

ONCE A WEEK.

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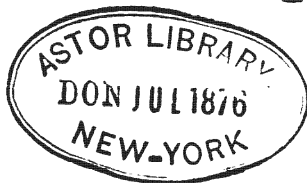
Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME III.

June
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1860.



LONDON :

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

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FAIR and
Famous
Faristan

EVAN HARRINGTON ; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MERKIDITH.



CHAPTER XXVIII. TOM COGGLESBY'S PROPOSITION.

THE appearance of a curricule and a donkey-cart within the gates of Beckley Court, produced a sensation among the men of the lower halls, and a couple of them rushed out, with the left calf considerably in advance, to defend the house from violation. Towards the curricule they directed what should have been a bow, but was a nod. Their joint attention was then given to the donkey-cart, in which old Tom Cogglesby sat alone, bunchy in figure, bunched in face, his shrewd grey eyes twinkling under the bush of his eyebrows.

"Oy, sir—you! my man!" exclaimed the tallest of the pair, resolutely. "This won't do. Don't you know driving this 'ere sort of conveyance slap along the gravel 'ere, up to the pillars 'ere, 's unparliamentary? Can't be allowed. Now, right about. Aimmediate!"

This address, accompanied by a commanding elevation of the dexter hand, seemed to excite Mr. John Raikes far more than Old Tom. He alighted from his perch in haste, and was running up to the stalwart figure, crying "Fellow! fellow!" when, as you tell a dog to lie down, Old Tom called out, "Be quiet, sir!" and Mr. John Raikes halted with prompt military obedience.

The sight of the curricule acting satellite to the donkey-cart quite staggered the two footmen.

"Are you lords?" sang out Old Tom.

A burst of laughter from the friends of Mr. John Raikes, in the curricule, helped to make the powdered gentlemen aware of a sarcasm, and one, with no little dignity, replied that they were not lords.

"Are ye judges?"

"We are not."

"Oh! Then come and hold my donkey."

Great irresolution was displayed at the injunction, but having consulted the face of Mr. Raikes, one fellow, evidently half overcome by what was put upon him, with the steps of Adam into exile, descended to the gravel and laid his hand on the donkey's head.

"Hold hard!" cried Old Tom. "Whisper in his ear. He'll know your language."

"May I have the felicity of assisting you to terra firma?" interposed Mr. Raikes, with the bow of deferential familiarity.

"Done that once too often," returned Old Tom, jumping out. "There. What's the fee?"

Mr. Raikes begged that all minor arrangements with the menials should be left to him.

"What's the fee?" Old Tom repeated. "There's a fee for everything in this world. If you ain't lords or judges, you ought to be paid for dressing like 'em. Come, there's a crown for you that ain't afraid of a live donkey; and there's a six-penny bit for you that are—to keep up your courage; and when he's dead you shall have his skin—to shave by."

"Excellent! Most admirable!" shouted Mr. Raikes. "Franco, you heard? Fred?"

"First-rate!" was the unanimous response from the curriole: nor was Old Tom altogether displeased at the applause of his audience. The receiver of the sixpenny bit gratified his contempt by spinning it in the air, and remarking to his comrade, as it fell: "Do for the beggars."

"Must be a lord!" interjected Old Tom. "Ain't that their style?"

Mr. Raikes laughed mildly. "When I was in Town, sir, on my late fortunate expedition, I happened to be driving round St. Paul's. Rather a crush. Some particular service going on. In my desire to study humanity in all its aspects, I preferred to acquiesce in the blockade of carriages and avoid manslaughter. My optics were attracted by several effulgent men that stood and made a blaze at the lofty doors of the cathedral. Nor mine alone. A dame with an umbrella—she likewise did regard the pageant show. 'Sir,' says she to me. I leaned over to her, affably—as usual. 'Sir, can you be so good as to tell me the names of they noblemen there?' Atrocious grammar is common among the people, but a gentleman passes it by: it being his duty to understand what is *meant* by the poor creatures. You laugh, sir! You agree with me. Consequently I looked about me for the representatives of the country's pride. 'What great lords are they?' she repeats. I followed the level of her umbrella, and felt—astonishment was uppermost. Should I rebuke her? Should I enlighten her? Never, I said to myself: but one, a wretch, a brute, had not these scruples. 'Them 'ere chaps, ma'am?' says he. 'Lords, ma'am? why, Lor' bless you, they're the Lord Mayor's footmen!' The illusion of her life was scattered! I mention the circumstance to show you, sir, that the mistake is perfectly possible. Of course, the old dame in question, if a woman of a great mind, will argue that supposing Lord Mayor's footmen to be plumed like estridges—gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer, what must Lord Mayors be, and semperannual Lords, and so on to the pinnacle?—the footmen

the basis of the aristocratic edifice. Then again she may say, *Can* nature excel that magnificent achievement I behold, and build upon it? She may decide that nature cannot. Hence democratic leanings in her soul! For me, I know and can manage them. Thomas! hand in my card. Mr. John Feversham Raikes."

Mr. Raikes spoke peremptorily; but a wink and the glimpse of his comic face exhibited his manner of management.

"And tell my lady, Tom Cogglesby's come," added the owner of that name. "Be off."

"M.P. let us hope we may shortly append," pursued Jack. "Methinks 'tis a purer ambition to have a tail than a handle to one's name. Sir John F. Raikes were well. John F. Raikes, M.P., is to the patriotic intelligence better. I have heard also—into mine ear it hath been whispered—that of yon tail a handle may be made."

"If your gab was paid by the yard, you'd have a good many thousands a year," Old Tom interrupted this monologue.

"You flatter me," returned Jack, sincerely. "The physiologists have said that I possess an eloquent feature or so. Ciceronic lips."

"How was it you got away from the menagerie—eh?" said Old Tom.

"By the assistance of the jolliest old bear in the word, I believe," Mr. Raikes replied. "In life I ride on his broad back: he to posterity shall ride on mine."

"Ha! that'll do," said Old Tom, for whom Mr. Raikes was too strong.

"May we come to an understanding before we part, sir?" continued the latter. "Your allusion to a certain *endroit*—surely I am not wrong? Indiscreet, perhaps, but the natural emotions of gratitude!—a word would much relieve me."

"Go about your business," cried Old Tom; and was at that moment informed that her ladyship would see him, and begged Mr. Raikes to make himself at home.

"Artful!" mused Mr. Raikes, as Old Tom walked away: "Artful! but I have thee by a clue, my royal Henry. Thy very secret soul I can dissect. Strange fits of generosity are thine, beneath a rough exterior; and for me, I'd swear thee client of the Messrs. Grist."

Mentally delivering this, Mr. Raikes made his way towards a company he perceived on the lawn. His friend Harrington chanced to be closeted with Sir Franks: the Countess de Saldar was in her chamber: no one was present whom he knew but Miss Jocelyn, who welcomed him very cordially, and with one glance of her eyes set the mercurial youth thinking whether they ought to come to explanations before or after dinner; and of the advantages to be derived from a good matrimonial connexion, by a young member of our Parliament. He soon let Miss Jocelyn see that he had wit, affording her deep indications of a poetic soul; and he as much as told her, that, though merry by nature, he was quite capable of the melancholy fascinating to her sex, and might shortly be seen under that aspect. He got on remarkably well till Laxley joined them; and then, despite an excessive condescension on his part, the old Fallowfield sore was rubbed, and in a brisk

passage of arms between them, Mr. John Raikes was compelled to be the victor—to have the last word and the best, and to win the laughter of Rose, which was as much to him as a confession of love from that young lady. Then Juliana came out, and Mr. Raikes made apologies to her, rejecting her in the light of a spouse at the first perusal of her face. Then issued forth the swimming Countess de Saldar, and the mutual courtesies between her and Mr. Raikes were elaborate, prolonged, and smacking prodigiously of Louis Quatorze. But Rose suffered laughter to be seen struggling round her mouth; and the Countess dismayed Mr. Raikes by telling him he would be perfect by-and-by, and so dislocating her fair self from the ridicule she opened to him: a stroke which gave him sharp twinges of uneasiness, and an immense respect for her. The Countess subsequently withdrew him, and walked him up and down, and taught him many new things, and so affected him by her graces, that Mr. John Raikes had a passing attack of infidelity to the heiress.

While this lull occurs, we will follow Tom Cogglesby, as he chooses to be called.

Lady Jocelyn rose on his entering the library, and walking up to him, encountered him with a kindly full face.

"So I see you at last, Tom?" she said, without releasing his hand; and Old Tom mounted patches of red in his wrinkled cheeks, and blinked, and betrayed a singular antiquated bashfulness, which ended, after a mumble of "Yes, there he was, and he hoped her ladyship was well," by his seeking refuge in a chair, where he sat hard, and fixed his attention on the leg of a table.

"Well, Tom, do you find much change in me?" she was woman enough to continue.

He was obliged to look up.

"Can't say I do, my lady."

"Don't you see the grey hairs, Tom?"

"Better than a wig," rejoined he.

Was it true that her ladyship had behaved rather ill to Old Tom in her youth? Excellent women have been naughty girls, and young beauties will have their train. It is also very possible that Old Tom had presumed upon trifles, and found it difficult to forgive her his own folly.

"Preferable to a wig? Well, I would rather see you with your natural thatch. You're bent, too. You look as if you had kept away from Beckley a little too long."

"Told you, my lady, I should come when your daughter was marriageable."

"Oho! that's it? I thought it was the Election."

"Election be—hem!—beg pardon, my lady."

"Swear, Tom, if it relieves you. I think it bad to check an oath or a sneeze."

"I'm come to see you on business, my lady, or I shouldn't have troubled you."

"Malice?"

"You'll see I don't bear any, my lady."

"Ah! if you had only sworn roundly twenty-five years ago, what a much younger man you would have been! and a brave capital old friend whom I should not have missed all that time."

"Come!" cried Old Tom, varying his eyes

rapidly between her ladyship's face and the floor, "you acknowledge I had reason to."

"Mais, cela va sans dire."

"Cobbler's sons ain't scholars, my lady."

"And are not all in the habit of throwing their fathers in our teeth, I hope!"

Old Tom wriggled in his chair. "Well, my lady, I'm not going to make a fool of myself at my time o' life. Needn't be alarmed now. You've got the bell-rope handy and a husband on the premises."

Lady Jocelyn smiled, stood up, and went to him. "I like an honest fist," she said, taking his. "We're not going to be doubtful friends, and we won't snap and snarl. That's for people who're independent of wigs, Tom. I find, for my part, that a little grey on the top of my head cools the temper amazingly. I used to be rather hot once."

"You could be peppery, my lady."

"Now I'm cool, Tom, and so must you be; or, if you fight, it must be in my cause, as you did when you thrashed that saucy young carter. Do you remember?"

"If you'll sit ye down, my lady, I'll just tell you what I'm come for," said Old Tom, who plainly showed that he did remember, and was alarmingly softened by her ladyship's retention of the incident.

Lady Jocelyn returned to her place.

"You've got a marriageable daughter, my lady?"

"I suppose we may call her so," said Lady Jocelyn, with a composed glance at the ceiling.

"Gaged to be married to any young chap?"

"You must put the question to her, Tom."

"Ha! I don't want to see her."

At this Lady Jocelyn looked slightly relieved. Old Tom continued,

"Happen to have got a little money—not so much as many a lord's got, I dare say; such as 'tis, there 'tis. Young fellow I know wants a wife, and he shall have best part of it. Will that suit ye, my lady?"

Lady Jocelyn folded her hands. "Certainly; I've no objection. What it has to do with me I can't perceive."

"Ahem!" went Old Tom. "It won't hurt your daughter to be married now, will it?"

"Oh! my daughter is the destined bride of your 'young fellow,'" said Lady Jocelyn. "Is that how it's to be?"

"She"—Old Tom cleared his throat—"she won't marry a lord, my lady; but she—hem—if she don't mind that—'ll have a deuced sight more hard cash than many lord's son'd give her, and a young fellow for a husband, sound in wind and limb, good bone and muscle, speaks grammar and two or three languages, and—"

"Stop!" cried Lady Jocelyn. "I hope this is not a prize young man? If he belongs, at his age, to the *unco guid*, I refuse to take him for a son-in-law, and I think Rose will, too."

Old Tom burst out vehemently: "He's a damned good young fellow, though he isn't a lord."

"Well," said Lady Jocelyn, "I've no doubt you're in earnest, Tom. It's curious, for this

morning Rose has come to me and given me the first chapter of a botheration, which she declares is to end in the common rash experiment. What is your 'young fellow's' name? Who is he? What is he?"

"Won't take my guarantee, my lady?"

"Rose—if she marries—must have a name, you know?"

Old Tom hit his knee. "Then there's a pill for ye to swallow, for he ain't the son of a lord."

"That's swallowed, Tom. What is he?"

"He's the son of a tradesman, then, my lady."

And Old Tom watched her to note the effect he had produced.

"More's the pity," was all she remarked.

"And he'll have his thousand a-year to start with; and he's a tailor, my lady."

Her ladyship opened her eyes.

"Harrington's his name, my lady. Don't know whether you ever heard of it."

Lady Jocelyn flung herself back in her chair.

"The queerest thing I ever met!" said she.

"Thousand a-year to start with," Old Tom went on, and if she marries—I mean if he marries *her*, I'll settle a thousand per ann. on the first baby—boy or gal."

"Hum! Is this gross collusion, Mr. Tom?" Lady Jocelyn inquired.

"What does that mean?"

"Have you spoken of this before to any one?"

"I haven't, my lady. Decided on it this morning. Hem! you got a son, too. He's fond of a young gal, or he ought to be. I'll settle him when I've settled the daughter."

"Harry is strongly attached to a dozen, I believe," said his mother. "Well, Tom, we'll think of it. I may as well tell you: Rose has just been here to inform me that this Mr. Harrington has turned her head, and that she has given her troth and all that sort of thing. I believe such was not to be laid to my charge in my day."

"You were open enough, my lady," said Old Tom. She's fond of the young fellow? She'll have a pill to swallow! poor young woman!"

Old Tom visibly chuckled. Lady Jocelyn had a momentary temptation to lead him out, but she did not like the subject well enough to play with it.

"Apparently Rose has swallowed it," she said.

"Goose, shears, cabbage, and all!" muttered old Tom. "Got a stomach!—she knows he's a tailor, then? The young fellow told her? He hasn't been playing the lord to her?"

"As far as he's concerned, I think he has been tolerably honest, Tom, for a man and a lover."

"And told her he was born and bound a tailor?"

"Rose certainly heard it from him."

Slapping his knee, Old Tom cried: "Bravo!" For though one part of his nature was disappointed, and the best part of his plot disarranged, he liked Evan's proceeding and felt warm at what seemed to him Rose's scorn of rank.

"She must be a good gal, my lady. She couldn't

'a got it from 'tother side. Got it from you. Not that you——"

"No," said Lady Jocelyn, apprehending him. "I'm afraid I have no Republican virtues. I'm afraid I should have rejected the pill. Don't be angry with me," for Old Tom looked sour again; "I like birth and position, and worldly advantages, and, notwithstanding Rose's pledge of the instrument she calls her heart, and in spite of your offer, I shall, I tell you honestly, counsel her to have nothing to do with——"

"Anything less than lords," Old Tom struck in. "Very well. Are ye going to lock her up, my lady?"

"No. Nor shall I whip her with rods."

"Leave her free to her choice?"

"She will have my advice. That I shall give her. And I shall take care that before she makes a step she shall know exactly what it leads to. Her father, of course, will exercise his judgment." (Lady Jocelyn said this to uphold the honour of Sir Franks, knowing at the same time perfectly well that he would be wheedled by Rose). "I confess I like this Mr. Harrington. But it's a great misfortune for him to have had a notorious father. A tailor should certainly avoid fame, and this young man will have to carry his father on his back. He'll never throw the great Mel off."

Tom Coglesby listened, and was really astonished at her ladyship's calm reception of his proposal.

"Shameful of him! shameful!" he muttered perversely: for it would have made Old Tom desolate to have had to change his opinion of her ladyship after cherishing it, and consoling himself with it five-and-twenty years. Fearing the approach of softness, he prepared to take his leave.

"Now—your servant, my lady. I stick to my word, mind: and if your people here are willing, I—I've got a candidate up for Fall'field—I'll knock him down, and you shall sneak in your Tory. Servant, my lady."

Old Tom rose to go. Lady Jocelyn took his hand cordially, though she could not help smiling at the humility of the cobbler's son in his manner of speaking of the Tory candidate.

"Won't you stop with us a few days?"

"I'd rather not, I thank ye."

"Won't you see Rose?"

"I won't. Not till she's married."

"Well, Tom, we're friends now?"

"Not aware I've ever done you any harm, my lady."

"Look me in the face."

The trial was hard for him. Though she had been five-and-twenty years a wife she was still very handsome: but he was not going to be melted, and when the perverse old fellow obeyed her, it was with an aspect of resolute disgust that would have made any other woman indignant. Lady Jocelyn laughed.

"Why, Tom, your brother Andrew's here, and makes himself comfortable with us. We rode by Brook's farm the other day. Do you remember Copping's pond—how we dragged it that night? What days we had!"

Old Tom tugged once or twice at his imprisoned fist, while these youthful frolics of his too stupid

self and the wild and beautiful Miss Bonner were being recalled.

"I remember!" he said savagely, and reaching the door hurled out: "And I remember the Bull-dogs, too!—servant, my lady." With which he effected a retreat to avoid a ringing laugh he heard in his ears.

Lady Jocelyn had not laughed. She had done no more than look and smile kindly on the old boy. It was at the Bull-dogs, a fall of water on the borders of the park, that Tom Cogglesby, then a hearty young man, had been guilty of his folly: had mistaken her frank friendliness for a return of his passion, and his stubborn vanity still attributed her rejection of his suit to the fact of his descent from a cobbler, or, as he put it, to her infernal worship of rank.

"Poor old Tom!" said her ladyship when alone. "He's rough at the rind, but sound at the core." She had no idea of the long revenge Old Tom cherished, and had just shaped into a plot to be equal with her for the Bull-dogs!

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHEERARD OSBORN, R.N.

THE Japanese Ambassadors are in the United States. The slavery and anti-slavery members have ceased squabbling about that line over which they may use very unparliamentary language, but must not stride. Bowie knives and gouging apparatus have been sheathed *pro tem.*, and shooting at sight deferred, in order that the Envoys of H.I.M., the Taikoon of Japan, be properly received, and that a favourable impression be made on their eastern intellects of the culminating civilisation of American institutions. What a charming relief it must be for that grey-headed chief magistrate of the Great Republic to forget the perils of a committee of both houses especially delegated to destroy a reputation founded on forty years of public service, and to explain to the fresh untutored ambassadors of an Eastern Potentate the blessings of universal suffrage, and the absence of hereditary right. They will come here to England, it is to be hoped,—and before all England has gone to bathe, shoot, and yacht. But if not, we must take them to the Isle of Wight, and show them our big Trafalgars and pretty Blue-bells. We can take them to our great marts of Liverpool and Manchester. We can show them Aldershot and Portsmouth, Oxford and London—but London out of season. They must go to the North, and if we can only get the Kamis into knickerbockers, we may show them Ben Nevis, and remind them feebly of their own beautiful mountain scenery, and we can at least send them away convinced that we are not, all, robbers of gold, or defrauders of foreign customs, as their countrymen very naturally suppose; and that although we possess an uncommon good opinion of ourselves, and do most things with a high hand, except where Americans, French, or Russians are concerned, that still we are not such a bad set of fellows after all: and half-pay officers and workhouse paupers excepted, are fairly clothed, fairly fed, and fairly governed.

It is necessary, however, that we should rub up our knowledge of the people whose ruler has thus sent an embassy to report upon European manners and customs; and as the Japanese have for three centuries refused all intercourse with Europe, we are obliged to go back to ancient documents for much of what we wish to know touching that empire, or of the singular and interesting people dwelling within its boundaries.

Comparing that information with the observations and notes made by us and other recent visitors to Japan, we are struck with the strange immutability of many of the characteristics of the people, and of the institutions under which they have lived for three centuries, whilst, unlike the Chinese, the arts and sciences, the manufactures and industrial produce of the country have advanced considerably. The little compilation, a "Cruise in Japanese Waters," which was so favourably received by the public, was written under all the advantages on the one hand of fresh impressions, and on the other hand, amidst the multifarious duties of an officer commanding a man-of-war, it was consequently impossible to embody in it all the notes hastily thrown together, or to correct and enlarge upon them from old works that I was well aware existed in abundance, touching the condition of the people and country, at a time when it was unreservedly open to Europeans of all denominations. Here in England, in the noble library of the British Museum, we have a fund of valuable information which may, I believe—and the reader shall be my judge—be profitably explored, and I bring to that ancient knowledge modern information, and, what is better still, a series of native illustrations procured in the city of Yedo itself, which will bring before us in vivid relief the scenery, the towns and villages, the highways and byways of that strange land—the costumes, tastes, and, I might almost say, the feelings of the people—so skilful are Japanese artists in the Hogarth-like quality of transferring to their sketches the characteristics of passing scenes.

It is many centuries since Europe heard of Japan, yet our information of her is still fragmentary. The early traders, like our modern ones, did not willingly impart their knowledge lest it should interfere with large profits. The missionaries of that day, the followers of Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis, looked to little else than the ecclesiastical points involved in their discoveries or progress, and, with rare exceptions, it was not until the Hollander and Englishman commenced to supersede the Portuguese and Spaniards that reliable or valuable information touching the geography, the polity, and social condition of the Japanese Empire begun to be recorded—and then in such forms! Such huge tomes, such ponderous volumes wrapt in quaint language and mouldy learnedness. One turns in despair from the endless miracles recorded by worthy fathers who lived surrounded by raging heathens and affrighted bonzes, to the wonderful dissertations of worthy John Ogilby, master of the revels to our Charles II. of glorious memory. He insists upon travelling to and fro between Misao and Thebes, Yedo and Ancient Athens, or

Rome. By dint of perseverance we extract his ore and leave his dross, and then clutch sweet Purchas, who startles us by stating, on authority which may not be denied, that in Japan, "where our countryman Williams Adams doth now reside, and hath been there these many years, therefore hath better means to know than any one," there are two mountains, one of which casteth out flames, and where the Devil might be seen in a bright cloud by such as prepared themselves for the sight by due preparation of mind and body! For a moment we trembled. Could this be our

beautiful Fusi-hama, the "matchless one of Ni-pon?" Was she like other peerless ones, merely a snare and a delusion, handing her votaries over to the Evil One in a bright and dazzling cloud? Gracias a Dios! No; further on we recognised her, for the ancient writer mentioned another mountain, our Fusi-hama, as being "many leagues higher than the clouds." Bother that burning mountain and its unpleasant occupant: we felt so relieved, and turning to our "Hundred Phases of the Matchless Mountain," published in Yedo, we rejoiced like the travellers who, in the early



Travellers. First view of Fusi-hama. (Fac-simile.)

morn, halt on the highway, and gaze upon her grand proportions in wonderment and love as she towers above that great empire, and daily blesses the millions at her feet.

But let us begin our tale of Japan, and try to carry our reader back to the old, old time, A.D. 1300, when Venice and Genoa were as great as we yet hope they will, one day, again become. It was, then, five centuries and a half ago, that Zipangu, the Chinese barbarism for Nipon, was first heard of in Europe, and that through the narration of the brothers Polo. They had just returned from their wanderings and sojournings in Tartary and China, and men hardly knew what to believe of the marvels they related.

That first news of Nipon was brief, yet admirably calculated to awaken the curiosity and cupidity of races who had for ever been accus-

tomed to look to the remotest East, as a land of wondrous wealth, where gold, precious stones, and almost as precious spices, were as dross. Lands which, if the mail-clad warlike sons of Western Europe could only reach, their strong arms and stout hearts would enable each impoverished knight and desperate soldier to carve out a kingdom for himself. Marco Polo had not visited Japan, but he had dwelt long in China; he was the first and last European who ever held office under the Chinese Government, and it was from the Chinese that he had learnt of the great islands to the eastward. "Zipangu!" for so he calls Nipon, "is an island in the Eastern sea, very great in size; the people of a white complexion, of gentle behaviour, — in religion idolaters, — and they have a king of their own. They have gold in great plenty; their king permits no exportation of it, and they who have

been to that country—and they are few—report the king's house to be covered with gold (as churches are here with lead), gilded windows, and that they also have many jewels !”

We can imagine the excitement in the stately palaces, and on the marble quays of Venice, when her merchants read this tale, the truth of much of which was subsequently proved ; and how they longed that their “talle shippes,” “those proud argosies,” which had explored the inhospitable coasts of Northern Europe, and penetrated to the further shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, should likewise attain and secure for the Queen of the Adriatic the promised wealth of that wondrous Zipangu.

They had not, however, been the first to break the Tenth Commandment—to covet that which Providence had given unto others—and Marco Polo relates how his great patron, the conqueror of China, Kublai Khan, had been stimulated to bring the Britain of the Pacific under his paternal sway. Small measure of grace, small persuasion would have fallen to the fair-skinned dwellers in Nipon or Zipangu, could Kublai have reached them with his Tartar hordes. *Dieu merci !* horses may not swim the deep sea, and a small breadth of blue water stayed the charge of the Tartar cut-throat of the olden day, as we trust it may do the *pas accéléré* of the more modern Zouaves or Turcos into our own good land. Kublai Khan proceeded therefore to expound certain philosophical principles to the Wang or King of Nipon, in a communication which would vie, in some respects, with similar documents that we have seen of late years appear from other great potentates who dwell nearer to the meridian of Greenwich. We give it verbatim as a charming exemplification of the ancient fable of the wolf and the lamb.

The “exalted Emperor of the Mongols” from his capital of Camboul, supposed to be the present Pekin, writes in the year of Grace, 1278, to the Wang, or King of Nipon, as follows :

“I am a prince of a formerly small state to which the adjacent lands have united themselves, and my endeavour is to make inviolable truth and friendship reign among us. What is more, my ancestors have, in virtue of their splendid warrant from Heaven, taken possession of Hia dominions (? China). The number of distant countries and of remote cities that fear our power, and love our virtue, passes computation. Nipon lies near, and has, from the beginning held intercourse with the central empire. But, during my reign, not a single envoy has appeared to open a friendly intercourse with me. I apprehend that this state of things is not, as yet, well known in your country, wherefore I send envoys with a letter to make you acquainted with my views, and I hope we shall understand each other. Already philosophers desire to see the whole world form one family. But how may this one family principle be carried into effect if friendly intercourse subsist not between us ? I am resolved to call this principle into existence, even should I be obliged to do so by force of arms ! It is now the business of the Wang of Nipon to decide what course is most agreeable to him !”

As a specimen of imperial correspondence, in the year of Grace, 1278, we may say that this document is not an uninteresting one, though it failed in convincing the ruler of Japan (then called the Zio-noon) of the advisability of entering into “amity and friendship” with such a ruffian. Kublai proceeded to enforce his arguments, and a mighty fleet put forth from the shores of the wide-spreading Yangstye-keang to the shallow waters, and hardier climes of Pe-chalee and the hosts of Tartary sailed for the subjugation of the Isles of the Day-dawn. It was another Armada, and met with the same well-deserved fate. Storms swept the rocky shores of Kin-su, the southernmost island of the Japanese group, and by shipwreck, famine, and the sword of the islanders, nearly all that vast force perished.

Yet, in days still more remote, a peaceful conquest of Japan had been effected by the swarming hive of human beings located in the great plain which forms the heart of China. The Chinese dwelling in that rich valley of the Yangstye-keang appear from the earliest ages to have been the prey of their neighbours, or else to have been constantly over-run by fresh inroads from those wide plains of Mongolia whence they derived their origin. Pressed on by the sword of a conqueror, or fleeing from the plague, pestilence, and famine which followed in his path, it was but natural, whilst portions of the Chinese masses fled over the lofty mountain ranges which lie south of the Yangtze, and so reached the rich provinces which now constitute the tropical portion of that great empire, that another exodus took place from the seaboard, whence the unhappy fugitives took ship and fled eastward across the great ocean, in search of that peace and security which was denied them at home. Chinese and Japanese records happily approximate in their dates of one such exodus ; and, taking the latter as our guide, we learn that about 300 years before the advent of the Saviour, there arrived from the “setting sun” (China) a number of beneficent strangers, led by one who combined, like another Moses, the triple office of legislator, high priest, and generalissimo. This great leader, Sin-fuh, has since been deified in Japan : but the occasion of his peaceful invasion of that land is otherwise explained by the myth-loving historians of China. They tell, that during the reign of one Hwang-te, 300 couple of young men and women were sent across the eastern sea in search of the waters of immortality ; and that these wanderers elected one Sin-fuh as their leader, and, under his skilful guidance, after dire adventures by sea and land, reached the pleasant shores of Nipon—it was their Canaan. It is more than probable that the aboriginal race then found in Kiu-siu and Nipon Islands was of those same Ainos who now dwell in Yesso and the Kurile Islands ; and the sword, as well as the milder influence of a superior civilization, had doubtless much to do with the moulding of the Japanese people and government into what we now find them. From the reign of this warrior-priest, Sin-fuh, date most of the arts and sciences now existing in that country, and his rule must have rapidly spread from the southern portion of the empire as far as the latitude of

Yedo, the present capital; for it is said that, although he *only* lived 150 years, his death took place upon Mount Fusi-hama, the Matchless-mountain of Japan. That lofty and beautiful peak is the Sinai of the Japanese islander—for Sin-fuh, with great wisdom, and still better taste, did not trust to the grateful memory of his countrymen for a monument to his fame, or

to perishable statues of marble and brass, but identified his life and death with the handiwork of the great Creator. If the Japanese records tell truly, their wonderful cone of Fusi-hama was projected upward by volcanic action during the lifetime of Sin-fuh, and the thunders of the Deity might have been possibly invoked by the Japanese legislator, to confirm his authority,



Pilgrims to Fusi-hama. (Fac-simile.)

as was done in the olden time by the great Israelite at Sinai. Sin-foicism, the ancient faith of the Japanese islander, has its stronghold in that mountain, and in the type of strength, purity, and grandeur which it represents. On its crest is the supposed resting-place of the founder of that faith, and thither have wended the devout of all times in earnest pilgrimage.

Everything in Japan reminds the visitor of this prevailing faith. The love of the people for Fusi-hama in all her phases, and the thousand scenes incident to the yearly pilgrimage to its summit, are the favourite topic of her literati, and the constant subject of her artists' pencils.

Amongst other graphic illustrations of the toil and danger undergone by Japanese devotees, we give a fac-simile of one, which brings vividly before us the "antres vast and deserts idle" through which they have to wend their way; and we can sympathise with the Alpine Club as they view our fac-simile, and regret that no artist has been found in Europe who could as truthfully pourtray their deeds of daring at the shrine of their mountain goddess. There is, however, one hope left for them. A talented Japanese artist is in the suite of this foreign embassy: we should recommend them to engage him to illustrate their next work.

The faith of Sin-fuh, and the theocracy founded by him, lasted nigh upon twelve hundred years, to A.D. 1150, about a century before Kublai Khan, desirous of making war for an idea, made an attack upon the liberties of the Japanese. Those twelve centuries, however, were chequered with an average amount of intestine wars and rebellions, and a warlike spirit was fostered, which tended to the extension of the race over the whole of Nipon Island and a portion of Yesso, the original dwellers being thrust northward, or destroyed. In that period of time, and prior to Kublai's attempt, there was evidently frequent intercourse with the Chinese Empire, though no acknowledgment of its supremacy, and it was doubtless through the traders between Japan and China that Kublai Khan learnt of the wealth and importance of the "Land of the Day-dawn," and with becoming modesty desired to bring it under his beneficent sway. A hundred years, however, before this attempt was made, the Priest-kings, or Dairi, now called Mikados, of Japan, had almost resigned the executive control to the representative of the military forces of the empire. The first Zio-goan, or executive ruler of Japan, crushed out the rebellious spirit of the great feudal barons, who, of course, under an ecclesiastical sway, had been nigh independent, and he then placed the head of the church in a secondary position, tendering him allegiance, however, and using his ecclesiastical influence for the purposes of the state. Fresh energy had thus been imparted to the ancient empire founded by Sin-fuh, and Japan was in no mood to bow to Kublai Khan.

The storms which sweep the seas of this Eastern Britain stood Mikado and Zio-goan, priest and soldier, in good stead; and, elated by their first success in resisting the onslaught of the Chinese armies and fleets, they passed an edict, that "Henceforth no Mongol subject should set foot in Nipon under pain of death!" Brave words! of which Kublai Khan tested the sincerity, by rashly despatching an envoy and suite to summon its promulgators to pay tribute; and when the Zio-goan, true to his word, executed them on the sea-board of his kingdom, the indignant conqueror of many realms launched forth another host, to perish as the first had done; and Kublai brought upon all the sea-board of China the curse of a desolating retaliation by Japanese marauders. Through centuries the recollection of that attempt to rob them of their independence, sharpened the sword and nerved the arm of the bold pirates from Nipon, and the Chinese trader ceased to traverse the narrow valley of waters which divided the plains of the Yangtze-keang from the rocky iron-bound coasts of Zipangu. The traffic between the two countries, and traffic there must have been, now passed entirely into the hands of the Japanese seamen, whom the Chinese historians quaintly paint as half robber, half merchant, strongly resembling those early merchant-explorers from whom we, in Great Britain, date our commercial and maritime greatness.

Whilst such was the state of affairs in Japan, the news brought by Marco Polo to Europe was working—a little leaven was leavening the enterprising spirit of Christendom. Cathay and Zi-

pangu were the goal of popes and kings, priests and soldiers; and a real knowledge of the earth's surface was unrolling itself before the genius and cupidity of Europe. Whilst, therefore, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, and English are rapidly struggling towards the land where "the king's house was covered with gold," let us look upon the fair kingdom of Japan.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON SEASON.

THIS season is not like most others that we have known. It has afforded a practical answer to the question why we English people have selected the most beautiful time of the year for abandoning our country houses and green retreats, and burying ourselves in the heart of a noisy, dusty, stuffy, burning city. The country is not green, and the town is not hot—not half as hot as it should be for comfort. It is all very well to talk of the romantic aspects of Nature; but surely since last Easter we have rather desiderated cheerful rooms and bright fires and genial assemblages of hearty people, with curtains drawn, and what is called "Nature" carefully excluded, than any tarrying by waterfalls, or coquetry at night with celestial phenomena. The nightingales have all suffered from sore throats: and some time back when I heard a cuckoo in Richmond Park attempting his usual monotonous call, it was done in so peevish a manner that I had not the heart to turn a four-penny-bit for luck's sake. How the people in Covent Garden have got their flowers it is difficult to say. I should rather have expected to see violets growing at Charing Cross, and primroses upon Ludgate Hill, than in the few fields and hedge-rows which it has been my misfortune to see during the last few months.

But, to speak the truth, even at ordinary times, when the terrestrial gases have not been mixed up in such universal hubbub as they have been during the last months of shipwreck, and hurricane, and deluge, when things which should be green are green, and when the ground is pied with daisies where daisies ought to be, and the white-thorns keep their fragrant appointments with the exactest punctuality,—these should rather be taken as relishes and contrasts to life in London during the London season, than as substitutes for all that London can show at such a time. With the best inclination to sympathise with all human pursuits, it is hard to see how a man, in order to employ himself most worthily, should avoid the society of his fellow men. Why should not a Londoner grow sentimental about Wardour Street as well as a Highland gentleman—I have no wish to twit him with his little peculiarities—about Glenlivet? As I walk about the streets of London—oftentimes by night—those dull brick houses are full of echoes of past days. I could tell you how the flutings lie on the marble mantel-pieces, and where the easy-chair on which the grandfather sits must be placed because it would not fit any other part of the room. There was the kindly welcome, and the ready jest, and the little tiffs, and the large reconciliations with the young ladies, and the plans for the coming season, and

all that makes life delightful to the feelings and the senses, and now all that is quite, quite gone ! Were I to knock at the door now, and race up the stairs as of old, Betty would be overcome, and the excellent head of the family inside would give me in charge on the suspicion of having a design against the great-coats and umbrellas. No poetry in London ! No poetry save a man is sitting and sneezing on a swab of wet moss—a Highland piper being at hand with one of those horrid instruments of torture applied to his hard, horny lips ! Why, one could write a sonnet about South Audley Street.

But if London at all times is better than any other place you could name, what is it not during the season, when every joy is at its climax, and when all your friends and acquaintances from all parts of the country, and from all parts of the continent, and from all parts of the world, come dropping in thick as gnats used to be in summer evenings—when there were summer evenings, and there were gnats. I know that some unneighbourly sort of people will have it that London is most delightful in September, when everybody is out of town, and the Hindu sweeper in Saint James's Square leaves off peddling with the unprofitable mud at his crossing, and, folding his arms across his breast, meekly gives in to Buddhism. Of course London is pleasant in September when the seat of empire is your own—but it is pleasant as sleep is after toil, or night after day. I like, as well as any man, to have the library in the club entirely to myself, and to moralise in the deserts of Old Bond Street, but human nature has also its social and its gorgeous side. I have a rich vein of duchesses in my mind, which I can open up during the London season. If ever there was a loiterer by old bookshops, and a lover of old crinkum-crankums of every kind, I am that idle, useless person : but of all the fair sights which the London streets can show, the fairest are those beautiful young maids and matrons who, as the season grows fervent, are drawn about in their triumphal cars by horses such as Greece never dreamed of, for all the testimony of her Elgin marbles. How all that human ingenuity could contrive, or human industry procure from all quarters of the globe, has been lavished on these Summer Queens ; and how they take it as a matter of course, as the rose does its fragrance, or the humming-bird the iridescence of its restless wings ! What a pity it would be if humanity could be at all mown down to a dead level like a lawn, and the heavens, in place of containing the greater and the lesser glories, were all lit up with myriads of farthing candles, all of equal dimness. The Londoner who has learned to enjoy his season properly, and to linger over its flavour, as a true scholar in wines would trifle with a beaded glass of amber Sauterne, and bless the Château-Yquem where it was cradled into sweetness, knows well what pleasures can be extracted from the mere contemplation of those more heroic exemplars of humanity who glide about the town in such Elysian guise. Archbishop Whately and the economists are right : you must have duchesses, that it may be well with the beggars ; but for poor Dives, who I pro-

test to my thinking, was somewhat hardly used, there would have been no broken victuals, no savoury scraps for starving Lazarus. But these are knotty points ;—we had best fall back on the London season.

I lay no great stress on that false start before Easter. It is but a foretaste, or rather a whet before the banquet ; indeed it might more aptly be compared to the tuning-up of the fiddle before Signor Costa takes his seat, and with one wave of his magic wand opens the Palace of Music at a blow. If any one should be disposed to take a little turn to the French capital before the occurrence of the Easter winter—of late years we have commonly had snow at that season—if there were not room for actual commendation, you would scarcely think him worthy of absolute blame. It is the time when second and third-rate singers establish their failures as facts on the operatic stage. It is the time when theatrical managers depend upon the fag-ends of worn-out themes, and try the patience of the public whilst they are burnishing up their tinsel and spangles for fresh and unwanted effects. It is a time when shabby-genteel people who but wish to spread a report about their vicinage that they have been up to London “for the season,” spend a fortnight or three weeks in town, and return to their usual and congenial hypocrisies, under the false impression that they are not found out. There is little good, and much bad about that false-birth, the London season before Easter. The real people will not keep open-houses for shadows. Those who constantly inhabit London, maintain the even tenor of their way, and will not suffer themselves to be drawn into demonstrations which can have no substantial results. The country pilgrims have not yet arrived. They wisely stop down in their own domains, and refuse to bear their part in an idle mockery. You may notice that this is the time chosen by the astuter shopkeepers for calling to their aid the skill of the house-painter and decorator. They have put their cleanings and burnishings off till the last moment, that they may show in full brilliancy when it is most needful to be brilliant. They know what can be accomplished in three weeks by a combination between inclement skies and London “blacks,” and will not make their running till the critical moment. Their gains before Easter are nothing but tributes from country cousins, not worthy of serious account.

When the real season has set in, it seems as though all persons who can do anything better than their fellows, in any quarter of the globe, had descended like a swarm of locusts upon the town. The *Monsieurs*, and the *Signori*, and the *Herrs*, flock to our shores with the hope of levying tribute from the Londoners in one form or another. One gentleman has a marvellous *ut de poitrine* ; another produces musical sounds by merely thumping his chin ; a third can do more in the conjuring way than has ever been thought possible before ; a fourth relies for success upon the intelligent action of a set of well trained poodles ; a fifth will cure all your ailments by throwing her- or him-self into a mesmeric condition, and prescribing apt remedies for your

infirmities ; a sixth will transport you in a trice to the banks of the Mississippi, or put on a pig-tail and a Chinese dress, and entertain you with characteristic songs whilst he takes you up and down the Yang-tse-Kiang in a couple of hours, and brings you home to dinner at the appointed time. Why should not a man like to spend eight or nine weeks in the midst of this Arabian Night's dream which mortals call the London season ? There is something for all ages, and all conditions of men. Whether you are a fat baby, and are rolled about in a perambulator—or a prosy old gentleman, and take your airings upon a steady cob—whether your heart's desire is for sugar-plums, or a good sleepy discussion of the Church Rate Question—you will find the means of gratifying it, better than you would do anywhere else, in London, when the season is at its height.

The season for very serious people is of course during the May Meetings at Exeter Hall, when so many clergymen and their healthy country-looking wives are to be seen about the Strand and Fleet Street. I have not one word to say against them, or their manner of ordering their lives ; but I am writing for those—I am one of them myself—who see no harm in spending an evening with "Norma," or in idling throughout a summer evening in Hyde Park, and criticising the horses and their fair riders. Presently, we will waste a few minutes with them ; but I would first ask, in answer to the charge that it is a sin, or a mistake, to abandon the country at the season of the year when it is bursting into beautiful life, if this is really so ? What prevents us from riding about Richmond Park, or up the dark avenue of horse-chestnuts in Bushy Park, at our pleasure ? There are green lanes Hendon and Edgware way ; there are pleasant heaths in Surrey within a riding distance. There are such events in the career of a Londoner during the season as little excursions to Gravesend and Greenwich. Show me, in any of the English counties, a fairer spot than Cobham Park with its ash trees and its deer leaping amongst the tall fern, while the Medway rolls beneath your feet ! He is not a judicious Londoner who, when the season is in full swing, does not steal away once and again for an afternoon up Thames, and spend it in sunny idleness under the shades of lordly Clefden, or, still better, under the dark cool woods of Marlow. If you long for a whiff of sea-air, is not London situated on the Sussex coast ? Depart to our Brighton suburb, and when your nerves are re-strung come back to the heart of the town. Woodland, heath, river, sea, park, or common—they are all to be found in and about London, and are in their prime during the height of the season.

Besides, if any one has a licentious taste for floral joys, where can it be gratified so highly as in town ? I do not suppose that in any part of the world such floral exhibitions are to be seen as in London. The Directors of the Botanic Gardens in the Regent's Park and their yoke-fellows of the Crystal Palace will cater for your taste in this kind in a way which will outdo your expectations, or you must be hard, indeed, to please. Flora holds her Derby days and her Cup days in London, and if you care to assist at the Olympian struggles

of fruits and flowers, come to London during the season.

If, again, the inclination of your fancy be for painting, you must either be a connoisseur with a hobby, or a sneerer at your own country, or a professed critic, or, generally, a very uncomfortable sort of person, if you do not find much to afford you gratification ; and, indeed, far more than the critical stomach of most of us can digest in the three Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, of the Ancient Masters, and of the old Water Colourists. Of late years our French friends have also sent us a collection of pictures during the London season, which always contains some few note-worthy performances—now it is one of those marvellous Horse Fairs, or procession of Spanish Mules by Rosa Bonheur—now the Duel in the Snow after the Masked Ball ; but there is always something which will entertain and instruct you, if you are not wilfully resolved not to be instructed or entertained. There is a good week's occupation for a lover of pictures in the four exhibitions named—to make no mention of the more permanent galleries, such as those which contain the Turner and Sheepshanks Collections in the new buildings at South Kensington.

Do you care for music ? London, during the season, may be said to be the very Delphi of the musical world. The most famous singers, the most famous performers in Europe seek, and readily find, engagements at one or other of the London Opera Houses. When they have made their proofs elsewhere they come to us. If a London manager accepts them, and a London audience ratifies his choice, they have gained the blue ribbon of their art, and henceforth are "personages." Besides the operas there are concerts innumerable, in which the most skilful pianists and violinists, of whom the world knows, are ready to put forth their full strength for your amusement. One year we have a Handel Festival, when the works of the great master are given in a style which would probably have astonished their author as much as he has contrived to astonish the world with the grandeur of his musical conceptions. Recently Germany sent us her Cologne Choir—last week we had amongst us the chosen members from amongst the French Orphéonistes. Whatever may have been the case in by-gone days, it is clear that, in our own, any musical fanatic might, with safety, leave Paris and Vienna, and Milan and Naples unvisited ; if his object be to gratify the most morbid craving for melody and harmony, let him come to London during the season.

Thus far we have spoken of a few heads of attraction—of beautiful women in such crowds that beauty ceases to be a distinction ; of some of the loveliest forms of English scenery, and by which London is surrounded ; of fruits and flowers ; of painting and of music. If any one cares for these things, or any of them, here they are to be found. But when you have said all this you have only spoken of the sensuous side of the London season. But one of the chief causes why that time is so delightful to a man of intelligent and energetic mind, is that then the nation is in its full intellectual stride. During the autumn

most of us—overworked men as most Londoners are—seek for recreation or relaxation on the continent, or at watering-places, or in the country; in the period which intervenes between the return to town and the commencement of the true season, each one is merely occupied with his own private affairs, but when the parliamentary season, which is identical in point of time with that which is commonly spoken of as the London season, has fairly set in, London is the clearing-house of the world. Whether one be in the right or in the wrong, one likes to assist at the discussion of the great questions which are astir. As long as one is upon this earthly stage it is as well to be an actor in the scene, and not a mere loungeur in the green-room, nor a critic before the curtain. It is very true, that at the present moment the immediate decision of mortal events seems to reside rather in Paris than in London; but the Parisians, or the French who go to Paris for their season, have marvellously little to do with the matter. England is the only country in Europe where a man can say what he likes, and write what he likes, about public affairs. London is the grand centre of political action, and London transacts its chief business in this kind, during the season.

So far of a few of the principal incidents of this delightful time; but we should also cast a glance at the number and sorts of people whose existence, in some cases, and well-being in all, depend upon the course which a London season may take. Let us think for a moment of the lodging-house keepers, and hair-dressers, and silk-mercers, and milliners, and seamstresses, and job-masters, and all persons who live in Bond Street and Regent Street and the neighbourhood of these localities, and all who depend upon them. Nay, whilst we are about it, why not give a thought to Manchester, and Coventry, and Lyons, and Bordeaux? for in all these famous towns the existence of the inhabitants will be found to be more or less bound up with the fortunes of the London season. The first question, of course, which a visitor to London is obliged to ask himself is, where he shall find "apartments;" for living in hotels is out of the question, save in the case of the very wealthy. I have often wondered what is the real origin of the London lodging-house keeper. From my own small experience of the class, I should say that they were all fallen stars—that they have, at a previous period of their career, before they took to letting lodgings, lived in great luxury and magnificence, but are now in "reduced circumstances." They never appear to have mounted up the rungs of the social ladder until they attained the serene platform on which they could let lodgings calmly and be at peace. They have tumbled down upon the calling, as it were, from above. The fact, I suppose, is, that they suffer, poor people, from a morbid desire to assert their own dignity in the presence of their lodgers. You will commonly enough find two sisters following this pursuit: the eldest will do the bargaining and the necessary acts of severity about coals and extras, while the younger lady, a sort of faded beauty of seven-and-thirty, gives herself the airs which are necessary to support the consideration of the family. If you are a married man, or have ladies in your

party, it will be found extremely difficult to keep this gay young thing out of the "apartments" as soon as your own back is turned. Whenever you venture upon the smallest objections to any of the arrangements or charges, or wish to "get in" things on your own account, you are at once annihilated with the precedent of what Sir Roger This, or Colonel That, who had previously occupied the apartments, did under similar circumstances. Both the baronet and the gallant officer in question invariably proceeded upon the principle of unbounded confidence in the ladies of the house, and found themselves the better for it. As a general rule, I am sorry to say, that our London lodging-house keepers much prefer letting to gentlemen. Ladies, they say, stop at home a great deal, and are always ringing the bells. I suspect, moreover, that the feminine mind is more impatient of small pilfering, and not so easily moved by a passing reference to Sir Roger and the Colonel. On the whole, however, these poor people must have a hard struggle of it in the world; in most cases their "apartments" do little more for them than keep a roof over their heads, and a loaf on their boards; so that we should not be too critical on their little attempts at overcharging during the season. What a weary time it must be for them when London is out of town, and what days of frightful excitement when the season is just beginning, and the furniture is furnished up, and the anti-macassars are scattered about with no niggard hand, and the bills are in the windows, and the black silk gown and best cap are put on, and they can do no more! As they sit behind the blinds, and watch the passers-by, what a keen insight they must have into their business and objects! They must be able to detect at a glance a family-man in search of lodgings, and even to infer from the expression of his face if he is likely to require an extra bed-room. How their hearts must beat as he pauses opposite the window, half crosses over, and then walks on without ringing! But if he does ring, and Betsy at that moment is gone out for the beer!

The establishments of the leading milliners are pre-eminently dependent upon the fortunes of the London season. The fates of the producers and consumers of dress are very different during this period. It is not a pleasant thing to think of the contrast between the fortune of the poor girl who sits up all night to work at the ball-dress that it may be sent home in time—and that of the young lady who sits up all night to wear it. Do not let us therefore indulge in vulgar sentimentality, and groan over the caprices and selfishness of the queen of the ball-room. If that young person will but give her orders in time, and pay her bill in due season, she is not to be blamed because Madame Haradan Jones works short-handed. The real mischief lies in the suddenness of the order which disturbs the arrangements of Madame H. J., and in the non-payment of the accounts which cripples her resources, and prevents her from making those arrangements on a sufficiently liberal scale. Still, I wish that a milliner's work-room, at about 2 A.M., were esteemed one of the lions or lionesses of London, and that my bright little butterfly friends—the Lucys, and

Fannys, and Marys—were taken occasionally to see a laboratory of this description. The room is generally “stuffy,”—you will find in it two or more long tables with twenty or so sleepy girls stitching away like so many machines. They have just had some strong tea to keep them awake, for there is to be a fête, or a ball, or something of that sort the next day, and the work must be done. At the end of each table there sits a sort of superior officer—a lady maturely young—one of whom presides over the destinies of the caps and bonnets; the other, over those of the gowns and dresses;—this last one “cuts out.” They are generally remarkable for severity of temper during office hours, and with a stern tap of the thimble, and a “*Now, young ladies!*” instantly repress any feeble attempt at conversation which may be made by the poor girls in their several departments. I suppose it is necessary, but it does seem hard to prevent them from talking,—they must have such a deal to say. At the millinery-table some of the young people are working on paste-board heads which seem invariably to have lost their noses. They all look up in a subdued way, because, at that moment, Madame H. J. herself has entered the room with an expression of bland philanthropy on her amiable features, which, as they know by painful experience is the invariable preface to a suggestion, that they should sit up an hour or two longer than usual to “get through” the work. This suggestion is generally offered in a playful way at first, but the young ladies know very well that a sterner mask can be put on if Madame’s hilarity does not receive a cheerful response. By all means let us sit up and enjoy ourselves!

There is a contrast to this picture next day at the fancy fair, held in the grounds of Strawberry Lodge, Twickenham, for the benefit of let us say “The Indigent Governesses Asylum.” Behind that stand, and actually engaged in the wicked attempt to make a stout Archdeacon purchase a pink paper thing for catching flies, you may see the bold but fascinating Lady Dalilah Stopall. She has succeeded. The venerable gentleman has deposited a sovereign in payment, and looks to have the change returned; but this saucy lady informs him with a laugh, that she never gives change at her establishment. His consort, a tall, grim, monumental looking matron, is biting her thin lips with vexation, and looks as if she would give him a little bit of her mind to-night upon the subject of his improvident bargain. The two children ask, “What papa will do with it?” as he holds his flimsy purchase up, and is evidently puzzled how to get off the stage with dignity. “Catch flies, darlings!” says Lady D. S. with an impertinence and levity of manner which the two young officer-looking men in the mandarin hats evidently deplore. Well, Lady Dalilah has on the very identical dress which was the result of Mrs. Haradan Jones’s playful suggestion to her young people on the previous night. The suggestion was dropped at 12:30 A.M., and by 11 A.M. that curious system of small flounces which constitutes a modern dress was punctually delivered at 521, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and is now at Strawberry Lodge.

If, being a man, you want any practical test beyond the general appearance of Old Bond Street, of whether the London Season is on or not, go to Matchwell’s in the Arcade; and if you have any hair, get it cut. In the season you have to wait for your turn, while all the gentlemen, with “knees” on their heads, are getting trimmed and essenced, and greased and brushed. How I envy that young dog with a head like a mop! How astonished the artiste looks who is called upon to cut the hair of that bullet-headed gentleman who has but two little tufts left just above his ears: his astonishment, however, is but of short duration, and as he takes comb and scissors in hand, he asks in the usual routine way, “Would you like much off, sir?” If there were a grain of irony in his tone, the bullet-headed gentleman, who is an enormously powerful man, would knock him down without a moment’s hesitation; but there is no room for picking a quarrel, so the visitor replies, in a manner equally formal, that he would rather have the operation repeated, for he might take cold if much hair were removed at once. The tiresome people, when you are waiting for your turn, are the gentlemen who insist upon having their heads washed. A fashionable hair-dresser’s establishment is one of the best places you can visit if you want to ascertain about the ebb and flow of the London Season.

Another fair proof that town is full is the aspect of St. James’s Street, and the part of Pall Mall which contains the clubs. I wonder what those dear old gentlemen in the bow-windows of the old clubs into which Gamma and his kind never venture to intrude a profane foot can possibly find to talk about. There they are, year after year,—they never dream of shifting their quarters to another world—gazing complacently at the passers-by with newspapers spread upon their knees, and interchanging remarks upon things in general. Nothing seems to move or excite them—they are calm and serene even when Europe is in flames, or the Jews are let into Parliament. I think I should like to be as one of them for a quarter of an hour. Their heads must be so cool. What must a man feel like who has never been called upon for any exertion, save for his own pleasure, for three-score years and ten? It is a sensation of which one would like to have some practical experience. You never see a hub-bub and turmoil round the doors of their clubs, as in the case of the more noisy and excitable establishments in Pall Mall during the London season.

But of all the glorious sights, during that famous period, give me the Ride in Hyde Park, known to mortals as Rotten Row. I do not think that the great London spectacle was improved last year by the removal of the band from Kensington Gardens to the end of the Ride near Apsley House. It may be that one is under the influence of old feelings. Sentiment is essentially Tory. As we look back—ah! it is now years and years ago—to the golden time when the fair horse-women were as goddesses, and our hearts were in our mouths as we drew near that old elm tree where they sate upon their steeds—lovely, transcendental, and in chimney-pot hats—we do not love to see our old associations disturbed. As

a stout and elderly friend observed to me the other day—the mind never loses its figure! Was it not there that *she* burst upon our astonished vision for the first time? Was it not there that three weeks afterwards, and on the day subsequent to the assembly at old Lady Dandelion's, when *she* had glanced at us looks of encouragement, as we supposed, over two strawberry-creams of which we were then partaking—(alas! strawberry-creams don't taste like that now-o'-days—they are deficient in flavour)—we met her again, and there *she* distinctly flicked her bay mare "Joddles" three times in a way that betrayed her sweet confusion at our presence? Alas! again, I say, my friends, why continue this chapter of painful reminiscences? Were we not, what our French neighbours would call *éconduits*, because a doubt seemed to exist in the paternal mind, whether we could warrant sufficient supplies of nectar and ambrosia for the consumption of the Nymph whilst *she* adhered to the crust of the planet? Alas! once more were we not consulted by that very Nymph, the other day, upon the propriety of sanctioning a union between her daughter Angelina and the youthful Edwin who enjoys a certain amount of the confidence of his Sovereign as a clerk in the Foreign Office, and did we not reply that the match would be an imprudent one, and that Angelina could do better? Horrible!—most horrible! The corner by the Gardens there is thick with recollections of this kind; I cannot shift my quarters to the other end of the ride with any degree of complacency. When the Band performed in the open, there was no friendly shade under which the Edwins and Angelinas of the present day could exchange furtive glances, whilst the Papas pulled out their watches and calculated the interval between that time and the dinner-hour. In one respect, indeed, the change was far better, for surely the long rows of seats which were then placed both along the Ride and Drive were a great convenience to the ladies who wished to take the air and see the horse-folks, as well as to the gentlemen who wished to gaze upon them with respectful awe. To be sure, we then lost the Watteau-like picture of the promenaders in Kensington Gardens; but I think it was an advantage that the ladies had "deployed into line." Young volunteers, is the phrase a correct one—and such as would be used by you military men? I rejoice to see that the Band has now been moved back to its old place. In another respect, too, a change has come over the Ride since the times I have been describing. We have now three distinct sets of riders, some take their exercise or pastime in the morning, some at noon, some in the evening. Most commonly they are lawyers, and City people, and political men who are to be found in the Ride, before breakfast, proceeding up and down on hard-trotting horses, and endeavouring to cram the exercise of two hours into one. Then we have a large batch of riders, more or less mixed up with fashionable life, who find it more convenient to get the ride over before luncheon, so that they may not be fatigued for their dinner-parties and their operas in the evening. Besides these two earlier batches we have the later riders who adhere to

the good old customs of their forefathers and foremothers, and take their pleasure in the ride between five and seven P.M. during the London Season. Perhaps it is as well that the company is thus divided, because, in consequence of the enormous increase of wealth as well as of inhabitants of London and visitors, there really would scarcely be room for all—if all were to ride at once. As it is the place is crowded, and when the season is at its height I should like to see either the Bois de Boulogne, or the Champs Elysées, or the Thiergarten, or the Prater attempt rivalry with the famous Ride in Hyde Park.

