormentors, whom it was not likely, in that broad high-road, that their two gallant defenders could again even so much as delay.

"We're done," exclaimed Darall, perceiving the situation at a glance; "that is," added he, with a gleam of hope, "unless that is Bex coming back to help us."

Beyond the two girls there suddenly came into view two or three figures, marching, or at least walking in line, from the direction of Woolwich.

"By jingo, they are gunners!" exclaimed Landon. "Hi, hi! to your guns, to your guns, guns, guns!" It was a war-cry well known to the artillerymen of those days in and about Woolwich; and known also to their foes. At the first note of it, the hurrying throng slackened speed, then stopped and stared as if to make sure of the red and blue uniforms that were growing every moment more distinct; for the new-comers were now running. Then the mob turned tail, and fled tumultuously to their tents.

It was for the moment not quite certain that the two damsels thus preserved from Charybdis might not have fallen into

Scylla, or in other words have exchanged the rudeness of the Fair folk, for the blandishments of the military, who, always gallant, are sometimes lacking in civility; but, as it happened, the two cadets hurried up only to find the young ladies in safe hands.

"Lor' bless yer," said one man to Landon, as if in apology for not having committed any misconduct, "the tall 'un is niece to our own colonel," a relationship doubtless at least as binding to him as any in the tables of affinity in the Book of Common Prayer. But for this recognition, it is my fixed belief that, in the wild and wicked times of which I write, the young ladies would have had to pay the ransom of a kiss or two. To the common eye they did not, in their dishevelled and agitated state, look very like young ladies; and one of them, the shorter, had not breath enough left, poor thing, to have said "Don't." The other, however, had recovered herself sufficiently to thank Landon and Darall with much warmth and gratitude, and to narrate in a few words what had befallen them. "I was out for a walk with my friend, Miss Ray—a daughter of the commissary-general—and on our return home were met by that cowardly rabble, from whose hands you were so good as to deliver us. My uncle, Colonel Juxon, will, I am sure, take the first opportunity of expressing to you, much better than I can do, his sense of the service you have rendered us."

She addressed these words to Darall, not because he looked like the elder of the two cadets, for he did not, but because Landon's gaze was fixed so earnestly upon her as to cause her some embarrassment. The fact was the young fellow could not keep his eyes off that dark-hued but lovely face, with its grand eyes and grateful smile; his heart, always susceptible to beauty, was aflame, and his ready tongue experienced for once a difficulty in expression. It was nevertheless necessary for him to speak, since it was certain Darall could not. To say that that young gentleman, when in the presence of the softer sex, was more shy than any young miss at her first dinner-party, would fall very short indeed of describing his modesty. His face had softened so during the last few moments, that you would have scarcely recognised it as the same which had been set so steadily against his enemies; the hand that had just used the hedge-stake so effectively, shook with nervous terrors;

in short, he looked as thoroughly "upset" and disorganised, as Miss Ray herself.

"I am sure," stammered Landon, "that my friend and I are more than rewarded for any little assistance we may have rendered you, Miss Juxon——"

"Not Miss Juxon," interrupted the young lady with rapid earnestness, "my name is Mayne." Then perceiving that he was in difficulties with his little speech—as well he might be—she took it up for him. "As for what you are pleased to call a little assistance, it was an act of great courage against overpowering odds, and I shall never forget it—never."

"Well, the fact is, Miss Mayne," answered Landon, the "cupidon" lips showing his white teeth—his smile was his best property, and few could withstand it—"we owed you the rescue; for if it had not been that we cadets had just been robbing their nest, those wasps yonder—and I compliment the scoundrels by such a metaphor—would not perhaps have annoyed you. We had just given them a good thrashing"—this was scarcely true, but the military, when describing their own achievements, are allowed some licence—"and I suppose it struck them, on their retreat, that it would be very pleasant to annoy those who could not defend themselves."

"We found defenders—brave ones," answered the young lady, softly; and then she once more added: "I shall never, never forget it"—only instead of "it," she said "you."

The two were now walking together, side by side, towards Woolwich, while behind them came Darall and Miss Ray—whom a common shyness had at least placed on the same plane, and who were getting on, in the monosyllabic fashion, tolerably well. The ladies were now quite safe from any possible annoyance, but still it was very embarrassing for them to be walking on the high-road in rags and tatters—for the mob had sadly spoilt their summer finery—in company with two gentlemen-cadets, however gentlemanlike. It was therefore with great joy that they found themselves presently overtaken by a return fly from Greenwich, which was at once secured for them by Landon.

"I think, Darall, you had better go off to the Shop," he said confidentially; "the sooner you get there the better, though I don't doubt that the service you have performed for these ladies, being who

they are, will cover a multitude of sins. One of us, of course, must see them home."

The advice was doubtless good, and certainly unselfish, for the effect of it was necessarily to leave Landon with one young lady too many; and yet his friend did not seem so grateful for it as he ought to have been. Conscious of his own bashfulness, perhaps, he regretted having to quit Miss Ray's company, with whom he had by this time managed to "get on" tolerably well; and that barren ground he knew would have to be gone over again when they next met, for it was almost as difficult for young gentlemen of his character to resume the thread of an acquaintance as to find it in the first instance. However, he had not yet arrived at that point of courtship at which we are enjoined to leave father and mother, to cleave to a young person of the opposite sex; and the thought of his parent, and her dependence upon him, sent him off at once.

"You will call on papa, if papa does not call on you," said Miss Ray softly; from which remark we are not to imagine that that damsel was "forward," but that she had some well-grounded apprehensions of her father's being backward in performing any act of courtesy. He was not the commissary-general, though Miss Mayne had called him so, being only the acting-deputy-assistant-commissary-general; but he had all the Jack-in-office peculiarities of the most full-blown official.

Once in the fly, both young ladies at once recovered their self-possession. Fortunately the vehicle was a closed one, so that their dilapidated condition could not be observed as they drove along, and to Landon they had appeared under so much more disadvantageous circumstances, that his presence did not embarrass them. They laughed and chattered quite unreservedly.

"What a kind, courageous creature is that friend of yours, Mr. Landon," said Miss Mayne.

"Yes, indeed, he is," echoed Miss Ray admiringly.

Sometimes it is not pleasant to hear young ladies praise one's friend, but on this occasion Landon saw nothing to object to in it, for what Darall had done he had also done; and somehow it struck him that the term "creature" would not have been used—in however complimentary a sense—had the speaker made mention of himself.

"Mr. Darall is all very well" (she seemed to say), "but it is clear you are the master mind."

To do him justice, however, Landon was not slow to sing his friend's praises, and, with the frankness of youth, proceeded to give a sketch of his position, and how his future prospects were likely to be imperilled by the escapade of that afternoon.

"I have sent him off to make the best excuse for himself he can—and I am sure he has a good one—for not having returned with the other sinners."

"But what will you do?" exclaimed Miss Mayne, with an anxiety that the young fellow flattered himself had also a touch of tenderness in it; "why should you run any needless risk by accompanying us, now that we are quite safe?"

"Oh, my case is different," laughed Landon, carelessly. "It would not break my heart if I were to be sent away from the Academy to-morrow; whereas, it would break it, you know," he added roguishly, "to think that, after such a terrible adventure as you have experienced, you should be suffered to return home alone."

"But you have a mother also, perhaps?" suggested Miss Ray.

"Unfortunately I have not," said Landon, and while Miss Ray said "Oh dear!" commiseratingly, and Miss Mayne's fine eyes looked two large volumes of tender sympathy, he added gaily: "And as for the governor, I think he would be rather pleased than otherwise, to find that I had stepped out of my uniform, and was prepared to help him to make money in his City counting-house."

"It must be very charming to be rich," sighed Miss Ray.

"If you are not so," answered Landon, with a little bow, "you prove that it is possible to be very charming, and yet not to be rich."

Miss Mayne broke into a musical laugh, and only laughed the more when her friend, suffused with blushes, told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself for laughing, and thereby giving encouragement to Mr. Landon's audacity.

They had altogether a very pleasant drive; and when Miss Ray was dropped at her father's residence, which was letter Z, "Officers' Quarters," and did not present an attractive exterior—the two that were left behind enjoyed it perhaps even more.

Colonel Juxon, R.A., lived a little way out of Woolwich, in that now well-known

suburb called Nightingale Vale, and the address, we may be sure, afforded Landon an opportunity of paying a well-turned compliment. At the period of which we write, this locality was only sparsely sprinkled with villa residences, inhabited mostly by the families of officers of high rank, or whose private means admitted of their living out of barracks. Hawthorne Lodge, which was the colonel's house, was a really pretty little tenement, standing in a garden of its own, and having in its rear that unmistakable sign of prosperity, a coach-house. As they drove up the neatly-gravelled drive in front of the cottage, covered with its flowering creepers, and offering a view of a very elegant "interior" through the open French windows of the drawing-room, Landon expressed his admiration. "Why, I did not know Woolwich could boast of such a bower, Miss Mayne; your home looks like Fairyland."

"Yes, it is certainly pretty for Woolwich," answered the young lady; "and it also resembles Fairyland in one particular, that it is inhabited by a wicked enchanter."

"I know about the enchanter, but I did not know she was wicked," answered Landon.

"I did not mean myself, sir, as you very well knew," returned she, reprovingly. "I was referring to my uncle, Colonel Juxon, a gentleman rather formidable to folks who don't know him; in the army he is called a 'fire-eater,' I believe; but at home——"

"Who, in the fiend's name, my dearest Ella, have you brought here?" inquired a sharp testy voice, as the fly drew up at the door, and a short spare old gentleman in undress uniform presented himself at it. His hair and moustache were as white as snow, and made by contrast a pair of copper-coloured and bloodshot eyes look yet more fiery; altogether he had the appearance of a ferret, and also of a ferret who was exceedingly out of temper.

"This is Mr. Cecil Landon, uncle, to whom Gracie Ray and I have just been indebted for the greatest possible service."

"The devil you have!" said the colonel, sardonically.

"Yes, uncle; Gracie and I were returning quietly home, after a walk along the Greenwich road——"

"A deuced bad road to choose for a walk," interrupted the colonel, angrily; "the most deuced bad road."

"So indeed it turned out, uncle," con-

tinned the young girl, in unruffled tones, "for a lot of drunken people from Charlton Fair——"

"Aye, cadets, I suppose; I've heard of their doings," interrupted the colonel, regarding Landon with great disfavour; "there's going to be a clean sweep made of them by Sir Hercules this time, however."

"But it was not the cadets, uncle; on the contrary, it was to the cadets, or at least to two of them, one of whom was this gentleman here, that Gracie and I are indebted for escaping perhaps with our lives."

"Pooh, pooh, what did they want with your lives?" returned the colonel contemptuously. "The dashed vagabonds wanted to kiss you, and by the look of your bonnet they must have done it. By the living Jingo! if I had only caught them at it, I'd have set a mark on one or two that would have taken a deal of rubbing to get it off again."

"That is exactly what, in our humble, and doubtless less effectual way, we did," explained Landon deferentially.

"Then you had no business to do anything of the sort," thundered the colonel; "things are come to a pretty pass if a dashed cadet is to take matters into his own hand as though—dash his impudence!—he were an officer of the staff."

"What course then would you have recommended us to pursue?" inquired Landon, with a twinkle of the eye which betrayed that his respectful air was not altogether genuine; and might have even aroused a suspicion, in an ill-regulated mind, that a cadet might chaff a colonel.

"Well, sir," said that officer, suddenly assuming a deadly calmness of demeanour, "I would have ventured to recommend you then, what I recommend now—namely, to go to the devil; and if ever I catch you, or any young vagabond like you, on my premises again, I'll send you there."

"Uncle, I won't have it!" exclaimed the young girl, with sudden vehemence; "you are behaving with great injustice and base ingratitude"—it was curious to see the family likeness of tone and manner that came out as she thus expressed herself. "This gentleman——"

"Gentleman-cadet, you mean, my dear," interposed her uncle, spitefully; "that's quite a different thing."

"I daresay it was so when you were at the Shop," said Landon, coolly; "but that must have been a long time ago."

The little colonel gave a screech, and snatched at a riding-whip that hung above him on the wall of the little entrance hall.

"If you strike him, I leave your house," exclaimed the young girl, throwing herself between them.

"You'll leave it with him, perhaps," cried the old gentleman, pointing to Landon with the whip, as he stood with folded arms upon the doorstep. "A penniless beggar of a cadet!"

"I blush for you, sir, as I never thought to blush for any of my kin," answered the girl, haughtily.

"You had better keep a blush or two for yourself, Miss Ella," rejoined the old gentleman; but bitter as were his words, he laid the whip aside as he spoke them, and there was a manifest lull in the tempest of his wrath. "What is it he wants? What the devil have you brought him here for?" continued he fretfully; "you don't know what these cadets are, Ella."

"I only know, sir, that this cadet has done me a great service. I brought him here—since you put it so—that he might receive the thanks of my uncle and guardian. Instead of which you have treated him—yes—in a manner very unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"No, no, no," replied the old fellow, in ludicrous expostulation, "nobody can ever say that of Gerald Juxon; though I may have been a little warm, may I be tried by court-martial if I ever treated man or woman that way. I am sure I am very glad to see Mr. What's-his-name at Hawthorne Lodge, just once and away; and I beg to thank him—yes, sir, I beg to thank you, if you have done my niece good service, and I shall take dashed good care that you are not put to any inconvenience upon her account again."

Landon, with a good-natured smile, bowed his thanks for this handsome acknowledgment. The character of Colonel Gerald Juxon was not unknown to him, though he had never before had the privilege of his personal acquaintance. A "smart" artillery officer, and one who had served with no little distinction in the field, the colonel was yet shunned by the more respectable members of the regiment, for his fiendish temper and reckless tongue. He had served, he was wont to say, "all the world over;" so that he must have served in Flanders, to which therefore may be attributed his inveterate use of bad

language. Even in ladies' society, including that of his niece, of whom he was genuinely fond, he was unable wholly to divest himself of this bad habit. His nature was also said by some to be grasping, but this was denied by others; and certainly since Ella had come to reside with him—for whose accommodation he had left his barrack quarters and taken Hawthorne Ledge—this idiosyncrasy was not apparent. The fact was, though greedy after gain, he was lavish rather than otherwise with what he had, and especially lavish with the property of others. His private income was considerable, and that of his niece still larger, though neither of these resources would have sufficed him if he had been fined, every time he was committed for the offence known as "profane swearing."

Even now the colonel was solacing himself for his extorted civility to his visitor, by a volley of expletives against gentlemen-cadets in general, and Gentleman-cadet Landon in particular; and for the very purpose of discharging it, he had left the hall, and entered his little drawing-room—a striking example of the ill effects of "temper," for thereby he had given the young people an opportunity, which he would willingly have denied them, of speaking together alone.

"You must not mind what my uncle says," whispered Ella, hastily; "you will not be deterred by his rough ways from—from—letting me know how matters fare with you, and with your friend, of course. We shall be so anxious—Gracie and I—to hear about it; so apprehensive lest harm should happen to either of you through our misfortune."

"Don't think of that, Miss Mayne. But Darall, I am sure, would wish to pay his respects. Would ten o'clock to-morrow morning—?"

Ella nodded in acquiescence, at the same time lifting a warning finger, as her uncle hurried back into the hall.

"What in the name of all the devils is he waiting for?" inquired he, in what might have been meant, perhaps, as a confidential whisper to his niece, but which was distinctly audible to the subject of his inquiry. "Hi, sir! would you like a glass of wine? champagne, or anything you please? Only you had better look sharp and be off home; Sir Hercules is not in a state of mind to be trifled with, I promise you."

Landon declined the wine, and took his

leave, with a clinging grasp of his young hostess's shapely hand, which she frankly held out to him.

The decision which Sir Hercules might come to as to his delinquencies, and their punishment—always a very secondary consideration with him—had by this time sunk into total insignificance beside the smile of Ella Mayne.

SICILIAN FOLK-LORE.

THIS weather makes me think of Palermo—not that I've ever been there, but I had very dear friends who went thither instead of to Torquay, and who found it infinitely better to winter in, than that heavy-atmosphered paradise of doctors. Palermo, with its orange and lemon groves, and the sea, coloured as we never see it even in Cornwall, and the rich garden-scents wafted in through the open windows! If you are to be sent abroad for your health, try to go there. You might, too, like the friends I mentioned, have reason to bless it—if, i.e., you took the remedy in time. They were a year in Sicily; not in Palermo, mind you. I should like you or any other stalwart Englishman (not to speak of a lady invalid) to stay out the summer heats in the Sicilian capital. What does Browning make his Palermite priest say about walking in procession across the great square, under a sun so strong that the big candles which they were carrying ran swirling down, a mass of melted wax, at their feet? No; at the first in-coming of the spring-heats, my friends were off to the hills, and went higher up as the weather got hotter; and I don't know whether the bracing mountain air had not as much to do with regained health as the deliciously soft winter in the city. Ah, but you will remind me that, as the hymn says, amid all this beauty, "only man is vile." Yes, he certainly is not all that could be desired; he is idle, and given to brigandage; but then he never had a fair chance under that Bourbon rule of priests and petty tyrants, to which Garibaldi put an end. The chief thing against the Sicilian is, that he has not been able to stand against circumstances; very few races can; those few who can we call "the world's imperial races," the salt of the earth. Even the British labourer, fine fellow as he is, would have been ever so much finer a fellow but for the law of settlement and pigsty-cottages, and the

truck system, and nine shillings a week supplemented "out of the rates." And the Sicilian has had worse than that to stand against. With him the debasing influences have been moral and spiritual, not material only.

My friends did not suffer from the brigands. One of the party was a thorough Italian scholar, up in the different dialects of the peninsula, and soon au fait at Sicilian. He arranged with a Palermitan who was supposed to be on intimate terms with "the gentlemen of the mountain;" and I believe that, once or twice at least, the party had brigands for their landlords. However, they asked no questions; and their hosts would as soon have thought of giving themselves up to justice as of breaking their engagements. Living in this way, amongst the people, they learnt a great deal about their ways, and heard a good many of the sort of stories book-reading has nearly killed out, even in the remotest parts of our islands. I always hate to see a child reading a fairy story. To me it does not seem a thing to be read, with head bent over lap, selfishly and alone, out of a fine blue-and-gold-bound book. I like it to be told round the fire, or on a long country walk, when a halt is called because the little ones are tired—told anywhere, and by anybody, but not read. They tell their stories still in Sicily, for the excellent reason that very few of them can read; and a strange mixture the stories are, as indeed might be expected, seeing that the Sicilians are about as mixed a people as can be found on earth. Just think of their history; there were first the old Sikelans and Sicanians, about whom I have nothing certain to tell you, which is fortunate, for if I had you probably would not understand it. Then there were the Greeks founding "colonies" on every likely place round the eastern and southern coast—Catana, Agrigentum, Hyccara, and dozens more, Syracuse of course being the chief. Then round the south-west was a like fringe of Carthaginian settlements, sometimes threatening to subdue the whole island, sometimes with the very life crushed out of them by the Greeks. There is no better authenticated fact, for instance, than that on the same day on which the Persian Xerxes was defeated at Salamis, Gelo, the Syracusan, gave the Carthaginians a tremendous beating at Himera. Then came the Romans; and their rule was not for good. Under them the towns pined away, and the country (like Italy itself) became

more and more a parcel of huge estates, cultivated by slaves. Sicily degenerated so fast that it even ceased to be "the Granary of Rome;" the imperial city had to go for its supply to Egypt and North Africa. After the Romans came the Saracens; then the Normans; and then the Spaniards, whose long despotism (varied by that short French occupation which led to the "Sicilian vespers") ended in the imbecile rule of the Spanish Bourbons. Too many schools are not good for a boy, and too many changes of masters are not good for a nation. Neither do I approve of too great a mixture of races. When a race works out its own civilisation without admixture, as the Chinese have done, the results are not always the best imaginable; but if having no "cook" leads you to burn down your house in order to roast your pig, it is equally true that "too many cooks spoil the broth" of culture, as well as of the stock-pot. This has been the case in Sicily; perhaps it has been so in Ireland, where the mixture is far greater than most of us imagine. The true proportion seems to be just that in which Phœnicians and Egyptians were mixed with the Greeks of old, or Normans with our own people—enough to stimulate and to instruct, not enough to overpower.