An observer of a philosophical turn of mind might find abundant food for reflection in the hats worn by the ladies. I confess I am not without a sneaking partiality for the Spanish-looking hat and black feathers. Very young ladies may try a bird's wing, for a girl's face will come out victorious of almost any trial to which it may be put. But I would not recommend my stout friend Mrs. Mompesson Todd to mount a pheasant's pinion. The white feathers are too conspicuous, and as a rule are not becoming, nor are the blues and reds to be violently commended. The hat masculine again, when worn upon the lovely heads of certain fair beings before whom the hearts of the spectators quail, is a dangerous weapon of offence, and ought to be put down by the police. Upon some faces, indeed, it is perfectly harmless, and therefore interference on the part of the public authorities would be superfluous. I rejoiced last year to see that the dainty little tails to the jackets of the habits have been once more permitted to the Nymphs in substitution for those flopping paletôt sort of things which made slight Nymphs look stout, and stout Nymphs stouter. But what a wonderful sight the Ride is during the season. You have scarcely recovered your breath from the effect of one vision which has cantered past, when four come on a-breast under the guardianship of two tall wretches with violent whiskers. Then the little gentleman with the tippet—may his shadow never be less!—trots past on his lean horse, and gives time for the restorative agencies of nature to come again into play. Look at that young girl who is cantering past with her feather streaming in the wind, and the bronzed-looking youth upon a pulling, tearing chesnut mare by her side, who is whispering something in her ear—can't you guess what it is about?—how divinely happy she looks! Then four gentlemen in a row trot by you, whose names are famous wherever the English language is spoken, and they are chattering and giggling like a parcel of school-boys. There is no attempt there at melo-dramatic heroism. Next there passes a curious stout man upon a curious stout horse, which canters along in an emphatic way, and gets over the ground at about the rate of four miles an hour upon a liberal computation. That is the celebrated hobby-horse of the Hyde Park Ride. If my space were not contracting so rapidly, I should like to have said a word about the lovely little children—*Angeli non Angli*—with the long silken hair, who are there amongst their elders, upon the rough ponies, which look so full of fun that you would almost expect to hear them neigh-

ing out jokes at each other. That little fellow in Knickerbockers on the Shetland is distinctly laying down the law in a masculine sort of way to the little lady with the partridge wing on the grey pony, who bursts out laughing at him, and brings him to a sense of his situation in true feminine style—for all the world as her sister Ellen, just out of her teens, would do with the

Colonel if he gave himself airs. My young friend, you are imbibing learning of the most valuable kind—attention to your dear governess!

Well, I say that all this is very pleasant—one amongst the pleasant things of London during the season. Nor are the stroll home and the London dinners disagreeable. Should you by hard fate be compelled to go and hear the final strains of



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Madame Grial, or the fresh warblings of the Hungarian Csillag, at a later period of the evening, I should not be very ready to bewail your misfortune. The danger is, that a man may not know London and the felicities of the London season well until he has exhausted half the term of his pilgrimage. Happy is he who has so carefully arranged his life, that when it is half exhausted, he has surrounded himself with friends, in whose houses he can find a pleasant smile and a hearty welcome; and this is only possible in London. In the country, with enormous wealth at your disposal, you can indeed fill your house with

friends, but, *non cuivis*, we are not all born with golden ladles in our mouths. Besides, be as rich as you will, you can offer your friends a good deal, but you cannot place a London at their disposal, nor are they free agents as long as they are guests at your house. It is better to be in London, and to be free, and to look up the pleasant people as you feel a thirst for their presence. Under ordinary circumstances nothing is duller, as far as society is concerned, than country life in England; and out of England it can scarcely be said to exist. Whatever they may be to the natives of the countries, foreign capitals are to

English people but as watering-places,—delightful for a time, but in the long run poor substitutes for London during the season.

Vanitas vanitatum! omnia vanitas! may be the remark of some dismal person upon what has here been written of London. It may be so; and if it is so, let us make the best of it. I distinctly like vanities of all kinds, and more especially those which involve the society of the most intelligent and pleasant of my fellow-creatures, and an enjoyment of the highest forms of art and literature, and the spectacle of the full-swellng tide of human life. Let us leave Tityrus and Melibœus to their goats and their hexameters if they like them; but let us rather take our stand at Charing Cross. Above all, let as many of us as delight in the sight of happy human faces, come to London—during the season.

GAMMA.

THE VINEYARDS OF LA BELLE FRANCE.

Now that deputations from the British wine merchants, or rather manufacturers, are no longer waiting upon Mr. Gladstone, and the makers and vendors of "publican's port" have done getting up sympathy meetings with the afflicted teetotallers—we will, if you please, good reader, take a trip to the vineyards of La Belle France.

Commencing with the most northerly, it will be necessary to take our tickets to Épernay. This is on the line of railway—constructed, I believe, with English money, as most of the continental railways are—from Paris to Strasbourg, which answers to our Eastern Counties. Starting from the splendid terminus Place de Strasbourg, we pass from the north side of Paris, and soon arrive at the orchards and gardens of Lagny, on the left bank of the Marne. Twice crossing this river, we arrive at Meaux, a large city with eight or nine thousand people, and catch a glimpse of the stately cathedral of St. Stephen, and whirl past the avenue of yews where the learned Bossuet was accustomed to meditate undisturbed by the shrill whistle and whirr of the railway-train. The water-mills on the Marne are always going, to supply Paris with flour, and the land around is productive. The dairymaids make a very delicious cheese, called fromage de Brie. Rattling through the tunnel of Armentière, we pass La Ferté-sans-Jouarre, celebrated for the best millstones in the world, cut out of a silicious rock known as Burr stone, forming the uppermost stratum of the fresh-water basin in which Paris is situated. Blocks are extracted in cylinders, but the millstones are usually composed of pieces, bound together by iron, and presenting somewhat the appearance of mosaic work. Some twelve hundred pairs are produced annually: a good stone, six feet and a half in diameter, costs about 48*l*. The river here is varied by islands, one supporting the half-ruined castle of La Barre. All along to the Château Thierry station the banks of the Marne are very pretty, and the surrounding country shows evidence of a recent awakening and progress amongst the farmers. This old town wears a shattered look—it has been hacked and scarred; and seeking to recollect the cause, we revert to

the campaign of 1814, when the plain of Brie was occupied by hordes of Calmucs and Cossacks. We have just time to notice the picturesque castle built by Charles Martel for young King Thierry IV. upon the summit of a pleasing slope, before the railway-train crosses the Marne for the eighth and last time, and we break away into the prettiest part of the ancient province of Champagne—the country of the Champagne wines—a district from whence it is said the kings of France were supplied with Fools—a fact considerably in favour of the intelligence of the people.

Passing Dormans, the birth-place of Pope Urban II., and Port à Binson, where is visible the Gothic castle built by Madame Cliquot ("the mother of wines"), we come to the head-quarters of Vins de Champagne, namely, Epernay, and are now about eighty miles from Paris. Making a pleasant trip to Rheims, a little to the north (where we are reminded of the prophesying rustics and the wonderful Maid of Orleans), and observing the vineyards which cover the slopes that surround and arise from the banks of the Vesle, and then visiting the hill of Aï on the Marne, and Hautvilliers, and Dizy, and Avenay, and prosecuting all imaginable inquiries in rather feeble French wherever it is possible to do so, we obtain certain disjointed facts, which, digested, group themselves into something like the following order.

These Champagne wines are divided into Vins de la Rivière and Vins de la Montagne; the former, or those produced from the lands in the valley, being the richest. They occupy a tract of country about five leagues in extent.

It must here be remarked, that position and aspect make prodigious difference in the yield of the vine. In the slope of a hill, from the top to the bottom, there will often be three different sorts of wine. The best and most favourable aspect for a vineyard is upon a rising ground facing the south-east; and thus we generally find them situated. The vine grows in every soil, but only very few are adapted to its economic cultivation. It luxuriates in the débris of granite rocks; and beds bearing marks of volcanic action are peculiarly favourable to its growth. There we find a thin calcareous soil, where very little else would flourish but the vine.

The vineyards upon these slopes remind us of Kent, because the vines, like the hops, are supported by means of poles. In the south they are allowed to trail along the ground for the purpose of preventing evaporation of moisture from the soil; but, in consequence of the cold and wet weather often prevalent in the north, they are here artificially supported.

The vintage commences when the leaves begin to fall, and the juice is sweet, bland, thick, and clammy. The fruit is usually gathered before the sun has risen, by which means a briskness is given to the wine, and its quantity is increased by one ton in twenty-four. A sufficient quantity of fruit is gathered to fill one or two vats, to insure an equal fermentation; and this gathering is performed by women with scissors, cutting the ripest bunches, and mixing with them a small proportion of the slightly unripe berries. For the red Vins

de Champagne (the colour of the wine depending upon the length of time the husks are allowed to ferment with the *must* or wort) the fruit is gathered dry, after the sun has risen.

And now commences the labour and risk which raise the price of these wines so high, irrespective of duty. The fermentation of those intended to be brisk is very tedious. It will be well to defer the chemical description of the process until we have seen the difference with which it is conducted in manufacturing the various wines. It is only necessary now to say, that the liquid, or *must*, is soon passed from the vat into the cask. And while in cask, those wines obtained from the first, second, and third, or final pressure of the fruit, and known relatively as *vins gris*, *cail de perdrix*, and *vins de taille*, which are most coloured, are mixed together. Thus, when *vins gris* have fermented in casks ten or twelve days, the bung-holes are closed, and spigot holes are left, through which the casks are filled up from time to time with the other varieties, upon a systematic plan. Wines bottled any time between the vintage and the following May will be sparkling. They begin to sparkle after being six weeks in bottle, and the mountain sorts earlier. Bottled in June they will sparkle but little; and bottled so late as October, they will acquire the condition termed *still*.

Being in bottle, a third fermentation is induced by putting into each bottle a small glass of what is called *liqueur*—sugar-candy dissolved in wine, and fined to brightness. "This fermentation produces a fresh deposit of sediment. In this process the greatest attention is requisite, and the bottles are closely watched, the temperature of the air carefully regulated to promote or check the fermentation; yet thousands of bottles explode; so many, that 10 per cent. is always charged as a cost of manufacture." This is particularly the case in seasons of great and sudden heat. In April, 1843, Madame Cliquot, the largest grower in France, lost 25 per cent., or 400,000 bottles, before fermentation could be reduced by large supplies of ice.

"After clouding with fermentation in the bottles, the wine begins to deposit a sediment, and the bottles are placed with their necks downwards in long shelves, having holes obliquely cut in them, so that the bottoms are scarcely raised. Every day the attendant lifts the end of each bottle, and after a slight vibration replaces it a little more upright in the bed, thus detaching the sediment from the side, and letting it pass toward the neck of the bottle." This process is now continued until all the sediment has gravitated to the neck. Then a man takes the bottle to a recess prepared for the operation, holds its mouth downwards, cuts the wire, and away goes the cork, sediment, and, I was about to add, the wine too, which would be the case, were not a lad in attendance with some old corks, one of which is immediately taken to supply the place of the one just ejected. The quantity of wine lost by this operation depends very much upon the cleverness of those who conduct it, and nimble fingers are therefore in great request. The bottle is filled up with purified wine, and again stacked, to

be submitted to a second disgorgement, and sometimes a third. It is finally fitted, by another dose of candy, prepared with white wine, which imparts a pleasant sweetness, and aids its sparkling condition when opened, for the particular market to which it is going.

Thus, before the wine is perfectly cleared, it is calculated that every bottle passes through the hands of the workmen at least two hundred times.

The demand for this class of wine has so much increased latterly (Russia alone consuming 8,000,000 of bottles from France, and three times that quantity from other sources), that we now are introduced to various imitations in sparkling Hock, Burgundy, and Moselle. We might have expected it to be free from adulteration in this quarter, but it is not so; for at Paris and Certe are established manufactories where poor light wines are fined with candy, and passed through an apparatus that charges them with carbonic acid gas, and fits them for sale in ten minutes.

Respecting the quantity that is made, it is understood that the genuine production of the Champagne districts exceeds 50,000,000 of bottles, and the price at Épernay being from two to three francs, or 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d. per bottle, supposing the duty here to be 3s. per gallon, or 6d. per bottle, and the carriage and wine merchant's profits amount to 1s. per bottle, which is surely an extreme calculation, we shall find the genuine article upon our tables at something like 4s. per bottle. It is, however, proposed to vary the duty according to the strength of the spirit of any given wine, and as Champagne has but a small proportion of alcohol, it will probably be introduced into this country after the 1st of April, 1861, at a charge of 1s. per gallon, instead of 3s., as it now stands in Mr. Gladstone's improved tariff.

The chief lion of importance in connection with this trade is to be found at Chalons-sur-Marne, a town of 14,000 inhabitants, higher up the river than Essemay, and near M. Jaqueson's Champagne Cellars. They are plainly visible from the station, and a little on the right. The statement that the French Government hired his cask and packing sheds for six months to barrack 4000 men, gives some idea as to their extent. There are generally to be found 4,000,000 of bottles, ready for sale. They are deposited in galleries, excavated in the chalk rock, about six miles long, intersected by tramways communicating with the railway, and perfectly lighted by metal reflectors, placed at the bottom of the air-shafts.

Our good teetotal friends—people with excellent intentions and large appetites, will be somewhat scared by this vision, more scared, may be, than the extinct disciples of that school who some years back beheld blessing in sterility, and ruin in fertility, and who accustomed themselves to lament over "the superabundance of production." Let their fears be calmed by the fact, that the peasants in and about these vineyards dance and sing all day long but are never drunk. Cheap wines will surely be more effective than Total Abstinence Pledges, and, Christian though I am, I very much incline to the idea of a heathen poet, who has

elegantly represented wine as a recompense given by the deities for the misery brought upon mankind by the general deluge.

Fill, then, a bumper from the taper-necked bottle, and let us drink to the future vintage of the Marne.
H. R.

THE MONTHS.



HERE is July! In how many different tones is that exclamation made! On the whole, I believe July is not popular in England. The promise of spring is gone, and the peculiar pleasures of autumn are far off; and the first rich summer treats are in June. July is too hot, we are told. July is rainy—at least, after St. Swithin's day. July is too green, with its massive dark foliage—its uniform oaks, and its black sycamores. So say my neighbours. I, however, am of my boys' way of thinking. July is their holiday season, and therefore a glorious and delicious month. I feel with them, not only because we all make holiday with them, but because there is a singular splendour in the full fruition of the summer, and in the depth of summer influences witnessed and felt in July. Its sultriness, its rains, its glare of sunshine and gravity of shade may sober down the exhilaration of the early year; but they create a deeper pleasure than that of exhilaration. Perhaps July is not exactly the month that I should choose for a long journey of pleasure; but it is the month of all the year to make holiday in, in a rural home, with schoolboys and their sisters. There are even more flowers and fruits than

in June; the days are long; and all is ripeness in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The time and order of our holidays are determined by the date of the hay-making, and other Midsummer processes. The interval between them and preparations for harvest is the best time for farmers and country-gentlemen to look about them, and penetrate into neighbouring districts, to note the condition of agriculture and the prospects of the crops. This good old custom is kept up in my family, not only for the advantage of anybody's estate, but because it yields knowledge, health and pleasure at once to the young people, who go with me, two or three at a time, on each of the three or four excursions which precede our usual visit to the sea. Some of these trips occupy only a day,—though a long one. Others require two days, or three, according to weather. The ponies are in training for some time before. There is great thankfulness if the season serves for getting in the hay before June is gone; and, if we have not begun to mow by old Midsummer (July 6th), we have our fears of being caught by the rains of St. Swithin.

This year, the wet close of May, followed by a

watery June, has so favoured the grass as to make us nearly secure of a timely haymaking; and our July pleasures are laid out with a confidence which we must hope will not be disappointed.

Little Master Harry, after all, decides what our first trip of this month shall be. He bursts in upon mamma with news that he is going to ride in a cart,—going a long way off, to see beautiful flowers and gooseberries,—going to see a great many people in a great town. Nanny told him so,—his dear Nanny, the nursemaid, who married away from us in April, but contrives to see her pet Harry several times a week. Nanny appears, and explains that her husband has some flowers and some wonderful gooseberries at the horticultural show at N—, and that she begs to be allowed to take Harry with her in the donkey-cart for the ride and the show. It is settled at once that not only Harry, but everybody shall go. My wife will drive two in the pony-carriage from the Crown, and three will ride.

The three who ride will make a circuit by bridle paths: and the others start early, to avoid the dust of the high road at mid-day, when the county is crowding to the show. The dust is still laid with the dew in the avenue as we pace down it after our early breakfast, and the grass is fresh in the broad lane we first turn into from the high-road.

Some people are here before us, however. There are three or four girls, with a woman in the midst of them, crouched down by the ditch, and half-hidden in the hedge, and so busy that they do not notice us till some jingle of stirrup or rein—as we are passing on the grass—makes them look round all at once.

They are herb-gatherers. The herbalists have a notion that deadly night-shade, for instance, and several other materials for medicines, are of better quality in their wild state than when grown for sale. What a quantity of that night-shade there is in this lane! There are bundles of other plants, too, in the woman's basket. She has been at work since before four o'clock, and is going home now the sun is drying up the last of the dew.

How rich the hedges are! For half a mile together they are starred over with wild roses, and the foxgloves are taller than ever: honeysuckles dangle forth in streamers from the hazel-stems and the thorns, and the bindweed chains up everything in its tangles. On the bank are the meadow-sweet, and mallows out of number, and the ladies' bed-straw, and spreading borage, and long trails of wild strawberry, with its scarlet fruit peeping out here and there; and running vetches, and scabious standing up stiff; and under them, for the searching eye of herb-gatherers, there is a wondrous mosaic of tiny blossoms,—scarlet, yellow, blue, white, and purple. The ditch is nearly dry; but, in the moister places, there is forget-me-not, and yellow loose-strife, and rushes enough to supply dragon-flies to glance about the lane.

Bell turns on her saddle to look once more at the woman and her brood, and thinks it must be pleasant to be a herb-gatherer: at least, on a sweet fragrant morning in July. I remark that there

are other occupations for children which look highly agreeable on a summer morning. We must remember the evil of uncertain crops to herb-gatherers, and of changeable weather which makes their calling a very precarious one. It is fatiguing too: Whether it be from superstition or experience, some of the gathering is done in the night, and some in the hot noon, as well as the dewy morning; and many plants lie wide apart—low down in swamps and high up in rocky places, and in the depths of woods, or sprinkled scantily over wild moors.

But Charles wants to know what other children's occupations have such an agreeable appearance in summer. He is advised to look about him this very morning, and see whether he can observe any. In the midst of his guesses, he is about to dismount to open a gate when he sees there is a girl running to save him that trouble. There is also a boy, but we do not see him till we are just upon him. He lies on his face in the thick grass. As we look back, we see him motion his little sister to him, twist the halfpenny out of her hand and pocket it, and then dismiss her with a kick to her post. She clearly wishes to sit down in the shade; but he thrusts her to the sunny side, whence a longer stretch of the lane is visible. Charles volunteers the observation that he should not like to be either that girl or that boy; but the occupation might be a pleasant one enough. All boys in lanes are not tyrants, he supposes, nor all girls slaves.

Next, he points with his whip to a field on the left, observing that the field is ugly enough, but not the work, he should fancy. It is a brick-field; and, as far as the clay-heaps, and the holes, and the puddles go, nothing can be uglier; but the sheds have a cool appearance; just a picturesque thatch of furze and heather, laid on four poles; and a wattled side, moveable as the sun travels round. The boys and girls under those sheds have a cool material in clay and water; it must be pretty work moulding the bricks, and turning out the smooth slabs, and ranging them for drying in the form of a perforated wall. Besides, the wages are good and certain, till the winter frost shuts up the season. Still, as Bell observes, it is dirty work, and there is no beauty in wet clay.

"What do you say to this?" I ask, as we see a long, low roof in a turning of the lane, some way before us. We hear a wheel first, and then we look into a very long shed, entirely open throughout its length, and at present chequered with moving shadows from a row of elder bushes on the further side. It is a rope walk; and half-a-dozen men and women are walking backwards, with each a great coil of tow about the waist, while at either end is a wheel, one turned by a boy and the other by a girl. The girl looks hot, the boy looks dull; and when we consider that they will be at their wheels till evening, except at meals, we think it no bad thing for children that the twisting of ropes will soon cease to be done by human hands.

Some real out-door work, something to do in field, or wood, or garden, is what Bell inquires for, to compare with herb-gathering.

Before we have ridden many yards further, we

find what we want. What is that shrill and monotonous "halloo!" far away to the right, but nearer and nearer, and alternating with a clapping sound? Charley rises in his stirrups and sees the bird-boy in the next field but one. The bird-boy was out of the question from the beginning, we admit, because of the dreary solitude of his life. Then the shepherd-boy must be excluded also,—far up in the hills. No; the shepherd-boy has his dog to converse with. He is not to be pitied at this time of year. There are children in rows in yonder field to the left,—what are they doing? They are giving the last weeding to the pea-crop; and, in the next field, older lads and lasses are thinning the turnips, work which requires more discretion than weeding. It is to be hoped they get used to the stooping; but in glaring sunshine it must be very trying; and in wet weather, it must be as dirty as the brick-field. Turning a wheel in shade and shelter might be preferable, we all agree. Even as we pace leisurely along, we find the heat rather an evil, and watch for the entrance of the wood into which we mean to turn.

We certainly do not agree in the complaint of the monotony of the foliage in July. There is scarcely a tree which has not interior beauties seen some way off by observing eyes. Not only are there many shades of the same tint when one looks up from below; but there are varying growths of the leaves of the present season which cast lights and shadows through and through the whole structure. Leaves and blossoms have gone on unfolding up to last week, though the great dome was covered in nearly two months since. In the same way I dispute the monotony of the open area of the land. We stop at the entrance of the wood to look over to the far horizon, and note the sameness or variety of the green.

"Can green be more diversified?" we exclaim. Behind us there is a depth of shade that is almost black. Overhead, as we stand under the beeches, a green light is shed upon us, like that which we imagine at the bottom of the sea. Opposite is the deep green of the turnip-fields, and beyond them the more dusky hue of the unripe corn as it waves in the breeze. Then there is an expanse of lately-mown meadows of the brightest emerald tint, and on the hillside above is a fir-grove, made the more black by the breadths of yellow rye interspersed here and there. This is enough. We shall set up our testimony henceforth whenever July is reproached with the monotony of its colouring.

There are sounds of voices and implements in the depth of this wood; and here are more children at work. My boys had supposed all the cutting and barking in the woods would be over before their holidays; but they forgot the squire's great birches, which annually afford work to the fellers and barkers till the 15th of July,—the day on which the last load must be carried, and the last chips cleared away.

As I am always ready to own, I never can get past that particular piece of rural business without a stop; and, as usual, we dismount to watch the proceedings. Boys come running to hold our horses

or fasten them up; and we sit down in the shade. Bell, however, cannot make out what those children are about, sprawling on their stomachs at the roots of the trees in a glade which runs backward, and poking and stabbing the ground with old knives. They are digging for truffles; and Bell wants no better entertainment than to sit and watch them, and talk to them till summoned by me. Here, at last, is something as pleasant in its way as herb-gathering, only a yet more temporary resource. For the time, however, what can be pleasanter than spending the day in a wood, digging for truffles? At the end of a hot day, it must be pleasant to go forth into the next grass-field where mushrooms may be looked for. To be learned in fungi, which are more eaten, and in larger variety, every year, and to be trusted to bring only what is wholesome; to spend days in pleasant places, and find eager customers in the evenings, must be pleasant labour. So thinks Bell, as she sits at the foot of a beech, where the white butterflies are chasing one another up into the roof of the green tent: but at once the children scramble up, the horses stamp and struggle as if they would break their bridles, and the woodmen throw their axes and saws far from them in the grass. There has been a vivid flash of lightning, and a crash of thunder immediately follows, which makes the heart stop for the moment. It is wonderfully sudden: but we had not looked abroad for many minutes; and now that we do, we see the further region of the open country still lying in yellow sunshine, while a leaden gloom is hurrying thitherward from behind us. More lightning—forked, this time—and crash upon crash of thunder: and above it we hear the roar of the wind in the wood, and then the splash of the rain upon the roof-like foliage. All parties rush into one group, and the group rushes in the direction of the woodmen's hut. The hut, which is only a structure of planks with a thatch of faggots, will not hold half of us. Bell is thrust in first, and her father and brother next, just as the first stream pours down from every tree. The children do not want shelter, and show signs of crying if forced to take it. To ride ponies is beyond their expectation; but to sit the ponies under the tree, in order to keep the saddles dry, seems now worth a dashing effort: and there they are, two on each steed, winking as the rain dashes in their faces, and the lightning dazzles their eyes, and spreading themselves and their poor clothing over the ponies' backs so as to catch the utmost amount of wet. As the woodmen say, they would be wet at all events, and they are used to it; and they will fancy they get a ride by it. It is difficult to make the woodmen come in far enough; but we have insisted on their coats being brought in, and all who are in their shirt-sleeves coming in too.

Charles says he remarked the stillness of the wood, except for the noises we made, before the storm: but the men remind us that it is the still season, when no bird sings by day, so that the insects seem to have the covert to themselves, except when a leveret rustles in the fern, or the wood-pecker's tap is heard from the far side of some great trunk. Except the constant yellow-

hammer, or the strong blackbird who says what is in him under all circumstances, or the thrush, closing the day with more or less of song, there is nothing to be heard of the birds in July. In the meadows there is the lark sometimes, and in the marshes there is plenty of noise among the water-fowl; but the woods are still at noon as human dwellings at midnight.

The storm travels fast over the open country—now wrapping a village or a farmstead in a mist of rain, and then leaving it behind; so that we are soon inquiring whether the splash around us is mere drip from the trees or the skirts of the shower. Presently we are off on dry saddles, leaving the children rich in coppers and in pride at having had a ride under the tree. We shall be at N—— in twenty minutes; and our steeds will be well looked to there. Fast as our pace is, we watch the storm; and the last we see of it is the bank of black cloud obscuring the horizon line, and making the church spire at L—— stand out white instead of dark against the sky. A burst of red light from the heart of the blackness shows that the electric element is not yet expended. While watching it from the high road we come in view of a group of people, backed by a barouche and a cart. It is not a carriage accident. A large elm has been shivered to the root by the lightning, and its fragments lie round like the spokes of a wheel, showing that it was struck perpendicularly at the summit. As we return in the evening, my wife remarks on the extent to which the corn has been laid since she passed in the morning; but there is time for it to rise again; and beyond this we know of no harm done till we learn from the squire that three sheep of his, and two horses of a neighbour, have been laid low on the hills by one tremendous flash.

The Show meantime is as gay and glorious as if no shadow of gloom had passed over the great tent (or line of tents) in which it is spread out. This is the place to learn what is the fruition of July. The roses seem to be the spoil of the whole county; yet we scarcely passed a house which was not covered with them from the door-step to the eaves. What banks of blossom against either wall of the tent! What tablets of rich colour in the middle! In the other range, what prodigious vegetables coming out of small cottage gardens! and what weighty and noble fruits grown by humble hands! In this department we meet Harry, proud of carrying the largest gooseberry but two on the ground. It has not got the prize; but Nanny is smiling too. A cabbage of her husband's and a favourite pink have been successful, and Nanny goes home a proud wife.

We take our farewell of roses and carnations for this year, as we did of the bulbous flowers a fortnight since. Our porch and everybody's garden will have roses, more or less, through the month; but this is the last show of them; and the summer is thus sighing as it passes away over our heads.

We see this lapse of summer as we ride home by the road, which is no longer dusty. The oats, which have escaped the weight of the storm, or which have already been lifted again by the hot sun, flicker in the evening light almost like spangles. They are fully in ear. The scarlet

poppy and blue cornflower dot the wheat and barley fields with colour. The thistles are in their beauty; and very beautiful they are, in my opinion. As we pass the village pound at High-cross we hear a bovine voice of complaint, and see that three cows are restlessly moving about, and getting into one another's way. As usual at this season, they have been irritated by the heat and the flies, and have discovered and made use of the weak points in fences to get into shady gardens, and eat juicy vegetables, and drink from private ponds. We spread the news as we go, that the poor creatures may get home, and their scolding over before night. Such incidents should make old-fashioned people attend more to the arguments for stall-feeding than they do. Even the cows that we see standing knee-deep in the stream by the roadside are sorely teased by the flies. Every movement shows it; and, however the sketching tourist may miss their presence under the slanting trees, and amidst the mirror of the water, it is better for themselves that they should be under a roof in an airy stable where flies are not tolerated. As my wife pours out the rich cream over the strawberries at tea, after our day's exertions, she tells us that there is a manifest superiority in the milk of cows which lead a cool tranquil life in their airy stalls over that of cows which break fences and run restlessly about, lashing at the flies, only to find themselves in the pound at last.

In two days I must begin my rounds—weather permitting. The two lads are to be my companions on the first occasion, and I hope we may have as prosperous a trip as their sisters and I had last year. The object is to see how the upland farmers get on, and how they are managing the new machines and unheard-of manures introduced among them by the Lords Paramount of their district. It is a charming circuit of forty miles, over the moors and among the hills. Last year there was the stamp of drought over the whole region. We rode in the night more than in the day—the heat was so extreme. It was strange, in the morning twilight, to come upon a group of women in a hollow, or beside a dry cistern in the hedge, some knitting, some chatting, some dozing with sleeping babies in their arms, and every one with a pitcher beside her. Night after night these women sat there to watch the springs. Wherever there was hope of a dribble of water, however small, some anxious housewife crept to the spot when neighbours might be supposed asleep; and there was always somebody there, or sure to follow presently. It was like “prospecting” in the diggings in gold countries, except that the water was more precious than any gold.

This year the grass will be green in the intervals of the gorse and heather, and there will not be the danger of moorland fires which haunts the inhabitants in very dry seasons. There is no keeping lucifer matches out of the hands of children; there is no teaching packmen to be careful about the ashes of their pipes, or gipsies about disposing of their wood and peat ashes; and the consequence is that the sky is now and then red at midnight, and the breeze hot with fires of a mile broad, and hundreds of acres of young plantations are destroyed. Sportsmen

mourn over the game, and improvers over their young woods. The scene cannot compare with the forest and prairie fires of America, which drive all sorts of wild and tame beasts into the ponds together—wolves and lambs, bears and deer, Red Indians and white Christians and negro fugitives—all crouching under water, and putting out their noses into the hot and smoky air when they must breathe. We have no such spectacle as this to watch; but our moorland fires in a droughty July are sublime and terrible in their way, and sadly disastrous.

We shall find something different this year. The peat-cutters will see the brown water ooze into the trenches as they form them: the children will swim their rush-boats in the blue pools among the heather, while their elders are digging and piling the peat. The older children will go bilberry gathering to some purpose in a season like this. Even cranberries are not out of the question. Here and there, as we come upon some little rill glistening in the turf, or muttering among little sandy shoals and pebbles, we shall find women and children, each with a tin pot, picking the red berries from among the dark leaves. I don't know which is the prettier sight, a basketful of bleaberries with the bloom upon them, or a bowl of cranberries in the sunlight on the grass. There are flowers to all this fruit, too. Clumps and rows and large beds of wild thyme, where the bees are humming all day long; and some of the earlier heaths; and blue-bells quivering with every breath, or sheltering under the gorse; these abound over our whole track. Then, when we stop by the pools where the bulrush waves and nods, and where the cotton-rush hangs out its little banners, as if a fairy host were marching beneath, we look for the curlew's nest, and, if it be early or late enough, we are sure to hear the plover all along our way. All these things are different in a season of drought. And so it is when we reach the tilled lands, where the quail should be heard in the corn-fields, and the young partridges should be beginning to fly.

It will not take us many miles round to see how the salmon-fishing goes on in the estuary, where the spearing in the pools, as the tide goes out, is a fine night-spectacle. I am always glad of an excuse for a night's watching, to see the glitter of the torches in the long lines and broad patches of water left by the tide, and the long shadows of the men on the wet sand, and the black circle of figures round the pool, with a yellow face now and then visible from a flash of the torch within, and the basket of silvery, shining fish when there has been good success.

My children tell me I am an animal of nocturnal habits—at least, in the middle of summer. Well! why not? The *savans* have astonished us with the news that seven-ninths of the known animal creation are now found to be nocturnal in their habits: and why should not I go with the great majority? The laugh is on my side against those who conceitedly suppose the universe to have been made and arranged for them, so that light is better than darkness, and the day than the night, because it suits them better! However, for three parts in four of the year, I am willing to follow

the fashion of my kind in shutting my eyes upon the night; but in the hot season, why not enjoy the sweetest hours of the twenty-four?

Then we look for lights, as in the day we look for flowers. Not only in the sky—though the meteors are splendid in the thundery season—but in the woods, in the gardens, and on the sea. The glow-worm is gone: but there is a more diffused and mysterious light about the roots of trees than the glow-worm gives; and where felled trees have lain long, we may see it playing on and under the prostrate trunk. It is the phosphorescent light which hangs about certain fungi, and especially those which infest decaying wood. There have been rare nights at this season when I have caught the flash of light which certain flowers give out, and there is no doubt to my mind about the soft veil of floating radiance which wraps round some of the boldest blossoms in our greenhouses and parterres in sultry nights. Where there is a fine spread of nasturtiums, or a large clump of the hairy red poppy, or a group of orange lilies, the pretty sight may be seen, quite independently of the amusement of holding a light to fraxinellas, and other flowers which abound in volatile oils.

Our grand night-adventure, however, will be at the close of the month. The boys' holidays are to end at the sea, this summer, as in many former ones, and it is an old promise that we should spend a night at sea with the herring-boats. Besides stars and meteors, we may then see lights of many hues. The lighthouse gleam, waxing and waning the whole night through, with the long train it casts over the heaving sea, has an inexhaustible charm for me. To watch it from an inland hill is very bewitching, or from a distant point on the sands, especially if they are wet; but this is nothing to the pleasure at sea, where that path lies straight to one's feet, wherever one may go, growing bright and dim, and bright again, as by a regular pulsation, answering to one within one's-self. Then, in the wake of the boat, there may perhaps be the phosphorescent light so familiar to voyagers, now glancing in large sparkles, and now breaking out along the ridge of a billow. Moonlight there will not be: for the choice is of a dark night for the fishery. A dark night, with breeze enough to ripple the water, is the best.

We have often seen the watcher on the cliffs, looking out with experienced eyes for the peculiar sheen and movement of the water which betoken the presence of the herrings. It will be rather too early for the great shoals on which the fortunes of the fishermen for the year depend. If it were not, there would be no chance for us; for the men want every inch of room in their boats for themselves in the full season. But we may be in time for the first-fruits of the fishery; and if so, we are to make a night of it, starting at sunset or later, according to where the fish may be. We rather hope to go far out, and get some notion of deep-sea fishing, and of the smell, and the handling of the nets and other gear; and of the look of the fish as they come tumbling in, and glitter in the rays of the lantern; and of the appearance of the setting of stars and rising of dawn from the very surface of the sea, which is quite different from the elevation of a large vessel; and, not

least, of the notions, and talk, and manners of the fishermen, and how they sup, and how they manage their craft, so that in future we may know how to think of them, when, from the cliff or the beach, we see their fleet put off for the night-fishing, or returning in the early sunlight.

July must certainly be a favourite month with me, so hard as I find it to turn away from the mere inventory of its pleasures. But there is business to be looked to.

The greenhouses must be repaired and painted while we can keep the plants out of doors. We must put an end to the delay about opening the drinking-fountain in the village, which was promised before the dog-days. The trough below is more wanted for the dogs than even the cup and basin above for working-men and wayfarers. If the policeman keeps an eye on that trough, to see that it is not meddled with, and on any strange hungry dog that may appear, we need have no more horrible alarms about mad dogs, such as we had last year. There would be nearly an end of that terror if there were water-troughs for dogs wherever dogs abound. We must get the people at N—— stirred up to erect drinking-fountains, and open their baths before the hot weather is gone. When down in the low grounds, I must see after the cygnets for the park-mere, and take a lesson in swan-doctoring for the languid season, when it is not easy to replenish the still waters sufficiently. My neighbours entreat me to ascertain the truth about the potato-disease. Now is the time for it to give hints, if it is going to afflict us again; and to inquire into this is the main object of my next circuit among the farms. The field peas will be cut in the forwardest places by the time we return from our last round; and the lads are to see the thatching of the ricks, as we are learning to do it now. More children's employments! There is driving home the peat-crate, drawn by pony or ass, and cranberry gathering, and helping in fishing and curing, both salmon and herrings, to say nothing of all the other fish which abound in July,—the cod and smelts, the turbot, soles, skate, and plenty more. Then there is the gathering of unripe apples and plums, to sell for puddings and pies; and carrying to market the thinnings of the apricot crops, which make the best tarts in the world; and the supplying all housewives with fruit for preserving,—currants and raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. Then the stout country lads can get in the peas, cut them close to the ground with sickles, and bind them with the least possible shaking; and the girls meantime must be looking after the ailing hens, which will be moulting for a month to come. There is plenty for everybody to do in July, though the barley will not put on its dazzling whiteness till the end of the month, nor the red wheat yet look as if it was tanned by the sun. We call it an interval of leisure between the hay and the corn harvests; but there is plenty to do and to learn, as my lads and I shall find, from beginning to end of our holiday time. If there is any leisure, it is when St. Swithin's Day makes good its old promise; but July rains keep no rational people within doors for many hours at a time. Some of us like them as well as sunshine,

when seen from a boat-house or the shelter of a hollow tree: and an alternation of the two, which would be our choice, is usually our happy fate. And so marches July, in his gay pathway between ripening harvests!

THE NEGRO'S REVENGE.

(FROM AN UNACTED DRAMA.)

[ANTONIO, surnamed *El Matador*, a sea-captain, and in reality a pirate from the Spanish Main, having excited the admiration of a company of actors and actresses, in Italy, by a sudden passionate outburst, is requested by them to narrate a story, in order to elicit from him a specimen of his natural aptitude for the stage.]

Antonio. The shark had followed us for a week. Night and day, day and night, his back-fin glistered in our wake—fifty fathom astern, it was always there. We had none sick on board; but we had been too long cruising in the tropics not to know that at least one of us would lose the number of his mess ere the creature parted company with the ship.

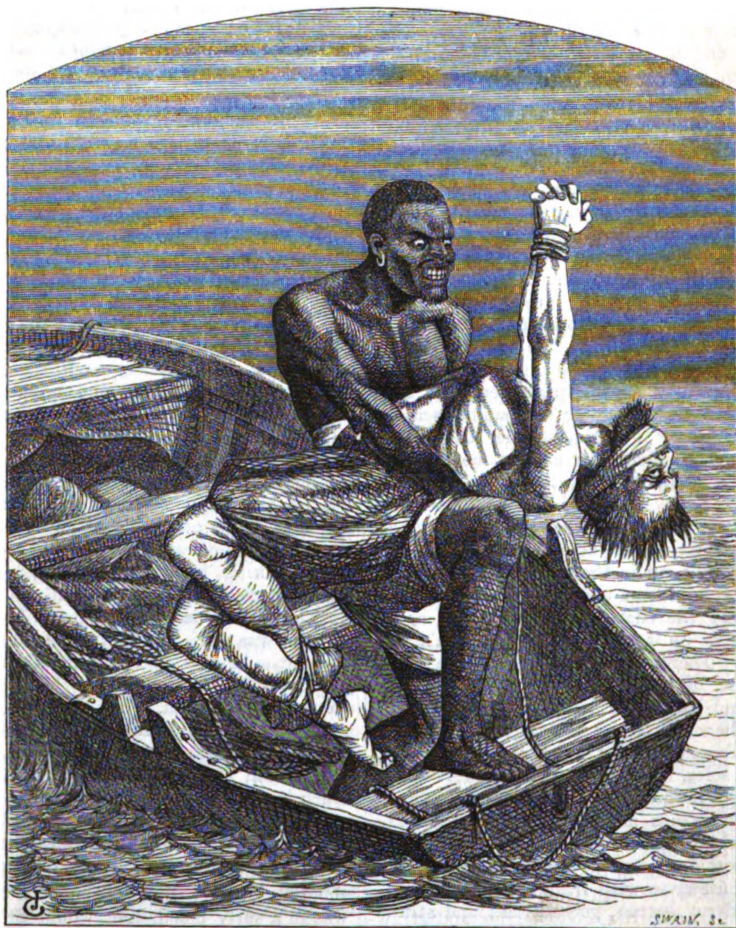
The weather being very sultry the sailors became irritable, until if a man but chanced to look at another it gave offence, as if each thought his neighbour wished him to glut the monster's ravening maw, and so solve the doom which threatened all alike. At length, on the seventh day, the third mate, a scowling Portingallo, quarrelled with the black cook Zanga, who, he swore, put cock-roaches purposely in the dishes that underwent the sable preparation of his most greasy hands. Now this Zanga was a tall Ashantee, who had been a king in his native land—a laughing, merry-hearted fellow, but proud as the Prince of Darkness after his own fashion. I did not hear all that was said between them; but the negro turned the laugh against the Portingallo, who was jeered at for his unsavoury complaint. That evening, Zanga's son, a boy about twelve years old, a child in arms when his father was taken captive, was seen on the fore-castle playing, as was his wont, with the captain's favourite bloodhound, which it was his sole charge to feed. It had fallen a dead calm, and the shark had come some twenty fathoms nearer, and its huge sides gleamed ghastly with phosphoric light. We had some thought of shooting at it with a falconet; but the captain was in a surly mood, and would brook no waste of powder to gratify our desire. The next day the boy was missing, and when we looked astern for the shark, it was no longer there (*pauses*).

An actress. Nay, continue, I pray you. Had the poor child fallen overboard?

Antonio. I kiss your fingers, Señorita. During the morning the dog became furious, and twice flew at the Portingallo's throat, so that we were forced to chain the animal to the capstan, being alarmed at his sudden frenzy. Had the Portingallo dared to brave the captain's wrath, he would have slain the hound with a boarding-pike as he lay there securely fastened, by turns growling and whining, his head couched motionless between his paws, his tail ever and anon beating the deck with quick impatient knocks, and the fiery glitter of his deep-sunk, blood-shot eyes following every movement

of him whom he had so strangely assailed. During the evening there was a hot and noisy altercation forward as to whether or not the dog had capsized the boy overboard in anger or boisterous sport. Some, among whom the Portingallo was most vehement, swore with oaths and curses that it was so. Two or three declared that the dog had been shut up aft in the sail-room a full hour before they last saw the missing lad busy with his fishing

lines close to the open porthole of a culverin. As for Zanga, he spoke to none, answered none, and none cared to question his grief. Have any of you ever chanced to see a negro's face turn ashen pale—all the villainous ink of his complexion precipitated from the dry parchment of his skin by the deep inward chemistry of an agonising breast? That night, about eight bells, being toward the end of the Portingallo's watch on deck, a cry from



the still surface of the ocean but a little way off, which seemed to vibrate through the ship's timbers, roused us from sleep. We tumbled up from our hammocks and looked anxiously around. Scarce a stone's throw distant, on the starboard side, in the very track of the moonlight, we saw the jollyboat adrift, and in it the gigantic figure of the negro stooping over something which lay prostrate at his feet. It was the Portingallo, naked to the waist, gagged and bound hand and foot. As we gazed, the negro attached a second rope to one of those by which the Portingallo was already fastened. In the thrilling light of the moonbeams every detail shone distinct and clear as in the picture of a

martyrdom lighted by a thousand tapers at high mass. (*Crosses himself.*) We shuddered as we saw the negro make this rope well fast, while the Portingallo lay writhing in the boat before him. We saw his white teeth glisten again as he grinned in his revenge, and the metallic shine of agony on the Portingallo's face, and the sweat pouring down him, and the wrinkled anguish of his brow, and the bristling of his hair in the extremity of his terror; and then, last of all, we heard the gentle plashing of the water as the boat swayed with their movement, and the fretting of the rope, and each touch of their naked limbs, and the gurgle in the victim's throat, and the breathing of the avenger and the doomed.

Your stage-lamps, ladies, do not cast so fair and true a light as that beautiful tropic moonshine on the face. Then the negro carefully lifted his victim over the boat's side, payed out his rope, and paddled a little distance off. His purpose flashed simultaneously upon us. He was fishing with a human live-bait for sharks.

As Actor. Saints of mercy! and did none of you interfere?

Antonio. An Imperial lady at a bull-fight could not be more entranced than we were. Presently a dark shadow rose from the water near the boat, and then another and another, until a dozen sharks, small and large, slowly moving their rudder-like tails, were poised in full sight beneath. When the Portingallo saw them, he leapt half out of the water with a convulsive effort that nearly bent him double, as ye may have seen a fish on dry land jerk itself spasmodically towards ocean. The largest shark quickly turned over underneath; but Zanga twitched his line, and then a second and a third essayed to seize that living bait. Then the gag got loose, and the doomed man yelled to Heaven and to the ship for aid, and shrieked a brief and piteous tale, how the boy overbalanced fell into the sea, and how but for the shark he would himself have saved him. But Zanga yelled with triumph, and they both yelled together, until you could scarcely distinguish between their cries, and untwist the sacred harmony of revenge from the howling discord of despair. Oh! revenge, I tell you, is the gift of the gods, the only joy that the grudging immortals freely share! So the black cried in his fury, and the white man in his agony, until the ship's crew suddenly found their sweet voices, and raised a chorus to them both; and the dog, who had got loose, bayed in fierce answer to all; and the sharks made a bubbling and commotion, that you would have thought hell itself had risen from the deep. But Zanga pulled his line no longer; and, like hounds in at the death, the sharks closed upon their prey, and the boat rocked to and fro, and the black danced screeching and howling; and by the time we had lowered the gig and long-boat—both of which we found staved full of holes, as a woman's reputation when handled by a score of her own sex—we saw nothing save a few shivered planks, and a dark-red stain on the placid water, to tell us of the scene that had been there. Within an hour a breeze sprung up, within two it had freshened to a gale, within three we were scudding under bare poles. During four days the hurricane raged, on the fifth the ship struck and foundered, and I alone escaped to tell the story of the Negro's Revenge. Methinks you look pale, ladies—there is nothing for the complexion, believe me, like sea-air.

ALFRED B. RICHARDS.

ESSEX ELEPHANTS.

THE great home county of Essex is less explored by strangers than almost any shire in England. Its margin, seen from the Thames, is so truly uninviting, and the way to it through the eastern limb of London, by Aldgate, Whitechapel, Mile End, and Stratford, is so dull, so flat, so poverty-stricken, and so redolent of odours, that persons

who have travelled their country tolerably well, have left this material portion of it unvisited.

Yet Essex has its claims on our attention. It possesses decided beauties—its Chigwell Row, its Laindon Hills, and, till lately, its large and picturesque forests of Epping and Hainault. Within their shade rose Havering-atte-Bower, the residence of Edward the Confessor, and Wanstead House and Park, where a king, "out by rotation," found a princely home. Within the last few years, alas! the woodcutter's axe has been busy among the Hornbeams and other trees, and the deer-trodden thickets are fast disappearing before modern improvements.

To the antiquary the eastern kingdom is filled with interest. Who it was that embanked the Thames and the Lea, and by converting swamps into rivers gave large pastures to Essex and Hertfordshire, is a question still to be answered. Being done, the Danish snake-ships, entering the Lea at Barking Creek, sailed up to Hertford, as they probably sailed up the Fleta to Battle Bridge. The great street, proceeding due east from London, crosses the Lea and several of its branches; the latter having their origin in trenches and counter-trenches cut for strategic purposes. Stratford-le-Bow—i.e., the street-ford with a bridge (*de arcu*)—is memorable as the locality of the first stone arch, and is supposed to be the place intended in the ancient nursery song—

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lea.

Adjoining Bow, the chapel of St. Leonard's, Bromley, marks the escape from drowning of the Empress Matilda. Across the river commences Stratford Langthorne, where, in Mary's reign, eleven persons were burnt to death. Looking northward from the road, which, through the lower portion of Stratford, is constructed on a causeway, Leyton Church is seen, planted on a slight elevation, the first from the river in a distance of about five miles. The site was probably taken for a Prætorium by the Romans, and a stone coffin, in good preservation, was here discovered in making the cutting for the Cambridge line of railway. Half a mile from the church, on the winding Lea, beloved by Izaak Walton, is situated Temple Mill. Corn-mills were property not at all despised by the lofty Knights Templars.

Still keeping our faces turned to the rising sun, three or four miles brings us to the village of Ilford, a word commemorating difficulties once experienced in crossing the little river Rodan, which here opposed the traveller's passage. An equal distance onward, another small affluent of the Thames imparts its name to the town of Romford. But our special business at present is with the former locality, and we dismiss our antiquarian guide and ask a geologist cicerone.

To "those who understand their epoch," it is a result of exceeding interest to have witnessed a great science grow, in their own life of forty years, from stammering childhood to adolescence; to have seen almost the first uncertain beams of geology struggling in the morning sky, and then, from hour to hour, pouring in a flood of accumulating facts,

and classifying them into a marvellous system. Persons born since the commencement of the present century remember geology in its pre-scientific condition, and will recal with a thoughtful smile the detached fact, the isolated mineral specimen, or remarkable local formation, which first drew their attention to the subject.

The long, grey, old church of West Ham, which stands half a mile riverward of Stratford, contained, in years past, some objects likely to attract the wandering eyes of a child during a sermon. The great silken colours of the West Ham Volunteers hung dustily and discoloured below the tall chancel arch. Below them, an elaborate lion and unicorn, the size of cubs, smiled ferociously on the preacher as he passed between them to his elevated pulpit; and at the east end of the church, leaning against an altar-tomb, two immense bones rested—one being a shoulder-blade, three feet in length, and the other a rib—concerning which relics the inquirer was shortly answered that they were *mammoth bones*. The spark of interest thus kindled in our own breast towards osteology might have easily died out again, had it not been followed, some two and thirty years ago, by a neighbour presenting to our youthful collection of curiosities a few pieces of fossilized ivory, exhumed at Ilford in a spot where the ground had been opened for brick-making. Many persons visited the *diggings* daily; but until lately, when an enlightened curiosity has been established, the discoveries ceased to command attention; and, doubtless, great numbers of mammoth relics have been found, and then lost for ever. During the last two years, however, greater care has been taken. The proprietor of the brick-field gave to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, much devoted to geology, full powers over all the animal remains discovered—and, what was of the highest importance, left orders that his workmen should notify to Mr. Brady their having come upon any bones. Thus he was able to examine them *in situ*, and to prevent, in a great measure, their injury or destruction. In this one field (and there are two other brick-fields near it) the remains of at least eight elephants have been brought to light. A short account of their discovery was read by Mr. Brady at the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, in September last. The bones of the elephant (*Elephas primigenius*) are found associated with those of the rhinoceros, the Irish elk, the horse, and the ox. An immense tusk was discovered, fourteen feet below the level of the soil, to see which, before it was disturbed, Sir Charles Lyell and other eminent geologists were invited. The tusk was deficient of both extremities, but the portion rescued was nine feet long and of great thickness. Since that time a bone of enormous size belonging to a whale has been extracted.

The geological position of these relics is the Pleistocene, or latest tertiary formation. The vein in which they occur varies from five to ten feet in thickness, and consists of sandy gravel. It underlies the band of brick-earth already mentioned, into which some of the bones intrude, and thus attract the notice of the brick-makers. Above the brick-earth is the extensive and valuable bed of scarlet gravel for which this part of Essex is

celebrated. This bed, with the vegetable mould which covers it in, is from four to six feet in depth at Ilford. In other spots the gravel has been worked as deep as twenty feet. Beneath all is the great deposit of the London clay.

Though the excavations at Ilford have been singularly productive in the discovery of animal remains, it is not to be understood that they exist in that site only. In other parts of Essex and also in Middlesex coming within the basin of the Thames, similar bones have been brought to light. Remains of the elephant have been met with at Grays, at Harwich, at Erith, at Brentford, at Kingsland, and, within a few months past, at Charing Cross. At Erith the lion and hyæna, and at Grays the bear, add the carnivora order to the list of animals given above.

A view of the circumstances leads to the plausible conjecture that, in its main features, the configuration of land and water was the same when these herds of strangely associated animals lived as it is now. The estuary of the Thames probably ran up farther inland; and the waters of the river, before they had cut themselves deep channels, and before the hand of man was at work to confine them within useful limits, spread widely in marsh and morass, till they touched the feet of the hills in Kent and Essex. Dr. Anderson has lately speculated on the condition of the Mediterranean, before a sinking of the ground-level between the Pillars of Hercules allowed the Atlantic waves to fill the depressed savannah through which the Eastern waters made their way to the ocean, and expatiated to great distances on either side their centre course. Thus, he accounts for the remains of hippopotami found there—the herds of which must have been counted not by thousands, but by tens of thousands.

But it must always be remembered in the case of the Essex deposits we have described, that they are in the *drift*—a name at once suggestive of the washing together, or other transportation of rocks and organisms, which may previously have been scattered, and distant from each other. Indeed, where carnivora abound, the weaker kinds among the other orders must necessarily disappear. To meet with traces of their association in one place would indicate a disturbance either of the surface on which they dwelt, or of their very nature. We can hardly conceive of “a happy and united family” on so grand a scale, and without the restraints of a cage or a keeper.

In all this search for bones in the drift, and it has now been long and extensive, no flint instruments or any presumptive remains of man have been discovered. This evidence is, it is true, negative only; but it has its significance, and must be allowed its due weight in the discussion proceeding as to the first era of mankind. The drift and the gravel are the concluding page of geological history. The animals found do not differ greatly in their construction from existing species; some of them are identical; the date of their disappearance does not require to be removed very greatly from our historic period. Therefore, if anywhere, we have here a right to anticipate the discovery of traces of human existence; but there are none—none up to the present time have been

brought to light ; nothing has been lifted from the ground to picture to our imagination the noble savage contending for existence with foes exceeding himself in passion and in strength—his whole armoury consisting of a sharpened flint, and the fires of his enkindled eye.

The fact that, still more recently, even within the last few months, a wrought millstone has been discovered near the bone deposits, does not militate against these remarks, for it was found in a peaty earth of yet more recent date, though undoubtedly very ancient, and in the society of remains of existing species. Thus, transported materials are likely, for the present, to create trouble and doubts amongst geologists, till science, advancing in its lesson, fits in these additional pieces to its puzzle.

Our inquiries as to the fate of the "mammoth bones" which formed the ossuary of All Saints, West Ham, are unsuccessful. Three things may have happened. They may have been decently interred in the churchyard before it was closed for sepulture ; or they may have been crushed to manure the corn-lands of that parish ; or they may have entered more immediately into our cereal food by being ground and mixed with flour.

MANLEY HOPKINS.

THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS.

WHILE Greek ruins excite our attention as well as admiration, few people are aware of the rich works of art which have been lately deposited in the British Museum, and which have not yet been exhibited to the public. We allude to those Greek marbles, a portion of a building which has been called—and, from what now remains of it, probably most justly—one of the Seven Wonders of the World. This is the famous Mausoleum erected by Queen Artemisia to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, or rather of Halicarnassus. She loved him with such tender affection, and was so greatly afflicted at his death, that, according to the custom in those days, after his body had been burnt to ashes, historians tell us that she daily ate a portion of those ashes, and died soon after she had finished them.

However this may be, it is certain that she determined to erect a monument to his memory, sufficient at the same time to prove her own affection for one she so tenderly loved, and to show the world the estimation in which he was held by his subjects. Mausolus is said to have died immensely rich ; and with his wealth his queen began to erect a monument, which she called a Mausoleum, after the name of her husband, and from which afterwards all magnificent sepulchres and tombs have received the same appellation. This celebrated Mausoleum was erected three hundred and fifty-three years before the birth of our blessed Saviour ; and on reading the following account of the interesting marbles now in the British Museum, this date should not be lost sight of. In fact, their antiquity, and the exquisite beauty of their workmanship, cannot fail of filling the mind with admiration.

Four different architects are stated to have been employed upon this noble monument of affection. Scopas erected the side which faced the east,

Timotheus had the south, Leochares had the west, and Bryaxis the north. Over this stately Mausoleum a pyramid was raised, executed by Pitheus, who adorned the top of it with a chariot drawn by four horses. The expenses of this edifice must have been enormous, and this gave occasion to the philosopher Anaxagoras to exclaim when he saw it, "How much money is changed into stones." Artemisia died before it was finished, as supposed of grief, but not until after she had expended her husband's wealth in the building. But so great was the admiration it occasioned, that her subjects united together to complete it.

The site of this vast monument of antiquity was for a great number of years unknown, although the interest felt for the discovery had never ceased. Many persons thought, and it now appears not without reason, that it must have been swallowed up by an earthquake. It is certain that the French Government sent men of science to endeavour to discover these interesting ruins. Russia, Prussia, and Austria did the same, all with the hopes of enriching their several countries with these ancient marbles, but altogether without success. It remained for an Englishman to make the discovery, and that Englishman's name was Newton.

Mr. Newton was employed for twelve or thirteen years in the British Museum, where he not only acquired a great love of ancient marbles and a considerable knowledge of their history, but also had his curiosity much excited in order to ascertain the site of the tomb of Mausolus. Fortunately for antiquarians, and also for his country, Mr. Newton was appointed Vice-Consul at Mitylene, and from thence he had the best opportunities of prosecuting his inquiries respecting the tomb of Mausolus. Having at length ascertained the spot, and means being placed at his disposal by the British Government, he procured some sappers and miners from Malta, and began his excavations. It is not intended to particularise the discoveries he made. It will be sufficient to mention a few of them. Amongst others, he has brought to light a noble statue of Mausolus, nearly perfect. It is impossible to view it without feelings of wonder and admiration. The whole character of the head much resembles the ideal portraits of Alexander the Great on the coins of Lysimachus and in several extant marble busts. The face is slightly bearded, the features massive but finely formed, and with a most noble expression. Indeed, where shall we find in classical art any head in which such majesty is combined with the traits of individual likeness ?

A fine colossal female statue was also found, supposed to be that of Artemisia ; but, unfortunately, it wants the head, which has not yet been recovered. The figure and drapery are very finely executed.

Portions of colossal horses have also been discovered ; and these no doubt formed a portion of the marble *Quadriga* by which the Mausoleum was surmounted. Nothing can be finer than these marbles, especially the head of one of the horses, which may vie with the celebrated one in the Elgin Marbles.

Finely sculptured lions and a leopard have also

been brought to light, and many other remains of the greatest interest, amongst which are some friezes, beautifully executed, and which have been preserved and deposited in the British Museum, the whole of them extending to a length of eighty feet: and Mr. Newton is of opinion that no museum in Europe can show so magnificent a series of high reliefs. These marbles will no doubt form a fine study for artists, and it is to be hoped that drawings of them will be published.

As to the Mausoleum itself, we learn from Pliny that it was surrounded by thirty-six columns, and that the whole height was a hundred and forty feet, and the length on each side sixty-three feet, making two hundred and fifty-two feet in all, and that the whole was adorned with appropriate sculpture.

Mr. Newton has the credit of having conducted the excavations of these magnificent remains, and also for having satisfactorily set at rest the question of the locality of the Mausoleum. His success can only be properly appreciated by viewing the vast quantity of interesting relics he has sent to this country, and which must form only a small portion of the original building, the materials of which, through a long succession of ages, have been used for various erections and the burning of the marbles to procure lime.

Mr. Newton is now the English Consul at Rome, where it is to be hoped that his scientific knowledge and thirst for new discoveries may enable him to enrich his country with further objects of interest and antiquity.

EDWARD JESSE.

SHE AND I.

Now married half a score of years,
With children growing tall,
I muse on former hopes and fears,
On long past smiles and sighs and tears,
And bygone days recall.

Yes! twelve, twelve months have passed away,
Since "She and I" first met,
But still the dress she wore that day,
And almost all she chanced to say,
I well remember yet.

Of course I cannot tell if she
Was conscious of her power;
I know that on that day for me
Commenced a long captivity
Which lasts until this hour.

My love was faint and feeble then,
And almost self-denied;
Yet still I'd jealous promptings when
I chanced to witness other men
Attentive at her side.

And, oh! what jealous pangs I bore
As love increased in force;
I often turned and left her door,
With firm resolve to go no more,—
And went next day of course.

What trifling matters then inclined
My hopes to rise or fall;
It wasn't difficult to find
A plea for my sad state of mind
In anything at all.

While I was in this wretched state,
Some friends, one summer day,
Arranged a little rural *fête*;
I made a sham of self-debate,
But went—I needn't say.

Although I own that in my eyes
A pic-nic's no great treat;
I don't like gnats, or wasps, or flies,
Or dust that spreads, or damps that rise,
Or rain, or broiling heat.

Well! at this *fête*—tho' what about
I've not discovered yet—
Clara began to sulk and pout,
And I, from sympathy, no doubt,
Began to fume and fret.

Our words were very sharp and curt,
We spoke, and nothing more;
And then, I always will assert,
That she began to laugh and flirt
With people by the score.

(I do sometimes assert it now—
It's not a bit of use—
She positively won't allow
One single thing, but asks me how
I can be such a goose.)

What happen'd next I cannot say,
Except from what I hear:
I'm told that I was very gay,
And chatter'd in the wildest way
With everybody near.

The sequence of events I own
I've never understood,
But when my mind regain'd its tone,
I found that we were quite alone,
And walking in a wood.

Yes, there we were, with no one by,
No sound the silence broke,
Till Clara gave a little sigh,
Which startled me so much that I
Took heart of grace, and spoke.

I sought a smile, I fear'd a frown,
But scarce had I begun,
When she, to veil her face, shook down
Those clust'ring curls, in shadow brown,
But golden in the sun.

Ah, then came bliss, so long deferr'd,
Which paid for everything!
What joy one little whisper'd word,
So low it scarcely can be heard,
Is large enough to bring!

O, what a calm, delicious change
From jealousy to rest!
And then the trifles to arrange,
So numerous, so sweet, and strange,
Which give love half its zest.

The slender ring, the stolen tress,
(Inestimable prize!)
The loving glance, the shy caress:
If such as these be foolishness,
I envy not the wise.

No bitter memories remain
Of all that stormy past;
May those who feel a kindred pain
By fortune's kindly aid attain
A kindred joy at last!

C. P. WILLIAM.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.



CHAPTER XXIX. PRELUDE TO AN ENGAGEMENT.

MONEY was a strong point with the Elburne brood. The Jocelyns very properly respected blood; but being, as Harry, their youngest representative, termed them, poor as rats, they were justified in considering it a marketable stuff; and when they married they married for money. The Hon. Miss Jocelyn had espoused a manufacturer, who failed in his contract, and deserved his death. The diplomatist, Melville, had not stepped aside from the family traditions in his alliance with Miss Black, the daughter of a bold bankrupt, educated in affluence; and if he touched nothing but 5000*l.* and some very pretty ringlets, that was not his fault. Sir Franks, too, mixed his pure stream with gold. As yet, however, the gold had done little more than shine on him; and, belonging to expectancy, it might be thought unsubstantial. Beckley Court was in the hands of Mrs.

Bonner, who, with the highest sense of duty towards her only living child, was the last to appreciate Lady Jocelyn's entire absence of demonstrative affection, and severely reprobated her daughter's philosophic handling of certain serious subjects. Sir Franks, no doubt, came better off than the others. Her ladyship brought him twenty thousand pounds, and Harry had ten in the past tense, and Rose in the future; but living, as he had done, a score of years anticipating the demise of an incurable invalid, he, though an excellent husband and father, could scarcely be taught to imagine that the Jocelyn object of his bargain was attained. He had the semblance of wealth, without the personal glow which absolute possession brings. It was his habit to call himself a poor man, and it was his dream that Rose should marry a rich one. Harry was hopeless. He had been his grandmother's pet up to the years of

adolescence: he was getting too old for any prospect of a military career: he had no turn for diplomacy, no taste for any of the walks open to blood and birth, and was in headlong disgrace with the fountain of goodness at Beckley Court, where he was still kept in the tacit understanding that, should Juliana inherit the place, he must be at hand to marry her instantly, after the fashion of the Jocelyns. They were an injured family; for what they gave was good, and the commercial world had not behaved honourably to them.

Now Ferdinand Laxley was just the match for Rose. Born to a title and fine estate, he was evidently fond of her, and there had been a gentle hope in the bosom of Sir Franks that the family fatality would cease, and that Rose would marry both money and blood.

From this happy delusion poor Sir Franks was awakened to hear that his daughter had plighted herself to the son of a tradesman: that, as the climax to their evil fate, she who had some blood and some money of her own—the only Jocelyn who had ever united the two—was desirous of wasting herself on one who had neither. The idea was so utterly opposed to the principles Sir Franks had been trained in, that his intellect could not grasp it. He listened to his sister, Mrs. Shorne: he listened to his wife: he agreed with all they said, though what they said was widely diverse: he consented to see and speak to Evan, and he did so, and was much the most distressed. For Sir Franks liked many things in life, and hated one thing alone—which was “bother.” A smooth world was his delight. Rose knew this, and her instruction to Evan was: “You cannot give me up—you will go, but you cannot give me up while I am faithful to you: tell him that.” She knew that to impress this fact at once on the mind of Sir Franks would be a great gain; for in his detestation of bother he would soon grow reconciled to things monstrous; and hearing the same on both sides, the matter would assume an inevitable shape to him. Mr. Second Fiddle had no difficulty in declaring the eternity of his sentiments; but he toned them with a despair Rose did not contemplate, and added also his readiness to repair, in any way possible, the evil done. He spoke of his birth and position. Sir Franks, with a gentlemanly delicacy natural to all lovers of a smooth world, begged him to see the main and the insurmountable objection. Birth was to be desired, of course, and position, and so forth: but without money how can two young people marry? Evan’s heart melted at this generous way of putting it. He said he saw it, he had no hope: he would go and be forgotten: and begged that for any annoyance his visit might have caused Sir Franks and Lady Jocelyn, they would pardon him. Sir Franks shook him by the hand, and the interview ended in an animated dialogue on the condition of the knees of Black Lymport, and on horseflesh in Portugal and Spain.

Following Evan, Rose went to her father and gave him a good hour’s excitement, after which the worthy gentleman hurried for consolation to Lady Jocelyn, whom he found reading a book of French memoirs, in her usual attitude, with her

feet stretched out, as if she made a footstool of trouble. Her ladyship read him a piquant story, and Sir Franks capped it with another from memory; whereupon her ladyship held him wrong in one turn of the story, and Sir Franks rose to get the volume to verify, and while he was turning over the leaves, Lady Jocelyn told him incidentally of old Tom Cogglesby’s visit and proposition. Sir Franks found the passage, and that her ladyship was right, which it did not move her countenance to hear.

“Ah!” said he, finding it no use to pretend there was no bother in the world, “here’s a pretty pickle! Rose says she will have that fellow.”

“Hum! it’s a nuisance,” replied her ladyship. “And if she keeps her mind a couple of years, it will be a wonder.”

“Very bad for her, this sort of thing—talked about,” muttered Sir Franks. “Ferdinand was just the man.”

“Well, yes; I suppose it’s her mistake to think brains an absolute requisite,” said Lady Jocelyn, opening her book again, and scanning down a column.

Sir Franks, being imitative, adopted a similar refuge, and the talk between them was varied by quotations and choice bits from the authors they had recourse to. Both leaned back in their chairs, and spoke with their eyes on their books.

“Julia’s going to write to her mother,” said he.

“Very filial and proper,” said she.

“There’ll be a horrible hubbub, you know, Emily.”

“Most probably. I shall get the blame; cela se conçoit.”

“Young Harrington goes the day after tomorrow. Thought it better not to pack him off in a hurry.”

“And just before the picnic; no, certainly. I suppose it would look odd.”

“How are we to get rid of the Countess?”

“Eh? This Bantru is amusing, Franks; but he’s nothing to Vandy. Homme incomparable! On the whole I find *Ménage* rather dull. The Countess? what an accomplished liar that woman is! She seems to have stepped out of Tallemant’s Gallery. Concerning the Countess, I suppose you had better apply to Melville.”

“Where the deuce did this young Harrington get his breeding from?”

“He comes of a notable sire.”

“Yes, but there’s no sign of the snob in him.”

“And I exonerate him from the charge of ‘adventuring’ after Rose. George Uploft tells me—I had him in just now—that the mother is a woman of mark and strong principle. She has probably corrected the too luxuriant nature of Mel in her offspring. That is to say, in this one. *Pour les autres, je ne dis pas*. Well, the young man will go; and if Rose chooses to become a monument of constancy, we can do nothing. I shall give my advice; but as she has not deceived me, and she is a reasonable being, I shan’t interfere. Putting the case at the worst, they will not want money. I have no doubt Tom Cogglesby means what he

says, and will do it. So there we will leave the matter till we hear from Elburne House.

Sir Franks groaned at the thought.

"How much does he offer to settle on them?" he asked.

"A thousand a-year on the marriage, and the same amount to the first child. I dare say the end would be that they would get all."

Sir Franks nodded, and remained with one eyebrow pitifully elevated above the level of the other.

"Anything but a tailor!" he exclaimed presently, half to himself.

"There is a prejudice against that craft, isn't there?" her ladyship acquiesced. "Béranger—let me see—your favourite Frenchman, Franks, wasn't it his father?—no, his grandfather. 'Mon pauvre et humble grandpère,' I think, was a tailor. Hum! the degrees of the thing, I confess, don't affect me. One trade I imagine to be no worse than another."

"Ferdinand's allowance is about a thousand," said Sir Franks, meditatively.

"And won't be a farthing more till he comes to the title," added her ladyship.

"Well, resumed Sir Franks, "it's a horrible bother!"

His wife philosophically agreed with him, and the subject was dropped.

Lady Jocelyn felt with her husband, more than she chose to let him know, and Sir Franks could have burst into anathemas against fate and circumstance, more than his love of a smooth world permitted. He, however, was subdued by her calmness; and she, with ten times the weight of brain, was manœuvred by the wonderful dash of General Rose Jocelyn. For her ladyship, thinking, "I shall get the blame of all this," rather sided insensibly with the offenders against those who condemned them jointly; and seeing that Rose had been scrupulously honest and straightforward in a very delicate matter, this lady was so constituted that she could not but applaud her daughter in her heart. A worldly woman would have acted, if she had not thought, differently, but her ladyship was not a worldly woman. Evan's bearing and character had, during his residence at Beckley Court, become so thoroughly accepted as those of a gentleman, and one of their own rank, that, after an allusion to the origin of his breeding, not a word more was said by either of them on that topic. Besides, Rose had dignified him by her decided conduct.

By the time poor Sir Franks had read himself into tranquillity, Mrs. Shorne, who knew him well, and was determined that he should not enter upon his usual negotiation with an unpleasantness, that is to say, to forget it, joined them in the library, bringing with her Sir John Loring and Hamilton Jocelyn. Her first measure was to compel Sir Franks to put down his book. Lady Jocelyn subsequently had to do the same.

"Well, what have you done, Franks?" said Mrs. Shorne.

"Done?" answered the poor gentleman.

"What is there to be done? I've spoken to young Harrington."

"Spoken to him! He deserves horsewhipping!

Have you not told him to quit the house instantly?"

Lady Jocelyn came to her husband's aid: "It wouldn't do, I think, to kick him out. In the first place, he hasn't deserved it."

"Not deserved it, Emily!—the commonest of low, vile, adventuring tradesmen!"

"In the second place," pursued her ladyship, "it's not advisable to do anything that will make Rose enter into the young woman's sublimities. It's better not to let a lunatic see that you think him stark mad, and the same holds with young women afflicted with the love-mania. The sound of sense, even if they can't understand it, flatters them so as to keep them within bounds. Otherwise you drive them into excesses best avoided."

"Really, Emily," said Mrs. Shorne, "you speak almost, one would say, as an advocate of such unions."

"You must know perfectly well that I entirely condemn them," replied her ladyship, who had once, and once only, delivered her opinion of the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Shorne.

In self-defence, and to show the total difference between the cases, Mrs. Shorne interjected: "An utterly penniless young adventurer!"

"Oh, no; there's money," remarked Sir Franks.

"Money, is there?" quoth Hamilton, respectfully.

"And there's wit," added Sir John, "if he has half his sister's talent."

"Astonishing woman!" Hamilton chimed in; adding, with a shrug, "But, egad!"

"Well, we don't want him to resemble his sister," said Lady Jocelyn. "I acknowledge she's amusing."

"Amusing, Emily!" Mrs. Shorne never encountered her sister-in-law's calmness without indignation. "I could not rest in the house with such a person, knowing her what she is. A vile adventuress, as I firmly believe. What does she do all day with your mother? Depend upon it, you will repent her visit in more ways than one."

"A prophecy?" asked Lady Jocelyn, smiling.

On the grounds of common sense, on the grounds of propriety, and consideration of what was due to themselves, all agreed to condemn the notion of Rose casting herself away on Evan. Lady Jocelyn agreed with Mrs. Shorne; Sir Franks with his brother, and Sir John. But as to what they were to do, they were divided. Lady Jocelyn said she should not prevent Rose from writing to Evan, if she had the wish to do so.

"Folly must come out," said her ladyship. "It's a combustible material. I won't have her health injured. She shall go into the world more. She will be presented at Court, and if it's necessary to give her a dose or two to counteract her vanity, I don't object. This will wear off, or, si c'est véritablement une grande passion, eh bien! we must take what Providence sends us."

"And which we might have prevented if we had condescended to listen to the plainest worldly wisdom," added Mrs. Shorne.

"Yes?" said Lady Jocelyn, equably, "you

know, you and I, Julia, argue from two distinct points. Girls may be shut up, as you propose. I don't think nature intended to have them the obverse of men. I'm sure their mothers never designed that they should run away with footmen, riding-masters, chance curates, as they occasionally do, and wouldn't, if they had points of comparison. My opinion is that Prospero was just saved by the Prince of Naples being wrecked on his island, from a shocking misalliance between his daughter and the son of Sycorax. I see it clearly. Poetry conceals the extreme probability, but from what I know of my sex, I should have no hesitation in turning prophet also, as to that."

What could Mrs. Shorne do? Mrs. Melville, when she arrived to take part in the conference, which gradually swelled to a family one, was equally unable to make Lady Jocelyn perceive that her plan of bringing up Rose was, in the present result of it, other than unlucky.

Now the two generals—Rose Jocelyn and the Countess de Saldar—had brought matters to this pass; and from the two tactical extremes: the former by openness and dash: the latter by subtlety, and her own interpretations of the means extended to her by Providence. I will not be so bold as to state which of the two I think right. Good and evil work together in this world. If the Countess had not woven the tangle, and gained Evan time, Rose would never have seen his blood,—never have had her spirit hurried out of all shows and form, and habits of thought, up to the gates of existence, as it were, where she took him simply as God created him and her, and gave to him. Again, had Rose been secret, when this turn in her nature came, she would have forfeited the strange power she received from it, and which endowed her with decision to say what was in her heart, and stamp it lastingly there. The two generals were quite antagonistic, but no two, in perfect ignorance of one another's proceedings, ever worked so harmoniously towards the main result. The Countess was the skilful engineer: Rose the general of cavalry. And it did really seem that with Tom Cogglesby and his thousands in reserve, the victory was about to be gained. The male Jocelyns, an easy race, decided that, if the worst came to the worst, and Rose proved a wonder, there was money, which was something.

But social prejudice was about to claim its champion. Hitherto there had been no general on the opposite side. Love, aided by the Countess, had engaged an inert mass. The champion was discovered in the person of the provincial Don Juan, Mr. Harry Jocelyn. Harry had gone on a mysterious business of his own to London. He returned with a green box under his arm, which, five minutes after his arrival, was entrusted to Conning, in company with a genial present for herself, of a kind not perhaps so fit for exhibition, at least they both thought so, for it was given in the shades. Harry then went to pay his respects to his mother, who received him with her customary ironical tolerance. His father, to whom he was an incarnation of bother, likewise nodded to him and gave him a finger. Duty done, Harry

looked around him for pleasure, and observed nothing but glum faces. Even the face of Mr. John Raikes was heavy. He had been hovering about the Duke and Miss Current for an hour, hoping the Countess would come and give him a promised introduction. The Countess stirred not from above, and Jack drifted from group to group on the lawn, and grew conscious that wherever he went he brought silence with him. His isolation made him humble, and when Harry shook his hand, and said he remembered Fallowfield and the fun there, Mr. Raikes thanked him, and in a small speech, in which he contrived to introduce the currie, remarked that the Hampshire air suited his genius, and that the friendship of Mr. Harry Jocelyn would be agreeable to him.

"Where's the tailor?" cried Harry, laughing. "Tailor!" Jack exclaimed, reprovingly, "oh! now, my dear fellow, you must positively drop that. Harrington's sisters! consider! superb women! unmatched for style! No, no; Harrington's father was an officer. I know it. A distant relative of Sir Abraham Harrington, the proud baronet of Torquay, who refused to notice them. Why? Because of the handle to his name. One could understand a man of genius!—a member of parliament! but proud of a baronetcy! His conduct was hideous. The Countess herself informed me."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Harry, "I was only joking. I shall see you again." And Mr. Raikes was left to fresh meditation.

Harry made his way to join his friend Ferdinand, and furnished him with the latest London news not likely to appear in the papers. Laxley was distant and unamused. From the fact, too, that Harry was known to be the Countess's slave, his presence produced the same effect in the different circles about the grounds, as did that of Mr. John Raikes. Harry began to yawn and wish very ardently for his sweet lady. She, however, had too fine an instinct to descend.

An hour before dinner, Juliana sent him a message that she desired to see him.

"Jove! I hope that girl's not going to be blowing hot again," sighed the conqueror.

He had nothing to fear from Juliana. The moment they were alone she asked him, "Have you heard of it?"

Harry shook his head and shrugged.

"They haven't told you? Rose has engaged herself to Mr. Harrington, a tradesman, a tailor!"

"Pooh! have you got hold of that story?" said Harry. "But I'm sorry for old Ferdy. He was fond of Rosey. Here's another bother!"

"You don't believe me, Harry?"

Harry was mentally debating whether, in this new posture of affairs, his friend Ferdinand would press his claim for certain monies lent.

"Oh, I believe you," he said. "Harrington has the knack with you women. Why, you made eyes at him. It was a toss-up between you and Rosey once."

Juliana let this accusation pass.

"He is a tradesman. He has a shop in Lymport, I tell you, Harry, and his name on it. And he came here on purpose to catch Rose. And now he has caught her, he tells her. And his mother

is now at one of the village inns, waiting to see him. Go to Mr. George Uploft; he knows the family. Yes, the Countess has turned your head, of course; but she has schemed and schemed, and told such stories—God forgive her!"—

The girl had to veil her eyes in a spasm of angry weeping.

"Oh, come! Juley!" murmured her killing cousin. Harry boasted an extraordinary weakness at the sight of feminine tears. "I say! Juley! you know if you begin crying I'm done for, and it isn't fair."

He dropped his arm on her waist to console her, and generously declared to her that he always had been very fond of her. These scenes were not foreign to the youth. Her fits of crying, from which she would burst in a frenzy of contempt at him, had made Harry say stronger things; and the assurances of profound affection uttered in a most languid voice will sting the hearts of women.

Harry still went on with his declarations, heating them rapidly, so as to bring on himself the usual outburst and check. She was longer in coming to it this time, and he had a horrid fear, that instead of dismissing him fiercely, and so annulling his words, the strange little person was going to be soft, and hold him to them. There were her tears, however, which she could not stop.

"Well, then, Juley, look. I do, upon my honour, yes—there, don't cry any more—I do love you."

Harry held his breath in awful suspense. Juliana quietly disengaged her waist, and looking at him, said, "Poor Harry! You need not lie any more to please me."

Such was Harry's astonishment, that he exclaimed, "It isn't a lie! I say, I do love you." And for an instant he thought and hoped that he did love her.

"Well, then, Harry, I don't love you," said Juliana; which at once revealed to our friend that he had been utterly mistaken in his own emotions. Nevertheless, his vanity was hurt when he saw she was sincere, and he listened to her, a moody being. This may account for his excessive wrath at Evan Harrington after Juliana had given him proofs of the truth of what she said.

But the Countess was Harrington's sister! The image of the Countess swam before him. Was it possible? Harry went about asking everybody he met. The initiated were discreet; those who had the whispers were open. A bare truth is not so convincing as one that discretion confirms. Harry found the detestable news perfectly true.

"Stop it by all means if you can," said his father.

"Yes, try a fall with Rose," said his mother.

"And I must sit down to dinner to day with a confounded fellow, the son of a tailor, who's had the — impudence to make love to my sister!" cried Harry. "I'm determined to kick him out of the house!—half."

"To what is the modification of your determination due?" Lady Jocelyn inquired, probably suspecting the sweet and gracious person who divided Harry's mind.

Her ladyship treated her children as she did

mankind generally, from her intellectual eminence. Harry was compelled to fly from her cruel shafts. He found comfort with his Aunt Shorne, as the wicked called that honourable lady. Mrs. Shorne as much as told Harry that he was the head of the house, and must take up the matter summarily. It was expected of him. Now was the time for him to show his manhood.

Harry could think of but one way to do that.

"Yes, and if I do—all up with the old lady," he said, and had to explain that his grandmama Bonner would never leave a penny to a fellow who had fought a duel.

"A duel!" said Mrs. Shorne. "No, there are other ways. Insist upon his renouncing her. And Rose—treat her with a high hand, as becomes you. Your mother is incorrigible, and as for your father, one knows him of old. This devolves upon you. Our family honour is in your hands, Harry."

Considering Harry's reputation, the family honour must have got low. Harry, of course, was not disposed to think so. He discovered a great deal of unused pride within him, for which he had hitherto not found an agreeable vent. He vowed to his aunt that he would not suffer the disgrace, and while still that blandishing olive-hued visage swam before his eyes, he pledged his word to Mrs. Shorne that he would come to an understanding with Harrington that night.

"Quietly," said she. "No scandal, pray."

"Oh, never mind how I do it," returned Harry, manfully. "How am I to do it, then?" he added, suddenly remembering his debt to Evan.

Mrs. Shorne instructed him how to do it quietly, and without fear of scandal. The miserable champion replied that it was very well for her to tell him to say this and that, but—and she thought him demented—he must, previous to addressing Harrington in those terms, have money.

"Money!" echoed the lady. "Money!"

"Yes, money!" he iterated doggedly, and she learnt that he had borrowed a sum of Harrington, and the amount of the sum.

It was a disastrous plight, for Mrs. Shorne was penniless.

She cited Ferdinand Laxley as a likely lender.

"Oh, I'm deep with him already," said Harry, in apparent dejection.

"How dreadful are these everlasting borrowings of yours!" exclaimed his aunt, unaware of a trifling incongruity in her sentiments. "You must speak to him without—pay him by and by. We must scrape the money together. I will write to your grandfather."

"Yes; speak to him! How can I when I owe him? I can't tell a fellow he's a blackguard when I owe him, and I can't speak any other way. I ain't a diplomatist. Dashed if I know what to do!"

"Juliana," murmured his aunt.

"Can't ask her, you know."

Mrs. Shorne combatted the one prominent reason for the objection: but there were two. Harry believed that he had exhausted Juliana's treasury. Reproaching him further for his wastefulness, Mrs. Shorne promised him the money should be got, by hook or by crook, next day.

"And you will speak to this Mr. Harrington to-night, Harry. No allusion to the loan till you return it. Appeal to his sense of honour."

The dinner-bell assembled the inmates of the house. Evan was not among them. He had gone, as the Countess said aloud, on a diplomatic mission to Fallowfield, with Andrew Cogglesby. The truth being that he had finally taken Andrew into his confidence concerning the letter, the annuity, and the bond. Upon which occasion Andrew had burst into a laugh, and said he could lay his hand on the writer of the letter.

"Trust old Tom for plots, Van! He'll blow you up in a twinkling. Cunning old dog! He pretends to be hard—he's as soft as I am, if it wasn't for his crotchets. We'll hand him back the cash, and that's ended. And—eh? what a dear girl she is! Not that I'm astonished. My Harry might have married a lord—sit at top of any table in the land! And you're as good as any man. That's my opinion. But I say she's a wonderful girl to see it."

Chattering thus, Andrew drove with the dear boy into Fallowfield. Evan was still in his dream. To him the generous love and valiant openness of Rose, though they were matched and mated in his own bosom, seemed scarcely human. Almost as noble to him were the gentlemanly plain-speaking of Sir Franks and Lady Jocelyn's kind common sense. But the more he esteemed them, the more unbounded and miraculous appeared the prospect of his calling their daughter by the sacred name, and kneeling with her at their feet. Did the dear heavens have that in store for him? The horizon edges were dimly lighted.

Harry looked about under his eyelids for Evan, trying at the same time to compose himself for the martyrdom he had to endure in sitting at table with the presumptuous fellow. The Countess signalled him to come within the presence. As he was crossing the room, Rose entered, and moved to meet him, with: "Ah, Harry! back again? Glad to see you."

Harry gave her a blunt nod, to which she was inattentive.

"What!" whispered the Countess, after he pressed the tips of her fingers. "Have you brought back the grocer?"

Now this was hard to stand. Harry could forgive her her birth, and pass it utterly by if she chose to fall in love with him; but to hear the grocer mentioned, when he knew of the tailor, was a little too much, and what Harry felt his ingenuous countenance was accustomed to exhibit. The Countess saw it. She turned her head from him to the diplomatist, and he had to remain like a sentinel at her feet. He did not want to be thanked for the green box: still he thought she might have favoured him with one of her much-embracing smiles.

In the evening, after wine, when he was warm, and had almost forgotten the insult to his family and himself, their representative, the Countess snubbed him. It was unwise on her part: but she had the ghastly thought that facts were oozing out, and were already half known. She was therefore sensitive tenfold to appearances: savage

if one failed to keep up her lie to her, and was guilty of a shadow of difference of behaviour. The pic-nic over, our General would evacuate Beckley Court, and shake the dust off her shoes, and leave the harvest of what she had sown to Providence. Till then, respect, and the honours of war! So the Countess snubbed him, and he being full of wine, fell into the hands of Juliana, who had witnessed the little scene.

"She has made a fool of others as well as of you," said Juliana.

"How has she?" he inquired.

"Never mind. Do you want to make her humble and crouch to you?"

"I want to see Harrington," said Harry.

"He will not return to-night from Fallowfield. He has gone there to get Mr. Andrew Cogglesby's brother to do something for him. You won't have such another chance of humbling them both—both! I told you his mother is at an inn here. The Countess has sent Mr. Harrington to Fallowfield to be out of the way, and she has told her mother all sorts of falsehoods."

"How do you know all that?" quoth Harry.

"By Jove, Juley! talk about plotters! No keeping anything from you, ever!"

"Never mind. The mother is here. She must be a vulgar woman. Oh! if you could manage, Harry, to get this woman to come—you could do it so easily!—while they are at the pic-nic to-morrow. It would have the best effect on Rose. She would then understand! And the Countess!"

"I could send the old woman a message!" cried Harry, rushing into the scheme, inspired by Juliana's fiery eyes. "Send her a sort of message to say where we all were."

"Let her know that her son is here, in some way," Juley resumed.

"And, egad! what an explosion!" pursued Harry. "But, suppose—"

"No one shall know, if you leave it to me—if you do just as I tell you, Harry. You won't be treated as you were this evening after that, if you bring down her pride. And, Harry, I hear you want money—I can give you some."

"You're a perfect trump, Juley!" exclaimed her enthusiastic cousin. "But, no; I can't take it. I must kiss you, though."

He put a kiss upon her cheek. Once his kisses had left a red waxen stamp; she was callous to these compliments now.

"Will you do what I advise you to-morrow?" she asked.

After a slight hesitation, during which the olive-hued visage flitted faintly in the distances of his brain, Harry said:

"It'll do Rose good, and make Harrington cut. Yes! I declare I will!"

Then they parted. Juliana went to her bedroom, and flung herself upon the bed, hysterically. As the tears came thick and fast, she jumped up to lock the door, for this outrageous habit of crying had made her contemptible in the eyes of Lady Jocelyn, and an object of pity to Rose. Some excellent and noble natures cannot tolerate disease, and are mystified by its ebullitions. It was sad to see the slight thin frame grasped by

those wan hands to contain the violence of the frenzy that possessed her! the pale, hapless face rigid above the torment in her bosom! She had prayed to be loved like other girls, and her readiness to give her heart in return had made her a by-word in the house. She went to the window and leaned out on the casement, looking towards Fallowfield over the downs, weeping bitterly, with a hard shut mouth. One brilliant star hung above the ridge, and danced on her tears.

"Will he forgive me?" she murmured. "Oh, my God! I wish we were dead together!"

Her weeping ceased, and she closed the window, and undressed as far away from the mirror as she could get, but its force was too much for her, and drew her to it. Some undefined hope had sprung

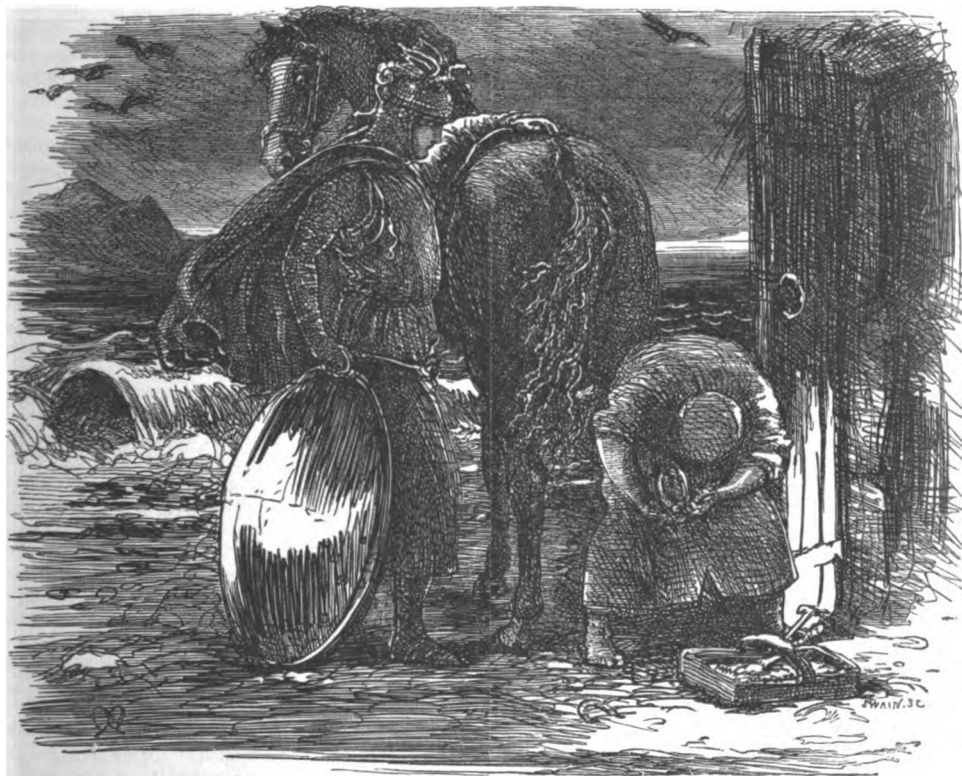
in her suddenly. With nervous slow steps she approached the glass, and first brushing back the masses of black hair from her brow, looked as for some new revelation. Long and anxiously she perused her features: the wide bony forehead; the eyes deep-set and rounded with the scarlet of recent tears, the thin nose—sharp as the dead; the weak irritable mouth and sunken cheeks. She gazed like a spirit disconnected with what she saw. Presently a sort of forlorn negative was indicated by the motion of her head.

"I can pardon him," she said, and sighed. "How could he love such a face!"

I doubt if she really thought so, seeing that she did not pardon him.

(To be continued.)

MASTER OLAF. (FROM THE GERMAN.)



MASTER OLAF, the smith of Heligoland,
At midnight layeth his hammer by;
Along the sea-shore the tempest howls,
When a knock at the door comes heavily.

"Come out, come out, and shoe me my horse!
I must yet far, and the day is at hand!"
Master Olaf opens the door, and sees
A stately Ritter before him stand.

Black is his mail shirt, helm, and shield,
A broad sword hangeth upon his thigh,
His black horse tosses his mane so wild,
And paws the ground impatiently.

"Whence so late! Whither so fast?"

"I yesterday lighted in Nordernie;
My steed is swift, the night is clear,
Ere sunrise I must in Norway be."

"Haddest thou wings, that might I believe."

"My horse with the wind right well hath raced,
Yet already a star pales here and there,
So the iron bring hither, and make thou haste."

Master Olaf taketh the shoe in hand,
It is too small, but it spread and spread:
And as it grew to the edge of the hoof,
There seized the master fear and dread.

The Ritter mounts, and his broad sword clangs :

"Master Olaf, I bid thee now good night !

Know, thou hast the horse of Odin shod ;

I hasten across to the bloody fight."

The black horse shoots forward o'er land and sea,

Round Odin's head a splendour shone ;

Twelve eagles are straining in flight behind,

Swiftly they fly,—he rides foremost on. L. B.

THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

NOTES ON MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE.

THE picture commenced by Mr. Hunt at Jerusalem, in 1854, is finished at last. One picture, and that not very large, is the fruit of more than five years of a painter's labour ! This is worth thinking about, not as affording curious data for calculating the number of pictures a man might produce at such a consumption of time, during the comparatively short period wherein he possesses his greatest powers, because if we desire great pictures, or any other thing which is really great, we must not be over-anxious for speed of production. This labour of five years evidences the possession of those very faculties which are needful for the creation of the greatest works—patient labour, unwearied devotion, tenacity of purpose, a willingness to forego immediate fame,—these are the means by which the highest creative power receives its fullest development.

For the last year or two rumours have come from the artist's studio that the picture was all but finished ; the lucky few who had seen it were full of satisfaction ; but the painter himself was not satisfied,—the idea was still too far above the embodiment ; much that seemed very good had to be painted out and the labour begun anew.

I think that we who are not artists are too apt to under-estimate the artist's labour. We accept the beautiful outline and splendid colours as a sort of holiday-work wrought in perpetual joy of heart. We do not bear in mind that if the work is truly great it has been executed at the full tension of the artist's powers, that there has been in all probability a bitter struggle with doubt and uncertainty before the easel, till the man grew disgusted over his brightest thoughts, and had to leave his painting awhile and seek fresh strength ere he could return to his labour. We know that authors are forced to put down the pen. Recollect the grim way in which "Jane Eyre" was written—long intervals when it was not in the heart to work. When we look on a great painting, let us sympathise with the stern labour which is hidden beneath its loveliness.

The pre-Raphaelites will point to this picture in absolute vindication of their principles—it was a reproach to them that the force of their accessories destroyed the main interest of their pictures. You must paint *down* your objects of still life was the cry. Not so, they replied ; we must repair our error by striving to paint our countenances *up* ; if all parts of the picture are *truly* painted, the interest of the human face will give it due dominance in the composition.

It is curious to observe how this adherence to truth of detail has led the pre-Raphaelites to

create a principle in religious painting opposed to previous methods. Great religious painters hitherto have striven to attain their aim through idealisation—the countenance was idealised until it had almost lost its human interest—to mark the divineness of the subject the surrounding accessories were generally of a purely conventional character—the heavenly host introduced ;—by making the picture *unearthly* it was sought to make it divine. With the pre-Raphaelites the reverse ; their principle is realisation ; in showing us as truly as possible *the real*, we are to behold the wonder of the divine.

So on this principle it was necessary for Mr. Hunt to strive for the utmost possible truth. It was necessary to resuscitate an architecture whereof all records beyond certain traditions have passed away—the Temple, of which not one stone remains upon another, had to be reproduced in its *most probable* aspect. According to tradition, one portion of that Temple yet remains—the natural rock pavement, reddish limestone fading at the edges into slate-colour, over which is now reared the mosque of Omar. This pavement forms the foreground of the picture, and above it is raised, as of old, one of the covered outer courts or cloisters of the Temple—slender golden columns in the form of palm and pomegranate stems conventionalised, supporting a series of low arched roofs which run horizontally with the picture : this roofing is of gilt fretted work, the interstices filled in with ruby, purple, and other coloured glass. So by the law of perspective, as we look up, we behold ridge below ridge of jewel-work resting on the golden columns, and glowing with transmitted light. The background, shutting in the court, is a screen of delicate metal work, the details standing out against the bright glare of day. There is an opening in the screen which shows the distant country, clear outline in the noon-day heat, untempered by the slightest mist. To the right of the picture, in the foreground, is a brazen gate opening from a flight of steps which leads down to the Court of the Gentile. Now the architecture of this court follows the fashion of the Greeks,—marble columns and Corinthian capitals, in strong contrast with the distinctive Hebrew character of the holier portions of the Temple. According to a tradition, this court was constructed during our Saviour's childhood, and the association at such a period of Gentile art with the architecture of the exclusive Jew in the great edifice dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, possesses a strange significance. The builders are still at work, the space for the "corner stone" is unfilled. Beyond the wall of this court rises Mount Scopus, cypress trees and olive gardens ; a long range of barren hills in the furthest distance.

After this manner was the glory of the second Temple which Herod the Great had rebuilt with great magnificence to flatter the pride of the Jews, and in the thought of that glory they made their angry retort, "Forty and six years was this Temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days ?"

Although this representation of the architecture of the Temple may not be quite historically true, yet, as regards the other portions of the picture, the

unchanging character of Eastern life has retained till now the old forms of costume and other common objects as they existed at the period of our Saviour's life on earth. Almost every detail of the present, truly painted, becomes a fact of the past.

But, more wonderful than this, the old customs still continue; the learned Jews still sit together in places of public resort, to talk of doctrine and tradition; the Roll of the Law is as sacred, and as zealously to be kept from profanation, now that the Moslem holds the sacred city, as it was before the Roman had destroyed the Temple of Jehovah.

On its naturalistic principle, the picture aims at showing us one of the ordinary days of religious life in the courts of the Temple. The Doctors are sitting together on a semi-circular bench, and some matter of strange interest animates their discussion. A peasant boy has joined himself to their company, sitting at the feet of one of the youngest of their number,—tradition says, Nicodemus; and this boy has been listening to their arguments, and has asked them certain questions, and has astonished them by his understanding and answers. The questions of the boy have sounded strangely in the ears of these learned men. The blind High Priest holds with nervous grasp the sacred Rolls of the Law, as the Rabbi at his side repeats in his dulled ear something that the boy has said. No wonder the old man holds the Rolls of the Law so tightly in his feeble hands, for it may well be that the words which he hears contain the germ of those questions which on another day were to put the chief priests to silence and confusion.

God's words at both periods, but spoken now in the voice and timid manner of childhood, to be spoken again in the lapse of years with the force of Perfect Man.

"Only the strange questions of a precocious child," think these learned Doctors, and the whole occurrence will presently pass from their minds. Not so with Him: the questions which had arisen in long communings on the hill-side at Nazareth are answered now. He has spoken to the men of highest intellect in the land. Their answers to His questions, given with the weight of authority, and the dignity of age, will abide in His mind. The hollowness and falsehood of those answers will grow more and more apparent with His increase in wisdom during those after years that he dwelt in Nazareth subject to His parents.

"Gifted with extraordinary mind, yet only a peasant boy!" think these learned men. Those are His parents—humble folk, who have sought him, and are standing there amazed, as well they may be, at the position in which they have found their son; and He, seeing his parents enter the court, has broken suddenly from His thoughts, and risen to meet them, but in a moment every feeling is absorbed again in the great idea which is forming in His mind, and though His mother draws him anxiously to her arms, He is lost to all earthly consciousness—one hand is passive in her tender grasp, and the other, with purposeless energy, is twitching at the fastening of His girdle. Presently His reply to their expositu-

lation, "'o place her, that I must be about my Father's business?"

I said we were to see in the *real* the wonder of the Divine.

We behold Him in the picture as they beheld Him that one day at Jerusalem, clad in an ordinary garment, the son of a poor carpenter, but we know that He is the Son of God. The occurrence, which a few days will efface from their recollection, is sacred to us—merely the wondering eyes of an intelligent child, as they beheld his earnest gaze,—unfathomable depth of divine spirit to us. The sadness of that young face, which would be scarcely perceptible to them, deepens in our eyes, a foreshadow of that sorrow which was to cling to His life on earth. They thought it was the surprising talent of a child; we know that it was the development of that wisdom which is divine.

With regard to Mr. Hunt's conception of the Holy Family.—As far as I am aware, the Virgin and Joseph have been generally painted as conscious of the real nature of their child,—that they did not comprehend it is certain. "And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them."

There is the mother's tender love in the Virgin's countenance, troubled with amazement—amazement too, and deep feeling, in the father's countenance; but there is the absence of that responsive sympathy which arises from comprehension and appreciation. He stands isolated even in his mother's arms. Alone, as regards human sympathy, in this great era of His childhood, though in the midst of the busy life of the Temple, as He was so often to stand alone, without the solace of human sympathy and love, in his after life.

When we turn from the group of the Holy Family, a unity of purpose binds together the separate details of the picture, and insensibly draws our thoughts back again to Him. The consecration of the first-born—the lamb without blemish borne away for sacrifice—the table of the money-changer—the seller of doves—the blind cripple at the gate—the superstitious reverence for the Books of the Law, shown by a child who is reverently kissing the outer covering—the phylacteries on the brow—the musicians who have been assisting in the ceremonial of the Temple, and are gazing curiously on the scene, little witting that the boy before them is the descendant of the Royal Psalmist. So it comes to pass that this truthful rendering of detail strikes the chords of those feelings which vibrate in our hearts with every incident of His sacred career. A grand prelude to the after ministry of Christ—conceived in a fine spirit—as the great musician places the theme of his leading ideas in the overture, which ideas are to be wrought to their fulness in the after portions of his work.

It has not been my object to consider the picture technically; that question has been already very fully discussed in other critiques. Everybody must acknowledge the marvellous finish of the execution—utmost delicacy combined with power of effect—the harmony and richness of the colouring—the brightness, true to Eastern climes, though dazzling to Western eyes—the wonderful

painting of the countenances. I word of danger that the technical merit of the picture will be overlooked, but the high position that it holds stands on other grounds than manipulative skill. We must bear this in mind, that the picture, to be judged fairly, must be judged by the principle of realisation—not hastily condemned because it does not follow the commonly adopted method of idealisation. Looking at it solely from the ideal point of view, the meaning and purpose of the picture would be utterly misunderstood. And after all, with regard to this question of idealisation, it is evident, in a system of treatment which is based upon the principle of embodying the greatest possible amount of truth, that in the highest parts of this picture the very power of realising necessitates the fullest powers of idealising—and so, in painting the head of Christ, the terms realise and idealise become almost synonymous. In his earnest desire to represent our Saviour with the greatest possible truthfulness, Mr. Hunt has attained by his method a result which, in holiness of feeling and depth of tenderness, rivals the efforts of the greatest masters of religious art.

I will urge this in conclusion. We may appreciate either principle of religious painting, without depreciating the other. We may admire the examples of both methods. It is especially an error in art-criticism to become a vehement partisan. There is an appropriateness and a value in both these principles, and we miserably narrow the kingdom of Art if we condemn Raphael because he was not a realist, or Holman Hunt because he is not an idealist.

G. U. S.

OF SOME ODD PEOPLE AND ODD SIGHTS IN LONDON.

WALK about the streets of London with an observant eye, and amongst other strange sights you will notice many persons who pass you by with so abstracted an air that you feel sure that though their bodies are in London their souls are out of town. They are smiling fantastically—they are making strange gestures—they are muttering to themselves—their minds are far indeed from the turmoil of cabs, and omnibuses, and jostling people amongst whom they are making their way. These are the somnambulists of London. They exist in far greater numbers than is supposed.

By the term somnambulists, I do not of course mean that these people are asleep in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but that they are quite as unconscious of all sights and sounds around them as poor Madame Malibran assumed to be when she stepped over the wooden bridge in the last act of the famous opera, and let the candlestick fall. They are dreaming by daylight, and if you compel their attention by stopping, and addressing them, you would find them for a moment puzzled and disconcerted, just as a sleeper is when he is awakened before his regular time, and pressed back into life. I have more than once seen an illustrious writer and orator, who has recently passed away from amongst us, walking rapidly along the streets, and favouring the little boys with the sonorous periods which, at a later hour,

he was about to pour upon the heads of this Parliamentary antagonists. How the little fellow with the muffins and the bell would stop short in his ringing upon being suddenly informed in a stern way by a casual passer-by, "that the impulses of a wild democracy—and a democracy had its impulses—were as phosphorus on the match, not Phosphorus the morning star." How the man who carried the Dutch clocks about, and was giving notice of his presence by striking the hammer against the bell, desisted from his monotonous amusement on being told "that it was now notorious that he possessed enemies in all the Cabinets of Europe—friends in none!" The orators, and declaimers, and thinkers-aloud of the London streets are very numerous. So long, however, as these outward expressions are merely references to the business of the day, which may really occupy their thoughts, there is not much wonder that it should be so. The sights of London are familiar to them; some particular idea has got possession of their brain, and their attention is absorbed. If they are not retentive of speech, the ideas become words, and fly out to the astonishment of mankind.

These, however, are but the reasonable and natural somnambulists. The irrelevant speechifying apart, most of us walk about at times with the soul's eyes cast inwards; but I rather mean that there is in London a large class of persons who pass through life engaged in a series of imaginary adventures, and who walk about our streets utterly unconscious of what is passing around them. The occasions of questioning people who suffer from this strange fancy are of course not very numerous; but it would probably be found that they did not carry out their dreams to legitimate conclusions, as authors do when they invent the incidents of a novel. They would rather travel round the same small circle of fancies, like tethered cattle. With all Dream-land before them, they are content with half an acre or so for their own use. Given a sensitive disposition—a monotonous occupation which requires no particular effort of attention—a solitary or an unhappy home—and one would expect a London somnambulist as the result. In the country a man could scarcely indulge in this continuous dreaming without becoming absolutely demented: in London the movement and stir, and the sight of the shops, and the constant necessity of avoiding the poles of the omnibuses and carriages are just sufficient to assist a man in keeping his wits at call even though he does not habitually make much use of them. In the neighbourhood of the Law Courts you may constantly see strange clients of this sort whose lives have been one feverish dream of bills and answers, and demurrers and rejoinders. The little old lady who haunts the precincts of the Chancellor's Court at Lincoln's Inn is not a mere delusion, nor the invention of an imaginative writer. You may see her there at her regular times and occasions passing in and out of the archway of Lincoln's Inn which opens upon Chancery Lane, chirruping along with a bundle of papers in her hand, just as though she were in high practice, and getting on as a solicitor.

On the whole, perhaps, the Court of Chancery

is more prolific of our London somnambulists than any other of our national institutions. Why should not the court, which does them so much harm, also endeavour to do to its poor suitors a little good? Ever since I have known London, certain houses on the northern side of Snow Hill have been shut up; so have certain others in Stamford Street, just where it abuts upon the Blackfriars Road. The houses are in Chancery; so are many other houses, and blocks of houses, which are scattered about the great town. Until a man has carefully examined them externally, and visited them internally, he has no idea of what urban desolation means. Generally there is a report in the neighbourhood that they are haunted; but the real spectres which hold them as their own, and keep the human race at bay, are old Parchments and Dry Forms, and Equitable Doctrines, and such like. I know it is usual for our learned lawyers in such cases to say that the complaints of the laity on such points are ignorant and inconsiderate. "If we look to the great improvements which have been introduced of late years into the doctrines, as well as the practice, of the Court of Chancery;—if we reflect that it is the guardian of the orphan and the widow;—that it is called upon to exercise a transcendent jurisdiction over trusts, and that it has already, with a graceful obedience to the desires of the nation, pensioned off the Six Clerks and the Masters;—if we take into consideration that where delay occurs—and delay will sometimes occur even in the administration of the jurisdiction of Chancery—the suitors, and not the court, are in fault," &c., &c., &c. I say, that when I hear arguments of this kind propounded by old Law, or rather Equity Lords in the House of Peers,—or printed in fine type in Law Magazines, and so forth,—my thoughts will recur to the old abandoned houses on Snow Hill, in Stamford Street, and elsewhere, as a practical answer to all these alarming denunciations. There are the arguments, and there are the results. At any rate, why should Chancery tenants—for such indeed are the poor suitors—want houses?—and why should Chancery houses want tenants? As an intermediate step, until conclusive justice could be done, why should not these poor people be allowed to keep these poor houses warm? Why should the Chancery houses tumble down, and the Chancery suitors almost perish, for want of lodgings, in the streets? They are amongst the odd people, and the odd sights of London.

How few outward demonstrations of grief—save amongst professional beggars who assume the semblance of the pauper from interested motives—do you find about the streets of a town which contains a population approaching to something like 3,000,000 of human beings! London laments itself in-doors. There may indeed be seen a few examples of noisy, feminine sorrow in the stern, strong courtyard of the Central Criminal Court, when some trial is going on which keeps the minds of the outsiders in suspense. Such a one—amongst some other painful enough incidents of the like kind—was this. A lad was to be tried—for what precise offence I am not able to say; but at any rate his wretched mother was deluded by one of the vile touters who hang about the

court, to place her confidence in his employer. In order to make up the necessary sum for his defence, she had sold her bed—she had sold or pawned her table and chairs—her clothes, with the exception of the few rags she had on her back—and even to her flat-irons. Still the sum was incomplete—still the touter was inexorable—still the case was about to be called on—and the counsel would not appear, save the fee was there—at least so the agent said. The woman had done all she could—her last bolt was shot—she sat rocking backwards and forwards, feeling that her boy was innocent—(he really was acquitted at a later hour, and upon very conclusive evidence),—but that he certainly would be condemned, because no gentleman was there to take his cause in hand. At this moment a strongly-built, ill-favoured sort of girl—she might have been seventeen years of age—the mourner's daughter, and the prisoner's sister, came in, and passed a few shillings into the mother's hand. No questions were asked as to how she had become possessed of the money; it was handed straightway to the touter, and he disappeared into the body of the court. Siddons or O'Neil, Rachel or Ristori, might have tasked their marvellous dramatic powers to the utmost, but they could scarcely have simulated the worn look of the mother, or the cool indifference of the daughter, who was rather disposed than not to laugh and joke with the other women about, whilst waiting for the verdict. This also was one of the odd sights of London, if we speak of real grief; but the simulation of it is as absurd as the reality is what a man had rather not witness if he cannot be of help.

There are men who go about London, and levy contributions on the charitable, by falling down apparently into fits. They fill their mouths with some preparation, probably of the nature of soap, in order to produce foam; and really, until you know that the exhibition is a mere trick, it is one of the most appalling nature. One of the professors of this mystery I remember to have seen busy in the exercise of his profession close to the National Gallery. He had chosen the place for his entertainment very happily just in the corner at the western side, where the rails make an angle with the houses, and there is a kind of comfortable little sick-bay, full in the public sight, but yet unprofaned by the public tread. The poor wretch was just getting himself into the full swing of his little exhibition, that is to say, he had fallen or thrown himself down on the ground; he was writhing about in strange agony; he was beating his poor head against the pavement; he was rolling his eyes about in a manner terrible to behold; and he had just succeeded in producing a fine rich foam. There was a crowd about him full of sympathy and sorrow. One good Samaritan was holding up his head, and another had loosed his shirt-collar. Some were for a cab and the hospital: others for letting the poor sufferer lie still until the fit had spent its fury. At this moment a policeman came up, and made his way through the crowd. No sooner had he caught sight of the sufferer, than he denounced him as one of the biggest vagabonds and impostors of London; and true to his instincts as a guardian of the public

peace, desired the false convulsionist instantly "to leave off them games, and move on!" A person who happened casually to be present, suggested that the purposes of public justice would be much better answered if this clever performer were allowed to bring his entertaining and interesting performance to its natural conclusion. Policeman Z 999, happened, for once in a way, to be a man of some little intelligence, and assented to the proposition. The more the man in the sham-fit twisted and writhed about, the more the crowd were delighted; and when he foamed at the mouth with extra energy, as though to vindicate his ailment, they cheered him as they would a favourite performer who had made a good hit. A more ridiculous scene could scarcely be imagined. At last the man condescended to recover his senses, and slunk away in a very sheepish manner indeed, with a mild reproach to the by-standers upon their ignorance of the treatment which ought to be adopted in cases so distressing as his own.*

Let us not linger too long amongst the dismal and the sham-dismals, for really in human life there is no use in "piling up the agony" too high. He must be a cross-grained, morbid sort of curmudgeon who does not see, that with all its trials and troubles, this world contains more blessings than curses. Shall we cast a glance at these Ethiopian Serenaders and jugglers? It is a curious fact, that the Ethiopian Serenader has become hardened into an institution. The trade of the mere street-singer was not a very thriving one, when the sublime thought occurred to some manager, or undertaker of enterprises of this kind, that it would be well to give the London public a taste of "Nigger music." The idea was a prolific one: it has proved one of the most successful hits of our time. For awhile we all of us abandoned our martial, and maritime, and poaching, and sporting, and sentimental melodies, and took to "goin' down de river on de Ohio!" or asking the young ladies of Buffalo if "they couldn't come out to-night?" or bewailing ourselves over the untimely fates of Mary Blane or Lucy Neal. If I remember right, the speculation was originally a Yankee one—a new and a not very illegitimate endeavour to discount the domestic institution in another form. Well—we had these Ethiops of all kinds, and with all varieties of costume; but they always adhered to the particular instruments with which the original black men had first won their way to public favour—the banjo, the guitar, the tambourine, and the bones. The gentleman with the banjo always undertook the more sentimental business; he of the guitar graceful passion, but not without a vein of true feeling; the bearer of the tambourine gave himself up to the madness of the moment; and "bones" was always the merry fellow—the low-comedian of the party. This division of labour has been steadily maintained, now that Ethiopian serenaders perambulate our streets in every direc-

tion, and the exercise of the craft has taken its place amongst the legitimate professions. Were a son of mine to come to me and say, "Father, I have turned the matter over in my mind, and I had rather become an Ethiop than be called to the Bar, as a means of livelihood!" I would not dismiss the youth in a harsh and sudden way from the paternal presence. To be sure, the prizes at the Bar are greater, but there is an earlier competence to be found amongst the serenaders. If an experienced banjo-man, now, would take you up and give you an opening, or if you could marry into the family of a well-established "bones," there might be something in it. I had the curiosity once to invite a troop of these fellows to a public-house, and to endeavour to find out their histories. They were young men with the regular wigs (just like the Bar), and the blackened faces, and the tight white trousers, and wonderful hats. One told me he had been apprenticed to the river; "bones" had a most decided Irish accent; and the tambourine-man had originally been a shoemaker. I forget about the fourth. What a change for the better it must have been from the shoemaker's low stool and monotonous employment, to the full, rich, rollicking life of the London streets! I understood at once how it was that my swart and sable friend had taken the tambourine part. Pent-up Nature would have her way. He was making amends for the cobbler's wax of years. What a difference between the confinement of his limbs on that wretched stool of industry, and his strange antics as he struck his tambourine—now upon his head—now with his hand—now against his knee—and revelled, as it were, in the very madness of Ethiopian ecstasy. I wish that I could remember the exact sum they told me they were able to divide amongst their little band one day with another; but certainly I am not wrong when I say it was considerably more than they could have earned unless they had taken rank amongst the skilled workmen of a good trade. But, then, they had besides a full freedom from restraint, and from the foreman's watchful eye. They could go in and out as they pleased. On race-days at Epsom or Ascot they were there. There was the glorious uncertainty of the thing as well to be taken into account as an additional inducement to a young man of ill-regulated mind. A lad of an adventurous spirit might do worse than join the Ethiopians.