Well, this mixture accounts for the strange medley of stories, and for the way in which they have got altered and pieced together almost past knowledge. My friends were not "comparative mythologists." That science, of which Max Müller and Mr. Cox are the prophets, was little talked of when they were in Sicily. But, since then—this very year in fact—Professor Pitré, of Palermo, has published a lot of volumes containing all the popular tales that he and his associates have been able to take down from the mouths of old women in out-of-the-way villages, professional story-tellers, little girls—any one who "had a story." He has done the work systematically, and his books deserve to rank with Campbell's delightful Tales of the Western Highlands, and Kennedy's Irish Legends. When I heard of the book I was at once reminded of my friend's tales, since hearing which I have always kept my ears open for anything about Sicily. Not that I am a great advocate for "comparative mythology;" to me it seems overdone, when we are told that Hop-o'-my-Thumb is a star-myth referring to the Great Bear, and that Cinderella is the

dawn, and the slipper the early dew which the sun-prince so eagerly picks up. Why, they even turn "the tale of Troy divine" into a sun-myth, though how it comes that Sun-Achilles goes eastward in pursuit of Dawn-Helen, and dies in the east instead of in the west, I have never been able to understand. I like to take a fairy story for what it is, without feeling always compelled to cast about for its occult meaning. So you must not look for subtle explanations from me. I shall just give you a few Sicilian stories, and make very little comment on them.

Here is the story of Polyphemus, filtered across priest-ridden centuries, as told by a little girl of eight up in a village of Mount Eryx—that Eryx of which Virgil talks so much. "Once upon a time there were two monks—one was a big one, the other a little one. They were out on a begging quest, as poor monks often have to do. One night they lost their way, and the road got very, very bad. 'This is not our way,' said the little one. 'Never mind,' said the other, 'it must lead somewhere.' So on they went, till they came to a big cave. There was a light inside, so in they went; but they soon wished they were well out again, for who should be inside but a horrid fire-breathing monster, a sort of devil, killing and cooking sheep. When he had killed a score he roared out, 'Eat, you fellows; I'm going to have my dinner.' 'Please, sir, we'd rather not; we're not a bit hungry,' snivelled the monks. 'Eat, I tell you; or——' So they fell to, and with the monster's help the twenty sheep were soon finished. Then they all lay down; but when the monks were asleep, the monster got up and rolled a big stone to the cave's mouth, and then took a long sharp iron bar, made it red hot, and thrust it into the tall monk's neck. Then he roasted him, and, when he was cooked, he woke the little monk and cried, 'Wake up, here's some supper for you.' 'Thank you, I'm not a bit hungry, I've just had such a lot of mutton.' 'Get up, and fall to, or I'll kill you.' So the poor fellow sat down opposite the monster, and took a very little slice and made believe to eat it, but let it drop on the ground. Then he said, 'Holy Mary, I can't eat a mouthful more.' When the monster had finished up the big monk he fell asleep, and then the little monk took the iron bar and made it white hot, and thrust it into the monster's eyes. They fizzed horribly, and he cried, 'Ah, you're killing me,' in such an awful

voice that the little monk ran and hid himself among the sheep. It was a good thing he did, for the monster felt all about the cave for him, and, when morning came, and the sheep had to go out to feed, he watched at the mouth of the cave to catch him. How he slipped out I can't tell; but he did get out, and ran and never stopped till he got to Trapani, down by the sea, and the monster at his heels. There were a lot of boatmen and their boats; so the monk jumped into a boat and said, 'Pull for your lives and I'll make it up to you by-and-by.' So they pulled away as hard as they could, and the little monk threw a bit of rock and hit the monster on the chest; and this made him in such a rage that he rushed forward and fell over the cliff and broke his neck. And there was an end of him and of my story."

Here is a story which, as far as I know, is Sicilian, and Sicilian only: A traveller paid his bill at an inn, and found out, after he had got some distance on his road, that he had not been charged for a couple of hard-boiled eggs. He was a very honest man; but he had pressing business. So, instead of going back to pay then and there, he waited till he came his rounds again. This was not till ten years after. No wonder, therefore, when he asked the innkeeper, "Do you know me?" the man said, "Not I, indeed." "Well," replied the traveller, "ten years ago I ate two hard-boiled eggs in your house without paying for them. You didn't put them down in the bill; and I was in a desperate hurry, and couldn't come back when I found it out. But things have prospered with me since then; and I reckon that if I give you fifty ounces (say twelve shillings) that will fairly represent what the price of the eggs has gained in my hands." But the landlord was a scamp, and thought he had a conscientious fool to deal with; so he said, "Fifty ounces, indeed. I must trouble you for a deal more than that. It's just the want of those eggs that has hindered me from making my fortune." "How so?" "Why they would have turned to hens, and the hens would have given me chickens—a whole poultry-yard full. Well, with the poultry-yard I should have bought some sheep, and by now I should be quite a big flock-master." But the traveller couldn't see things that way; so the innkeeper put him into court, and the judges pronounced against him. He appealed; but there didn't seem much chance of his being any better off; when

a briefless barrister, much out-at-elbows, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Leave it to me, and I'll get you righted." "Why, I've had the best lawyers in Palermo," replied the traveller; "how can you expect to do what they failed in?" "Try me," said the other; and he was so urgent that the traveller said "Yes," just to get rid of him. The case was called, and the inn-keeper's counsel had made a grand speech, when there was a noise outside, and in rushed Mr. Briefless, flinging his arms wildly about, and looking like one who had seen a ghost. "Help!" cried he, "help! in the name of all the saints. What shall we do? All the big tunnies of Arenella are marching up to Palermo to eat us up, bones and all." "Why, you madman," cried one of the judges, "who ever saw fish walking on dry land?" "And who, your excellency," replied Briefless, "ever heard of hard-boiled eggs turning into chickens?" So the inn-keeper lost even his fifty ounces, and had to pay costs into the bargain.

Many of the Sicilian stories seem to us to savour of the profane. They have a very different way of dealing with subjects in Southern Europe from that which obtains on our side of the Alps. With us such talk could only spring from what we call "godlessness;" with them it marks the strength, and at the same time the unreasonableness of their faith. It is the same with those savage tribes who beat their gods when they can't get what they want; the fact of a man's treating his fetish in such a way proves his belief in its power. If it could not have helped him, what is the use of punishing it? So with the Sicilian or Neapolitan, who keeps his saint on short allowance—nay, sometimes abuses him in choice Billingsgate—if he has chosen a bad number at the lottery or otherwise failed in anything he had set his mind on; he believes in his saint, and therefore tries to influence him for the future. This is Ultramontaniam, the religion on the other side of the mountains; and the more we keep clear of it the better for us in every way. Every Sicilian peasant devoutly believes that our Saviour and his apostles travelled a great deal in the island. One evening, worn out with fatigue, they came in sight of a lone farm-house. Knocking at the door, Peter asked: "For the sake of God and the Virgin, will you give us food and shelter? We're poor pilgrims, half dead

with hunger." Now the farmer and his wife were just drawing the bread from the oven, but they had no idea of stinting themselves to feed thirteen hungry men. "We've nothing for you," said they. "But there's fresh straw in the barn. You're welcome to a night's lodging there." So they went in and lay down without a word. By-and-by a band of robbers came, and in a twinkling cleared out everything that was in the farm-house. Then they went to the barn, and said: "Who's there? Stand out, all of you, if you value your lives." "Oh," said Peter, "we're thirteen poor hungry pilgrims, whom that churl of a farmer sent in here, without so much as offering us a crust, or asking us to take a seat." "If that's it, my men, come along; there's the bread just warm—eat your fill; the farmer can't stop you, for he and all his people are tied up hand and foot. And good-bye, for we must be moving." So out they came, and fell to with right good will; and as they were eating, Peter said: "What a very poor trade an apostle's is compared with a robber's." "Blessed be the robbers," cried the eleven, "for they don't forget the hungry poor." "Yes, you're right," added the Master, "blessed be the robbers." Such a story shows the popular feeling about brigandage; a feeling which is proved in a singular way by the existence of a church in Palermo—Madonna del Fiume—dedicated "to the souls of those who have been beheaded." This church is full of ex-votos—little pictures, often of the rudest kind, representing the aid brought by "the beheaded" to those who have invoked them. They are even helpful against their living brethren; one picture shows the deliverance of a votary of "the beheaded" from the hands of bandits. He was attacked as he was carrying a large sum of money; but no sooner had he begun to pray to his friends, than down came a company of headless ex-brigands, and as the attacking party was well armed, each ghost brought his skeleton in his hand, and laid about him so lustily that the robbers were soon put to flight. In fact, the worship of beheaded brigands rivals that of the Virgin Mary among the poor of Palermo.

In all the stories about our Lord, St. Peter is not only the spokesman, but the butt and wag of the twelve. Once, our Lord, knowing that in the next village there would be no bread, bade each of the apostles take a stone and carry with him.

Peter thought himself very clever because he only took up a little pebble, while the rest were heavily loaded. But, when they could get no bread, straightway the Lord turned each man's stone into a loaf—Peter's pebble being only a good-sized mouthful. "What am I to sup on?" asked he. "You brought your supper with you, you see," replied his Master. The next time a like order was given, Peter would not be content with anything less than a huge rock, that he could scarcely lift. But, to his intense disgust, after he had carried it a mile or two, they came to a place where bread was to be bought in abundance.

We read in the gospels of Peter's wife's mother; but it is Peter's own mother who is the heroine of many Sicilian stories. She is always spoken of as bad in every way, especially as to love of money. The only thing, in fact, that she ever gave away was the leaf of a leek, which she flung to a beggar who came teasing her while she was washing her pot-herbs. She went to—well, Hades—and one day Peter, the doorkeeper of paradise, heard a lamentable voice saying: "Son Peter; see what torments I am in. Go, ask the Lord to let me out." So Peter went and asked; but the Lord said: "She never did a nail-paring of good. Except that leek-leaf she never even gave a scrap away. However, here's a leek-leaf; this angel shall take it, and shall tell her to lay hold of the other end while he pulls her up." So Peter's mother took firm hold of the leaf, but all the souls in torment ran after her and clung to her skirts, so that the angel was dragging to heaven quite a string of them. But her evil disposition wouldn't let her keep quiet; she was vexed that anybody besides herself should be saved, so she kicked out right and left, to shake the poor souls off, and in so doing tore the leaf, and fell back again and sank deeper than before.

Next to Christ and his apostles, Virgil—whom the story-tellers of the middle ages turned into a powerful magician—holds a front place in the tales of the Sicilian peasants. They have all the well-known stories: how he paved the Appian way to give work to his restless demons; how he set up enchanted statues in half-a-dozen places; how, when he was dying, he had himself cut up and put into a barrel which was hung over a magic lamp, and from which he would have come out a little child, but that the Emperor Augustus was

over-curious, and would open the barrel before the right time. But, besides these, there are two stories which I think are pure Sicilian. Here is one: Virgil once got into trouble with the emperor, who imprisoned him; but his imprisonment did not last long, for, calling his fellow-prisoners round him, he drew a galley on the wall, and then told them each to pick up a bit of firewood and to sit in line and begin rowing. Straightway the prison opened; the sticks turned to oars; the galley came out of the wall, and in stately guise sailed through the air, and never stopped till it landed the party in Apulia. They went into a cottage, where there was nothing to eat; and Virgil sent his demons out foraging. They made straight for the emperor's table at Naples, and carried off his plate of choice macaroni from under his very nose. "There's only one man living who could have played me such a trick, and that's Virgil," said Augustus.

The other story is that of the enchanted tower, called Rome's Salvation, which Virgil built, and on which he set as many statues as there were provinces in the empire. When one of these provinces was meditating revolt, the statue which answered to it rang a bell, and the revolt was nipped in the bud. But once three kings determined to revolt; so they sent to Rome four men, who gave out that they knew where there were buried treasures. They had already buried a good deal in various places, so of course it was easy enough for them to find that. When their reputation was established, they said: "What we've found is nothing to what you might have if you chose to look for it." "Where?" asked the emperor. "Under Virgil's tower there's quite a mountain of gold." For a long time the emperor hesitated; but at last the thought of the mountain of gold was too much for him; he gave the word, and the tower was pulled down. The three kings revolted. There were no statues to give the signal; and that is how Rome was destroyed.

One word more about Virgil, which will remind us somewhat of a story common to England and Germany, and, indeed, to all Europe. When death carried off the great magician, the devils said, "If we let him in among us it will be the devil to pay. He kept us hard enough at work while he was away; what will it be when he is close at our elbows?" So they barred and bolted all the gates and windows; and, when Virgil came and knocked, they

said, "No admittance." "But I'm one of the condemned," said Virgil; "where else can I go?" "That's no business of ours; you don't come in here." So Virgil was left outside, biting his fingers and looking foolish.

Of course there are the usual legends about Judas Iscariot, and the Wandering Jew, and Malchus, who moves about for ever in a circular room, at every turn dashing his head against the wall, and striking against an iron pillar the hand with which he struck the Lord. Pilate also is said to be kept in a cellar in Rome, where he sits at a table and reads, reads, reads for ever a big sheet of paper, on which is stamped that "title" which he once wrote. To enter this cellar is worse than it was in old times to go down into the Cave of Trophonius. Once a young man made his way in. When he came up he was bowed and wrinkled, and his hair as white as snow. His nearest friends did not know him; but that made no difference to him. He would see no one, speak to no one but the Pope. Before him he bared his shoulder, and showed written thereon, in letters of blood, "I am Pilate;" and then the poor lad died.

One more story in a different vein. Giufà is the Sicilian Till Eulenspiegel, the wise simpleton, well known in almost every folk-lore. This worthy has ordered, without the slightest hope of paying for them, a new suit of clothes. So he shams dead; and in come the different tradesmen and say, "Poor Giufà; you owe me so much for that coat, or that pair of stockings. What a fool I was to sell them to you. But it can't be helped; you must have them with my blessing." By-and-by the supposed corpse is put into a church for the night. Thither come some robbers to share their spoil. They pour out "streams" of gold and silver; but when all is divided there's one piaster over. "Let's shoot for it," says one of the band, "and set up this dead man here for a target." Luckily Giufà hears, and, in a voice of thunder, he roars out, "Rise up, ye dead;" and, suiting the action to the word, springs to his feet. The robbers rush off, leaving their gold and silver, which he pockets, and has much more than enough to pay his debts.

So much for Sicilian tales. There is no high morality about them; there is very little about any nursery tales. The makers of such tales were just the very opposite of the writers of "goody" books. The way

in which trolls and giants and such like stupid folks get deceived by "boots," or other clever rogues, is perfectly shameful. Of the Sicilian tales we need only say the particular way in which they offend against morality is due to the particular circumstances of the people.

HEATHER.

I ROAMED this morning far away,
Among the golden gorses gay,
That clothe a moorland lone;
A summer sky was overhead,
But whistling wind and leafage red
Showed autumn's tint and tone.
A homely perfume, fresh and sweet,
Arose where'er my wandering feet
From thyme-tufts shook the dew;
And through the bracken's flaming red
The harebell raised its dainty head,
Light, tremulous, and blue.
Afar, anear, on every hand,
A purple splendour clothed the land;
Delight took all my breath
To see how fair the moorland lay
Before me this September day,
Decked with the bonny heath.
I bared my forehead to the breeze,
And straightway dropped upon my knees
Among the purple flowers.
My hardy blooms! that spring as free
Beneath the wildest storms that be,
As under summer showers.
A brown bee envied me my place,
Where fern and harebell touched my face,
And buzzed above, around;
But on each heath-bell's purple lip
Lay honey-dew I longed to sip,
And so I kept my ground.
I did not seek to wrong the bee,
But these bright blossoms held for me
The honey of the soul;
Their olden fragrance, full and fine,
As honey sweet, as strong as wine,
Began to make me whole.
I listened—every purple bell
A message had for me; and well
They spake out, true and clear.
And as I knelt upon the slope,
One whispered "Courage," one said "Hope,"
And one bade "Cast out fear."
And one said, low in minor key,
"Forget the past; 'tis good for thee
To check these backward sighs."
And one said, in a firmer tone,
"Go forward boldly, all is won
If thou but grasp the prize."
And one breathed softly, "Go in peace,
True love hath bid thy sorrow cease,
And joy comes near at last."
I rose, and said, with quickened breath,
"An angel dwells among the heath;"
And from the moorland passed.

THE TWIN PEAKS.

A STORY. IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

"COMIN', mister?" cried the driver of the stage, with an impatient cracking of his whip. "Guess you'd better jump spryer nor that, ef you want to trundle to San Antonio, this trip, in this bit o' hollow timber."

The wiry Texan steeds harnessed to the coach were indeed jingling their Mexican finery of bells and pewter tassels and scraps of brass, as if they too shared the charioteer's eagerness to be off, and all the other passengers were seated. I bent my head to kiss Alice's pale, tear-stained cheek once more, and held out my hand to be clasped by her mother's thin white fingers.

"Good-bye, dear, dearest Harry—pray take care—"

"I know. Good-bye, love! I shall soon be back. Good-bye, Mrs. Trent."

And then, in real earnest, I had to spring to my place, and content myself with waving my hand and my hat, as the coach clattered away. Poor Alice, at her mother's side, stood returning my parting salute with the flutter of her white handkerchief. The last glimpse which I caught of her beautiful face and streaming eyes was also the last thing which I remember of the capital of California. I was out of San Francisco soon, and on the highway, as I hoped, to fortune.

My hopes, as to an all but assured success and a speedy return, were by no means those of a greenhorn who imagines the Far West, as Whittington conceived of mediæval London, to be paved with gold. On the contrary, the seven years I had spent in California had taught me, that in no part of the world does performance more often fall short of promise. There is a competence, no doubt, to be earned in those regions by the strong and self-denying, but wealth is a prize that falls only to the fortunate few. My prospects may be briefly stated. As a civil engineer, I was brought into frequent communication with men of every degree, from the digger to the senator, and had lately purchased, at a cheap rate, several hundred acres of land.

The land which I had bought lay in a wild part of the country, in Arizona, and was part of a belt of fertile country that divided the barren mountain range from the desolate prairies stretching southward. This district had once been well watered by canals, dug, for the purpose of irrigation, by the docile Indian pupils of early Spanish missionaries; but, long ago, the soil had relapsed into its primitive condition, in consequence of foreign war and Indian outrage.

"Your main difficulty," said the good-natured mining superintendent who recommended the purchase, "will of course be to keep your hair where nature placed it.