It is to be doubted if the calling of the juggler possesses as many advantages. The training for the profession is so severe that it kills many neophytes, and then they are a rough set. The only test of excellence is bodily strength or agility. He who would attain to anything like social distinction amongst his fellows must be able to knock them all down in succession—or, if knocked down himself, to jump up with a summersault, and land upon his opponent's shoulders. The training for this sort of career begins at a very early age, when the joints are most supple, and the human frame is capable of being twisted into as many shapes as though it were made of gutta-percha. Of course, in the streets, we only see the result of the training when the members of the family of Mark Tubbs resolve themselves into a

* One of these performers, a thirstier soul than the rest, wore a placard round his neck, which became visible as soon as his waistcoat came open, which it did invariably. The placard said: "I am liable to these fits; don't bleed me; give me some brandy-and-water."

pyramid, of which Mr. M. T. is the base and Bobby the apex. Two young gentlemen—the second and third sons—take their stand upon the paternal shoulders, and poor little Robert, when this arrangement is completed, swarms up in some inconceivable way to his proper and exalted position upon the shoulders of his brethren. He has ceased to feel any pride in his exaltation. With his little conjuror's band or fillet round his head, and his flesh-coloured suit of tights very dirty at the knees, and his poor little hollow stomach, and his worn-out pumps, he knows too well the meaning of all this grandeur. Let him make but a false step, or a slip in the course of the performance, and, independently of the risk of breaking his small neck, he knows what he has to expect from the justice of his muscular kinsfolk. Just let them get away from the archway out of public sight, and down by the dead-wall, and our young friend Robert knows well enough that he will be held up by his ear, as though he were a black-and-tan terrier, and passed from foot to foot like a football in the west country upon a summer's evening. This is the result of an unsuccessful performance: but when matters go well, and the treasury is full, Robert knows that his share of the plunder will be confined to a stealthy and childish "pull" at the pot of porter for which he has been despatched to the adjacent public-house (he replaces the froth with his dirty hand), and, possibly, to the greasy paper in which the cooked ham from the ham-and-beef shop has been "fetched." It is certainly very nice to lick this well over—especially when little bits of fat adhere to it—but, still, exertions so violent, and so successful, might have deserved a higher reward.

Let no one imagine that the juggler's or acrobat's triumphs are easily won. It is not so easy as it looks at first sight to keep half-a-dozen balls up in the air at one time, nor to catch all those rings in the horn, nor to do the sword trick, nor to keep the long pole well balanced on the belt whilst your youngest child is sprawling upon his stomach upon the small piece of wood at the top, and staring into the drawing-room windows. It seems as nothing when you see the feat accomplished by passed-masters in the art; but let any Paterfamilias just lie down on his back on the floor, toes his feet up in the air, and then select from amongst his progeny some small thing about two or three years of age, and keep it twisting in the air merely by slightly kicking it as he can touch it with his feet. Nay, any one who had not devoted some little time and attention to the acquisition of the necessary skill would find not a little difficulty in swinging that kind of rope about with which the acrobats clear the ground, and keep a proper area for their performances. It is a curious enough sight, if you can procure admission to the domestic circle of such a professor as Mr. Mark Tubbs. The plan I employed myself was to seek instruction in the art of keeping the balls in the air; but, of course, all that is necessary is to find a colourable excuse for presenting Mr. M. T. with a trifling gratuity. The man I got hold of appeared a very honest fellow; he came from near Sittingbourne; he was not a gipey, you could tell that from his skin and

his eyes; and he was not a drunkard, that could be inferred in great measure from his own appearance, still more so from that of his wife. The face of a drunkard's wife well-nigh invariably gives you the key to the story. They lived or lodged on a ground-floor on the Surrey side of the Thames, not far distant from the Victoria Theatre. I spent a very delightful evening with the Tubbses. The great idea of the head of the family was to get out with all his belongings to Australia; but it was very strange, that although Mrs. T. evidently disliked that her youngest child should be brought up to the family profession—although she was exceedingly averse to see her second daughter committed to the career of an operadancer, upon which that young lady had already entered; and although her crowning infelicity was that the twins, who, at the moment she was speaking of them, were running after a cat upon the low wall of the court-yard at the back of the house, should take infantine parts in one of the transpontine theatres which I forbear to name,—still she talked of the sacrifices which they must make if they abandoned their native land, and all the associations so dear to their hearts. Poor people—they seemed so grateful that anybody with a decent coat on his back should take an interest in their fortunes—otherwise than by offering them tracts and unctuous advice—that it was with difficulty I could restrain them from giving me a private performance. What young pirates the boys were, to be sure; and although they were only fifteen or sixteen years of age, how awkwardly they would have turned upon you in the street if, swelling with patrician disdain, you had called them "young scoundrels," and threatened them with a touch of the horse-whip. I protest I would as soon have had two of the hunting leopards in the Zoological Gardens let loose upon me about feeding time, with a suggestion from the keeper that I was toothsome and nice. They could walk about on their hands, and keep balls up in the air by merely developing and contracting the inner muscle of the arm, and catching the ball upon it as it fell. They walked round the ledge of the room, which was so narrow that you would scarcely have thought a cat could find a foot-hold upon it. This was the famous feat of which Jackson the pugilist—Lord Byron's tutor—was so proud; but these boys thought nothing of it. Even if you could have hit a stronger blow than these young gentlemen—a fact which I much doubt—you would scarcely have had a chance of touching them, so nimble and agile were they in shifting their ground; and if by a miracle you had touched them, you would have hurt your own knuckles much more than their hard heads. I must not, however, dwell too long upon my recollections of this delightful *soirée*. The end of the tale was tragical enough. Some months afterwards, on calling at Acrobat Lodge, I found no one at home save Mrs. Tubbs, who was with her arms in the wash-tub. Since our pleasant evening she had been relieved from all anxiety upon the subject of the Twins. It appeared that the poor children had caught the measles, without anybody being the wiser. "They seemed ailing and out of sorts," Mrs.

T. said: "but then childern are allays gettin in sarts and out o' sarts, and we didn't think nothink on it." The result was, that the young Thespians attended at their theatre at the usual time to fulfil their engagements. They had to appear as Peace and Plenty, amidst a great display of red-light, at the end of a grand *spectacle*, which was drawing uncommonly well. They did so appear, and scattered their choicest blessings upon the world in general, and this dear, dear England in particular. When they got home, after the conclusion of this act of benevolence, there was no doubt any longer as to their being out of sorts. The measles had been driven in—or had struck in—I really do not know the exact phrase which is used upon such occasions; but the end was, that poor little Peace and Plenty were carried out of Acrobat Lodge next Sunday morning in two little coffins, and slept quietly henceforward side by side—and the cat in the back-yard sat purring on the wall on a space which was tolerably clear of broken glass, and was puzzled to think why the Twins did not come to chase her in the usual way.

I fear that some of our readers may think that I am attaching too much weight to the sorrows and trials of the poor. A man now-a-days is said to be fond of the "slums," whenever he gets out of the stratum in which Lords Frederick and Augustus, and Ladies Blanche and Mildred, are to be found; or out of the groove along which pale scholar-like young Puseyite clergymen quickly slide along to all the beatitudes, and, like dear, good fellows as they are, do not refuse to associate the destinies of wealthy Evelinas with their own, as soon as they are satisfied that the young ladies in question hold correct opinions upon the subject of the rheumatic ailment with which Saint Margaret's favourite pigeon was afflicted. Still, as the world goes, the "slums" are so very populous, and the more blessed and interesting people are so few in number, and have had such numerous biographers, that one may be pardoned for occasionally sparing a word to the sorrows and struggles of those unfortunate persons who have to fight a round for very existence every day of their lives. Never mind—*paullu majora canamus*. Let us get to the corner of St. James's Street upon a Drawing Room day, and if you cannot spend an hour or two there in philosophic investigation, and see odd people and odd sights in abundance, you must be hard indeed to please, and rather wanting in powers of discernment. As a general rule the ladies do not look their best in that more than evening costume, and under the garish light of the sun. They are somewhat—I beg their pardons for the profane suggestion—as the belated masquers whom a very late, or a very early, Londoner occasionally comes across in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden when a masked ball has been held on the previous night. Still there are bright young faces enough to satisfy even the most critical spectators, although in the case of many of the dowagers, one might wish that a little of their ample skirts had been transferred to another portion of their costly habiliments. The prettiest sight is that of the young girl who is

going to be presented, and upon whose white soul the shadows of gold sticks, and chamberlains, and ushers have fallen heavily. She really believes in all these things, and is struck with awe. The drawing-room days, however, are now very different from what they were when I was a lad—not that I therefore wish to wring my hands and lament myself over the tarnished lustre of the British crown. Twenty-five years have told with much effect upon the social arrangements of the country, and the country is all the better for it. Why should the upper-lobby be left in the possession of a few hundred persons, when there are thousands upon thousands whose strong heads have conquered for their country a high place amongst the nations of the world, and for themselves influence and substantial power and wealth? It would have been an ill-day for the Court had it been determined that, under no circumstances, Miss Spillsby should be presented by her illustrious parent, Mrs. Spillsby, "upon the occasion of having purchased her Brussels lace fall," or Mr. Dobbs by Mr. Lobbs "upon his return from the Isle of Wight." If our friend Spillsby is the great pivot upon which the return of the Yorkshire members must always depend; and if Mr. Dobbs employs some thousands of hands in his Welsh Iron Works, it would be somewhat unsafe to offend their not very unpardonable vanity. They have won their way to the top of the tree; they want to pluck a plum or two, and drop it in the parched mouths of their wives and daughters, sick and panting with legends of Ladies Flora, Wilhelmina, &c. &c.; why not? Still, with all this—oh, vanity of vanities!—do not, oh, excellent Mrs. John Smith!—do not turn up your sweet nose in that disdainful way upon your poor fellow-creatures who have gathered together this day to admire and reverence your majesty and grandeur. The game of scorn is a double-wicket business. Your husband, the revered J. S., worked early and late at his mill—whether it was a cotton-mill, or a law-mill, or a money-mill—and there you are; but do not forget, that at the bottom of that sloping street, and within those old brick walls, there are hundreds of ladies, all radiant with diamonds and jewels, even as you are yourself, but who have a clear logical right to think of you as dirt, if your theory be correct. Go, therefore, to the Drawing-Room, and make your curtesy in the most approved fashion; and I trust that our Gracious Sovereign will so far recognise your importance as to send you subsequently an intimation that one of her balls would not be complete without your presence; but be calm, Mrs. Smith, be thankful and calm.

What on earth is that brass band playing away for with such energy in Arlington Street? Surely that cannot be a feature in the festivities of the Court. There has been a marriage there this morning; and although the happy couple whose destinies were united by the art magic of the Very Reverend Somebody, assisted by the Reverend Otherbody, have long since departed for the sylvan shades of Broghill, *en route* for the Continent, these German musicians are of opinion that there are still a few shillings to be blown out of the house.

They are the third band that has been there this morning, and by dint of energy and perseverance they will no doubt carry their point in the long run, for the very housemaids would think it a shame if the musicians were to go unrewarded upon so solemn an occasion as that of Miss Lucy's marriage—she is now Lady Malthop of four hours' standing—a capital match, in which the old Shropshire Stukeleys bartered away that amount of consideration which results from living in the same place against the golden results of

Malthop's Entire. We are not, however, concerned with the marriage—it is to the brass band of Germans that I wished to call a moment's attention. It is a fact that it is a very gainful speculation for the poorer children of the "Fatherland" to unite in these harmonious troops, and to spend a few months amongst us, or even a few years. They are, for the most part, respectable lads, and the sons of respectable people. During their stay amongst us there is little to be said against them—much in their favour. There



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is but one case in my recollection—it occurred the other day—in which a German band has been brought up for annoying a family or neighbourhood after they had been warned to move off. Has anyone ever seen any of these German musicians drunk about the streets? I never have. They have done much to cultivate and refine the national taste for instrumental music, and may fairly say that what we give them is for value received. Their instrumentation is generally good—at times, excellent and faultless. It may, not, perhaps, be sufficiently known how far these wanderers have inoculated us with their fondness for music. You will find them not only about the streets of London—which is their title to mention here—

but in all the watering places and large country towns—nay, in our very villages and country houses—in all tea-gardens, and Tivolis, and dancing places. The humblest dancers in our day can have as good music to dance to as that which regulated the courtly steps of the mistresses and masters of their grandmothers and grandfathers. There is no reason to regret that the old trio of harp, fiddle, and cornopean, which so long constituted the instrumental music of the London streets, is at an end.

The other evening, when it was just dusk, during the inclement season of June, as I was coming home, I fell upon three of the *pifferari* whom you find at Christmas time in such num-

bers in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, and about the Chiaja of Naples, dancing and grinding away at their little hurdy-gurdies, just as though London in the awful month of June, 1860, was any fitting place for such dirty children of the South. It is clear enough that these poor people never came here on their own account, nor upon the suggestions of their own brains. They must be the human merchandise out of which some Italian slave-dealer looks to make a good profit; and it is to be hoped he will be disappointed. Were they exported direct from Naples? did they grind their way all through Italy, and across the Swiss mountains, and down the Rhine? How did they manage to find money to pay their fares across the Channel? The first supposition is probably the correct one; but really our own Scotch bag-pipers are quite a sufficient affliction for a human society, without any leaven from abroad. It never can be worth the while of the wretched creatures themselves to try this English journey as a commercial adventure like the Germans. The Germans are tradesmen—these people are beggars. It is scarcely advisable to come so far as England from Italy in search of alms. The little Savoyards with the white mice, and the organ-grinders from Parma, have become an institution; it would be useless to say a word about them. They, too, are mainly imported by speculators upon a venture; and oftentimes, if their stories are to be believed, have enough to bear. One night on coming home through the Regent's Park, and on the side of the enclosure by the wooden palings, I saw something which looked at first in the gloom like an overturned cab, or something of that description. On crossing over I found that it was an encampment of little Savoyards, who had piled their organs up so as to give them shelter from the wind, and had clubbed their filth and their warmth, and were lying all together asleep. London was the Prairie to these little travellers from the South. Their story was, that they had not earned money enough in the day to secure them a favourable reception from the *padrone* at night. They were afraid of being beaten if they returned home, and so had preferred taking their rest *al fresco* in the Regent's Park.

The native ballad-singers are at best a dreary set, and not to be encouraged. It is not, however, one of the pleasant sights of London when you see a drab of a woman with an infant at her breast, dragging two wretched children by the hands through the muck and mire of the streets after a day of down-pour, such as we have known of late, and when the pavement, illuminated by the gas-light, is glossy with rain. What a cruel irony it is to hear such a creature shouting out in a husky way—

Through pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam,
Yet go where we can there is no place like home.

Home, home, sweet home.

Nor is one quite disposed to believe in the genuineness of the destitution of that tidily-dressed man in the rusty but well-brushed suit of black who perambulates the streets, accompanied by his lady and their numerous family—all neatly though

poorly dressed—and the youngest ones with white pinafores of irreproachable cleanliness. He looks like a schoolmaster, and the presumption is that he is in difficulties. It is, however, to be feared that there is something too professional about the manner in which every member of the family, from the parents down to the youngest child, pauses every now and then, pivots about on her or his own heel, and sweeps the windows of the street which they may at that moment happen to be making tuneful with hungry gaze. They know what they are about too well. Again, no one can be said to have made a complete study of the streets of London unless he has mastered the difficult subject of the sweepers, from the dear old lady at the bottom of the Haymarket, who is, I am told, a millionnaire, and the Hindu gentleman in St. James's Square, downwards. These two are well-nigh, if not quite, at the top of the profession.

I have only spoken—and quite in a random and disjointed way—of a few of the odd sights and persons which any person of common observation must notice as he walks about the streets of London. It would be a very different tale if I were to ask the reader to accompany me in a little stroll whilst I talked to him of what was passing through the brains of the passers-by—plain, well-dressed men, with nothing very noticeable about them. But now it is John Sadleir fumbling with the cream-jug; now Felice Orsini with a hand-grenade in a side-pocket; now Pullinger on the way to attend the funeral of his relative, whilst the directors of the Union and the Bank-parlour people are talking him over. These are notabilities; but, reader, if you are a person who would rather study human life from realities than from books, keep your eyes open as you walk about the streets of London, and you will find in them odd sights and odd people enough.

GAMMA.

THE BEE IN THE BONNET.

OF course when I received a letter from little Ned Ward, announcing that at last he was going to be happy, I ought to have felt sympathetically joyful. When the letter went on to state that I must, under extraordinary penalties, present myself that evening at his chambers in Crown Office Row, to partake of a gorgeous banquet in honour of the occasion, and to drink *her* health in a great number of bumpers, I ought to have accepted the invitation with a rapt alacrity, and have conducted myself generally in a light-hearted and genial manner. No doubt that would have been the right sort of tone to have taken. I accepted the invitation, certainly. I wrote a short letter of congratulation even. I hoped he might be happy—no end of happy—with *her*, whoever she might be: and yet I did not feel very warmly or very cheerfully in the business. It seemed to me as though I were coming in second in a race.

He had always been little Ned Ward to me. He was my junior: he had been my fag at school. He had been a little pale-faced boy, very thin and weakly, with dry, fair hair, and a blue jacket and bright buttons, when I had been an ultra-grown youth suffering acutely in stick-ups, and perplexedly grand in a tail-coat. But now things

were changed. Professionally he was a barrister in the Temple. I was simply an attorney in Essex Street. He had been decidedly successful. I had been decidedly less fortunate. Socially, I think I may be permitted to say, that he was a swell. He was the neatest hand at tying a white neckcloth I ever saw; he wore exquisite gloves, and boots of exceeding varnish; he could sing light tenor songs (his F was a comfortable and melodious note, his G certainly more hazardous and less harmonic); he could play (a little) on the flageolet; his hair curled naturally, and his amber whiskers were so luxuriously pendent, that I sometimes wondered he was not rebuked by the Bench for excess of hirsuteness on their account. Of myself it behoves me to speak with reserve; but I will admit that I don't count myself a great drawing-room triumph. I never could tie a white neckerchief. I am uneasy in lacquered boots. I have no ear for music; my hair does not curl, and my whiskers are of rather a common-place pattern. Of old, I used to patronise him, and considered I had done rather a generous thing when I admitted a junior boy to terms of equal friendship. Now, however, I had begun to fancy that he had lately been rather patting me on the head. He had gone past me in a number of ways; and now he was going to be married before me. Ned Ward had beaten me, in fact. I did not like owning it; yet I felt it to be true, and, somehow, the feeling grated a little on my self-conceit.

It was a dull November afternoon, and though the clock of St. Clement Danes had only just struck three, it was so dark and foggy that the office candles—massive dips, with a tendency to gutter, and otherwise conduct themselves disagreeably—were already lighted. I had as yet no staff of clerks, to be partitioned out into Chancery, Conveyancing, and Common Law sections. The office boy, Mason, who bore the courtesy title of "Mr." Mason—and whose supposed occupation it was to be "generally useful," a mission which he construed into getting into complicated dilemmas with the ink-bottles, and being a perpetual obstruction in all business matters with which he was entrusted—had been sent round to Crown Office Row with my letter to little Ned Ward. I was just considering whether there was really any more work to be done that required me to adhere to routine office hours, or whether I might not just as well walk down the Strand to St. James's Park and back, by way of getting myself into a better humour and improving my appetite for my friend's dinner, when entered my room my other clerk, Mr. Beale, and presented me with a card, informing me that the gentleman whose name it bore desired very much to see me. "Captain Brigham, R.N." Could he be a new client! But I had no time for reflection. I raised the shades of my candlesticks, to distribute the light more generally about the room, and became conscious of the presence of a tall, stout, elderly gentleman, with a flaxen wig and gold spectacles. I begged him to be seated. He bowed politely, placed an ebony walking-stick heavily mounted with silver and decked with copious black silk tassels on the table beside him, and a

very shiny hat with a vivid white lining on the floor, and then calmly seated himself facing me at my desk. Without speaking, he drew off his black kid gloves and dropped each into his hat. He produced a heavy gold snuff-box, and solaced himself with no stinted pinch. He waved away all stray grains of snuff with a large red and green silk handkerchief, and then addressed me.

"My name is Brigham, as you see by my card, —Captain Brigham, Royal Navy. I have come to you on a matter of business. Do you take snuff? No? Quite right—bad habit—wish I could leave it off. I have been recommended to come to you, and place myself entirely in your hands. No matter who gave me that advice. I intend to follow it. You will give me your assistance?"

I assured him that I should be happy to aid him, as far as lay in my power.

"You're very kind. Quite the answer I expected: I may say quite. Are you alone here? May I speak to you in confidence—in perfect confidence?"

For his satisfaction, I rose to see that the door leading into the clerk's office was securely closed.

He resumed.

"I am placed, sir, at this present moment, in a position of extreme pain."

He drew himself nearer to the fire.

"Few men, sir, can venture to say that they are suffering as I am."

He put his feet on the fender, and rubbed his plump white hands blandly together.

"I can assure you, sir, I have not brought myself to open this business to you without the most intense deliberation."

He arranged his flaxen wig in a calm, careful way, pulling it down tightly over his ears.

He made five distinct Gothic arches by joining his hands, very careful that the crowns of the arches, represented by the tops of his fingers, should meet and fit in a thoroughly workmanlike manner; and through the vista thus established contemplated steadily his feet on the fender. He appeared to me quite an ideal old gentleman, dined, and at peace with all the world. He resumed:

"It is a very common saying, sir, that there is a skeleton in every house. The saying may be utterly false in regard to many houses; it is enough to say that I feel it to be true in regard to mine. I have a skeleton in my house."

I could only look attentive and curious: I could only bow acquiescently, and motion him to proceed.

"My daughter, sir, is *my* skeleton."

He said it abruptly, with a snap of his snuff-box lid by way of an effective accompaniment.

"Indeed!"

"True, sir, true, painfully true. Here it is, sir, here"—and he touched his forehead two or three times with a fat forefinger, still holding his gold snuff-box in his hand. "I believe a 'loose slate' is the vulgar title of the malady she suffers under. Her mother was a poor creature, very weak and frail. Dead, sir, dead, many years. Still I could hardly assert that the 'loose slate' was fully developed in her case. But the state of

poor child admits of no doubt. Others may duped; the cunning of lunacy may impose n many; but a parent's eye, sir, a parent's ! Do you think, sir, that you can take in a nt's eye?"

He removed his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes ently with his red-and-green silk handkerchief, though he were polishing them up for exhibition.

"And is her present state such as to require rol?"

Upon some such points as these, and generally to the measures that may be legally taken ecting her, I desire to ask your opinion. Is dangerous? you would say. Well, perhaps I ld be disinclined to apply so painful a term. acy, as I have before hinted, is gifted with it cunning. Upon many points those in the it of seeing her constantly and intimately ld very probably pronounce her sane."

She suffers then, I conclude, from some kind monomania."

Precisely. It is a dreadful thing to say, sir, I am positively persecuted by my own child." e warmed his hands, and rubbed them comably together.

I am her victim, sir. The vials of her lunacy, may be allowed to say so, are turned upon -her father, sir, her poor old father! She is ar good girl, sir, a good dear girl, though I it, but she renders my life completely idurable. I am subjected, sir, to a perse-on that is killing me."

o see that smooth, bland, rotund old gentleman, dy warming his silk handkerchief by the fire, would have thought that his dying of perse-on was quite the last fate he was undergoing. ikely to undergo. He was one of those old lemen who have a sort of picturesque daintiness it them. His linen was perfectly got up—his seemed to have been pleated by machinery, as so even; his black satin waistcoat was ularly glossy; and his tight grey trousers were ped over the most resplendently polished lingtons I ever saw.

What particular form does this persecution me?"

e paused for a minute, as though reflecting, ing about the while the massive seals which, ended from a thick curb chain, acted as buoys, demonstrated where his watch was sunk.

It is one of the well-known characteristics of cy, and thoroughly understood by those who studied its economy, when the sufferer is oughly convinced of his sanity, and strenuous cusing those around him—even those who ld be dearest to him—of his own malady. my poor child, in the most alarming paroxysms r attacks, does not hesitate to charge even me ightheadedness! This is not much, you will

But when with the subtlety of her com-it she proceeds to induce others to believe her sation—when I find there is a deep-laid plan rsue me everywhere with this strange idea, to surround me with a system of surveillance is positively terrible in its perfectness—then, I begin to take alarm, and I complain of ecution; not unnaturally, I think."

"A very singular case."

"I believe entirely without precedent."

"Are you prepared with any medical evidence?"

"Not at present. But—I see—it is necessary. I will at once proceed with this, and then see you again. Will not that be the better course?"

"Certainly. I would only suggest great caution and secrecy in all that you do, and your at once seeing your medical man with a view to some examination of the sufferer."

"Sir, I cannot thank you too much for your admirable counsel. Just what I could have expected of you. I will be prepared to lay before you certain ascertained facts touching the case, and then see you again. When? Will Monday suit? Let us say, then, Monday, at three o'clock. Again let me thank you. Oh, this is the way out, is it? Thank you. Good-day—Good-day."

I sat for some time considering the matter over. I took down from the book-shelves certain of the authorities on lunacy. I began to study the practice in regard to lunatics, and especially as to what it was necessary to do in the office of the Masters in Lunacy in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Then it occurred to me, what little information I was possessed of after all, and how foolishly I had abstained from making inquiries. How old was Miss Brigham? Was she a minor? Was she an heiress? Would it be necessary to place her under the benign protection of the Court of Chancery? To appoint a Committee, and take the accounts of her estate in the usual manner? He was a gentlemanly old man: was he rich? would he pay my bill? He was very courteous and polite; but little affected, though, at his daughter's sad state. He had nothing of the naval officer about him—nothing whatever; in fact, he looked much more like a wholesale wine merchant with a villa residence at Tooting or Muswell Hill.

Mr. Mason entered precipitately: very inky as to his fingers, and with a piece of red tape tied round his head to prevent his hair falling over his eyes, which imparted to him an acrobatic rather than a legal aspect.

"I have no more letters, Mr. Mason."

A grin broke up the fallow monotony of his face.

"Please, sir, here's a lady wants to see you; don't give her name."

"Show her in, sir, directly."

And a little lady presently entered. I had only just time to notice that she was dressed in black silk, with puce velvet trimmings, and an ample black velvet cloak. Her bonnet and gloves were also puce colour, and she wore her black veil half down, which, being sprinkled with embroidery, gave a pleasant variegation to the upper part of her face; while the pretty little red-lipped mouth and daintily pointed chin, nibbed, as it were, by a dimple, made the lower half look very winning indeed. She carried a handsome mother-of-pearl card-case, but had evidently forgotten to make use of her cards. At any rate, she made no attempt in the first instance to put me in possession of her name.

"Oh pray excuse me,"—such a light, soft, silvery voice. "I am sure I owe you a hundred

apologies for intruding upon you in this way. So unceremoniously too, and your time, of course, so valuable; but really I— You—”

But the poor little bird became so fluttered, that she could not continue. I hastened to assure her that my time was all hers; that I was quite at her service; that I should be only too happy to assist her in any way. I begged her to be seated, —to compose herself,—and not to trouble herself with any conversation until she felt quite equal to it. I fidgeted about with my papers; I opened and shut my table drawers; I wrote my name on my blotting-paper:—all so many devices to give the little lady time to overcome her embarrassment.

“What disagreeable weather,” I observed.

“Very, indeed, especially for walking.”

“Especially. Have you been walking?”

And so on. We threw out skirmishing remarks, under cover of which she might bring up the heavy division of her discourse. She was gradually improving, and in a minute raised her half veil and permitted me to see a very pretty, small-featured, delicately-fair face, with smoothly-braided light-brown hair, brightly twinkling blue eyes, and, oh! such long lashes, that seemed always on the quiver, and gave a wonderfully winking vividness to her glances.

“I am afraid you will really think me very tiresome—very troublesome. I am sure you will say so when I’m gone. You’re very kind; but really I am quite ashamed of my intrusion. Only I have been so anxious—so very anxious. I had better, perhaps, proceed to ask you at once directly what I want to know. Pray tell me. Has papa been here?”

“Papa?”

“Yes; papa. Oh, perhaps—Oh dear me, how very thoughtless of me. You don’t know. No, of course not. What could I have been thinking about? My name is Brigham—Miss Brigham. I am the daughter of—”

“Captain Brigham, Royal Navy?”

“Oh, then he has been here? Oh, I see he has. Oh, I was afraid he had.”

“And you are his daughter—his *only* daughter?”

“Yes. I am his only child indeed.”

Poor girl! She was, then, the unhappy sufferer—the melancholy subject of our late conversation. Was it possible? Was there a loose slate under those charming light-brown braids? Was she the persecutor of that poor benign old gentleman? And the delicious sparkle of those blue eyes, was it not then wholly attributable to the light of reason?

“Please excuse him, sir,” she went on; “he really should not: but he can’t help it. The fact is, he is not quite himself.”

Poor thing: the ruling idea was firmly fixed in her mind.

“I do all I can to stop him. I never, if I can help it, trust him of my sight. He is sure to get into mischief, if I do.”

What could I say? The fit was evidently very strongly upon her.

“I assure you I do all I can to watch him, and have others expressly engaged to keep him always in view.”

Just so, I thought. This is the persecution!

“But I see there has been great remissness. I must have more precautions taken. He must be more rigidly watched: he must never be left alone.”

Poor old victim! But the Masters in Lunacy will give you relief. Yes, I could see it now. There was a hectic brilliancy about those glances; there was a restlessness about that manner; there was even now and then a hurry and want of harmony about that silver-toned voice, which betrayed the terrible calamity under which the little lady unconsciously suffered. Yes, there was an undoubted bee in that puce bonnet. It seemed to me that I was falling deeply in love with her, nevertheless. I was even loving her more on account of her misfortune. It was love, strengthened by the addition of pity.

“It is, perhaps, the best way to adopt the course you have no doubt followed. To hear all he has to say. He mentioned me, perhaps? He is always talking curiously about me. It is one of the strange fancies that have possessed him.”

Such a sharp, inquiring bird’s glance out of the corner of the blue eyes.

“He did refer to his daughter,” I confessed.

“Poor dear! he is always doing that,” she said, with a small, soft sigh. “I traced him to this neighbourhood, and, unseen, I saw him come out of this house. From my inquiries, I soon ascertained that he had been to see you, and I guessed his mission. Pray forgive him, sir. Forgive me too, for troubling you: and forget all that he has told you.”

Forget all my client’s instructions! How cunning these lightheaded folks are, I thought.

She thanked me over and over again for my attention to her. She lowered the half veil with its freckle of embroidery, leaving still one red lip and the pointed little chin uncovered. She curtailed very politely as she drew towards the door, and then, as though thinking better of it, with a very winning smile gave me a small, puce-kidded hand to shake. It was so small, it was more like the toy hand fixed on to an ornamental pen-wiper, than an ordinary human hand. I conducted her through the office, and showed her the way down the stairs.

Mr. Mason chose to see some profound cause for mirth in all this, becoming at length so violently convulsed with suppressed laughter, that it became necessary for him to conceal his head in his desk.

With a feeling of bereavement, yet of deep interest, I went to my lonely room. Without that puce bonnet it seemed especially lonely. I looked at my watch: it was half-past six o’clock. And how about Ned Ward’s banquet at half-past five?

II.

“HULLO! here you are at last. Why, I’d quite given you up. Gilkes and Jeffries, both of whom you know. Mrs. Brisket, bring back some of those things; this gentleman has not dined. My dear boy, what have you been doing with yourself? How could you make any mistake about the time? I wrote *half-past five*, as plainly as any

man could. Have a glass of sherry; you look quite pale."

Little Ned was busy pressing kind hospitalities upon me, in his old, bright, chirping way.

"Make a good dinner, old fellow. Don't hurry yourself; there's loads of time. We'd given you up. I thought something had occurred to prevent your coming altogether, or else we would have waited for you. I'm so sorry the things should be half cold, as I'm afraid they are. Now let's have a glass of wine all round."

"And the disclosure," said Jeffries.

"No, no. That's to come afterwards."

I had finished dinner, and the cloth had been removed. Mrs. Brisket bore an expression of intense thanksgiving that hitherto the banquet—the responsibilities of which evidently weighed heavily upon her—had passed off with a success that amounted almost to éclat. I found, however, that she looked grimly at me, as one who had threatened to become a sort of incarnate hitch in the business.

"Now then, gentlemen, try the port—the peculiar, old, crusted, many years in bottle: the port of extraordinary vintage, of the light green seal."

"Are we to come now to the event of the evening?" asked Gilkes.

"Are you going to make a speech?" inquired Jeffries.

"No; this is a private meeting; speeches are for the public: besides, I don't think I can conscientiously make one without a fee: and I know that none of you fellows have got any money. I'll simply give you *her* health. I'm going to be married. I give you *her* health!"

"*Her* health!" we all echoed, solemnly, draining glasses of 'the peculiar.'

"Are we to know no more?"

"Name! name!"

"Hear! hear!"

Little Ned rose. He was as near blushing as could be expected of a barrister—certainly he stammered a little.

"The lady's name is Brigham."

"What!" I cried.

"Brigham—Fanny Brigham."

"The daughter of—"

"Captain Brigham—Royal Navy."

I sank back in my chair.

"You're ill I think, old man, ain't you. Have some brandy—have some soda-water—have a cigar."

"No, thank you. All right, pass the bottle."

"Gilkes, the wine's with you."

It was evident I could say nothing in the presence of those two men, Gilkes and Jeffries. I must refrain from alluding further to the subject until they had taken their departure. They seemed to divine that I had some such object: and "the peculiar" that Gilkes got through! the cigars that Jeffries smoked! They moved at last, certainly with difficulty.

"Goo'-night! Goo'-night, old feller!"

And I was alone with Ned Ward. He doubled himself upon the sofa. Something seemed to have affected him to tears. It must have been the excitement of the occasion, or could it have been "the peculiar?"

"My dear Ned!"

"All right! Fire away—help yourself."

"You must not marry Fanny Brigham!"

"Not marry Fanny Brigham? Who says I mustn't marry Fanny Brigham? Who wants his head punched?"

"Now do be calm! Certain circumstances have come to my knowledge—"

"Oh, certain circumstances have come to your knowledge (very incoherently spoken); have they indeed?"

"Now, pray listen!"

"All right, old fellow!"

"She has a bee in her bonnet!"

I spoke as distinctly as possible. He opened his eyes as wide as he could, and seemed to be trying to stare through the wall, in a strange, vague, senseless way.

"Bee in her bonnet!" he staggeringly repeated; "bee in her bonnet! Go along—get out. She wears lilies of the valley and puce velvet ribbons. Soon, sir, the orange blossom, the orange blossom! Hip—hip! Charge your glasses! I give you Fanny Brigham—Fanny Brigham! Hurrah! For she's a jolly good—"

He collapsed altogether on to the hearth-rug. It was useless to attempt to discuss the matter further. I lifted him on to his bed, and went out into the dismal early morning November air.

III.

About noon the next day I received a visit from Ward. He looked rather pale and fatigued; but, in answer to inquiries, said that he had never felt better in his life. He called, as he stated, to inquire after my health, as he was persuaded, from my sudden departure on the previous evening, that I had been exceedingly unwell.

"And about this Brigham business?" I said.

"Ah—yes. Was there not some discussion about it last night? Was it not Gilkes who said that the marriage should not take place?"

"No; I said so."

"You! What extraordinary port wine that must have been! Why, my dear fellow, I was coming to you to ask you to act as my solicitor in the matter—to peruse the settlements, you know, and that sort of thing: it's more delicate than doing it myself. More than that, I was going to ask you to be best man at the wedding."

"But, my dear Ward, you don't know all Captain Brigham—"

"Ah, poor old fellow! Yes—I know. It's sad, but it can't be helped."

"What do you mean? I've seen him!"

"What! poor old Brigham!"

"He came down here to consult me."

"About the settlement?"

"No: his unhappy daughter's state of mind."

"Oh! he's imposed upon you, has he? Went over all that old story."

"And I've seen his daughter."

"You have?"

"She also came here."

"Well?"

"And I regret to say, that her manner confirmed her father's statement. She's light-headed, my dear Ward! I know she's an angel—a

darling! But, my dear Ward, a wife with a loose slate! a mother, perhaps, with a bee in her bonnet! and the infant family taking after her!"

Ward was moved—but only to laughter. He would not listen to my advice. We parted. It was arranged that I was to act as his solicitor in the matter of the marriage settlement, but my assisting at the wedding was to remain an open question.

I had an appointment in the city at three, and hurried away to keep it. Cheapside was more than normally crowded. Near Bow Church there was great obstruction: a throng of persons nearly blocked up the footway altogether. An elderly gentleman was quarrelling with a cabman. I thought I recognised a shiny hat and a flaxen wig. I forced my way through the crowd, and found Captain Brigham, bright and glossy as usual in apparel, but palpably excited in manner.

"Where's the use?" cried the cabman. "Don't talk of pulling a fellow up: you know that ain't the question at all. Tell me where to go, and I'll drive you fast enough—fast as you like."

"No. I object to be driven by you—I object to be driven by a man not in his right mind!"

"O, gammon!" said the cabman: "jump in."

"No, cabman, you're mad!" replied Captain Brigham. "I pity you: you ought not to be trusted out with a cab."

"Why, I've druv a cab for fourteen year—leastwise a omnibus."

"I'll not be driven by you. Legally, I'm not bound to pay you: but I'll give you sixpence. Mind, it's not your right, but I give it you."

"Brayvo, old 'un!" from the crowd.

"Here, my man, take your sixpence."

"Shan't! why the fare's eighteenpence."

City Policeman, No. 123, cut his way through.

"What's this here about? Cabby, why don't you take what the gent offers?"

"Oh! ah! Here I've druv the old beggar all the way from the Burlington Arcade; and he shoving me in the back till I'm sore with his walking-stick, and crying out that I'm mad: ain't it enough to aggravate a feller? and then he offers sixpence! He oughtn't to ride in cabs—he oughtn't."

"The fare's eighteenpence, sir," said No. 123.

"Policeman, I won't be driven by a cabman who is a raging maniac. I tell you I will not. What! Now I look again, policeman, you'd better go home; you're mad, sir, quite mad. I can see it in your eyes, sir; aye, and in your whiskers."

"Three cheers for the old 'un!" proposed by an Electric Telegraph boy, seconded by a Blacking Brigade ditto, carried unanimously, and given by the crowd.

I paid the cabman his fare; and, aided by the policeman, carried off Captain Brigham. A crowd followed us for a short distance, but gradually fell away.

"You're not in your right mind," said Captain Brigham to me, when I had brought him as far as St. Paul's Churchyard, "but your interference was kindly meant, and for a confirmed lunatic, as of course you are, was really a sensible thing. I thank you for it. Don't you find your insanity interfere rather with your professional pursuits?"

I began to think I had been mistaken about Fanny Brigham's malady.

At my office I found a letter:

BETHLEHEM HOUSE, Isleworth.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have sent you a client. He is one of my most difficult customers—a rational lunatic—too lunatic to be at large, too rational to be confined. What can we do? He wants to take law proceedings to look up his daughter; I believe, to indict me for conspiracy; all sorts of things. Listen to him—talk to him—humour him—and do just nothing. His name is Brigham. He has been in the Navy. He was wounded on the head in some slave squadron fight off the coast of Guinea, and has never been quite right since. He is not at all dangerous, only a little difficult to manage. When are you coming to see me? I dine every day at six, &c. &c.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE JOHNSTON, M.D.

On a subsequent day Captain Brigham called on me.

"I find," he said, "that I shall be relieved from all difficulty in my daughter's case. I am pleased that it is so. A man of the name of Ward has proposed to marry her. Of course I could not contemplate such a thing for one moment without his being fully apprised of her melancholy state. I laid bare to him the whole matter. But he is mad, sir—stark mad; he would go on in spite of me. He takes her with all her imperfections on her head, and she him. It is hard to say which has the worst of it."

In due time little Ned Ward was made happy, I should say supremely happy. I owned that he had beaten me utterly. Fanny Brigham looked almost as exquisite in her veil and orange blossoms as in her puce bonnet on the occasion of her one visit to my office in Essex Street. Ned Ward was very great in his superfine, double extra, blue Saxony frock coat. He looked so kindly and lovingly on his dear little bride, that I almost fancied at last that he deserved his good fortune, though a moment before I thought I should have fainted when I heard that deliciously touching answer, "I will," steal from those rosy lips. People said that they formed a charming couple. They seemed to me a sort of statuette group of a happy pair. For myself, I signed the church books: I proposed healths: I made speeches: I drank champagne at unwholesome hours: I threw the old shoe. I made myself hopelessly and conspicuously ridiculous; went through a wonderfully exhilarating course of events, and then home, utterly wretched and desponding. The delighted couple repaired to Baden. I secluded myself for a fortnight in Essex Street, and was seen by no mortal eye.

Some time afterwards I paid a visit to my old friend Dr. Johnston, at Isleworth.

"Here's a gentleman I think you know," he said. It was Captain Brigham. He recognised me at once.

"Ah! my dear friend, my mad lawyer!" he cried out, shaking me cordially by the hand. "I'm delighted to see you. Yes, thank you, I am extremely comfortable here. A number of gentlemen, who, like myself, are of opinion that the world is mad, sir, quite mad, have established

this snug retreat. We felt that such a poor handful of sane men as we composed, could not individually combat fairly with the insane multitude outside these walls, so we clubbed and collected together for mutual support and protection. With all your confirmed lunacy, you have occasionally very decided bursts of what I may almost call reason, or lucidity; and I'm very proud to see you here. Not but what," and he sank his voice to a low whisper, "I cannot refrain from mentioning to you, that there are some who have got into this institution who have clearly very little title to be in it. Look here, now," and he pointed through an open doorway to a little wizened old man in a velvet cap, busily occupied in writing letters; "he's not altogether sound: he's not free, entirely, from the 'bee in the bonnet.' This is one of his bad days. Quite forgotten himself—quite oblivious of everything. He is the rightful heir to the throne of Siam, and is unjustly deprived of his inheritance by the Hudson's Bay Company. His usual uniform consists of three peacock's feathers in his cap, worn very much in the style of our Prince of Wales, you know. Curious similarity, is it not? He's a wonderful hand at cribbage. But to-day, you see, he's quite quiet, and has forgotten all about his lawful claims. He's writing home to his grandson, who manages his affairs for him. He's clearly not sound. I am indeed glad to have seen you. Many, many thanks for this visit, my dear friend. I only wish you were properly qualified, and I could propose you as a member of this delightful institution. But, alas! alas! you know that cannot be. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Curious case, isn't it?" said Dr. Johnston, as we moved away. "He'll probably get quite round again in time, though he may be liable to a return of the attack. He's intensely happy. I'm not sure that he wants our pity much. I think the dinner must be ready—come along."

I went home with rather entangled views about the sanity question. As to who had, and who hadn't, "a bee in his bonnet?" I wondered whether I had. Really I thought I must consider before I answer: and I went to sleep without giving one.

DUTTON COOK.

OYSTERS AND PEARLS.

LOOLOO, Mootoo, Mootie, Margarita, Perles, Perlii, Perlas: all sweet, pretty, mouth-rounding names, but worthy to be applied to the lustrous and beautiful spheres which we call pearls. *Principium culmenque omnium rerum pretii tenent*: "Of all things, pearls," said Pliny, two thousand years ago, "kept the very top, highest, best, and first price." What was true then is true now. There are few things so immortal as good taste. Let us pay something "on account" of our debt to the oyster. I propose to regard that placid creditor, not as an article of food, but as an assistant at the toilet. And looking at him in that point of view, here is not a bad instalment of the aforesaid debt. It is contributed by Barry Cornwall:

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-shielded in its deepest gloom

A single peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes,—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn,—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale.
Yet, what doth all avail?—
All its beauty, all its grace!
All the honours of its place!
He who pluck'd it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian Ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling—dead!
All his children, one by one,
When they look up to the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Well, pearls are costly. Yet they are merely the calcareous production of the class Mollusca. Diamonds, as a certain pen has elsewhere noted, have been shown to be merely charcoal; the pearl is little else but concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime. All the class Mollusca are instances of that beneficent law of nature, that the hard parts accommodate themselves to the soft. The common naked snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, garden helix, strombus, and nautilus, elegant or rough, rare or common, each illustrate this grand law. The body of a soft consistence is enclosed in an elastic skin. From this skin calcareous matter is continually exuded. This protects the animal, and forms the shell. Where the waves are rough, and rocks superabundant, then the shell is rough, hard, stony, fit to weather anything; where only smooth water and halcyon days are to be looked for, Nature, who never works in vain, provides but paper sides and an egg-shell boat, such as the little nautilus navigates and tacks and steers in.

Besides forming the rough outside, the calcareous exuvium, the mucus of the oyster and other mollusca, forms that beautiful substance, so smooth, and polished, and dyed with rainbow tints, and a glorious opalescence, which, be it as common as luxury has made it, still charms the eye. This is the lining of the shell, the mother-of-pearl, nacre. "The inside of the shell," said old Dampier, that old sailor with a poet's mind, "is more glorious even than the pearl itself."

It is glorious, it has the look of the morning, and the tint of the evening sky; the colours of the prism chastened, softened, retained, and made perpetual in it: this is mother-o'-pearl.

To render its bed always soft and cosy, to lie warm, packed as one might at Malvern in wet sheets, seems to be the oyster's pleasure. This singular exuvium, this mucus, not only creates pleasure, but alleviates pain. Some irritating substance, some internal worry and annoyance, it may be a dead embryo, or a grain of sand insinuates itself, and, lo! the creature covers it with this substance to ease off its unkind tooth, and converts it into a pearl.

That is the way they are made, these wondrous beauties!

"If," said Sir Everard Home, "if I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man" (the

is rather wrong there ; it can be imitated, and wonderfully imitated too,) "either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own nacre, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment?" Wonder and astonishment are words which scarcely exist now. Science has shown so many wonders that we are hardly astonished at anything ; but Sir Everard's assertion admits of proof. A pearl cut in two exhibits the concentric layers like an onion, as may be seen through a strong glass ; and in the centre is a round hole, very minute it may be, but wherein the ovum has been deposited.

Sometimes the ovum, or sand, or enclosed substance has attached itself to the shell, and has then been covered with mucus, forming a pearl which cannot be separated from the shell. There are several specimens of such pearls in the British Museum.

The great beauty in pearls is their opalescence, and a lustre which, however clever men are, they have never yet given to artificial pearls. Sir Everard Home supposes that this lustre arises from the highly polished coat of the centre cell, the pearl itself being diaphanous. Sir David Brewster accounts for it by the pearl and mother-of-pearl



Pearl wearers and Pearl winners.



having a grooved substance on its surface resembling the minute corrugations often seen on substances covered with oil, paint, or varnish. Philosophers are sometimes not very explanatory. Sir David means to say that beneath the immediate polish of the pearl there are certain wavelets and dimples from which the light is reflected. "The direction of the grooves," again to quote Sir David, "is in every case at right angles to the line joining the coloured image ; hence, in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the coloured images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image."

In the regular pearl these are crowded, from its

spherical form, into a small space ; hence its marvellous appearance of white unformed light ; and hence its beauty and value.

To prove the translucency of the pearl, we have only to hold a split pearl to a candle, where, by interposing coloured substance or light, we shall have the colour transmitted through the pearl. Curious as is the formation of the pearl, we have yet a cognate substance to it. What we call *bezoar*, and the Hindoos *faduj*, is a concretion of a deepish olive green colour found in the stomach of goats, dogs, cows, or other animals ; the hog bezoar, the bovine bezoar, and the camel bezoar ; this last the Hindoos turn into a yellow paint ; but the harder substances, the Hindoo jewellers

polish and thread, and use as jewels, so that from the stomach of the lower animals, and from the secretions of a shell-fish, the still grasping, prying, worrying, proud, vain-glorious, busy man gets him an ornament for her whom he most loves; for him whom he most honours.

The question of obtaining pearls and of slaying divers; of feeding sharks with human limbs; of the eyeballs starting and the tympanum of the ear bursting; of the pains, perils, and penalties of the pearl divers, must be touched incidentally in any true account of this precious gem.

Vanity demands the aid of cruelty, and for her gratification human sacrifices are still made.

At the Persian Gulf, at Ceylon, and in the Red Sea, the early sources of the Greeks and Romans, we yet find our supply. Pearls are also found in the Indian Ocean along the Coromandel coast and elsewhere; but the two grand head-quarters are in Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condalchy, in the Gulf of Manaar off the Island of Ceylon. There our pearl oyster dredgers bring up their natives.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of the British Government; but, like many Government monopolies, it is said to cost a great deal more than it produces. In 1804, Government leased it for 120,000*l.* per annum; in 1823, it only yielded 28,000*l.* It is a desert and barren spot; no one can fall in love with it; sands and coral rocks are not picturesque; yet, in its season, it attracts more to its shores than one of our best watering-places. Divers, merchants. Arab-hawkers, drillers, jewellers, and talkers; fish-sellers, butchers, boat-caulkers, and Hindoo Robinsons and Walkers are all found there. The period is limited to six weeks, or two months at most, from February to April; and whilst they are making money, these people are rather eager, look you. But the fishers themselves, victims of cruelty as they are, are also victims to their own superstition and ignorance. A Hindoo or Parsee blesses the water to drive away the sharks; a diver may be frightened or ill, and the holidays are so numerous, that the actual work-days amount only to thirty in the season.

The boats assembled sail at ten at night, a signal gun being then let off. They then set sail, reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise the divers begin to take their "headers." They continue at this work till noon, when a breeze starting up, they return. The cargoes are taken out before the night sets in, and the divers are refreshed.

Each boat carries twenty men—ten rowers and ten divers—besides a chief, or pilot. The divers work five at a time alternately, leaving the others time to recruit. To go down quickly they use a large stone of red granite, which they catch hold of with their foot. Each diver holds a net-work bag in his right hand, closes his nostrils with his left, or with a piece of bent horn, and descends to the bottom. There he darts about him as quickly as he can, picking up with toes and fingers, and putting the oysters into his net-work bag. When this is full, or he exhausted, he pulls the rope, and is drawn up, leaving the stone to be pulled up after him. When the oysters are very plentiful, the diver may bring up one hundred and fifty at a dip.

After this violent exertion, blood flows from nose, ears, eyes. The divers cannot exceed generally one minute's immersion. One and a half, and even two, have been reached by extraordinary efforts. Those who can endure four and five minutes are spoken of. One also we are told of, an apocryphal fellow, we should think, who coming in 1797 from Arjango, stayed under water six minutes.

The divers live not to a great age. Heart-diseases, surfeits, sores, blood-shot eyes, staggering limbs, and bent backs—these are part of their wages. Sometimes they die on reaching the surface, suddenly, as if struck by a shot.

At Bahrein, the annual amount produced by the pearl fishery may be reckoned at from 200,000*l.* to 240,000*l.*; add to this purchases made by the merchants of Abotabee, and we have 360,000*l.* to include the whole pearl trade of the Gulf, since, through their agents at Bahrein, merchants from Constantinople, Bagdad, Alexandria, Timbuctoo, New York, Calcutta, Paris, St. Petersburg, Holy Moscow, or London make their purchases.

"But," says our credible informant, "I have not put down the sum at *one-sixth* of that told me by the native merchants." But even then an enormous amount is that to be used in mere ornament, and in one article only.

Well, not exactly ornament. "In Eastern lands," says Mr. Thomas Moore, "they talk in flowers." Very flowery certainly is their talk. They also, good easy people, take pearls for physic—not for dentifrice, Easterns always having white teeth, apparently, so far as I have been able to judge, without the trouble of cleaning them, but as a regular dose. They call it *majoon*; it is an electuary, and myriads of small seed pearls are ground to impalpable powder to make it. As for the adulteration in this article, doubtless to be found, I say nothing. The simple lime from the inside of the shell would be just as white and just as good. Common magnesias would have the same effect; but, good sir, if an old Emir, or rich Bonze, wishes to pay an enormous price for something to swallow to comfort his good old inside, why not? Do not let us brag too much: from the time of old Gower, doctor of physic, to Dr. Cheyne, we have, sir, allowed everything, from toad's brains to the filings of a murderer's irons, to be taken as physic.

The Bahrein fishery-boats amount to 1500, and the trade is in the hands of merchants who possess much capital. This they employ in a manner which the associated operatives, and amongst them the operative, at present unassociated, who has compiled this paper, would consider unjust. They lend it out at cent. per cent.; they buy up, and they beat down, they juggle, cheat, rig the market, rob in a legal way a whole boat's crew, grow enormously rich, and preach morality.

Nor do they forget superstition. In the chief boat, when they fish, sits a jolly old cheat, a conjuror, called the binder of sharks, who waves about his skinny hands, jumps, howls, incants, and otherwise exerts his theological powers, and will not allow the divers, nor are they willing, to descend till he declares the moment propitious. To add some weight to their devotions, they debar

themselves of food or drink during this *Mumbo-Jumbo* play, but afterwards a species of toddy makes them like "Roger the Monk," namely, "excessively drunk."

The true shape of the pearl should be a perfect sphere. In India, and elsewhere, those of the largest size find the readiest sale, and realise immense prices. The very finest pearls are sent to Europe, and of these the very finest of the fine are sent to London and Paris. Thence the great people of the land procure their choice specimens. The late Emperor of Russia used to purchase for his wife, of whom he was exceedingly fond, the very finest pearl he could procure: a virgin pearl and a perfect sphere was what he sought, for he would not have any that had been worn by others. After five-and-twenty years' search, he presented to the Empress such a necklace as had never before been seen.

Immense prices have been given and are still given for pearls. Julius Caesar, in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, is said to have donated her with a pearl worth 48,417*l.* 10*s.*, which we can believe or not according to our natures. Marc Antony, as all the world has read, drank, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl which cost 80,729*l.* of our money. Clodius the glutton (surely a gourmet, not a gourmand) swallowed one worth 8072*l.* 18*s.* One of the modern pearls was bought by Tavernier at Catifa, and sold by him to the Shah of Persia for 110,000*l.*; another was obtained by Philip II. of Spain, off the Columbian coast, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at 150,000 dollars.

Tavernier's pearl, if engraved, would illustrate the rocky and bad shapes which are too often found. Of the 960,000 pounds weight of oyster-shells imported annually into the United Kingdom we say nothing; nor need we more than advert to the 1,000,000 pounds of the same material cut up by the Chinese for like ornamental purposes.

Did the scope of our paper include a description of the substitute for the real pearl, the marvellously clever imitation which is worn, wittingly, by many a gracious lady, and unwittingly by many another, we should have another interesting story to tell. But these imitations may be considered as frauds upon our placid creditor the oyster—or, shall we say, compositions with him, and beneath the notice of debtors who are trying to behave honestly to a bivalve.

J. H. FRISWELL.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

If we were to look for the very root and spring of the present Volunteer movement, we should find it possibly in the celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington, with which he rudely awakened Englishmen from the dream they had dreamed since Waterloo and Trafalgar, that our isle would be inviolate "come the four corners of the world in arms to shock us." The Saxon mind from that time slowly took alarm, and since the establishment of the empire the whole nation has turned in upon itself, as it were, to consult its own deep instincts as to what should be done. The "Times," appreciating the blind instincts of the people, first shaped and moulded the movement in

the direction it ultimately took; but it was to the voice of song that we owe the rapid and splendid development of peaceful citizens into armed battalions ready for the field. The philosopher who notes the shapeless grains of sand grouping themselves into regular forms, when influenced by the vibrations of certain sounds, could in the Volunteer movement see an analogous movement in the moral world, when the Poet Laureate's stirring song "Riflemen Form" thrilled through the land, and at a stroke organised into serried lines the mobs of panic-stricken citizens. We question if any section of the nation has been taken so much by surprise by this movement as the military caste. Having experience of the lowest stratum only of the population in our own country, and of the National Guards on the Continent, it did not believe that the office, the chamber, and the shop, could turn out, at six months' notice, regiments worthy to be brigaded with regular troops, forgetting that in the Great Rebellion the shopkeepers of London marched to Gloucester, and there and then decided for ever, in England, the contest between despotism and liberty. Those again who remembered with a supercilious smile the National Guard of continental nations—middle-aged gentlemen, fat and frowsy, who do duty on compulsion—should not have confounded their capabilities with the picked youth of this country; athletes, with bone, muscle, and pluck enough to go anywhere and do anything.

"But, what about the Review?" exclaims our reader. Well, then, there are some subjects so well thumbed that a writer's only choice is to talk round them. Among the many hundred thousands who crowded Hyde Park on the 23rd of June, jammed tight between two Guardsmen in the purgatorial space before the stands, we noticed the long and sombre line of England's Home Army slowly pass before the Queen. Across the green sod this sombre riband of men came on and on, their ranks ruled as straight as lines, and the whole mass sweeping round with a movement like the spokes of a wheel. For an hour and a half came the tramp, tramp, unbroken by a sound save by the distant music, their own feet, and the occasional cheers of the spectators, for it was perhaps wisely ordered that none but the Queen's band should play during the Review. Persons accustomed to the reviews of regular troops were struck by the exceeding simplicity of the uniforms. There was no holiday attire here. Grey and green made up the long column, save that, like a lance, at its head, fluttered the brilliant scarlet of the Artillery Company and the bright tunics of the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles. It was impossible to avoid drawing comparisons between the different corps as they marched past; indeed, the line of military spectators who fringed the reserved standings were very demonstrative indeed in their professional criticisms, and it is but just to say that in no instance was there the slightest shade of professional jealousy evinced by them. "What splendid horses!" we heard a Guardsman involuntarily exclaim, as the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles went past; "Her Majesty don't mount our men like that." Every horse perhaps was a valuable

hunter, and the man that rode him was warranted to do some good cross-country skirmishing if called into presence of the enemy.