But the Apaches are kinder scared, for the moment, by the drubbing the troops gave them last fall; and with a bright look-out, and two or three good rifles in readiness, you may snap your fingers at Bald Eagle and his painted braves. To build a block-house and corrals, clear out the canal that brings water from the Gila, and break up five hundred acres of ground, will cost you nigher six than five hundred dollars, and hogs and horned beasts three or four more. But, never fear; you'll get your cash back, with tremenjous interest, out of the miners' pockets."

And, indeed, to sell provisions to the motley crew that the love of lucre attracts to every region of auriferous or argenteriferous repute, is often, in Nevada, Idaho, and Montana, as in California itself, a far readier road to wealth than is the actual search, alluring though it be, for the buried treasures of the earth. I, Harry Royston, an Englishman born, had saved some sixteen hundred dollars during the years of a hardworking life in America; and having incidentally acquired a tolerable knowledge of farming, as practised in the south-western states, had little fear of the result of my speculation, should I but succeed in baffling the enmity of my dangerous neighbours, the Apaches. The land which I had bought, a bargain, was certain to yield a rich return to any owner who could keep his scalp in its normal position, and I had capital sufficient to work it, until I should have time to recoup myself in the excellent market afforded by the mining district farther north.

Nor did I intend to become a permanent settler in the valley of the Gila. Let me but have time to crown the slopes with tall maize, and to get garden, and hog-pen, and poultry-yard, into a thriving condition, and I was aware that plenty of less enterprising speculators would compete for the privilege of following in my footsteps. Some one of those companies that start up with mushroom-like rapidity in the Pacific States, would buy me out on remunerative terms; and I should be able to return home to England, with pretty Alice for my wife. Such was indeed our day-dream, for neither Alice nor her mother had ever become thoroughly reconciled to the country, in which they had spent some four years, ever since Mr. Trent had been tempted to transfer his residence to California, and his money from the safe Three per Cents. to some gilded bubble of the American Exchange. Ruin, in his case,

had been but the harbinger of death, and since then the widow and her only child had dragged on but a joyless existence, on the pittance that remained to them out of the general wreck.

At San Antonio I found another stage about to start for Bloody Creek, on the opposite side of Walker's Pass, and at once paid my fare and took my seat within the nondescript hutch of wood and leather, called by courtesy a coach, which was speedily jolting and swaying up a steep and stony road bordered by frightful ravines in some parts, and overhung in others by snow-capped peaks whence blew keen blasts of ice-cold wind.

"Think we're lucky, do you, mister, to have got so much knee and elbow-room?" was the answer, with a grim chuckle, of the gaunt Kentucky giant who was my only companion. "That's according to what turns up."

And seeing my wondering look, he proceeded to inform me that the scantiness of passengers was attributable to the fact that the route we travelled had been infested of late by certain so-called road-agents or highwaymen, headed by a truculent Captain Wilson, whose motto it was that "Dead men tell no tales," and who boasted that he had earned hanging so often, as to have become hemp-proof. On account of the neighbourhood of this amiable leader and his gang, timid voyagers preferred to cross the safer Tejon Pass, to the south.

"As for me," said the Kentuckian, in conclusion, "I've got a mob of cattle to sell, on Monday, in Bloody Creek, and it's worth risking a leaden pill for—"

As he spoke, several jets of ruddy flame spouted forth from the green smach bushes that lined the road, and then followed the sharp ping! ping! of the bullets whistling by. The driver lashed his horses; but there was a barricade of stones and logs thrown across an angle of the road, which soon brought us to a standstill.

"Put a man's face on it, Britisher!" exclaimed the stalwart Kentuckian, as we scrambled from the coach and prepared for resistance. "They've no guns, that's one comfort. Steady with your pistol, now."

And as eight assailants, uttering savage shouts, rushed confidently down upon us, we both fired, and with effect, for I saw two of the robbers stagger and fall; but in the next moment a pistol-ball crashed through the Kentuckian's forehead, and

he dropped like a tree beneath the axe of the woodman; while, immediately afterwards, I felt as though a blinding flash of fire had dimmed my eyes, and the earth seemed to give way beneath my feet, and all was darkness.

"Better leave him, Meshech! 'Tain't worth burthening yourself with a critter that han't a half-hour's life in his carcase."

Such were the words that, when I recovered consciousness, first fell upon my dulled ear.

"No, I won't," returned a franker and a manlier voice; "goes agin me, it does, to leave a horse-beast to the buzzards and coyotes, let alone a human. Besides, this one"—and here I felt strong fingers pressing on the region where my heart was still feebly beating—"will pull through, if tended in time, or my name's not Meshech I. Sims."

I must have fainted again, for the last thing which I remember was the announcement of the quaint name of the good Samaritan, in red shirt and pistol-studded belt, who had picked me up, a destitute waif, by the roadside; and my next recollection is that I was lying on a make-shift bed, composed of crisp maize-stalks and old sacks, and that Meshech was holding to my lips a tin pannikin full of fresh limejuice and sweetened water, the most delicious draught of which my palate preserves the memory. The room in which I lay was a large low-ceilinged apartment, with walls of fragrant cedarwood, the interstices between the unbarked logs being filled up with tempered clay. There was no glass in the one window, but the graceful tendrils of the vines without spanned it with their slender bines and young leaves.

Meshech I. Sims was in outward appearance merely a rough specimen of the gold digger—one of those big and bearded men, with sunburnt faces and strong limbs, who might be found at work or at liquor-bars in every village of the district. Very soon, however, I learned to appreciate the sterling worth of one of the noblest natures that I have ever met with beneath a rugged exterior. No woman could have nursed me, a hurt stranger, with more of thoughtful tenderness than did this bronzed miner, who only laughed when I protested against the time which he wasted in watching over me, as I struggled through the fever inseparable, in such a climate, from gunshot wounds, or the lavish liberality which he displayed in buying

dainties, such as might tempt a convalescent's appetite.

"You let be," observed Meshech, on one of these occasions. "Guess, ef you think you owe me anything, squire, you'd best remember it to the first poor chap you find with three shots plugged in his arm and body, let alone a ball that grazed the head so close that a fraction lower would have taken the roof off the skull. Now don't you talk overly!"

My protector—for I had been plundered, I need scarcely say, of every dollar of my hard-earned savings, and might have starved but for Meshech's bounty—was more frank-spoken about his antecedents than is usual amongst men of the mine; and I soon learned that he was from Vermont State—"a Green Mountain boy," as he said, with a quaint pride—and had an old mother and a sister, to whom, I suspect, a large portion of the gains of his toil found their way. He was a skilful, as well as an industrious digger, and, eschewing cards and whisky, was never, even in bad seasons, reduced to the miserable indigence not infrequent among the class to which he belonged. One odd fancy he had—a preference for silver over gold—which I have never known a working miner to express.

"Got main choked off the gold, I reckon," Meshech explained, "when I war a raw mate hyarways. 'Tis the glitter and the conceit o' gold makes a man follow after it, getting, perhaps, months and years, as much pay-dirt as finds him in provisions and clothes, without a red cent to put by. No, no; I stick, when I kin, to the white stuff, as safer; and, in a general way, you may swear, stranger, for one fortune thet's got from gold, there's twenty from silver."

I was soon well again, for my wounds had been mere flesh-wounds, and had nothing very noticeable in my appearance, save the long scar that began on my right temple and was presently hidden beneath my curling hair, thereby to remember my encounter with Captain Wilson and his band. I was still weak, however, and, anxious as I was no longer to remain an encumbrance on Meshech's purse, could hardly conjecture what course to pursue. My savings, the little capital wherewith I had hoped to cultivate my newly-bought land near the Gila, were gone at one fell swoop, and gone with it were the pleasant prospects of an early marriage, and a prompt return to England.

I had the world to begin again—not so

very terrible an undertaking at eight-and-twenty, as it often seems in maturer years—and must manfully address myself to the task of plodding up the ladder from which I had slipped. I resolved, then, to seek employment, either as an assistant-engineer, or road surveyor, in the neighbourhood of Bloody Creek; and had little doubt of being able to earn a maintenance by the help of my professional attainments, though probably nothing more.

As I lay listlessly musing, on my couch of sacks and corn-stalks, my attention was attracted to something which peeped out through the inner lining of my coat, and which, when drawn forth, proved to be a plug of tough, thin white paper, singed and discoloured, as by fire, and for the presence of which in such a place I was at first sorely puzzled to account. I was about to give up the enigma, and to cast the little pellet from me, when I happened to notice that it was covered with writing, in a clear, small, old-fashioned hand, such as in bygone days was known as the Italian. With the idle inquisitiveness of a sick man, glad to be distracted from his occupation of chewing the cud of bitter thoughts, I untwisted the scrap of paper and began to read, as follows:

"Quite impossible, therefore, to do more than load ourselves with . . . before reaching a settlement where food . . . flung away three hundred ounces, which were strapped . . . nearly dead with hunger and fatigue . . . at last we came to . . . my companion, being older, and less vig . . . led to a fatal . . . buried near One-Apple Ranch . . . reached Stockton, where I hoped . . . but in vain . . . showed specimens of the silver . . . of experience refused to believe . . . such lumps of the pure metal . . . what little was left did not suffice . . . confident to obtain at Sacramento, where I am known, the supplies and assistance necessary to return to the Twin Peaks, and . . ."

The gaps in the manuscript were due to the paper having been charred or burned away by the seemingly capricious action of fire upon it; but I could make out enough to see that I had before my eyes the fragment of a record of suffering and hardship, of hopes probably nipped in the bud, cherished by some nameless treasure-seeker, whose hand had traced those now imperfect lines. The spelling was perfect, and the dainty caligraphy told that the writer had been a fairly-educated man, at least as

well accustomed to handle the pen as the pick.

Half carelessly, I unrolled another twist of the scorched paper, and was about to continue my perusal of the MS., when Meshech, in his heavy miner's boots, came striding in, fresh from work.

"I'm ready, squire, when dinner is," he said, heartily; "we've not done bad, to-day, noughter. Ten ounces, by noon, to divide. Maryland, my partner, though, won't stick. Some gold flim has turned that feather pate of his, and he's goin' to the new Gold Rush on the Mohare river."

Three things in this short speech were noticeable—first, that Meshech insisted on addressing me as "squire," on account of my dignity as a scholar and civil engineer; secondly, that he took the desertion of his partner with characteristic good-humour; and, thirdly, that it was to me that he appealed on the subject of dinner. The explanation of this last fact is that I had insisted on not being a drone in the hive, and that, having some aptitude for cookery, I had taken household affairs, much to Meshech's satisfaction, under my especial charge.

"The stew," said I, getting up and approaching the charcoal braziers that glowed in a corner, "will be ready about the time that I have finished frying the venison collops; and, meanwhile, you might throw your eyes over this scrap of written paper, and tell me, if you can, how it came to insert itself in the lining of what is now my only coat, and why it is so oddly charred and discoloured."

"It's been used as a pistol-wad," replied the Vermonter, after a moment's thought; "an' used, most like, by one of the villains that robbed you, squire. See, 'tis powder has blackened this, not common flame. There was a ball, you remember, glanced from your ribs, and left a smartish bruise behind it. This wadding, most like, hailed from the same revolver."

"I daresay it did," I answered, laughing, as I shook the frying-pan. "The writer of those lines, which I take to be private memoranda from some pocket-book, was, at any rate, more honest than the road-agent who—"

"Je-rusalem!" interrupted Meshech, excitedly; "jest you listen, Britisher, to this!" And in a voice less steady than usual, he read out: "'The Twin Peaks, the chief landmark whereby to know the precise situation of the . . . of a red, almost of a vermilion colour, in strong contrast to

the micacious or serpentine character of the surrounding rocks. This tint is due, I believe, to the presence of cinnabar, some fine fragments of which were . . . in itself a good sign, silver and mercury being often . . . just at the mouth of the canon, beneath the Peaks cannot hazard a conjecture . . . the value of the mine must nevertheless be very great, and . . .'"

Here the MS., the concluding lines of which I had overlooked, came to a final close. I allowed the frying-pan and the hissing collops to drop neglected on the embers, as Meshech laid his heavy hand upon my shoulder, saying, impressively enough:

"Squire, the thief that tried to murder you has made your fortune, I guess, and this child's to boot. We'll go in for Twin Peaks, you and I—or my name is not Meshech I. Sims, of Stone County, Vermont, U.S.A.—and that before we're a week older, comrade!"

EARLY WORKERS.

HOW THEY WASH.

"WHERE is Charley now?"

"Out a-washing," said the boy.

. . . When there came into the room a very little girl . . . wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her, and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soap-suds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms.

"God help you, Charley!" said my guardian. "You're not tall enough to reach the tub!"

"In pattens I am, sir," she said quickly; "I've got a high pair as belonged to mother."

At this present moment, some fifty Charleys are to be seen, congregated together; each one having a halo round her little face, thrown from this original Charley in the richly-filled picture galleries of Bleak House. They live in the Children's Laundry, at Leytonstone, on the Essex side of London; and since there is interest, from all sides, in learning how children's labour can be used for laundry purposes, these fifty Leytonstone Charleys have been noted, and the tale of their busy occupation shall be told.

They have to begin very, very early, poor little mites. Children of seven years of age are found to have strength and qualities quite available; and one little

girl, only five years old, belongs by circumstances to the service, and is not allowed to escape a certain modicum of duty. The most rudimentary stage of this is to pick up pegs. The wind, or unhandiness, or hurry, effects the salutary corrective of pulling down a peg or two on to the laundry drying-yard or garden; and since it is quite against laundry-law for a young laundress with wet linen in her arms to stoop for anything, these youngest little people of all are set to do the picking up for the whole establishment, and they keep the peg-baskets well filled. Then there is the work of handing pegs to the girls who are straining foot and arm, to hang the wet linen upon the lines; and there is peg-washing, the little Charleys being taught how to rub a rag low down between the peg-prongs, so as to oust out the dirt and mud that may have gradually soaked in. Other early labour is to attack the heaped mass of dirty linen lying on the packing-room floor, after collection on Monday mornings; and to sort it out. The smallest of small hands, almost the smallest of small capacities—under adult superintendence, of course—can make a pile of shirts, can make a pile of other fine body-linen, a pile of coarse cloths, of flannels, of coloured things, of costly laces, of hosiery, of pocket-handkerchiefs, of such other articles as the highest ideal of division for perfect washing requires. It is little laundresses as young as seven, too, who are employed to take the men's collar heap out of this curious range of eminences, and to tack the collars together in little bunches of five. It is odd enough to see a tiny Charley in a corner, her weapon an awkward needle and a cotton-ball. The riddle of how many beans make five, is one she would give up, often and often, poor little creature; and the puzzlement makes her bunches dwindle down at times into two collars and three collars, swells them out at others into seven and eight. To count collars, however, is looked upon sensibly, and with a high philosophy, as a lesson in arithmetic of the true applied knowledge, or Kindergartening, kind. Failures are only dealt with as wrong figures in a sum; the slate, so to speak, is handed back to the unready reckoner for correction, and new instructions are given for the next trial ungrudgingly. One of the three R's is coaxed in, in this way, it will be seen; and another piece of orthodox education, after the same good fashion,

comes from the heap of coloured socks. These have broad stripes, and have narrow stripes; are of all colours, of all mixtures, of all qualities, of every size (as many as two hundred pairs a week being entrusted to the Children's Laundry from one boarding-school alone); and the young laundresses acquire much training of the eye, and much accuracy of judgment, by being made to match these, pattern to pattern, dye to dye, and to tack them together in pairs. It is on some of these socks, too, that the first lesson is taken in washing proper. The whole of them are not put into the very early workers' hands, for the reason that woollen goods shrink if put into over-hot water; discolour if washed with soda; execute other heterodox manoeuvres known to the wary if touched unskilfully; so woollen socks are taken away respectfully from the heaps, and when there are only cotton and angola left (which cannot be spoiled easily, even with good strong effort), the little laundresses are set before them, and may take them through to the end. Some older muscular force is brought into play, it is true, when the socks, after due soaping and rubbing, are dropped into the washing-machine; but they are soon extracted from this, and then the very young members of the Laundry are in possession of them again, and have to open them into shape—toes rounded; heels flattened to a neat point; sole and ankle as wide and straight-edged as they will go—making them ready, this way, for the finishing touch of the mangle or the iron.

Then to this catalogue of early works there can come several additions. But earliness arises from roughness and want of training, as well as from extreme youth; and in this sense it must be set down that other rudimentary labour at the Laundry is to sift cinders, is to break up coke into pieces of best available size, is to pump up water for the cleverer little laundresses to use. Strong children, nine and ten years old, are required for this, obviously; and, as many girls enter the Laundry at that age, utterly Arabic and unskilled, it is these who are at once put to it. The same labour does, too, for turbulent or refractory little laundresses of any date, as a means of employing their surplus physical force, and preventing them going on to outbreak. The coking, however, is often given to a child who may be quite good and handy, but delicate, or suffering from skin disease. This is because the carbon-laden atmosphere

the young coker must breathe is found beneficial; and because coking is a grimy occupation entailing frequent washing of hands and face, and, if dirt can be but once got rid of, disease often disappears in its ugly trail. Further hygienic benefit, of another kind, is found to come from pumping. Independent, therefore, of a large amount of pumping required for the regular filling of the cisterns, it is used as a means of giving the little laundresses a daily "constitutional,"—the same as a due dose of the old-world dumb-bells or modern gymnastics. All of the inmates are summoned immediately after breakfast every morning to the pump-room—in quite Bath fashion if they only knew it—all of them are to take their turn. If a girl is strong, her allowance of pump-handle is five or six minutes; if a girl is young, or of weakly frame, her minutes are reduced to three or four; if a child is very pale and "peaky," very young and undersized, she may not be let off the athletic undertaking altogether—it would not be good for body or spirit—but she need only be at it two minutes, or a bare one. Then, of course, very small—and very untrained, or untamed—children can be made use of in many other fugitive and fragmentary ways than those that have been described. They can fetch and carry; they can take messages; they can be ready on all hands to run, and stoop, and ask, and pick up; and at Leytonstone all this is done. But it is accepted as a fact there, wisely, that even the youngest children—and most certainly the wild ones—should have in addition some definite and organised daily task to do; and, with the experience of eleven years as the best instruction, these labours that have been enumerated have been proved quite eligible, and their discipline not too strict to be maintained.

It will help, at this point, to understand the workings of the Children's Laundry (or, indeed, of any laundry) if a little history be given of how to wash and "get up" a man's white shirt. To turn men's shirts out of hand creaseless, smudgeless, snow-white, polished (putting aside, temporarily, the vexed question of buttoned), has always been taken as a test of laundry excellence; and when all the twenty-two operations necessary for this have been considered, it will be admitted that the estimate is just. To begin with, and keeping strictly to what occurs on the Laundry premises, there is the getting

hold of the shirt, in order that it may be put into hand at all. This takes place on the conventional early Monday morning. At that hour there is the rattle of the Children's Laundry cart, home from its "rounds," upon the pleasant road skirting Epping Forest, where the Children's Laundry stands; there is the stopping of the cart at the Children's Laundry door; there is the tossing out of the big bags and bundles contained in it, into the young hands ready and waiting to take them in their care. Knots are untied then, cords loosened, boxes unlocked; and there is soon heaped up high and unsavourily, a far larger mass of foul linen, for buck-washing and whitening, than ever was carried by Mistress Ford's servants to the laundress in Datchet Mead. This is unpacking; and is Process One. When it is over it gives way to sorting—by the very little laundresses—Process Number Two. Counting follows, Process Number Three; part of it being to compare the numbers found, with the numbers on the customers' written lists. To it comes marking, Process Number Four. This is a very important item; for the reason that some people send shirts unmarked altogether, rendering it impossible to know Mr. Smith's property from Mr. Brown's; for the other reason that most people mark heedlessly, by a side "gusset" or on the handy "tail," rendering crumpling unavoidable, when shirts must be unfolded from their starched and oblong solemnity to get to read the names upon them and send them rightly home. Scarlet cotton is at hand, consequently, in the packing-room of the Children's Laundry, always; and there is somebody ready to prick cabalistic-looking stitches upon new-come shirts—at the foot of the very bosoms of them—and to make these characters of use by writing their duplicates in a reference-book as a "key" to be always found. Now, possibly, the help that clear and well-placed marking is to a laundress may be remembered after this: remembering also that no facility can be given to workers that is not of benefit to the persons for whom they work. In the matter of customers' marking at the Children's Laundry, there is a rule that articles unmarked altogether are tolerated once, or even twice; but that if they are presented in that condition for as long as a month, they are sent back resolutely, admittance refused.

Shirts, having thus been carried through four processes, are ready for Process

Number Five. This is soaping, and is again within the power of very young girls. They take the neck-band of the shirt, and the wristbands—any parts likely to be most soiled—and they soap them, and rub them, to get as much loose dirt out as they can. The Firsting, Process Six, ensues. It is washing proper, done by a machine; and strong girls, called twiners, twine the handle of it round and round for a fatiguing space, leaving the shirt inside to soak some hours. Then Secounding comes, as Process Seven. For it the shirt is carefully wrung from the Firsting water; is rigidly examined for any minute dirt that may yet remain. Children are not found equal to this; a woman superintends them therefore, and under her eye the shirt is put into a second machine, gets more “twining,” and is made ready by it for Process Eight. This is soaping again; called technically “soaping for boiling,” needing no other word. Process Nine, boiling itself, trips fast upon the heels of it; Process Ten, sudding, follows; so does rinsing, Process Eleven, which means putting into the blue-tub, and taking out again as quickly as possible, before the blue has had time to stain. Next to this stands wringing, Process Twelve; being wringing proper or final, the shirt all along having had to be wrung from every water it has been put into, or it would not receive benefit from the water to come. The Thirteenth Process is first starching, to do which the little laundresses have to dip the neck-band of the shirt into starch but not the shoulder-pieces, the bosom but not the binders, the cuffs but not the sleeves; to do which properly the little laundresses must use starch that has been boiled, because Process Fourteen is to dry the shirt in the open air—weather permitting—and starch that is not boiled goes to powder out of doors, leaving the shirt almost as limp as it was before. The shirt dried, there is second starching, or clear starching, Process Fifteen. For this, the starch must have been mixed with cold water, and must be kept cold; for heat is to be the application for the future—no more air—and the difference may be accounted for by chemical philosophy. But things that are quite dry will never iron properly; so Process Sixteen is damping—by a sprinkle of cold water upon all the shirt in a fair shower—and Process Seventeen is rolling, for the express purpose of so folding the shirt up into a tight little packet that all

the damp suffused over it shall be well kept in. Ironing comes after this, Process Eighteen. It wants an under-ironer and a head-ironer; the under-ironer—who literally stands on a topsy-turvy packing-case to be high enough to reach—to “back,” that is, to iron the shirt-body and the cuffs and sleeves, the head-ironer to take the front and the final folding, and be responsible for the shirt’s perfect gloss and finish. In the course of this, there comes polishing, Process Nineteen; the brushing of a small wet rag lightly over parts of the starched front where keen judgment decides it is required; and then comes airing, Process Twenty; the placing the completed shirt upon a “horse” to stiffen; the placing it, moreover, with the utmost care, since a fall might bring a bend or breakage, and a smear would cause much of the preceding work to be done all over again. An arch-laundress, no small Charley, is needed for these important operations, as may readily be supposed. One who can undertake them is entitled to the full and honourable style of Clear Starcher, wherever she may be; and at the Children’s Laundry, the post has been won by sheer ability, for the holder was a mere mite of a very wayward Charley herself once, and can now, after some ten years’ practice—and proudly—“get up” as many as one hundred and twenty shirts a week. When these have been “got up” to satisfaction, they are placed with scrupulous nicety in a box close by the ironing-table; after which they are subjected to but two processes more. These are sorting, Process Twenty-one, and packing, Process Twenty-two; repetitions, in an inverse succession, of treatment administered at the very first; and they lead back the shirt, politely, if not poetically, to the identical spot where its long journeyings commenced, and to the identical hands where it may at last be left. 2

Now, though nobody can think washing an easy matter after accompanying a single garment through this tour, it will be seen that several of the Laundry operations are very simple, and can by due adjustment (and patient teaching) be performed by children most satisfactorily. There is more Laundry work too than fall under observation in treating of a shirt. Some items of this (goffering, orimping, frilling, “getting up” whole ladders of tiny “tucks”) bear no reference to what a child can do; they are of the sort always to be accomplished by an adept; but there are scores of washed

articles to be mangled instead of ironed, to be prepared by folding for mangling, that do afford labour within the scope of children's powers. Besides, it must be recollected that a washtub, of the real Charley sort, is a thing at the Children's Laundry entirely out of fashion. Firsting and seconding are done by machine; wringing is done by machine; minor wringings are done by machine; mangling is done by machine; and as any child can turn a handle, or can help to turn a handle if it wants two-child power or three-child power to twirl it round, in this there is at once an opening for young effort, requiring only good organisation to make it of excellent effect. Let it be said, for example, that the washing of coarse cloths can be done without the assistance of an adult hand at any stage of it. These coarse cloths include all dusters, rubbers, tea-cloths, knife-cloths, the children's own pinafores, the stokehole cloths, and things of a like kind; and children can "first" them, "second" them, "third" them (supposing there is a machine full of hot water after washing fine things, and it might as well be used again before being emptied away); children can boil, and sud, and rinse, and wring; can dry, and fold, and put into the mangle; can finally sort and pack, recollecting that coarse cloths are to be laid first of all in the baskets, because the weight of them and the dampness of them would spoil the finer things if they were put in heedlessly, anywhere, or on the top. There is thus apprentice-work at washing—a great advantage in the Children's Laundry, since by means of it little people need not get taxed beyond their strength, yet can become fully familiar with all the washing operations, to be passed on to the best of them when they are skilful, or it is their turn.

At Leytonstone, too, when the best washing has been reached it is emphatically the very best. Nothing could exceed the dainty whiteness and pureness of the clean linen that leaves the Laundry walls. There is healthy wholesomeness in the sweet notion of it. It is brought about by the sharpest watch for "in-dirt," when washing must be re-begun; by the sharpest watch for any "catch-dirt" (from a careless drop of a wet garment upon the ground, or a hasty rub against it in too near passing), when a brush must be brought, with soap and water, and all trace of it be thoroughly removed. This vigilance, how-

ever, is tender as well as true, and loses nothing of the best side of it when it is directed at the little laundresses themselves. They are provided with waterproof aprons to keep their frocks dry (which they will rarely put on), and they are provided with india-rubber shoes. They are hampered with no uniform, with no drill, or conventional form of attitude and speech. It is the effort, all through, to make the Laundry a home; with home hitches, and home liabilities to be called upon in an emergency and run with ready help. In the prayers, faithfully held morning and evening in a prettily-decorated little chapel, home faults have home names given to them, there being no blotting out, when requisite, of even such a very plain word as "cheeky." Like in a well-regulated home, too, these little laundresses are taught that work is honour; that to be idle is wretched, and is a disgrace. The "bore" of idleness, the ennui of it, is driven into their minds, vividly, by the forced punishment of standing in the midst of a busy room, aimless, listless, hands hung down; the other little people brisk and cheerful, going on busily with their work all round. As in a home, too, in another way, there is a liberal allowance of home amusements. Garden plots (about a yard square) are assigned to the best-behaved little laundresses, with broken pegs, and used Australian meat cans as general property, for general ornamentation; and there is a well-stocked clothes-cupboard for "dressing-up" purposes, to which there is frequent and enjoyed recourse. As usual, Queen Elizabeth, it has been observed, is a character much in favour for representation, made known chiefly by a monstrous old newspaper ruff; but on a recent occasion, historical knowledge, or romantic knowledge, or newspaper knowledge (it would be hard to define what), brought to the front a Scotch Laird and his Bride (the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, possibly), having the comic encumbrance of a Bride's Mother, hardly pressed by her son-in-law for maintenance, and much distressed because her daughter lounged and idled, doing no work at all. As a contrast to this, insubordination, it must be told, has its occasions of appearing in the Children's Laundry. It comes out, at times, in the shape of humour; when a peg-bag will be thrown over the shoulder, when a small Charley will stoop under it decrepitably, when there will be

shot out sepulchrally, at intervals, "Old clo!" It comes out, at others, as ripe mischief; when the metal clothes-lines will be swung upon; when the machines' handles will be swung upon, also, impeding the action of them, and spiting the fellow-Charley bound to act as "mate." The weekly bath and the periods of hair-cutting (ever fatal to feminine placidity) bring their small discord, too, perpetually; but the wise method of changing the girls' occupations every four or five weeks prevents the gall of monotony, and as each girl has a sense of justice immensely acute, and there is constant effort to keep this sense satisfied, the mental air of the Children's Laundry is kept on the whole at a pretty even temperature. Financially, it may be well to say, there need be no complaint of the laundry atmosphere either. The "takings" for work done amount to nearly six hundred pounds a year; two hundred pounds of this being left over towards house-expenses after washing-materials are paid for; and if fifty children can earn as much as this, the way it is done should not be thought lightly of, and must be pronounced a real success.

In closing the door upon these little laundresses, it would not be fit or good to leave them without a word of the excellent lady who has called them together, and under whose benignant rule they live. Having special reason for knowing the patient and ever-exercised supervision these little girls required (it will be found notified in a previous number of this journal*), this lady voluntarily laid down all social elegance and luxuries to give this patient and ever-exercised supervision, and she is never weary of it, and, in spite of stern difficulties, has never had her high courage or her pious determination fail. The working daughter of a working man is the name by which she wishes affectionately to be known, is the claim she ventures to put forward when pleading for assistance in her work; but it will be no wrong to her to say that she is Agnes Cotton, daughter of the late William Cotton, Governor of the Bank of England; and the knowledge of this may lead former associates and coadjutors to help her cause. For herself, she gives the whole of her income, freely, to the Home she has founded. She began it with two or three

little Charleys, when her income sufficed; cries to which there could be turned no deaf ear, though, have kept her arms and her doors ever opening till her Charleys amount to two or three score, and now that same income suffices no longer. Kind hearts are many, however; and amongst them there is sure not to be entire forgetfulness of the Children's Laundry.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LV. A SKIRMISH.

SHE met Mr. Brookfield.

"I did not like to go near, though I wanted to get to the drawing-room, until you had 'squared,' as they say, the bishop."

Miss Lacroix looked at him steadily.

"Have you taken a dislike to me?" she said suddenly. "Because, since you came last night, you seem to have singled me out as the object of a number of unkind speeches and doings."

He was a little confused.

"Well, you know," he said, "it seems a little odd and unaccountable—the changed names, and your curious reception by the bishop."

"I see, you wish to make out that I am some description of adventuress. Well, I am. That is, I have the misfortune to be alone in the world, and to be obliged to fight my own battles, and make my own way. Do leave me alone. We shall be in the house together for some days, and I should like to have a chance of gaining your good opinion."

"Now you are making far too much of my careless speeches. I don't mean them so unkindly as you think."

"Come," she said, with that suddenness which was characteristic of her. "I would like to stand well with you. Ask me any questions you like, cross-examine me on my life, and I will tell you everything, and conceal nothing. There! You will think the better of me for it, I am certain. I promise you I will not fence, nor evade, but be as candid and straightforward as you please."

"And you would really wish to stand well in my eyes? May I ask why?"

"There was something in you when you came in last evening—in the way you spoke, in the way you acted. Again, you

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 20, p. 540, "Canker in the Bud," November 14, 1868.

seemed to me to be the master of the whole company—the superior person.”

“For Heaven’s sake,” he said, laughing, “don’t call me that!”

“I mean you seemed to be able to dispose of them as you pleased. Perhaps I am afraid of you; but I have not had time to analyse what I feel.”

All this must have seemed complimentary enough to the gentleman to whom it was addressed. It was perfectly genuine, and was spoken with a calm, business-like tone of explanation. He might have thought, at first, that this was the device of an artful person to gain time; but something whispered to him that it was nature, and natural.

The new bishop was a great talker, even in his diaconal days; but, fortified now by his high position, he seemed to think his dining-room chair was a sort of pulpit or rostrum, whence he was privileged to discourse to the polite congregation. Almost at once, as he took his seat, his eye settled with much displeasure on Miss Lacroix, who caused his cheeks to glow and his lips to be pursed up. But he had evidently taken her hint, and was cautious. He engrossed all the talk, and yet, as was remarked, for every word he gave out, took in a morsel or a gulp.

“What’s this I hear about your daughter, ma’am?” he asked.

And the pleased Mrs. Pringle told him all the details about the happy fortune of her “eldest.” “She is very accomplished; we had Francesco Smith all last season, you know.

“What for?” said the bishop; “who is he?”

“Oh, to give her music lessons. I never would send them to a boarding-school—on principle.”

There were other reasons beside that well-used stalking-hack. But she was astonished by the savage vehemence with which he replied:

“You were right, ma’am. They are bad places; they bring up the girls to all kinds of iniquity; making assignations with lovers and the like——”

“Hallo!” cried Lord Garterley, “what’s this? How can you know that?”

On this, “without mentioning names, of course,” his lordship was proceeding to describe the adventure at the Misses Cooke’s school, and had got as far as a sketch of Phebe, when, to his amazement, he received a jog on his arm, and Lord

Garterley suddenly turned the conversation with a question:

“What sort of a prelate was the late bishop, now?”

“Oh, pretty well; fair enough. But I was telling you—this little girl, who was innocent enough in her looks, contrived to take in the young fellow after all, who, I suppose, has rued the day he ever came hanging about a ladies’ academy. Why, what’s the matter now?”

In a sort of hoarse nautical whisper, behind his hand, the peer proceeded to say:

“It’s their son. Don’t say any more.” At which the new bishop’s goggle eyes ranged backwards and forwards in wild bewilderment.

Mr. Brookfield, who had been listening, saw the awkwardness of the situation; and, though not understanding, adroitly twisted the conversation from the main line into a sort of siding.

“Your description,” he said, “suggests a little adventure that I had some time ago. It might have been the beginning of a little bit of romance, had I been able to follow it up.”

Everyone became interested; the bishop particularly so, in a salver which was at his elbow, gently trying to draw his attention, much as an amiable dog tries to attract your notice at breakfast.

“It was at a ball”—Mr. Brookfield could tell a story dramatically—“and I was there, attracted by a bright creature with an excited but rather woe-begone look. She was the most piquant, natural little thing in the world; and there was a sort of childish petulance about her that was most interesting. You may judge, when I found myself speaking to her, un-introduced. But I was really drawn to her by the sort of wild look in her pretty eyes——”

“Hallo, Brookfield!” cried Lord Garterley; “you, the gruffest——”

“So much so,” went on that gentleman, “that I began to talk of bringing her to her mother, or her sister. It turned out, she was by herself at the ball; further, that she was married!”

“I am getting curious,” said the peer.

“That is not all. What will you say to the next scene? When I am walking home slowly, about two A.M., I see a carriage and some little confusion at a door. I hear a pretty voice, rather excited, calling out to them to ring again,

and certainly within you could hear the bells jingling away like pandemonium. What do you say to this turning out to be my little piquant heroine of the ball?"

"You came to the rescue, of course—a gallant knight?"

"What was to be done? There was no chance of making them hear, and the poor child was quite bewildered. She was enchanted, however, to see me, her acquaintance of half an hour. Who would guess what was at the bottom of my little adventure? She was actually shut out of malice aforethought. Those within heard but would not open. It seems she had wished to go to this party, and her husband did not approve, and this British savage had threatened, if she did so, that she should not be admitted when she returned home. This amounted to a challenge, which she at once took up."

"It grows exciting," said Lord Garterley.

"There was nothing for it but to find out some of her relations, drive off, and see if they could be roused. So we did."

Everyone was now listening with genuine interest.

"We set off to her mother's house, which was not very far away. The good parent was reading in bed, it seems. She got up and let her child in. I saw them a few days later, when they were all gratitude, and I heard some more of their history. I had them to go abroad, and when I returned I found that they had changed their house, and no one knew what had become of them. But I am on the track. I shall find them out yet."

"A very improper young person," said the bishop. "She must have been badly brought up, that you may depend on."

"It brings quite a picture before one," said Lord Garterley, in a reflective way; "especially as that waywardness suggests a character that some of us have known," he added, with intention. "Depend on it, that has all ended badly by this time. The husband was a weak fellow, affecting to be strong. If he did not take care—which of course he did not—it was certain to end badly, in some scandalous catastrophe. I should really be curious to know what became of it. I pity those untrained poor little souls who are drawn to destruction by a sort of fate."

In this fashion was our Phoebe-story discussed at the glittering banquet of her connections. None present, save two per-

sons, had an idea to whom the melancholy little story pointed, though some, like Lord Garterley, felt a sort of instinct, and thought how like it was to Phoebe.

CHAPTER LVI. A PRINGLE NIGHT.

THAT night the usual round of entertainment went forward; the daughter of the house went through her regulation song, rivalling, as was stated, the peacock on the lawn; but there was an additional inducement. They had discovered "The funniest thing!" viz., that Lord Rotherhithe had a charming baritone, and was able to sing a most diverting song, known as an "Orrible Tale," which he had heard a humorous actor of the time sing with great effect, and which he now delivered, contending ineffectually with his laughter, and not exciting that affection in any of the listeners, save in the case of the family. Lord Garterley and the bishop talked in a loud voice all the time, as though striving to make themselves heard and secure a portion of public attention, a phenomenon that is often witnessed during such performances. In some disgust, too, Mr. Brookfield left the room and wandered out on to the terrace. He was saying half aloud, and with natural impatience, "He is the greatest idiot!"—when a figure stood beside him.

"You, Miss Lacroix!"

"Don't call me that," she said, impatiently, "I know that you despise me for such a device. I wish I could tell you how heartily ashamed you have made me feel of myself. And shall I confess to you? I did not even give you the true reason for the change; there was a pitiful equivocation in the idea, in choosing a name that I could say was a different and also the same when necessary. I know you think that."

Rather wearily he said, "I think of so many things that really I cannot recollect them all. In fact I hardly ever take the trouble to analyse my thoughts. Life is too short, and they are not worth it."

"Yes; I understand," she said, rather bitterly. "You think that I am not worth it. Yet, as I have told you, I wish for your good opinion. I long for it; I have made confession to you. But I am too prosaic for you to take interest in; you require something dramatic—like the heroine you described. Yet, with your judgment and sagacity, it surprises me that you should have been caught by the theatrical character of the display. You, a man of the world!

And you spoke of finding her out again, too?"

"Yes!" he said, quickly. "It is seldom I have been so drawn by such a spectacle of despairing helplessness. The image of that poor little struggling child-wife rushing to destruction has a sort of fascination for me. I feel that as I helped her that night, so I may be enabled to help her once more. Oh certainly! I shall find her again."

"She is not worthy of your thoughts—not for a moment," said she in a calm, steady voice; "I know it."

"Know it! What! you recognised the picture? Why, where—when did you meet her?"