The Honourable Artillery corps again puzzled the people mightily, and we believe to this hour numbers went away with the idea that a battalion of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards led off the Review. But we confess that, to our unprofessional eye, the most active and soldierly-looking set of men were the Inns of Court corps. The greyish-brown dress possibly tended to give the men size; but it was impossible not to remark that the "Devil's Own" carried off the palm for setting-up and athletic proportions. When we consider that these young lawyers are many of them just drafted from the Universities, where physical training is perhaps better attended to than among any other assemblage of young Englishmen, it is not surprising that they should make such splendid young soldiers. That the use of their brains does not militate against the use of their legs, the repeated cries of "Bravo, Devil's Own!" as they marched past, fully testified. Indeed, a good many could not help remarking that here, as in a good many other places, his sable majesty took excellent care of his children. It was observable in this Review, that the spirit which leads us to stick to what is termed in the army the regimental system, also obtains most fully amongst the Volunteers. Each corps felt a pride in itself, which doubtless will tend to excellent results if the Volunteers are ever called into the field on active service. "Look at the Robin Hoods," said a soldier next to us, "every man of them looks as though he had shot with William Cloudeslie, and could pick off the Sheriff of Nottingham at a thousand paces;" and most certainly, if there is any reliance on manly bearing, that old idea, that we thought had perished with Merry Sherwood, lives and moves in the breasts of the brave men in Lincoln green from Nottingham. Not less admired was the little company of Artists. Such splendid beards, worthy of Titian, and such fine faces! Imagine some dirty little scrub of a Frenchman picking off his Stanfield, or potting a Millais, in an affair before breakfast! But there would be plenty of Englishmen left to avenge them, and to paint good pictures afterwards. Then there were the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish corps, each distinguished by some national badge or costume. The kilted company of Scotchmen certainly marched admirably, and fully justified the excellence of the costume for that exercise; and the Irish in their green uniforms looked, we must confess, very like their own constabulary, and we could not pay them a better compliment. It would be advisable if the Welsh corps were to put its goat through a little marching drill before the next review, as he certainly evinced a backwardness in coming forward on the last occasion, which slightly threw that gallant regiment out. If Mr. Bright, or any of the "peace party at any price," were present, it must have galled them to have seen the Manchester corps, 1600 strong, move along its dark green mass, forming with the Robin Hoods a brigade of themselves. The Lancashire lads, it is clear, are not inclined just at present to beat their swords into pruning-

hooks. Neither must we forget the Durham corps brought to the metropolis by the munificence of Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry. Up to a late hour on the previous Friday, these citizen-soldiers toiled in the deep mine, in the counting-house, and behind the counter; then donning their uniform, travelled all night and appeared on the ground as fresh as daisies, and after a hard day's reviewing hurried northward, and were home again by daybreak. We question if campaigning would be much harder work than this.

The Bristol corps, a regiment of stalwart Saxons, in like manner came from the other side of the island, and indeed from all parts the Volunteers were drawn to air themselves for a few hours in the eyes of their Sovereign. And her Majesty was justly proud of their devotion, and was so moved that, at one time, she actually shed tears—precious tears. What other monarch in Europe, for such a cause, could shed them? It may be that we see with partial eyes, but we question if any country in Europe could send forth such an army of picked men as defiled before the Royal Standard on that occasion, and some of the Parisian journals were handsome enough to say almost as much. As the French Ambassador Persigny watched the last Volunteer march past him, he turned to an English friend and said, "This is indeed the handsomest compliment you could have paid us."

But to drill well, and to make good marksmen, are two very different things; or, to use the language of the Hythe Manual of Musket Instruction, "marching and manoeuvring can do no more than place the soldier in the best possible situation for using his weapon with effect." How are our Volunteers to become good marksmen? Blazing away at a target without any preliminary instruction is a mere waste of powder and ball; this fact they have long found out at Hythe. The public cannot understand this, and there has been a loud cry in the papers for ball-cartridge practice; but General Hay will tell you that to begin with ball practice is to begin at the end. Before a man can shoot effectively with a rifle, he must know how to hold it. At short ranges he can shoot standing, but when it comes to a thousand yards he requires a rest of some kind, and the kneeling position will give him a natural rest if he is instructed how to take it. We question if many of those portly riflemen to be seen in every corps are at all aware of the trifling knot they must tie themselves up into, ere they can accomplish this position. In the book of instruction the position drill for long ranges is as follows: "When kneeling, the right foot and knee are to be in the right position, and the body (i. e. buttock) is to rest firmly on the right heel." If any rifleman who has lost his waist will have the goodness to try this position, we would recommend him to have some assistance at hand to help him up again! Again, we are told that before a man can take aim with his rifle he must be able to fire a cap without winking. No such easy matter, as any man may easily prove to himself; and when this difficulty is got over there is the very necessary exercise in judging of distances. Nothing is so deceptive as distance, especially in level places where you see the ground foreshortened. All these things are taught at the

Hythe School of Musketry, and we are glad to find that a number of Volunteers have undergone the musketry drill there with exemplary patience. Nine-tenths of the Volunteers are, however, perfectly guiltless of having gone through this preliminary instruction, and we cannot therefore expect that until they do, any large number of first-rate marksmen will issue from their ranks. But we want a large number of good shots rather than a few very first-rate ones, and somehow or other this we must have. The Volunteer Rifleman has entered upon a new exercise in which he cannot afford to take a second rank. He must be with his rifle what his forefathers were with the long-bow, and the only manner in which he can accomplish this is to make rifle-shooting as scientific a pastime throughout the land as cricket.

Every village and hamlet must have its butts as of old, and village must compete with village. Thus trained, our annual gathering on Wimbledon Common will soon set in the shade the Tir Fédéral of the Helvetic Republic. The one great quality necessary to form a rifleman, is eminently an English quality—steadiness. Strength is another quality, almost as indispensable. The weak-armed man has little chance, for his muscles will tremble before he can take deliberate aim. Look at the Swiss rifleman, his chest and arms are models of capacity and power, and we do not think that in these particulars we have to fear even the mountaineers. It is thought by some that our familiarity with the fowling-piece ought to give us a decided advantage over every other nation; but the experience of the Government School at Hythe appears to be altogether adverse to this notion. The best rifle shots declare that the mere sportsman has in fact a great deal to forget before he can handle the rifle properly; that the kind of instinctive aim taken at a flying bird is a very different thing from the deliberate aim required for target shooting, and that the best riflemen are invariably found among persons who had never previously fired a shot. That this dictum requires some little modification, however, will, we believe, be proved by the recent competition at Wimbledon Common, for to our own knowledge, some of the largest scores have been made by keen sportsmen. The opening of our first National Rifle Match, on July 2nd, by Her Majesty, gave even the used-up sight seer quite a sensation. He witnessed something of which his former experience afforded him no inkling. It was neither a Derby Day, nor a Review Day, nor a Fair-day, and yet in a measure it partook of all three. The wide-extending heath almost prepared him for the Grand Stand, and the innumerable persons in uniform led him to expect a sham fight. The line of streamers and flags of all nations, and the town of booths running right and left, seemed as though the old fair had been revived for his delectation. But what was the meaning of the long range of earthworks far away on the other side of the Common? Of the hundred thousand people who lined the vast enclosure, in carriages and on foot, possibly not a thousand persons could, of their own personal knowledge, have given an answer. That they

were butts indeed they knew, but Englishmen must go back some three or four hundred years in order to associate such appliances with any national pastime; and, therefore, their appearance seemed in some measure to revive old times, and to link that vast multitude with old days that are long, long gone.

But whilst we look into the grey distance, and gather from the size of the target, six feet square, but not apparently larger than a sheet of note-paper, what a thousand yards' range really is, there is a motion in the gay marquee on our right, the royal flag is run up, and shortly Her Majesty and Prince Albert are seen proceeding down the planked road which leads to the little pavilion. Here for upwards of an hour Mr. Whitworth, with the most nervous solicitude, has been laying a rifle on a rest, specially constructed for the occasion. But the sod is soddened, and the delicate instrument is constantly sinking with its own weight, and has to be continually re-adjusted. As Her Majesty approaches, however, all is prepared; and almost before the ringing cheer with which she is received has died away, she has fired the rifle, and hit the bull's eye, and that only one inch above the two lines which bisect each other in the very centre—on the vertical line itself, and but one inch only above the horizontal one! Thus Her Majesty opened the proceedings by scoring three, the highest number that could be obtained at a single shot. Now along the whole line the firing commenced from little tents situated exactly opposite their respective targets; but, as might have been expected, the first day's firing was not very satisfactory, and many a rifleman, the pride of his own local butt, found that in the flurry of the scene he had lost his usual cunning, and loud were the complaints we heard that the five shots—the regulation allowance to each gun—were not sufficient to bring out the real stuff in a man. But with the morning air of the second day shaken nerves were restored again, and Englishmen were not found to be behind the picked shots of Switzerland. It is certainly rather unfortunate that the latter should have failed to have rescued their rifles from the French Custom House authorities; but as they well knew that they could only shoot for some of the prizes with rifles not above ten pounds in weight, they have little to complain of, we apprehend.

The establishment of an open target at which all comers can fire without any restriction, is a very lucky hit; and is, in our opinion, well calculated to elicit some very good shots from the crowd. Englishmen have a certain individuality which is likely to display itself in rifle-shooting, as much as in other things, and a little "undress" shooting is sure to be very popular. As far as we have yet seen, the National Rifle Shooting Association has inaugurated among us a new sport, which will, we believe, rapidly take root, and place us in the foremost ranks as marksmen. It is a good sign when a nation takes to an exercise as a matter of sport, which it may be called upon to perform in grave earnest; and as long as we know how to snap the rifle, truly we may snap our fingers at the gentlemen across the water.

A. W.

CONTRASTS.

GUESTS, at a nobleman's board,
 Drink to the bridal morn;
 While, at the breast of the lord
 Rankles a barb of sorrow.
 Hark to the pitiful wail !
 "That woman, my lord, without ;
 They are taking her off to the gaol."
 "Merely a beggar, no doubt."
 "What a singular sighing sound !"
 Says one of the great, at the table.
 "John, have you looked to the hound ?
 Make him a bed in the stable."

Over those steps, again,
 Entered a bride in the morn,
 Follow'd by powder'd men,
 Stiff, and stately, and shorn.
 Out of a prison den
 Issued a wretch that morn,
 Follow'd by brutal men,
 Eager to see and scorn.
 "Quick ! or we'll miss the marriage,
 Yonder, in Hanover Square.
 They are off in a splendid carriage :
 Faith, they're a splendid pair !"



A birth in a chamber great ;
 A birth in a hospital ward :
 One in sorrow ; one in state ;
 Both the sons of a lord.

Doctors around her bed ;
 Nurses and friends beside.
 Lightly and softly tread—
This is a titled bride.

Cover *that* face in a shroud :
 Mention her name no more ;
 Though she was silent and proud,
 She was plebeian and poor.

The charity brat she bore,
 Yes ! let him grow up in the crowd,
 Cringe at the nobleman's door.
 Cover her face with the shroud :
 Mention her name no more !
 Send the young heir to college,
 To swim with the wealthy tide ;
 Probing the depths of knowledge,
 Skimming the shoals of pride.

It may be his natural brother
 Will hold his horse for a crust ;
 And neither can tell the other
 Their kinship in common dust.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXX. THE BATTLE OF THE BULL-DOGS.
PART I.

At the south-western extremity of the park, with a view extending over wide meadows and troubled mill-waters, yellow barn-roofs and weather-gray old farm-walls, two grassy mounds threw their slopes to the margin of the stream. Here the bull-dogs held revel. The hollow between the slopes was crowned by a bending birch, which rose three-stemmed from the root, and hung a noiseless green shower over the basin of green it shadowed. Beneath it the interminable growl sounded pleasantly; softly shot the sparkle of the twisting water, and you might dream things half fulfilled. Knots of fern were about, but the tops of the mounds were firm grass, evidently well rolled, and with an eye to airy feet. Olympus one eminence was called, Parnassus the other. Olympus a little overlooked Parnassus, but Parnassus was broader and altogether better adapted for the games of the Muses. Round the edges of both there was a well-trimmed bush of laurel, obscuring only the feet of the dancers from the observing gods. For on Olympus the elders re-

clined. Great efforts had occasionally been made to dispossess and unseat them, and their security depended mainly on a hump in the middle of the mound which defied the dance.

Watteau-like groups were already couched in the shade. There were ladies of all sorts: town-bred and country-bred: farmers' daughters and daughters of peers: for this pic-nic, as Lady Jocelyn, disgusting the Countess, would call it, was in reality a *fête champêtre*, given annually, to which the fair offspring of the superior tenants were invited—the brothers and fathers coming to fetch them in the evening. It struck the eye of the Countess de Saldar that Olympus would be a fitting throne for her, and a point whence her shafts might fly without fear of a return. Like another illustrious General at Salamanca, she directed a detachment to take possession of the height. Courtly Sir John Loring ran up at once, and gave the diplomatist an opportunity to thank her flatteringly for gaining them two minutes to themselves. Sir John waved his handkerchief in triumph, welcoming them under an awning where carpets and cushions were spread, and whence the

Countess could eye the field. She was dressed ravishingly; slightly in a foreign style, the bodice being peaked at the waist, as was then the Portuguese persuasion. The neck, too, was deliciously veiled with fine lace—and thoroughly veiled, for it was a feature the Countess did not care to expose to the vulgar daylight. Off her gentle shoulders, as it were some fringe of cloud blown by the breeze this sweet lady opened her bosom to, curled a lovely black lace scarf: not Caroline's. If she laughed, the tinge of mourning lent her laughter new charms. If she sighed, the exuberant array of her apparel bade the spectator be of good cheer. Was she witty, men surrendered reason and adored her. Only when she entered the majestic mood and assumed the languors of greatness and recited musky anecdotes of her intimacy with it, only then did mankind, as represented at Beckley Court, open an internal eye and reflect that it was wonderful in a tailor's daughter. And she felt that mankind did so reflect. Her instincts did not deceive her. She knew not how much was known; in the depths of her heart she kept the struggling fear that possibly all might be known; and succeeding in this, she said to herself that probably nothing was known after all. George Uploft, Miss Carrington, and Rose were the three she abhorred. Partly to be out of their way, and to be out of the way of chance shots (for she had heard names of people coming that reminded her of Dubbins's, where, in past days, there had been on one awful occasion a terrific discovery made), the Countess selected Olympus for her station. It was her last day, and she determined to be happy. Doubtless, she was making a retreat, but have not illustrious Generals snatched victory from their pursuers? Fair, then, sweet, and full of grace, the Countess moved. As the restless shifting of colours to her motions was the constant interchange of her semi-sorrowful manner and ready archness. Sir John almost capered to please her, and the diplomatist in talking to her forgot his diplomacy and the craft of his tongue.

It was the last day also of Caroline and the Duke. The Countess clung to Caroline and the Duke more than to Evan and Rose. She could see the first couple walking under an avenue of limes, and near them Mr. John Raikes, as if in ambush. Twice they passed him, and twice he doffed his hat and did homage.

"A most singular creature!" exclaimed the Countess. "It is my constant marvel where my brother discovered such a curiosity. Do notice him."

"That man? Raikes?" said the diplomatist. "Do you know he is our rival? Harry wanted an excuse for another bottle last night, and proposed the Member for Fallowfield. Up got Mr. Raikes and returned thanks."

"Yes?" the Countess negligently interjected in a way she had caught from Lady Jocelyn.

"Cogglesby's nominee, apparently."

"I know it all," said the Countess. "We need have no apprehension. He is docile. My brother-in-law's brother, you see, is most eccentric. We can manage him best through this Mr. Raikes, for a personal application would be ruin. He

quite detests our family, and indeed all the aristocracy."

Melville's mouth pursed, and he looked very grave.

Sir John remarked: "He seems like a monkey just turned into a man."

"And doubtful about his tail," added the Countess.

The image was tolerably correct, but other causes were at the bottom of the air worn by Mr. John Raikes. The Countess had obtained an invitation for him, with instructions that he should come early, and he had followed them so implicitly that the curricule was flinging dust on the hedges between Fallowfield and Beckley but an hour or two after the chariot of Apollo had mounted the heavens, and Mr. Raikes presented himself at the breakfast table. Fortunately for him the Countess was there. After the repast she introduced him to the Duke: and he bowed to the Duke, and the Duke bowed to him: and now, to instance the peculiar justness in the mind of Mr. Raikes, he, though he worshipped a coronet and would gladly have recalled the feudal times to a corrupt land, could not help thinking that his bow had beaten the Duke's, and was better. He would rather not have thought so, for it upset his preconceptions and threatened a revolution in his ideas. For this reason he followed the Duke, and tried, if possible, to correct, or at least chasten the impressions he had of possessing a glaring advantage over the nobleman. The Duke's second bow did not, Mr. Raikes sadly judged, retrieve the character of his first; his final bow was a mere nod. "Well!" Mr. Raikes reflected, "if this is your Duke, why, egad! for figure and style my friend Harrington beats him hollow." And Mr. Raikes thought he knew who could conduct a conversation with superior dignity and neatness. The torchlight of a delusion was extinguished in him, but he did not wander long in that gloomy cavernous darkness of the disenchanted, as many of us do, and as Evan had done, when after a week at Beckley Court he began to examine of what stuff his brilliant father, the great Mel, was composed. On the contrary, as the light of the Duke dwindled, Mr. Raikes gained in lustre. "In fact," he said, "there's nothing but the title wanting." He was by this time on a level with the Duke.

Olympus had been held in possession by the Countess about half an hour, when Lady Jocelyn mounted it, quite unconscious that she was scaling a fortified point. The Countess herself fired off the first gun at her.

"It has been so extremely delightful up alone here, Lady Jocelyn: to look at everybody below! I hope many will not intrude on us!"

"None but the dowagers who have breath to get up," replied her ladyship, panting. "By the way, Countess, you hardly belong to us yet. You dance?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Oh, then you are in your right place. A dowager is a woman who doesn't dance: and her male attendant is—what is he? We will call him a fogey."

Lady Jocelyn directed a smile at Melville and

Sir John, who both protested that it was an honour to be the Countess's foggy.

Rose now joined them, with Laxley morally dragged in her wake.

"Another dowager and foggy!" cried the Countess, musically. "Do you not dance, my child?"

"Not till the music strikes up," rejoined Rose. "I suppose we shall have to eat first."

"That is the Hamlet of the pic-nic play, I believe," said her mother.

"Of course you dance, don't you Countess?" Rose inquired, for the sake of amiable conversation.

The Countess's head signified: "Oh, no! quite out of the question:" she held up a little bit of her mournful draperies, adding: "Besides, you, dear child, know your company, and can select; I do not, and cannot do so. I understand we have a most varied assembly!"

Rose shut her eyes, and then looked at her mother. Lady Jocelyn's face was undisturbed; but while her eyes were still upon the Countess, she drew her head gently back, imperceptibly. If anything, she was admiring the lady; but Rose could be no placid philosophic spectator of what was to her a horrible assumption and hypocrisy. For the sake of him she loved, she had swallowed a nauseous cup bravely. The Countess was too much for her. She felt sick to think of being allied to this person. She had a shuddering desire to run into the ranks of the world, and hide her head from multitudinous hootings. With a pang of envy she saw her friend Jenny walking by the side of William Harvey, happy, untried, unoffending: full of hope, and without any bitter draughts to swallow!

Aunt Bel now came tripping up gaily.

"Take the alternative, *douairière* or *demoiselle*!" cried Lady Jocelyn. "We must have a sharp distinction, or Olympus will be mobbed."

"*Entre les deux, s'il vous plait,*" responded Aunt Bel. "Rose, hurry down and leave the mass. I see ten girls in a bunch. It's shocking. Ferdinand, pray disperse yourself. Why is it, Emily, that we are always in excess at pic-nics? Is man dying out?"

"From what I can see," remarked Lady Jocelyn, "Harry will be lost to his species unless some one quickly relieves him. He's already half eaten up by the Conley girls. Countess, isn't it your duty to rescue him?"

The Countess bowed, and murmured to Sir John:

"A dismissal!"

"I fear my fascinations, Lady Jocelyn, may not compete with those fresh young persons."

"Ha! ha! 'fresh young persons,'" laughed Sir John: for the ladies in question were romping boisterously with Mr. Harry.

The Countess inquired for the names and condition of the ladies, and was told that they sprang from Farmer Conley, a well-to-do son of the soil, who farmed about a couple of thousand acres between Fallowfield and Beckley, and bore a good reputation at the county bank.

"But I do think," observed the Countess, "it must indeed be pernicious for any youth to asso-

ciate with that class of woman. A deterioration of manners!"

Rose looked at her mother again. She thought: "Those girls would scorn to marry a tradesman's son!"

The feeling grew in Rose that the Countess lowered and degraded her. Her mother's calm contemplation of the lady was more distressing than if she had expressed the contempt Rose was certain, according to her young ideas, Lady Jocelyn must hold.

Now the Countess had been considering that she would like to have a word or two with Mr. Harry, and kissing her fingers to the occupants of Olympus, and fixing her fancy on the diverse thoughts of the ladies and gentlemen, deduced from a rapturous or critical contemplation of her figure from behind, she descended the slope.

Was it going to be a happy day? The well-imagined opinions of the gentleman on her attire and style, made her lean to the affirmative; but Rose's demure behaviour and something—something would come across her hopes. She had, as she now said to herself, stopped for the picnic, mainly to give Caroline a last opportunity of binding the duke to visit the Cogglesby saloons in London. Let Caroline cleverly contrive this, as she might, without any compromise, and the stay at Beckley Court would be a great gain. Yes, Caroline was still with the duke; they were talking earnestly. The Countess breathed a short appeal to Providence that Caroline might not prove a fool. Over night she had said to Caroline: "Do not be so English. Can one not enjoy friendship with a nobleman without wounding one's conscience or breaking with the world? My dear, the duke visiting you, you *cow* that infamous Strike of yours. He will be utterly obsequious! I am not telling you to *pass the line*. The contrary. But we continentals have our grievous reputation because we dare to meet as intellectual beings, and defy the imputation that ladies and gentlemen are no better than animals."

It sounded very lofty to Caroline, who accepting its sincerity, replied:

"I cannot do things by halves. I cannot live a life of deceit. A life of misery—not deceit!"

Whereupon, pitying her poor English nature, the Countess gave her advice, and this advice she now implored her familiars to instruct or compel Caroline to follow.

The Countess's garment was plucked at. She beheld little Dorothy Loring glancing up at her with the roughish timidity of her years.

"May I come with you?" asked the little maid, and went off into a prattle: "I spent that five shillings—I bought a shilling's worth of sweet stuff, and nine penn'orth of twine, and a shilling for small wax candles to light in my room when I'm going to bed, because I like plenty of light by the looking-glass always, and they do make the room so hot! My Jane declared she almost fainted, but I burnt them out! Then I only had very little left for a horse to mount my doll on; and I wasn't going to get a screw, so I went to papa, and he gave me five shillings. And, oh,

do you know, Rose can't bear me to be with you. Jealousy, I suppose, for you're very agreeable. And, do you know, your mama is coming to-day? I've got a papa and no mama, and you've got a mama and no papa. Isn't it funny? But I don't think so much of it, as you're grown up. Oh, I'm quite sure she is coming, because I heard Harry telling Juley she was, and Juley said it would be so gratifying to you."

A bribe and a message relieved the Countess of Dorothy's attendance on her.

What did this mean? Were people so base as to be guilty of hideous plots in this house? Her mother coming! The Countess's blood turned deadly chill. Had it been her father she would not have feared, but her mother was so vilely plain of speech; she never opened her mouth save to deliver facts: which was to the Countess the sign of atrocious vulgarity.

But her mother had written to say she would wait for Evan in Fallowfield! The Countess grasped at straws. *Did* Dorothy hear that? And if Harry and Juliana spoke of her mother, what did that mean? That she was hunted and must stand at bay!

"Oh, papa! papa! why *did* you marry a Dawley!" she exclaimed, plunging to what was, in her idea, the root of the evil.

She had no time for outcries and lamentations. It dawned on her that this was to be a day of battle. Where was Harry? Still in the midst of the Conley throng, apparently pooh-poohing something, to judge by the twist of his mouth.

The Countess delicately signed for him to approach her. The extreme delicacy of the signal was at least an excuse for Harry to perceive nothing. It was renewed, and Harry burst into a fit of laughter at some fun of one of the Conley girls. The Countess passed on, and met Juliana pacing by herself near the lower gates of the park. She wished only to see how Juliana behaved. The girl looked perfectly trustful, as much so as when the Countess was pouring in her ears the tales of Evan's growing but bashful affection for her.

"He will soon be here," whispered the Countess. "Has he told you he will come by this entrance?"

"No," replied Juliana.

"You do not look well, sweet child."

"I was thinking that you did not, Countess."

"Oh, indeed, yes! All our visitors have by this time arrived, I presume?"

"They come all day."

The Countess hastened away from one who, when roused, could be almost as clever as herself, and again stood in meditation near the joyful Harry. This time she did not signal so discreetly. Harry could not but see it, and the Conley girls accused him of cruelty to the beautiful dame, which novel idea stung Harry with delight, and he held out to indulge in it a little longer. His back was half turned, and as he talked noisily he could not observe the serene and resolute march of the Countess towards him. The youth gaped when he found his arm taken prisoner by the insertion of a small deliciously-gloved and perfumed hand through it.

"I must claim you for a few moments," said the Countess, and took the startled Conley girls one and all in her beautiful smile of excuse.

"Why do you compromise me thus, sir?"

These astounding words were spoken out of the hearing of the Conley girls.

"Compromise you!" muttered Harry.

Masterly was the skill with which the Countess contrived to speak angrily and as an injured woman, while she wore an indifferent social countenance.

"I repeat compromise me. No, Mr. Harry Jocelyn, you are not the jackanapes you try to make people think you: *you* understand me."

The Countess might accuse him, but Harry never had the ambition to make people think him that: his natural tendency was the reverse: and he objected to the application of the word jackanapes to himself, and was ready to contest the fact of people having that opinion at all. However, all he did was to repeat: "Compromise!"

"Is not open unkindness to me compromising me?"

"How?" asked Harry.

"Would you dare to do it to a strange lady? Would you have the impudence to attempt it with any woman here but me? No, I am innocent; I know that; it is my consolation: I have resisted you, but you by this cowardly behaviour place me—and my reputation, which is more—at your mercy. Noble behaviour, Mr. Harry Jocelyn! I shall remember my young English gentleman."

The view was totally new to Harry.

"I really had no idea of compromising you," he said. "Upon my honour, I can't see how I did it now!"

"Oblige me by walking less in the neighbourhood of those fat-faced glaring farm-girls," the Countess spoke under her breath; "and don't look as if you were being whipped. The art of it is evident—you are but carrying on the game.—Listen. If you permit yourself to exhibit an unkindness to me, you show to any man who is a judge, and to every woman, that there has been something between us. You know my innocence—yes! but you must punish me for having resisted you thus long."

Harry was staggered. He swore he never had such an idea, and was much too much of a man and a gentleman to behave in that way.—And yet it seemed wonderfully clever! And there was the Countess saying:

"Take your reward, Mr. Harry Jocelyn. You have succeeded, I am your humble slave. I come to you and sue for peace. To save my reputation I endanger myself. This is generous of you."

"Am I such a clever fellow?" thought the ingenuous young gentleman. "Deuced lucky with women!" he knew that: still a fellow must be wonderfully, miraculously, clever to be able to twist and spin about a woman in that way. He did not object to conceive that he was the fellow to do it. Besides, here was the Countess de Saldar—worth five hundred of the Conley girls—almost at his feet!

Mollified, he said: "Now, didn't you begin it?" "Evasion!" was the answer. "It would be such pleasure to you to see a proud woman weep! And if yesterday, persecuted as I am, with dreadful falsehoods abroad respecting me and mine, if yesterday I did seem cold to your great merits, is it generous of you to take this revenge?"

Harry began to scent the double meaning in her words. She gave him no time to grow cool over it. She leaned, half-abandoned, on his arm. Arts feminine and irresistible encompassed him. It was a fatal mistake of Juliana's to enlist Harry Jocelyn against the Countess de Saldar. He engaged, still without any direct allusion to the real business, to move heaven and earth to undo all that he had done; and the Countess engaged to do—what? more than she intended to fulfil.

Ten minutes later the Countess was alone with Caroline.

"Tie yourself to the duke at the dinner," she said, in the forcible phrase she could use when necessary. "Don't let them scheme to separate you. Never mind looks—do it!"

Caroline, however, had her reasons for desiring to maintain appearances. The Countess dashed at her hesitation.

"There is a plot to humiliate us in the most abominable way. The whole family have sworn to make us blush publicly. Publicly blush! They have written to Mama to come, and speak out. Now will you attend to me, Caroline? You do not credit such atrocity? I know it to be true."

"I never can believe that Rose would do such a thing," said Caroline. "We can hardly have to endure more than has befallen us already."

Her speech was pensive, as of one who had matter of her own to ponder over. A swift illumination burst in the Countess's mind.

"No? Have you, dear, darling Carry? not that I intend that you should! but to-day the duke would be such ineffable support to us. May I deem you have not been too cruel to-day? You dear silly English creature, 'Duck,' I used to call you when I was your little Louy. All is not yet lost, but I will save you from the ignominy if I can. I will!—I will!"

Caroline denied nothing—confirmed nothing, just as the Countess had stated nothing. Yet they understood one another perfectly. Women have a subtler language than ours; the veil pertains to them morally as bodily, and they see clearer through it.

The Countess had no time to lose. Wrath was in her heart. She did not lend all her thoughts to self-defence.

Without phrasing a word, or absolutely shaping a thought in her head, she slanted across the sun to Mr. John Raikes, who had taken refreshment, and in obedience to his instinct, notwithstanding his enormous pretensions, had commenced a few preliminary antics.

"Dear Mr. Raikes!" she said, drawing him aside, "not before dinner!"

"I really can't contain the exuberant flow!" returned that gentleman. "My animal spirits always get the better of me," he added confidentially.

"Suppose you devote your animal spirits to my service for half an hour?"

"Yours, Countess, from the os frontis to the chine!" was the exuberant rejoinder.

The Countess made a wry mouth.

"Your curricule is in Beckley?"

"Behold!" cried Jack. "Two juveniles, not half so blest as I, do from the seat regard the festive scene o'er yon park-palings. They are there, even Franco and Fred. I'm afraid I promised to get them in at a later period of the day. Which sadly sore my conscience doth disturb! But what is to be done about the curricule, my Countess?"

"Mr. Raikes," said the Countess, smiling on him fixedly, "you are amusing; but, in addressing me, you must be precise, and above all things accurate. I am not your Countess!"

Mr. Raikes bowed profoundly. "Oh, that I might say 'my Queen!'"

The Countess replied: "A conviction of your lunacy would prevent my taking offence, though I might wish you enclosed and guarded."

Without any further exclamations, Mr. Raikes acknowledged a superior.

"And, now, attend to me," said the Countess. "Listen: You go yourself, or send your friends instantly to Fallowfield. Bring with you that girl and her child. Stop! there is such a person. Tell her she is to be spoken to about the prospects of the poor infant. I leave that to your inventive genius. Evan wishes her here. Bring her, and *should* you see the mad captain who behaves so oddly, favour him with a ride. He says he dreams his wife is here, and he will not reveal his name! Suppose it should be my own beloved husband! I am quite anxious ha! ha!"

"That fortunate man is a foreigner!" exclaimed Mr. Raikes.

"Anglicised!—anglicised!" said the Countess. "Will you do this? You know how interested I am in the man. If he is not my husband, some one ought to be!"

"Capital!" cried Jack. "Lord! how that would tell on the stage. 'Some one ought to be!'"

"Away, and do my best," the Countess called to him with the faint peep of a theatrical manner.

It captivated Mr. John Raikes: "Yea, to the letter, though I perish for't," he pronounced, departing, and subsequently appending, "Nor yet the damned reason can perceive."

The Countess saw him go up to the palings and hold a communication with his friends Franco and Fred. One took the whip, and after mutual flourishes, drove away from Mr. Raikes.

"Now!" mused the Countess, "if Captain Evremonde *should* come!" It would break up the pic-nic. Alas! the Countess had surrendered her humble hopes of a day's pleasure. But if her mother came as well, what a diversion that would be! If her mother came before the Captain, his arrival would cover the retreat; if the Captain preceded her, she would not be noticed. Suppose her mother refrained from coming? In that case it was a pity, but the Jocelyna had brought it on themselves.

This mapping out of consequences followed the Countess's deeds, and did not inspire them. Her passions sharpened her instincts which produced her actions. The reflections ensued: as in nature the consequences were all seen subsequently! Observe the difference between your male and female general.

On reflection, too, the Countess praised herself for having done all that could be done. She might have written to her mother: but her absence would have been remarked: her messenger might have been overhauled: and, lastly, Mrs. Mel—"Gorgon of a mother!" the Countess cried out: for Mrs. Mel was like a fate to her. She could remember only two occasions in her whole life when she had been able to manage her mother, and then by lying in such a way as to distress her conscience severely.

"If mama has conceived this idea of coming, nothing will impede her. My prayers will infuriate her!" said the Countess, and she was sure that she had acted both rightly and with wisdom.

She put on her armour of smiles: she plunged into the thick of the enemy. Since they would not allow her to taste human happiness—she had asked but for the pic-nic! a small truce!—since they denied her that, rather than let them triumph by seeing her wretched, she took into her bosom the joy of demons. She lured Mr. George Uploft away from Miss Carrington, and spoke to him strange hints of matrimonial disappointments, looking from time to time at that apprehensive lady, doating on her terrors. And Mr. George seconded her by his clouded face, for he was ashamed not to show that he did not know Louisa Harrington in the Countess de Saldar, and had not the courage to declare that he did. The Countess spoke familiarly, but without any hint of an ancient acquaintance between them. "What a post her husband's got!" thought Mr. George, not envying the Count. He was wrong: she was an admirable ally. All over the field the Countess went, watching for her mother, praying that if she did come, Providence might prevent her from coming while they were at dinner. How clearly Mrs. Shorne and Mrs. Melville saw her vulgarity now! By the new light of knowledge, how certain they were that they had seen her ungente training in a dozen different little instances.

"She is not well-bred, cela se voit," said Lady Jocelyn.

"Bred! it's the stage! How could such a person be bred?" said Mrs. Shorne.

Accept in the Countess the heroine who is combating class-prejudices, and surely she is pre-eminently noteworthy. True she fights only for her family, and is virtually the champion of the opposing institution misplaced. That does not matter: the fates may have done it purposely: by conquering she establishes a principle. A duke loves her sister, the daughter of the house her brother, and for herself she has many protestations in honour of her charms: nor are they empty ones. She can confound Mrs. Melville, if she pleases to by exposing an adorer to lose a friend. Issuing out of Tailordom, she, a Countess, has done all this; and it were enough to make her

glow, did not little evils, and angers, and spites, and alarms, so frightfully beset her.

The sun of the pic-nic system is dinner. Hence philosophers may deduce that the pic-nic is a British invention. There is no doubt that we do not shine at the pic-nic until we reflect the face of dinner. To this, then, all who were not lovers began seriously to look forward, and the advance of an excellent London band, specially hired, to play during the entertainment, gave many of the guests quite a new taste for sweet music; and indeed we all enjoy a thing infinitely more when we see its meaning.

About this time Evan entered the lower park-gates with Andrew. The first object he encountered was Mr. John Raikes in a state of great depression. He explained his case:

"Just look at my frill! No, upon my honour, you know, I'm good-tempered; I pass their bucolic habits, but this is beyond bearing. I was near the palings there, and a fellow calls out: 'Hi! will you help the lady over?' Halloo! thinks I, an adventure! However, I advised him to take her round to the gates. The beast burst out laughing. 'Now, then,' says he, and I heard a scrambling at the pales, and up came the head of a dog. 'Oh! the dog first,' says I. 'Catch by the ears,' says he. I did so. 'Pull,' says he. 'Gad, pull indeed! The beast gave a spring and came all on my chest, with his dirty wet muzzle in my neck! I felt instantly it was the death of my frill, but gallant as you know me, I still asked for the lady. 'If you will please, or an it meet your favour, to extend your hand to me!' I confess I did just think it rather odd, the idea of a lady coming in that way over the palings: but my curst love of adventure always blinds me. It *always* misleads my better sense, Harrington. Well, instead of a lady, I see a fellow—he may have been a lineal descendant of Cedric the Saxon. 'Where's the lady?' says I. 'Lady?' says he, and stares, and then laughs: 'Lady! why,' he jumps over, and points at his beast of a dog, 'don't you know a bitch when you see one?' I was in the most ferocious rage! If he hadn't been a big burly bully, down he'd have gone. 'Why didn't you say what it was?' I roared. 'Why,' says he, 'the word isn't considered polite!' I gave him a cut there. I said: 'I rejoice to be *positively* assured that you uphold the laws and forms of *civilisation*, sir.' My belief is he didn't feel it."

"The thrust sinned in its shrewdness," remarked Evan, ending a laugh.

"Hem!" went Mr. Raikes, more contentedly: "after all, what are appearances to the man of wit and intellect? Dress, and women will approve you; but I assure you, they much prefer the man of wit in his slouched hat and stockings down. I was introduced to the duke this morning. It is a curious thing that the seduction of a duchess has always been one of my dreams."

At this Andrew Cogglesby fell into a fit of laughter.

"Your servant," said Mr. Raikes, turning to him. And then he muttered: "Extraordinary likeness! Good Heavens! Powers!"

From a state of depression, Mr. Raikes changed into one of bewilderment. Evan paid no attention to him, and answered none of his hasty under-toned questions. Just then, as they were on the skirts of the company, the band struck up a lively tune, and quite unconsciously, the legs of Mr. John Raikes, affected, it may be, by supernatural reminiscences, loosely hornpiped. It was but a moment: he remembered himself the next: but in that fatal moment eyes were on him. He never recovered his dignity in Beckley Court.

"What is the joke against poor Jack?" asked Evan of Andrew.

"Never mind, Van. You'll roar. Old Tom again. We'll see by-and-by, after the Champagne. He—this young Raikes—ha! ha!—but I can't tell you." And Andrew went away to Drummond to whom he was more communicative. Then he went to Melville, and one or two others, and the eyes of many became concentrated on Mr. John Raikes, and it was observed as a singular sign that he was constantly facing about; and flushing the fiercest red. Once he made an effort to get hold of Evan's arm and drag him away, as one who had an urgent confession to be delivered of, but Evan was talking to Lady Jocelyn and other ladies, and quietly disengaged his arm without even turning to notice the face of his friend. Then the dinner was announced, and men saw the dinner. The Countess went to shake her brother's hand, and with a very gratulatory visage, said through her half-shut teeth: "If mama appears, rise up and go away with me, before she has time to speak a word." An instant after, Evan found himself seated between Mrs. Evremonde and one of the Conley girls. The dinner had commenced. The first half of the Battle of the Bull-dogs was as peaceful as any ordinary pic-nic, and promised to the general company as calm a conclusion.

(To be continued.)

THE STEEL-GRINDER.

HIS HEALTH.

AN Asiatic despotism is a dreary thing to contemplate and describe: and the tyranny of the ruler sort of African kings is intolerable to the imagination of Christian nations. The barbarity of negro slavery in its grosser forms is no less painful: and our only consolation in reading or hearing of the things that are done under such authorities as these is in hoping that the spread of civilisation and Christianity will, in time, render rulers and strong men aware of the value of human life, and more or less considerate in the expenditure of it. If we were to read of a country in Central Asia where a valuable mineral was found, which slowly poisoned everybody who came within reach of its fumes while it was smelted; and if we heard that the Khan of that country took strong men from their homes at his pleasure, and made them work upon that mineral till they were dying of the fumes, and then cast them adrift in their last days, we should think it a horrible destiny to be that Khan's subjects. If it was also the fact that means were known by

which the poison might be partly neutralised, so that the workmen might live for twenty years instead of certainly dying within ten: and if the Khan would not allow those means to be used, saying that ten years were long enough for his workmen to live, and that it was more convenient to him to have a rapid succession of them, we should proclaim such a ruler to be the monster of the world.

If we knew of a wild African king who required a certain quantity every week of weapons and other implements made of bamboo, and insisted on their being made in a particular way which caused the bamboo to fly in little spikes which stuck in the eyes and throats and lungs of the workmen, so that they began to cough the first day they went to work, and never stopped till they died choked in a few years—many being blinded also before that time—we should call the king a savage and his workmen slaves. If, moreover, the weapons might just as well be made without inflicting a single prick on anybody, and yet the king insisted that the pricking was precisely the part of the business which took his fancy most, we should call him a monster too. It is sufficiently horrible that there are slave-owners in Louisiana who say they find it answer better to "use up" (kill off) their negroes in a certain time, and get fresh ones, than to spare labour and replenish their stock less frequently. It makes an Englishman's blood boil that such things should be said. But how could he find words for his indignation if the sugar could be grown and made just as well without the "using up," and the owner should refuse to adopt the machinery which would answer that purpose because he did not like new ways, or because he did like to whip the negroes up to their toil, and get work out of them to the last gasp? This man, too, would be execrated as a monster wherever he and his methods were heard of.

Suppose a sovereign and a set of officials in England who should propose to inflict these very sufferings on Englishmen.

Nobody will stop for a moment to suppose any such thing. It is an insult to our country, and to all the men in it, we shall be told, to admit even a passing imagination of men being wantonly murdered by inches—doomed to a ten or a five years' term of torture, ended only by a lingering death. It would be mere nonsense, if it were not also wickedness, to suppose that in England there are men who would submit to such tyranny in their own persons, or who would permit it to be inflicted on others.

Do we really think this? Do we confidently say it? Then we are mistaken; and we have some melancholy truths to learn about our country, and the men in it. Many hundreds of work-people die every year, in each of several branches of manufacture, after a slow torture which is as needless as the early death; the difference between the English case and those of Asia, Africa, and America being that here it is no sovereign, no official personage, and no master who inflicts the murder, but the victims themselves, and their neighbours of the same craft. It is true the evil is not so great as it was: but it is still the fact

that men are prevented by hundreds from saving their lives in dangerous occupations avowedly because their places are wanted for new-comers who had reckoned on their not living beyond a certain short term of years.

Did any of my readers ever happen to see the forging and finishing of a sail-maker's needle? After the steel is cut into lengths, each bit is separately treated—flattened at the head, and guttered, and filed, and punched with repeated strokes for the eye. Each needle is separately hammered into its three-sided form; and, what is most to my present purpose, each is separately pointed by being held to a gritstone cylinder. There was a time when every needle of every size was made in the same way, costing an infinity of time and trouble which is now saved by the use of improved mechanical methods. Every one of these needles, in the making, helped to shorten a man's life. The grinding of the points gave out a never-ceasing dust, composed of gritstone and steel particles, which infested the workmen's eyes, nostrils, mouth, and lungs, so that no one of them lived to forty years of age. This is the peril which makes life so short among the Sheffield outlers, and which renders the grinders of steel everywhere, whether for needles, or razors, or scissors, or skates, or sickles, a peculiar class of men.

Going back a generation, the career of, say, a Redditch needle-maker was this.

A boy in any family of that craft heard from his infancy upwards of wages of from two guineas a week to a guinea a day; and he was accustomed to the ideas which belonged to such pay under the peculiar circumstances. He saw his father drank very often; and he knew that he would be tippling for a week together, after which he would go to work for two or three weeks when he could get credit no longer; and those were the times when there were capital suppers at home—the first delicacies of the season being upon the table. His father used to come home much out of breath, and he would be heard coughing in the night. When it was time for the boy to go to work, it seemed to be taken for granted on all hands that he should follow his father's trade. If any friend remonstrated on the ground that the occupation was an unhealthy one, and, for some reason or other, not reputable, there was a family chorus of opposition. The father would not live long; nobody in his business lived to much beyond his present age; and then the good wages would be wanted. There were no such wages to be had in any other branch of manufacture in the place, and the boy could not think of taking up with less. He was not to sit at the grindstone, however, till he was near twenty. That sacrifice to prudence was agreed to because it was a rule of experience that no boys employed in needle-pointing lived to be twenty.

At twenty, or somewhat earlier, the lad married, and sat down on his "horse," before his wheel. There, as he stooped over his work, hot atoms of steel and stone dust filled the air he breathed, and were driven into his eyes, nose, and throat. His employer was a humane man, we may suppose; for most of them were so, as well as they knew

how. There were as many doors as possible in the workshop, and supposed to be always standing open, in order that the dust might be blown away, to a certain extent. The men shut the doors whenever they had an opportunity, complaining of constant colds from the draughts. They were strictly ordered to go and rinse their mouths and throats once every hour: but when they were interested in their work, and, yet more, when they grew short of breath on moving, they were lazy about leaving their wheels for this rinsing. Moreover, they objected to it in itself. If it did no good, it was a needless trouble and loss of time: and if it did remove any of the dust, the men would be unwilling to take the benefit. No man in the business desired to lengthen his own life, or chose that his neighbour should have any advantage over him, or should keep the rising generation waiting too long.

The employers entirely disapproved this view of things; but they were actually afraid of the debauched set of fellows who pronounced for "a short life and a merry one," and threatened vengeance against any one who should lower their wages by prolonging their lives. A mask of magnetised wire was recommended by Mr. Abraham, who pointed out how the wires were studded with particles of steel, after a morning at the wheel; particles which would have entered the mouth and nose of the grinder, if not thus intercepted. But not a man would wear the mask. The employers used every effort to get it adopted: but the men said, as on all such occasions, that to make the work safer was to lower the wages. Thus the lad who was a beginner had no chance of wearing this safeguard. The eyes of older men were upon him. He fancied, too, that recklessness was a mark of spirit and good fellowship. He told his little wife, however, that the mask was no good, as it did not dispose of the stone-dust.

To dispose of this stone-dust, some employers tried an experiment of fitting the wheels with canvas cylinders, up which a good deal of the dust might be carried by a proper draught. In one night every cylinder in Redditch was cut into strips, and every workman in that branch informed his employer that the craft would never allow either cylinder or mask. The lads were told that their employers had seen two, three, or four generations of needle-pointers to their graves, and were advised and entreated to take with good-will to a long succession of improvements, all directed to keeping their lungs clear of the fatal dust. It was no use. Ventilators, screens, fans,—all devices were destroyed or neglected.

In a few months, the young workman found he never was well. In a few years, he had a habitual cough. Mother and wife urged him to eat; as the hearty eaters bear the work longest. Much of the money went to keep an expensive table. Then drink followed; and then rows, riots, midnight vengeance for trade quarrels, a soured temper when every breath was drawn with pain; an anxious mind when there was a long score at the public-house, and several hungry children at home; and finally the poor fellow, old at five-and-thirty, and sinking under the "grindstone" not

knew that his lungs were black as ink, and tough as parchment, and were on the point of stopping for ever, while his fine wages were gone, he could not tell how, and there was nothing for his widow and little ones but to go into the work-house. So much for "a short life and a merry one!"

The sons who followed him to the grave as infants now find their occupation a very different one, and not much more dangerous than many other employments. Happily for them, though not for all parties at the time, there was, in their youth, a disastrous strike in their little town, and their father's trade. The needle-pointers were misled, and suffered much hardship: and when they petitioned for work at the old wages, the employers imposed a new condition;—that they should honestly use the means provided for the preservation of their health. A fan-wheel in the midst of a group of grinding benches, each of which has its wheel covered so artfully as that the dust is whirled away from the workman's face, conveys the whole collection of stone and steel particles out of the work-room, and blows it into some harmless place in the open air. I have seen the cloud issuing from an opening, and actually whitening a green bank for a considerable space. This white stuff would have turned human lungs black by the inflammation it would have caused; and, but for the apparatus, and the will to use it, the present workers at the wheel would long ago have been in their graves.

The same improvement has not taken place wherever steel is ground. We think at once of Sheffield, where the fork-grinder expects to die at thirty, and the grinders of razors and scissors a year or two later; and the tableknife-grinders at five-and-thirty; and the grinders of saws and sickles at nearer forty; but none so late as forty. The wretched men,—who, however, are proud of the peculiarity of their lot,—seem to be at about the same point that the needle-pointers elsewhere were at in the days of the mask and the canvas cylinder, and before the strike, to the failure of which so many lives are owing. Some of the first cutlers in the world have applied themselves to obviate the mortality among their men; but almost in vain. When they set up the fan-wheel, the men will take every opportunity of stopping its working. The words which they are reported to have used are these: "Trade is bad enough as it is. If the men live longer, it will be so overfull that there will be no such thing as getting a living." They do, however, permit the dry-grinding to be turned into wet, as improved machinery works this effect. Knowing as they do that it is the dry-grinders who die, on an average, before thirty, while the wet-grinders live from two to ten years longer, they allow of such a quickening of their wheel, and such a drip of water over it as may detain a portion of the dust from entering their lungs. Of the dry-grinders, however, there are five hundred employed on forks only in the one town of Sheffield:—five hundred young men who have doomed themselves deliberately to an early death; and in such a way as to excite only disgust, instead of the sympathy and admiration with which all men are

wont to regard any loose hold on life which has any respectability about it whatever.

The position of Sheffield is singularly bad in the scale of comparative sickness undergone by the working-classes, as ascertained by the managers of Friendly Societies; and yet there is no note taken of the fact that the lives, out of which this sickness is computed, are little more than half the ordinary length. In comparing the sick weeks in the life of a rural labourer and a Sheffield artisan, we ought to note, not only that the one has 52 weeks of illness to 95 of the other, but that the rural labourer's term may extend to 60 years, while the Sheffield man's ends at 40, or even 30.

Even without this, and supposing that all have an equal right to talk of their life "from twenty to sixty years of age," what a preponderance of sickness there is in Sheffield! In town life generally in England the proportion of sick weeks in those years is somewhat under 55. In city life it is under 66 weeks; whereas in Sheffield it is just upon 95. No other town, and no city on the list before me, comes near it, even Leeds being under 63, and Rochdale under 57; and the ill-favoured and unpopular Stockport, the worst after Sheffield, under 85.

We shall know more about all these matters after the approaching Census: but we now perceive plainly enough that there is an enormous sacrifice of life in the commonest processes of manufacture, which a little more knowledge may enable us to obviate entirely, and which a better morality would at this day materially check. It is the terrible attribute of this sort of mischief, however, that it is at once cause and effect. Peril to life, of this particular kind, generates the immorality which, in its turn, creates the recklessness which again imperils life. The mere mention of Sheffield brings up the image of such recklessness in the minds of all who hear the name. The low regard for human life, and the propensity to violence for which the working population of Sheffield are notorious, must have some explanation: and the explanation is easily found in the excessive sickness and mortality of the place, through hardships for which the victims would murder any tyrant who imposed them, but which they inflict on themselves against all remonstrance and preventive efforts on the part of their employers. It is impossible to remain many days in Sheffield without perceiving how low and wild are the habits of a portion of the population; and every newspaper reader in the kingdom is familiar with "fearful outrages" of which the scene is Sheffield, and the occasion generally some trades'-union dispute. For the deeper cause we may look to the depraved state of bodily health, and the self-imposed doom of death under which a certain proportion of the citizens pass what they choose to call "a short life and a merry one."

Their case is not like that of the Redditch needle-makers, an improved and improving one. In old times the grinders of Sheffield were scattered about over the neighbourhood—small groups of them being found beside any or all of the waterfalls which abound in that hilly district. They were always a rather wild and rough set of people; but they lived a free life of less toil than

at present, or rather, as they now vary their toil with intervals of dissipation, we may say that their fits and starts of labour and holiday were more wholesome when they depended on the flow of the waters than now when they are determined by the inclination of the workers. When, in former days, there was not water enough for the wheels, the grinding stopped perforce. As the flow might begin again at any moment, the men could not go far from the spot, so they used to sleep, or play, or drink and gossip on a green bank, or beside the weir. Where there was a whole hamlet of fork-grinders, eight or ten men might be collected in one room; and the dust from their wheels was then abundantly pernicious. But on the whole there seems to have been more air, and less of an aspect of fatality about the occupation than of late years. It is rational and wise to supersede water power by steam, wherever it can be done, not only for reasons of commercial economy, but to save health and life and good land by abolishing the practice of dams on flowing streams; but, when the Sheffield grinders were collected from these country spots, and assembled to grind in steam-mills, it was essential that they should use every precaution on behalf of their health. This is exactly what they will not do. They work cooped up in an atmosphere of grit and steel. A few of the more intelligent make more or less use of some apparatus for carrying off the dust: but the greater number oppose and resent all such concessions to reason; and the cry of all who would save them is now for an Act of Parliament to compel them to save their own lives. To save the women and children in factories we have passed a law which would be wholly indefensible, under our constitutional system, on behalf of men: and it would disgrace our country in the eyes of all the world if we were to pass such a censure on the working men of England as to make a law to prevent any class of them from wantonly throwing away their own lives, without any pretence of a reason, to keep up a high rate of wages. We must hope that some better method than an Act of Parliament will in time avail to stop this disgraceful form of suicide. Meantime, a well-known Sheffield physician has published the fact that whereas, in the kingdom generally, the number in a thousand who die between twenty and nine and twenty years old is 160—among the Sheffield fork-grinders the number is 475!

Many of the people complain that the fortunes of the town are sinking; and it is only too notorious that the character of the place has long been declining. As to its poverty—there is, we are told, a large class always in precarious circumstances—the small manufacturers who have been journeymen or jobmen, and who set up for themselves as soon as they have a little money in hand. With a fair chance of an even trade these small makers might do well, as their brethren in Birmingham do, on the whole; but the ravage of trades'-union tyranny has prevented any fair play to the Sheffield men. The largest capitalists cannot sustain the prosperity of the place while the labour market is disordered by the interference of trades'-union dictation: the manufacture leaves the place, and goes over to America and other

countries, in spite of the eminent natural advantages of Sheffield. As the trade declines the men bring more and more of their children into it, and insist that wages shall not be lowered. They threaten the employers, and are jealous of one another; and they insist, among other things, on the grinders dying off as fast as they ever did. From time to time we hear of some plot to ruin or murder an employer; and every year or two there is an explosion in some working-man's bedroom or cellar, from a can of powder introduced by an enemy, in the name of the unionists; and thus Sheffield has acquired its bad name and its low place in the scale of English civilisation. It would be very interesting to see that population—naturally hardy, apt, strenuous, and skilful in toil—work its way up into a condition of health, comfort, prosperity, and good repute: and we should like to see them begin their reform with that great cause of disturbance—the grinder's health.

If the grinder could once consider himself a man on equal terms with other men, as likely as they to live to threescore years and ten, he would at once be a wiser, a better, and a happier man. The Redditch needle-pointers have come round to show a sort of complacency in the clever contrivances for the preservation of their health, and a contemptuous pity for a man who can take no satisfaction in them. If the fork-grinders could attain thus much wisdom, any man of their class would soon be ashamed, instead of proud, of being pointed out as an old man at five-and-thirty. Their habits would be those of health, instead of reckless disease. Their skins would be cleaner if their lungs were not so foul. They would eat plain wholesome meals, instead of pampering themselves with costly diet—"feeding high to keep themselves up," when every hour's work is pulling them down. They would work and play more temperately and regularly when the ordinary prospect of bringing up and establishing a family of children was before them, instead of the excuse of custom for spending their great gains in debauchery for a few years, and leaving their widows and orphans to the charity of the world.

This class thus raised, the moral atmosphere would be purified to a certain extent, and the selfishness and violence which now render all law and order precarious would moderate by degrees, till the peculiar facilities at present afforded to tyranny over the working man would disappear. The managers of strikes have more scope for their cruel tyranny now in Sheffield than in more enlightened and orderly places; and great are the sufferings of employers and employed, whether they at once submit to slavery or resist it. If the matter is not settled sooner by the good sense and proper spirit of the citizens of all classes, it will by the loss of the trade of the town and district—already grievously reduced; but it is fair to hope that a body of workmen, renewed in health and heart and hope, by casting off a dreary doom, might reinstate the labour market and its liberties, and retrieve the fortunes of the place. If the thing is ever to be done, could it begin at a better point?

If the men now at the wheel are too far gone, physically and morally, there are the children. If they can be brought up to understand the nature and value of health, and the sin and disgrace of throwing it away, the supply of working class suicides may be cut off, as that of juvenile thieves is by reformatory schools. One point which should be looked to is their notion of honour or spirit. From their fathers they are apt to pick up a notion that there is something fine in recklessness of life, and contempt of early death. It is not difficult to make it clear to anybody who will listen that it makes the entire difference whether life is held lightly for one reason or for another. If it is in devotedness for Man—for one man or many—it is a fine act to risk life; and we honour accordingly the Deliverer, like Garibaldi—and the Doctor and Nurse in a plague-stricken city—and the Martyr at the stake, who dies for what he believes to be the truth, be its form of profession what it may, and the Explorers of the globe, who brave the terrors of the Pole and the Equator to enlarge our science, and thereby enrich our human life. But the recklessness of life which proceeds from self-indulgence and ignorant obstinacy has nothing fine about it, and is often found to cover a tendency to cowardice. It ought not to be difficult to enlist the sympathies of any Briton, in early life, on behalf of the true courage which faces the duty of life, and prepares for it by building up a sound body, as the power and agency of a brave mind. There is no fear for the arts of life. Steel will be ground, whether men thrive or die over the work. They need not die; and it rests with the educators of society to decree that the present generation shall be the last of such ignoble martyrs. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

THE other day the "Old Westminsters" held a meeting to consider whether it would not be advisable to remove the school from the neighbourhood of the Abbey to some situation where the scholars could breathe the pure air of the country, instead of the heavy mixture of fog and smoke which hangs over the Westminster district for the greater portion of the year. Three centuries ago the school was admirably situated—and the desire of the innovators was but to imitate the example set by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth when St. Peter's College was first founded. It is an odd coincidence that this discussion should have arisen in the course of this year, 1860—for it was exactly three centuries back, that is, in the year 1560, that Queen Elizabeth really placed this noble foundation in a position to maintain itself as one of the institutions of the country. Henry VIII. was no doubt the original founder, but as his royal way was, he had played such tricks with the abbey revenues, that St. Peter's College would soon have died of financial atrophy, but for the timely interference of his daughter. Queen Bess took the matter in hand precisely three centuries ago.

Now in the year of grace 1560, the young Westminsters who came tumbling out of school to seek for recreation after a due allowance of birch

and Latin grammar, must have scampered about a very different locality from their young successors of our own day. The old abbey was there to be sure—how clean Henry VIII's chapel must have looked in those days!—and Westminster Hall of course, and some queer old houses in the Sanctuary; but our small forefathers must have been able to take their pastime in Tothill Fields in very different style from their descendants. The Thames, which has ever been the great source of recreation and triumph to the Westminster boys, must have glided under the shadow of the old Hall in greater purity than it now does at Halliford or Shepperton. The present Vine Street was a vineyard—for England was a grape-growing country in those days. I am afraid the streets immediately round the abbey must have been a terrible nest of thieves and vagabonds, and that the more aspiring young *alumni* of St. Peter's College must always have been getting into trouble for skulking within the forbidden precincts—but once away from these, they were in the open country. The present proposal is to remove the school to some healthy locality out of town, where the boys may lay in a large stock of health at the same time that they are filling their heads with as much learning as they will contain.

Surely a great deal of cant is talked about the *religio loci*. Boys, with rare exceptions, don't get sentimental about the dust and ashes of their predecessors at particular schools. When they become grown men they fancy they fancied such things—but there is marvellously little retrospection in schoolboy nature. I was myself for many years a scholar at one of the great London schools, and amongst the great names in our archives were those of John Milton and of the great Duke of Marlborough. I cannot call to mind any instance in which I ever heard any of my schoolfellows mention their names. Not one amongst us of whom I have heard ever became a bit the more poet or warrior because these two tremendous worthies had been whipped through Lilly's Latin Grammar under the same "dear shades" as ourselves. It is to be presumed that if John Milton—according to the old University tradition—suffered a little practical martyrdom at Christ's College, Cambridge, it is not impossible that he got into trouble occasionally about the Gerunds and Supines at an earlier period of his scholastic career. I fully admit that in later years we are all of us apt to grow sentimental about the traditions of our respective schools—I merely deny that we do so whilst we remain *in statu pupillari*. Mr. Disraeli inverted the romantic Etonian.

The question of the removal of our public schools from the heart of London to healthier and more airy situations must soon receive a practical solution; and, as I fancy, there can be but one termination to the dispute. If there is sentiment on one side, there is reason on the other. Let the metropolitan schools by all means be removed to situations near the metropolis—so that even the day-boy difficulty may be overcome. It would not, however, be any great misfortune if the day-boys were

converted into boarders. If there be any value in the public-school system of England—and it is, I think, of the greatest value in the formation of the national character—a “boarder” is, in a ten-fold degree, more of a public-school boy than his young companion who, every night of his life, is thrown back upon the amenities and indulgences of home. Let us not deceive ourselves upon this point; the mere book-learning is the smallest of the advantages which a boy derives from his public-school career. England wants men, more than scholars, although, of course, it is quite right that a limited number of persons in a nation, with special faculties, and aptitudes for the work, should devote themselves to the business of keeping alive the old traditions of sound learning. These are not to be despised. I do not see that the youngsters of the present day are at all likely to grow up into more energetic or useful men than their fathers, although they know all about “ologies,” of which we never heard. They are apt to sneer at our Greek Iambics and Sapphics, and can’t see how such exertations can help us on with steam-engines and tubular bridges; but for myself I confess I should not despair of a lad if I saw that he was a good cricketer, and construed his Sophocles freely. Let us, however, adhere to my point. Winchester, Rugby, Harrow, and even Eton—(I grieve to write *even*)—are better schools, because they are more healthily situated than Westminster, Charter House, St. Paul’s, Merchant Taylors’ and Christ’s Hospital. I am compelled by the necessity for writing the plain truth, to admit that the site of Eton is not well-chosen. We have heard of late a great deal too much of outbreaks of sickness amongst the scholars, and how they have been sent home before the “half” was over, lest a worse thing might befall them. The lowness of the situation, and the immediate proximity of the river, with the enormous quantity of the decaying vegetation by which, in the autumn time, the College is surrounded, are quite sufficient to account for the fact. It may be a question of drainage, and of falling trees; but, despite of the wonderful beauty of the place, it might have been better if the College had been placed high up on Ascot Heath—or, if the river is to be taken as an indispensable condition of Eton life—at least upon elevated ground overlooking the Thames.

The question of a healthy site should be the first to be considered by all parents who are about to send their boys to a public school. Let them live in pure air whilst their constitutions are in process of formation, rather than associate with young dukes. The misery or happiness of their future lives must mainly depend upon their health. A grown man may face atmospheric danger with comparative impunity, which would be—if not fatal—at least permanently injurious to mere youths. The death-test is not a sufficient one. It is not—save to the individuals more immediately concerned—of much consequence whether three or six boys out of 700 or 800 die in the course of a year; but it is of the most serious moment whether all are placed under the conditions best calculated to promote vital energy.

I trust the reader will pardon me if I have insisted a little more gravely than of wont upon this point, for it is one I dare not trifle with. I should rejoice to see the day when every public school in London was removed to some little distance in the country. The site chosen should be somewhere not far from town, both for the convenience of scholars and masters. It should not be too near, lest the task of shifting their quarters again should be too suddenly cast upon those who are to come after us. Robert Sutton and Dean Colet had as little idea of what London would be one day, as we have of what it will be three hundred years hence. Every facility which money could give might safely be reckoned upon, for the present sites of public schools in London are of enormous money-value. They are literally built upon gold. Not so very long since the sum of 200,000*l.* was offered for the Charter House site. It was intended to convert it into a central railway terminus. Unfortunately the offer was refused. Look again at St. Paul’s School. When one remembers the prices which were offered and demanded for that little speck of ground which commanded the south-eastern view of the Cathedral, it seems almost profane to offer even a guess at the value of well-nigh one side of St. Paul’s Churchyard. The “Mercers,” who are the guardians of Dean Colet’s will, might, upon the annual interest of the difference in value between a London and a country site, almost undertake to convert the day boys into boarders, and to find them in beef, lodging, and clothing, as well as Latin and Greek. Let us now throw a glance upon two of the great London schools.

How well I remember the gloomy November morning, now so many years ago, when I was taken down to the iron gratings of that dismal wild-beast cage in St. Paul’s Churchyard, which you may call either the cloisters or the playground, if you are not very particular about using correct terms. The gorgeous beadle—he was an Irishman, and poor fellow! long since gathered to his brother Celts—struck my soul with awe. You passed under a door-way on the southern side which gave access to the stone staircase by which you ascended to the school-room. Running all the way up there was a large flue, and in a sort of cellar below the furnace which heated the air which was delivered by this flue into the school-room above. Now it so happened that upon that memorable occasion, which was indeed the commencement of my academic career, and I suppose because the occasion was memorable, and therefore to be marked by some peculiar solemnity of dress, the authorities at home had despatched me to the scene of action with a beautiful velvet cap with a gold tassel—a sweet thing indeed—upon my head. It was hoped that this gorgeous head-piece would soften the manners of my future companions, and not permit them to be fierce. Alas! it was not so. I was just recovering from the effects of the beadle, and not altogether without reliance upon the splendour of the cap, was beginning to creep slowly up that stone staircase, when, as it were in the clouds above me, I heard a wild cry which was neither a scream nor a shout, but something

like what I should fancy a Red Indian's war-whoop to be in the moments of highest excitement. Then there was a scuffle and a rush as of some ferocious animal bounding down-stairs—then my cap was torn off my head, and, as it were, a thunderbolt struck me. It was no thunderbolt, however, but Joe Day, a large beefy boy, dressed in a suit of bottle-green, which he had evidently out-grown some considerable time. For a while this young gentleman steadily devoted himself to the duty of punching my urchin's head whilst he held up the fatal cap in derision, and requested to know who was my hatter. I could not give him a direct answer, for indeed the cap had not been purchased at any particular establishment, but was the result of much feminine tenderness and ingenuity at home. The possibility of the existence of such wild beasts as Joe Day had never entered into the imaginations of the gentle contrivers of that graceful head-gear. Not satisfied with knocking me about, the horrible boy first kicked my poor cap into the cellar below, and then following it up in person, committed it to the flames. I was not ten years of age at the time, and could as soon have attempted to do battle against Joe Day as against a rhinoceros—but such was my first introduction to public-school life in England. Looking back at the transaction now through the long vista of years, I admit that it was an unwise proceeding to send me to a school with any article of dress upon me calculated to attract attention in any way, or to excite the slightest remark. Mothers and sisters, and aunts of England, when you are about to send any little urchin dear to you to a public school, be careful to ascertain the usual standard of dress amongst the boys. Think of Joe Day, and do not make the child too beautiful to mortal gaze, or he will surely be kicked, or possibly be made a target of for small hard balls.

In some way or other I managed to crawl up-stairs; but if it had not been for the awful beadle—who, as I imagined, would have put me to death in some swift and military way had I attempted to resist—I think I should have endeavoured to make my escape. However, there was no help for it; and in a few moments I found myself in the great school-room which was to be the scene of so much suffering to me, and, I am bound to add, of so much enjoyment.

There were four masters in St. Paul's School in those days. I have heard since that they have got some new-fangled mathematical instructors, French teachers, and persons of that description; but in my day all was pure Latin and Greek. The head master was a fine old corpulent Greek scholar of majestic presence, much respected, if not actually beloved by the boys. The idea of attachment or affection from us little fellows towards so awful a personage as Dr. Sleath was out of the question. When he appeared, the school was dumb. We believed in that big man; and afterwards, when I came to years of scholastic discretion, and could appreciate his merits, I knew that he was excellent both as a schoolmaster and a man. He was not a king of boys of the Arnold type. So the lads did the work well, and did not make a noise, he was satisfied. He did not love

to be diverted from his usual functions of educating the classical capabilities of the eighth and seventh forms (the eighth was the highest); and, indeed, whenever he was called in as a *Deus ex machina*, it was not for a pleasant purpose. It became occasionally his duty to cane a little boy in a very solemn way, which operation was effected in the following manner: The captain of the school was sent into the monitor's study for a parcel of canes, out of which the old gentleman chose one, exhibiting considerable taste and discrimination in the selection. He next tucked his long silk divinity gown behind him with one hand, and holding his cane in the other, stalked in a majestic and imperial way to the end of the school-room, where there was a little raised platform, higher by two steps than the floor of the school. I had forgotten to say that this huge divine wore knee-breeches, black silk-stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, after the fashion of older days. These little arrangements being made—while there was terror in the atmosphere, and amidst a dead silence—the small culprit was led up to him who was at the same time his judge and executioner. The Doctor then proclaimed, in a sonorous and emphatic way, the misdeeds of which the little boy had been guilty, hurling reproaches at him the while in a biting and soul-destroying manner. "Stubbs Minor wouldn't do his verses, and had told a lie—yes, a lie! wouldn't do his verses, and had told a lie! Stubbs Minor had told a lie—yes, a lie! Stubbs Minor hold out your hand!" Stubbs Minor had been placed on the first step, and held out his hand to receive the terrific blows which the doctor was ready to pour on him from above. The worst policy was to flinch, or withdraw the hand, for in that case the doctor was apt to over-balance himself, and stagger about on the platform in a ludicrous way, when he invariably lost his temper, and a real rage took the place of the simulated anger. Upon such occasions Stubbs Minor was likely enough to come in for a good thing. A caning from Sleath when his blood was up was no joke.

As a schoolmaster, however, he must have been deserving of much praise, for the pupils whom he sent up to Cambridge, carried off the highest classical honours of the university year after year. Fellows of Trinity, Pitt Scholars, Gold Medallists, &c., &c. were plants which Sleath knew how to grow to perfection. The old gentleman was well up in the Greek authors—I give the following little story as ludicrous if not complete and decided evidence of the fact. We had an idea that the Doctor knew Homer by heart. When I had attained such a position in the school as brought me immediately under his care, we were called upon to commit some forty or fifty lines of this author to memory twice in the week. Now, in our class there was a tall, gaunt boy with scarcely the vestige of a nose, who exceedingly disliked the trouble of learning his repetition; but either nature had endowed him with the faculty of emitting Homeric sounds, or he had carefully cultivated the power. Now, when this boy was called upon to perform, he would rise slowly and calmly from his seat—the two highest forms sat whilst they were under fire—and starting with a

few Greek words which he had just cribbed, would proceed somewhat thus

Kai mataroi galaban, kai tene elaphoio paraksas
Megar thene melapou rodiovos theutar epaitas;
Tene perimousan iks, felaroldios onket igoion
Meeks adiperan efce kai kikety rolopoulos.

Whilst this was going on, Sleath would sit still

upon his chair, soothed by the majestic stream of Homeric sound, and closing his eyes, and tapping his nose with his gold spectacles, would repeat the real words to himself. Had Codd Major hesitated for a moment, so as to call the old Doctor's attention to the enormous nonsense he was talking, he was lost. But he always proceeded with the most imperturbable gravity, never pausing for a



"Coach-Tree." (Page 101.)

word, and going through his work in a matter of fact way which put all idea of jocularly out of the question. The joke, however, used generally to end in serious discomfort to his class-fellows, for do what we would we were convulsed with laughter, whilst not a muscle of his countenance changed. The Doctor would rouse himself from his Homeric swoon at last; and looking round like an angry lion set us a fearful imposition all round—saving to the real culprit; whilst Codd Major was informed, that he was "a good boy, a good boy, a very good boy, indeed!" So much for justice.

The Doctor was famous for the chocolate with which he regaled his guests upon Apposition Days. The Apposition Day was the Speech-day, when the speeches were made, and the prize essays and verses read in presence of a numerous assembly. The school was fitted up with scaffolding, and gaudily decorated with red cloth for the occasion. We little fellows, I am speaking of times before I came under the influence of Codd Major and the Homeric sounds, had a belief that the most distinguished people came from all parts of the earth upon that eventful day, nominally to listen to the views of South Minor upon whether or no elo-

quence was of advantage to a nation ; but actually, and in very truth, to get a cup of Sleath's chocolate. I believe the old gentleman was what is called a *bon-vivant*, and now that the shadow of his power no longer darkens my mind, I can't help thinking that some of the numerous half-holidays which he gave us, ostensibly because the monitors, or some amongst them, had done Latin verses of a very remarkable and entrancing character, in reality fell to our lot because the Doctor wanted a half-holiday for himself. As it was we had three half-holidays a-week, which was a fair enough allowance in all conscience ; but Sleath generally threw in two or three more in the course of a month. The ceremony of allowing this additional recreation was performed in the following way. Just before prayers and dismissal the Doctor would ascend the bad eminence from which he used in his sterner moods to cane the little boys, with a magnificently bound volume under his arm, which contained fair copies of the Sapphics, or Alcaics, which had procured for the school the comfort of a little additional recreation, and announce the gratifying intelligence in this manner : "There will be a play to-day for the compositions of South Major, South Minor, Spolworthy, and Jobs." We were duly grateful to the young poets, but I can scarcely be doing the old Doctor wrong when I think that his appreciation of their performances was more highly strung whenever he wanted the afternoon for playing purposes on his own account.

The sub-master in my day was —. By a singular coincidence between the character and the christian names of this gentleman, his initials ran thus — W. A. C. Now insert an H. between the W. and the A. and the result will express the operation which he was ever performing on the persons of the boys under his care throughout school-hours. He really liked to cane the boys—he seemed to fancy they enjoyed the operation as much as he did, and had invented forms of torture of a playful kind for our benefit. His most dexterous piece of manipulation was this. The patient held out his hand, and — would strike the end of the cane which he held—near the holding point of course—on his own disengaged arm. The effect of this was that the punishing end came down with a jerk upon the sufferer's hand ; but he had attained such a high degree of dexterity that he could chip off the end of a nail, and finally bring the cane back on the rebound well on the backs of the fingers. The pain was exquisite on a cold morning, and how — would chuckle, and grin, and show his false teeth—you could see the gold about them—whilst the wretched boy danced about under the affliction. I do not believe that he was a man of unkindly nature for all that ; but custom had deadened in him all sense of the torture he was inflicting upon others. It was not a pleasant thing to come in late when — had been dining out the day before, and was suffering from headache. As the gentleman who was the lowest master at the time I entered the school still survives, and is still, I believe, connected with it, I will forbear to name him. If I made further

mention of him it would only be for good, for even now that so many years are gone by I still retain a recollection of his kindness to the little urchins who, I dare say, gave him trouble enough, and taxed his patience at times almost beyond endurance. Nor will I speak of the fourth master by name, though he has long since gone to his account. It gives me still a shudder when I think of the savage manner in which he used to cane the boys whenever he became excited—and he was very often excited. As it turned out there was a physical reason for these violent outbreaks of temper ; but he was clearly an unfit person during the later years of his scholastic rule to be entrusted with the charge of boys. I have always heard that in private life he was respected by those who knew him ; but I can only say, that if you would arrive at a just notion of terrorism, imagine yourself to be a boy of about twelve years of age, standing up with — at your back with a cane in his hand, and conjugating the verb *χρυσος*. There was only one boy who ever overcame him in my time, and this was a small damp-looking youth, who possessed the faculty of uttering the most appalling and awful yell that ever passed from human lips : you might have heard it out in St. Paul's Churchyard. Now, as all the classes or forms were indoctrinated in sound learning under one and the same roof, it was not pleasant for — to find himself put in the position of a ruthless tormentor, if it was only that Sleath was there to hear the yells. The boy would stare at him for a second or two before the blow fell, and then writhe about like a wounded snake, whilst he howled in the manner suggested. — would dance round him all the while, and call him a young dog, a young rascal, and what not ; but the lad would keep his eye on the cane, and stand ready for a fresh scream as it fell.

I would not, however, do such injustice to the noble foundation of Dean Colet as to leave it to be supposed that it was a mere torture-house. There was a great deal too much caning, to be sure ; but we had our moments and hours of delight. How good the hot-rolls and pats of fresh butter were when eaten by hungry boys in those old cloisters, the more so that they were the captives of our bows and spears. We were liable to punishment if we were caught either *eundo* or *redeundo* ; but this only added zest to the rolls and butter. What entrancing moments have I not spent at Mother Shand's, who kept the "tuck-shop" in one of the dark streets near Doctors' Commons. How delicious were the hot three-cornered cranberry tarts ! Oh ! to have the faculty of feeling that juicy rapture once more ! and the full cloying voluptuousness of the sausage-rolls ! There were, too, periods of intense happiness when we effected our escape to the coal-lighters which lay snugly in the mud at Paul's Wharf, not the noble structure at which the Waterman's steamers now call for passengers, but then a mere Thames Hard. A game of follow-my-leader over those coal-lighters was not a thing to be lightly spoken of, nor a pull on the river whenever we could club our half-pence together in sufficient quantity to hire a boat for an hour. What a

wonder it was, to be sure, that we were not all drowned under Blackfriars' Bridge. The number of boys at Saint Paul's School was fixed by the founder at 153, in allusion to the miraculous draught of fishes taken by Saint Peter. The school is exceedingly rich, and the scholars as I have before mentioned have constantly attained high honours at the University of Cambridge. Amongst our most eminent Paulines may be mentioned, Sir Anthony Denny; Leland, the antiquary; Milton, Samuel Pepys, Strype, Doctor Calamy; the great Duke of Marlborough, Elliston, the late Lord Truro, and many other English worthies of great repute.

Had I been free to choose that one amongst the London schools at which I should have wished to be educated, I think my choice would have fallen on the Charter House. I am speaking as a man, and my judgment only rests upon the external features of the place. Although, even with regard to the Charter House, I think it would be far better for the pupils, and far more for the ultimate advantage of the school, if it were removed into the country. I am bound to say that it has about it more air, more space, more light, than any other of the metropolitan schools. Westminster is not half as good in these respects—however great in the veneration which attaches to that noble old school, and to the adjacent abbey. But as you stroll along the elevated terrace which lies on the roof of the long cloisters in the Charter House grounds, and are looking over that fair expanse of green sward below, you cannot but see that it is a place in which boys might be reasonably happy. There is a great stillness, too, which is strange in the heart of London. Moreover, as I am informed, the school and grounds are in the healthiest part of the metropolis. I think it would be better for the boys if they had green lanes, and cheerful uplands where they might take their pastime; still, if we are to have a London school at all, give me the Charter House.

As I had not the advantage of being a Carthusian myself, I visited the place in company with a friend who had not been there for some thirty years or so, when he was a schoolboy there himself. I saw the place through his spectacles; but before I make further mention of our pleasant stroll, I would say that some five centuries ago, Sir Walter de Manny took the land on which the Charter House and its dependencies is situated, and assigned it as a burial place for the poor destroyed by the plague of 1349. About twenty years later a monastery of Carthusians was erected upon the spot; and in this monastery, subsequently, Sir Thomas More lived for four years of his life, giving himself up to devotion and prayer. When King Henry VIII. took the various monasteries and religious houses of the country in hand, he seems to have dealt with the superiors of the Charter House, and notably with the Prior, in a very masterful manner indeed: John Howgton, the last Prior, did not fall with sufficient readiness into the ideas of the Royal Reasoner with regard to the King's supremacy; and so, by way of bringing the argument to a satisfactory conclusion, Henry caused him to be decapitated at Tyburn, and ordered that his head

should be stuck up on London Bridge, and his body be placed over the gate of the Charter House itself, all of which was done. Thus, the Charter House was first a burial-ground, and then a monastery for three centuries. For the next seventy years or so it passed through many hands, and seems to have been rather devoted to purposes of entertainment and hospitality than to any other use. Queen Elizabeth stayed there many days; King James I. kept his court there; and so forth. But in the reign of this very King James, and in the year of Grace 1611, the property passed into the hands of Robert Sutton, a wealthy London merchant, who has made the place what it is, and left fair memory of himself to all time.

The founder of the Charter House had two objects in view when he devoted his wealth to the benefit of generations to come. Besides the school, upon the foundation are maintained eighty pensioners, who live together in collegiate style. Each pensioner has a large and comfortable room to his separate use. They dine together in a common hall, which is a very beautiful room, much like the halls of the smaller colleges at Cambridge, but with far braver sculpture and fretwork than I remember to have seen in any of them. They have all necessities found them—except dress—and they are allowed 14*l.* a-year each in lieu of this, and with it purchase their own apparel. Then there is the school, and on the foundation are forty-four scholars, who are supported free of all expense, and there are various exhibitions at the University for their benefit. The bulk of the scholars are boarders and day-boys—that is, those who board at the houses of the masters, and those who only come for instruction in the day time, and return to their own homes at night. The number of scholars at the Charter House has sadly fallen off of late years. Thirty years back they were 500 or 600 in number, now they count, I think, less than 200. This again is a result of keeping the school in town. Parents will send their children to Harrow or Rugby, instead of to a school which is in the heart of London, for all its three acres of playing-green, its garden, and its trees.

Many changes had taken place in the old grounds within the last thirty years. The one which seemed to grieve my friend most, although he is especially a man of peaceful disposition, was the disappearance—I use the word advisedly—of the old fighting-ground. A church now stands where the old Carthusians used to pummel each other's heads. "Look there!" said Jones—we will call him Jones—"that was the place," and added with a withering sneer, "and now see what they have done with it; upon my life, it's too bad!" The school-house stands in the middle of the green. The principal room is of considerable size, and appeared to be well ventilated, which is the main point. There are huge maps round the walls—a good idea, for, in spite of his best efforts to the contrary, a boy must obtain some correct notions of geography when he sees a map before him every time he raises his eyes. The head-master takes his forms in hand in a smaller room which opens out of the large school-room. The most interesting object in this place

is the flogging-block, which is indeed no block at all, but a stout pair of steps, two steps high. The youthful Carthusian who is about to play his part in the good old game of tickle-toby kneels on the lower one of these steps, and remains there whilst the reverend gentleman who is the other performer carries the operation through. There must have been some disagreeable moments spent in that little apartment. How the books and papers which were lying about in the large school-room carried me back in thought to other days! On a scrap of paper the following "exercise" was written in a fine sprawling school-boy hand:

A husbandman one day found a viper, stiff, and frozen with cold. The husbandman took the viper in his bosom, and carried it home. The husbandman put the viper before the fire, but as soon as it was warm and comfortable, the viper stung the husbandman.

Moral. Ingratitude is always to be expected from the ungrateful.

Then there were "selections" from Latin authors. One could almost believe the books to be the very ones through which one had been whipped oneself in a former state of existence. Against the walls there were, as well as the big maps, tablets with the names of the young Carthusians who had been the "Orators" and "Gold Medallists" of their day. I did not remark in these lists for the last thirty years the name of any one who had subsequently obtained serious distinction in life, although Carthusians in general hold their own very respectably amongst the marking men of the day, and though in the present century they reckon among their number the names of Grote, Havelock, Thirlwall, Monk, and Thackeray.

We strolled out into the green again, which is so large that one portion of it forms an excellent cricket-ground. It is surrounded by high walls, and is overlooked from the upper windows of the houses in the adjacent streets. J. mentioned to me a story of a young Carthusian's mother which was, I thought, touching enough. She had sent her little boy, then a mere child, to this huge school. It had cost her many a pang to part with him; but as she was a lady of good sense, as well as of gentle heart, she resolved to abstain from visiting him at his boarding-house. She knew it was right that he should be left to take his chance with the others, and she had sufficient strength of mind not to sacrifice his future welfare to the indulgence of her own affection. See him, however, she would, but in such a way that the child could not see her. She therefore hired a room in one of the houses which commanded a view of the Carthusian playing-ground; and here she would sit behind a blind day after day, happy and content so that she could get a glimpse of her child. Sometimes she would see him strolling about with his arm round the neck of one of his little companions, as the way of schoolboys is; sometimes he was playing and jumping about with childish glee; but still the mother kept her watch. You may see the place where she did it. Look yonder, that upper window, just beside the gold-beater's arm.

It is an odd coincidence that the tack-shop is situated precisely under the flogging-room; so that, whilst one young Carthusian is suffering the tor-

ments of the birched over-head, the friend may be sucking sweet lollipops below. Underneath the long gallery of which I have already spoken there is an old cloister, which looks on the green on one side; on the other there used to be a series of arches, which, probably, in the old time led into the cells of the monks. It is a pity that these have all been bricked up, save one, for it does away with the old-world look of the place. This cloister must be a fine withdrawing-room for the young Carthusians on rainy days. Jones pointed out to me some trees on the other side of the Green, which he told me were known in those latitudes as the "coach tree." What on earth could trees have to do with coaches? The explanation was this. In the old coaching days great numbers of the mails and stage-coaches bound to the northward used to pass just outside the Charter-House walls. Now the boys did not see why they should be debarred from this delectable sight; and, accordingly, they used to climb up these trees to the upper branches, from which they could see the coaches. They had notched the trees, and driven in spikes at ticklish points of the ascent, so that they could climb up the more easily. Another tree (it might have been trees) was remarkable as the hoop-tree. It appeared that, according to the custom of the Charter House, the boys only played at hoops at particular seasons of the year. A Carthusian would as soon have played at hoops out of the season as a sportsman would shoot a partridge in July. When this season was at an end, the correct thing was to jerk the hoops up into this tree, so that it became perfectly festooned with them. Another peculiarity about Charter House hoop play was, that the boys always drove two, and even four, hoops, instead of one, urging them on in teams, side by side, with a long thin stick.

From the Green we strolled on through the pensioners' quarter. The old gentlemen whom we saw about seemed to be cheerful and content enough; and certainly they have but scant cause of complaint. We went first into the Hall, where the cloths were laid for their dinner; they dine in messes of eight. It is an exceedingly fine room in the collegiate style; but as I am not writing a guide-book, I will spare the reader all talk about screens, music-galleries, and so forth. Having seen where the pensioners dine, we thought the best thing we could do was to step round to the kitchen, and see what they were to have for dinner. Some very appetising joints of meat were being roasted before a huge fire for their benefit; and on a side table were placed helpings of gooseberry tart; very nice it all seemed. I should like very well to dine with the Charter House pensioners. Over the fire-place is an inscription,

DEO DANTE DEDI.

And what seemed to me whimsical enough, against the wall there hung the shell of a departed turtle, and on it was engraved in fair characters,

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

By no means let us waste the calipash and calipee! I quite agree with the author of the sentiment. We next went to the Chapel, where the pensioners,

and schoolboys, and all who live within the walls of the Charter House, attend service. A very fine old chapel it is, but I have not space to talk about it here.

If I were compelled to send a boy to any of the London schools, and unless there are drawbacks of which I know nothing, I would certainly select the Charter House, in preference to Westminster, St. Paul's, or Merchant Taylors', on account of the Green and playing-grounds. Still, it would be far better if the governors and trustees could

make up their minds to remove their penates altogether to the open country. The number of scholars, both at Westminster and Charter House, is sadly lower than it used to be; and the real reason of this falling off is, that parents very properly prefer to send their children to school in the country. Perhaps on another day I may say a few words about Westminster, the Bluecoat School, and Merchant Taylors'. For the present, as Dr. Sleath used to say, "There will be a play to-day, for the composition of——" GAMMA.

AT NIGHT.



"DYING? You do but jest!
You smile in the dark, I know!
Surely I should know best
How the quick pulses go.
Lay your hand on my cheek:
Feel, though you *see* not, the red.
Why, in another week,
I shall have left my bed!

"It was being so long alone—
So sick of the world's vain strife,
Uncared for, and unknown,
That sapp'd the springs of life!
You have given a world of love:
Nay, soften that anxious brow;
Is not *our* God above?
He *will* not summon me *now*.

"The summer is coming fast;
I can scent the rich perfume
Of the lilac by the door,
And the delicate apple-bloom.
Where shall our year be spent?
I long for the hills of Spain—
We will go to Rome, for Lent,
Then back to our home again.

"O, what is this sudden pang?
Is it growing darker, Will?
Heavily goes my heart,—
It is almost standing still!
Raise me—I cannot breathe—
Pray for me, love," she said.
"Father, into *Thy* hands!"
And my young wife was dead.

MRS. HADDOCK'S HAIR-PINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night mail lumbering through the heavy snow one wild and gusty December night, some forty years ago, bore a shivering freight of blue-nosed passengers on their comfortless journey across the barren moors of Dearthshire, and among them Mrs. Gurdlestone's maid, Hester Burgess, in the rumble. A mail-coach ride from London to Dearthshire was no inconsiderable undertaking for an unprotected female in those days, mind you, still less for a timid young woman just going into service for the first time, thrown upon the world by the death of her mother, alone and friendless. And indeed Hester Burgess had a dreary and for-

lorn prospect before her when she set out to travel two hundred miles to seek a home with strangers.

In those days winters were really winters, and no mistake about them. The coldest, most biting of December winds kept company with the coach, insinuated itself down the travellers' necks, got under their cloaks, sought out the weakest points in their overalls and wrappers, and attacked them savagely, while a heavy snow fell upon their backs and soaked them through. Perhaps the greatest sufferer from these discomforts was the young woman Hester, who, although kindly wrapped up in the guard's extra coat, shivered with cold, and was very miserable; and so it was that at a halting-place some thirty miles off her destination the coachman descended from his box and opening the coach-door begged permission of a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers therein reclining to admit the poor frozen maid. A responsive grunt being taken for acquiescence, Hester was admitted accordingly, and fell asleep in the corner.

She awoke with a start just before day-break, to find that the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of a man, whose face—a very ugly one—was close to hers, with a pair of cold grey eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

"Oh, sir!" Hester cried.

"What makes you call out in your sleep?" the other traveller asked, sharply. "What makes you cry out '*Murder!*' in your sleep?"

"I didn't know I did, sir."

"You did, and woke me. Don't do so again."

The ugly face retreating, the grey eyes closing, the wrappers re-adjusted, all became quiet, as before; but Hester trembling, she scarce knew why, kept a watch upon her companion, and, hardly breathing or moving a limb, sat bolt upright throughout the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

"*HERE'S the Pollards!*" said the guard, opening the door about an hour after day-break. "And here's the carriage, sir!"

Much to Hester's surprise, her travelling companion took his place in the brougham waiting at the corner of the road. The driver bade her sit beside him on the box, and as they drove along informed her that the gentleman inside was Mr. Silas Gurdlestone—Mr. Ralph, the Master's brother; that Mr. Ralph, who lay dangerously ill, had sent for him, wishing to make an end to a sort of coolness which had existed between them ever since he, Mr. Ralph was married to his good lady, on whom, *they did say*, Mr. Silas was himself, before her marriage, a little sweet. Rogers (he was the driver) recollected when the master was about to be married how there had been a power of surmise and conjecture as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how they next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life. "Very strange man, Mr. Silas," Rogers said, wagging his noddle solemnly, "very, very strange."

The dullest place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red-brick

building, having, on one side, a weedy and neglected garden, on the other, a large stagnant dyke, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic shapes some dwarfish pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gurdlestone's family; but, since her father's death, had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it his country residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and her sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival the repairs and improvements had been for a while suspended. You may be sure the town-servants were dull enough here: indeed Jeames, yawning, was a sight to see and be frightened at, in such imminent peril of falling off did the top part of that gentleman's head appear to be on these occasions. As for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all preyed upon her mind and, with the general melancholy of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon other cause for anxiety.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse, in spite of doctors and physic. Night and day his wife watched by his bedside; Mr. Silas, too, was unremitting in his care for and attention to the invalid, often mixing and administering his medicines to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gurdlestone to go and seek a few hours' repose whilst he took her place in the sick room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, consented, and then all the household retired to their respective chambers, except the watcher. Thus, for a while, the time passed silently, and then there broke upon the stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gurdlestone's door. She came out, pale and anxious, in answer to the summons, and found Mr. Silas, trembling and violently excited, who cried out in a broken voice:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop, and drew the curtain."

The distracted woman hurried into the room. It was too true: he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bed-clothes, his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in his face, and *quite cold!*

Then the sleepers, awakened by the young widow's piercing screams, came crowding, half dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the flaring candle-light. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, while attending her fainting mistress, stooped to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quietly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched himself with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

A GREATER gloom than ever fell upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by

one gave warning, and left. The cook promised to find Hester a place in town, and write for her; while Jeames, who had always been particular in his attentions, offered to take her to London as his wife. He has since then gone into the public line, is the proprietor of the Leviathan Music Hall in Radcliffe Highway, drives his own carriage; and keeps, besides his very magnificent better-half and her establishment, some neat little stables at —, "on the quiet." The cook perhaps forgot her promise, or perhaps places were scarce, for she did not write; and so Hester, at last, was the only one of the London servants remaining.

It was dull, indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation. The awkward, ill-educated country servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had been brought up with no idea of going into service, or mixing with such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and down-hearted.

Mrs. Gurdlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still lingered to clear up certain matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well as Hester could learn from scraps of conversation up-stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a broad hint that his company was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gurdlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too considerate of the feelings of others, or too much wrapped up in her great grief, to be otherwise than passive, and things went on the same as usual.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the fast-dying fire in the servants' hall. It was her duty to wait until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual, that all the other servants had been in bed full half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the evergreens outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves: all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting anxiously waiting, an overpowering sense of loneliness came over her; and with a shiver she rose and went softly up-stairs to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gurdlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bed-room, which was divided from the staircase by a long, dark antechamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gurdlestone's room, and that upon the stairs, were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have knocked at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back towards her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath, and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke: "But, Mary, how can you be so weak—so childish?"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said complainingly. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he'd go, if he offends you. But then he has been so kind and so attentive; and he is my dear husband's brother."

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it."

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the dark; and before she had time to speak or move, the bed-room door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered: and with a searching look Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gurdlestone had always been in delicate health, and, since her husband's death, had almost entirely kept her own room, where Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came in to consult her upon business matters or to chat away an hour. Now it was Miss Ethel's turn to be ill; she was so unwell the day after that on which Hester had heard the reported conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor who attended Mrs. Gurdlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was disease of the heart.

She had been ill about three days, when the doctor calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavily, and he staid to dinner. Throughout the meal the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) consented, after much persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards' for the night, for he lived some miles off, and must cross a wild and open country before he reached his home. It was most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up-stairs to visit her. It was determined that the gentlemen should sit up all night, and that Hester should watch with the invalid and summon them if required.

Hester took her place in an arm-chair by the fire with a book, having a watch before her, so that she could tell the time at which the medicines should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper on a tray she told Hester that the gentlemen were smoking and drinking in the dining-room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like, and has been singing a song."

"I hope," whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor bless you, child! Here, take your supper; and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much. Good night."

"Good night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady, and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burnt low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy win-

dow-curtains, and the fire was out. She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, very still. She listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only *her own* heart throbbing and a faint buzzing in her ears. To start forward, to draw the window-curtain, and to turn towards the bed, was the work of a moment; it required no second look,—the white face and wide-open eyes could only be those of the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came hurrying up-stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterwards Hester recollected how unsteadily Mr. Adams stood by the bed, how his hands shook, and how unintelligibly he spoke,—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterwards she recollected too, among all the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the grate a straightened hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire, but not consumed. The circumstance was, in itself, so trivial that, had it not in some odd fashion connected this death with the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarcely knew why.

For many weeks after the funeral the whole house was partially shut up and darkened; the servants were again changed, excepting Hester, who would have gone also, had not her mistress implored her to remain. The sick lady seemed to droop more and more. She never left her room; she never read nor worked; she hardly ever spoke, except sometimes with Mr. Silas about legal business, of which there appeared to Hester's mean comprehension to be a great quantity. Hester at best must have been poor company, for she was herself in bad health, out of spirits, nervous, and irritable. She, however, did her utmost to comfort her mistress, for whom she had, from the first, entertained a great regard; and, indeed, ever-suffering, gentle, uncomplaining, who could help but love her?

The sick lady wasted away slowly. The spring ripened into summer, and still she grew no better; the summer began to wane, the days to shorten; the dead leaves fell and drifted with a ghostly music, as the sick lady and her attendant sat silently in the twilight on those calm autumn evenings *towards the end*.

Winter was coming round again, and she grew worse. About November she took to her bed. Hester was in constant attendance upon her; indeed, the patient fretted at her absence. For hours she would sit, holding the faithful girl's hand in hers, and sometimes she would form plans of what they would do next year when she was better. It was determined that, as soon as she was well enough to go out, she should go to London, and change of air would no doubt lead to her perfect recovery.

Still she sank, slowly but surely. Then Hester began to fancy that there was a change in the expression of her face: a sort of dread and fear seemed settling upon it. One evening, when Hester was leaving the room to go to bed (she

slept in an adjoining apartment), her mistress called her back.

"Hester," she said, "you have been a very good girl, very kind and patient with me, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

"Dear mistress, do not speak so."

"Yes, Hester, I am sure I shall go before long. But you will not leave me till my time is over? With you I feel safe."

"Feel safe, ma'am?"

"Hush, Hester!" the sick lady said, half raising herself in the bed, and drawing the girl closer to her. "I am afraid of—*him!*"

Hester felt instinctively whom she meant. The mistress read her own terror in the servant's face; and as they sat silently clasped in each other's arms, all of a sudden they both became conscious of another's presence in the room. A dusky form flitted across the light, a lean hand stole in snake-like between the drawn curtains at the bottom of the bed, then a human head, hollow-cheeked and evil-looking, peeped in upon the affrighted women, with a wolfish glare half hidden in its wicked eyes.

"How is the patient?" asked Mr. Silas, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

THE same eyes watched her as crossing the threshold of her own room Hester looked back at Silas's retreating figure on the stairs. Throughout the night, restlessly tossing in an uneasy wakefulness or troubled slumber, the same head and hand were ever present to her excited fancy. How could she lie there? A hundred times she fancied that there was some one handling the lock of the door. Then she was sure that she heard a noise in her mistress's room. Should she go to her? No. All was again quiet, and again she closed her eyes. So she continued until towards daylight, when fatigue and anxiety overcame her, and she slept. But not for long. Her mistress's voice awoke her, not calling loudly, but clear, distinct, and *close to her*—

"Hester!"

She awoke at the sound and sat up to listen. All was still: it must have been a dream. Again she lay down, and again a whisper filled the room—

"Hester!"

She tore the curtain of the bed on one side. No, there was no one but herself present. Without another thought, she rushed into her mistress's room and threw herself upon the bed, clutched the cold face in her hands, clasped the cold form to her breast, sobbing and moaning distractedly over the dear, dear friend whom she had lost. There was the old frightened look upon the dead lady's face, the same look which the sister's face had worn, the same which Hester remembered on the face of Mr. Ralph, and there was upon the bosom of the corpse a small round mark like the prick of a pin, just over the heart.

The house was soon alarmed, and the servants came crowding in as they had done before on a similar occasion; but Hester—terrified, stupified, and giddy with the horrible thoughts which possessed her—got away from them all, and to avoid any further questions, sought refuge in the garden.

She walked straight to the most lonely part at the back of the house, and sat down in a little ruined arbour to think what she should do. She had not been there long, when she saw, lying right before her on the path, *another straightened hair-pin!*

She stooped to raise it, trembling as she did so. As she rose, holding it in her fingers, a dark form passed between her and the sun, casting a cold shadow upon her, and looking up, she read in Silas's white face the certainty that he knew her thought. Then, with a shriek—

* * * * *

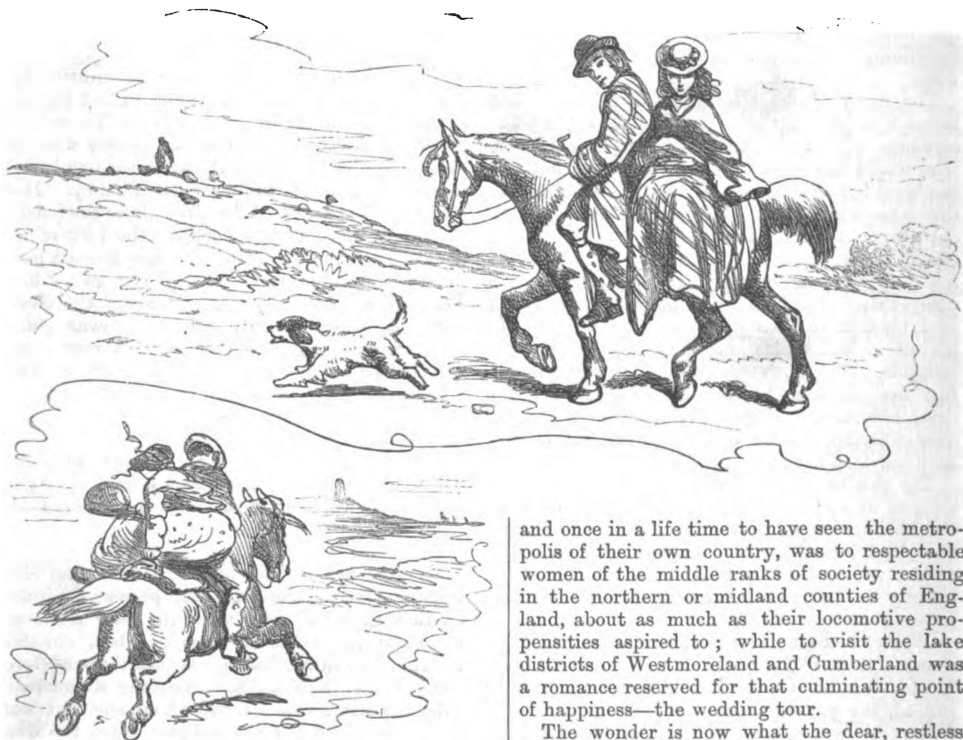
Days, and weeks, and months passed by, and Hester's wits still wandered. Her good Aunt Sophy brought her up to town, and change of scene at length restored her to her former health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Haddock became the laundress in this

gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Pollards now, and of a large house in town, and has many servants. Mrs. Haddock could tell you strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past, he has lain bed-ridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day, with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralysed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gurdlestone awaits the dread summons calling him to the tribunal before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him! CHARLES H. ROSS.

THE PILLION.



AMONGST the various changes which have passed upon our social habits within the last halfcentury, there are none which astonish us more, on looking back, than those which belong to our modes of travelling. That men must occasionally travel in the way of their business, must pass from market to market, or from town to town, and sometimes even from one country to another, has long been recognised as a necessity of their modes of existence; but with women the case was formerly very different,

and once in a life time to have seen the metropolis of their own country, was to respectable women of the middle ranks of society residing in the northern or midland counties of England, about as much as their locomotive propensities aspired to; while to visit the lake districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland was a romance reserved for that culminating point of happiness—the wedding tour.

The wonder is now what the dear, restless souls actually *did* with themselves when home became a little dull, and they wanted to be off somewhere, and the kind physician of the family thought a little change would do them good, and they thought so too.

Pondering upon this question the other day, and stretching my thoughts backward into the past, scarcely even so far as to half a century, I was forcibly and somewhat amusingly reminded of that now forgotten, though once important, accessory to locomotion—the pillion. I thought

also, that while there is so much worth recording in the "folk lore" of the people amongst whom our forefathers dwelt, it might not be uninteresting to know how our grandmothers were safely and comfortably conveyed from place to place; yes—and how they were sometimes wooed and won.

To the north of England, and the remote dales of Yorkshire, and, indeed, wherever the population has longest retained its agricultural character, we must go to find the habits of the people genuine, and true to old customs, and institutions: and here it is not necessary to look so far back as half a century for some of the scenes which I am about to describe, as connected with that truly dignified apparatus for travelling called the pillion.

As it is often a cause of astonishment, in reading of the exploits of knights and warriors of old, how their horses could, not only carry them and all their armour and accoutrements, but could also prance, and rear, and curvette, as they are represented in painting and sculpture to be doing; so it might become a matter of curiosity to know what kind of horses our grandfathers and grandmothers rode, seeing that the animal had so often to do double duty by carrying two instead of only one. Hence the terms riding *double*, and riding *single*, were in constant use; though from the greater rarity of the latter in the experience of most women, it was especially distinguished by the word *single*, the mere act of riding being more generally supposed to be on a pillion.

But what is a pillion? some fair dweller in our modern cities may be disposed to ask, if indeed she can spend even a passing thought upon a thing so obsolete, and forgotten. The thing in itself, however, does not deserve to be forgotten, as I will endeavour to show. In the first place it was very comfortable (to those who liked it), and enabled many a timid matron, and gentle maid, who would have been afraid to ride alone, to pass, under cover of her cloak and hood, many a long mile through the country, without ever being ruffled by wind or weather, and all the while in the safe and close protection of a man—perhaps the man she liked best in the world; and was that nothing?

In the joint partnership of this mode of travelling, a man to ride first was almost indispensable; and this, no doubt, to many female minds imparted a zest, as well as a sense of security. Such things have been known as two women riding double; but this can only be regarded as a spurious, and very inferior mode of conducting the concern.

The pillion itself was a thick, firm, well-stuffed, wide and level cushion, extending quite across the broadest part of the horse, with two deep flaps, one on either side. It was covered on the outside with the finest cloth, generally drab, and cut and stitched as carefully as the best made saddle. Seated on this firm, substantial seat, the lady had at her feet a comfortable footstool, consisting of a long, narrow stirrup, so swung on one side as to afford support even if she should choose to raise or adjust her person on the seat; while at her side, over the tail of the horse, was a leather handle, also exceedingly firm, which not only helped to keep her from slipping off, but even supported her like the arm of a chair. Beyond this,

if the lady chose, she might insist upon a leather girdle being worn by the man before her, so as to afford safe hold for her other hand; or, dispensing with the girdle, she might, in extreme danger, draw her own arm around the person of the man; but this resource our grandmothers, no doubt, reserved for cases very extreme indeed.

No arm-chair ever invented could be more comfortable, or feel more safe, than the actual seat of the pillion. But as all comforts are in a measure dependent on their accessories, and liable to be damaged by relative circumstances, so the comfort of the woman on the pillion was affected to an extent altogether beyond her control by the pace, and even by the form of the animal on which she rode. Rosa Bonheur's horses in the fair would have been admirable for this purpose, scarcely requiring a pillion at all. High-bred, narrow-shaped horses had to be altogether eschewed. They must have broad, comfortable backs, and the flatter the better, towards the tail. They must not go with a long launching pace, or the poor woman would roll like a boat in a rough sea. A quiet, regular, jig-jog, never lifting the feet high from the ground, was the pace required—just the next degree in swiftness to a walk—a pace into which horses naturally fall, and which, when their spirits are not too high, they seem to prefer to any other. Provided then the horse was strong enough for the weight of two persons, and provided its natural constitution comprehended a little touch of blood, as well as a vast amount of bone, which many Yorkshire horses did, it would travel in this jig-jog way for an immense distance without apparently suffering from fatigue. Pushed beyond this pace—spurred into a brisk trot, or worse, into a gallop—both horse and riders presented a spectacle more grotesque than it is easy to imagine, the poor woman having no power whatever to accommodate herself to such extraordinary circumstances.

Indeed, nothing could exceed the entire helplessness and utter dependence of this situation to a woman. Hence it agreed better with our grandmothers, than it would with us. All which the poor woman could do with the horse, let it behave as it might, would be to pull its tail—a mode of proceeding seldom found either soothing or salutary; and as to the man, her human companion, she could not even look him in the face. Let her disposition to coquetry be ever so strong, she might ogle, or smile, she might frown, or do anything she liked with her expressive features, he could not see them; and if he had not perceived that she was beautiful before he mounted into the saddle, he could never find it out there. Still, it is not to be doubted, but there might be sighs, or other sounds of peculiar meaning made intelligible even under these difficult circumstances; only that the bump, bump of the woman's form on the pillion, must have rather impeded the musical utterance of any long continued speech. Altogether, we are left to suppose that sound sense, rather than tender sentiment, characterised the intercourse of our ancestors when riding together two on one horse.

In proof of the entire absence of all independ-

say to the waterman (this is his own account), "John, I am going to repeat some verses to you; take care and remember them the next time I go out." When that time came, Pope would say: "John, where are the verses I told you of?"—"I have forgotten them, sir."—"John, you are a blockhead—I must write them down for you." John said that no one thought of saying, when speaking of him, Mr. Pope, but he was always called Mr. Alexander. In one of his poems, he, with considerable bitterness, attacks a Mr. Secretary Johnson, a neighbour of his, residing at a villa on the banks of the Thames, now called Orleans House, and refers with considerable epistle to his "Dog and Bitch." No commentator on Pope's works has ever been able to discover what was meant by a reference to these animals. I have, however, been the means of making the discovery. On each side of the lawn of Orleans House there are walls covered with ivy. In the centre of each wall the ivy appeared much raised above the rest. A friend, residing near, at my request examined these portions of the walls, and, concealed in the raised ivy, he discovered on one wall a dog carved in stone, and on the other a stone bitch.* Now it is certain that when John punted the poet up and down the river, he could readily see these animals, and thence his satire.

On leaving Twickenham Reach, the closing scene is formed into a good river view. A point of land shoots out into the river, and on the left is adorned with lofty trees. On the right Lord Dysart's park extends far into the landscape, and beyond it Richmond Hill rises into the distance. But amongst the numerous villas in this neighbourhood, Lady Suffolk's, now General Peel's, makes the best appearance from the river. It stands in a woody recess, with a fine lawn descending to the water. It has many historical associations.

We now come to Richmond, and here we quit our notice of the Thames, for it is full of impurities; like the Lake of Avernus, even swallows avoid it, and are never seen skimming over its polluted surface.

EDWARD JESSE.

JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN, R.N.

CHAPTER II.

THE English sailor, the English wanderer, in those remote regions where the blue Pacific rolls its vast proportions through frigid and burning climes, may be pardoned for naturally seeking amidst its isles and continents for some resem-

* Pope alludes to these figures in his "Imitations of Spenser:"

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich;
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's dog and bitch,
No village is without on either side
All up the silver Thames, or all atown,
No Richmond's self from whose tall front are eyed
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's towery
pride.

The Jo——n mentioned in the fifth line was Mr. Secretary Johnson, an official of some public note in the reign of Queen Anne.

blance to the pleasant shores of Britain. He hails a country where the oak and pine-tree flourish, where the land is green with herbage, where the field throws forth its flowers, and the wheat will ripen, not scorch, under the glare of a noon-tide sun. Revelling in the recollection of his home, he loves the new land more, because it resembles the one from which he is an exile. It is this feeling which, in the olden days, when there were new countries for bold seamen to discover, led to the frequent naming of places after the land of the navigator's birth. The Spaniard ever saw a New Spain, a New Grenada, in the regions of the Far West; and Dutchmen and Englishmen afterwards dotted the Great South Sea and the Indian Ocean with New Hollands, New Zealands, New Albions, and Caledonias. It is, perhaps, with somewhat of the same spirit that we would trace a strong similitude in more respects than one between the Islands of the British and Japanese empires,—a likeness to be traced in their geographical contour, in their relative position to adjacent continents and seas, in their climates, products, and, to a considerable extent, in the love of independence, combined with order and industry, which actuates their inhabitants. If the reader places a globe before him, he will observe, if he considers the great mass of land constituting Europe and Asia as an entire continent, that Britain on the one hand and Japan upon the other are detached portions of that great mass, remarkably alike in general outline, and although differing somewhat in latitude, approximate much in climatic condition. The isothermal lines upon meteorological maps attest that fact; and, even as our temperature is modified with respect to Europe by the action of a gulf-stream from the warm regions of the Atlantic Ocean, so in like manner is that of Japan regulated and rendered temperate as compared with the trying extremes of heat and cold in Northern China by the beneficent action of a gulf stream from the tropical portion of the Pacific Ocean. The resemblance may still be traced in the products of Japan and the disposition of her inhabitants. We find her mineral wealth almost in excess of our own. Copper, coal, and iron, she has in almost unlimited quantity; and she yields what we could never boast of, much gold and some silver. The vegetable productions are far more varied than those of the British Isles; and they have within the last few centuries acclimated the tea-plant and silk-worm. The waters which wash the coast are rich in wealth; indeed, the principal food of the inhabitants, with the exception of rice, are the fish which abound in its numerous bays and fiords.

Bold writers have computed the empire of Japan to compose about one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of superficial area. Recollecting how indented its shores are with arms of the sea, how its surface is broken up with lofty mountain ranges, and how little we as yet know of either, such an assertion must be considered a mere approximation; but we believe there are far better grounds for stating that the population now verges upon nearly forty million souls. The size of the empire may be in general terms likened to that of

the British Isles, if another Ireland were added to them; and to form an idea of how densely the population is packed upon that area, we must suppose the people of the French Empire to be inhabiting such a kingdom. The three islands of Nipon, Kiu-siu, and Sikok constitute the real empire over which the Taikoon rules. He claims and exercises a feeble sovereignty over Yesso likewise; but there is every reason to believe that the better portion of the latter is still in the hands of unsubjugated aborigines. Nipon, the seat of government, and bearing the same relation to the empire that England and Scotland do to the rest of the United Kingdom, is in every respect the most important portion of Japan. In shape it has been compared to a man's jaw-bone; but we think a huge centipede, curving through 600 miles of latitude and varying from 50 to 200 miles of longitude in width, will bring it better before the reader's imagination. On either side we see its numerous legs represented by capes, promontories, or tongues of land projecting into the sea, and forming an endless succession of noble bays and promising harbours. These projections appear to jut out from the central back-bone of mountains which extend throughout its whole length, and that entire ridge is studded with extinct or dormant volcanoes, peerless amongst which rises sharp into the blue vault of heaven the great mountain of Fusi-hama, which is said to be visible in clear weather throughout the major portion of the island. Besides Nipon there are the islands of Kiu-siu and Sikok, which resembles it much in geographical outline, although from being a little more south their climate and products partake of a more tropical character than those of Nipon.

All these islands are washed on their eastern shores by a great stream of warm water, which, like the gulf-stream of the Atlantic, flows ever to the north-east from equatorial regions. This stream modifies the climate of the Japanese Empire to a very great extent; preserves it from the desolating extremes to which China in a similar latitude is so sadly subject; but at the same time causes its shores to be swept by tempests in no wise inferior to those which renders the seaman's career in our seas a life of danger and of hardship. The difference of temperature between the air and water, occasions during spring and autumn, dense fogs, increasing the perils of navigation as well as in adding still more to the resemblance between the climates of Nipon and Britain. The entire empire is said to be divided into sixty-eight great provinces, all but five of which are ruled over by great feudal princes, who even in our day exercise despotic sway within their borders. They yield allegiance, it is true, to the Taikoon or Emperor dwelling in Yedo, as well as to the Mikado or Pope dwelling in Miaco; but they have a strong voice in the councils of either, and do not always consider it necessary to comply with new rules or laws emanating from either the great temporal or spiritual rulers. This independence and power of the great princes serves as a great check upon the despotic powers of the Emperor, though at one time, before the great Taikosama crushed them, their opposition used to be carried to a dangerous and inconvenient extent.

An instance, however, of how limited the imperial power is in some senses, is to be found in the fact, that in recently granting permission to Europeans to trade with the empire, the Taikoon and council could only declare such ports open to us as lay within the imperial domains. And although it appears doubtful whether any of the princes could declare one of their own ports open to foreign commerce without imperial sanction, still we were told that the Taikoon might be resisted by the local authorities if he assumed in the initiative upon such a point. The five imperial, or reserved provinces, are supposed to support the expenses of the Taikoon and Mikado's Courts; but the various princes all contribute in rich presents, which are duly acknowledged with certain complimentary or honorary distinctions.

In strange contradistinction to China, whence many of their laws and ordinances must have been derived, all rank and office in Japan is hereditary, and the old feudal system of Western Europe exists to day in a well governed and powerful empire on exactly the opposite side of the globe. In Japan we have rough, strong handed justice without what we should term liberty; but still the people of that country are a vast deal better governed, better protected, the laws better enforced, the public and private reputation of its officers and servants stand far higher, and a much better condition of social and moral polity exists, under the rule of the Taikoon and his princes, than can anywhere be found amongst the court, mandarins, or masses of China. The results of the two systems pursued in China and Japan have brought the former to decay, both politically and morally speaking, and given to the latter stability, prosperity, and a strong government. In both countries the systems have been worked out for centuries; the results are curious, and should be instructive.