"Tell me the name of your heroine."

"I did not learn; but her mother's was Mrs. Dawson."

"It is the same," said Miss Lacroix with extraordinary vehemence, and half to herself. "I have seen this coming; I knew it was coming. But it is not cruel, intolerable, that I, who suffered before at her hands, should now——" Here she checked herself and smiled at his amazement.

"You are beginning to think that I am mad, or the oddest person you have ever met."

He was thinking of something else, and, to her mortification, did not seem to notice this self-depreciation.

"Do you know what?"—he said slowly, and looking at her—"do you know what occurs to me? That my little heroine may have been the heroine of that affair to which the bishop alluded to-day—something at the school. You met her at that school? I am certain of it; I see it in your face."

"Why should you assume that? I am not bound to confess."

"Oh, you asked me, recollect, to cross-examine you. So be loyal and fair."

"How unworthy and ungenerous of you! Unmanly return for my putting myself so much in your power! I shall tell you nothing now. I have quite misunderstood you."

"I can spell it out myself now. You show your hand so plainly. She has interfered with your plans in some way—carried off a lover then, or lately. The bishop, you know, said that something of the kind had been going on even at the school. You are a little vindictive; you dislike her, and have had a dislike to her ever since. I was struck by your face when I was telling my story at dinner."

"Your sagacity is at fault," she answered scornfully, "though you have described, fairly enough, what might have been the state of the case. You don't read character, Mr. Brookfield, so well as you imagine. I can only tell you, you have done me the most serious injustice, I will own to you that you are right, so far as your speculations go, as to my humble proceedings; but you have not guessed the struggle that has for years been passing in my soul, and how I have striven to do right and mastered a sense of injury, which few might have done. But it will be a different matter if the affair recommences. I, a poor, outcast girl, had found a home then: I was deprived of it by a caprice—'Sport to her, death to me!' Now, I have found friends and a new home for myself, where I am esteemed and have rest. If there be an attempt now made to drive me out of this, I will, this time, become the aggressor. There are some 'peaceful' creatures that, at last, turn and fight!"

"How extraordinary all this is!" he said, "and incomprehensible! But I must tell you this plainly—only for you to-night I would not have had a clue, and I now mean to do a good Samaritan work, and work hard to reconcile this poor little truant soul to her people here. And I have an instinct, too, that I shall succeed."

"No, no!" cried she, in a sort of terror. "Don't do that, or you will hate me."

"Oh, I must indeed, even at that awful risk. I would not hate any one; but, at the same time, I might begin to think you have some old grudge. This coincidence is so curious—that I should be actually under the roof of the persons that are so nearly connected with her—it seems almost providential. No, no, Miss Lacroix—I won't say Cross—this I must do, and you will be generous enough to aid me in every way you can."

Here arrived a third figure, and the rough, jeering voice of old Sam was heard:

"What work is this, sir, holeing and cornering with my little friend here?"

He had already noted the curious fascination that the guest had for his favourite, and he looked at him at times with a malicious and ill-natured glance.

"Come away, angel. I want you," said Sam. "And you, as a ladies' man, are not doing your duty." And he put her arm in his.

Miss Lacroix shook him off rather haughtily.

"Presently," she said; "you know I have told you often that these free-and-easy ways of yours do not suit me."

Old Sam had to return, grumbling and indignant.

"You are right to keep our friend in order. He is one of those that encroach. Now suppose we join the company."

"You are determined to mortify me," said she. "Pray go; but I shall remain."

He bowed and departed.

Left alone, her brows contracted, and she paced up and down the lonely terrace for many minutes.

"No," she said at last, half aloud, "she must never come under this roof—with me at least, for she seems destined to be my ruin in every direction. As at the school, so here now with him; those enticing, creeping ways of hers gain people, for a time at least, while they will set me down as hard and ungenial. But I am not called upon to make my life one current of self-sacrifices! I have struggled hard to master the spirit of revenge, but I am not called upon to be a victim. No, she shall not come here."

A servant interrupted her, bringing a letter.

"The post came in two hours ago, did it not?" she asked.

"A lad brought this from the Joliffe Arms, miss," he answered.

She opened it and read:

"I can endure this suspense no longer. What have you done for me? You do not write. You do not think of me or of your promise. I wish to see you. How can it be managed. Contrive a meeting some-way. Recollect you once had a regard for me, till I forfeited it by my own fickleness and misconduct. But I have suffered for it since. F. P."

With a motion of impatience she tore it up into small fragments.

"Ridiculous, contemptible creature!" she said. "Such an appeal to sentiment! And yet the old selfishness just the same. But see how it all makes for her, as if a fate were playing the game. Ah! I shall be driven to be vindictive in spite of all my resolutions."

After a little hesitation she set off for a walk, took a by and private path that led to the village, and then strolled by the

Joliffe Arms. As she had anticipated, and as no doubt he had anticipated, he was standing in the doorway, smoking. She passed by without recognising him, but he gave a start and followed her.

"How good of you!" he said, hurrying after her; "you will aid me—you will plead for me. I hear you are all-powerful with them!"

She turned and answered with a coldness and firmness that confounded him.

"You should not have come here," she said, "it will only bring you mortification. As for me, I can do nothing. You must understand that clearly. I could not help you without hurting myself, which I decline to do. You must go away at once; you will do no good here."

"I cannot," he said, in a sort of despair; "do take pity. You are my only friend. Surely you have not forgotten that you once liked me?"

"And that you once behaved treacherously! Let us say no more on that. You had better know for certain that I have forgotten your treatment of me, as much as I have the whole episode itself."

"Alas! I have not," he said. "Oh how clever, how brilliant you are! If you only knew how superior I think you to myself, how I admire your gifts——"

"Hush!" she said. "I can hear no more of that. I only tell you, in your own interest, that you can do nothing here. Go up to the house and present yourself, and see what the result will be."

"Do you know, I think of it sometimes," he said, desperately—"of walking in when they and all their fine company are seated at their rich banquets. The cruel, heartless race—and I their only son at their gates."

"Yes, like Lazarus," she said; "it is hard."

"But if you would but intercede——"

"I have told you before, I can only afford to look to my own interest. It would not profit you, and would ruin me. Adieu! Think it over sensibly, and you will see that you ought to leave this place at once."

There was a curious excitement in his manner that now struck her for the first time, a flush in his face, and fire in his eyes.

"Don't make me desperate!" he cried, as she walked away.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MANSFIELD," "AT HER MERCY,"
"HALVES," &c.

CHAPTER VI. A SPARRING MATCH.

COLONEL GERALD JUXON and his niece both remained in the porch of their pretty cottage, while Landon walked down the drive and out of the gate; the colonel because he deemed it expedient to see "that fellow" off the premises with his own eyes; the lady because she wished to see the last of that gallant and very good-looking young knight, who had fought, and might have fallen, or at least come to very serious grief, for her sake. He turned at the last moment and raised his cap; the colonel mechanically replied to the salute with his forefinger; the young lady bowed and waved her hand, but by no means mechanically.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried the colonel, throwing up his open palms. It was for him a very slight expression of astonishment and annoyance, and when excited he generally doubled his fists.

"What's the matter, Uncle Gerald?" inquired his niece, coolly.

"Matter, begad? Well, I think it matter enough, when a young woman of two-and-twenty goes and throws herself at the head of a penniless scamp like that——"

"How do you know Mr. Landon is a scamp, uncle?" inquired Ella, in a tone rather of amusement than indignation.

It is Coleridge, I think, who says that no one can have a firm conviction, who cannot afford to laugh at it himself; and this was Ella's case. She felt in her heart of hearts that Landon was no scamp.

"How do I know it? Why, because everybody knows every cadet is a scamp. As to means and marriage, they may have their hands to offer, but there is never a coin in them to pay the parson for performing the service."

"Still they have their honour, and their good swords," observed Ella, gravely.

"Their honour!" shrieked the little colonel; "ye gods, think of a cadet's honour! and as to their swords, they don't happen to wear them."

Ella broke into a long musical laugh, which seemed to disconcert her uncle extremely.

"I know, my dear girl," said he, in what was for him a tone of conciliation, "that you are as obstinate as the gout in one's heel, but it is quite useless even for you to set your heart upon that young vagabond. You might just as well fall in love with a drummer boy—you might, indeed!"

"Well, and why not, uncle? Then I could be vivandière to the regiment."

"That would be a dashed pretty thing," answered the other, scornfully.

"Well, I think I *should* look rather pretty in uniform," said Ella, with an air of reflection. "With a cap with a gold band, and a charming little keg of spirits, instead of a sabretache. Then, if Mr. Landon was wounded—as he would be sure to be in the first engagement, for he is as brave as a lion—I would give him a little glass of brandy, so;" and she turned her little hand bewitchingly in the air, in illustration of this piece of ambulance practice.

"It is denced hard to be angry with you, Ella," ejaculated the colonel; "but this is a serious matter. You have given

such encouragement to this young cat-a-mountain, that I will lay five to one his conceit will lead him to come back again."

"I would lay ten to one, uncle," replied the young lady, coolly, "that his good feeling will cause him to do so—ten pairs of gloves to one odd one, that Mr. Landon will come back. I intend him to do so. I mean to see him when he does come."

"The devil you do! then I'll keep a dog warranted to fly at beggars."

"Mr. Landon is not a beggar, nor a poor man at all, uncle," answered the girl, steadily. "It would make no difference to me if he has not a penny, but, as a matter of fact, he is the only son of a rich merchant; for he told me so himself."

"I should like to have some better authority for that fact than his bare word," answered the colonel, contemptuously. "However," added he, more gravely, "if you are fixed upon this folly, I will make inquiries. You are resolved, I suppose, to behave as your own mistress in this, as in other matters."

"Most certainly I am," returned the young lady, coolly. They had passed into the drawing-room by this time; Ella was sitting on a low chair with her torn bonnet upon her knees, and her splendid hair falling in dark masses about her shoulders; the colonel was pacing the room with measured strides, that seemed to ill accord with the vehemence and irregularity of his talk.

"Of course, the whole thing may come to nothing, Ella; you can't compel this young gentleman—to make you an offer; for that is what I suppose you are driving at."

Here he stopped, for she had suddenly risen and confronted him with a burning face.

"Look you, uncle," said she, "there are some things I will not put up with even from you. The facts of the case are these: this gentleman, as he truly is, whatever you may choose to call him, has done me to-day, for nothing, as great a service as I have ever experienced from anyone for value received. The only payment he has got is a string of insults from the man whose duty it was to thank him for his generous behaviour. It angered me to see him so treated, as it would have done had he been as old as yourself, and as ill-favoured; and I strove to undo the effect of your discourtesy. That is all."

"Well, well, it may be so, Ella," replied the colonel, his wrath appearing to pale before her own like a fire under the rays of

the sun; "but I know a girl's heart is as tender to flint when any chance service is done her by any good-looking young fellow; and I wished to put a stop to what I thought, and still think, to be a dashed imprudent thing. You have thanked the lad, and there's an end; but, of course, if you think proper more should come of it—"

"You are cruel and unkind, uncle," interrupted the girl, with vehemence. "Your words are unjust and unjustifiable, and you know it, and I know why you use them. Yes, since you are so hard, I will be hard, too; you want to keep me and my money all to yourself. You have grudged my making any friend, except Gracie, beyond these doors, for fear I should be enticed away from you; and this conduct of yours is all of a piece with the rest of it."

Strange as a likeness would seem between a tall finely-shaped girl, as dark as a gipsy, with a gray and withered anatomy of a man, it could be seen now, as she stood face to face with her uncle, her eyes flashing, and one little foot fiercely beating the floor. The colonel fairly exploded in a sort of "bouquet" of fiery imprecations, ere he found articulate speech.

"You ungrateful minx!" cried he, "is this the reward I get for making my house your home? When you left your father's house in disgrace, I knew it was useless to expect dutifulness, but I did look for some gratitude, girl!"

"And you found it, uncle," answered she, coolly. "I assure you there was that item in addition to the four hundred pounds a-year that I agreed to pay you for my maintenance. I am obliged to you for the shelter you have afforded me, but the price I pay for it is sufficient. I will not put up with insulting insinuations such as you have just thought fit to indulge in. I had rather leave Hawthorne Lodge, and take up my quarters with Gracie, whose mother, I know, would give me welcome."

It was a very remarkable and, indeed, unparalleled circumstance that, notwithstanding the argument was still hot, and the colonel, undoubtedly, still angry, he here forbore to indulge in very strong language.

"I can't think you will be such a born fool as that, Ella," said he, quietly. "To separate yourself from the only relative, save one, you possess in the world would, in your position, be madness. You would

find the commissary's quarters a bad exchange for Hawthorne Lodge, I reckon."

"They would be found capable of improvement, I have no doubt," answered Ella, coolly. "However, as you have stated with such candour, it is not my interest to quarrel with you; and, indeed, uncle, I have no intention of doing anything of the sort. I think I have shown that since we have lived together. You have a temper like the rest of our family, and I make every allowance for it. And, now, with your permission, I will retire to take off these rags and dress for dinner."

She withdrew with a sweeping courtesy, which would have shown offended pride, but for the good-natured nod of the head which accompanied it.

"Did you ever see such an abominably impudent minx?" inquired the colonel, addressing her vacant chair. "Is such conduct credible in a Christian country?"

As the chair was an ordinary chair, and not a spirit-medium—as that article of furniture sometimes is—it did not so much as lift a foot in reply.

In the absence of its negative testimony the colonel was compelled, therefore, to believe the evidence of his own eyes, which he proceeded to objurgate accordingly. Then, pulling out his watch, "It wants an hour yet to dinner," said he, "so I'll just step down to the commissary's, and ask him what he thinks about it."

CHAPTER VII. MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ACTING-DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-COMMISSARY-GENERAL RAY occupied apartments in barracks, which were not more numerous, and much less magnificent than his titles. They were shabbily furnished, and the furniture, even in its best days, had not been good. The look-out of the principal rooms was upon the dusty barrack square; and the quiet of home-life was apt to be disturbed by the sudden roll of drums, the unexpected squeak of fifes, and, occasionally, by the quarrels of the soldiers at the canteen. The seamy side of military life was, in short, always presented to the inmates of this establishment; they lived, as it were, inside the Punch's show. Fortunately—since their quarters were so limited—the family was small; consisting only of the commissary, his wife—a confirmed invalid, whom creeping paralysis at present permitted to move herself about in a patent wheel-chair, but to whom even that limited freedom of movement was soon to be denied—and their daughter,

Grace, whose acquaintance we have already made.

The trio exhibited a marked contrast to one another. The head of the house was a tall, muscular Scotchman, of about sixty years of age, who bore his years, not, indeed, "lightly—like a flower"—but with that comparative convenience which comes of a strong digestion, and absence of fine feelings. He had been a good deal knocked about in his time, but he was harder than the things, or people, that had hit him; he boasted, indeed, of being as "hard as nails," imagining that to be, in a man, a moral excellence, which, in the rhinoceros, he would have only admitted to be an accident of birth. He had at no time of his life been young; that is, he had neither felt himself to be so, nor looked like it; and hence he reaped the great advantage of not perceiving any particular change in himself, nor having it observed by others, now he was old. Everybody who saw him now, and had known him in past days, remarked that Sandy Ray looked much the same. In the cold of Canada he had not shivered; in the heat of the West Indies he had not perspired; but had defied all climates and all weathers. He had never given way to a folly or a weakness; never experienced the temptation of an impulse of any sort; and hence, upon a very small stock of intelligence, had acquired the reputation of a long-headed fellow. He was also reputed to be wealthy, notwithstanding—or, perhaps, in consequence of—the poverty of his domestic ménage. He had held various semi-military appointments all over the world; and though the "pickings" contingent to such positions are not large, there are pickings, and Sandy Ray was supposed to have swept them all up into a very close-meshed net. His christian-name was Alexander, but no one had ever abbreviated that; he was not a man to have his name shortened through affection or familiarity; he was called Sandy from the tint of his hair, whereon the red bristles still contended with the gray for every inch of pate. His features were large and inexpressive, except of hardness; his gray eyes cold and slow of movement; his teeth white and strong as a wolf's. He spoke with an elaborate caution, which was never so marked as when in conversation with his fidus Achates, Colonel Juxon; whose words flowed like a torrent set with crags and rocks, and creamed with imprecations in place of foam.

What bond of union existed between these two men, in most respects so different, it was hard to tell. They had both of them "frugal minds," and it was by some suggested they had private investments in common; others, however, of a livelier fancy, did not hesitate to express their conviction that "Swearing Juxon," and "Sandy Ray," who it was notorious had known one another years ago, in outlandish quarters, shared the knowledge of some secret crime between them, which had probably filled both their pockets.

What was a much greater mystery than how the commissary had secured the colonel's friendship, was, how he had won his wife. She must have been, when he married her, a beautiful girl; indeed, the remnants of great beauty still lingered about her feeble and shattered frame, and "What could she ever have seen in her husband?" was the inquiry every woman put to herself when she saw the pair together. That Mrs. Ray had not married Sandy for his beauty was certain, from the evidence of his contemporaries; nor was it for his mental or moral attractions, because he had none; nor was it for money, since whatever private store he might now possess he had certainly not acquired in those days; it remained, therefore, since all reasonable causes were thus eliminated, that she had married him for love, which was the most extraordinary explanation of all.

It is my private belief that the unhappy lady, being of a nervous and submissive nature, had been positively frightened into wedding him, by which means, perhaps, more marriages are to be accounted for than is generally supposed. However, she was married to him, and was being only slowly relieved from that position by the disease which I have mentioned. Her husband was not specially unkind to her, but of gentleness he had not a grain in his composition, and the lack of it—though the doctors did not say so—had helped to bring her to her present pass. He had, it is probable, been proud of her in his way, at one time; had doubtless smiled grimly when it had come to his ears that people said, "What could she have seen in him?" But now he was only proud of the chair in which she sat. It had cost him, being a patent article, a considerable figure; and when folks said (for there are folks who will say anything) that his wife's affliction must be a great trial to him, he would

reply, "and not only a trial, but, let me tell you, a matter of very considerable expense." Then he would point out the advantages of the chair, with her in it; indeed she was made to put it through its paces as it were, moving it hither and thither with a touch of her thin hand; and if a compliment were not paid him—though he professed to despise compliments—upon the consideration for her comfort that had caused him to invest in so expensive an article, he was more bearish than usual for the rest of the day.

What thoughts passed through poor Mrs. Ray's mind as she sat, dying so slowly in that delicate and costly piece of furniture, are too sad for me to imagine. She was not what is called "a great thinker," so let us hope things were better with her than they would have been with some who are; but sometimes in that worn and weary face could be read terrible things; across those still tender eyes flitted, I fear, the ghosts of youth and health, the piteous remembrance of long vanished joys. She had no very earnest religious feelings, and was therefore without that hope which sustains so many unfortunates in this inexplicable world; of life, the poor soul had had enough; the best that she looked forward to was eternal rest. Yet no word of complaint escaped her. How strange it is that the fate of martyrs, who do not happen to be saints, should attract so little pity!

Gracie, indeed, was sorry for her mother; but with that exception, no one seemed to consider her case a hard one. Perhaps, if she had mentioned how hard she felt it, people might have agreed with her, but as it was, they saw her pale face lit with its sad smile, and expressed their approval of her resignation. She had not much liking for books, but was never idle, working with her needle a little for herself, and a great deal for Gracie. Perhaps the most pressing sorrow she had was the reflection that there would soon come a time when she should still be alive, and yet unable to work; when the palsy that at present had only reached her lower limbs should attack her diligent fingers. Then, indeed, it would be melancholy to sit at that barrack window with folded hands, awaiting death's tardy stroke. The cares of managing the little household upon the scanty sum that her husband allowed for its maintenance, were, it was true, delegated to Gracie, but she shared the responsibility with her, and took all the

blame—and there was often blame—upon her own shoulders. The commissary, who grudged every shilling, however necessarily spent, preferred to find fault with his wife instead of his daughter, because it made the latter cry. Not that he would have been rendered the least uncomfortable by any amount of woman's tears, but because the crying made Gracie's eyes red, and deteriorated from her personal appearance; and her beauty was precious to him, as likely to prove a marketable commodity. Thus the girl escaped a good many jobations, which she did not indeed deserve any more than her mother, but which she would have gladly borne in her mother's place. The invalid on the contrary was well satisfied that any consideration, no matter what, should preserve her beloved daughter from the commissary's ire.

Imagine, therefore, her distress of mind when Gracie made her appearance out of the fly upon that day of the battle of Charlton Fair, with draggled raiment and torn bonnet. In this case Mrs. Ray felt that the dear child must bear her own burden of reproach and fault-finding. And heavy enough she knew it would be; for Gracie had worn her best attire upon the occasion of that unlucky walk with Ella Mayne, and it would take many shillings to repair its damages.

"My dear child," cried she, as soon as she had assured herself that she had received no personal hurt, "what will your father say? It was only last week that he paid three pounds on account to Miss Furbelow."

Her head shook from side to side with nervous agitation; it was terrible to see such affliction, about so insignificant a matter, in one so stricken.

"But, dear mamma, papa will understand that it could not be helped. If it had not been for Mr.—that is, for two young gentlemen from the College—matters might have been much worse."

Mrs. Ray gave a little sigh. She had applied that argument—or had had it applied for her—of comparative degrees of evil, much too often to derive comfort from it. Another philosophic remark that "when things are at their worst they must needs mend," was also inefficacious in her case. Perhaps it was because her powers of perception were dull.

"Change your dress as soon as you can, Gracie, dear, and then tell me all about it.

If your papa comes in, and sees you in such a state, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and again she wrung her hands. There was a similitude in the poor lady's speech and action to those of Mr. Punch, when in dread expectation of the policeman, but "the pity of it" prevented the smile that they would have otherwise provoked. Her policeman was a reality, and she, alas! had no stick wherewith to knock him over the head, to the enjoyment of all beholders.

When Gracie, however, presently reappeared in a dress, less splendid indeed than that which had met with such mischance, but very neat and becoming, it was plain that there was some happiness for the invalid yet. Her daughter looked so blooming that she persuaded herself, "dear Alexander," would not "have the heart" to scold her, and having laid that flattering unction to her soul, she was at liberty to take pride and pleasure in the girl's beauty. In telling her story, Gracie had this difficulty; she had to be careful not to alarm her mother by the account of her own peril, and at the same time not to underrate the services of Mr. Darall, who seemed to her a Paladin. Mrs. Ray listened to his exploits with the attention that the crippled always pay to the recital of any physical conflict. "He must be a very brave and kindhearted young man, that Mr. Darall," said she, when it was concluded, "and his friend also."

"Yes, mamma, he was most kind. It was not his fault that he didn't see us home, as the other did; but it appears that he runs great risk of getting into trouble for having been at the fair at all."

"But does not his friend run the same risk?"

"Well, no; or, at least, if he did it does not signify, because he is very rich; if he was sent away from the Academy to-morrow it would make no difference to his prospects, it seems, while poor Mr. Darall is—poor."

Mrs. Ray sighed again: perhaps she had permitted herself to entertain the "low beginnings," of a romance for Gracie, and now they were ruthlessly trodden down. Gracie understood the sigh quite well; there was no concealment in that household as regards such matters. She had been told a dozen times by her father that her future prospects in life were in her own hands; that is, that they lay in her making a good marriage; and they had been discussed without reserve. She was

no flirt, nor even what is called "forward," either in ideas or behaviour; yet, perhaps, no man had ever paid her any marked attention without her having reflected to herself, "Perhaps this person will be my husband." It was not her fault that it was so; extreme delicacy of mind was as impossible to one in her circumstances, as modesty is to the offspring of some agricultural labourer, who has but one room for the accommodation of his grown-up family. What was possible to her of good the girl had acquired or retained; she possessed all its solidities, if circumstances had denied to her those graces which embellish goodness. A dissenting chapel may not have the external attractions of a cathedral, simply from want of funds, and yet be equally sacred. Up to that time, for example, Gracie had regarded the marriage question from a point of view that was, for one of her years and sex, somewhat calculating and matter-of-fact. It was, unhappily, no longer possible for her to do so, now that she had seen Hugh Darall.

For the future something would have to be given up as well as acquired; and that something, for the present, seemed immeasurably precious, not willingly to be bartered for much gold.

"What was he like—this Mr. Darall—Gracie?" continued the invalid, with gentle sadness, but with a touch of curiosity, too. Even when a pretty thing is not to be got, one likes to hear all about it.

"Oh, so handsome, dear mamma, and so kind, and I am sure so good!"

Mrs. Ray's pale lips twitched with a painful smile—an accident of her infirmity, perhaps; or was she thinking of some far back time, when she had given some one credit for being "good" upon too short an acquaintance.

"That does not give one a very distinct idea of him, Gracie. Is he dark or fair?"

"Oh, fair mamma. He has blue eyes."

"Like Captain Walters'?" inquired the old lady, with affected indifference.

"Oh, not at all like Captain Walters'," answered the girl, in a tone of indignation. They are beautiful eyes, very frank, and—"

"Tender," suggested the invalid, smiling.

"Yes, that is the word—^{tender}," answered the girl, ^{sincerely}. "I don't think Mr. Darall would hurt a fly; and yet, when we saw him waiting to meet those wicked men, they looked hard and shining, like drawn swords."

"Do you mean the men did?"

"No, no; his eyes. There were a hundred of them—I mean of the men, of course—and yet he was not one bit afraid; nor would he have been, it is my belief, if they had been a thousand."

"I should like to have seen Mr. Darall, if it were but to thank him for what he did for you, Gracie," said her mother, after a pause; "but I suppose I never shall. They say all is for the best, and perhaps that is. I don't think your papa would like it, you see, since nothing can possibly come of it after all. Don't cry, Gracie; don't cry, my darling!" and, with a dexterous movement of her chair, she brought it close to where Gracie sat at the window. The mother and child embraced without a word. Speech was unnecessary; each knew what the other would have said, and the hopelessness of saying it.

"See, there is Colonel Juxon coming across the square to have a chat with your father," said Mrs. Ray, presently, in her cheerfulest tone. "I wonder what brings him so much earlier than usual!"

"He is come to talk about Mr. Landon and Ella," said Gracie, simply.

"Oh, dear, dear! I hope he won't say anything about her torn gown and things, and so set your papa thinking about yours, and wanting to see them, perhaps!"

"It is not likely that Colonel Juxon will mention Ella's gown, mamma; it is not as if it was her only one, you know."

"That's true, my dear; I had forgotten. She has only to take another gown out of her wardrobe; and if this Mr. Landon pleases her, and is agreeable, she can take him as easily. Life must be a fine thing to those that are rich—and can enjoy it," added the invalid, in lower tones.

"Dear Ella deserves all she has, mamma," said Gracie, gravely, as if in apology for her friend's prosperity. "She is not spoiled by her riches, but is generous and gracious too."

"I don't deny it, darling," answered her mother, with a little sigh that had nothing of selfishness in it. She thought, maybe, if these things came by deserving, that her Gracie might have had her share of them also.

PRINCE BOLTIKOFF.

A STORY.

THERE are posts more important, perhaps, than Fort Needham on the South Coast, but it is at all times so strictly garrisoned that the integrity of the empire might depend upon its tenure. I was once its

garrison—I, Randal de Louthenberg Carruthers, lieutenant in her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Fencibles—that is to say, I, with a handful of soldiers, held it against all comers. My men were better off than I was, for they took it in turn to mount guard upon the honeycombed ordnance and the tumble-down gates of the fortress. They had employment, I had none. I bathed, breakfasted, and walked upon the shore; to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke made up the sum total of my diversions. But that I was gifted with powers of progression, I might have been an oyster.

One day as usual I strolled upon the beach. The season was spring-time, the sky bright, the sea like a mirror. Nothing ever broke the stillness that reigned around Fort Needham; it lay off the high-road, no one came to it, even the fishing-boats avoided the bay because of the shoal water. With my glass I swept the horizon, now and again examining the sea-gulls or a far-off sail.

What is that black thing bobbing up and down in the water? a hen-coop or a whale? or a new rock shot up suddenly from beneath the waves?

No, it is a boat of some sort; very low in the water, not unlike a raft, and there is a figure on it, a man paddling. He is making for the shore; slowly and surely he approaches. Closer and closer. His face is plainly visible now, and his breast through his open shirt. He handles his little oar with skill and vigour—nearer and nearer he comes. At length—grate, squeeze, thud, his raft has run aground, and he jumps on to the shingle.

The stranger's first act was to throw himself upon his knees and exclaim fervently in French, "Thank God! Safe at last!"

Then he rose and came to greet me with the bow of a finished courtier. He was in rags, he wore only a dilapidated shirt of coarse calico, and a pair of tattered trousers reaching just beyond his knees, made apparently from an old gray blanket; yet, in spite of all, he seemed a gentleman. His manner was perfect, the English in which he addressed me, though tinged with a foreign accent, pure, and in intonation decidedly well-bred.

"This is a sorry plight in which I find myself, monsieur. I am a waif cast up by the sea. I have been shipwrecked. I never dreamt I should reach the land alive!"

"Shipwrecked?" I asked. "When? Where? How?"

"Yesterday I was on board my own yacht, the Feodorowna—I am Prince Boltikoff—you know my name, perhaps?" he said, seeing that I bowed at this introduction of himself. "No? I am a Russian. I was en route for Cowes. Last night the yacht lay becalmed off the Needles, I was in my berth—half reading, half dozing, when—crack!—something crashed into the side of the yacht. I jumped from bed and rushed, as I was, on deck. It was a collision. Death stared us one and all in the face. I snatched up the first garments I could find—you see them," he pointed, smiling, to his rags—"and jumped overboard. I am a good swimmer. At dawn I was still afloat. Then I got together a few floating spars from the wreck, made that little raft—good friend, it has done its duty,"—and as he spoke he pushed it back into the tide—"Adieu; go, mon ami, go."

"May I ask," continued the stranger, as soon as the raft had drifted away, "may I ask where I am? Would you have the extreme complaisance to direct me to the nearest town?"

"This is Fort Needham," I said. "Yarchester is the nearest place—some dozen miles distant."

"So far! I am hardly in walking trim, I fear, but I must make shift to push on."

"Impossible. I cannot permit it. You need rest, food. My quarters are close at hand. I am the commandant of the fort—"

"You are then an English officer. I might have guessed it! You are all generous as you are brave. I was with Menschikoff in Sebastopol, and I learnt to respect you then."

"If you are yourself a soldier, prince, it is the more incumbent upon me to be your host."

With this I led the way into the fort. The admission of such a tatterdemalion rather surprised the decorous sentry, but my servant, who was called in to assist at the prince's toilette, soon spread the real story throughout the barracks.

A bath, my razors, and a complete rig-out of my clothes, made a wonderful change in the prince's appearance. He was evidently a person of the highest distinction, not exactly handsome, his smoothly-shaven face was too sallow, and his cheek-bones too high, but he had good features and dark penetrating eyes. He made the mistake also of wearing his hair too short; it was clipped so close that his head looked like a round shot.

"Your clothes fit me to the marvel, mon cher M. Carruthers. It would not be indiscreet to ask your tailor's name? He is an artist."

I was flattered, and replied readily:

"Mr. Schneider will be glad to get an order from you, prince."

"He shall have it. His cut is superb."

Then we sat down to lunch. The prince, although aristocratic to the fingertips, had the most plebeian appetite; within a few minutes he had cleared the table.

"I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," he said spoletically.

After lunch I produced cigars. He looked at the tobacco ravenously.

"It is my passion. I did not think I could have existed so long without it."

He lay back in an arm-chair and smoked half-a-dozen cigars one after the other, apparently with the most intense gratification. Meanwhile we talked. The prince was a most agreeable companion, his experiences were varied; he had travelled far and wide, had seen many cities, and knew men and manners. It was delightful to listen to him. But he was far too well-bred to monopolise the conversation. He also could listen, and did so with courteous, unflinching interest as I enlarged upon the subjects I had most at heart—he even led me on to talk quite familiarly and freely of my regiment; my comrades; my life and prospects; everything, in short, which interested me.

In this way the hours passed, till suddenly the prince jumped up.

"You have been most good, M. Carruthers. I can never repay your kindness. But now, the day is advancing, I must be moving on."

"Pray do not think of it. You will surely stay and dine? To-morrow or next day will be time enough to travel; by then you will be refreshed and recruited in strength."

"I hardly dare take advantage of your good nature. I know not what to say. But your pleasant society draws me towards you; I will stay. Suffer me only to write a few letters. I must communicate with the Russian Embassy; I should send to my bankers, and to my London hotel for clothes and necessaries."

I sat him down at once to my writing-desk, a piece of portable barrack furniture limited in dimensions, very much littered with old letters, books, and stray papers;

tradesmen's bills, an army list, Bradshaw, officials' reports and returns, some in my own handwriting and bearing my signature. But from among these I cleared sufficient space, and left the prince to write his letters alone.

It was quite an hour before I returned. He started rather as I re-entered the room, but explained that his recent narrow escape had shaken his nerves. He had been busy: several letters were lying on the table, their addresses uppermost, and, for the life of me, I could not help seeing that one was to a secretary of the Russian Embassy, another to someone at Claridge's Hotel, a third to Messrs. Coutts; of a fourth I read only a part. It looked like "Jemmy Haw—Seven Di—" But the moment my somewhat surprised and curious eyes had read thus far, the prince took up all his correspondence, put the letters in his pocket, and rose to greet me with a pleasant smile.

"There! So much for business. This contretemps will alter all my plans. But what matter? I am still alive. Shall we take a breath of air?"

Outside, after a few turns upon the shore, he said:

"Is your post-office far? We might drop these in as we passed."

I said I sent an orderly with the letter-bag as far as Silverburn, the nearest village and railway station: three miles or so. He would start in an hour.

"Now confess—you are sending on purpose? I should be truly grieved to derange you. Your soldier would hate me. What say you; shall we walk to the post ourselves? I should like it, and it would do you good too; you are lazy, mon lieutenant, you will grow fat. Say then, shall we walk to Silverburn?"

I excused myself. The fact was I wished to stay at the fort to attend to household affairs. I did not often entertain a prince, and I was somewhat anxious about the dinner which was being prepared by my inexperienced soldier cook.

"You will not? You are wrong. You should walk more. It is excellent exercise. I find the benefit, and need it much always, as now. But I see you will not be persuaded. Au revoir then—till—?"

"Dinner at half-past six. That will give us a nice long evening."

"Yes; a nice long evening," he repeated after me in a strange mocking tone. If he had not been a prince I might have considered his conduct rude.

We parted. He walked on at a very brisk pace; I returned slowly to the fort.

For the next few hours I was busy superintending the operations in the kitchen, assisting to lay the table, drawing wine, and making ready for the feast. About six P.M. I dressed in mess uniform to do honour to my foreign guest, and walked down the road to meet him on his return.

He had had three hours to do the journey there and back, but half-past six came, and with it no prince. Seven—still he did not appear.

What had happened? He must have lost his way. It was quite dark, and rather cold. At half-past seven I sent off two non-commissioned officers in search of him; at eight I went myself, and, growing more and more concerned, walked on to Silverburn.

Yes; a person answering to the description of the prince had been seen there. He had taken the train to Yarchester. An extraordinary proceeding: still it accounted for his absence, so somewhat relieved I went home, dined by myself, and went to bed.

I awoke late next morning. It was close on ten when I was roused by a familiar voice in the outer room.

"What, Randal! Still in bed!"

It was Bob Finch, a brother lieutenant from head-quarters.

"You are to return at once to the regiment," he said. "I have come to relieve you."

"Hurrah!"

"Steady, boy, steady. Read this. Don't sing out too soon."

It was an official letter from the adjutant, desiring me to hand over my detachment, and report myself forthwith at head-quarters—under arrest.

"Bless me! What's up?"

"The colonel's furious. He declares he'll prefer charges, and have you tried by court-martial."

"But why, man? why?"

"What on earth induced you to give that sharper letters of introduction to the regiment? Where, in heaven's name, did you pick him up?"

"The Prince——?"

"Of Darkness. He made nice fools of us all."

I told Bob Finch the story of the raft, at which he laughed a little, adding soon:

"But it's no joke, Randal. He was

asked to mess on the strength of your letter to Greyoliffe."

"I gave him none."

"He produced one—on paper with your monogram, and in your writing."

"A forgery."

"But how could he have done it?"

"I left him alone here for an hour or more to write letters. There was one for Messrs Coutts, and another for somebody 'offski,' and one"—for Seven Dials, of course, but I would not confess to this.

"Well, he dined at mess, en bourgeois. He was travelling, and had left his mails at another stage; after dinner he got us to baccarat, which he played to a nicety. We were cleaned out, every one of us. The prince, however, promised us our revenge. Only the same night—it could have been no one else—he broke into the mess-house, stole three dozen silver forks, a heap of teaspoons, several snuff-boxes, one or two racing-cups—in fact, all the light portable articles on which he could lay his hands."

I was utterly ashamed of myself for being so easily imposed upon, and was preparing, in pain and humiliation, to proceed to head-quarters, when my sergeant came in and said two warders had arrived from Talkham Convict Prison; would I see them?

One came in.

"Might I make so bold as to claim your assistance, sir? We have been in pursuit of a convict who escaped from our establishment the day before yesterday."

He produced a large placard headed with the royal arms. Under them, in flaming capitals, were the words:

"Convict just Escaped! Five Pounds Reward!"

Then followed the description.

"Thomas Twoshoes, alias Polish Ned, alias the Swaggering Sumph, alias Harry Highflyer; complexion sallow, dark eyes, high cheek-bones, black hair. Speaks with a foreign accent. Was dressed in trousers of patched blanketing and an old check shirt."

"Well, what can I do?" I asked a little nervously. Was I suspected of complicity? Doubtless I had lain myself open to the charge of aiding and abetting in the convict's escape. "If I can assist you in your search——"

"That isn't necessary, sir, for we've caught him."

"Caught him!" cried both Finch and myself in a breath.

"He is outside in the custody of Assistant-warder Tightlock. We captured him seven miles the other side of Yarechester. A boy saw him about daylight hiding behind a hedge changing his shirt—that he had on was marked with the Broad Arrow. We were informed, gave chase, and, after a sharp tussle, took him. Will you allow me to lodge him in your guard-room till the prison-van arrives?"

I consented, and went out with Finch to see the culprit, who was handcuffed and still in my clothes.

"Well, prince," I began.

"Pardon me," he said, gravely, "I am incog.; travelling under the name of Twoshoes. My equerry here, Mr. Tightlock, will explain."

"Always was a rum'un to patter. Flash as you like, and artful," said Mr. Tightlock.