In the absence of a representative system to assist the ruler in governing the state, the Taikoon in Yedo can only act through his council, elected from the great feudal princes of the empire and a proportion of a second class of the nobility who hold their letters by rendition of military service to either the Emperor or to the princes. This second class it is which fills all the offices of governors, generals, admirals and judges throughout the empire; and they thus bring into the Imperial Council a vast amount of practical knowledge as to the general condition and wants of the various portions of the empire. The acts of Taikoon and council can only become lawful when confirmed by the spiritual authority emanating from the Dairi, or Council of the Mikado, while over all hang the ancient laws and customs as a safeguard for the state and the community at large. The great secret of Japanese government—and, after all, it is that of all good government—is to possess perfect information; and to ensure this they have instituted a system the most extraordinary the world has ever seen, a system of reporting based upon mutual responsibility. Every man is responsible for some one else's good conduct and obedience to the law. Every man, therefore, makes a note of his neighbour's act and his neighbour takes notes for a similar reason.

We are all very much shocked at such a system, but the people directly interested do not appear to consider it irksome or inconvenient. Indeed, open espionage, or a system of recording publicly every infringement of the rules of the states, must naturally bring about its own remedy, by people taking very good care not to break those laws and customs. On the other hand, the transmission of a series of reports to the head information office at Yedo, such reports being counter-checked in all directions, must, in the absence of a public press, parliament, or popular meetings, ensure that the abuse of power by an official, or the wrongs of private individuals, be brought to the notice of the Emperor and Council.* This system of report and counter-report, together with the careful inculcation of a high tone of honour amongst a proud nobility is the real safeguard of the Japanese people, and the secret of the Taikoon's power. It is the want of the last of these two elements, perfect and truthful information, and probity in officials, which is the curse of the government of China.

The Japanese Government, such as we have lightly sketched it, has created, apart from a happy and contented people, one which is singularly winning upon the kind estimation of all foreigners who have visited them. Warm-hearted, loving, intelligent, and brave, the European missionary, merchant, and sailor, have all borne testimony to the love and interest they have awakened. "Of white complexion and gentle behaviour," Marco Polo reported them to be, from Chinese authority, and ancient English writers of Queen Elizabeth's time, state, "that the inhabitants of Japan show a notable wit, and incredible patience in suffering labour or sorrows. They take diligent care lest, either in word or deed, they should evince fear or dulness of mind, and above all are anxious not to trouble others with their cares or wants. Poverty with them bringeth no damage to the nobility of blood, and they covet, exceedingly, honour and praise. Though generally affable and kind, and in grave courtesy quite a match for a Spaniard, yet they will not allow an injury or insult to pass unpunished. They are very careful," continues the

chronicler, "in the entertainment of strangers, and make the very curious inquiry in even the most trifling affairs of foreign people, as of their customs, manners, and invention. Hospitable and generous, they detest avarice, and forbid gambling. They study martial feats and delight in arms, and the people generally are fair and comely of shape; but being moved to anger, especially in the heat of drink, you may as soon persuade tigers to quietness as them, so obstinate and wilful are they in the fury of their impatience."

This is truly a high character, but word for word might we again, in our day, sum up the good inhabitants of Nipon as exhibiting the same traits; and we have merely to call attention to the interesting fact then recorded, to which late travellers again bear testimony. And that is the pleasing curiosity of the people, as to all the doings of their brother-dwellers upon earth, a trait quite as remarkable in the nobility as the lower orders, and accompanied by a most laudable desire to imitate and excel Europeans in their products and manufactures.

There is also chivalry—a sense of generous devotion whether it be to duty or to love—which marks them amongst Easterns, and leads us to hope for yet better things of Japan. Indeed their system of suicide, or "the happy dispatch," as it is called, is merely a high sense of personal honour, misguided through lack of Christian teaching. We there see that a nobleman, or indeed a common Japanese, when he has lost his character, or failed in duty to the state, destroys himself, to save to his children and relatives his property and estates, and to expiate in the

eyes of his sovereign the crime of which he may have been guilty. Hereafter we will tell how nobly converted Japanese men and women laid down their lives on behalf of Christianity, but we need only turn over the illustrations of their every-day books to feel more and more assured that the Japanese still hold dear all those attributes for which all writers of the older time gave them credit, and that bravery, wit, and chivalry will be still found amongst the gallant sons and beautiful daughters of Nipon.



A Japanese Beauty. (Fac-simile.
One glance at her eye,
And you lose your city;
Another, and you would
Forfeit a kingdom.—*Japanese Verse.*

* The Japanese nation is arranged under eight distinct classes, their privileges, mode of living, dress, and even daily expenditure, being distinctly laid down in severe sumptuary laws. The classes consist of princes, nobles, priests, military men, professional or learned ones, merchants, and, lastly, artisans, or labourers. Occasionally, through wealth or merit, individuals are advanced to the class above that in which they are born; but to descend into an inferior one, is to forfeit all claim to respectability.

EVAN HARRINGTON; OR, HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE BATTLE OF THE BULL-DOGS.
PART II.

IF it be a distinct point of wisdom to hug the hour that is, then does dinner amount to a highly intellectual invitation to man, for it furnishes the occasion; and Britons are the wisest of their race, for more than all others they take advantage of it. In this Nature is undoubtedly our guide, seeing that he who, while feasting his body allows to his soul a thought for the morrow, is in his digestion curst, and becomes a house of evil humours. Now, though the epicure may complain of the cold meats, a dazzling table, a buzzing company, blue sky, and a band of music, are incentives to the forgetfulness of troubles past and imminent, and produce a concentration of the faculties. They may not exactly prove that peace is established between yourself and those who object to your carving of the world, but they testify to an armistice.

Aided by these observations, you will understand how it was that the Countess de Saldar, afflicted and menaced, was inspired, on taking her seat, to give so graceful and stately a sweep to her dress that she was enabled to conceive woman and man alike to be secretly overcome by it. You will not refuse to credit the fact that Mr. John Raikes threw care to the dogs, heavy as was that mysterious lump suddenly precipitated on his bosom; and you will think it not impossible that even the springers of the mine about to explode should lose their subterranean countenances. A generous abandonment to one idea prevailed. As for Evan, the first glass of champagne rushed into reckless nuptials with the music in his head, bringing Rose, warm almost as life, on his heart. Sublime are the visions of lovers! He knew he must leave her on the morrow; he feared he might never behold her again; and yet he tasted exquisite bliss, for it seemed within the contem-

plation of the gods that he should dance with his darling before dark—haply waltz with her! Oh, heaven! he shuts his eyes, blinded. The band wheels off meltingly in a tune all cadences, and twirls, and risings and sinkings, and passionate outbursts trippingly consoled. Ah! how sweet to waltz through life with the right partner. And what a singular thing it is to look back on the day when we thought something like it! Never mind: there may be spheres where it is so managed—doubtless the planets have their Hanwell and Bedlam.

I admit that I myself am not insensible to the effects of that first glass of champagne. I feel the earthly muse escaping me, and a desire for the larger-eyed heavenly muse. The poetry of my Countess's achievements waxes rich in manifold colours: I see her by the light of her own pleas to Providence. I doubt almost if the hand be mine which dared to make a hero play second fiddle, and to his beloved. I have placed a bushel over his light, certainly. Poor boy! it was enough that he should have tailordom on his shoulders: I ought to have allowed him to conquer Nature, and so come out of his eclipse. This shall be said of him: that he can play second fiddle without looking foolish, which, for my part, I call a greater triumph than if he were performing the heroics we are more accustomed to. He has steady eyes, can gaze at the right level into the eyes of others, and commands a tongue which is neither struck dumb nor set in a flutter by any startling question. The best instances to be given that he does not lack merit are that the Jocelyns, whom he has offended by his birth, cannot change their treatment of him, and that the hostile women, whatever they may say, do not think Rose utterly insane. At any rate Rose is satisfied, and her self-love makes her a keen critic. The moment Evan appeared, the sickness produced in her by the Countess passed, and she was ready to brave her situation. With no mock humility she permitted Mrs. Shorne to place her in a seat where glances could not be interchanged. She was quite composed, calmly prepared for conversation with anyone. Indeed, her behaviour since the hour of general explanation had been so perfectly well-contained, that Mrs. Melville said to Lady Jocelyn:

"I am only thinking of the damage to her. It will pass over—this fancy. You can see she is not serious. It is mere spirit of opposition. She eats and drinks just like other girls. You can see that the fancy has not taken such very strong hold of her."

"I can't agree with you," replied her ladyship. "I would rather have her sit and sigh by the hour, and loathe the roast beef. That would look nearer a cure."

"She has the notions of a silly country girl," said Mrs. Shorne.

"Exactly," Lady Jocelyn replied. "A season in London will give her balance."

So the guests were tolerably happy, or at least, with scarce an exception, open to the influences of champagne and music. Perhaps Juliana was the wretchedest creature present. She

as well as the woman she despised and had been foiled by. Still she had the consolation that Rose, seeing the vulgar mother, might turn from Evan: poor distant hope, meagre and shapeless like herself. Her most anxious thoughts concerned the means of getting money to look up Harry's tongue. She could bear to meet the Countess's wrath, but not Evan's offended look. Hark to that Countess!

"Why do you denominate this a pic-nic, Lady Jocelyn? It is in verity a fête!"

"I suppose we ought to lie down à la Grecque to come within the term," was the reply. "On the whole, I prefer plain English for such matters."

"But this is assuredly too sumptuous for a pic-nic, Lady Jocelyn. From what I can remember, pic-nic implies contribution from all the guests. It is true I left England a child!"

Mr. George Uploft could not withhold a sharp grimace. The Countess had throttled the inward monitor that tells us when we are lying, so grievously had she practised the habit in the service of her family.

"Yes," said Mrs. Melville, "I have heard of that fashion, and very stupid it is."

"Extremely vulgar," murmured Miss Carington.

"Possibly," Lady Jocelyn observed; "but good fun. I have been to pic-nics, in my day. I invariably took cold pie and claret. I clashed with half a dozen, but all the harm we did was to upset the dictum that there can be too much of a good thing. I know for certain that the bottles were left empty."

"And this woman," thought the Countess, "this woman, with a soul so essentially vulgar, claims rank above me!" The reflection generated contempt of English society, in the first place, and then a passionate desire for self-assertion.

She was startled by a direct attack which aroused her momentarily lulled energies.

A lady, quite a stranger, a dry simpering lady, caught the Countess's benevolent passing gaze, and leaning forward, said: "I hope her ladyship bears her affliction as well as can be expected?"

In military parlance, the Countess was taken in flank. Another would have asked—what ladyship? To whom do you allude, may I beg to inquire? The Countess knew better. Rapid as light it shot through her that the relit of Sir Abraham was meant, and this she divined because she was aware that devilish malignity was watching to trip her.

A little conversation happening to buzz at the instant, the Countess merely turned her chin to an angle, agitated her brows very gently, and crowned the performance with a mournful smile. All that a woman must feel at the demise of so precious a thing as a husband, was therein eloquently expressed: and at the same time, if explanations ensued, there were numerous ladyships in the world, whom the Countess did not mind afflicting, should she be hard pressed.

"I knew him so well!" resumed the horrid woman, addressing anybody. "It was so sad! so unexpected! but he was so subject to affection of the throat. And I was so sure I could not

get down to him in time. I had not seen him since his marriage, when I was a girl!—and to meet one of his children!—But, my dear, in quincy, I have heard that there is nothing on earth like a good hearty laugh.”

Mr. John Raikes hearing this, sucked down the flavour of a glass of champagne, and with a look of fierce jollity, said: “Then our vocation is at last revealed to us! Quincy-doctor! I remember when a boy, wandering over the paternal mansion, and envying the life of a tinker, which my mother did not think a good omen in me. But the traps of a Quincy-doctor are even lighter. Say twenty good jokes, and two or three of a practical kind. From place to place he travels on, tracked by the loud guffaw! A man most enviable!—‘Gad,’ our mercurial friend added, in a fit of profound earnestness, “I know nothing I should like so much!” But lifting his head, and seeing in the face of the ladies that it was not the profession of a gentleman, he exclaimed: “I have better prospects, of course!” and drank anew, inwardly cursing his betraying sincerity.

“It appears,” he remarked aloud to one of the Conley girls, “that quincy is needed before a joke is properly appreciated.”

“I like fun,” said she. Mr. Raikes looked at her with keen admiration. “I can laugh at a monkey all day long,” she continued. Mr. Raikes drifted leagues away from her.

What did that odious woman mean by perpetually talking about Sir Abraham? The Countess intercepted a glance between her and the hated Juliana. She felt it was a malignant conspiracy: still the vacuous vulgar air of the woman told her that most probably she was but an instrument, not a confederate, and was only trying to push herself into acquaintance with the great: a proceeding scorned and abominated by the Countess, who longed to punish her for her insolent presumption. The bitterness of her situation stung her tenfold when she considered that she dared not.

Meantime the champagne became as regular in its flow as the bull-dogs, and the monotonous bass of these latter sounded through the music like life behind the murmur of pleasure, if you will. The Countess had a not unfeminine weakness for champagne, and old Mr. Bonner's cellar was well and choicely stocked. But was this enjoyment to the Countess?—this dreary station in the background! No creatures grinding their teeth with envy of her! None bursting with admiration and the ardent passions! “May I emerge?” she as much as asked her judgment. The petition was infinitely tender. She thought she might, or it may be that nature was strong, and she could not restrain herself.

Taking wine with Sir John, she said:

“This bowing! Do you know how amusing it is deemed by us Portuguese? Why not embrace? as the dear Queen used to say to me.”

“I am decidedly of Her Majesty's opinion,” observed Sir John, with emphasis, and the Countess drew back into a mingled laugh and blush.

Her fiendish persecutor gave two or three nods. “And you know the Queen!” she said.

She had to repeat the remark: whereupon the Countess murmured, “Intimately.”

“Ah, we have lost a staunch old Tory in Sir Abraham,” said the lady, performing lamentation.

What did it mean? Could design lodge in that empty-looking head with its crisp curls, button nose, and diminishing simper? Was this picnic to be made as terrible to the Countess by her putative father as the dinner had been by the great Mel? The deep, hard, level look of Juliana met the Countess's smile from time to time, and like flimsy light horse before a solid array of infantry, the Countess fell back, only to be worried afresh by her perfectly unwitting tormentor.

“His last days?—without pain? Oh, I hope so!” came after a lapse of general talk.

“Aren't we getting a little funereal, Mrs. Perkins?” Lady Jocelyn asked, and then rallied her neighbours.

Miss Carrington looked at her vexedly, for the fiendish Perkins was checked, and the Countess in alarm, about to commit herself, was a pleasant sight to Miss Carrington.

“The worst of these indiscriminate meetings is that there is no conversation,” whispered the Countess, thanking Providence for the relief.

Just then she saw Juliana bend her brows at another person. This was George Uploft, who shook his head, and indicated a shrewd-eyed, thin, middle-aged man, of a lawyer-like cast; and then Juliana nodded, and George Uploft touched his arm, and glanced hurriedly behind for champagne. The Countess's eyes dwelt on the timid young squire most affectionately. You never saw a fortress more unprepared for dread assault.

“Hem!” was heard, terrific. But the proper pause had evidently not yet come, and now to prevent it the Countess strained her energies and tasked her genius intensely. Have you an idea of the difficulty of keeping up the ball among a host of ill-assorted, stupid country people, who have no open topics, and can talk of nothing continuously but scandal of their neighbours, and who, moreover, feel they are not up to the people they are mixing with? Darting upon Seymour Jocelyn, the Countess asked touchingly for news of the partridges. It was like the unlocking of a machine. Seymour was not blythe in his reply, but he was loud and forcible; and when he came to the statistics—oh, then you would have admired the Countess!—for comparisons ensued, braces were enumerated, numbers given were contested, and the shooting of this one jeered at, and another's sure mark respectfully admitted. And how lay the coveys? And what about the damage done by last winter's floods? And was there good hope of the pheasants? Outside this clatter the Countess hovered. Twice the awful “Hem!” was heard. She fought on. She kept them at it. If it flagged she wished to know this or that, and finally thought that, really, she should like herself to try one shot. The women and Mr. John Raikes had previously been left behind. This brought in the women. Lady Jocelyn proposed a female expedition for the morrow.

"I believe I used to be something of a shot, formerly," she said.

"You peppered old Tom once, my lady," remarked Andrew, and her ladyship laughed, and that foolish Andrew told the story, and the Countess, to revive her subject, had to say: "May I be enrolled to shoot," though she detested and shrank from fire-arms.

"Here are two!" said the hearty presiding dame. "Ladies, apply immediately to have your names put down."

The possibility of an expedition of ladies now struck Seymour vividly, and, said he: "I'll be secretary," and began applying to the ladies for permission to put down their names. Many declined, with brevity, muttering, either aloud or to themselves, "unwomanly;" varied by "unladylike:" some confessed cowardice; some a horror of the noise close to their ears; and there was the plea of nerves. But the names of half a dozen ladies were collected, and then followed much laughter and musical hubbub, and delicate banter. So the ladies and gentlemen fell one and all into the partridge-pit dug for them by the Countess: and that horrible "Hem!" equal in force and terror to the roar of artillery preceding the charge of ten thousand dragoons, was silenced

—the pit appeared impassable. Did the Countess crow over her advantage? Mark her: the lady's face is entirely given up to partridges. "English sports are so much envied abroad," she says: but what she dreads is a reflection, for that leads off from the point. A portion of her mind she keeps to combat them in Lady Jocelyn and others who have the tendency: the rest she divides between internal prayers for succour, and casting about for another popular subject to follow partridges. Now mere talent, as critics say when they are lighting candles round a genius, mere talent would have hit upon pheasants as the natural sequitur, and then diverged to sports—a great theme, for it ensures a chorus of sneers at foreigners, and so on probably to a discussion of birds and beasts best adapted to enrapture the palate of man. Stories may succeed, but they are doubtful, and not to be trusted, coming after cookery. After an exciting subject which has made the general tongue to wag, and just enough heated the brain to cause it to cry out for spiced food—then start your story: taking care that it be mild; for one too marvelous stops the tide, the sense of climax being strongly implanted in all bosoms. So the Countess told an anecdote—one of Mel's. Mr. George Uplift was quite familiar with it, and knew of one passage that would have abashed him to relate "before ladies." The sylph-like ease with which the Countess floated over this foul abyss was miraculous. Mr. George screwed his eye-lids queerly, and closed his jaws with a report, completely beaten. The anecdote was of the character of an apologue, and pertained to game. This was, as it happened, a misfortune; for Mr. John Raikes had felt himself left behind by the subject; and the stuff that was in this young man being naturally ebullient, he lay by to trip it, and take a lead. His remarks brought on him a shrewd cut from the Countess, which made matters worse: for a nun may also breed nuns

as doth an anecdote. The Countess's stroke was so neat and perfect that it was something for the gentlemen to think over; and to punish her for giving way to her cleverness and to petty vexation, "Hem!" sounded once more, and then: "May I ask you if the present Baronet is in England?"

Now Lady Jocelyn perceived that some attack was directed against her guest. She allowed the Countess to answer:

"The eldest was drowned in the Lisbon waters,"

And then said: "But who is it that persists in serving up the funeral baked meats to us?"

Mrs. Shorne spoke for her neighbour: "Mr. Farnley's cousin was the steward of Sir Abraham Harrington's estates."

The Countess held up her head boldly. There is a courageous exaltation of the nerves known to heroes and great generals in action when they feel sure that resources within themselves will spring up to the emergency, and that over simple mortal success is positive.

"I had a great respect for Sir Abraham," Mr. Farnley explained, "very great. I heard that this lady" (bowing to the Countess) "was his daughter."

Lady Jocelyn's face wore an angry look, and Mrs. Shorne gave her the shade of a shrug and an expression implying, "I didn't!"

Evan was talking to Miss Jenny Graine at the moment rather earnestly. With a rapid glance at him, to see that his ears were closed, the Countess breathed:

"Not the elder branch!—Cadet!"

The sort of noisy silence produced by half-a-dozen people respirating deeply and moving in their seats was heard. The Countess watched Mr. Farnley's mystified look, and whispered to Sir John: "Est-ce qu'il comprenne le Français, lui?"

It was the final feather-like touch to her triumph. She saw safety and a clear escape, and much joyful gain, and the pleasure of relating her sufferings in days to come. This vista was before her when, harsh as an execution bell, telling her that she had vanquished man, but that Providence opposed her, "Mrs. Melchisedec Harrington!" was announced to Lady Jocelyn.

Perfect stillness reigned immediately, as if the picnic had heard its doom.

"Oh! I will go to her," said her ladyship, whose first thought was to spare the family. "Andrew, come and give me your arm."

But when she rose Mrs. Mel was no more than the length of an arm from her elbow.

In the midst of the horrible anguish she was enduring, the Countess could not help criticising her mother's curtsy to Lady Jocelyn. Fine, but a shade too humble. Still it was fine; all might not yet be lost.

"Mama!" she softly exclaimed, and thanked heaven that she had not denied her parent.

Mrs. Mel did not notice her or any of her children. There was in her bosom a terrible determination to cast a devil out of the one she best loved. For this purpose, heedless of all pain to be given or of immorality she had come to

speak publicly, and disgrace and humiliate, that she might save him from the devils that had ruined his father.

"My lady," said the terrible woman, thanking her in reply to an invitation that she should be seated, "I have come for my son. I hear he has been playing the lord in your house, my lady. I humbly thank your ladyship for your kindness to him, but he is nothing more than a tailor's son, and is bound a tailor himself that his father may be called an honest man. I am come to take him away."

Mrs. Mel seemed to speak without much effort, though the pale flush of her cheeks showed that she felt what she was doing. Juliana was pale as death, watching Rose. Intensely bright with the gem-like light of her gallant spirit, Rose's eyes fixed on Evan. He met them and smiled. The words of Ruth passed through his heart, nourishing him. With this angel lifting him up, what need he fear? If he reddened, the blush was taken up by love. But the Countess, who had given Rose to Evan, and the duke to Caroline, where was her supporter? The duke was entertaining Caroline with no less dexterity, and Rose's eyes said to Evan: "Feel no shame that I do not feel!" but the Countess stood alone. It is ever thus with genius! to quote the numerous illustrious authors who have written of it.

What mattered it now that in the dead hush Lady Jocelyn should assure her mother that she had been misinformed, and that Mrs. Mel was presently quieted, and made to sit with others before the fruits and the wines? All eyes were hateful—the very thought of Providence confused her brain. Almost reduced to imbecility, the Countess imagined, as a reality, that Sir Abraham had borne with her till her public announcement of relationship, and that then the outraged ghost would no longer be restrained, and had struck this blow. She talked, she laughed, —she was unaware of what passed in the world.

The crushed pic-nic tried to get a little air, and made pathetic attempts at conversation. Mrs. Mel sat upon the company with the weight of all tailordom.

And now a messenger came for Harry. Everybody was so zealously employed in the struggle to appear comfortable under Mrs. Mel, that his departure was hardly observed. The general feeling for Evan and his sisters, by their superiors in rank, was one of kindly pity. Laxley, however, did not behave well. He put up his glass and scrutinised Mrs. Mel, and then examined Evan, and Rose thought that in his interchange of glances with anyone there was a lurking revival of the scene gone by. She signalled with her eyebrows for Drummond to correct him, but Drummond had another occupation. Andrew made the diversion. He whispered to his neighbour, and the whisper went round, and the laugh; and Mr. John Raikes grew extremely uneasy in his seat, and betrayed an extraordinary alarm. But he also was soon relieved. A messenger had come from Harry to Mrs. Evremonde, bearing a slip of paper. This the lady glanced at, and handed it to

Drummond. A straggling pencil had traced these words:

"Just running by S.W. gates—saw the Captain coming in—couldn't stop to stop him—tremendous hurry—important. Harry J."

Drummond sent the paper to Lady Jocelyn. After her perusal of it a scout was despatched to the summit of Olympus, and his report proclaimed the advance in the direction of the bulldogs of a smart little figure of a man in white hat and white trousers, who kept flicking his legs with a cane.

Mrs. Evremonde rose and conferred with her ladyship an instant, and then Drummond took her arm quietly, and passed round Olympus to the east, and Lady Jocelyn broke up the sitting.

Juliana saw Rose go up to Evan and take his hand, and make him introduce her to his mother. She turned lividly white, and went to a corner of the park by herself, and cried bitterly.

Lady Jocelyn, Sir Franks, and Sir John, remained by the tables, but before the guests were out of ear-shot, the individual signalled from Olympus presented himself.

"There are times when one can't see what else to do but to lie," said her ladyship to Sir Franks, "and when we do lie the only way is to lie intrepidly."

Turning from her perplexed husband, she exclaimed:

"Ah! Lawson?"

Captain Evremonde lifted his hat, declining an intimacy.

"Where is my wife, madam?"

"Have you just come from the Arctic Regions?"

"I have come for my wife, madam!"

His unsettled grey eyes wandered restlessly on Lady Jocelyn's face. The Countess, standing apart, near the duke, felt some pity for the wife of that cropped-headed, tight-skinned lunatic at large, but deeper was the Countess's pity for Lady Jocelyn, in thinking of the account she would have to render on the Day of Judgment, when she heard her ladyship reply:

"Evelyn is not here."

Captain Evremonde bowed profoundly, trailing his broad white hat along the sword.

"Do me the favour to read this, madam," he said, and handed a letter to her.

Lady Jocelyn raised her brows as she gathered the contents of the letter.

"Ferdinand's handwriting!" she exclaimed.

"I accuse no one, madam,—I make no accusation. I have every respect for you, madam,—you have my esteem. I am sorry to intrude, madam, an intrusion is regretted. My wife runs away from her bed, madam,—and I have the law, madam,—the law is with the husband. No force!" He lashed his cane sharply against his white legs. "The law, madam. No brute force!" His cane made a furious whirl, crackling again on his legs, as he reiterated, "The law!"

"Does the law advise you to strike at a tangent all over the country in search for her?" inquired Lady Jocelyn.

Captain Evremonde became ten times more voluble and excited.

Mrs. Mel was heard by the Countess to say :
"Her ladyship does not know how to treat madmen."

Nor did Sir Franks and Sir John. They began expostulating with him.

"A madman gets madder when you talk reason to him," said Mrs. Mel.

And now the Countess stepped forward to Lady Jocelyn, and hoped she would not be thought impertinent in offering her opinion as to how this frantic person should be treated. The case indeed looked urgent. Many gentlemen considered themselves bound to approach and be ready in case of need. Presently the Countess pressed between Sir Franks and Sir John, and with her hand put up, as if she feared the furious cane, said :

"You will not strike me?"

"Strike a lady, madam?" The cane and hat were simultaneously lowered.

"Lady Jocelyn permits me to fetch for you a gentleman of the law. Or will you accompany me to him?"

In a moment Captain Evremonde's manners were subdued and civilised, and in perfectly sane speech he thanked the Countess and offered her his arm. The Countess smilingly waved back Sir John, who motioned to attend on her, and away she went with the Captain, with all the glow of a woman who feels that she is heaping coals of fire on the heads of her enemies.

Was she not admired now?

"Upon my honour," said Lady Jocelyn, "they are a remarkable family," meaning the Harringtons.

What farther she thought she did not say, but she was a woman who looked to natural gifts more than the gifts of accident; and I think Evan's chance stood high with her then. So the battle of the bull-dogs was fought, and cruelly as the Countess had been assailed and wounded, she gained a brilliant victory: yea, though Demogorgon, aided by the vindictive ghost of Sir Abraham, took tangible shape in the ranks opposed to her. True, Lady Jocelyn, forgetting her own recent intrepidity, condemned her as a liar; but the fruits of the Countess's victory were plentiful. Drummond Forth, fearful perhaps of exciting unjust suspicions in the mind of Captain Evremonde, disappeared altogether. Harry was in a mess which threw him almost upon Evan's mercy, as will be related. And, lastly, Ferdinand Laxley, that insufferable young aristocrat, was thus spoken to by Lady Jocelyn.

"This letter addressed to Lawson, telling him that his wife is here, is in your hand-writing, Ferdinand. I don't say you wrote it—I don't think you could have written it. But, to tell you the truth, I have an unpleasant impression about it, and I think we had better shake hands and not see each other for some time."

Laxley, after one denial of his guilt, disdained to repeat it. He met her ladyship's hand haughtily, and, bowing to Sir Franks, turned on his heel.

So, then, in glorious complete victory, the battle of the bull-dogs ended!

Of the close of the pic-nic more remains to be

For the present I pause, in observance of those rules which demand that after an exhibition of consummate deeds, time be given to the spectator to digest what has passed before him.

(To be continued.)

THE GAME OF LIFE.

With eager hand Hope deftly weaves
The mantles that our pride would don,
While busy-finger'd Care unreaves
The garments as we put them on.
We rear our palaces of joy,
And tread them with exulting shout,
Till, crumbling round, 'tis plainly found
Some corner-stones have been left out.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Shadow and substance ever blending;
'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
Gaily beginning, sadly ending.

The maiden greets her swain to-day,
They jar to-morrow, and she flouts him;
Now she believes whate'er he'll say,
A month has gone,—alas! she doubts him;
The lover hangs upon a glance,
With glowing trust and earnest suing;
Next year he rouses from his trance,
And scorns the one he late was wooing.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Our dreams dispell'd, our plans defeated,
And when we've lost with pain and cost,
Still stand, as ready to be cheated.

The cooing infant's rosy mouth
Aptly receives the sweeten'd potion;
When waves are calm, and winds are south,
None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
The rich man toils to "gather up,"
Meaning to bask in Fortune's clover,
And while he pours into his cup,
Perceives not it is running over.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Now simply snared, now wisely brooding,
Now bribed by smiles, now spreading wiles,
Living deluded and deluding.

The Poet prattles to the stars,
Philosophers dissect the thunder,
But both are stopp'd by crystal bars,
And stand outside to watch and wonder.
We moralise on battle-plains,
Where blood has poured, and fame was won,
We turn and see the baby's glee
Over his mimic sword and gun.
And thus we play the game of Life,
'Twixt holy Thought and fearful Deed.
Some only stay to work and pray,
And some but live for Crime and Greed.

Our feet of clay trip up each other,
Our wings of ether seek the sky;
We breathe—we are—child follows mother,
Yet none can tell us "How!" or "Why!"
Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
Till, tired of guessing, at the last
We solve the riddle in a sleep.
And thus we play the game of Life,
In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
Till we are drest in that green vest
For which the sexton takes our measure.

THE DRUSES OF LEBANON.

THERE is perhaps no people in the world, of whom, though living on the borders of civilisation, and visited as they are by travellers from all parts, and forming one of the many sects which inhabit a land most interesting to all who read Holy Writ, so very little is known as these Druses, who are now shocking us with their murderous exploits. And yet they constitute the most courageous and warlike body in Syria; perhaps the most united tribe of warriors in the world. Moreover, everything about them is highly calculated to excite curiosity and inquiry. The mystery which has so long veiled the secrets of their creed, no one has yet penetrated, although many have pretended to have done so; and such of their religious books as have found their way into Europe, have by no means cast that light which it was hoped they would upon their dogmas.

One must be born a Druse, or not belong to them at all—*nascitur, non fit*—they admit no converts amongst them. They inhabit the southern portion of Lebanon and the western part of Anti-Lebanon. Throughout the mountain there are about 40 large villages belonging exclusively to their tribe, and upwards of 200 in which the population is made up of Maronite Christians, Druses, and followers of the Greek Church. The Druse men capable of bearing arms in Lebanon are about 15,000 in number. Physically they are one of the finest races in the world, and each individual amongst them has an independent look and bearing about him which I have witnessed in no other Asiatics, save perhaps the Rajpoots of India. They have no priesthood, properly so called; but the whole tribe is divided into Akkals, or initiated, Djahils, or uninitiated. The Akkals do not inherit the dignity; they must be proved, tried, and then initiated into the mysteries of their order, and they form the only approach to anything like a priesthood which the Druses possess. There are female as well as male Akkals, and both are distinguished from the Djahils, or uninitiated—the rest of the Druse world, in fact, by their simplicity in attire, the absence of any gold or silver ornament on their persons, by—which in the East is the greatest singularity possible—their never smoking; their abstinence from anything like superfluity in dress, the brevity and simplicity of their conversation, and their not joining more than is absolutely needful in amusements, either public or private. In short, the Akkals are a sort of domestic hermits, although they may, and do, own private property, and practise all the various callings in life like any other men. The fact of belonging to the initiated class does not give them emoluments of any kind, nor any decided rank among their fellow Druses, except in matters of religion; although, as a general rule, most respected men of their nation are Akkals.

The Djahils, or uninitiated, on the other hand, appear to have little or no idea of belonging to any creed whatever; and the younger portions of the men are generally what the Americans would call a very "rowdy" set. The Druse places of

worship, called howlés, are situated outside the villages, in the most solitary spots which can be found. They are plain rooms, without any ornament whatever; and on ordinary occasions can be inspected by any one that likes to do so. If a visitor asks to see one of the Druse holy books, he is invariably shown a copy of the Moslem Khoran; but it is well known that they have other books, which they allow no one to see. Some of these have found their way to Europe, and are to be met with in the Imperial Library of Paris, the Bodleian of Oxford, and the British Museum; but these it is pretty well ascertained contain nothing which the Druses wish to keep secret; and what is mysterious about their creed has no doubt been handed down by tradition, rather than by any written document.

The howlés, or temples, of the Druses are open for their religious meeting every Thursday evening, about an hour after sunset. At the commencement of the night's business, Akkals and Djahils both assemble together, when the news of the day and the prices of crops are discussed. At this period a chapter or two of the Moslem Khoran is read, and no objection is made even to strangers being present. This, however, is not a general rule by any means, and it is only Europeans, whom the Druses particularly wish to honour, that they would admit even thus far to the outside, as it were, of their worship. When the evening is a little farther advanced, all Djahils are obliged to withdraw, and the howlé becomes like a Freemason's Lodge, closely tiled, or shut, with an armed guard near the door to prevent all intrusion. At these meetings no one save the initiated are ever present, and they often stretch far into the night, so much so, that I have sometimes seen the Akkals going home from their howlés long after midnight. Sometimes, when very important matters have to be discussed, a second selection takes place in the howlés, and the younger Akkals being obliged to withdraw, the elders—the *crème de la crème*, or those initiated into the highest mysteries of the sect—remain alone to deliberate and determine upon the future proceedings of their fellow-religionists, or to discuss such more advanced doctrines of their creed as are only known to the select few. Singular to say, no form of worship, nothing which at all comes near our ideas of prayer, is known to be practised by the Druses. In the large towns of Syria they will often go to the Moslem mosques, and profess to call themselves followers of the prophet. But they hardly impose, nay, they don't seem to wish to impose, on anyone by this temporary adherence to the dominant religion; for, in order to avoid the Sultan's conscription, they have been known to make the sign of the cross, profess themselves Christians, and even ask for, nay, sometimes receive, the rite of baptism; and they acknowledge, that, according to their creed, it is lawful to profess for a time whatever may be the creed of the most powerful body amongst whom they live. Moreover, they hold concealment and secrecy the greatest virtues which a man can practise, and scruple not to assert that a crime only becomes such on being found out. Their bearing, courtesy, and all that

we should call good breeding, more particularly amongst the Akkals, would bear comparison with the most refined gentlemen of Europe; and their powers of observation and discrimination of character, are such as could only be expected amongst men of education and travel. This is the more wonderful, as except for an occasional short sojourn in the towns of Syria—St. Jean D'Acre, Tyre, Sidon, Beyrout, Latakia, or Damascus—no Druse ever leaves his native mountains; and beyond reading or writing their native tongue—the Arabic language, and even this until late years has been very partial indeed amongst them—they are destitute of any mental culture whatever.

The Druses marry but one wife; and their women, more particularly those of the higher classes, are kept very secluded indeed. However, although by no means common, divorce is very easy indeed amongst them. A man has but to say to his wife that she is free to return to her father's house, and the divorce is as valid (nor can it be recalled if pronounced), as if in England it had been pronounced by the full Court of Divorce. Nor is it needful that any reason farther than that such is the husband's will should be given for the act, and both parties are free to marry again. The married women wear the *tanton*, or horn, upon their heads, over which a veil is cast, the latter being drawn close round the face, and leaving only one eye exposed whenever a man of another creed or nation comes near; but those who have lived much in Lebanon, more particularly European ladies, have numerous opportunities of seeing the faces of all classes amongst them. Although by no means void of good looks when young, the women are not nearly so fine a race as the men; and the older females of the peasant classes are perhaps the most hideous old hags it is possible to conceive.

Amongst this strange people I spent nearly six months of the last summer and autumn, having for the health of my family taken up my residence at a village on Mount Lebanon, in the very centre of the Druse country. At an hour's ride from where we lived was the village of Bisoor, inhabited by some sheiks, or chiefs, of the Talhook family, and amongst others by the sheik Talhook, who is certainly one of the most remarkable men I have met with in any country.

Sheik Bechir is an Akkal of the Druses, and perhaps there is not a stricter one throughout Lebanon. Throughout the mountain he has the reputation of dealing with magic; and certainly some of the cases of sickness he has cured, as well as the unaccountable tricks he has performed, go far to confirm the general opinion of his fellow-countrymen. An English gentleman, long resident in Lebanon, and in whose word the most implicit reliance can be placed, has told me that he has seen at the sheik's bidding a stick proceed unaided by anything from one end of the room to another. Also, on two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of the room, one being filled with water and the other empty, the empty jar move across the room, the full jar rise and approach its companion, and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the way

that it came. Of late years the sheik has given up these kind of performances, as he declares that the long fasts of fifteen and twenty days which were necessary, so he says, to prepare him and give him power over the spirits by which he worked, used to injure his health. So much is certain—on the testimony of some of the most respectable people in the mountain—that when he had to practise these magic arts continually, his health was very bad indeed, and that since he has given them up he has greatly improved.

Partly because of the ride from where I lived to Bisoor, but chiefly because I have a sort of decided inclination to cultivate singular acquaintances, I used often to go over last summer to see Sheik Bechir, and he frequently used to return my visit. At first he positively declined performing any of the tricks of which I had heard so much, declaring that, except to effect cures, he had made it a rule to have nothing more to do with the unseen world. However, after we had become more intimate, he one day consented to show me one of the tricks by which he used to astonish the mountaineers and others. He took a common water jar, and after mumbling certain incantations into the mouth of the vessels, placed it in the hands of two persons, selected from amongst the bystanders at hazard, sitting opposite to each other. For a time the jar did not move, the sheik going on all the time reciting very quickly what seemed to me verses from the Koran, and beating time, as it were, with his right hand upon the palm of his left. Still the vessel remained as it was placed, the sheik getting so vehement in his repetitions, and seemingly so anxious for the result, that although a cold day and a strong breeze was blowing into the divan where we sat, the perspiration flowed freely down his face and ran off his beard. At last the jar began to go round, first slowly, and then quicker, until it moved at quite a rapid pace, and made three or four evolutions. The sheik pointed to it as in triumph, and then stopped his recitations, when the jar stopped turning. After perhaps half a minute's silence he began to recite again, and, wonderful to say, the jar began to turn again. At last he stopped, took the jar out of the hands of those who were holding it, and held it for an instant to my ear, when I could plainly hear a singing noise, as if of boiling water, inside. He then poured the water carefully out of it, muttered something more into its mouth, and gave it to the attendants to be refilled with water and placed where it had stood before, for any one wanting a drink to use. I should have premised that the jar was a common one, which, as is the custom in Syria, stood with others of the same kind near the door for any one to drink out of. When the performance was over, the sheik sank back, as if greatly exhausted, on the divan, and declared that it was the last time he would go through so much fatigue, or perform any more of his magic undertakings, except for the purpose of curing sick people, on any account whatever.

That the feat of making the water-jar turn was a very wonderful one there can be no doubt; nor could I account for it by any natural or ordinary means whatever. But how it was accomplished,

or whether any supernatural means whatever were used, I leave others to infer, not having myself formed an opinion on the subject, and intending simply to relate what I was myself an eye-witness of. What I was more curious to learn was, what the sheik himself thought on the subject of spirits being placed at man's disposal, and how he had, or believed he had, acquired the power which he was said to possess.

A few days afterwards he rode over to see me, and we had a long conversation on the subject, which interested me the more, as the sheik was evidently sincere in all he said regarding his belief in the power of spirits, and the means he had used to acquire that power. I should, however, mention that, for his country and position, Sheik Bechir is a wealthy man, having landed property and houses in the mountain to the extent of about six or seven hundred pounds sterling per annum—equal, in consequence, to a country gentleman in England with three thousand a year; and that he has never been known to work a cure or perform any magic for anything like remuneration, either direct or otherwise.

That he firmly believes in his intercourse with the spiritual world is certain. He asserts that no one can have any magic power unless properly taught; and says that his teacher was an old Moslem from Morocco—to whom, by the bye, he introduced me, and offered, if I liked to devote five years to the science, to get to teach me! who had many, many years ago, learnt the art in Egypt. The knowledge of magic, he asserts, cannot only never be taught for money, but even if the pupil gives his teacher anything beyond food and shelter the teaching will be of no effect. He declares that the science has come down to our days from the time of the Pharaohs, but that there are not now fifty people in the world who have any true knowledge on the subject. The sheik declares himself to be but a very poor proficient in the art, as he never could go through the necessary fasts without injury to his health. And yet, from the accounts of his relatives, he must have gone through some severe ordeals. His sons told me, that on one occasion, some years ago, he shut himself up in a room, without either food or water, for two whole days and nights, and on letting himself out he was so weak he could hardly stand. At another time, he was locked up in his apartment for a single night, and that on coming out in the morning he was bruised all over the head and body as if with large sticks, having been, as he declared, beaten for several hours by evil spirits. Before undertaking any important cure, he shuts himself up in a darkened room for ten, fifteen, and sometimes thirty days, eating during this time but of plain bread, in quantities barely sufficient to support nature. His greatest triumphs have been in cures of epilepsy and confirmed madness, in which I know of many instances where his success has been most wonderful. He resorts to no severe measures with those brought to him, nor does he use any medicine, simply repeating over them certain incantations, and making passes with his hands, as if mesmerising them.

For severe fevers he has a twine or thread, of

which he sends the patient—no matter how far off—enough to tie round his wrists, when the sickness is said to pass away at once. A relation of his own told me that his (the relative's) wife had been afflicted for three years with a swelling, or tumour, of which the European doctors in Beyrout could make nothing, when at last she agreed to consult Sheik Bechir. The latter shut himself up in his room for thirty days, fasting all the time upon very small quantities of bread and water. He then took the case in hand, and after making several passes over the woman's body, she was in five minutes perfectly cured. Although a Druse, the sheik maintains that no words ever written have the same magic power as the Psalms of David; but there are, he declares, very few persons—himself not being one of the number—who properly understand the hidden meaning, and how to apply the proper passages.

When he learnt that I had been in India, and had witnessed some of the singular performances of the fakirs, or holy mendicants, in that country, he was greatly interested, and said that the greatest magician now living was a certain native of Benares, who had once wandered by Afghanistan, Bokhara, Russia, and Constantinople, to Syria, through Lebanon.

But what surprised me more than anything else about the sheik was the singularly correct description he gave of countries, towns, and even portions of towns, which he could never have seen, having never been out of Syria, and even of some regarding which he could not have read much. That he has picked up here and there a great deal of history, geography, and other general knowledge is certain. Still he can only read Arabic, in which tongue works of information are very limited, and the number of Europeans with whom he has had any intercourse whatever might be counted upon his ten fingers. Moreover, he has never been further from his native mountain than Damascus or Beyrout, and that for only short periods, and at long intervals. He asked me to name any towns in which I had resided, and which I wished him to describe to me. I mentioned, amongst others, London, Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Cabool, Candahar, and Constantinople, each of which he literally painted in words to the very life, noticing the various kinds of vehicles, the dress of the different people, the variety of the buildings, and the peculiarities of the streets with a fidelity which would have been a talent in any one who had visited them, but in a man who had never seen them was truly marvellous. This faculty the sheik does not attribute to anything like magic, but says it is caused by his gathering all sorts of information wherever he can—from books or men—and never forgetting what he has either read or written.

Had Sheik Bechir had the advantage of an European education in his youth, or even if works written in English, French, or German were not sealed books to him, I am inclined to think that he would be one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen.

Besides himself, the sheik's family consists of his wife and two grown-up sons. The latter are both Djahils, or uninitiated, one of them having

tried to acquire the standing of an Akkal, or initiated, but broke down during his probation, as he found the privations more severe than he could bear. Their mother, however, is an Akkal of the very strictest kind, and is looked on throughout the neighbourhood as a woman of great sanctity. Although on good terms with her husband, she lives apart from him in the same house, for it is the universal custom amongst the Akkals that whenever the wife has had two sons a divorce *à thorb* takes place. The advent of daughters does not count in this singular domestic arrangement, and if one of the sons should die, the divorce is annulled until another son is born, when it is resumed again. The reason of this custom is, that as property is equally divided amongst sons, it is thought expedient to prevent the subdivision of land becoming too minute.

On one occasion when I visited Bisoor with a party amongst whom were two or three English ladies, the latter were invited into the harem, or women's apartment, to visit the sheik's wife and some of his female relatives there assembled. Being by this time on terms of intimacy with the chief and his family, I was asked to join the ladies' party in the harem—a mark of friendship rarely shown to one of our sex who is not a relative. Although the Druse ladies were all veiled, we could, from time to time, see enough of their faces to distinguish their features, and even amongst the younger portion of the party there was not one tolerably good-looking. They appeared, in fact, of quite another race than their husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons. Some of them wore numerous valuable jewels; but the sheik's wife, although clean and neat, was clothed in garments of the most ordinary texture, and wore no ornament of any kind. Coffee, sweetmeats, and fruits, were handed round, and we remained about half-an-hour in the apartment, until summoned to the breakfast, or midday meal, which had been prepared in one of the outer rooms, and to which both ladies and gentlemen of our party sat down, but at which the Druse ladies did not make their appearance.

The meat was cooked, served, and eaten altogether after the fashion of the country. First a sort of tripod, something like an inverted music-stool, was brought, and put down in the middle of the room. Upon this was placed a very large, copper, circular tray, nearly four feet in circumference. On this tray the various dishes were set, whilst the whole party squatted round it on the floor. It was curious to observe the contrast formed between fresh-looking English ladies, laughing merry English children, shooting-jacket clad English gentlemen, and grave, long-bearded, white-turbaned Druse sheiks. A long napkin, which went over the knees of us all—and which the children compared to getting under the sheets—was spread; a score or so of unleavened bread cakes was placed at the hands of the guests, and then, taking up his spoon with a "Bismillah" (in the name of God), our host gave the sign to begin. In the centre was a large pillaff, made of rice boiled in butter, seasoned with pine-nuts, and mixed with mincemeat. This was the *pièce de résistance*, of which everybody eat, and eat it with

all things. Round this dish—or mountain—of rice, were placed plates of various meat and vegetable stews, all very good, very tasty, and inviting. Our manner of proceeding was in this wise. Each individual would dip his spoon into the rice—keeping carefully to his own corner of the vast heap—and on its way back to his mouth moisten it with the gravy of the dish before him, of which there was one or more for each. Thus the most urgent hunger was satisfied, and we soon began merely to trifle with the national dish of kibbe, and other matters equally solid. Some of the party present had never before been present at a regular Arab entertainment, for in the towns of Syria the fashion amongst all the more respectable natives is to ape the European mode of setting the table and serving the dinner. To the children of our party the whole affair was a high holiday of amusement, their laughter and mistakes amusing the sheiks not a little. During the entire repast nothing stronger than water was drunk, for in Druse houses a single glass of wine or spirits would be thought defiling to the owner. In fact, the Akkals never touch fermented liquor of any kind, and although the Djahils drink sometimes, they never do so in excess, and only in secret, or when persons of other creeds are not present.

When the dinner was over, each person washed his or her hands, one attendant pouring water from a copper jug whilst the other held a large copper basin with a false bottom, so that the dirty water fell through and was not seen, much after the old-fashioned *chilumchee*, in which we used to wash of yore—it may be so yet—on the "Bengal side" of India. Those amongst us who wore beards were careful to wash them very clean both with soap and water. Rose water was then brought in and sprinkled over every one, after which the usual black, unstrained coffee was served, and each man—excepting, of course, the Akkals, who never smoke—was left to his pipe, his thoughts, and the conversation of his neighbours, the ladies of the party returning for the present to the women's apartment.

Orientalists seldom talk much immediately after their meals, and in this they show their wisdom, for next to piano playing or singing directly after dinner, there is nothing so bad for digestion as talking or listening to the conversation of others. This it is that makes all travellers in the East approve of the open airy rooms, where pipes, narghilees, or cigars are freely allowed, the roomy, easy divans where a man can sit or recline at his ease without shocking the ideas of propriety around him, and the universal fixed oriental—and let me add common-sense—idea that clothes and furniture were made for man, not man for his clothes or furniture.

Gradually, however, conversation arose, and the universal topic it turned upon was the Chinese war and forthcoming expedition to that country. The Druses are great believers in the powers of England as a military nation; but they one and all said that neither we nor any other nation in the world could ever conquer China. This is owing to the fact of China being to the Druses a sort of spiritual promised land. They look forward to the future advent of the Messiah who is

to come from China; and whenever a Druse dies in Syria, they believe that his soul is immediately born again in China, in which country they believe are numberless Druses, who one day or other will issue forth, conquer the whole world, re-establish the true faith throughout the world, and punish all unbelievers. This singular belief is the more extraordinary, as the Druses have neither tradition nor record of there ever having been any intercourse between themselves and the Chinese, as indeed we all know very well there never could have been. Their faith in the similarity of their own creed and that of many in the Celestial Empire has always struck persons who heard it as one of the most absurd ideas ever conceived in the minds of uneducated men. It may, however, some day be proved to be otherwise. An American Protestant missionary in Sidon told me a short time ago that he had been recently reading a manuscript history of the Druse religion, which a native Syrian Protestant clergyman, who has passed his life amongst the Druses, has lately written, and is I believe about to publish; and it at once struck him what a close affinity there was between many points in their faith and in that of the Buddhists of Burmah as described by the Rev. Mr. Judson, the well-known American Baptist missionary, whose name is so well known in India, and who passed so very many years in Pegu and Ava. It is, therefore, quite possible that we may yet discover that in some points of belief and practice there is more resemblance than we now believe to exist between the Druses and other far Eastern Asiatic sects. But a still more extraordinary belief exists amongst the Druses of the mountain, namely, that there are many Akkals of their creed in the hills of Scotland, who, on account of the dominant religion, are obliged to profess Christianity outwardly, but who, amongst themselves, are as pure Druses of the initiated class as any that exist in Lebanon. After learning that I was a Scotchman, Druses have often questioned me as to whether I was aware that members of their creed existed in that country. This tradition seems to have been handed down to the present generation from the days of the Crusaders, and to have got mixed up with the fact that the Templars existed formerly in certain parts of Europe; for certain ceremonies which the Syrian Druses say are practised by their Scottish brethren bear a close resemblance to those of the old Knight-Templar. But it is more likely still—and this is very probably one of the reasons of their supposed affinity with the Chinese—that amongst the Druses, as amongst other semi-civilised nations, certain affiliations and signs of free-masonry have crept in; and they have formed the idea, that wherever traces of the same society exist, the people hold the same religious creed.

After about an hour's repose and smoking, we were rejoined by the ladies of our party, and all prepared to return the visit of Sit Farki, a celebrated old Druse lady residing in the village, who had on our arrival called upon the Europeans of her own sex who had that morning arrived at Bisoor. The Sit—"Sit," in Arabic, means lady, or mistress of a household—Farki is, like our host, of the Talhook family, and is an instance, by no

means uncommon in Lebanon, of the influence which a talented female may obtain, even amongst a population where women are kept in seclusion and treated as inferiors. This lady is a widow of some seventy-five years old, and is possessed of what in the mountains is looked upon as a large landed property, for it gives her an income of five or six hundred pounds sterling a year. Few measures of any importance are decided upon by the Druses without consulting her, and in their religious mysteries she is one of the very highest amongst the initiated. We found her waiting for us in a sort of large kiosk, or summer-house, built on the roof of her own dwelling, the high windows of which afforded a most extensive view of one of the most magnificent valleys in Lebanon. Here were assembled to meet us nearly all the women of the various sheik families in and about the village, some being veiled, whilst a few of the elder ones had their faces almost uncovered, but even the veils allowed the countenances they were supposed to hide to be seen pretty freely. Amongst the younger ladies there were three or four who might be termed good-looking, and one or two decidedly pretty. But like all other women in Syria, they marry and become mothers so early in life, that at two- or three-and-twenty they look past middle age, and at thirty are already old. Like all orientals, the Druse women deem it a great misfortune to have female children and not boys; but a woman who has been married two or three years, and had no children at all, is looked on as something both unfortunate and unclean. "A house without children," says the Arab proverb, "is like a bell without a clapper, and a woman who does not bear is like a tree that gives no fruit, only more useless, for the tree may be burned for firewood."

At the Sit Farki's we had to go through the usual string of Arab compliments, to which was added the inevitable sprinkling of rose-water, the sherbet, the narghilées, the coffee, and last, a refection of fruit, jelly, and sweetmeats. The wonder of the Druse women at the fairness of the ladies and children, their astonishment and questions regarding European dress and customs, and their almost childish delight at what to them were wonderful novelties, all amused us not a little. The Sit herself is a person without any education save a fair knowledge of her own language, the Arabic, but in her conversation and remarks shows considerable common sense and great observation. She expressed the greatest delight at seeing us, and begged us to consider the house our own, to stay the night, to honour her by remaining a week, and so forth. We were, however, not able to prolong our visit, for the sun was drawing fast towards the west, we had an hour's ride before we could reach home, and the roads of Lebanon, difficult enough at all times, are exceedingly dangerous, if not quite impassable after dusk. After many compliments and farewells from the Sit and her friends, we therefore returned to the Sheik Bechir's house, and there, having put the children on their donkeys and mules, helped the ladies on their horses, and mounting ourselves, we started on our return home, highly pleased with our day spent in a

Druse village, and still more so with our hosts, the sheik and his relatives.

Our road home ran along the side of a mountain, and keeping us parallel with a magnificent deep valley, at the bottom of which ran the river Juffa, whilst the numerous villages scattered here and there on the hills, the cattle returning home from pasture, and the many peasants we met on their way home from the fields, gave the whole scene an air of peace and plenty, not often met with in the Turkish empire, and perhaps in no part of it except Mount Lebanon. The wonderful transparency of the atmosphere in this land causes some singular optical illusions. Everything appears much nearer to the beholder than it really is; and it is only after the experience of some months that one becomes sufficiently accustomed to this to estimate objects at their true distance. I was much struck with this, when on our way home from Bisoor to the mountain village in which all our party was residing for the summer, we rounded a hill on the west, and came in view of the Mediterranean, with the plains lying at the foot of Lebanon, the immense olive-grove that skirts the sea, the town and roadstead of Beyrout, with its numerous ships. It appeared almost as if a few bounds down the mountain would place us on the shores of the deep blue sea, whereas we know well that it takes a good horse nearly four hours to get over the intervening ground. It was curious to look down at the steamers now at anchor, and think that by embarking on board of one of them, we could reach Marseilles in six and London in eight days, and be in a very different climate and very different scenes from those which we had that day felt and witnessed amongst the Druses of Mount Lebanon. M. L. MEASON.

LONDON CHANGES.

WHAT changes have taken place in London during the last thirty years, over which considerable period of time, I grieve to say, my rational memory can operate with sufficient precision! In those delightful days when my serious troubles were confined to a stiff contest with the impersonal verbs, or physical discomfort in the early gooseberry season, I remember well that we children were permitted every now and then in the spring and summer time to go down a-Maying to Shepherd's Bush. From the Marble Arch to the Green at Shepherd's Bush—with the exception of a low row of houses near the chapel where the soldiers were buried, and the chapel itself, and another row of houses at Nottinghill, opposite Holland Park—it was all country. There were Nursery Gardens—there were Tea Gardens—there was a little row of cottages just over against the northern end of the Long Walk in Kensington Gardens, and a public-house called the Black or Red Bull; beyond that nothing but fields and rural sights. I do not remember the existence of Tyburn Turnpike—for it was removed in the year 1825, which date is happily beyond my powers of recollection—but thirty-five years ago there it stood. This gate stood originally at St. Giles's Pound. When it was moved to the westward, the road between St. Giles's Pound and Tyburn

Gallows was called Tyburn Road—it is now Oxford Street.