"How he got away was marvellous; like magic," said the senior warder. "He was here to-day—"

"And will be gone again to-morrow," put in the incorrigible rogue. "But, while I have the opportunity, allow me to thank M. Carruthers for his generous hospitality; and perhaps you, sir," he went on to Bob Finch, "will convey to your brother officers an invitation to visit me at Talkham? The place is rough, but I am compelled to make it my residence for the present, and if any care to come over I shall be happy to give them their revenge."

"And the mess plate, Twoshoes?"

"Made into white soup hours ago."

"Melted down that is," remarked Tightlock, by way of explanation.

And that was all we ever heard of it.

THE TWIN PEAKS.

A STORY. IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

I WAS myself more affected by the impression which the perusal of the torn and discoloured fragments of MS. had produced upon my companion, than by the actual words of the unknown writer. The truth is, that being constitutionally sanguine, I had learned to distrust my own tendency to look at the bright side of a project, and it required strong evidence to convince me that I was not a willing dupe to my own hopefulness. Meshech, however, was of a very different mental habit, labouring, in his vocation as a gold-digger, as soberly and steadily as ever did the most painstaking farmer on his fields, and never sacrificing a small cer-

tainty to the possibility of larger but less sure returns.

But now I could see that the Vermonter was deeply moved. The strange way in which this morsel of scorched paper had come into our possession, may have had some influence over his imagination; and, indeed, the notion of being enriched by means so extraordinary was one to commend itself to the fancy. But this was not all. I verily believe that if the fragment of written paper had related to gold, Meshech would have turned a deaf ear to the wiles of the siren. But silver, in such store, and of so pure a quality as the memorandum indicated, was an irresistible lure to the strong-limbed descendant of hardy northern pioneers.

"The poor chap that penned they lines," said Meshech, thoughtfully, as we sat down to our meal—since, after all, men must eat—"has got rubbed out, most like, on his way back from Sacramento to the mines."

"You think, then, that he failed in obtaining the assistance on which he confidently reckoned?" I rejoined, inquiringly, for I had had cause to wonder at my companion's singular sagacity as to the practical matters of life.

"I expect he half failed," answered Meshech, slowly; "borrowed, that is, a handful of hard dollars; picked up, maybe, a mate or two among the loafers, and set off, and come across Wilson's gang, and went under. A bookish, white-fisted man he war, I guess. Gentleman, belike; and wouldn't wager, squire, he warn't from the old country, like yourself. Anyhow, except as to you and me, the secret died with him."

On this last point Meshech was absolutely dogmatic. Whether or not the companions of this unfortunate discoverer had perished along with him, it was unlikely that he should have imparted to them any intelligence, which might enable them to begin an independent search for the hidden treasure. As for the highwayman who had had the book, or part of it, in his possession, his very employment of the precious page as wadding for his pistol proved his reckless ignorance of its contents. By a marvellous chance, the scrap of charred MS. had been preserved for our especial benefit. Meshech, like many miners in all countries, had a tinge of fatalism in his belief, and in this case he yielded readily to the doctrine.

"But," said I, as we thrust aside our empty platters, and filled our pipes, "you

should remember that we possess no certain clue to guide us. There must be, in these half-explored regions, stretching as they do, over thousands of square miles, many peaks and crags among which to choose. The mine itself—for I agree with you that a mine must exist—may be, for aught we know, in Idaho, or Nevada, or in Arizona itself, as easily as in these parts and——”

“Ah! but we hev got a clue, squire!” cried Meshech, with an exulting slap of his weighty right hand upon the rickety table. “Twar to Stockton the chap made his way, warn’t it, after his partner died? Twar at One-Apple Ranch, warn’t it, now, his partner did die? This child knows the mountain farm they call so, an’ which got its name because the first squatter that settled there, a New Jersey man, kep’ on planting pippins, spite of the cold wind and cruel hail, and said he’d be satisfied if he could but get one of his young apple-trees to thrive on that bleak upland park, whar no tree grows but the pine and birch and juniper. That’s why it’s One-Apple Ranch; an’ I’m thinking we can’t do better nor track back from thar into the hills, till we find what we’re after.”

To this reasoning on Meshech’s side I could but yield a hearty acquiescence, and in less than a week from the date of the discovery of the pistol-wad, we had turned our backs on Bloody Creek, and were trudging sturdily towards the north, each in heavy marching order, with rifle and ammunition, blankets and haversack, the tools, the tiny tent, and the other weighty portions of our baggage being borne by a pack-mule, which we took in turn to lead. The rout which Meshech had selected led through a barren and thinly-inhabited district, where little food, save fried beans and maize tortillas, could be obtained for money, and where the few white settlers, of Spanish blood and speech, scowled upon us in a way that told of anything but love for the pushing, go-ahead Yankee conqueror.

“Never mind the greasers’ sour looks,” said Meshech, cheerily; “they hev’n’t, among the whole yellow-skinned lot, the manhood to stop a traveller on the high-road. An’ the real road-agents stick to the main tracks. Our only risk, hyar, is from Injuns; and the red varmints hev been smartly tamed, and wouldn’t venture in on two white men, unless crippled by famine or staggered with fever. They might steal the mule, though. I’ve known Injuns to dog a party five hundred miles, jest to snap up a horse-beast or so.”

Indeed the few poor creatures, of the Ute branch of the wide-spread Shoshonie tribe, who crawled out of their wigwams to beg tobacco and gunpowder, were not of an aspect to alarm the most timorous pilgrim, though, aware of their thievish propensities, we took care to hobble the mule’s forefeet together at each halting-place, and more than once discharged our firearms, when the tall grass and bushes near our camp fire rustled under the stealthy passage of wolf or Indian. But the Vermonter’s assertion was correct. The stunted savages of that district had been thoroughly “tamed,” and were no whit more dangerous than the gipsies on an English common.

“There, Britisher,” said Meshech, as he pointed to a low-roofed, straggling congeries of buildings on the highest ridge of a lofty table-land overlooked by yet loftier mountains, “is One-Apple Ranch. Last time I happened into it, it belonged to old Deacon Scott. Guess it’s changed hands a few sin’ the deacon died.”

The upland farm proved to have passed into the possession of an elderly Bavarian farmer, who, with his wife and sons, had been for two years established there, and whose numerous kine were cropping the short sweet grass of the hill pasture. Herr Muller, his sturdy frau, and the flaxen-haired, round-face young men, were as unfavourable specimens of the South-German emigrant as I have ever met with. Except for present payment, they would not extend to us even the hospitality of a disused shed, and affected to understand little or no English; but I was fortunately fluent enough in the German tongue, to frustrate this attempt to get rid of unwelcome questioners. As it was, the replies which I got were boorish and grudging. There had been two strangers, last autumn, at the ranch, and the elder of the two had died, after giving more trouble than he was worth, and lay buried in the swamp where the wild flax grew. The other fellow—Yankee or Englander—was gone, long since, on the way to Stockton, and the Muller family had never seen him again, and had no desire so to do. What manner of men they were—the sick stranger who had drawn his last breath there, and his comrade—the Bavarians professed not to remember. The survivor had said nothing as to his name or residence. He had paid for what the pair had had in rough silver.

“You may rely on it,” whispered I to

Meshech, as we took up our quarters in the shed, "that these people are not quite so incurious as they feign to be. Their sullen, almost resentful, manner indicates that they guess our errand, and are provoked that they have not made themselves masters of the secret."

And in fact when, on the next morning, we entered the bleak pass that yawned high above the natural park or pasture in which the ranch stood, one of the young Bavarians from the farm followed us for leagues among the stony ravines and beetling crags, under the pretext of seeking for a strayed calf, and was not shaken off until noon. The mountains we were now traversing were savage and lonely beyond the average of the western wilderness, though here and there we came to broken dams, abandoned workings, and ruined shanties, telling of industry that had long ceased.

"There war a tidy bit of gold washed hyar, years agone," observed the Vermonter, as we passed on. "'Twar all siface dirt, though, and the placers war soon as bare as Broadway."

Up to the close of the second day's march after leaving the ranch, we were in a country the general features of which were known to Meshech, but soon after passing a pine-tree which had been roughly "blazed," or barked, by the surveyor's axe, and on one side of which was painted "Nevada," and on the other "California," to mark the limits of the state and those of the territory, we found the path fork, so that we had to choose whether to follow the route that trended southward, or that which led, according to Meshech's computation, towards the sources of the Buenaventura river. The former of these two tracts, running as it did through grassy meadows and past clumps of timber, was the most attractive.

"Let's take the path to the left," said Meshech, after a brief hesitation; "gold, an' silver, too, are apt to make their nest whar it's ugly, squire."

Nor could anything easily surpass in grimness of aspect the sterile and desolate region into which we now plunged, and where we found it no easy matter to procure even grass enough for the mule, whose ribs and coat began to show tokens of the scanty living to be picked up in those stony ravines. Still we pressed on, passing, now and again, the bleached bones of horses or cattle, the property of earlier explorers of that inhospitable district.

Except the marmots sunning themselves on the rocks overhead, or some solitary vulture perched on the highest pinnacle of a naked cliff, we saw no signs of life. All was bare, barren, and ghastly, and the entire valley seemed to be one in which a wolf would have starved.

Strange to say, Meshech's spirits rose, as we went on plodding through the midst of this joyless landscape, whereas mine, usually buoyant enough, flagged sadly. On what a wild-goose chase, after all, had we entered! The mine might be anywhere—leagues away, perhaps—and situated in some dale or glen quite distinct from the gloomy ravine that we were traversing. The proverbial hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay was not more preposterous than the attempt to identify two particular crags among the many which—Ha! what was that? For, with a gasping cry, like that of a wounded man suddenly stricken by the arrows or bullets of ambushed Indians, Meshech, who had been leading the mule, let go the bridle, staggered, and clutched me by the shoulder to save himself from falling.

"See! see!" said the Vermonter, in smothered accents, as I questioned him as to the cause of his sudden emotion, and, following the direction of his pointing finger, my eyes lit upon a succession of objects which seemed strangely familiar to me. Those two horn-shaped peaks, bright-red in colour, rising boldly above the ragged curtain of gray or variegated rock, where, save in a dream, could I have seen them before? That yawning gully, locally known as a canon or canyon, at the foot of the hill, why did it seem as if I knew its water-worn caves and loose boulders? Could it be—

"The Twin Peaks!" shouted Meshech, snatching a pickaxe from the bundle of tools strapped to the mule's pack-saddle: "Race for it, Britisher; and let's make good our claim before another stirs sod or stone of the mine!"

There was something pathetic, if ludicrous, in the school-boy eagerness with which Meshech and I dashed into the canon, scrambled up the rugged hill-side, and began, with feverish haste, to ply pick and shovel, to slash and hack with our bowie knives amid the brushwood, and to stick wands and slips of wood into the turf and crevices by way of "staking out" our claims. The right of prior occupation, according to law and custom, having been thus secured, we were at leisure to take a

more deliberate survey of our domains. That we had found the mine itself was pretty clear. The indications given in the memorandum were precise; and there, above our heads, soared the double peak, and beneath lay the canon, while a thread of water fell trickling down from a cliff hard by.

It was already late in the afternoon, but by the rays of the sinking sun I espied a glittering scrap of something peeping from amidst the dried grass and withered leaves, and hurrying to the spot, drew forth a jagged fragment of virgin silver, that might have turned the scale at five ounces, the first-fruits of our prize.

"May I never, but they've salted the mine, for a blind, with leaves and dead brush, so as to hide the trail!" shouted the Vermonter, as he tossed aside the withered mosses and the dry twigs, and bathed his hands, as if in water, in the silver lumps and silver scales, the silver sand and knobs of silver ore that lay thickly beneath. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands.

"Thank God!" he said, "for this—for this, that makes a lady of little sister Ruth, toiling over her weary stitching-work to home in Vermont—for this, that brings the dear old mother to share my home—for this, an' that's the least of the three, that makes a man of Meshech I. Sims. I hope," the brave, simple fellow added, as he rose up, with flushed face and streaming eyes, from his knees, "I hope, squire, you don't think me a silly, now?"

My own heart was beating high, as I remembered Alice, and my own hopes, never so near, as it seemed, to fruition as then. The twilight in those latitudes is but brief, and it grew dark before we could gather up the whole of the hoard of loose silver concealed by the earliest explorers of the mine, and it was not until the pale moon rose, a trembling crescent, over the eastern mountains, that I could cross the canon, and capture the mule which had strayed off in search of provender.

The next three or four weeks were so marked by constant anxiety, sleeplessness, hardships, and toil, that I look back to them now as to the crowded phantasmagoria of a bad dream. The life, even of a successful Californian digger, is not passed on a bed of roses. How the rumour of our wonderful good fortune became noised abroad has always been a standing puzzle to me; but, as vultures wing their way to the carcass of a dead buffalo, so did miners

somehow scent out the rich prize of the Twin Peaks; and, before long, huts, tents, and booths dotted the ravine in such numbers that the place bore some rude resemblance to an English fair.

We had never had the right or the thought to appropriate the entire mine as our own. But a certain liberal portion, comprising the cinnabar veins on the top-most pinnacles, and extending far down the mountain, we had staked out; and this, by "diggers' law" and Congress enactment, was acknowledged to be justly ours. The other portions of the hill-side were eagerly divided among the first comers, and then we found ourselves in presence of an excited and motley throng, ready to buy us out, to jostle us out, to win our claims from us at monte, faro, or poker, or to get rid of us by means of a convenient free fight over any casual dispute at one of the sundry drinking-bars that had been set up, as if by enchantment, in that sequestered valley.

The Twin Peaks Mine, soon to be quoted on the exchanges of America and Europe, did not fall short of the sanguine anticipations of the original discoverers. The yield, even close to the surface, was very large, both as to metallic silver and ore of a fine quality; and after one or two hair-breadth escapes, and much annoyance, Meshech and I were left unmolested in the possession of our claims, with a score of hired labourers, working under our direction in sinking shafts and galleries for the better extraction of the precious ore that lay beneath.

How we toiled, and struggled, and reaped our harvest—how my skill as a civil engineer, in extemporising machinery to be impelled by water-power, and in impressing the mountain torrents to help us in keeping our boring-tools and crushing-mills at work proved useful, may be readily imagined. We eventually sold our rights to a wealthy company of mining speculators; and the Twin Peaks Mine, though thrown into the shade by recent and vaster discoveries, yet figures respectably in the monthly San Francisco circular.

Meshech, with his old mother, were, when last I heard from my former comrade and constant friend, settled in a pleasant villa on the banks of the Hudson, where his sister, who is married to a senator, I believe, spends every summer with them. My own happy home is in England, where, with Alice for my wife, I have long been established, and where Alice's kind mother has learned to forget

the sad days of her Californian exile. But we have surely cause to speak well, personally, of the Far West, since we owe the modest prosperity of our contented lives to the fortunate chance that led to the re-discovery of the Twin Peaks Mine.

INDIAN TEA.

ONLY half a century ago it was commonly believed that the "*Camellia theifera*," or tea-plant, was confined to a belt of land within the Chinese Empire, lying between twenty-five and thirty-three degrees of north latitude. It chanced, however, that in the year 1823 an enterprising Scottish trader, named Robert Bruce, conveyed a cargo of miscellaneous articles up the rivers of Assam to the town of Rungpore, at that time the most important collection of huts in those parts. This Mr. Bruce, being something of a botanist, discovered, to his great surprise, that the lofty trees beneath whose grateful shade he was one day reposing, were of the same genus, and even species, as the lowly tea-producing shrubs of China. Many of these trees exceeded forty feet in height, while not a few attained to sixty feet, though they seldom measured more than a yard in circumference. In answer to his inquiries, he learned that a decoction of tea-leaves had long been a favourite beverage of the Singphos, the tribe inhabiting that district, and that the plant was indigenous to all that portion of Assam which is included between twenty-seven and twenty-eight degrees north. Convinced of the usefulness of his discovery, Mr. Bruce prevailed upon the Singpho chief to enter into an engagement to supply a certain number of plants at a proper period of the ensuing year. In the meantime, however, the first Burmese war broke out, in the course of which, Mr. C. A. Bruce, in command of some gunboats, penetrated as high as Sadiya, where he was shown the agreement made with his brother. On the conclusion of hostilities, Mr. C. A. Bruce conveyed to Calcutta some plants and seed from Upper Assam; and in acknowledgment of his services received a medal from the London Society of Arts. The incident was fruitless of further consequences, but in 1832 Lord William Bentinck's attention was drawn to the similarity of Assam, in soil and climate, to the tea-growing districts of China. Two years later, a committee was appointed to

take into consideration the best means of introducing tea cultivation into the territories of the East India Company. The existence of the indigenous plant was thus once more brought to light, and Mr. C. A. Bruce was selected to superintend the first Government nurseries, while seed, seedlings, and experienced tea-growers and manufacturers, were imported from China. After one or two failures, some samples were produced of such excellent quality, that in 1839 a company was formed in London, under the style of the Assam Tea Company, with a capital of half-a-million, in ten thousand shares of fifty pounds each. To this private association, the Government transferred two-thirds of their plantations—the remaining portion being sold to a Chinaman, in 1849, for something less than one hundred pounds. The first operations of the Assam Tea Company were eminently unsuccessful, being conducted in the most extravagant manner, and without the slightest practical knowledge. It is therefore not very surprising that by 1846-47, the shares, on which twenty pounds had been paid, were practically unsaleable, while a few are said to have changed owners at the nominal price of half-a-crown. This period of depression lasted for several years; but in 1852, a change for the better set in, and since then the company has enjoyed a career of triumphant success. At that date, five or six private gardens had been established at different points, and by 1859 no fewer than fifty-one plantations were being worked by private individuals. Most of these were fairly successful; and up to the year 1863 the prospects of the tea industry were, at least, highly satisfactory. Unfortunately, just then a spirit of wild speculation took possession of the Calcutta community, and bubble succeeded to bubble with dazzling rapidity. "Often in those days," writes an Indian official, "was a small garden made of thirty or forty acres, and sold to a company as one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres. The price paid, moreover, was quite out of proportion to even the supposed area. Two or three lakhs of rupees (twenty or thirty thousand pounds) have often been paid for such gardens, when not more than two years old, and forty per cent. of the existing areas vacancies. The original 'cultivators' retired, and the company carried on." Not unfrequently, the tracts of land disposed of for this

purpose had no existence whatever, or were situated in the wild mountains of the Looshai country, in the midst of unreclaimed savages. At other times a certain extent of accessible land would be obtained, a small portion of which would be cleared and planted with seedlings. Then a company would be formed, with a high interest guaranteed for so many years, the amount of which was, of course, included in the capital. In one instance, at least, "the Indian manager of a promoter of companies in London, was advised by his employer to clear and plant a certain area of waste land, for delivery to a company, to whom he had just sold it as a tea-garden." A year or two afterwards these airy schemes floated away, not without dire loss and ruin to many hundreds of individuals, who, in their over-haste to become rich, had allowed credulity to supplant common sense. With the collapse of the bubble companies a new era was instituted, and from that time the cultivation of the tea-plant has been conducted on the same principles as any other agricultural industry, and with a degree of success which justifies sanguine expectations for the future. The chief difficulty hitherto encountered, and now at last in a fair way to be overcome, has been to obtain a continuous supply of useful labour at reasonable rates. The Assamese themselves will accept work in tea-gardens only when it suits themselves, and for fitful periods of service, deeming it beneath their dignity as landed proprietors—after the manner of French peasants—to bind themselves by regular engagements. It became necessary, therefore, to import labourers from Bengal, and until quite recently the Bengal cooly regarded Assam as a wild and savage land, peopled by ornel and even monstrous inhabitants. And in addition to ideal prejudices, a Hindoo, however destitute he may be, clings to the ancestral village and the rural gods of his forefathers; nor at first could any provision be made for the importation of wives and families. Then, as the earliest immigrants for the most part belonged to the sickly, half-starved, unemployed, redundant population, the sudden change from a scanty to a sufficient diet, together with the dense crowding together on board the river boats, and the inadequate preparations made for their reception on their arrival at their respective plantations, induced a mortality that was really appalling. Happily,

a very different state of things may now be recorded, dating from 1866, the last period of depression in the tea industry. The coolies are now recruited by native foremen, who have had practical experience of tea cultivation, who know the sort of men best adapted for the peculiar kind of work, and who are responsible for the recruits they enlist. As far as is possible, married men are encouraged to take with them their wives and little children, so as to form a home, and revive, as it were, the loved image of the old Bengal village. On the necessarily tedious voyage, advantage is taken of convenient resting-places towards nightfall, where the immigrants can be landed for a brief space to cook their simple food, and take their evening, usually their only, meal in little groups upon the river-bank. At the plantations they find convenient huts, with bits of garden ground, situated on a healthy spot, and arranged like "the lines" of a native regiment. Their wages are considerably higher than they could have earned in Bengal, and their occupation, never excessively fatiguing, lasts all the year round.

So far as the coolies themselves are concerned, the labour question may be said to be at last satisfactorily solved; but on the side of the planters there still remains something to be desired. Among any numerous body of working-men there is always to be found a not inconsiderable percentage of idlers, malingerers, and discontented vagabonds. The coolies employed in Assam are no exception to the rule, and ever and again—generally, of course, at the busiest season—the planter misses a certain number of hands, whose absence entails a serious loss. It is true he can apply for redress to the nearest magistrate, but the remedy is usually worse than the disease. After wasting much valuable time, and undergoing no little annoyance, and even impertinence from the local administrator of the law, who usually evinces the silly old prejudice against "the interloper," the planter may possibly succeed in sending his runaway servant to prison for one month. But, oddly enough, that punishment is held to cancel the previous agreement between master and man; so that, while the one enjoys a holiday, the other forfeits the expenses he has incurred in importing his labourer—from six to eight pounds—and the advances he has had to make to enable the fellow to settle down comfortably. To a cooly

there is no disgrace in being locked up, nor does he find any reason to complain of his lodging, and diet, and freedom from labour. And when the prison door is unlocked, he is at liberty to offer his services to whom he pleases, tolerably certain of a good engagement where labour is still so highly prized. In this direction there is certainly room for improvement, but the Indian Legislature is ever slow to move in rendering effectual encouragement to British capital and enterprise.

The most successful tea plantations are those situated on low, undulating slopes. To ensure a constant and rapid succession of leaves, both heat and moisture are indispensable; but the latter must be derived from running streams, and not from stagnant pools. Above all things is it necessary that the gardens should be above all danger of inundation, for water lodging about the roots turns the leaves yellow, and generally weakens the plant. Of late years greater attention has been paid to the subject of manure, now that the soil is no longer enriched by the decaying vegetation of the primeval forests. Trees, indeed, are still left here and there, for the twofold purpose of shading the seedlings and of retaining moisture in the soil; but the mature plant requires sunshine for the healthy development of its leaves. In the early days of the industry planters were content with three gatherings in the year, of which the first, and best, took place in April, when the young leaf-buds were still covered with a whitish down. The second harvest, so to speak, came off in June, when the leaves were of a dull green hue, and less delicate in flavour; and the third in July, when the leaves were dark green, and altogether coarser. Experience, however, has shown that the tea-plant can put forth eight or nine "flushes" of leaves in the course of the year without being sensibly injured; nor is there any very appreciable difference in the quality of the various pluckings. In Assam, black and green teas are made from the same plant, though the best green implies superior culture, and is also differently prepared. The Chinese seldom allow the shrub to exceed three feet in height, so that it is continually putting forth fresh branches; while the gatherers can squat on the ground and be aided by their children. In India, however, the plant is commonly suffered to grow as high as six and even eight feet,

which compels the pluckers to stand to much of their work, and increases their fatigue. Seedlings will yield a small crop in the third year, but the plant does not attain maturity before the sixth, and will bear for at least forty years if properly managed. The most genial soil is a light porous yellow loam, belonging to the clay-slate formation, fertilised by decaying matter or cattle manure. Since the great extension of tea cultivation, dating from 1866, either indigenous or hybrid seed has been almost exclusively used, though previously the preference seems to have been given to China seed, especially in Cachar, Darjeeling, and the Upper Provinces. "The character of the tea made from these varieties" has been described by a recent writer upon this subject as "rough, pungent, and brisk, with a rich, malty flavour; while that from the China plant is much milder in all respects. In Assam these qualities are obtained in the highest degree; in Cachar they are slightly modified; and in Darjeeling, especially on the higher ranges, the pungency and rich malty flavour are somewhat wanting, though compensation may be found in superior aroma and delicacy. The nearer the Indian teas approach the corresponding China varieties, the lower is their market value, while the most esteemed are the kinds which possess in the highest degree the essential attributes of the Assam type. The strong, pungent Assam leaf is at present chiefly employed for mixing with China teas of low quality and price, to enable retail dealers to realise larger profits than they could possibly obtain from unmixed teas." In Ireland, it is said, unadulterated Assam tea is largely sold to the working population, who will tolerate no admixture, though in London it is seldom procurable in retail quantities. No adulteration of any kind is ever practised in India. The genuine article is carefully packed up and despatched to Mincing-lane, where it is disposed of, still untampered with, to wholesale dealers, who pass it on in the same condition to the retail vendors, whose doings are too often shrouded in mystery.

Originally it was found necessary to employ Chinese labourers largely, at every stage from plucking to packing, and they are still valued as superintendents and in the nicer operations, where their delicacy of touch is unrivalled. Of late years, however, machinery has been very generally introduced for rolling and sorting, and

will, no doubt, gradually supplant hand-labour as it becomes more perfected.

The tea cultivation chiefly flourishes in five divisions of the Bengal provinces—Assam (now a chief commissionership), Dacca, Kooch Behar, Chittagong, and Chota Nagpore. Up to the present time about seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of waste land have been secured by individuals or companies interested in this industry, but barely one-tenth portion of that area has yet been actually planted with the tea-shrub. As the average yield of the mature plant is estimated at four hundred pounds per acre, it follows that even the comparatively small area already under cultivation is capable of producing thirty millions of pounds per annum. Indeed, our imports of tea from all parts of India amounted, in 1874, to seventeen millions six hundred thousand pounds; and, in 1875, to twenty-five millions seven hundred and forty thousand pounds; as against one hundred and forty millions six hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds from China in 1874; and one hundred and sixty-nine millions two hundred and sixty-one thousand pounds in 1875. It may be added, that the deliveries for the first quarter of the present year are at the rate of twenty-eight and a half million pounds per annum. This, however, is but the prelude to an enormous extension of an industry which, in the lapse of years, is probably destined to render England wholly independent of China for the supply of this wholesome beverage. The capital required for a plantation sufficiently large to maintain a family in comfort is computed at about three thousand pounds, as no returns can be expected before the fourth year. Living, however, is cheap enough, if the settler is content to dispense with luxuries. He rears his own mutton and poultry; fish and game are abundant and easily procurable; his neat and commodious bungalow costs little to erect; his clothing is simple and inexpensive; and his occupation for a considerable period of the year light and agreeable. There is not, perhaps, much social intercourse, for his neighbours are few and far apart; but this will improve as fresh lands are taken up, and communication with Calcutta is now both regular and frequent. The greatest drawback is the liability to fever; but as cultivation spreads, the malarious districts will naturally lose much of their virulence, and will gradually be reclaimed.

It must not be supposed that it is only in the lower provinces that the "Camellia theifera" is cultivated as an article of commerce. It flourishes, likewise, in the north-western provinces; and tea grown in the Kangra valley has been imported into Kashgar. The Deyra Dhoon, a beautiful plain or valley enclosed between the Himalayas and the Sewalik range, is eminently well adapted to this delightful and profitable industry, while gardens have been not less successfully established on the lower slopes of eastern Guhrwal and Kumaon. Little of the tea grown in those parts reaches the English markets, being bought up at high prices by the native gentry, who have already acquired a taste for this grateful and harmless stimulant. The opening for adventurers, however, is, upon the whole, less tempting in the north-west than in Assam, Darjeeling, or Cachar, the area being more limited, the expenses far greater, and the market almost local.

PHEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LVII. THE FAMILY MORTIFIED.

It fell out that on the next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Pringle had arranged to take his whole party over to see a great show-place in the neighbourhood belonging to a great lord, whom they knew in a sort of debatable way—that is, by great pressure and exertion, they had contrived an introduction at some party, which was the whole of the acquaintance. To say the truth, they were not at all eager for the expedition, feeling uneasy as to what it might bring forth; but there had been such an assumption of intimate acquaintance: "Of course, you are always running over to Gules Hall?" "I suppose you find the Guleses capital neighbours?"—that the Pringles had only to reply with vague simperings of assent.

It was Lord Garterley who called out decidedly, "Oh, you must make a day of it to go to Gules." And, in sheer desperation, Mrs. Pringle had sent a man and horse with a humble and respectful letter, hoping that she might be allowed to bring a party of friends who were staying with them, and who were most anxious to see the Hall, on the next day.

A reply came from Lord Gules himself, in the manner of the late Duke of Wel-

lington, in which it was politely stated that the following day was the public show-day, when the Castle was open to all comers, and that there was no need to ask permission. This struck a chill to Mrs. Pringle's heart. Still, she comforted herself by the reflection that Lord Gules had simply stated the fact; and she could not resist the pleasure of saying, carelessly:

"I have just had a note from Lord Gules. Unfortunately, it seems to-morrow is the public day; but you won't mind that?"

Accordingly, they started in three carriages, and went over the revered old pile.

"It's nearly thirty years—would you believe it?—since I have been here," said Lord Garterley, as they were passing through the Hall.

"What! then you know Lord Gules?" faltered Mrs. Pringle.

"Lord bless you, well! You'd better go in and see Lady Gules. She's in the drawing-room—"

"I?" said Mrs. Pringle, shrinking and dreadfully confused.

"I suppose she'll offer the party lunch? I'll beat her up. Where's his lordship?" he asked of one of the servants. "Tell him Lord Garterley is here."

The ladies gathered round Mrs. Pringle, but the ponies remained a pitiable specimen of fear and irresolution.

"I hardly know her well enough," she began.

"Why, I thought you said you were intimate?" he answered with some impatience. "Here! I'll settle it." And Lord Garterley, advancing gaily, tapped at the drawing-room door, entered, and shut it, and from the loud laughter and hilarity the party without could see that he was well received.

Lady Gules presently came out.

"Which is Mrs. Pringle?" she said. That lady was standing before her, a monument of hesitation and undignified confusion. "Oh, won't you come in and sit down? Pray do. Any friend of Lord Garterley's, I am sure—pray, come in! All your friends also!"

And thus a sort of herd made its way in, Mrs. Pringle being last among the rest. Lady Gules was most gracious and empressée in her manner, collectively, as it were. But old Sam, cowed at first, was now indignant at their undignified position, and at the buck, so he phrased it, which his wife had run upon them all;

and he now, with his usual prancings, made his advances to the lady of the house.

"A lovely place, indeed, madam, and with a divinity as elegant to preside over it. These are your lovely daughters, I presume, ma'am?"

The reply was a look of astonishment and a cold inclination.

"We have a poor little shanty of our own, not far from this," continued Sam, not at all abashed. "We must get your ladyship over there, and will take all care of you."

The lady had that rather common reputation, in the aristocracy—of being "the proudest woman in England," and again merely gave an inclination of a smilingly haughty kind. Lord Garterley was the person whom she honoured through the whole ceremony. The Pringle family had to talk to each other. As they were going away, Mrs. Pringle, in her favourite sweetly-smiling, hesitating manner, began to murmur:

"We have a number of friends staying with us—Lord Rotherhithe, Lord Garterley, and others, and if—er—you would not mind—"

The proudest lady in England smiled her off with her favourite inclination of her head—a most curious language, which she kept for such people. It was gracious, and at the same time seemed to push Mrs. Pringle away. That lady felt embarrassed, and dared not press for a more explicit answer.

When they were driving home, Lord Garterley said, in a blunt way:

"I thought you was intimate with the Guleses. Otherwise we ought not to have invaded them with such a large party."

During their absence a curious little episode was going forward. Mr. Brookfield did not care to be of the party, and had remained at home, as had the young lord, who considered such an expedition mere "rot," as he put it. The former gentleman had letters to write, and, though not using the young nobleman's unrefined phrase, held the same view. There was a good deal in the place to see and enjoy—there were rabbits to be shot—the young lord was an amusing fellow enough, and his views of society, as taken from his own special point, were new to Mr. Brookfield. He had gone to his room to "rig himself out," as he put it, and Mr. Brookfield was going towards the hall, when he was attracted by a sort of dis-

cussion that was going on between the servant and some visitor.

"Well, then, I'll wait. I shan't go away. You have no right to prevent me coming. Let me see someone."

"Very sorry, sir," the man was answering—with that respectful imperturbability of the menial for which they receive great credit, but is more nearly allied to dulness than is supposed—"but I can't admit you."

"I tell you I am Mr. Pringle's son."

"Very likely, sir. But the family is all out."

Mr. Pringle's son! This was strange indeed. Mr. Brookfield at once came forward, naturally feeling curiosity as to the appearance of this oppressor of the heroine of his little adventure. He took his measure at once—petulance, folly, instability, fickleness, sulkiness—there was, besides, about his dress a certain air of decay and shabbiness.

"The family are away," said Mr. Brookfield. "You had better return later, if you still wish to see them."

"This is my father's house," said the other excitedly; "and you see that I am refused admittance."

Mr. Brookfield shrugged his shoulders. Then, adroitly offering a sort of *juste milieu*, put on his hat and walked out on the lawn. The young man was as clay in the hands of that well-trained person. Mr. Brookfield appeared to listen to his story of grievances, while he, in reality, made the young man tell all he desired to know. Presently appeared Lord Rotherhithe, who joined the pair, and having been told the quality of the new arrival, declared it was "deuced odd," and seemed much taken aback at the discovery of the condition of this person.

After a short stay Mr. Pringle, who was sadly changed, and had become a grievance-monger, returned to his inn, declaring that he would come back in the morning and "make a row." That evening Mr. Brookfield had a long conversation with Mr. Pringle. There was an odd change noticed in the behaviour of the young lord that night. He was gloomy, "short" in manner, and distant all the night; remained long at billiards; and clearly had something on his mind. His appointed lady-love was much bewildered by this behaviour.

Mrs. Pringle was greatly disturbed and put out at noting these symptoms, the more so as she could not account for them. She had, after all, the feelings of a mother, and when she heard that her son

was almost at the very gate of her home, an outcast and in sore distress, she became at first a little agitated. But then followed the reflection how awkward and inconvenient it was; especially if any of the guests should meet him! A pauper, out-at-elbows son, with a grievance, would be too discredit-able; and if it got abroad! She was much put out, especially when Mr. Brookfield announced the intentions of the young man, and his proposed visit on the following day.

"Something should be done at once," said Mr. Brookfield; "forgive me if I speak plainly, but these family difficulties are looked on as an affront by the public, or rather by society, which desires that we should have a laundry at home for washing this sort of linen. If you cannot be reconciled, why not let them have a small allowance and save yourself this host of inconveniences?"

"I quite agree with you, and I am for it, and have said so all through. It is unchristian, and, as you say, inconvenient. But you know what Mr. Pringle is, and how impossible it is to get him to see things properly. On this point he seems to be really mad—talks of letting them starve and all that."

"What does Miss Lacroix say?"

"Do you know she puzzles me. I sometimes think that she seems to influence Mr. Pringle in this view, though she counsels him. But really without her I could not keep Mr. Pringle in any order. He would disgrace us before all our friends."

"Well, I can supply you with an additional motive for an accommodation. Lord Rotherhithe unfortunately met your son to-day, and you can see he is not a little changed, either by what he has heard or by what he suspects. I would certainly do something, and do it at once."

She thought she would speak to Sam; but the incurable old jester was at that moment giving a representation of the *cachucha*, as he had seen it danced by the charming Duvernay. "She had the loveliest-formed limbs you ever saw, and the way she leaped and glided would have done a bishop's heart good. See here, my honey-bird," he said to Miss Lacroix, "you stand thus. There was a twirling Frenchman, called Petty, that used to dance with her, and was like a gate-post for her to lean against, while she pattered round on her pootty little toetums." And old Sam began to walk round Miss Lacroix in the

style he described, causing inextinguishable laughter.

Lord Rotherhithe alone looked on gloomily.

Old Sam, who was selfish enough even to sacrifice the interests of his family to his own humours, was a little nettled at this gravity; for the young lord was regarding this "clowning" with a sort of stolid gravity that seemed akin to disgust.

"You don't seem to enjoy the little show?" said Sam, in a tart style. "What's the matter, my juvenile member of the Upper House?"

"It's a curious performance; but I've seen better," said the young man, turning away.

The ponies gave an imploring look; but it was of no avail. As soon as Miss Lacroix was released, Mr. Brookfield was beside her.

"Do you know," he said, "I am a little surprised that you encourage the exuberancies of our host, especially as I believe you have some influence with him."

"You seem always ready to judge me harshly," she said. "I would not behave so to you. But I have some little influence with him; he must be indulged sometimes, or he would be intolerable."

"Then why not exert it," he said, abruptly, "and reconcile him to his son and daughter?"

She turned away impatiently.

"Why not leave out the son? You are not much interested in him. Give things their right names. Well, you want me to do—what?"

"The young man was here to-day."

She started.

"Yes. I saw him—talked with him. There will be a scandal here; his mother is willing to come to some terms. As you say you have influence with the person they call old Sam, you can do the rest. You will save this unfortunate young husband from misery; for I can see that he has found a way of forgetting his troubles."

"So you have arranged my part in this affair?" said she, coldly. "You wish me to exert myself for your protégée? What if I decline the character for which you have cast me? Have you forgotten our conversation of last night?"

"Not a word of it; but what part do you refer to?"

"You require to be reminded, I see; it was too unimportant for you to recollect, because it concerned me. I told you that I was not called upon to imperil my own position; I am content to accept events as they come, but not to turn them against myself."

"That is a delusion, and the fiction does not blind me. The conclusion I have formed—forgive me being so brusque—is this: you must have some secret animosity to this poor child."

"Poor child!" repeated the other, with scorn.

"Yes, such she is; and you are afraid that her presence here may interfere with your views as to some one in whom you are interested. I acquit you of so vulgar a passion as revenge or vindictiveness. See, you are colouring! Very well," he added, turning away, "since such is your programme, here is mine. By to-morrow we shall have brought about this reconciliation, and the young man will be in the bosom of his family. There, Miss Lacroix! And a day or two later I hope to see this poor, injured, little wife enjoying her proper place here!"

Miss Lacroix said nothing.

"Now, mind," he said, almost sternly, "your own declaration—no opposition—or, at least, only passiveness—"

"I declare nothing," she answered. "I reserve all my own power of acting in any way I choose." Then, suddenly, "What have I done during our short acquaintance to make you dislike me so?"

"So speaks one school-girl to another," he answered, laughing. "There are few persons one takes the trouble to dislike."

END OF THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

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