The readers of the "Times" must have seen lately that there has been a somewhat animated discussion as to the exact spot on which the gallows stood. Having no precise knowledge of my own upon the matter, I turn to the excellent work of Mr. Timbs, entitled "The Curiosities of London," and I find therein the following information upon what George Selwyn would have called this interesting point. The gallows, called "Tyburn Tree," was originally a gallows upon three legs. The late Mr. George Robins, who never lost an opportunity of pointing out any remarkable association connected with property which it was his agreeable duty to recommend to the notice of the British public, when dealing with the house No. 49, Connaught Square, affirmed that the gallows stood upon that spot. Mr. Smith, in his History of St. Mary-le-bone (I am still giving the substance of Mr. Timbs's statements), records that this interesting implement had been for years a standing fixture on a little eminence at the corner of the Edgware Road, near the turnpike. Thousands of Londoners still living must remember the turnpike well; but if I understand my author rightly, this was but the second Tyburnian location of the gallows. The subsequent and final arrangement was, that it should consist of two uprights and a cross-beam. It was set up on the morning of execution "opposite the house at the corners of Upper Bryanstone Street and the Edgware Road, wherein the gallows was deposited after having been used; and this house had curious iron balconies to the windows of the first and second floors, where the sheriffs attended the executions." The place of execution was removed to Newgate in 1783. There must be many men still alive who remember the change. It is not so long since Rogers the Poet died, and he was a young man at the date of the opening of the States General, and he used to tell his friends that he was in Paris at the time, and, if I mistake not, went to Versailles to see the solemnities. Surely if this is so, there must be still amongst us some aged people who can recollect the Tyburn executions. John Austin was hung there in 1783, and that is but 77 years ago—a mere flea-bite, as one may say, on the back of Time. The controversy seems to have been the old story of the shield, black on one side and white on the other—only the Tyburn shield has three sides. These three sides are—I crave large latitude of expression—1st, 49, Connaught Square; 2ndly, the corner of Edgware Road by the old turnpike; and, 3rdly, the corner of Upper Bryanstone Street and the Edgware Road. It is possible there is confusion in the first and second suggestions. It was in the second of these localities that the bones of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton were found, having been conveyed there by the piety of the Second Charles and his advisers. On the 30th of January, 1660-1, being the first anniversary of the execution of Charles I. which it was possible to celebrate with any degree of *éclat*, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, of Bradshaw, and of Ireton were disinterred, and actually conveyed in their shrouds

and cere-cloths to Tyburn, and there suspended in the same cheerful costume on Tyburn Gallows, where they hung till sunset. These very dead worthies were then taken down, their heads were struck off, and the bodies buried under the gallows. The heads were set on Westminster Hall. Had I been a Cavalier in those days, how ashamed I should have been of my party! Could they have caught the living Cromwell indeed, and hung him up at Tyburn or elsewhere, there would not have been a word to say against them. One party might use the halter as well as the other the axe; but when the man who had driven them before him like chaff was lying in his quiet grave, to pull him up, and wreak their malice upon the poor remains of him before whom they used to tremble! Fie! Whatever may be said against Oliver Cromwell—at least he was never a resurrection-man. In 1615 Mrs. Turner tripped into the other world at this spot in a yellow starched ruff. One fine morning in the year 1760 Earl Ferrers drove up here in a fine landau drawn by six horses, in his fine wedding clothes, and glided off into eternity in a magnificent way at the tail of a silken rope. In 1724 Jack Sheppard escaped at the same place from this world to the next, and the following year Jonathan Wild the Great also concluded his career at Tyburn. A few more remarkable executions—they are all carefully noted up with particulars in "The Curiosities of London," are—1388, Judge Trevelian for treason; 1449, Perkin Warbeck; 1534, the Holy Maid of Kent; 1628, John Felton, assassin of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; 1726, Catharine Hayes, burned alive for the murder of her husband; 1767, Mrs. Brownrigg, for murder; 1777, Dr. Dodd, for forgery; 1779, Rev. James Hackman, for the murder of Miss Reay. Who talks of

—wanting good company
Upon Tyburn Tree!

—but enough of this.

Where the magnificent squares, crescents, and places of the modern Tyburnia now stand, thirty years ago there were brick-fields, corn-fields, and what not. I can remember very well the time when a commencement of Tyburnia, or North Western London was made. A few rows of houses, isolated from the rest of the world, were run up in a dubious way; and it was supposed that no one would be mad enough to live there. A gentleman with whom we were acquainted was amongst the first to break the ice; and, of course, must have been allowed to enter upon the premises which would now let at a very high rental, for a mere song. He was to be the bait, or call-bird. It seems but yesterday that we drove, a family-party, to dine with the *penitus toto divium*, and how the heaps of mortar and compo were lying about, to be sure, and what scaffoldings were erected in every direction, and how it seemed to be a problem whether we should seek for our dinner in this or that carcass of a house, for a finished "family residence" with oil-cloth in the hall, and blinds to the windows, seemed to be perfectly out of the question. It really appeared as though we had come upon an excursion in search of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. When we bumped up to the place at

last what a magnificent house it was, and when the curtains were drawn how we congratulated our friend, and when we peeped out how we consoled with him! He had indeed chosen the desert for his dwelling-place, and the dog had also contrived to provide himself with one fair spirit for his minister. How would the theory answer in practice? I know how it has answered. The hermit of Tyburnia is surrounded by human habitations in the year of grace 1860; the fair spirit is now enormously stout, and takes her airings in a yellow carriage, with a fat poodle looking out of the window. Her third daughter, Georgiana, three years ago married a young fellow whose regiment was at the Cape; and either at Port Natal, or Cape Town, or in some such outlandish locality she may now be found, having in her turn assisted to replenish the earth, as we were informed by recent advices. By the way, it is a somewhat curious secret which a South Kensington builder imparted to me the other day. In a new neighbourhood, where as yet not a house is let, if you enter yourself on the list of intending tenants the agent will put a few questions to you in a cursory way, of which you may not be able to see the drift. His real object is to ascertain if you are a Paterfamilias, with a beautiful bevy of amiable daughters, in which case you will be allowed to have the house upon easy—almost upon any terms. The calculation is that in order to assist the many despairing young gentlemen who may be going about the world in a state of utter misery for the want of sympathy from gentlest womanhood, the P.F. and his amiable lady will give a series of evening entertainments in the course of which certain consolations may be suggested to the mournful band. "The street" will be well lit up, "the street" will resound with the sweet strains of the *cornet-à-pistons*, "the street" will be full of carriages, not impossibly a wedding will take place in "the street." What think you of this by way of an advertisement for a young and rising neighbourhood? Nieces would not do as well, for even the fondest uncle and aunt would only make spasmodic efforts to help a niece in "getting off;" but in the case of daughters the evening parties assume a chronic form.

This Tyburnia is all new, it is the newest thing in Western London. By the side of it Belgravia is almost an antiquity. Tyburnia, however, has never fairly taken rank amongst the fashionable quarters of London. It is inhabited by enormously wealthy people, the magnates of trade and commerce; by contractors; by professional men who have succeeded in obtaining the golden prizes in their respective callings. But it never has been, and never I think will be, "fashionable," in the same sense as Belgravia, or, of course, that wonderful Quadrilateral which stands between Oxford Street and Piccadilly, Park Lane, and Bond Street. There was a moment when Tyburnia had its chance, and I cannot say that it missed it through any fault of its own. Some evil spirit who wished ill to Tyburnia and the Tyburnians whispered it into the ears of the Prince Consort and his fellow Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851 to make a great National Art Repository at South Kensington. Out of this



suggestion South Kensington has grown. Although the distance from Central London is even greater, it is a curious fact that the "genteel" people, with incomes varying from 500*l.* to 2000*l.* a-year and upwards are flocking to South Kensington as fast as the houses can be run up. You can't exactly say that this is the effect of tradition, for the old court end of the town about which Leigh Hunt used to tell us such pleasant stories, is by no means identical with this modern creation of South Kensington. It can scarcely be regarded as a question of healthier and better air, for there is no healthier quarter of London than Tyburnia; but somehow or other it has missed the perfume of gentility after the school of dowerhood and my Lord's Poor Cousins. Perhaps the millionnaires made too heavy a rush upon the quarter at once, and frightened away the timid kine whose natural pastures were not at the diggings. They could scarcely hope to run their graceful little tea-parties with success against the magnificent banquets of the more opulent *parvenus*, and so adhered for a time to little white genteel streets in Belgravia. From these they have timidly stolen forth, occasion offering, and the family banker being propitious, to little squares and streets Kensington way, where they take nice little houses, which they are not indisposed to let once and again when the season is at its height on one genteel pretext or another; and so they play their part. The end of it, however, is, that although Tyburnia may glisten with gold, it has very little to show in the way of purple, faded or otherwise.

I cannot remember the time when Belgrave Square was not; but those of my contemporaries who have preceded me but a short way on the path of life tell me that they recollect it well when the site was called the "Five Fields." My boyish memory will not carry me back beyond the year 1829 or thereabouts; and I find by reference to the same instructive work of Mr. Timbs which I have before quoted, that Belgrave Square was built by Mr. George Basevi, the architect, and finished in the year 1829. The place before this was a miserable swamp, and I have been told by older men that in their boyhood they have shot snipe in the Five Fields; others have informed me that they used to go botanising there for curious plants. Mr. Thomas Cubitt, the great builder and contractor, may be said to have invented Belgravia. He dug into the swamp, and found that it consisted of a shallow stratum of clay, and that below this there was good gravel. "The clay he removed and burned into bricks; and by building upon the substratum of gravel, he converted this spot from one of the most unhealthy to one of the most healthy, to the immense advantage of the ground landlord and the whole metropolis." I think Mr. Basevi and Mr. Cubitt must have understood the mystery of lord-and-lady catching better than their brethren of Tyburnia. They seem to have built a great square first, and to have filled it with grandees; and from this they built away other smaller squares, and streets of all dimensions, which were gradually taken up by people of the same class, and afterwards by their imitators and admirers, who loved to dwell in the odour of

perfect gentility. The plan pursued by Mr. Cubitt was certainly an inspiration of genius, for before his time all builders who looked at the place gave a glance at the surface-water, and turned aside in despair. There was another consideration which might perhaps have prevented tenants from flocking to this quarter, and that is the extreme lowness of the situation. I do not pretend to give exact figures, but I can scarcely be wrong when I say that the Belgravian district is a hundred feet lower than the higher and more northerly districts of London. Healthy the district most certainly is, as I can testify myself from having resided many years within its limits. It was a very common thing on returning home at night by Piccadilly in the season of fogs to see the fog lying heavily on that famous thoroughfare; but when you turned down upon Belgravia all was clear. Chelsea, which lies even lower, has always been reputed a healthy suburb. In the last century it was the residence of Doctors Arbuthnot, Sloane, Mead, and Cadogan; and I suppose the physicians knew where to find the best air.

Endless have been the changes in this Belgravian district. The Orange Garden in bygone days stood upon the site of the present St. Barnabas' Church. Indeed in the old, old times, Pimlico was essentially the district of public gardens. It is notorious that the Queen's Palace of Buckingham House stands on the site of the old Mulberry Gardens, so famous amongst our dramatic writers. Precisely one hundred years ago—that is, in the year 1760—there was nothing between Buckingham House and the river, looking either south or west, but a few sparse cottages and the Stag Brewery. What is there now? The name of Pimlico has often puzzled me, and if any one can throw any additional light upon the subject I shall be glad. All I can do for the information of others who may have taken this momentous point into consideration, is to copy for their benefit the following brief suggestions from "Notes and Queries." "Pimlico is the name of a place near Clitheroe, in Lancashire. Lord Orrery (in his Letters) mentions Pamlico, Dublin; and Pimlico is the name of a bird of Barbadoes, 'which pre-*esageth storms*.'" The district and its vicinage in some measure keep up the old reputation as the quarter for public gardens, inasmuch as just above Battersea Bridge are Cremorne Gardens. Cremorne House was formerly the residence of a Lord Cremorne; a title which still exists. The family name is Dawson of Dartrey, Rockcorry, Ireland. The river frontage of Chelsea seems to me less changed than most things in London since I was a boy. It seems to me that I remember Cheyne Walk as long as I remember anything, with Don Saltero's Tavern, made so famous by Steele, and subsequently by Benjamin Franklin. If Kensington is called the Court end, Chelsea might fairly be called the literary end of the town, for here in former days lived Steele, Addison, John Locke, Lord Shaftesbury, Smollett, and Swift. Sir Robert Walpole, too, had a house here. As a question of age I ought easily to remember the Chelsea Bun House, but I do not. It was only pulled down in 1839 or 1840, an affair of yester-

day, so that this famous bun factory ought to stand fresh in the recollection of all Londoners who are more than thirty years of age. I find it recorded, that the bun trade began to decline when there was an end of Ranelagh. Now Ranelagh came to an end contemporaneously with the pseudo Peace rejoicings at the beginning of this century. The Peace fête was the last of its glories—that was in 1803. It had a run of about sixty years, having been opened in the year 1742. As some persons may be curious to know its exact site, I may mention that it was situated just to the east of Chelsea Hospital, and part of the ground is now included in the old men's garden of that institution. The old veterans of the Hospital are again amongst the few unchanged features in London life. Just what I remember them when I was a little boy, just the same were the gnarled old relics of the wars whom I saw lounging and sauntering about in front of the Hospital the other day. Whatever may be the subjects to which we are indifferent, most people—or they must be very miserable dogs indeed—care about the duration of human life. Now if the records of Chelsea Hospital are true, here the true temple of longevity is to be found. What think you of the following dates, which Mr. Timbs obtained from careful inspection of the Hospital burial-ground:—

Thomas Asbey . . .	died 1737	aged 112
Captain Laurence . . .	" 1765	" 95
Robert Cumming . . .	" 1767	" 116
Peter Dawling . . .	" 1768	" 102
A Soldier who fought at the Battle of the Boyne }	" 1772	" 111
Peter Brent, of Tinmouth .	" 1773	" 107

The ages of the pensioners seem to vary from sixty to ninety, and in 1850 there were said to be two old fellows in the Hospital who had attained the age of 104. I wonder what kind of certificates of birth these aged pensioners could have produced, for from the ages which they claim, their reckonings must have run from periods when it was exceedingly difficult to arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to the date of birth. When we remember further that the claimants were for the most part taken from the very humblest classes of society, amongst whom you could scarcely derive assistance from family Bibles, and similar records, the difficulty becomes enormously increased. Be this, however, as it may, Chelsea Hospital and the old pensioners are amongst the unchanged things of London.

The suburb of Kensington Proper seems to have varied less than most of the others of which I have made passing mention. Some rows of modern houses have indeed grown up about Camden Hill; but the High Street, and the square, and the turning up by the old church are pretty much about what I remember them thirty years ago. To be sure, in the road from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Church there is a notable change. That little low row of houses close to Saint George's Hospital, and in one of which lived and died Liston the comedian, is indeed one of the monuments of London as it was thirty years ago; but we knew nothing of

palatial residences and Gibraltar Houses, and Princes Gates. I cannot say I recall to mind the exact aspect of the place. There were nursery gardens, and a large mansion or two, Gore House being one of them of course, and there was a little row of houses just before you came to the turning known in these, our later days, as Hyde Park Gate South; but there was no approach to continuity as at present, even in the year 1830. It is said that within the memory of man a bell used to be rung at Kensington to call the people together who intended returning to town, so that they might travel together, and afford each other mutual aid and protection against the highwaymen. Only conceive Claude Duval, or Sixteen String Jack, operating in front of Sir C. Crosswell's house, or Stratheden House, at the present day! The story of Gore House is one of the most melancholy memorabilia of this district, on account of poor Lady Blessington and her ruin. I had considerable respect for Alexis Soyer, but living, as I did, close to the spot at the time, I was not altogether displeased to see that the scheme for turning the place into a kind of Suburban Restaurant did not succeed, and that the more, as the speculation was said to be mainly the concern of some Liverpool Jews, of whom Soyer was only the paid agent. A good deal of old Kensington and Chelsea remain what they were, not much of Brompton; but if my life is extended to something like the length of the usual human tether, I shall have lived through the inception and growth of Tyburnia, Belgravia, and South Kensington. In point of fact London—the London in which people live—will almost have changed its site in my time. The districts in which the fewest changes have occurred are May Fair, Marylebone, and Bloomsbury. The City has been all pulled to pieces. A steady old merchant who had been in the habit of making his appearance on 'Change some forty years ago would be not a little surprised with new London Bridge, and King William Street, and the new Exchange, and the new Fish Market, and new Cannon Street, and the removal of the market from the middle of Farringdon Street opposite the Debtors' Prison, and more recently of that abominable old nuisance, Smithfield Cattle Market. I remember old London Bridge very well, and the fall of the water at particular periods of the tide; but all that has been changed in a very effectual way. In Bloomsbury we have the new front of the British Museum, and a parcel of bran-new squares, such as Gordon Square, &c. As I could not call to mind what had stood in the place of University College, Upper Gower Street, I referred to the books, and find that the first stone was laid by the Duke of Sussex in the year 1827, and the building was opened in 1828—consequently I know not what were the antecedents of its site. The Regent's Park, I think, remains much what it was—a few rows of terraces may have been added, but the recollection of most of my contemporaries will, I suppose, agree with my own, that even in those days the Regent's Park was the place to which we were driven by our cruel parents before breakfast for the benefit of our constitutions, and to the grievous annoyance

of our tempers. Even now at the distance of thirty years, and though I freely admit that certain visits to the Zoological Gardens, and certain interviews with the bears have not been altogether without a soothing and balsamic effect upon my spirits, I never can feel quite comfortable in the "outer circle." How I used to rejoice when those houses surmounted by the plum-puddings with spikes came in sight, because then I felt secure that the weary matutinal pilgrimage was nearly at an end. The improvement of St. James's Gardens and the most judicious closing-up of the unwholesome tank at the top of the Green Park are quite of modern date.

Many of the places of suburban resort round London are very little changed. It is wonderful, for example, how lightly Time has laid his finger upon Hampstead. Of course there have been great changes in the Hampstead Road, and that pleasant back way by Primrose Hill, and through the fields pied with daisies and buttercups, has been so be-bricked and be-mortared as to be scarcely recognisable. The other day, however,—it was on a Sunday—I wandered up to Hampstead; and really, except that the distant ground to the eastward is more thickly built over than of old, there is marvellously little of change about the old place. There is Jack Straw's Castle, and that melancholy-looking house which forms the end of the wedge which separates the Highgate from the Hendon Roads just looking as melancholy as ever. There, too, are the donkeys standing by the little pond, who must be the grand-donkeylings, or great-grand-donkeylings, of the very animals I used to bestride in my own school-boy days. Yes! here comes a party—by George, we must be in the year 1832!—two, sort of half-housemaid, half-young-milliner-looking girls are skurrying on, with a youngster, who may rise to be a costermonger, behind them, urging the poor brutes on by severe flagellation. Then there is a showily-dressed young "gent" who is with them, and who no doubt would be happy to charm their hearts by a display of noble donkeymanship. The donkey-boy, however, is so sedulously intent upon the animals on which the young ladies are seated that he does not notice that the young gent has fallen astern; and there he is in the swampy ground, with evident symptoms of intentions on the part of the poor outraged brute to put his head between his knees, and toss his inexperienced rider into the muck. I hope he may. Now the donkey-boy goes to the young man's rescue; and as I pass the ladies on my way to the pine-tree group, I hear one of these fair beings say to the other, "Heliza Jane, can't you lend us an 'air-pin?" the intention of the young lady obviously being to use the implement in question as vicarious of the spur. To be sure, it is aggravating when you are boiling with the fury of the race, to find the noble animal which should carry you on to victory, or at least to a noble struggle, standing stock-still, and positively declining to proceed one step further. I hope this little fellow in knickerbockers, and his knick little sister, who are dashing past the very spot where John Sadleir was found one foggy morning with the cream-jug in his hand, will have better luck. Her little hat

falls off; but not for that will she stop. The donkey-boy no doubt will see to that; but she won't be behind in the race for a hundred hats. They have evidently chosen, or rather there have been selected for them two prime donkeys—I dare say the best to be found amongst that kind of donkey-Tattersall's, which is held under the trees by the pond where Irving used to preach when his wits were gone.

I wish I had space to talk of the humours of the tea-gardens, more especially at the Bull and Bush, which is about three-quarters of a mile beyond Hampstead in the hollow. What fun it is to sit out in the arbours and have tea amongst the spiders' webs, and how much better the cream and butter are there than they are anywhere else. How Mary Jane and her young man make off to the pine-trees, and love to sit there in heathery dalliance. I wonder what they're saying. It is something not altogether displeasing to the young lady, that is clear; but, I dare say, twenty years hence, if they thrive in business, and the young man is "steady," and Mary Jane "makes him a good wife," they will wander up to the pine-knoll, and enjoy the thought of this distant sunny afternoon, in the year 1860, very much indeed,—“Twenty years ago now, only think, Mary Jane!” That will be a great deal better than to be compelled by hard fate to give utterance to the same lofty sentiment in the year 1860,—the sentiment referring back to, or involving in its scope, A.D. 1840. That's where the shoe pinches. It is well with you, Mary Jane!

I have talked a good deal about places, and the mere brick and mortar features of the town, but what a change there is in the London streets in other respects within the last thirty years. I fancy I remember the first omnibus—if it was not the first, it was amongst the first. My recollection is of a great blue-bottle Shillibeer, which, on one particular day—I forget in what year—made its appearance in the New Road, to the grievous astonishment of the lieges. Just about the same time there was a steam-carriage which tried its fortune for a short time—if I remember right—in the same locality, and set all the horses capering and prancing. No wonder; that was opposition with a vengeance. It was some time, I think, before the omnibus system was developed to any great extent. These long machines used to go pounding up and down the New Road, plying between Maida Hill and the Bank for the accommodation of the City people, long before they were tried upon the other thoroughfares. However, when the system was fairly adopted it grew with a witness, until now the principal streets of London are so crowded with them that you can scarcely get to a railway-station in time, save you allow yourself an hour to spare for stoppages caused by omnibuses on the road. I am sorry to say I can remember the old Hackney coaches, and Jarvey with his gin-sodden eyes, and his multitude of capes, and the mouldy straw, and the ever-clinking steps. The shape of the cabs, too, has undergone strange permutations. At one time the driver sat before you on a little seat upon the flap or wooden apron; then he was stuck on to the side; then he was perched on to

the roof; then a vehicle was tried in which two passengers could sit face to face, but sideways as regarded the horse, as people sit in omnibuses. The Hansom cab is the last expression of civilisation.

It may be observed that I have said very little of London on the Surrey side, and the omission proceeds from the very simple reason that I know little or nothing about it. One cannot however drive to the Derby, or to Dulwich, or to the Crystal Palace, or down to Greenwich, without seeing that the town has increased in this direction quite as much as in others. The whole aspect, too, of the river is changed: where there used to be watermen and their wherries, we now have penny and half-penny steamers. Perhaps the greatest change of all has occurred in the numbers of the population. To put this fact in a more striking point of view let us go considerably further back than thirty years ago. Three hundred years ago, in 1560, London contained 145,000 inhabitants. In 1800, the population had reached the figure of 850,000. For the present century the results are as follows:—

1801	955,863
1811	1,050,000
1821	1,274,800
1831	1,471,941
1841	1,873,676
1851	2,361,640

What change shall we find in 1861—next year—when the census is taken? Cæsar never thought it worth his while to make mention of so paltry a place as it was in his day, although he entered the Thames. Compare Rome and London in 1860. A few changes have occurred.

GAMMA.

THE SUCTION POST.

ONE great invention draws others in its train. The locomotive necessitated the telegraph, and with the telegraph we have grown dissatisfied with our whole postal system. We can converse with each other at opposite ends of the kingdom, yet a letter will sometimes take half a day journeying from one extremity of the metropolis to the other. Our great nerves and arteries (the telegraphic and railway systems) put the four corners of the earth in speedy communication with each other, considering the hundreds of millions of square miles they serve; but the central heart, London, is a blank in the general system, and the utmost speed with which its distances can be travelled is measured by the pace of a Hansom cab. Three millions of people are naturally dissatisfied with this state of things, and busy brains are hard at work attempting to remedy it. At the present moment, in fact, there is a race to lay down a metropolitan nervous system. If the reader happens to go into the City, he sees above the house-tops and across the river science weaving a vast spider's web from point to point. The sky is gradually becoming laced with telegraphic wires, along which messages of love, of greed, of commerce, speed unseen. These wires belong to the District Telegraphic Company, and

perform the office of putting public offices in communication with each other, of supplying the nervous system between the Docks and the Exchange, carrying the news of the moment and the price of stocks from the counting-house of the merchant to his snuggerly far down in the country, hard beside some railway. But the spider's web is also extending beneath our feet; if we take up the flags, there too we find the fine filaments traversing in their iron sheaths, linking railway station to railway station, and speeding the message under the feet of millions from one telegraphic line to another. With all these facilities for forwarding urgent messages between given points, however, the town still wants some rapid augmentation of its ordinary carrying system. We are going to shoot passengers from point to point by means of a subterraneous railway. Shall letters and parcels still toilfully pursue their way, urged by sorry screws and weary postmen? Or shall we not harness another power of Nature to relieve our toil?

When a loungee on a very hot day sits down under an awning, and goes to work upon his sherry-cobler, he notes with satisfaction how immediately and how smoothly the liquor glides up the straw upon the application of his lips to it. But the odds are that he never associated with this movement the Post Office or the London Parcels Delivery Company in any manner whatever. Yet, if we are not greatly mistaken, the power at work in that straw is destined to revolutionise the machinery of those very important metropolitan associations. There are some people perverse enough to turn the dislikes of others to their own special profit. Now a company has been formed, and is in actual working, to take advantage of a special dislike of Nature. We all know that our great mother abhors a vacuum; but the Pneumatic Despatch Company, on the contrary, very much admires it, inasmuch as they see in it their way to a vast public benefit and profit to themselves.

For some years the International Telegraph Company have employed this new power to expedite their own business. Thus their chief office at Lothbury has been for some time put in communication with the Stock Exchange and their stations at Cornhill and Mincing Lane, and written messages are sucked through tubes, thus avoiding the necessity of repeating each message. We witnessed the apparatus doing its ordinary work only the other day in the large telegraphic apartment of the company in Telegraph Street, Moorgate Street. Five metal tubes, of from two to three inches in diameter, are seen trained against the wall, and coming to an abrupt termination opposite the seat of the attendant who ministers to them. In connection with their butt-ends other smaller pipes are soldered on at right angles; these lead down to an air-pump below, worked by a small steam-engine. There is another air-pump and engine of course at the other end of the pipe, and thus suction is established to and fro through its whole length. Whilst we are looking at the largest pipe we hear a whistle; this is to give notice that a despatch is about to be put into the tube at Mincing Lane, two-thirds

of a mile distant. It will be necessary therefore to exhaust the air between the end we are watching and that point. A little trap-door—the mouth of the apparatus—is instantly shut, a cock is turned, the air-pump below begins to suck, and in a few seconds you hear a soft thud against the end of the tube—the little door is opened, and a cylinder of gutta-percha, encased in flannel, about four inches long, which fits the tube, but loosely, is immediately ejected upon the counter; the cylinder is opened at one end, and there we find the despatch.

Now it is quite clear that it is only necessary to enlarge the tubes and to employ more powerful engines and air-pumps in order to convey a thousand letters and despatches, book parcels, &c., in the same manner. And this the company are forthwith about to do. They propose in their prospectus to unite all the district post-offices in the metropolis with the central office in Saint Martin's-le-Grand. We particularly beg the attention of the indignant suburban gentleman who is always writing to the "Times" respecting the delays which take place in the delivery of district letters, to this scheme. At present a letter is longer going from one of the outer circles of the post-office delivery to one of the inner ones, than from London to Brighton; but with the working of the Pneumatic Despatch Company a totally different state of things will obtain. An obvious reason of the present delay is the crowded state of the London thoroughfares, which obstructs the mail carts in their passage to the central office, or from district to district; another reason is that, from the very nature of things, letters are by the present system only despatched at intervals of two or three hours. But when we have *Æolus* to do our work, the letters will flow towards head-quarters for sorting and further distribution incessantly. Indeed, the different tubes will practically bring the ten district post-offices of London under one roof.

At the present moment the contract rate at which the mail-carts go is eight miles per hour. The Pneumatic Company can convey messages at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and this speed can be doubled if necessary. The same system will be ultimately adopted for bringing the mail-bags to and from the railway-stations, and instead of seeing the red mail-carts career through the streets, we shall know that all our love-letters, lawyers' letters, and despatches of importance, are flying beneath our feet as smoothly and imperceptibly as the fluid flows outwards and inwards from that great pumping machine—the human heart. The spider's web that is being hung over our head has indeed a formidable rival in this web of air-tubes under ground, inasmuch as by the latter we can send our thoughts *at length*, and with perfect *secrecy*, and quite as quickly for all practicable purposes, as by the telegraph. The Post-Office authorities, if they adopt the scheme, of which we have no doubt, will be able to forward letters with a very great increase of despatch at a much smaller cost to itself than even at present. A pipe between the Charing Cross post-office and Saint Martin's-le-Grand is about to be laid, so that the public service will very speedily test

its capabilities, if further testing indeed be needed.

If we can suck letters in this manner between point and point of the City, it will naturally be asked, why not lay down pipes along the railroads, and convey your mails by pneumatic power? But it must be remembered that the exhaustive process cannot be put in operation for any long distance without great loss of power, and that it would be difficult to send letters great distances, even with relays of air-pumps, much faster than by ordinary mail-trains. However it is impossible to say what may not be eventually done in this direction, but we are certain, from actual experiment carried on for years, that the system is perfectly adapted for this vast metropolis, as regards the postal service, and there is as little doubt that it is quite capable of taking upon itself a parcel-delivery service,—indeed, the size of the articles to be conveyed is only limited by the power of the pumping-engine, and the size of the conducting-tube.

The company are now about to lay down a pipe between the Docks and the Exchange, for the conveyance of samples of merchandise, thus practically bringing the Isle of Dogs into Cornhill; and for all we know this invention may hereafter be destined to relieve the gorged streets of the metropolis of some of its heavy traffic.

The projector of the railway system could scarcely have foreseen the extent to which the locomotive would supersede other means of progression, and the principle of suction certainly starts on its career with as much certainty of succeeding as did that scheme. Some time towards the end of the century we may perchance hear the householder giving directions to have his furniture sucked up to Highgate—for hills form but little impediment to the new system of traction, or the coal merchant ordering a waggon load of coals to be shot into the pipe for delivery a dozen miles distance. And this new power, like the trunk of the elephant, is capable of being employed on the most trivial as well as upon the weightiest matters.

At the station of the International Telegraph Company, in Telegraph Street, it acts the part of messenger between the different parts of the establishment. The pipes wind about from room to room, sufficient curve being maintained in them for the passage of the little travelling cylinder which contains the message, and small packages and written communications traverse almost as quickly in all directions as does the human voice in the gutta-percha tubing, to which in fact it is the appropriate addendum.

In all large establishments, such as hotels and public offices, the application of the invention will be invaluable; and, from its fetching and carrying capabilities, it may well be nick-named the tubular "Page."

That we have been recording the birth of an invention destined to play a great part in the world, we have, as guarantees, the names of the well-known engineers, Messrs. Rammell and Latimer Clarke, and among the directors that of Mr.

W. H. Smith, whose establishment in the Strand supplements the Post Office in the distribution of newspapers throughout the country. In making our lowest bow to this new slave of the lamp

that has been enlisted in our service, we may observe that, unlike steam, it cannot at any time become our master, or bring disaster where it was only intended to serve.
A. W.

THE PILLION.
(Concluded from page 108.)



LIKE all other partnerships, though in a greater degree than most, the pleasure of riding double was dependent upon being suitably matched. Nothing, for instance, could look more incongruous than a large woman seated on a pillion behind a little man, especially as the thick cushion, provided for her use, was always much higher than the saddle before it. A boy was sometimes sent to escort a portly matron in this way, of which a curious instance occurred under the observation of a friend of mine. She had been struck with the length of time that a horse remained at a gate upon the road near her residence, and looking out more intently to ascertain the cause, she perceived a large female-figure seated on a pillion behind ; but, to all appearance, a vacant saddle in front. On further investigation, however, she discovered that an extremely little boy was stretching himself downwards to open the gate, but in vain, the horse being an animal of more than usual height. The majestic dame, however, was not one to be baffled by a difficulty of this kind ; so, reaching out her powerful arm, she held the little boy by one leg while he unfastened the gate, thus securing his safe reinstatement in the saddle.

Scenes of a similar kind to this were by no means unfrequent at that time of the year, when servants in the North and East Riding of Yorkshire changed their places. It was a custom of old standing in the agricultural parts of that county, for all servants to enjoy one week of entire liberty, to return to their homes, visit their friends, or do what they liked ; so that, whether

they went to new situations or not, they all left the old one to take care of itself, during the whole week at Martinmas. In addition to this, the women all expected to be fetched to their places—boxes, bundles, and all—holding out under all circumstances against walking, or going by themselves without conveyance or escort. Thus, where the women servants were numerous, and the places wide apart, the riding about with pillions created quite a stir in the country ; and the arrival of each with her bundle on her lap—or perhaps her handbox there, and the bundle on the arm of the man or boy—was a very dignified, as well as interesting occasion.

I remember a circumstance connected with this mode of transit for female servants, which exceeded most things I ever met with for coolness, or, if one might choose to call it so, for *heroism* ; and indeed, there can be little doubt but that the word *heroism* has often been used with no more legitimate application, for how much of what people call *daring* is, in reality, like that which I am about to describe—nothing but ignorance ?

I was staying at the country residence of a family, the two oldest sons of which were amongst the first to make that melancholy experiment of a settlement on Swan River. Emigration, especially to Australia, was a very different affair at that time from what it is now. The two sons were taking out with them a number of workmen, each to be mated with a wife, or if not married, the men and women were to be equal in number; and by way of preparation for at least two years' payment of these people in clothing instead of money, an immense assortment of goods had been made ready, besides a wood house in compartments, to be fitted up on their arrival.

It would be impossible to describe the interest at that time attaching to such transactions, all

going on within and around a spacious country mansion, to which almost everything was brought before the final departure of the little company. Amongst other provisions were a number of fighting dogs, intended as a defence against the wild dogs of the country, and specimens of this tribe of animal were brought every day to have their warlike capabilities tested in single combat with other dogs; so that the sounds, as well as the sights, by which we were surrounded, were both animated and extraordinary.

All went on, however, steadily and successfully, with only one exception. The case of one female of the party seemed doubtful. I forget whether it was that one of the men did not feel secure in his matrimonial speculations; but so it was, that



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failing this one woman, another must be found. My friend, the sister of the emigrants, was never at a loss. Devoted to the interests of her brothers, she did not fail them here; but spoke confidentially to a robust young kitchen-maid in the house, whose characteristic reply was, that she "*didn't mind*." She was therefore kept in reserve to supply the deficiency, as the case might turn out; and in the meantime, she milked her cows, washed her dishes, and went about her work in every respect exactly the same as usual. The place from which the party were to sail was distant about twenty miles; and, as the time drew near, and all things were got into a state of readiness, the probability of this girl being wanted died away.

I shall never forget the morning of the great departure, for such things were great in those days, nor how my friend and I stood at the dining-room windows, looking out over the then silent fields, wondering and prognosticating what would be the probable future of the party, though scarcely apprehending anything so disastrous as the reality which ensued. Indeed, there was a

good deal of hope mingled with our speculations; only that the vast amount of bustle, and life, and interest about the place suddenly ceasing, had left us rather flat.

We had risen early, and had a long morning for our cogitations. We knew the vessel was to sail that afternoon. Silent as everything was around us, we were constantly looking out from the windows, when, a little before twelve o'clock, we espied a man on a great horse, tearing the ground at full gallop, with an empty pillion behind him. He had come at that speed to fetch the kitchen-maid to go out to Australia. The other woman had failed them; and he must be back, over his twenty miles ride, as fast as the horse could carry them both. And what did the kitchen-maid do? She neither screamed, nor shed a tear; but washed her hands, and packed up her things in a bandbox and bundle, and was off in half an hour on the pillion behind the man at full gallop. If this was not behaving like a heroine, I should be glad to know what is.

In connection with the same friend of my early years—a sort of Diana Vernon in her way—there

comes vividly back to my recollection a scene which I have heard her describe, of a very different character from the last, though still connected with the pillion. This lady and three or four of her companions dared, or were dared by their gentlemen friends, to go out coursing with them on pillions. I think there were five or six couples in the field. All of course went well enough until the hare was started. The horses were of high mettle, and then away they went. The ladies kept their seats until a ploughed field had to be crossed, when the horses with their double load plunged so violently, that they all flew off in different directions, not one remaining to risk the experiment of the leap over the surrounding fence.

But if the female partnership in the double-riding was of a somewhat subservient and dependent nature, there were cases—and my father used to tell of one—in which the man had undoubtedly the worst of it. To this man, at least, it was so, though many might have considered his situation less disagreeable than he did. On this occasion a lady of great dignity and importance had to be conducted, in the usual way, along with other members of the family with whom she was visiting; and, as there must always have been considerable difficulty in portioning out the different couples in the outset, it so chanced that an unusually bashful young man was appointed to be her conductor. To a man of this description it must have been rather a delicate affair to find himself completely fixed into a place so *very* close to any woman; but, in this instance, he was especially covered with confusion. Once in the saddle, however, and his back to the lady, the worst would be over, and his blushes, because unseen, would naturally cease. Whether from embarrassment attendant upon his circumstances, or from some other cause, this ill-assorted couple had not proceeded far before the young man dropped his whip. He had to dismount to pick it up, and being, most probably, not a very experienced rider, in mounting again he committed the oversight of turning himself the wrong way, and put his foot in the stirrup so that his seat in the saddle was exactly reversed—his back being to the head of the horse, and his face almost in direct collision with that of the lady.

Upon the whole, however, with the exception of a few rare instances, this mode of travelling was most sedate and dignified. It was by no means confined to the ruder portions of society—many a lady of wealth and influence being conducted in this manner by her footman, when making her formal calls. Many pleasant parties, too, were made up by such couples, and long journeys, as far as from York to London, were performed by slow stages in this manner. A little farther back, we see even the fair young bride conveyed to her new home on a pillion behind her happy husband, with her wedding garments still upon her.

I have often listened with peculiar interest to the descriptions which I persuaded a very handsome old lady to give me of the style in which she rode to her husband's home, on a pillion behind him, on her wedding-day. She said her

hat was of white satin, tied with a broad white ribbon. I forget what was the kind of gown she wore, but I know there was spread over it in front a wide, clear, India muslin apron; that over her shoulders was drawn a delicate silk shawl, neatly pinned down at the waist; while on her arms she had long silk mittens, which just left uncovered a bit of the fine round arm near the elbow. The gentleman was a physician of talent and property, so that it was from no degrading necessity that they travelled in this style; and if the wonderfully handsome countenance of a woman of eighty may be interpreted as a record of her youthful beauty, he must, in that journey, have turned his back upon a picture as attractive as ever charmed a lover's fancy.

S. S.

THE OLD PLAYER'S STORY.

(A PLEA FOR THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.)

I MUST confess to a curiosity about poor people. Their ways, manners, habits, modes of existence and thought, have for me a charm that I do not find in the lives of their richer fellows. Their struggles against hunger and poverty, more enduring—sometimes more noble—than those of heroes on the battle-field, are to me as interesting a portion of human experience as the world presents.

It is no wonder, then, that I find myself in strange places sometimes. Now in a dirty cottage, now in a cellar still dirtier, now in a workshop, now in a garret. I find it interesting; I like to see these bees building up their little cells, living their little lives, and sinking little by little under the weight of a heavy burden.

Feeling this, I embraced with all eagerness the offer of an intelligent master of a workhouse to visit the establishment under his charge. He received me at the door, and led me through the various rooms. The occupants were nearly all old men, a few—very few—were younger and sickly-looking, all dressed alike in the grey suit, and looking all alike, in a sullen and hopeless expression that is very saddening to see on human faces. Of course I asked questions by the score, and was answered. Few of them liked to discuss the cause of their ending their days in that place. Some few said it was misfortune; some said—poor old fellows—that their children had died; some did not know exactly what it was had brought them there. They had very little bread where they were, they said; and the master smiled.

"You've enough to eat, Brown?"

"Yes. I don't starve, but somehow I never feel full, always waiting for next meal; 'taint pleasant sort of feeling that; still I can't help it, I am here, and shall be till I go."

The last word was half regretful, half expectant in its tone.

"Haven't a bit of 'bacca with you, sir? I miss that as much as anything."

I gave old Brown an Havannah, and left him happy; it is astonishing how little is required to make an old man of seventy in a workhouse, happy.

"He is a fair sample of your birds, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, about the average, perhaps a little better than the general run. I've rather a curious specimen of the pauper human here somewhere. I like the old fellow, his is a sad case. Where's Gowling?"

"He is in the garden, sir," said one. "Ye can just see him out of the window here, sir, sitting under the lime tree, there, sir;" and a finger a little, just a little dirty, was stretched out to indicate the place of Gowling.

I of course looked, and saw a man I should have judged to be about sixty-five sitting under the tree. He was a good deal bent, and seemed lost in thought from the wrinkles on his face, or it might have been the vacant smile I had seen on other faces, though I could hardly tell what it was at that distance.

On my going up to him, the old man rose, and took off his cap with a grace and ease of manner, and withal a certain dignity, that made me instantly raise my hat in that graceful fashion peculiar to the natives of this polite little island.

"Would you like to sit down, sir?" said he; and he looked at me.

"Thank you," I stammered, and sat down. I had not recovered from my astonishment—the pauper, with his cap that never could have cost sixpence, exhibiting with it the manners and ease of a gentleman. I was astonished, and sat silent.

"You've been through the house?"

"O yes—I went through this afternoon."

"Curious place. Curious people in it."

"Yes; but they are all much alike in the main features, dress of course—but manner, expression of face. Most of them are from the same class, 'the labouring poor,' as one of our poets has emphatically called them. You find them not very congenial companions?"

"Not very. They are kind, or mean to be; and would be respectful, if there were not adverse influences to the existence of such a feeling. The chaplain is rather against me."

"You smoke, Mr. Gowling?"

"I do, when I can," and the old man laughed—a laugh that was at once bitter and pitiful.

I offered him my cigar-case. He made his selection, and struck a light with the fusee. I lit my own with one, and was enjoying the first few whiffs, when I presently noticed my companion's cigar had no light—it had gone out. I looked in the fusee-box—it was empty.

"O, never mind. I'll keep it till another time."

I handed him mine.

"No, sir—it's no use to me. My lungs are not what they used to be, and I can't light it unless you draw at the same time. I can light it then."

I drew my breath till the end of my cigar was almost a flame, and then the old man, with his feeble breath, kindled his own. I noticed him more, as our faces were close together. His brow, rather high and rounded, was crossed in every direction by wrinkles; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows almost gone; while the cheeks more resembled parchment than aught else. The face close shaven, and a few locks of thin grey hair just showed under the cap.

"Well," said he, after some few puffs at his cigar, "what do you think of me?"

I was blushing again. I really thought he had been too much occupied with his cigar to observe how much I noticed him.

"I scarcely know. It is so unusual to find one having your education in such a place as this, that I am sure I hardly know what to think of your being here."

"You talk of my education. What do you suppose I am?"

"I was going to say an actor, but that—"

"You're right; I am an actor. I am," he sighed, "no—I was."

"You really interest me very much. I should be glad, very glad—should take it as a favour, if you would tell me the—the—indeed, the story of your life. I am very much interested."

"My dear sir—"

Now I did feel that it was not usual for men in the dress of paupers to address the friends of the master as "my dear sir."

"My dear sir, I shall be very happy if I can amuse you for a little while—I fear it's no use beginning before tea. I expect the bell to ring directly. Ah, there it is. Will you come in and see the carnivora fed, as they used to say when I was young?"

I went in with him, arm in arm—how the paupers did stare to see the old fellow hanging on my arm!—and then I saw them sitting down at a long table—the little wedge of bread and the smaller one of cheese were eaten carefully to spread out the flavour over a longer time. I noticed my companion had a cup of tea brought him, which was a favour accorded to but few: half an hour and it was over, and we came out again into the garden and sat down once more. He seemed revived.

"I like my tea. You see we are not allowed many stimulants here, and I only get this every day by the order of the doctor, a young fellow I used to know many years ago. I was playing Othello at the time in Bradford, and an accident having happened to one of the shifters, he was called in. He set his leg—it was broken—and helped him with money afterwards, I know, and I took a liking to him. He was just beginning to practise then, and thought it a fine thing to know an actor. He orders me tea now," and the old man was silent.

"Try another cigar, Mr. Gowling, and you'll be better," and he did. It really was a pleasure to see him slowly and weakly draw in the smoke, and then as slowly and weakly let it curl out of his scarcely opened lips with an air of regret at its departure. He smoked on in silence for some time, and I let him without interruption.

"I said I would tell you my story. Well, to begin. I was born in this town of Burnton something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and sent me to the best school he could afford till I was a little over thirteen. He was rather proud of me, poor old father. I used to recite on the public days in the school, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was not a little obscure even to me; what it must have been to my hearers I don't know. My father took me away from school to the shop. He was a tailor, I don't think any

boy with a grain of life in him would choose to be a tailor as a matter of taste. As for me, it worried me to death to sit hour after hour, stitch, stitch, stitch, and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did my share of work in return for the amusement it afforded them. At the age of fifteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and found the bustle of preparation much more pleasant than the dull shop-work. They went off well, and when next the players came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, for I was fit for nothing. Of course I was too big for a page, and too little for a man-at-arms, too young for a first, second, or even third lover, and too old for any accidental boy parts. I was disappointed, but I soon had to leave the then detested shop. My father was rather of a serious turn. He heard of my going to the manager, and looked me up, then about sixteen, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too bad, so I took French leave, and when the bread and water came one morning, there was no one to eat it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of socks and a clean shirt wrapt up in a handkerchief about 'to face the world,' and 'try to wring the hard held honours from stern fortune's hand.' Still I was young then. I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as anything. I was no use, my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young sir,' said one to me, 'you're as slim as a girl, and if you were to make love in the tone you've been talking to me in, the people would insist that I had made a girl play the lover's part. I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all—two years hence you can come again, then I may talk to you.'

"I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre, so I entered a travelling circus company as holder and ring raker. I kept at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. Now was my chance. They wanted a lover, and wanted him to ride; their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; the first lady saw him once, and said she should die with laughing if he came on, so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I felt that Kemble and the rest of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago though. I'm wiser now.

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the leading parts, so I had no chance. I changed my name, first as Gowling did not look well in a bill, and next because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What's in a name?' I know there is a good deal in a name when it's on the play-bills; and the public being judge, Alphonsus

Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her: I don't think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising the imitative powers in delineating that passion, weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward: I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her but once, and then, a man being very insolent to her, she came and told me, just as I came off as Macduff in 'Macbeth.' I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; these things must be endured. I said they should not be endured; and that if he would not protect the ladies in his company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife."

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage door. I did, sir, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than from any other cause. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week."

I had been noticing while he was speaking a number of children who came out of the house, and were dispersing in various groups to play. They were all dressed alike in the grey, true pauper grey, and ran and jumped as if they were not dependent on a paternal state for their support. One child, a little, large eyed girl, passed once or twice before us, and then stood still, looking at me a little way off. I looked at her, and she pulled the corner of her little apron, and blushed, and so remained till he had done speaking.

"Whose is that pretty child, there?" said I.

"That—that's my little Alice. Here, Alice! come here, dear."

The child needed no second bidding, but ran to the old pauper; and, being lifted with no little effort on to his knee, hid her face against his breast, and still glanced at me. I, of course, found some object of attraction in the garden that enabled me to let her see my face without my appearing to see her; she was soon satisfied, apparently, for the glances became more bold and determined.

"Who is that, Papa Gowling?"

"A friend of mine; he won't hurt you."

She looked again to see if I had any intention of doing her mischief, and, being satisfied, sat upright on the old man's knee.

"There, Alice, you see he's not going to hurt my little Alice. Won't you shake hands with him?"

She did.

"This your grand-child?" said I.

"Yes,—the only one left," and the voice fell as he stooped and kissed her uplifted face.

"You were saying that the manager raised your salary after the little fracas about your wife?"

"Ah! yes, he did, and we went on very well for some time. I began to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best men, and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of your powers. Every man not blinded by conceit, who is over thirty, must have felt this. There is a limit to our powers; other men have more—some less, but still it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that man has attained to whom you are listening, is beyond you. Young men—very young men—feel that what man has done man can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty know their pace well enough to tell them that they will be in the ruck of the race of life.

"Well, some few years after I was married, this conviction came to me—I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, and do that part so that I was not laughed at; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. They listened and did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part, the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help it, you know. I can safely say I never went on without knowing every word of the part. I was always correct, and in the second and third parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for the benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling with me; he's a safe man, never too forward,—no clap-trap with him—he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, praise is a good thing, but when a man has dreamed for ten years or so that he is to be the star of the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a star of no very great magnitude telling him he's a very good background to show that star's light. Ah me! those hopes of youth,—how the large bud brings forth but the little flower!"

"Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed utterly. There must be backgrounds, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first."

"True, sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Three months after I knew I was no genius, the ambition to be one left me. I was content to do my part and enjoy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. That's her child—poor little thing." And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly while she played with the buttons on his coat.

"The boys, of course, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest,—all were busy then—all making money. You know that the profession is not favourable to health. The excitement—particularly to children—soon wears them out. I know, often and often, I've seen my boys as imps and that kind of thing, and felt the life was too fast for them. Late at night, to go from the hot theatre into the cold night

air, was a sad trial to the constitution, and children are not old men. You cannot persuade boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats, and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within a year of each other. Lung-disease, the doctor said. It carries off a good many of those children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of those kind of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him; so he thought he was ill-used, and left us."

"And what became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then, then there was a long silence, and his mother worried herself dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce, as the bills called it, for in a small company you are a king, a warrior, and a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived came to the door to let me in.

"Don't be frightened, dear, here's Alfred come back."

"I went up, and there he was; but, my God! what a wreck. His eyes blood-shot, his hands trembling, and a hot red spot on his cheeks.

"Well, father, how are you?"

"I did not answer, I sat down, and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but he couldn't; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck, and kissed him, and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers did not; the public backed the managers, and were right too. He could not stand the disappointment; had no wife as his father had had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing, and just crawled home to die.

"One night, I had just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage-door. I went, and found the girl of the house where we lodged. She wanted me to come home directly; I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had one of the first-rate London men down as Hamlet. I was dressed as the Ghost. I forgot all about dress then, and rushed home: it was too late, poor Alfred was gone! He lay, his head in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the Queen, and was weeping hot, silent tears that fell on my dead boy's face, one by one. His sister was sunk down on her knees by the bed-side, as I entered, and the people of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never.

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre.

"Manager says he should be glad if you could come back."

"Look here, Jennings, do you think I can?"

"Not to do anything, sir; but you might see him; perhaps it would be better."

"I left them, and went back, saw the manager and told him; and though it was his benefit night, he said he would read both parts himself."

"God bless you, Gowling, I am sorry for you, very sorry; if I can do anything for you, let me know."

"I went to the dressing-room, and as I left the place, heard the applause that attended the apologies for our absence, and his announcement of his intention to read the parts. Managers are not all alike, and he was a good friend to me, was Charles Gordon."

"We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death, could no longer take her parts; so Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wanted to make her his wife. He was just such another as I had been myself when his age. I thought it better to see her the wife of a respectable actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl was Alice. Well, they married, and remained in the company. I was getting old you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married, her mother died, and I laid in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now, and old, for the wear and tear of an active life, and the late hours, tell on the strongest constitution. It was something awful the change from the light, and glare, and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my own poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up; and at the age I was then, it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady, or a third gentleman, and so we were divided. I went on circuit as an old man with very poor pay—as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'Speak up, old 'un!' was the salute I had from the galleries, directly I opened my mouth."

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letter for Sundays, for the day was long and dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young pitied me, and I was proud then, and 'loved not pity;' so I was a lonely old man."

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, but he died, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterwards, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again."

"I tried hard for an engagement, travelled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty or sixty miles from here. They took me from

the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after a deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought when, as a boy, I used to get the nests out of this tree, that I should end my days here, an old worn-out pauper. You know where it says, 'There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I've often said that on the stage. I feel it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes, there, in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. "That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Of what did she die? She was young."

"The same disease that carried off her brothers, consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last money in coming; and the doctor, good fellow that he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, and then died one evening at sunset, holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah! I've outlived them all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his lean shrivelled hand. "It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice all gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

I had a cough, and felt husky in the throat, and the wind blew the dust in my eyes as I watched him.

"You and my friend seem to agree well, Mr. Gowling," said the voice of the master close by.

"Yes, sir, he says he likes to listen to an old man's talk. It's very kind of him—very kind."

"I've been expressing my wonder to Mr. Gowling to find him here."

"Want of proper economy, sir; nothing more. People of his profession are very reckless and improvident, very."

"You're right and you're wrong at once," said the old man. "We are not a saving people, I grant. The whole tendency of the profession is against it. We don't earn much, I mean such as myself. Of course genius is always well rewarded, but mediocrity in this is subject to competition as in other trades or professions. Then the little we do earn is spent in ways to which other professions have nothing analogous. Look at our dresses—we find all, and when a man throws himself into his part, does his best to please the public and do his duty to the manager, he will not have much left to be extravagant with. Besides, the qualities of nature that make a good economist—a careful saving man—are not those which make a good actor. It is too much to ask that a man should, on the stage, have to affect the liberal notions of a spendthrift, and off the stage be a niggard. Then, too, we lean on one another. When do you see an appeal in the public papers from the widow of an actor in great distress? You may see dozens of such appeals from widows of other professional men. We help each other,

and many a time the last guinea I had in the world has gone to help some brother-actor in difficulty."

"Still, Mr. Gowling, you admit it is possible to save."

"Oh, yes! *possible*, but difficult, inasmuch as the qualities that make the actor are not, nor are they usually found associated with, those of the rigid economist; and it is only the rigid economist amongst such men as myself who can save at all. Look, too, at the liabilities to disease, the uncertainties of the means of living we have, and you will see that we are, on the whole, as hardly worked for the amount of pay we receive as any class of men."

"Well, then, Mr. Gowling, when you've not saved, and are poor, the State takes care of you."

"Mr. Atherton, I don't think it ought to be left to the State to do that. We actors do little for the State, add little to her wealth or greatness, but we do a good deal for that public which is not the State. I think that if any class in their old age have a claim on the public beyond that which the law of mere competition, of mere barter and sale, gives, it is my own class. We sacrifice our lives to a life-wearing profession, and we are paid for it. Well, you say, there the matter ends."

"Certainly, the public pays you for your exertions, and all claim is discharged."

"Not so: the public does not say so in other cases. Look at the hundreds of refugees for the old poor of various trades and professions, and you will see evidence enough that there is something in a man's heart that tells him the law of competition must be supplemented by another—that of benevolence—and it should be so in our case particularly. How many pleasant hours have the public gained out of my expenditure of my life; and the public gratitude leaves me to the State, and the State puts me in this—(and he touched his grey coat). I, who have worn the mantle of a king, the robe of a senator, and the dress of a gentleman all my life, go about badged as a pauper, stamped as a beggar, and have to associate constantly with men whose lives have been spent on the roads, the field, or in a stable. They are men, I grant, but I've been used to different company," and the old player's vigour seemed to come back to him as he spoke. "The public, sir, should take it up; and if the decayed fishmongers, ironmongers, watermen, and a host of other useful trades have their refugees for their poor, I don't think it is asking too much that we should have some place where we might spend the few remaining days of our lives—we should not trouble the earth long, any of us; and gratitude for what we have done might induce a public we have amused to find us this. If each one whom we amuse were to give a little, it might be done with ease to all."

"But suppose," urged the master, "that some such place were provided; would it not tend to induce still more that carelessness which I have mentioned?"

"Does this place tend to it?" said the old man, contemptuously. "No; nor could any place be made so attractive as to make a man become a

beggar in order to claim it. You fancy, when you see me moving about here, I am hardened to it, and do not feel the degradation. I do—I feel it every day; and though I might feel it less were I accepting the graceful gift of a grateful public, I should still love independence of the gift more. No man would save less because such a place as players' almshouses existed; but the existence of such a place would be at once a comfort for our old and poor men and women, and not a little creditable to the nation who established it."

A bell here rung.

"There, Alice, you must go in. Good night, my child."

She kissed him so fondly, and slid off his knee, and went in.

"And now I must go, sir, too. I'm going to bed, and my bed lies between a decayed journeyman butcher and a road mender, and they talk across me."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Gowling?"

"Well, a little tobacco and a few readable books would be acceptable. Perhaps you may live to see the day when an old worn-out actor may have less humiliating favours to ask at the hands of his friends." And the old man slowly walked towards the house.

I walked home, and thought of the old grey-coated pauper actor. And now, thank God! the day has come when the public has resolved that the old players' almshouses shall no longer be a wish and hope of years gone by, but a monument of its gratitude for all years to come.

A. STEWART HARRISON.

VIOLET.

She stood where I had used to wait
For her, beneath the gaunt old yew,
And near a column of the gate
That open'd on the avenue.

The moss that capp'd its granite ball,
The grey and yellow lichen stains,
The ivy on the old park wall,
Were glossy with the morning rains.

She stood, amid such tearful gloom;
But close behind her, out of reach,
Lay many a mound of orchard bloom,
And trellis'd blossoms of the peach.

Those peaches blooming to the south,
Those orchard blossoms, seem'd to me
Like kisses of her rosy mouth,
Reviv'd on trellis and on tree:

Kisses, that die not when the thrill
Of joy that answer'd them is mute;
But such as turn to use, and fill
The summer of our days with fruit.

And she, impressing half the sole
Of one small foot against the ground,
Stood resting on the yew-tree bole,
A-tiptoe to each sylvan sound:

She, whom I thought so still and shy,
Express'd in every subtle move
Of lifted hand and open eye
The large expectancy of love.

Until, with all her dewy hair
Dissolved into a golden flame
Of sunshine on the sunless air,
She came to meet me as I came.

But in her face no sunlight shone ;
No sunlight, but the sad unrest
Of shade, that sinks from zone to zone
When twilight glimmers in the west.

What grief had touch'd her on the nerve ?
For grief alone it is, that stirs
The full ineffable reserve
Of quiet spirits such as hers :

'Twas this—that we had met to part ;
That I was going, and that she
Had nothing left but her true heart,
Made strong by memories of me.

What wonder then, she quite forgot
Her old repression and control,
And loosed at once and stinted not
The tender tumult of her soul ?

What wonder, that she droop'd and lay
In silence, and at length in tears,
On that which should have been the stay
And comfort of her matron years ?



But from her bosom, as she leant,
She took a nested violet,
And gave it me—"because 'twas meant
For those who never can forget."

This is the flower : 'tis dry, or wet
With something I may call my own.
Why did I rouse this old regret ?
It irks me, now, to be alone :

Triumphs, indeed ! Why, after all,
My life has but a leaden hue :
My heart grows like the heart of Saul,
For hatred, and for madness too.

Why sits that smirking minstrel there ?
I hate him, and the songs he sings ;
They only bring the fond despair
Of inaccessible sweet things :

I will avoid him once for all,
Or slay him in my righteous ire—
Alas, my javelin hits the wall,
And spares the minstrel and his lyre !

Yea, and the crown upon my head,
The crown of wealth for which I strove,
Shall fall away ere I be dead
To yon slight boy who sings of love !

Why are we captive, such as I,
Mature in age and strong of will,
To one who harps so plaintively ?
I struck at him—why lives he still ?

Why lives he still ? Because the ruth
Of those pure days may never die :
He lives, because his name is Youth ;
Because his harp is—Memory.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.